



LAKE WINNIPEG FISHERIES.

A trip to Swampy Island, Reindeer Island, or the mouth of the Big Saskatchewan at this time of the year, says the Winnipeg correspondent of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, gives some insight into the enormous white-fish industry of Lake Winnipeg. Professional fishing was commenced on the lake in 1884 by Reid & Clarke, who made fortunes out of it. The largest part of the business consists almost altogether in supplying Chicago, Detroit, New York, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large American cities with the Lake Winnipeg white-fish, which occupy a special place on the bills of fare of all large hotels. During September the number of men employed is greatly increased, and large numbers of Indians are hired every day. An outfit consists of numerous boats and a large tug; each boat handles about twenty nets, while the tug handles from forty to sixty. Although fishing was not started this year till June 12th, one firm have already sent to their headquarters at Selkirk over 1,200,000 pounds of salted fish, 800 boxes of frozen fish (130 pounds to the boxes), and from twenty to twenty-five tons of fresh fish. The boats are generally clinker built, one-half deck, carrying a main and fore sail. Each boat sets a "gang" or 9,450 feet of net at one time. The plant of the fishing companies amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars in value. The lake is probably the most productive on the continent. On Lake Huron if thirty nets get 1,500 pounds or 300 fish, the catch is called excellent. On Lake Winnipeg sixteen nets take 2,500 fish or 10,000 pounds in one night, and it is not considered extraordinary. Our advantage is over three times greater than this, for while the nets are lifted but every third day on Lake Huron, they are lifted daily on Lake Winnipeg. Fishermen all agree that they never knew what fishing was till they "struck" Manitoba. The fishing is carried on in winter as well as in summer, but not by the professionals. In winter holes fifteen fathoms apart are cut in the ice and the nets inserted and passed under by means of long poplar poles through the water from hole to hole. The Indian dogs or hunkies haul the portable canvas house—like the top of a prairie immigrant waggon on runners—with a sheet iron stove and a supply of fire wood to the "basin holes," and there the nets are "set" and "lifted" in comparative comfort. The fish caught in summer are either artificially frozen or salted before being shipped to the United States. In the winter they are frozen and transported without the assistance of refrigerator cars. In 1886, 214,000 pounds of salt white-fish were shipped to Minneapolis alone. The industry must grow to enormous proportions, for besides Lake Winnipeg—8,500 square miles in an area—we have Lake Manitoba, 1,600 square miles; Winnipegosis, 1,936 square miles; also Nepigon, Rainy Lake, Lake St. Joseph, Lake Seul, and others. Great Bear Lake, 10,000 square miles, and Great Slave, 12,000 square miles, are at present inaccessible, but in a few years they, too, will come within range of the Canadian and American markets.

A GOOD VOICE.—There is no doubt that one of the most useful qualifications of an orator is a good voice. Burke failed in the House through the lack of it, while William Pitt, through the possession of it, was a ruler there at the age of 21. Mr. Lecky says that O'Connell's voice, rising with an easy and melodious swell, filled the largest building and triumphed over the wildest tumult, while at the same time it conveyed every inflexion of feeling with the most delicate flexibility. The great majority of celebrated orators have been aided by the possession of a good voice. Webster's voice, on the occasion of his reply to Senator Dickinson, had such an effect that one of his listeners felt all the night afterward as if a heavy cannonade had been resounding in his ears. Garrick used to say that he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "Oh!" as Whitefield did. Mr. Gladstone's voice has the music and the resonance of a silver trumpet.



"Silence is golden," which may account for the belief of many that silence at times indicates guilt.

A travelled blue nose says: "They can't begin fur till give an eddication in New Brunswick like they can in Massachewters."

An American woman is now second in command of the German army—the wife of Von Waldersee. Come to think of it, perhaps she is first in command.

The *Buffalo Courier* announces that "the Hon. Peter Mitchell, formerly Minister of Marine and Fisheries, conducts the baseball department of the *Montreal Herald*."

When a preacher in Hutchinson, Kan., announced as his text last Sabbath, "Ye are the salt of the earth," the congregation rose simultaneously and indulged in prolonged cheering.

"I suppose Miss Astergoold's rejection of young Snipkins nearly broke his heart?"

"No, it didn't break his heart, but it busted his scheme to go abroad on her money."

Young physician (pompously) —Yes, I've called at Mr. Brown's three times a day for a week. He is a very sick man, Miss Smith.

Miss Smith—He must be by this time.

"What do you publish a paper for, I'd like to know?" sarcastically enquired an irate politician, tackling a country editor.

"For two dollars a year, in advance," responded the editor, "and you owe me for four years."

"What is that you are wearing?" asked the farmer of his fair city boarder.

"Oh, that's my red Jersey."

"All right," was his reply, "but don't go near my brown Jersey over in the fields, unless you are good at climbing trees."

An Eastern traveller was asked to write a line in a lady's album. He wrote: "L'habitude de vivre avec les bêtes m'a rendu indulgent pour les femmes." He signed his name. The lady underlined it with this: "L'habitude de vivre avec les hommes m'a rendu indulgent pour les bêtes." She signed her name.

"Father, the papers say you 'officiated' at the wedding, clad in the traditional garb of the clergy.' What does traditional mean?"

"Traditional, my son," replied the poor minister, as he looked at his suit of black with a sigh, "refers to things that have been handed down."

TOASTING THE DOCTORS.—At the late annual meeting of the Indiana State Medical Society, a telegram was received from Bill Nye as follows: "Sorry I cannot be there. May you and associates continue to take life easily, as heretofore. Bill Nye." This was received with great applause, which commenced as a murmur and increased to a roar, as the joke gradually percolated.

She was sitting in the parlour with her beau when the old man came down stairs and opened the front door.

"Surely, papa," she said, "you are not going out at this late hour?"

"Merely to untie the dog," he replied.

"Well, Miss Clara," said the young man, and reaching for his hat, "I think I will say good night."

A young man failed to receive an invitation to a surprise party, to which many that he knew were specially invited. He brooded over it awhile, and then stole a march on all the others by inviting the young lady, in whose honour the party was, to go with him to the theatre. Not knowing of any other arrangement, she gladly accepted, and after the performance he suggested a lunch, thereby making the other party, kept waiting for her return, literally one of surprise.

Scene in the office of M. Pasteur:

Sufferer—"Doctor, I have come to consult you as a last resort. Can you do anything to relieve me from the consequences of these wounds?"

Doctor—"Those are a little the worst dog bites I ever saw."

Sufferer—"Doctor, those are not dog bites. They are Jersey musquito bites."

Doctor—"My dear sir, I can do nothing for you. Next!"

An amusing scene was witnessed at the post office corner on Monday. A distinguished-looking and well-dressed man bought a newspaper from a newsboy, handing him in exchange five coppers.

"Naw you don't," said the boy. "They are no good here. This ain't Ontario."

The distinguished-looking man, with a pained and indignant look, handed back the paper and returned the five coppers to his pockets.

He was one of the Ontario excursionists who did not share the Northwest contempt for cents.

WITHIN THE NIGHT.

(THE MINNESINGER.)

I stood within the shadows of the Night,
The weary lonesome night,
And Sorrow, with her charioteer of Death,
Went by with eyes affright.
And ever upward from the darken'd depths
Of Life's sad troubled sea,
The cry of stricken hearts came ceaseless from
Pale lips of agony.
And joyous Hope with ruddy Mirth was there,
In revel girt with light,
The glow of Youth, the wail of wild Despair,
Beneath me in the Night.
And lo! in sadness bent a man of years
Upon a broken lyre,
Whose golden strings no breath divine had swept,—
Touch'd not with sacred fire.
An humble singer of that lowly band,
Whose harpings, sweet withal,
Strength have not as the bards of finer mould,
Who through the ages call.
And gazing heavenward to the silent stars,
From earth and earthy things,
His soul went forth in earnest, pure desire,
On faith's most holy wings:
"Father, I pray that thou would'st deign for me,
Within thy vineyard grand,
One little flower, although of low degree,
To raise with trembling hand.
One little song-bud born from out the heart,
Which unto men might be,
Amidst the turmoil of the world's great mart,
A still, small voice from Thee."

JOHN ARBORY.

Montreal.