

## CANADIAN RANCHERS.

FORTY THOUSAND HEAD AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKIES.

Valued At Two Millions—The Wonders Accomplished Within Fifteen Months—Bow River vs. Mountains—Cattle to be Shipped from the Rockies to Winnipeg Within Four Days.

Mr. J. E. Chipman of the Halifax cattle ranching company, is in the city. In conversation with a *Sun* reporter, he said: "When the suitability of the Bow river district for cattle ranching was established, a few of us in Halifax concluded that it would never do to let the Ontario and you Northwest people have everything your own way, so we determined to take a hand in and share in the benefits. We organized a company, and I started out to see the country and select a stock range. I was one of the first."

### THE FAMOUS COCHRANE PARTY.

You know all about that. Well, we got out on the Bow River early in July, 1881, and stayed there six or seven weeks. I selected 100,000 acres on the Kootanie river, near Fort McLeod. It is just at the foot of the Mountains. The Kootanie valley is famous as one of the richest stock-raising districts yet found north of the Union Pacific. I got back to Halifax, and afterwards completed arrangements with the Government for the lease of the land. We were one of the eight companies, you will remember, who got in under the first regulations. After completing all the preliminary arrangements I again left last April to purchase a supply of stock and take them through to the range. I visited

### THE GRAZING CENTRES OF NEBRASKA,

Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana. purchased a herd of 1,100 head of cattle and 120 horses in Idaho and drove them through myself to the Bow River, a distance of 500 miles, reaching the range on the 8th of September, and making the journey in exactly two months. The herd went through in splendid condition.

### "What breeds were they?"

"The large majority were graded short-horns, and let me tell you that they were much finer cattle than could be obtained in the east. We bought native horses to be crossed by Norman Percheron stallions purchased in Chicago. These produce the best class of horses known for general all work. When four years old they are worth from two hundred to three hundred dollars each, and the demand is unlimited. The cost of raising these animals ranges from \$5 to \$10, per head per annum according to the number raised on a range. The larger the number raised the smaller the cost."

### THE BEST BREED OF CATTLE.

"Do you consider the graded short-horns the best class of cattle for this country?"

"I am not quite prepared to go into that question. The graded short-horns are the only class of cattle I have seen in those stock-raising states and they are so good that I think it would be difficult to improve on them, hence I purchased very largely of that breed. But Senator Cochrane, a man of unsurpassed experience in Canadian stock raising, thinks that the Herefords and Polled Angus will be equal, if not superior, to the short-horns. The largest proportion of his imported bulls is of these breeds. He also has a number of short-horns. I have also some Hereford bulls as an experiment, and shall be well pleased if they equal or excel the short-horns. The great aim is the production of beef, and the short-horns in my opinion yield more of that article than any other breed that I have seen. The grass-fed cattle I purchased on the plains of Idaho were superior to the grass fed cattle of the famous Cornwallis valley, or any of that I ever saw in any part of Ontario, and were superior to many stall-fed Christmas cattle I have seen from those places. The ages of a herd of cattle range from one to three years. The increase in the production of cattle in the States I have named has been enormous during the past few years. They may almost be said to supply the continent. But in Montana, at any rate, ranching appears to have reached its climax, as far as the raising of cattle is concerned. But it has a great future as a sheep raising state. All the ranchers down there are well-to-do, most of them are wealthy and many are 'cattle kings.'"

### THE AVERAGE COST

of raising cattle down there is \$4 a head per annum. They sell at an average of \$25. I know of one rancher who paid \$25 a head for 4,000. There is a strong upward tendency. The ranchers say that the price will be \$30 next season. The price has doubled within the last three years."

### "Why?"

"There are various reasons. One is that the demand has increased wonderfully. The demand from the English market drains the maritime provinces, Ontario, Quebec and the eastern states. Those markets again have to be supplied from the west. The population is increasing rapidly, and people are eating more beef. And notwithstanding the enormous production, the general demand is far greater than the supply."

### BOW RIVER VERSUS MONTANA.

How does the Canadian grazing ground compare with the stock raising American states and territories?"

"I wanted to purchase a superior herd, and therefore went to the best stock raising states in the Union. I met several Canadian ranchers there, among them, Simpson, managing director of Sir Hugh Allan's company, Captain Stewart of the Stewart ranch company, Ottawa, and young Jones, son of D. F. Jones, ex M. P. for Leeds and Grenville. We had no ranches to buy or sell there, and were not interested in exaggerating in the slightest degree. We were unanimous in coming to the conclusion that one acre in the Bow river country would feed more stock than five acres in the most famous of the American districts. But when we again returned to our own ranches, with the grass in many places up to the horses' girths, and nowhere below their knees, we were convinced that one of our acres was fully equal to ten of theirs. And any disinterested American after seeing the both countries, would frankly admit that."

"How many acres to each animal is supposed to be sufficient in the States?"

### "About fifty."

"And in the Bow river district?"

"The government calculation is ten acres; but in most of the districts it will require more than one animal to eat all the rich grass found on three acres."

FORTY THOUSAND CATTLE AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKIES.

"What number of cattle do you estimate are in the Bow river country now?"

"When I went there just fifteen months ago there were less than 1,000 head all told. There was then no ranch in existence. These 1,000 head were owned by squatters. Now there are fully 40,000 head, and the whole country from beyond Fort Calgary on the north to the boundary line on the south, a distance of about 200 miles, and from the foot of the Rockies fully 100 miles east, is now taken up. And I am told that cattle can be grazed all the year round as far east as the Cypress Hills, over 250 miles from the Rockies. These 40,000 cattle represent a value of \$2,000,000. And all this has been accomplished within the last fifteen months. Besides the cattle, there are over 1000 horses up there, worth \$150,000."

"If you have accomplished this within fifteen months, what will the next three years show?"

"Nobody can even guess. Look at the progress of Winnipeg within the last three years. Just think what the last fifteen months has accomplished in cattle-ranching. There is not one-twentieth of the ranches yet stocked. Ten thousand head will be raised this year from the cattle now here. The men who brought in 40,000 head this year will bring in at least 30,000 head next year. That means at least 250,000 head at the end of three years."

### THE DEMAND UNLIMITED.

"Won't the thing be overdone?"

"As far as I can see the demand is and will continue to be unlimited. There are now ten buyers to one seller. Thirty thousand Indians have to be fed, and in future they will be supplied with beef of our own raising. There is an unprecedented immigration, and every immigrant is a purchaser of both cattle and horses. Then we have the whole North-west to supply."

"How far will you be from the railway?"

"Our ranch is 110 miles from Calgary. The trains will be running there next summer. Calgary is 900 miles from Winnipeg. This time next year we will be able to ship a train load of cattle from Calgary to Winnipeg within four days. But at the present time buyers are on the range three months in advance of the time cattle are ready for the market."

"If the Canadian district is so much better than the American, you will, of course, be able to raise cattle a good deal cheaper?"

"Not at present, on account of high wages, high cost of living, and the difficulty of getting in supplies, which now have to come in via Fort Benton—1,250 miles up the Missouri river, and then 260 miles across the prairie by ox train. But the opening of the C. P. R. to Calgary will remedy this."

### The Story of Mademoiselle Tussaud.

The career of that wonderful old lady, Madame Tussaud, who used herself rightly to receive the money she made by her famous wax-work exhibition, was one of the most singular. It is said that the Duke of Wellington frequently enjoyed a gossip with Madame Tussaud; and it is not to be wondered at, for she was one of the few people who lived late into the first half of this century who could distinctly remember the great Revolution of '93, and who knew intimately almost every personage who figured in it, from the King and Queen, down to Robespierre and the infamous Marat. By birth a member of one of the most illustrious houses of Germany, and the granddaughter of the famous Field-Marshal von Gresholtz, Madame Tussaud had exceptional opportunities for studying the various characters of her time. She was born at Berne, but, losing her parents when quite a child, was taken by an uncle to Paris, and placed under M. Curtius, her mother's brother, one of the leading spirits of the day. He was originally a medical man, but his fame rested chiefly upon his merits as a modeler in wax. In those days it was not permitted for students in the hospitals to mutilate the dead for anatomical purposes, and waxen images of the various parts of the human body were fabricated in order to facilitate their studies. These Curtius made to perfection; and later on he opened a museum in the Rue St. Honoré. Curtius was a brilliant conversationalist, and many writers on the French Revolution are inclined to believe that at his hospitable table, at which Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, and Lafayette were wont to assemble, the great scheme of the mightiest of social revolutions was planned. His house was a kind of political club, and here his celebrated niece formed relationships with all the famous people of her time. She lived until 1801, being over ninety years of age when she died. To the last she was active, and her memory never failed her. Her character was a very singular one, and she was a brilliant conversationalist. As an artist in wax-modeling she was most skillful. But it is not only as a modeler that she deserves fame; she also painted exquisitely in miniature. Her models are superb; and perhaps the best portraits of the leading men and women of the Revolution are those blackened wax masks which hang in the Chamber of Horrors, most of which were taken from life by her and deserve to be carefully reproduced. The model of Marat in the bath, taken immediately after assassination, is from her hand, as is also the original cast of Voltaire.

### A Little Draft.

"My father," said Gilhooly, solemnly, "was more sensitive to colds than anybody I ever knew. The slightest exposure gave him a cold." "That must have been very disagreeable." "Indeed it was. He could never sit near a draft for a minute without catching cold. I remember on one occasion he was sitting in the office of a friend, when all at once my father began to sneeze. He insisted that there was a draft in the room. Every effort was made to discover where the draft was, but in vain. The doors and windows were closed and there was no fire place, but my father kept on sneezing and insisted there must be a draft in the room, and so there was." "Where was it?" "In an envelope on the table, and it was only a little draft for three dollars and forty cents."—*Texas Sittings.*

## THE STORY OF THE REFUGEES.

How the Cuban Insurgents were Brought to Spain and Escaped to Gibraltar—Political Prisoners Illegally Given up by the British Police.

Numerous references have been made in the British Parliament to the case of some political prisoners, who escaped from Spain to Gibraltar and were at once given up by the police to the Spanish authorities. The circumstances of the case are made clear, by despatches published in the *Daily News*, whose Gibraltar correspondent says: A court of inquiry is now sitting to investigate the circumstances connected with the surrender of the Cuban refugees. The facts are as follows: On landing at the Waterport Wharf the police demanded their passports. Having none they were taken to the police office, further questioned, and told they must quit Gibraltar. Senor Maceo protested, and requested an interview with the authorities, or legal assistance to explain his case, but with his companions he was taken by the police to the British lines neutral ground, and delivered to the Spanish police, who were waiting there.

The Madrid correspondent of the same journal telegraphs that he is assured by the West India members of the Spanish Parliament that the following is the exact account of the affair of the fugitives:—

Maceo, brother of the famous Cuban insurgent chief surrendered in 1878 at Guantonomá, with other Cuban chiefs, to the general commanding the Royal forces in the province of Santiago de Cuba, on the understanding that they would be free to go abroad. Nevertheless, they were arrested on board the steamer, and conveyed to Porto Rico in a Spanish gunboat, and embarked on the mail steamer for Spain, in virtue of the then existing extraordinary powers of the Governor-General of Cuba, which authorized him to transport and detain suspicious persons. Maceo was shipped from that post to the Chaffarinas Islands, a penal station on the coast of Morocco. After several years detention Maceo's friends in Madrid pointed out that the Constitution of the Monarchy having been promulgated in the West Indies, he and other political prisoners were illegally detained, and had the right to return to their homes, no tribunal having given a decision against them, and no trial or procedure having been opened. The Madrid Government, in presence of the frequent representations of the Cuban member, Senor Alivay, replied that the Captain General of Cuba still insisted on the detention under police surveillance of all the Cuban insurgents in the Spanish prisons. The West India members vainly protested, and only obtained the transfer of Maceo and his aide, Senor Rodriguez, with a Venezuelan to Ceuta. They were taken to Spain first, and whilst waiting at Cadiz for a vessel to go to Ceuta, effected their escape to Tangiers on August 15th. After five days to prepare for flight to America, they crossed in the steamer "Hercules" to Gibraltar on August 20th. On landing they intimated to the Gibraltar police that their object was to reach America as political refugees. They reported to their friends that the Gibraltar police, without granting them a hearing, ordered them to be led, not back to their steamer, but across the British territory to the Spanish lines, where gendarmes were waiting to seize and conduct them to Algeiras. With the wife, children, and sister-in-law of Maceo.

On the same authority I am told the Spanish Consul in Gibraltar, directly the escape of the political prisoners from Cadiz was known, advised the police authorities of Gibraltar that probably three men who had escaped from the Chaffarinas penal settlement would present themselves in the British harbor without documents. The Spanish Colonial Office also requested the authorities to arrest the fugitives pending their extradition. Spain and England, before the extradition Treaty of 1879, always surrendered each other's criminals, and the Gibraltar police seemed to have waived all extradition formalities by an immediate surrender when the Spanish Consul stated that they were the men he wanted. The police at Gibraltar pretended that they had expelled the fugitives because the strict regulations prohibited the admittance of suspicious characters.

After the recapture of the fugitives the other political prisoners in the African stations of Spain were treated with greater rigor, locked up, only allowed to get rations from the castrons, and otherwise maltreated. Maceo and his fellow fugitives are in this position at Ceuta.

The total number of the Cuban prisoners is 200 in Fernando Po, 300 in Moorish coast stations, about 100 in the Spanish fortresses or garrison towns, and 50 or so on parole. In Madrid and the large towns most are in a state of destitution, living on an allowance of fifteen pence daily. Their detention is held by the Cuban members of the Spanish Parliament to be a violation of the Constitution, and it adds fuel to the colonial disaffection.

The affair does not excite much interest in Spain. People mostly believe that the refugees were taken on Spanish soil, and it is generally considered a practical joke to have profited by the blunder or involuntary mistake of the British police. Spaniards so thoroughly abominate the movement that nearly wrested from them the last of their American colonies that no pity is felt for the hundreds of men, black and white, pining without trial in the State prisons. In this circumstance, Spaniards generally show distrust of the British protest against the violation of the Extradition Treaty, which expressly bound both the contracting Powers never to ask for political extradition under any other pretext. An investigation on the part of both Governments must establish if the British Colonial Office or the Gibraltar Police were asked to arrest the three Cuban fugitives as other than political prisoners who, as such, had been transported to the Peninsula by order of the Captain-General of Cuba.

A party of Engineers and surveyors are now engaged at Port Nelson taking soundings and determining when the harbor opens and closes. Preliminary surveys are being made, and it is stated that by August, 1883, the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway will be located for a distance of 300 miles.

The Detroit authorities have refused to allow the sale of tickets for a Canadian lottery in that city.

## ODDITIES.

A dead-lock—The fastening of a cemetery gate.

A modern philosopher thinks that early rising is well enough as far as bread is concerned.

Children are like boils. Everybody knows how to take of those that belong to their people.

Herbert Spencer's version of the popular phrase, "Give us a rest"—"It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation."

There are twenty-four systems of shorthand, but the short-handedest man nowadays is the Republican who paid his bets.

Upon a writer exclaiming that his works contained much "food for thought," a friend remarked: "That may be so; but it is wretchedly cooked."

A jurymen was asked if the judge had charged him. "Faith," said he, "the man lectured us a good deal, but I don't believe he meant to charge for it."

England has statistics showing that out of 139,143 of her people engaged in literary pursuits, only 12 became lunatics. We presume the others were given the benefit of a doubt and called poets.

A Newport snob recently went rowing with a small poodle. The boat was capsized, the snob was drowned, and the poodle swam ashore, and an inquirer wants to know if this is a case of the survival of the fittest.

A little 3-year old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

A bright little girl noticing among the company at her father's residence on a certain occasion a gentleman whose face was considerably pockmarked, seemed much struck with his appearance, and after the company retired inquired who the "mother-ten gentleman" was.

"Can you help me a little?" said a tramp, poking his head into a country shop. "Why don't you help yourself?" said the proprietor, angrily. "Thank you, I will," said the tramp, as he picked up a Dutch cheese and two loaves of bread and disappeared like a streak of lightning, followed by half a dozen lumps of coal.

"Then you are thinking of building a residence next season?" suggested Flub to one of our heavy pockets. "Yes, I thought I should get up something in that line." "What style of architecture—Gothic, or Doric, or Corinthian, or—?" "Oh, a little of everything. My wife inclines to the Mary Ann style; but I guess I'll put up a genuine Betsy Jane cottage, with a pizarro all around it. That'll suit me well enough."

A teacher in a suburban school was giving her class an object lesson a few days ago, and drew a cat upon the blackboard for its inspection. She then asked what was on the cat, and the unanimous reply was, "hair." "What else?" she queried. There was a long pause of consideration, but finally the hand of a bright-eyed little 5-year-old shot up, and almost simultaneously came her triumphant answer, "Fleas!"

A delightful instance of mixed metaphors, almost too good to be true, is given in a law manual recently published by a gentleman in Japan for the use of the Japanese students. Learned counsel: "This man, gentleman of the jury, walks into court like a motionless statue with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and is attempting to screw three large oaks out of my client's pockets."

While Mrs. Siddons was playing one night an obstinate man in the crowded pit insisted upon standing up. A disturbance took place which threatened to become a row. It was, however, arrested by the witty Henry Erskine. Coming to the front of his box, he quietly said, "yet as to be heard by all: 'P ay excuse the gentleman; don't you see it is only a tailor resting himself.' The effect was magical. A burr of laughter put everyone in a good humor, and the obstinate man, abashed, took his seat.

A western man has been telling some Philadelphia how western cities grow. He says he went into the mountains hunting, and night coming on, he went to sleep in a tree to be out of the reach of wolves. He was awakened the next morning by some workmen, who told him to get down and finish his nap on the court house steps, as they wanted to turn the tree into a flag-pole for the hotel across the way. He got down, and when rubbing his eyes was nearly run over by a street-car, and got his feet tangled in an electric-light wire.

### He Couldn't See.

A reverend gentleman in Aberdeenshire, having been summoned before the presbytery for tipping, one of his elders the constant participator of his orgies, was summoned to appear as a witness against him.

"Weel, John," said a member of the reverend court, "did you ever see the accused the worse of drink?"

"Weel, I wat, no," answered John; "I've mony a time seen him the better o't, but never seen him the waur o't."

"But did you ever see him drunk?"

"That's what I never see," replied the elder, "for lang before he's half-sickened, I'm ave blind fou."

A very fashionable church in Germantown, Pa., announces a festival, a leading feature in which is to be a most excellent supper. It is understood that there will be no charge of admission, and that the proceeds will be for the benefit of the chapel building fund. The proceeds are to come from voluntary contributions, the provision being that every gentleman to whom a ticket is handed for himself and lady is to hand over a "voluntary contribution" of \$5. The young men much dislike this voluntary style of contribution, and say that they would sooner pay fifty cents in the regular way for a ticket than "voluntarily contribute" \$5 in the new fashion. The promoters of this festival enterprise reply that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The intimation is that the young man who pays \$5 for himself and his girl will give a great deal more than both together are likely to receive back in the way of supper. The young men wonder whether in such case the blessedness of giving will extend to the girls they take with them, or go no further than to their own sinful hearts.

## CANADIAN NEWS.

ONTARIO.

AN EARTHQUAKE shock was felt in various parts of Welland county on Monday.

CLOVER has been a poor crop in all parts of the province, the best report coming from Essex and Kent.

THE INSTALMENT PLAN has proved quite a success in the way of collecting taxes in Orangeville.

EGGS.—Messrs. Taylor & Hale, of Belgrave, have sold over 7,000 dozen eggs this season realizing \$1,140.00 for them.

THE ORDNANCE LAND in the western part of Kingston will, the *Whig* expects, be soon sold by auction in that city. Then there will be a boom.

WHAT WILL THEY ALL DO?—There are now nearly 1,000 students of various kinds in Toronto, to say nothing of the number at Cobourg, Belleville and Kingston.

A WILD CAT, measuring seven feet in length was shot on the farm of Asa Williams, Southwold, a few nights since by some young men who were out coon hunting.

A HIGH PRICED COLT.—A heavy draught yearling colt, which was sold some little time ago by Mr. R. Martin of Gray, for \$200, was re sold last week for \$240. A high figure for a yearling.

ROWDYISM is rampant in Flora. A correspondent to one of the local papers recommends that sufficient be paid the village constable to make it worth his while to look after the scamps.

HAY FOR THE STATES—Americans making purchases at Kingston have shipped 250,000 tons of hay to various points in the United States. The exporting has ceased, pending a reduction in the rates of fodder.

A FINE COW.—The other day Mr. Gordon Young, of Colborne, sold a splendid old dairy cow to Mr. Wm. McLean, of Goderich, for the sum of \$50. She weighed 1,450 lbs. It pays to keep good cattle.

GOOD STOCK PAYS.—John McLaughlin, of Grey, sold two thorough-bred Durham heifers aged two and four months respectively, to Alex. Forsyth, this week, for the handsome figure of \$170. Another proof that it pays to raise good stock.

A SWEET TREE.—Mr. Thomas Small, of Elmville, while picking berries in the berry season, observed some bees working in a tree and like the prudent man that he is, said nothing about it until a few days ago, when he tapped the tree and extracted fifty pounds of honey.

A CLOSE SHAVE.—A few days ago while Mr. Ed. Durnin was hunting in the woods, near St. Helen's, when in the act of firing at a squirrel almost directly overhead, the gun burst. Being a double-barrelled gun, both barrels were ripped open and the stock badly shattered. The young man escaped unhurt, the only mark being a slight scratch on the forehead.

"TOO MUCH OF WATER.—A valuable horse belonging to Mr. A. Doupe, of Kirkton, while pasturing in a field belonging to Mr. W. Kirk last week, went to the creek near by for a drink. The animal went too far into the water, and while endeavoring to free itself it became entangled in a poke, and died before assistance could arrive.

DIED FROM OVER-EATING.—The *Hamilton Times* says:—A team of fine horses, belonging to Dr. Harwood, of Palermo, county of Halton, died one day this week from the effects of a surfeit of wheat. The horses broke into a bin of grain and ate all night, the result being that the next day the grain swelled in their stomachs to such an extent that they were in terrible agonies all morning and died in the afternoon.

A CANNIBALISTIC HORSE.—As a man named Owens, who is in the employ of Mr. Thos. Harris, of Duncannon, was unhitching his team at the stable a few days ago, one of the horses made a rush at him, grabbed him by the cheek, and took a piece of the flesh out. Owens would have got away from the savage brute, but when he turned to run, he found a large pile of blocks over which it was impossible to get.

A WARNING.—The Ethel correspondent of the *Brussels Post* says: An incident occurred in our public school some time ago which should be a warning to children who wished their ears pierced. A daughter of Mr. Milne had her ears pierced by a school fellow in the common manner, viz., with the needle and thread, and in consequence had to have several painful operations performed by a surgeon in order to save her ear. Happily she is now recovering.

### MARITIME PROVINCES.

THE DRUMMERS' TRIBUTE.—The city of Fredericton has collected two thousand five hundred dollars this year as license fees from commercial travellers.

A DIMINUTIVE PUP.—Pictou, N. S., has a pup that, at three days' old, weighed only an ounce and a half. It was about the size of a mouse, brown in color, strong, active and perfectly formed.

FIRING AT A TRAIN.—Upon two occasions recently a bullet was shot through the window of a passenger car while passing through a rock cutting near Sutton station on St. John's & Maine Railway. In one case two gentlemen in the car had a narrow escape.

BROTHERLY AID.—The Locomotive Brotherhood of Cleveland, Ohio, has given \$2,500 for the benefit of drivers upon the Intercolonial, who were compelled to quit work some time ago as the alternative of withdrawing from the Brotherhood. The amount give \$180 for each.

NEW DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL.—New Brunswick, which hitherto has contributed support and inmates to the Nova Scotia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is likely henceforth, according to resolutions passed at an influential meeting in Fredericton, to sustain an institution of its own recently established by Mr. Woodbridge, late superintendent of the Nova Scotia institution.

NATIVE MUSCLE.—Dr. J. R. McLean, a native of Cumberland county, N. S., at the Gymnasium in Halifax, the other day lifted a thousand pounds, beating record of the institution by two pounds. At Boston last year he beat this by sixty-three pounds with one arm six successive times—once more than any other person had ever done in the Gymnasium.