

Manitoba, No. 7.

We give you the accompanying illustration, with which the young folks may amuse themselves by making their own different versions of the fight, and excite their curiosities as to which will be the victor. The buffalo in the North-west territory has been and still is of great importance. The herds of countless thousands that have roamed over that ocean of land must show us that cattle can live and thrive there, and that in time an enormous supply of meat may be produced there.

The buffalo has been the main support of 40,000 Indians, but the white man has for the past century been gradually encroaching on their haunts. The war of extermination has been carried on, and is increasing rapidly every year; thousands are killed for sport and left to decay on the ground, as the hunters like to boast of the number they have shot or lassoed, and now the poor Indians are actually in a starving condition from the lack of their usual source of maintenance.

The white man has encroached and destroyed; he has abused, cheated, deceived and deluded the poor Indian; he has had the power to tell his own tales, and has exaggerated and dishonorably perverted facts to make the Indian appear the aggressor, and thus the poor denizen of the forest has been burdened with the dissipation of the vile frontier settlers to such an extent that no white man with spirit could help resenting. The Government of the United States have acted too conciliatory towards its white desperadoes that have injured the Indians. But Canadians, we trust, will not follow their example of dealing with our aborigines. Let us select a few of the most honorable and judicious farmers to treat with them, instruct them, and show them how to cultivate the land.

It is a disgrace to our Government that they should send ignorant place seekers from the east that know nothing in regard to the duties they are supposed to fulfil, but who endeavor to get a luxurious living on other persons' means, to fill offices in the far west.

It has lately been computed that in five years no wild buffaloes will be found on British territory.

An attempt is being made by a Mr. McKay, on the Assiniboine River, to raise a herd of half-breed buffaloes by crossing with our common cows. We understand that he has about a dozen of the half-breed buffaloes now. He has two buffalo bulls, but they have become so cross that they have to be chained. Before they were chained

they would attack travellers. One poor man, travelling alone, was passing through some scrub woods and one of McKay's buffaloes so alarmed him that he got up into a small tree and the buffalo kept him there for a whole day.

Put a Little Sense into Social Life.

The reason why the art of conversation has reached its present low ebb is because we do not understand or appreciate each other's worth. In other words the gentlemen have become thoroughly impressed with the idea that in order to make themselves agreeable to the ladies they must keep up a constant stream of nonsense and silly utterances; and the ladies, seemed to have formed the same idea in regard to the gentlemen, until out of this mutual misunderstanding has grown this empty, meaningless jargon of words at almost every social entertainment,—a sort of shower of soap-bubbles.

I was present at an evening party not long ago, and was sitting with a group of ladies and gentlemen, when a lady I had known slightly in society

In order to improve the tone of conversation I do not mean that we are to be grave and stiff in our deportment. I mean that we should be brilliant, gay and sparkling; but let us be sensible about it. I am heartily opposed to any tombstone solemnity or old foggyism about society entertainment. I am one of those who believe that a lady can wear her hair banged, and have a trail to her dress "nine yards long," and all the ruffles and furbelows she can pile on, and still have a head "chuck full" of hard, solid sense, and that a gentleman can part his hair in the middle (but I would earnestly advise him not to infringe upon the province of the ladies to that extent) and be a very sensible man.—[Cor. Chicago Tribune.

As Plain as a Pikestaff.

A Detroit bobtail car overtook a man with a hand-trunk of ancient make walking in the middle of the street. He enquired if the car went to the railroad track, and then got aboard. There were several passengers in the car, and as he stood in the door he looked from one to the other and said:—

"If I am intruding, don't hesitate to tell me so. I like people who speak right out, and I am used to plain talk."

No one objected and he took a seat, crossed his legs and said to himself:—

"I'll bet they never built this car for less than fifty dollars! I'm glad the old woman isn't here. If she should see how it's fixed up she'd never let up on me till I tacked one to the house. I'll never ride on a wood waggon again when I can jog along in a chariot like this. It's got more windows than a bee-hive."

As he made no move to pay his fare the driver rang the bell.

"Got bells on here, eh?" mused the plain man. "Now who'd thought they'd have gone to such an expense as that! Folks here in town are right on the style, no matter what it costs!"

The driver rang again and again, and seeing that it did no good he finally opened the door and said:—

"You man in the corner there—you didn't pay your fare!"

"My fare! Why, that's so! Hanged if I hadn't forgotten all about it! Were you ringing that bell for me?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad! Why didn't you open that door long ago and say to me: 'Here, you old potato top, if you don't pass up your ducats I'd land you in the mud!' I'm a plain man and I never get miffed at plain talk. Take the change out of this half-dollar!"

The manager of a church fair when asked if there would be music each evening, replied: "No; but there will be singing."

Another leap year is bearing mercilessly down on the lone and helpless male population.

A woman never, never grows old. As soon as she passes twenty-five she hides the family Bible.



for nearly a year, and whose mission I had always supposed to be was to "bow, smirk and giggle," began to speak of a new work of an author she had been reading, and, with an earnestness of manner, spoke of her admiration of the author's style, and to my utter astonishment, proceeded in a critical way to point out what seemed to her his strong and weak points as an author. The effect upon the group around her was apparent. An interest was at once awakened in the topic of conversation, and when it ended a pleased expression was visible upon the countenances of all who heard it. And upon leaving the house some one remarked that the young lady in question had been unusually fascinating during the evening. The truth is, she had only dropped her society face and manner, and was appearing as herself. In her tittering and giggling she supposed she was simply making herself agreeable. What we want is to know and understand each other better.