

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.  
ON A LOCOMOTIVE.



WO thousand miles brought the snow! A ride through vast white plains which glitter under the sun like the ice fields of Lieutenant Peary's

Greenland tour! Hauled by the iron horse through hundreds of miles of silvery hills and rolling plains! Dragged up and down the ragged passes of gorgeous white mountain ranges, the heads of some of which are capped with vast blue glaciers, and the faces of which are rough with a beard of frosty pines! During the past four days I have traveled from Minneapolis to Vancouver over the new line, known as the Soo-Pacific, the last great arm to reach out from the Mississippi to grasp the riches of the great northwest. It has now been in operation only a few weeks and it opens up some new and interesting country. Leaving Minneapolis, it cuts across Minnesota, ploughs its way through some of the richest of the undeveloped lands of North Dakota, and enters the Canadian boundary in the province of Assinibola, joining the Canadian Pacific at Portal about 500 miles west of Winnipeg, and thence onward without a change of cars to Vancouver. It runs through a new country, and it will throw open to settlement, I am told, millions of acres of good government land. The biggest town in the United States on the western part of the road is Minot, which has about 2,000 population. Tributary to this there are about 2,000,000 acres of government land already surveyed, and in the Moose River valley and the De Lae valley the road runs for 100 miles through some of the richest farming lands of the country, none of which have as yet been touched by the plough. The British provinces have vast areas of good farming and grazing lands, and there is here in this northwest a great world which awaits the advent of muscle and brains to make it produce enough to feed the nations.

We people of the United States have but little idea of the vast extent of Canada and her provinces. Did she belong to the United States we would have long before this have built an empire upon her territory, and her property would be worth billions where it is now worth thousands of dollars. Look at her agricultural area. From north to south for a distance of 1,600 miles the cereals can be cultivated, a distance about as far apart as Rome is from St. Petersburg. The Province of Ontario is as wide, taking its northernmost and southernmost points, as Cleveland, Ohio, is distant from Mobile, Ala., and Canada can grow anything that we can, with the exception of rice, cotton and tobacco. Ontario grows more corn to the acre than any of our states, except Missouri, and the wheat fields of the dominion are among the best of the world. The Manitoba wheat is noted in the markets of Europe, and it is said good wheat

can be grown as far north as the Mackenzie river basin. Along the Canadian Pacific road I passed a number of big farms, and there is one great agricultural stock company which runs its farms on a big scale and has about a dozen farms of ten thousand acres each. This company engages in wheat raising, as well as stock and sheep farming, and aims to keep about 4,000 acres under cultivation at each of its ranches. It manages everything on scientific principles and is, I am told, doing well.

This is not the case, however, with many Canadian farmers. There is a disaffected class here, as there is in the United States, and the cry of hard times is often heard. Many young fellows have come out from England to pick the dollars out of the soil with kid gloves, who are now going about bare-handed and red-nosed, with patches on the seats of their pantaloons. Some of them are the good for nothing second sons of old families, who came here and bought land, thinking it would farm itself, and others were sent out by their rich fathers to learn farming. A few years ago a number of sharp Canadians made a business of going to England and bringing back young Englishmen for agricultural tuition. They would get from \$500 to \$1,000 per year for bringing the young men here and having them work on their ranches learning practical farming. The young men when they arrived were allowed to do much as they pleased, and between doing a little work at long intervals and smoking and hunting and drinking, they passed the time till they could persuade their fathers to buy ranches for them. A number of such men, and younger sons, are in the dominion today. They are facetiously termed remittance men, because they depend on remittances from home to keep them going. Numbers of good stories are told here of how they keep up appearances and of their excuses and arguments which they send home to extract more money. The latest is regarding a British Columbia good-for-nothing, who had bled his father until the old gentleman had written from England positively declining to send any more money. This state continued up until six weeks ago, when the boy wrote home an enthusiastic letter about his ranch and his prospects. Among other things he told his father that he had now a stock of seven hundred blooded gophers on his place, and if he had \$500 to keep them in good condition he would come out all right. The name of gopher, ground squirrel, was a new one to the old man and he sent the money. He evidently thinks his boy's stock a fine variety of sheep or cattle.

Speaking of sheep, I find that the profits are fast being knocked out of sheep farming. Australia mutton is being frozen and sent by the shiploads to the London markets and several cargoes have been shipped to Vancouver and sold at less than the cost of the handling in order to introduce the meat. In the stores here I see canned Australian mutton for sale at seven pounds for a dollar, and the sheep growers of

Montana, North Dakota and Canada are losing money. I traveled here with a Manitoba stock man, who told me that he had 3,800 sheep last year, but that he had sold all but 1,100, and he said he intended to sell them in the spring and get out of the business. "There is no money in it now," he said. "I refused \$3.50 a head for sheep a year ago, which I would now be glad to sell for \$1.25. I have gotten numerous letters from sheep men in Montana wanting to sell out to me, and there are great numbers of Montana sheep growers who want to come to Canada for work. I got seven such letters in my yesterday's mail. Sheep are worth practically nothing in Montana. I know of one firm there who owned two years ago about 15,000 sheep. They feared that they would be crowded out and they wanted to buy some land. They borrowed \$40,000 on their sheep and bought a large tract of land, giving a mortgage on the sheep and the land. The hard times of last fall came. Their sheep fell in value and they could not see their way out. They went to the bank and offered to give up their sheep and the land if they could be cleared of the debt. The bankers would not accept their offer. They tried to sell out. They could not get a buyer. The result was they left and the sheep brought only \$1.35 a head and they still owe more than \$20,000."

Some of the grandest scenery of this world is seen at its best under a covering of snow. The Canadian Pacific railway runs for about a thousand miles through some of the most beautiful parts of the Rocky mountains and the Selkirk range. During the summer the sides of these mountains are covered with a dense growth of green, though the tops are capped with snow and ice. There is no vast desert of cactus and sage brush, such as you find on the other trans-Pacific roads, and the picturesqueness and grandeur of the Rockies are seen at their softest and best. I have seen them, however, under different aspects, and one of the remarkable experiences of my life was a ride which I took this week on one of the engines of the Canadian Pacific railroad down the wildest and roughest parts of the Rocky mountains. Seated in the cab of the engine near the grimy fireman, who was shoveling bushels of coal into the furnaces, and on the other side of the boiler from the stern-faced engineer, I rode for miles and miles—it seemed almost an eternity to me—through vast snow-walled gorges, under massive overhanging rocks, in an out of tunnels and snow sheds, now hanging above a raging river and now shooting about curves into other cañons equally as grand. The cab of the engine was walled with glass, and I could see as well as though I had been riding on the iron snowplow fastened to its front in place of a cowcatcher. The great iron horse throbbed like a thing of life. It puffed out vast quantities of smoke in two spiral columns, and as we neared one of the little mountain stations it cut the cold air with a steam shriek which made me think that all the souls in hades were loose in the Rockies and the pent-up agony of the damned was concentrated in the escaping steam of that engine. After riding a while, however, one's nervousness goes off. You see the care of the engineer, the parties of watchmen stationed at almost every