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AND THE TERRITORIES.

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A HOLIDAY GREETING.

As this number of THE COLONIST is the last of the series for 1892, the holiday season will have come and gone by the time we again address our readers. We take the opportunity of wishing each and all, subscribers, advertisers and friends: A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SLOW BUT DESIRABLE SETTLEMENT.

There can be no doubt but many people in the Canadian Northwest are more or less disappointed at the rate at which this vast prairie country has been gathering in its settlers during the past twelve years. People of a speculative turn of mind in particular are not at all satisfied. They, as a rule, have invested in lands and town lots, and settlement is not rapid enough to make them what they expected to be in a few years after making their investments,—worth ten or twenty times the money they have so invested. Here as in all new countries, it is the speculative investor who does nearly all the complaining and growling. They make no calculations upon success by their own industry, and they grumble because the industry of others does not enhance the value of their property as fast as they would like it to. They do not make proper calculations upon the immensity of this country. They forget, or do not want to remember, that in a country with nearly three hundred millions of acres of the most fertile lands in the world all waiting settlement, a hundred thousand of fresh population can be lost in one corner of such a vast area, and that while these millions of acres, or a very large proportion of them are still obtainable practically for the settlers' entry fees, or at the merest nominal price, where they are owned by railway corporations; high prices, even for lands in the older settled portions of Manitoba, are not likely to be secured. It is simply madness to expect that the millions of settlers necessary to even sparsely settle this great country can be gathered in within a few years, or in time to make the land speculator immensely wealthy, without his getting tired of holding on and realising nothing in the interval. Fancy the richest lands on this continent located within ten to twenty miles of the growing city of Winnipeg going begging for buyers at from seven to fifteen dollars an acre, and in some instances at less than this lower

figure. Still it is impossible to materially advance the prices of these lands, while so many millions of acres are available for free settlement in the more westerly portions of the country. Under such circumstances settlement is undoubtedly too slow to suit the speculative element of the country.

But after all has the settlement of the Northwest been so phenomenally slow, as some would make us believe. It must be kept in mind that it is only about twelve years since the first railway connection between Winnipeg and the outside world was completed, and it is only seven years since railway communication from Manitoba to the Atlantic through our own Dominion was secured. When the first road entered the province from the south, the total population of the Northwest was somewhere in the neighborhood of 50,000. Now, that population is over a quarter of a million, and creeping rapidly up towards 300,000. Surely this increase is a rapid one, although it is only a drop in the bucket when compared with the vast country open for settlement. Should this increase go on in the same ratio for twenty years more, then the Northwest would have a population larger than either Ontario or Quebec, and still settlement would seem so sparse that the country would present scarcely any more appearance of being filled up than it does at present.

But admitting that settlement has been much slower during the past twelve years than it has been in several of the new States to the south. Let us ask the question, has this slow settlement been an unmixed evil? It requires only a few minutes' thought to furnish a negative answer to this question. If we view the revolutionary and anarchical hordes, who have rushed into the United States during the past twelve years, and compare them with the stream of quiet, industrious settlers, who have been flowing into the Northwest from Eastern Canada and Northern Europe during the same period, we must admit, that we have many reasons for contentment and congratulation. A quiet intelligent class of settlers have brought their quiet, intelligent, law-abiding ideas with them and finding laws in existence to preserve order, they have cheerfully aided in its enforcement.

The enforcement of law and order has not been the only blessings resulting from a slow but safe settlement. With the westward march of settlement that of churches, schools, and other moralising influences have kept pace, so that crime of a serious nature is almost unknown, and petty offences are very few. There are no anarchists, communists or other dangerous elements of society such as have drifted from the conspirators' dens of Central and Southern Europe into the United States, and not a secret society exists in the whole country, which is in any way a menace to law and order. Nor is there any necessity for such organizations as suffering and oppressed farmers in Kansas and other Western States have been compelled to form, in a vain attempt, by putting debt collecting laws at defiance, to free themselves from the bondage of the money shavers or financial blood-suckers. No doubt other circumstances have contributed much towards this quiet

and orderly state of affairs, but the one of comparatively slow settlement, and a careful discrimination as to the class of settlers encouraged to come here has done more than any other in that way; and now that indications of a great increase in the stream of immigration to the Northwest, are plain, the social as well as the Governmental structure of this country have taken such definite form, that any imported lawlessness or disorder would soon be crushed, or compelled to shelter itself in some other land.

DISAPPOINTED SETTLERS.

A correspondent of the Liverpool *Courier* writing from Johannesburg, South Africa, gives a rather discouraging picture of the state of affairs there, and one not likely to assist in the colonization of that country from England.

It is evident that the correspondent in question is one of that class of skilled laborers, who often flock in swarms to a new country, where industrial growth is only in its infancy, and ten unskilled out-door laborers are wanted for every skilled artisan required. There is perhaps no disappointment so bitter, and no chagrin so keen as that of the British skilled artisan, who on emigrating to a new or undeveloped colony, finds his mechanical skill at a discount, and the untutored rough laborer, who in Great Britain he was accustomed to look upon as so much his inferior, securing steady and fairly remunerative employment, in which if he, the artisan, engages, he finds himself unable to compete with the laborer he once viewed as below his standing. Rough out-door labor requires men who have been inured to it, and the skilled artisan who is forced to engage in it, finds himself but little if any fitter for it, than the clerk or book-keeper, who is also forced to accept such employment. The following extract from the letter in the *Courier*, shadows out pretty clearly the class to which the writer belongs:—

"I can inform (from my own, I'm sorry to say, unfortunate experience of two years) with a salary of £2 a week at home in Liverpool will go further than £5 a week here. I can with confidence say, stay where you are. You have to put up with wet, we all know. Put yourself here, and instead of wet you can enjoy a few months of dust storm, greater or less according to the strength of the wind, as we have not seen a drop of rain for five or six months; and if your duty calls you out of doors, as mine does, you will know that there are worse things than rain, and a good deal worse. "Dust and death" at present in Johannesburg are synonymous terms, as you can find out from the fact that last month the death rate was just double what it was that time last year. Also, there are no sanitary arrangements to speak of, and that is certainly the cause of the greater quantity of typhoid fever cases, which generally prove fatal—certainly two out of three do. As I lived in Birkenhead and worked in Liverpool for nigh 20 years (being born in the first named), I write now to you, as I know when I left home that people all talked as if this place, and in fact the greater part of South Africa, were paved with gold. No doubt the place is rich, but then the wages and rent, etc., are double and treble that at home. For instance, a working man gets on an average £5 or £6 a week (a skilled artisan), but then for a house, which he can get in Liverpool for 6s a week, he pays here 30s to 40s a week—a slight difference. Again, I've seen potatoes going at 1d a piece and eggs 6d each; fresh butter, a luxury,