LADY ABERDEEN'S TRIP

"Through Canada With a Kodak" by the Countess.

(From "Onward and Upward.")

A trip to Canada! Yes, we had often talked about it. We had paid a visit to India, Ceylon, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and we much wished to see something of this other vast and fair Dominion, which forms part of the British Empire. But in spite of our voyagings, we have never been friends of the sea, and when we talked of Canada we were always very conscious of the fact that the wild waves of the ocean separated its shores by the space of seven days from Britain. However, last year our desires, coupled with doctor's advice, overcame our fears, and on a fine evening in August we found ourselves dropping down the Mersey, on board the steamship "Parisian" of the Allan Line, one of the largest ships plying between this country and Canadian ports. Have you ever been on board an Atlantic liner when in port? If so, you know how delightful everything looks. A large beautiful deck above, snug little berths below, a splendid saloon, a reading-room, a smoking-room, books, music, games, and you look in the pretty little prospectuses handed to you about the interior arrangements of the ship, and you see pictures of a happy company seated at long tables enjoying the best of fare, ladies and gentlemen singing and playing, reading and playing at games, and altogether having a good time of it. Look at the pictures given on preceding page, and say whether life at sea does not seem a very attractive thing, sailing along in one of these brave ships under a good captain, with all the good things of life at hand, and no cares, no responsibilities, no work, no telegrams, no letters?

So one thinks, and so one continues to think for an hour or two after starting, but wait a wee, and see if you don't begin to wish that you could give effect to second thoughts, when you find yourself tossing about in the Irish Channel in a gale a few hours later. But the least said about these experiences, and the wishes then rashly uttered, the better, and so I will tell you nothing of that August night, nor of the long wait we had next day at Moville, near Londonderry, for the English mails, which had been delayed some hours in crossing from Holyhead to Kingstown, in consequence of the storm. I should like, though, to be able to give you a sight of our last glimpse of the shores of "Ould Ireland," as we saw them disappearing next evening. A succession of bold bluffs and headlands jutting out into the sea, one beyond the other, as far as the eye could reach in the gathering darkness, the green slopes here and there just visible, and the heavy black clouds which had been overhanging us all day fringed with a glory of red and purple and orange. Lord Aberdeen and I leant over the taff-rail and caught some whiffs of a dear familiar peat-smoke, which sent us happy to our cabins that night. Pray enquire no further you shall hear none of our groans.

Suffice it to say that the 750 passengers on board were in a decidedly subdued frame of mind for a few days, your editor amongst the number. She had not yet even conceived the idea of telling her friends of the H. H. A. something about this expedition, or else she would doubtless have used her "Kodak," to bring before you various scenes and attitudes of different degrees of misery. Our fellow-passengers therefore escaped the danger of being introduced thus to you, and I shall hope to show some of them to you in a happier aspect later on. When we began to be in a state to realize one another, we found that we might almost consider ourselves already in Canada. We were of all degrees—distinguished Canadian Cabinet Ministers, Governors, Senators, Professors; business men were there, and so were also emigrants of many various classes and from all countries, bound to many various destinations. Some were going for the first time to seek their fortune, they knew not where; some were going out to join friends who had already prospered; some were returning from paying a brief visit to their friends in "the old country," as we soon became Canadian enough to call it. Amongst such company, who were all also so willing to impart information to strangers and "tenderfeet" (this being the name for newcomers in Canada) we were able to pick up a good deal about the country and the people amongst whom we were going to live for the next three months. I will try to filter down to you a little of what they told us by degrees, but first I want to introduce to you a number of youthful emigrants, in whom I think you will be specially interested. These are a party of fifty young girls of all ages, from three to seventeen, taken from misery and destitution to Miss Rye's Homes, from whence they will be drafted either as servants or else adopted into colonists' homes. Much care has to be used in selecting only suitable, healthy children for emigration, but when this care is used, there are endless openings for them in Canada. Miss Macpherson, whose name is well-known as having been the first lady to undertake the emigration of children, told us that this year she had had 900 applicants for children, of which she had only been able to supply 150.

Those little ones whom we saw on board the "Parisian," were all full of eager expectation regarding their new homes, and after the first few days of sea-sickness and discomfort consequent on the vaccination, to which every steerage passenger to Canada must submit, they made themselves very happy, with their skipping-ropes and various games. A part of the ship had been partitioned off and fitted up on purpose for them—a little dining place, a row of little tin basins and two storys of little box-like berths, where they lay snugly packed away at night, with the kind matron who had crossed the ocean some forty times on like business, sleeping in a little cabin opening into this special section. The chaplain accompanying the ship often had special services for the children, and it was very pleasant to hear the bright hymn-singing, which always brought together a number of the other passengers. As we think of those little ones we wonder how they are getting on in their scattered homes. We had hoped to see them again in Miss Rye's Home, near Niagara, of which a picture is given, but, to our regret, we never managed the expedition. The matron told us that very probably a fortnight after we landed the children would all be engaged or adopted in homes where they knew they would be cared for. I think I have behaved very badly to you in not having photographed either these children for you, nor a typical poor emigrant Norwegian family, who would have made a delightful group if I could have made them understand what I wanted. There they were, father, mother and a whole succession of little flaxen-haired boys and girls, the latter each with a little yellow pig-tail, after the fashion of some of the foreign dolls we buy. There are always a number of Scandinavians in every shipload of emigrants going to Canada, for they are most thrifty, hard-working people, and when they get settled generally soon send money home to bring out their relations. I shall have more to tell you about them by and by. Meantime, I must tell you about what is always the great excitement of a voyage to Canada. We were seven days out from Liverpool, and were preparing in various ways for a concert which was to be given on behalf of the Liverpool Home for the Orphan Children of Seamen who have perished at sea, when a rumor went round that an iceberg was in sight. An eager crowd was soon scanning the horizon with telescopes and field glasses, and before long a tiny, cone-shaped, glistening white hill hove in sight, resplendent with shades of transparent green and blue. We looked at it, and we photographed it, and we sketched it, and we talked about it till another, and yet another, came in view, and during that evening and next day some 13 were seen in all the various lights of sunset and sunrise and mid-day. They were very beautiful, and I wish that our Magazine dared be extravagant enough to launch into colored pictures, and I could thus give you one or two of my sketches. As it is, you must content yourself with seeing an iceberg much nearer a ship than we had the opportunity of seeing it, much nearer, too, than our captain would have cared to have it. These icebergs, which are morsels detached from the great glaciers of Greenland by the summer sun, cause great anxiety to the officers commanding ships on the Atlantic. This is more especially the case in the neighborhood of Newfoundland, which is very subject to fogs, or, as the saying goes, it is celebrated for "fog, dog and cod." Often and often ships have to lie outside the Straits of Belle Isle for days enwrapped in dense fog, afraid to budge, in case one of these great ice monsters may be looming near at hand, ready to overwhelm the unwary seaman and his craft. This very ship of ours, the Parisian, had a narrow escape in May. In the fog she ran atilt against what was called a small iceberg, but which one of the passengers described to me as having a most alarming appearance. In a moment there appeared as a vision just in front of the bows a towering white mass, part of which seemed to overshadow the deck. This passenger told me that the feeling of alarm was swallowed up in an over-powering sense of wonder and awe at the marvellousness and magnificence of the scene presented, and that it was only later, when the skill of captain and officers had averted a catastrophe, that the perilous position in which the ship had been placed was fully realized.

The bright sun and clear skies which we enjoyed gave us immunity from all such dangers. We sailed peacefully through the Straits, on either side of us the line of the low blue hills of Labrador and Newfoundland gleaming in the sun, and in the reflected light of long, trailing, flaky, pinky-white clouds, which we soon began to associate with Canadian skies. Then we floated out of sight of land again into the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, on into the big river itself, along the picturesque shores of French Canada, dotted with groups of cosy wee tin-roofed cottages, in which live the French-Canadian fishermen, and every now and again a picturesque little church and school. It was all very peaceful, and a great contrast to the beginning of our voyage. But I must not linger longer over our voyage, and so I leave you till next month, within sight of the beautiful city of Quebec.

AS GOOD AS GUTTA-PERCHA

An East Indian Gum That Closely Resembles Crude Rubber.

A Portuguese scientist, Senhor da Costa, is reported to have discovered an excellent and abundant substitute for gutta-percha in the solidified fluid which issues from the nivol-cantem, a tree that grows wild in the Concan district of the Bombay Presidency, India, where it is generally planted for hedges. The gum is said to be insoluble in water, softening under heat and hardening in cold. When moulded the gum retains the given shape, can be cast into thin sheets, and is capable of taking the minutest impressions on its surface. When it flows from the tree the gum is white, but when dried it has a chocolate color, closely resembling gutta-percha.

Afraid of Procrastination.

Albany *Journal*: Jake Jimpson (after the engagement)—Shall I name the day, dear?

Cora Bellows—Oh, dear, no!

Jake Jimpson (with a look of fright)—Why not, darling?

"You are too procrastinating, Jake!"

Such a Pity.

New York *Herald*: "Yes," she said, battering away at the managing editor, "I know the newspapers don't tell the truth half the time."

"No?" he said, regretfully. "Is that so? I'm so sorry. It was only yesterday I read a notice of how beautiful and charming you were."

His Last Skate.

Yonkers *Statesman*: "Are you going to skate any more to-day, Clarence?"

"No; I'm through!" were the last words from Clarence, as he disappeared in an air-hole.

The Connecticut wheelmen have adopted a novel plan of arousing public sentiment as to the condition of the roads. They are collecting photographs of the worst patches of road that can be discovered and of vehicles damaged by passing over rough places.

TEN THOUSAND WOMEN.

They Are to Meet in Washington on Washington's Birthday.

Ten thousand women will meet in Washington on Sunday and Monday next. These 10,000 delegates will represent more than 700,000 women—members of clubs, societies and unions in the fourty-four States of America. Letters have been passing to and fro between the active spirits for many months, and there is likelihood that next week's Congress of Women at Washington will be the greatest assemblage of the kind on this continent, or in any other part of the world.

It is not one cause that is to be represented, but many. Suffrage associations, temperance unions, religious orders, educational clubs, will meet on a common level, the members all moved by the same interests and working for the same end. Everybody will have an opportunity to say something, which is a pleasant feature of the occasion in itself, and almost every subject of interest to advanced women will be touched upon. The Convention is a direct outgrowth of the International Council held at Washington in 1888, when the women of seven countries came together for discussion. The basis of the principle was then defined as "unity for the general good of women and through them of all humanity." The work of organization has since been carried on with energy and enthusiasm which speaks volumes for the future success of the council. Miss Frances Willard, who calls herself "the little old maid," will preside at all the meetings.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

The United States Presbyterian General Assembly Make Important Changes.

A Washington despatch says The committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States on the revision of the confession of faith, after a very harmonious session lasting eleven days, completed its work and adjourned last night. The changes made have generally met with unanimous approval. The report will be presented to the assembly in Detroit next May and by it referred to the Presbyteries for adoption or rejection. The changes made in the statements of the confession have been of great importance, but have in no way impaired the integrity of the system of doctrine so long held by the Church.

A VICTORY FOR STRIKERS.

Grand Duke Alexis Degrades and Dismisses a Russian Admiral.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: Admiral Virkofski, who was recently assaulted by strikers in the admiralty shop building dockyard, on account of his alleged tyranny, was summoned before Grand Duke Alexis, the high admiral of the fleet, to explain his actions. The Grand Duke was dissatisfied with the Admiral's explanation and dismissed him from the post of command and of the Port of St. Petersburg and transferred him to Vladivostock. The Grand Duke also ordered that the demands of the strikers be satisfied.

Notes from Scotland

As a result of General Booth's recent visit to Glasgow fully £6,000 have been subscribed to the "Darkest England" scheme.

The number of emigrants who left the Clyde for places out of Europe during January was 691, of whom 660 came to the United States.

The Rev. Dr. Black, of Wellington Church, Glasgow, will, it is understood, be nominated for the moderatorship of the U. P. Synod this year.

The Countess of Aberdeen has been elected President of the Scottish Women's Benefit Society (in the place of the late Countess of Roseberry) and the Hon. Lady Campbell of Blythswood Vice-President.

Mr. John Wilson, M. P., at a temperance gathering in the City Temple, London, expressed his belief that if all Scotland were polled to-morrow three-fourths of its inhabitants would be in favor of prohibition.

It is proposed to endow 50 new parishes in Scotland, and for this purpose an effort is being made to raise from £150,000 to £200,000, one half to be contributed locally, and the other from the members of the Church at large.

The oldest of the Scotch Lords of Session is the Right Hon. John Inglis (Lord Glencorse), Lord Justice-General, aged 80; the youngest is the Hon. Moir Todd Stormonth Darling (Lord Stormonth Darling), aged 46.

The Susquehanna Rising.

A Williamsport, Pa., despatch says: Everything now indicates a flood of not less than 26 feet in the Susquehanna River. The river rose about a foot per hour this forenoon, and at 2 p. m. was 13½ feet and steadily rising. Advices from points up the river are that it is still raining and all the streams are high. Lumbermen are very uneasy, and many merchants have commenced to move goods from the lower stories. A 26-foot flood will bring the water up to the Court House square. A flood is reported on the head waters of Pine Creek, at Galeton. On that creek a boom broke, letting nearly 10,000,000 feet of logs escape. Latest advices from Clearfield state that the water is within four feet of the height reached two years ago.

Dinner for the Freaks.

A New York club recently gave a dinner to all the principal freaks in the dime museums. Living skeletons, fat women, turtle boys, contortionists, magnetic women, Chinese giants, calf headed boys, three armed and four legged born dined and danced with their hosts until a very late hour.

Piscatorial.

The Crimson: "Did the fishman have frogs' legs, Bridget?"

"Sure I couldn't see, mum; he had his pants on."

In some languages, notably the Japanese, there is no word for kiss.

—Miss Weehawken—I sleep in feathers, but I believe it is unhealthy. Miss Palisade—What is that! Look at the spring chicken; see how tough he is."

SWEPT BY THE FLOODS.

Four Thousand People Driven From Home by the Rising Water.

A Virginia Town's Deplorable Condition—Johnstown, Pa., Again at the Mercy of the Flood.

A Johnstown, Pa., despatch says: The foundations of many houses have benm under-mined by the flood entailing heavy loss. The bones of a victim of the great flood were washed up by the waters yesterday. Street cars are running again, and it is expected the Cambria Iron Works will resume operations to-day. The most serious loss is the destruction of bridges, as the different sections of the city can have no communication by waggons or trains for months. The people living below this city are still in great distress, while farming communities are heavy losers.

A Wheeling despatch says: The Ohio River rose here all day yesterday. The damage has been very great. Much suffering will result, as a large area of the city is under water. The whole of Wheeling Island, the 7th ward, is flooded, and last night most of its 4,000 inhabitants slept on high ground in the main part of the city. In South Wheeling hundreds of houses of working people employed in mills and factories are under water, and in the business centre many of the wholesale houses are flooded. The post office and custom house is partly surrounded and the basement filled with water. Business is almost entirely suspended. No trains are arriving or departing. The depots are under water and the railroad yards blockaded, the engines and cars standing in water over their wheels. The Stamm and Windsor hotels have water in their first floors. It is not thought there will be a further rise of more than a foot, which will put the water a little above the 45-foot stage. Reports from glass and pottery districts along the river show heavy losses are sustained by the flooding of factories.

A HORRIBLE DEED.

A Bank President Chokes His Wife to Death.

A Clark despatch says: Samuel Cowles, President of the Pacific Bank and one of the oldest citizens, was arrested yesterday, charged with having murdered his wife on Feb. 4. Mrs. Cowles was choked to death in herbed chamber. The alleged motive is $5,000 life insuracce, which the husband took out on his wife in the American Legion of Honor.

A SCENE IN CHURCH.

Strange Conduct of a Clergyman at a Communion.

A London cable says: At Newton Abbot, Devonshire, to-day, Rev. Dr. Pope was fined £2 for brawling in church. Dr. Pope attended a religious service on Sunday, and while the communion was being administered walked up to the officiating clergyman, wrested the chalice from his hands, and drank the wine, while standing near the altar rail. Dr. Pope then returned the empty chalice to the clergyman, remarking in a voice heard all over the church, "You're no Christian. You are unfit to administer the Communion." By this time Dr. Pope was greatly excited. He stood gesticulating near the altar during the rest of the service. The court to-day was crowded with clergymen and others. Amid considerable excitement Dr. Pope at first said he was not guilty, and afterwards pleaded guilty and apologized for his conduct in the church. Dr. Pope's lawyer said his client's mind had became unbalanced, and it would not be just to be too severe upon him.

JUMPED THE TRACK.

The Fireman and Two Passengers Killed and Several Hurt.

A Charlotte N.C., despatch says: A mixed passenger and freight train on the Chester & Lenoir Narrow Gauge Railroad jumped the track on the trestle two miles south of Newton yesterday afternoon. The killed were: J. Hoag, fireman; H. M. Morrow and W.W. Ross. Those seriously injured were: Frank Coulter, C. C. Dunlap, conductor; M. Johnston and Rev. J. M. Little.

The rumors circulated in regard to Mr. Gladstone's state of health are not founded on fact, as he is enjoying good health for a man of his age.

After a long struggle the South Dakota Legislature has elected James H. Kyle as Senator by a combination of Independent and Democratic votes.

The tragic death of her daughter, the Countess Waldstein Wartenberg, has caused the Princess Metternich to close her salon. The Princess is still famous for her beauty and wit. Many of her extraordinary escapades and gallantries have been forgiven her of recent years because of the strain of insanity she inherited from her father. She has lately spent a good part of her time in France.

The young man who sent a manuscript to a New York newspaper office, where it got lost, ought to have kept a copy. On suing for the value of the manuscript the judge nonsuited him on the ground that newspapers are not to be considered the custodians of all the effusions sent to them for publication. The judge showed a wise discrimination in taking such a case from the jury.

—"Why do you put up that sign, 'Hands off,' on the outside of your building?" "Because my men are on a strike."

Experiments in tight lacing have just been made on some monkeys. They were put in plasters of paris jackets shaped like stays, and another lot of the plaster made to imitate tight petticoats. Nearly all the monkeys died under the treatment, as was naturally expected. The experiments may have been useful, but it was rough on the monkeys.

Bostonians are getting tired of taking sitting drinks, as they have to do under the present law. They want to stand before the bar, as it saves time, and incidentally money, because they take their drink and go, whereas if they sit down at a table a friend may drop in, and that will mean two or more drinks before the sitting is ended.

HE DESERVED A PRIZE.

Watched a Balky Horse and Had Nothing to Say.

A farmer, driving a mulish-looking horse, attached to an old time "carry-all," came to town, declares *Texas Siftings*. His horse stopped in front of a corner drug store and refused to go on. The farmer urged the animal and then proceeded to beat him with a rope, but without avail. Of course, hundreds of men came up and offered advice. A balky horse is perhaps more fruitful of suggestion than anything else can hope to be. One man told the farmer to twist his tail; and another one said that a bundle of fodder held before his eyes would have the desired effect. After awhile the farmer turned to a quiet man standing on the edge of the sidewalk and asked:

"What have you got to say?"

"Nothing."

"Isn't there some mistake about that?"

"None whatever."

"Are you sure?"

"I am certain."

"Is it possible," said the farmer, "that you stand there and see a balked horse and have no suggestions to make?"

"It is not only possible, but it is an absolute fact."

"Where do you live?"

"In this town."

"Are you going home soon?"

"Yes. But why?"

"Well, I have a bushel of fresh eggs that I want to present to you. Here take this basket, and when you need any farm truck let me know and it shan't cost you a cent. I admire genius and must say that you are the most remarkable man I ever saw."

Broken Brakemen.

(Random Notes from the Current News.)

Brakeman Signor. "Struck by a bridge" Keil, Wis.

Brakeman Nelson. "Fell from a train." Dayton, O.

Brakeman Carlisle. "Switched to death."

Brakeman Eden. "Crushed while coupling." Elyria, O.

Brakeman O'Donnel. "Run over and killed." Santa Fe, N. M.

Brakeman Terry. "His foot in a frog." Chectowga, N. Y.

Brakeman Pollock. "Run over and killed." Memphis, Tenn.

Brakeman Caulking. "Switched to death." Mount Morris, N. J.

Brakeman Harris. "Crushed by bumpers." Birmingham, Ala.

Brakeman Sullivan. "Jammed to death." Mechanicsville, N. Y.

Brakeman Phillips. "Knocked off by a bridge; killed." Statsburg, N. Y.

Etc., etc., etc.

The Servant Question.

It is a curious fact that there is nothing which is so wholly unanimous as the desire that other people's daughters should be cooks and chamber-maids. We never think of it as a thing desirable, or perhaps supposable, for our own; and this fact seems to damage most of our arguments for others. Artemus Ward was willing to send his wife's relations to the war, but we are not inclined to contribute even these to the kitchen, for we should hold, rightfully, that it was "menial service." Now if we draw the line at menial service for ourselves and our relatives, why should we speak severely of those who draw the line at just that point for themselves and their own relatives? The whole difficulty of this much-vexed question seems to lie precisely there.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Scottish Military Changes.

On the 2nd inst. it was officially notified from the British War Office that the 13th Hussars, on leaving Edinburgh and Glasgow in the spring, will go to Ballincollig; and that the Cameron Highlanders, going from Edinburgh in June, will proceed to Bradford instead of to Ireland, as originally proposed. The battalion for Glasgow is the first Royal Scots Fusiliers, now at Dublin; and the orders for the 1st Royal Scots are that they will arrive at Edinburgh in June. The changes proposed for the Scottish line battalions in the spring are: 2nd Black Watch from Belfast to Limerick, and 1st Seaforth Highlanders, Dublin to Fermoy; the 2nd Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders are to go from Aldersot to India in the next India trooping season; the 2nd Royal Scots from Malta to India; and the 1st Gordon Highlanders from Ceylon to Mauritius and the Cape. It is probable that the Carabineers (6th Dragoon Gaurds), between leaving Leeds and arriving at Edinburgh, will go to the Curragh for drill.

The Track of the Reaper.

The following are the mortuary statistics for the month of January, giving the rate of death per thousand of population: Montreal 1.72, Toronto .116, Quebec .283, Hamilton 1.42, St. John(N. B.) 124, Ottawa 1.56, Halifax 2.07, London 1.04, Winnipeg .93, Victoria (B. C.) 1.37, Kingston 1.42, Brantford .70, Hull 1.64, Charlottetown .58, St. Thomas 1.22, Guelph 1.13, Windsor .123, Belleville .76, Stratford 1.00, Sherbrooke 2.11, Three Rivers 2.84, Peterboro' 1.07, Woodstock 1.08, Brockville .90, Chatham 1.48, Sorel 1.95, St. Hyacinthe 2.50, Galt .95, Fredericton .82, St. John's (P. Q.) 1.03. Stratford appears in the returns for the first time. It is noticeable that the returns show a great decline in the death roll as compared with January of last year. But the grippe was raging at that time, and that fact easily accounts for the difference.

FISH IN THE SEA.

"There are fish in the sea," said the maiden fair,
"As good as ever were caught, so there!"
And she jilted her beau, and away went he;
And she found, although there were fish in the sea
As good as ever were brought to land,
They wouldn't come out at her command;
And the beautiful maid grew pale and sad,
And wished she had kept the one she had.

Even mourning underwear has been adopted, the garments being either altogether of black silk, or if cambric be preferred the white material is trimmed with black lace. The gradations of mourning are nicely marked. For "second mourning" or "half mourning" the dress materials are black and white, or more commonly lavender and white, and to accompany the costume the accessories are appropriate, even to the stockings, these being striped in two colors.

Lent presses the button. Society takes the rest.