

Manitoba Review

"The Courier"

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Austrian Laborer Found on Bed With Throat Cut

Not Sure Whether Murder or Suicide

WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 28. — Paul Markoff, an Austrian, formerly employed on the Greater Winnipeg Waterworks pipe line, was found lying on the bed of his room, 67 1/2 Martha street, about 10 o'clock last night, with his throat cut. He died before medical aid could be secured. The report at first received by the police suggested murder, and within a few minutes Deputy Chief Newton, Chief Detective Stodgell, Inspector Stark, Detective Inspector Bishop and many other detectives and constables were on the scene. Dr. McConnell, provincial coroner, was also there, and at the conclusion of the preliminary investigation he ordered the removal of the body to Barker's undertaking rooms.

The building in which the tragedy was perpetrated stands some distance back from Martha street on the east side. It is an old and dilapidated one-story shack of four rooms running parallel. The room in which the deceased lay was the second from the west side of the building; it was a small room, but two double beds and a single bed were crammed into it.

The proprietor of the place is Mrs. Dora Glovocka, and the story she told to the authorities would indicate suicide. Mrs. Glovocka stated that the sum of \$1,000 was stolen from her on Tuesday night, and suspecting that Markoff had taken the money, she spoke to him about it shortly before the tragic occurrence. He admitted having taken the money, Mrs. Glovocka said, in fact he at once produced

\$500 of the amount when she had threatened to report the matter to the police, and had promised to repay the balance at some early date. This latter promise apparently had not satisfied Mrs. Glovocka. In fact the deceased appeared to have still been afraid that Mrs. Glovocka would carry out her threat, and, according to her expressed belief, it was this fear that incited Markoff to kill himself. Mrs. Glovocka stated that the stolen \$1,000 had been secreted by her between two mattresses of one of the beds in the room in which the deceased slept.

Reputation of the House

The house bears a bad reputation with the police. The officers have for some time past suspected Mrs. Glovocka of running a "blind pig" and gambling "joint," and it is suspected of being a rendezvous for the lower grades of Austrians and Ruthenians. Inspector Edgie of the morality department, took advantage of the excitement resultant to the tragedy to search the premises for traces of liquor. It was not long before he unearthed a large tin, one of the kind usually used for storing coal oil, and this was filled with 65 overproof alcohol. Mr. Edgie found the liquor buried beneath a wood pile in the outer shed of the house. It was stated that the house was raided a few days ago, as a result of reports received, but that the effort proved a failure.

Mrs. Glovocka's Statement

Mrs. Glovocka told the police that the deceased had lived with her for a period of seven years. Part of this time he had been away working and at intervals he had also lived with her sister, who resides on McDonald street. He had come in from his work on the pipe line about three weeks ago and had not worked since. When she spoke to him of the theft of the money, he drew out a large pocket knife and threatened to kill himself. She was horrified, and her protestations had such effect that she managed to get the knife out of his hands. Thinking to get it away from him permanently, she took it into the room used as kitchen. While in the kitchen her attention was attracted by a gurgling sound and on running back to Markoff's room she saw him lying on the bed, blood streaming from a large wound in

the throat. She at once ran out to secure assistance.

Her screams attracted R. E. Hemphill, proprietor of the Motor college, and Joseph Chaddad, proprietor of the Manitoba garage, and they followed her to the room to find Markoff breathing his last. They at once communicated the facts to the police.

Mrs. Glovocka has four young children, the youngest in arms, and the family was taken for lodging to the Central police station, and they will probably be kept there pending the investigation in respect to the tragedy.

The Knife Used

The knife used to inflict the fatal wound was found lying on the floor a distance of about five feet from the bed on which the deceased lay, and the distance and position possibly suggests ground for suspicion as to the possibility of the wound having been self-inflicted. It could possibly have fallen into such position if the deceased, in case of suicide, had used his left hand, otherwise it was calculated that the weapon would not only have been nearer to him, but would have fallen in a different direction. The knife was of the kind used for ordinary domestic purposes, such as for bread cutting or meat carving.

MYSTERY ATTACHED TO

NUCKET HOTEL SUICIDE

WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 28. — No further details have been discovered in regards to J. J. Johnson, who committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor in his room in the Nugget hotel, 711 Main street, on Wednesday last. Police are trying to locate the dead man's relatives. Johnson registered at the hotel on Tuesday night from Sperling, Man. He did not appear the following day, and at 12:30 o'clock, Andy Nelson, day clerk, went to his room to find out if anything was wrong. Johnson's door was locked and Nelson could get no answer when he knocked. Becoming suspicious he climbed up and looked over the transom. What he saw caused him to immediately phone the police. When the police arrived they broke in the door and found Johnson lying on the bed with his throat cut.

BAN ON GATHERINGS

IS REMOVED NOW

WINNIPEG, Man. — The ban on public meetings in Winnipeg was lifted by the local health officer on Wednesday at midnight.

The few returns received by the authorities on the eve of the lifting of the ban would appear to be far from encouraging. The drop to 87 cases reported on Tuesday, was followed the next day by 163 new cases and 15 deaths. However, these figures have not tended to discourage the authorities, for it is realized that such fluctuations may be expected. Of the 163 new cases reported Wednesday 57 were secondary or third cases in homes previously affected, while many others were delayed reports. With everything taken into consideration it is felt that the situation in Winnipeg has not become any more grave during the past 24 hours.

Within the next few days, the flu ban will be lifted throughout practically all of the province of Manitoba.

FARMERS' PLATFORM

NOT COMPLETE YET

WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 29. — Though the economic platform of the Canadian council of agriculture has been discussed at every session of the meeting, it is still unfinished, but it is confidently expected that this will be rounded off at tomorrow morning's session.

F. H. Donthitt, of Minneapolis, secretary of the United States potato growers' association, and David Gorman, expert in hemp manufacturing, were the principal speakers at the luncheon tendered by the industrial development section of the board of trade to the council today. General discussion of the possibility of starting potato flour milling and the hemp industry in the west took place. Committees to deal with the matter will be appointed by the council and the board of trade.

BRUCE WALKER ILL

WINNIPEG, Man. — Bruce Walker, commissioner of immigration, is seriously ill with influenza at his home here.

DISCUSS PLAN OF FARMERS IN WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG, Man. — Only a very small proportion of the recommendations which the Canadian Council of Agriculture proposes to put forward in their new pronouncement of policy were discussed at the recent sessions. It is expected that their platform will be completed shortly.

At the morning session the time of the council was taken up in discussion of the question of having more adequate representation placed upon the Canadian trade mission. In the afternoon the co-operation of the council was asked by Major G. W. Andrews, M.P., and R. B. Maxwell, president of the Great War Veterans of Winnipeg, on behalf of the returned soldiers in the matter of land settlement. They received a sympathetic hearing from the organized farmers, and in their platform it is probable that special attention will be paid to the problem of placing the soldiers on the land.

QUARANTINE OFF C. P. R. POINTS IN MANITOBA

WINNIPEG, Man. — The influenza quarantine has been lifted off all local points in Manitoba, it was announced by C. P. R. officials. There are still some places in Saskatchewan and Alberta where the ban has not yet been lifted and officials here have been notified by the head office in Winnipeg to inform purchasers of tickets where their destination is still quarantined.

EXHIBITION IS ENDORSED

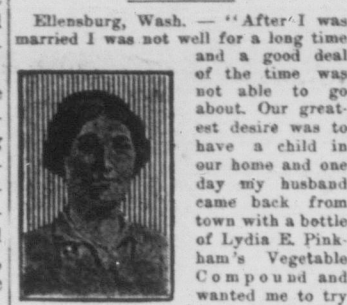
WINNIPEG, Man. — The soil products exhibition and farm congress to be held in Winnipeg during the week of February 17 to 23 bids fair to be one of the most important gatherings ever held in western Canada. J. H. Evans, deputy minister of agriculture, is meeting with great success in his interviews with the city merchants in an endeavor to interest them in this congress, and reports that he finds them enthusiastic and inclined to give it their strongest support.

SWINDLED BRANDON FARMERS

WINNIPEG, Man. — Allan J. Fatey, secretary-treasurer of the late Brandon Grain company, on charges of forgery, received a sentence of two years in the penitentiary. The total losses to farmers in Brandon district in connection with this case approximate \$18,000.

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health.



Ellensburg, Wash. — "After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles. I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. O. S. Johnson, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.

The rare women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.

PARENTS URGED TO WARN CHILDREN

WINNIPEG, Man. — Complaints are reaching the mayor's office of children being allowed to play on the river ice, which is in a very dangerous state. Mayor Davidson urges parents to warn children as to the treacherous nature of the ice while the present mild weather lasts.

INFLUENZA STATISTICS

WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 29. — New cases of influenza reported to the local health officers today totalled 122, while there were twelve deaths from the disease. Since the epidemic first started in this city, Oct. 3, 621 citizens have died and 9,866 have been stricken down with the disease.

THEFT OF \$10,000, CHARGED

WINNIPEG, Man. — Theft of money total \$10,000 from the Delaval Separator company by John Gilmour Young is charged by the Company in a statement filed with the police, Crown Prosecutor R. G. Graham announced in police court. Young was brought back from Vancouver by the police last month and has been lodged in the central police station ever since, bail being refused.

CONTROLLER GRAY MAYOR OF WINNIPEG BY 4,000 MAJORITY

Organized Labor Claims to Have Got Good Representation on Council.

WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 29. — By a majority of well over 4,000 votes, Controller Charles F. Gray was elected mayor of Winnipeg for 1919 over Mayor P. H. Davidson, who has held office for the past two years.

Four of the five aldermen seeking re-election were successful. Ald. J. K. Sparling easily accounted for Fred Hilson in ward 1, the majority being more than the total votes polled by Mr. Hilson. Ald. A. H. Pulford won from his opponent, Harry Sandison, in ward 2, 646 to 578. In ward 3 Ald. H. Gray was elected over B. C. Shepherd. Ald. J. J. Vopni was defeated by Ernest Robinson, secretary of the trades and labor council, by a majority of nearly 600 in ward 4. In ward 5 Ald. A. A. Heaps was elected by acclamation. Organized labor regards this as a signal victory for itself, also in ward 6, where W. B. Simpson goes back to the council board by a victory in a three-cornered contest by a majority of 209 over his nearest opponent, Ald. J. L. Wiginton in ward 7 beat out another new aspirant, J. K. Brown, by 75 votes.

In ward 6 was staged the only school trustee contest, R. R. Knox defeating Joseph Higley by 732 votes. The hospitals bylaw for the erection of a new nurses' home was carried, while the property qualification for aldermanic honors goes by the board. Hitherto it has been necessary for an alderman to hold \$500 interest in city property.

MONTREAL HERALD BANKRUPT

MONTREAL, Que. — The Herald a few days ago published the following:

During the past four and a half years the newspapers of the world have been compelled to carry heavy burdens. The cost of every item of the administration has risen by leaps and bounds until the total cost has been for a long time out of all proportion to the revenue. Hundreds of newspapers have suspended publication; hundreds of others have been merged with other journals.

The Herald finds the increasing cost and the accumulated burden beyond endurance and has submitted to a receivership.

YOUR HOUR

The Reformation of a Column Conductor

By Kenneth C. Beaton

(Continued.)

My wants were very quickly satisfied. Everybody wanted to help, and I was quite proud of my endeavor. I was particularly gratified to find that by judicious advertising in my column of the time and place of everything we were to do that large numbers of persons were on hand to see us and to point me out as the very kind gentleman who gave the party. As a matter of fact I was conscious of a very great degree of satisfaction with myself.

That was my undoing. There arose within me a feeling of guilt in that I had used the old folks solely as a means to popularize myself and my column and the paper upon which I worked. I knew I had had no other thought, and I knew that had my father been there and could he have looked into the place where my motives were he would have found but little cause for pride.

That night I made up my mind I would have no more "parties." But a little later I changed my mind. I had paid a visit to an orphan's home and in my rounds had found a sweet-faced little child who put her arms about my neck and hugged me tight. I had asked the attendant if I might carry the little one along as we went through the institution. She said I might. And I did. And then it came time

for me to go and I had carried the child back to the room in which I had found her. She cried when I put her down, and as I was leaving the room I looked back and saw her with her head buried in the lap of an old lady attendant and her heaving shoulders told me she was weeping bitterly.

I went back to where she was and picked her up and promised her that some time within a week or two I would come back and get her and take her down-town and buy her some candy and ice-cream and anything else that her little heart desired. I hadn't any idea whether or not the rules of the institution would permit such a proceeding, but something within me said that if I made the promise it would be carried out. And I knew deep down in my heart that I wanted to do it just for her.

And the day came, but instead of the one little girl, every child in the institution was dressed in its very best and waiting. And there came a long string of automobiles, all limousines, and into them we piled the children. And in them we made the circuit of the city's boulevard system—and if you know Seattle you will know the wonders of that drive—and we stopped finally at a great big restaurant where the proprietor had turned everybody out at one o'clock so that he didn't eat wholesome food. We ate the things that children like the most and got the least.

And afterward we went to a motion-picture theater where all of the best seats had been reserved for us. And the film exchanges of the city had sent to the theater all of

the films they could find that they thought the children might most enjoy.

And nobody charged anything for anything. And a candy man sent a box of candy for each child.

In the midst of this period of my columning a woman came to see me to tell me of a family of eight orphans. The father was a wanderer and the mother had died. Neighbors had notified the authorities that the children were in want and the family had been broken up, the five smallest children being put in institutions, awaiting the time when they should be given out for adoption. Two girls, one 19 and one 17, were nearly self-supporting and had been taken to the Y.W.C.A. The eldest boy, fifteen years of age, sold papers and had a room in some cheap lodging-house. The smaller children ranged in years from three to fourteen.

"But what can I do?" I asked my caller when she had told me of the family's misfortune.

"I don't know," she said, "but there must be something we can do. All of the children are broken-hearted at the thought of being separated for all time. And somewhere there must be someone who will help to get them together again and keep them together."

And because the solution of the problem was possible I took from off the shoulders of the woman the responsibility she had voluntarily accepted and asked her to send to me on the next Sunday morning the two eldest girls and the eldest boy.

And on the next Sunday morning they came—three children with broken spirits and with little faith

in their fellow-beings. In all their lives they had had but little of the joy that all children are entitled to, and now, in the crisis of their existence, there was for them no light ahead.

"We are wondering," one of them said after I had questioned them, "if maybe it couldn't be fixed so that the little ones could just be kept somewhere until we could earn enough money to all move back into a house and keep them there."

"You go back to your work tomorrow," I said. "Today is Sunday. Ten days from today will be one week from Wednesday. On that day you three and your five little brothers and sisters will be all together again and in your own home."

And with little faith in me or in the promise I had made to them they went away.

And there I was with eight orphan children on my hands and ten days to do for them what I had barely accomplished for myself in a whole lifetime.

Two women I knew, of wealth, and on Monday morning I went to them. But I couldn't make them see the picture of the two girls and the boy and I couldn't bring the music of the church bells. They were good women, but they felt that the children would be better off in institutions or if given out for adoption.

I had made up my mind in the beginning that whatever I should do should be done without publicity. To accomplish this it was necessary that some one person should underwrite my enterprise. Time wouldn't permit me to run around

with a subscription list, and there wasn't any assurance that such running around would have brought the desired results. I had tried my only two real prospects and they had failed me.

And so, on Wednesday I wrote my column about the children. I didn't give their names—and never did. I told merely of their misfortunes, and lastly of my Sunday-morning promise.

And then I asked my readers what they were going to do about it?

And the answer came so quickly that should I live a hundred years my faith in humankind would live with every year.

By Friday the response had been so bountiful that I had rented a house across the street from a play field and a schoolhouse, and had paid the rent one year in advance. By Saturday night I had gathered up with motor trucks donated for the purpose furniture sufficient for every room. There was a dining-room set, a table and nine chairs and a sideboard such as I never hope to own myself. There were so many bedroom sets that we couldn't use them all. There were Morris chairs and rocking-chairs and straight-back chairs, and carpets and rugs, and bedding and linen and window-curtains and a phonograph and hundreds of records and a sewing-machine and pictures and picture-books and toys and everything that a well-to-do family might have accumulated during a period necessary to the rearing of eight children.

(To be continued)

OF LEISURE

MARRIAGE AT LONG RANGE

6,000 Miles Between Bride and Bridegroom

A Boer in Pretoria was married to a girl in Amsterdam, Holland, not long ago, the ceremony constituting what the Dutch call hand schoen, or glove marriage.

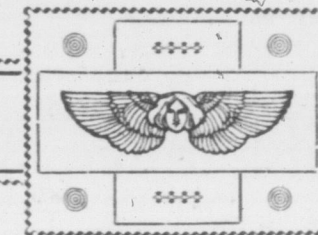
In spite of the fact that a distance of 6,000 miles lay between the bride in the Netherlands and the bridegroom in the Transvaal they were just as effectually married under the Dutch law as if both had been present in the same church.

The bridegroom sent to his friend, or best man, in Amsterdam, a power of attorney to represent him as his proxy at the ceremony and at the same time forwarded his glove, which at the proper moment, when the two were made one, was held by both the bride and the proxy. The wedding was duly registered at Amsterdam and at Pretoria, where the bridegroom filed an affidavit with the proper magistrate.

This curious form of marriage is a purely Dutch institution, the custom having originated, it is said, in the old times of Dutch-Batavian rule. It is, however, practically a dead letter in the Transvaal since the English took over the colony.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

The wind may be rude, during the winter months, but it always turns over a new leaf with the advent of spring.



JUDGMENTS.
By Angela Morgan.
I saw a woman, humbly made,
Drudging at duties, unafraid,
Her soapy arms were coarse and red
And from the crown of her poor head
Down to her thick and clumsy tread
No sign of grace was there to see.
A plodding mechanism, she! So said we, as we passed her by,
Seeing her dull, unanswering eye.
How could we guess, just I and you,
The dumb soul that was looking through?
I saw a man, like hundreds more—
Shabby and thin the coat he wore.
His hat was torn, his sleeves were frayed,
His sunken, weary eyes betrayed
All that his lips need never tell—
The hope that died, the soul that fell.
And we who saw his trembling chin
And flabby cheek, nor looked within—
How could we know how hard he tried
Before the dream within him died?
I saw a mother, meekly drest,
With babe upon her bosom prest—
Just like a million, million others
Who make the noble rank of mothers.
Her eyes, indifferent, raised to mine,
Belied the painter's romance fine.
So stolid, so familiar she,
One doubted such a dream could be.
How could we know, with nothing said,
The halo shining round her head?