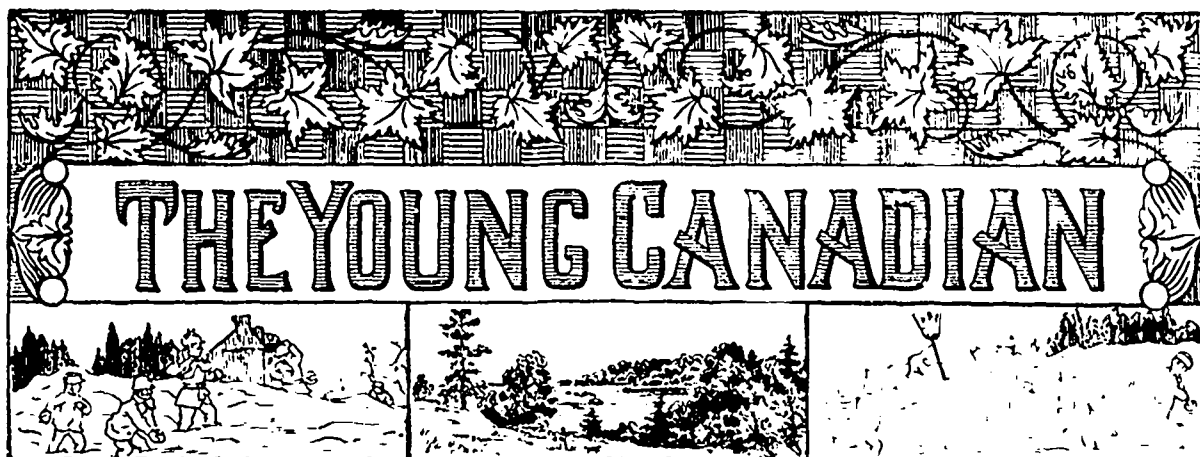




Printed and Published by THE YOUNG CANADIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY—M. P. MURRAY, Secretary, 111 Murray Street, Montreal.

No. 14. VOL. I.

Montreal, Wednesday, April 29, 1891.

Five cents a copy
\$2.00 per annum, in advance

CONTENTS:

LIFE IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF AFRICA.....	<i>Lieut. Stairs.</i>	MAY DAY.....	
HOW WE WENT BOJANIZING.....	<i>Ray Livingston.</i>	DO OUR LITTLE THINGS PAY?.....	
A VERY EMINENT AND VERY OLD CANADIAN.....		OUR BOOKS AND BOOKMAKERS.....	<i>Industria.</i>
DOMINION NEWS.....	<i>The Editor.</i>	MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.....	<i>John Habberton.</i>

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 W. G. STAIRS, R.E., LIEUT. AND ADJUTANT.

Before I start this article in the pages of the *YOUNG CANADIAN* I wish to express the pleasure it gives me in thus writing something that will be laid before, and read by, Canadians.

I feel sure that it will be read in the same kindly spirit as it is written, and will be received by Canadians as coming from one who is proud to be able to number himself as one of them.

I propose now to give a short account of the journeyings of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition in its march from Lake Albert Nyanza in Central Africa to the Indian Ocean at Bagamozo opposite Zanzibar and more especially the doings of the rear guard of the Expedition, which for 1700 miles was under the direct charge of Capt. Nelson and myself on alternate days.

The term "Rear Guard" is given in its full military significance, for in each and every particular our duties were the same practically as those of a small rear guard with a military expedition. The title of rear guard which has been applied to the force left at Yambuya is erroneous and misleading. The correct appellation for such a body of men would be "rear column."

That part of the journey from the Albert Nyanza to Msalala on the Victoria Nyanza will probably prove to be the most interesting, as the countries and people

seen by us were to all intents and purposes new, and I have therefore given greater attention to this than to the last six hundred and odd miles from the Victoria to the Sea.

On April 1st, 1889, after many weary weeks of waiting at our camp at Kavallis near the Albert Nyanza the first move towards the Indian Ocean and home was made. With over 200 Zanzibaris and Wazamboni natives I marched out of camp to go two days' march ahead to Majamboni's village, gather food and wait there until the 11th when the main column should reach me. To describe my own and the men's feelings as we marched out of camp surrounded by all the Pasha's men and servants, and those of our Zanzibaris who had still some days to wait before moving, would be more than I feel capable of.

At last after weeks and months of weary marching and starving, after nearly a year's work in the dark and deadly forest graveyard, after disappointments, sickness and death we found ourselves facing towards home, and with us was the object of our search, Emin Pasha, the Governor of Equatoria.

Around our camp fires in the forest, night after night had we talked of the day when we should be able to say "We are going home boys." We are going towards