

THE WEST.

MEN OF THE DAY



MR. D. W. DAVIS, M. P.

THE subject of our present sketch represents Alberta in the Dominion Parliament. He was born in the town of Londonderry, State of Vermont, in 1849, and was educated in that town. He settled in Macleod in 1870, where he is a leading citizen. He is one of the largest merchants in the Territories and is also an extensive stock dealer. Mr. Davis is a Conservative, and was first returned to Parliament at the last general election.

Under this heading sketches have appeared in our columns of the following gentlemen :

- No. 1—Col. Herchmer. *
- " 2—Lieut. Gov. Royal.
- " 3—The Hon. J. A. Loughheed, Q. C. *
- " 4—Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P.
- " 5—D. W. Davis, M. P.

* Out of print.

Next week Dr. Lafferty's portrait will be given.

MESSRS. BOORNE & MAY have kindly given us their advertising space on the cover this week. We would request our readers to look out for their change of advertisement next week.

TO HOW many minds in Eastern Canada and Europe does the expression "Gone to the North West," call up visions of a strange and wild country, terrorized by Indians, and in which no man's life is safe. People, I admit, are getting pretty fairly enlightened regarding Manitoba; but the West, that great land extending from the summit of the Rockies eastward to the border of Manitoba, and from the United States boundary, into the regions of the Ice King; of this vast heritage how little is really known by the great masses of the people.

Just mention the Rocky Mountains to the first twenty acquaintances or so, who have never been west, that you meet in outlying townships, aye! and in country towns in Eastern Canada, and notice the large majority of cases in which the conversation drifts suddenly to the subject of grizzly bears, snow slides, or some other horror. Not a word about the glorious climate, the high peaks at whose base lies hidden, priceless stores of coal, minerals, petroleum, and what not.

Again, mention ranches, and the conversation drifts to cowboys, those gory individuals who shoot you on sight if you happen to wink, or, if they happen to be in good humor, content themselves with producing five or six knives from their boots and entombing them in your gizzard. Not a word about the rolling prairies, over which huge herds of fleshy cattle roam winter and summer, cared for by these plucky riders of the prairies.

Mention the fact of someone having a hand or foot frozen and the wise men of the east will tell you more of the awful, endless winters in the N. W. T. in ten minutes than the oldest residents of the country have dreamed of, even after a public dinner. Not a word of balmy summer days, fields of waving grain and afterwards the golden harvest time; Oh, no! to these enlightened people, those who bring these tales to their ears are reckoned fabricators who speak wild things too hard to understand.

Mention the Indians, Great Scott! Blood! Tomahawks!! Tortures most vile!!! not a word of a race of nomads, who under wise legislation and religious care are contented and peaceful; or of their children who when trained in any of the numerous educational institutions often set an example both in intelligence and morals to many of the whites who consider themselves so infinitely their superiors.

It is time these "dime novel" notions were treated with that contempt they so richly deserve; it is time that all Britain's subjects should know the truth.