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LIFE IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

FROM THE ALBERT NYANZA TO THE INDIAN OCEAN.

WITH THE REAR GUARD OF THE EMIN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

BY CAPTAIN W. G. STAIRS, R. E.

PART IV.

On and on we went, our leg muscles being like steel bars with our constant marching. Away from our camps in the morning long before the lazy sun had yet arisen, fast over the dried up grass lands of Karague sped the Expedition. No shouting and singing now, boys! but steady downright pegging away at two and three quarter miles per hour. Twelve, fifteen and even seventeen miles a day did we make, and camps reached by three thirty p.m. Still our legs and feet held good. Blacker and blacker the sun scorched our skins. It seemed to be trying to make negroes of us. Past villages, over streams, and through countries whose very names we cared but little to know, and whose inhabitants turned out to stare with wonder at the rate we passed them.

Onward boys! onward like lightning till the huts of the (Muzungu) white man are reached, and not till then draw your breaths, or slacken your belts. Cloth, beads and meat await you; so faster! boys' faster!

From Stanley down to the smallest girl of the Expedition each was marching like a hero, till at last one morning we had only one hundred and ten miles to go ere we should reach the mission station.

With a bound Stanley sprang out in front of the men, "Boys" he said, "there are only ten more marches ere we reach the white man. Can you do it in ten camps?"

"Aywallah! Inshallah" roared the Zanzibaris.
"Please God we will do it every man!"

And away we went. On the ninth day rolling along over the grass lands, past villages and plantations, and out again on to the plains we swung with tremendous cheering at eleven thirty a.m. into the mission station of Msalala.

One hundred and ten English miles in nine days! Well done boys!

You have done something that will send the blood coursing through the veins of those who know the meaning of such a feat. One hundred and ten miles in little over a week, and this added on to a long unbroken march of over four hundred English miles straight on end! a total of five hundred and ten English miles, without a halt of over four days, from Majamboni.

Again, reader, I ask you to pause, and consider what manner of man the leader of those men must have been. Do you grasp the splendid abilities of the man who could make other men spring to the completion of such a brilliant piece of marching as this was?

Can you not fancy how our men loved Stanley, their ideal of everything that was bold, plucky, and sound of judgment!

I wish only I could describe my feelings as I walked through the mission gates, and looked, with eyes that never grew weary, on the stalwart limbs and smiling faces of our men!

Each man on this march carried