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Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for October 9, 2026

Electric Scotland News

Voted in the Canadian elections online. You receive a letter giving you a pin number and with that a web address to go to. So with that it is quick and easy although I did note they took an extra hour to make the site accessible.

Note things are heating up on the election front in the USA. I must have received at least 20 emails encouraging me to vote for the Republican party although I should point out I am unable to vote not being an American citizen.

Got letters from Trump, Vance and others.

Scottish News from this weeks newspapers and other media

I am partly doing this to build an archive of modern news from and about Scotland and world news stories that can affect Scotland and as all the newsletters are archived and also indexed on search engines it becomes a good resource. I might also add that in a number of newspapers you will find many comments which can be just as interesting as the news story itself and of course you can also add your own comments if you wish which I do myself from time to time.

Here is what caught my eye this week...

Bold and inventive Canadian poet Anne Carson wins Nobel Literature Prize

Canadian poet, essayist and translator Anne Carson has been awarded this year's Nobel Prize in Literature. Carson, 76, is celebrated for works that often cross the boundaries between poetry, fiction and scholarship.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/cq4g1j54nepyo>

Faster than F1: The extreme motorsport where women keep winning

Like "being shot out of a cannon" is the closest comparison that driver Susanne Callin can come up with for the extreme motorsport she competes in.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/sport/motorsport/articles/c68xkx9gqv89o>

Conrad Black: Carney's invasion musings

The comments were extraordinary, but didn't cause much more than a ripple

Read more at:

<https://archive.is/dyOKK>

Britain has to build its way out of global crisis, says Scotland's newest trade union leader

With the world plunged into conflict, trade wars and energy woes, Scotland's newest trade union leader says it's time to roll up our sleeves.

Read more at:

<https://www.sundaypost.com/fp/new-gmb-scotland-leader-says-britain-must-build-way-out-of-crisis/>

Electric Canadian

A Sketch of the British Fur Trade in North America

With observations relative to the North West Company of Montreal by The Earl of Selkirk (second edition) (1816) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<https://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/hudsonbay/sketch-of-the-British-fur-trade.pdf>

My Canadian Experience

Made a start at the October edition.

You can read along at:

https://www.electriccanadian.com/canada_add38.htm

Thoughts on a Sunday Morning - the 4th of October 2026 Pictures

By The Rev. Nola Crewe

You can watch this at:

https://youtu.be/sxuWn465apo?si=dt_wKV1esFMCWG7__

The Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba

Notes and Observations of travels On Athabasca and Slave Lake Regions in 1899 By W. J. McLean Ex-Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company (1901) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<https://www.electriccanadian.com/history/manitoba/travels-on-the-Athabasca.pdf>

The Beaver Magazine

Added No. 1 Outfit 274 June 1943 (pdf)

You can read this issue at:

<https://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/hudsonbay/thebeaverjune1943.pdf>

Electric Scotland

Trans-Pacific Sketches

A tour through the United States and Canada by Alfred Falk (1877) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<https://electricscotland.com/lifestyle/transpacificsket.pdf>

M. G. Judge

Author of Stenhouse with the first chapter of his book.

Learn about him and read the first chapter of his book at:

<https://electricscotland.com/lifestyle/judge/index.htm>

Lectures on Christian baptism

by Thomas M'Crie (1850) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricscotland.com/bible/lecturesonchrist.pdf>

Miscellaneous writings, chiefly historical

by Thomas M'Crie edited by his son (1841) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricscotland.com/books/pdf/miscellaneouswri.pdf>

Lectures on the book of Esther

By The Late Thomas M'Crie, D. D. (1838) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricscotland.com/bible/lecturesonbookof.pdf>

Esther and her times, in a series of lectures on the book of Esther

By John Marshall Lowrie (1858) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricscotland.com/bible/estherhertimesin.pdf>

The history and antiquities of new and old Aberdeen

By Alexander Smith (1882) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<https://electricscotland.com/history/aberdeen/historyantiquitis.pdf>

Story

Leaves from the Scrap-Book of a Scottish Exile

By Frank Adam, FSAScot

ANECDOTES

Highland Sabbath-keeping.

FOUR tourists with small respect for the Sabbath, it is said, drew up at a farm in Arran one Sunday in summer, and asked for tumblers of milk. After quaffing the milk with relish, the tourists asked what was to pay. "Dear, dear!" said the horrified farmer's wife, " we dinna sell milk on the Sabbath day. Ye can jist gie the wean a shuUin' as ye gang oot."

Sunday-School Children's idea of Salutation.

A religious inspector was examining a class on that part of the Old Testament bearing on Eastern salutations.

Receiving no answers, he tried to make his questions clearer by asking, "What do two friends do when they meet on the street?" "Go and have a drink, sir," was the immediate reply.

Providence and Self-help.

A Highlander once fell into a deep river. As he was unable to swim, he was rapidly carried away by the surging waters before the eyes of his wife who was a distressed witness of the accident. Fortunately at a sharp curve of the river the immersed man managed to clutch at the bank and wriggle himself to "terra firma." His wife, rushing down, said: "Oh John! how thankful you should be to Providence for your escape." "Och, well, yes!" replied her dripping spouse, in a hesitating manner, "but I was ferry clever myself, too."

Niagara and Peebles.

A Scotchman, during a visit to America, went to view the Falls of Niagara, in company with an American friend.

"Say, now," remarked his Yankee friend, "did you ever see anything so beautiful and so strange?"

"Weel," the cannie one cautiously admitted, "for beautiful, I'll no say; but," (triumphantly) "for strange, why, mon, at Peebles, I ance saw a peacock wi' a wudden leg!"

Real Scotch.

The late Lord Chief Justice of England, when he was still Sir Charles Russell, went to Scotland to help the Liberals in a political campaign. He purposely began his speech with some very badly pronounced Scotch. After the confusion caused by his apparent blunder had subsided, Sir Charles continued, "Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch, but I vote Scotch." Tremendous applause followed, whereupon Sir Charles proceeded, "And I often drink Scotch." After this he was the unquestioned hero of the hour.

Wife versus Coo.

Some time ago an old farmer lost his wife and a favourite cow on the same day. His friends endeavoured to console him for the loss of his wife, and, as he was highly respectable, several hints and offers were made towards getting the worthy farmer another helpmeet. "Ou, ay," he at length remarked, "ye're keen eneuch to get me anither wife, ma freens, but whilk ane o' ye offers to get me anither coo?"

It micht ha'e been Waur!

A Scottish woman, who resided in a small village, had a habit of taking what is called a "philosophical" view of things. Her favourite expression was "it micht ha'e been waur!" and she prided herself on the frequency with which she repeated it in trying circumstances.

Her husband, who was a quarryman, was one day brought home, lifeless; and when the bereaved wife met at the door the party carrying her late husband's body, and learned the sad cause of their visit, she simply ejaculated her pet phrase, "it micht ha'e been waur!" The bearers of the body were greatly shocked to hear the woman speak so callously.

"But yer puir man's deid," exclaimed one of them, "sae hoo could it be waur?" "Easy eneuch," returned the newly-made widow. "Ma man micht ha'e cam hame wi' baith his legs broken, and lain up in his bed for six weeks or mair, an' eaten up ma soo, an' ma hens, an' ma pit o' tatties, an' deed aifter a'. Ay it micht ha'e been a sicht waur!"

What he put in the Milk.

A Scottish lad, who was delivering milk, was stopped one day in his rounds by two police officers, who asked him if his employer put anything in the milk. "Oh, ay!" was the innocent answer.

The officers, thinking they had a clear case, each offered the boy a penny, if he would tell them what was put in.

"Ah!" said the boy with a grin, "ye wadna' gie's the penny, gin I tellt ye." "Oh, yes, we will," returned the officers.

"Gie's it then," said the little fellow doubtfully.

The pence were then handed over, with the question:— "Now, what do you put in the milk?" "Why," said the laddie with a cunning look, "I pit the measure in every time I tak' ony milk oot!"

Martha's Bustle.

A minister of the Western Highlands was preaching one Sunday on the qualities of Martha and Mary. He seemed to be mostly on Martha's side, and was discoursing with great admiration on her "bustling" ways. Finally, he vehemently exclaimed: "And which of you, my brethren, could say, that Martha's bustle was out of place?" He did not recognise the secondary meaning, until he had quite electrified his audience.

Gentlemen, "The Queen!"

A well-known old farmer presided, on one occasion, at an annual agricultural dinner, and when proposing the first toast of the evening, delivered himself in the following manner :—

"Noo, gentlemen, will ye a' fill your glasses, for I'm about to bring forward 'The Queen.'" (Applause). "Oor Queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderful woman, if I may say it. She's one of the guid auld sort, nae whigmaleeries or falderals aboot her, but a douce, decent body. She's respectable beyond a doot. She has brought up a grand family of weel-faured lads and lasses—her auldest son being a credit to ony mither—and they're a' weel married. One dochter is nae less than married to the Duke of Argyll's son and heir." (Cheers). "Gentlemen, ye'll maybe no believe it, but I ance saw the Queen." (Sensation). "It wis when I took my auld broon coo to Perth Show. I remember her weel—such colour, such hair." (Interruption, and cries of "Is't the coo or the Queen ye're proposin' ?") "The Queen, gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but I was talkin' aboot the coo. Hooever, as to the Queen; somebody pointed her oot to me at Perth Station, and there she was, smart and tidy-like; and says I tae mysel 'Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa' ye needna remain a widow anither hour langer.'" (Cheers.) "Noo, gentlemen, the whisky's guid, the nicht's lang, the weather's wet, an' the roads are saft an'll harm naebody that comes to grief. Sae aff wi' yer drink to the bottom. * 'The Queen.' " (Thunderous applause.)

A wee Fou.

At a bowling-club ball, a worthy countryman was appointed M.C. The ladies were rather surprised, on entering the hall, when he told them "to gang into the room on the richt an' tak' aff their claes." Later in the evening, having been indulging somewhat freely, he approached the belle of the ball and asked if he might have the pleasure of a dance. "No," said the girl firmly, with a glance at her programme and a disdainful toss of the head, "I am full." "Weel, lassie, never mind," said the complacent M.C., "I'm a wee fou mysel."

A Yacht Story.

A party were chiising about the coast of Skye in a yacht* named the "Helvetia." A fog came down, and, suddenly, another yacht was dimly seen passing across the "Helvetia's" bows. A voice from the stranger was heard, hailing;—

"Faat boat's tat?"

"Ta ' Helvetia!" "roared a highland boatman in reply.

"Tah—'wi' ye, yersel'!" came the angry retort from the strange yacht.

The Precentor's "Amen."

A Scotch minister once visited England during his holidays. While he was there he attended an Episcopalian service, and noticed, that, at the end of the prayers, the choir sang, "Amen."

He rather liked this, so, on his return to his own parish, the minister arranged with his precentor, that the latter was to sing "Amen" each time the minister dropped a pea on his head from the pulpit above. About the middle

of the first prayer, on the Sunday chosen for the innovation, a shower of peas fell on the head of the devoted precentor, who, forthwith, began to sing "Amen, amen, amen!" in an excited manner.

At this the minister leant over the pulpit and whispered: "Whist, whist, man, Jock! it's the pock that's burst."

Her Majesty and the Dram.

One wet day, her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, took refuge in the cottage of one of her Balmoral tenants. The guidwife brought a glass of whisky to the Queen, which the Royal lady graciously put to her lips. With Highland hospitality the good woman asked the Queen to take some more, to which her guidman rejoined: "hoots, wumman, dinna press Her Majesty; she mebbe had a drap afore she cam here."

Wine-Glasses.

Young lady to domestic reclaimed from slums:—

"Now, Jane, I may as well teach you the different kinds of wine-glasses. Do you know them?" Servant.—"Aye! mem." Lady.—"Who taught you?" Servant.—"I've aye kent them." Lady.—"Very well!" (showing sherry-glass) "what is this one?" Servant.—"Hauf a gill, mem." (Tableau.)

Publican and Pulpit.

The public-house and the ministry very seldom join hands. For long it had been the desire of Mrs J----, who kept the public-house in a mining village, that her only son should study for the ministry. Her wish was at length gratified, and, in due time the son got his "call."

Years after his mother's death, Mr J----came to preach in the church of the village of his boyhood. On his way from the station he found a man, whom he had known well, lying at the side of the road in a state of intoxication. Rousing him up, Mr J----said, "I am sorry to see you in this state, John."

Looking up and recognising the speaker, the man retorted: "Ay, sir, it's a wunnerfu' thing, the drink; it's landed me in the ditch, an' it's put you in the poopit! "

The Price of One.

One day, in a crowded Glasgow street, a Roman Catholic priest observed a member of his flock (a Lochaber man) about to enter a public-house on the opposite side of the road. The reverend gentleman hailed him, but Donald affected not to hear, and entered the public-house. The priest, however, waited outside the shop until his erring sheep re-appeared, and then addressed the Highlandman "Donald, did not you bear me calling?" "Yes, your reverence," answered Donald, "but you see, father, I had only the price of one on me!"

The Day of Days.

John was a good man—one of these painfully good men one would rather not meet—and he was stalking to Church with his usual tremendous gravity one bright Sabbath morning. Another churchgoer overtook him and walked by his side. "It's a fine day," hazarded the newcomer. John looked at him dourly, but replied not, and on the pair stalked in silence. After they had gone a long distance thus, the newcomer hazarded another remark: "Grand weather to-day." John glowered, but replied not yet. Another time his companion essayed to break the silence: "Grand day, to-day, man!" And then John replied, and rebuked the sinner: "Ay," he said emphatically, "it is a grand day; but this is no' a day to be taalkin' about days! "

You can read more from this book at:

https://www.electricscotland.com/history//Leaves_from_the_scrap_book_of_a_Scottish.pdf

END.

Weekend is almost here and hope it's a good one for you.

Alastair