



Printed and Published by THE YOUNG CANADIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY—M. P. MURRAY, Secretary, 111 MARKY STREET, MONTREAL.

No. 15. VOL. I.

Montreal, Wednesday, May 6, 1891.

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

CONTENTS :

IN DARKEST AFRICA.....	<i>Captain Stairs.</i>	DOMINION NEWS.....	
EGG ROLLING.....	<i>Wide Awake.</i>	SLEETING A MAN TRAIL.....	<i>Moses Martin, R.C.A.</i>
THE BATTLE-FIELD.....	<i>A Young Canadian.</i>	MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.....	<i>John Habberton.</i>
IN OUR WOODS.....	<i>Old Grub.</i>	SECRET OF CANADA'S GREAINESS.....	
THE TRIBUTE OF ROSES.....		MAY CALENDAR.....	
FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATION.....		OLD MANUSCRIPT (full page).....	
PIGEON HOLES.....	<i>The Editor.</i>	POST BAG.....	

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. I.

PART II.

I will now describe a day's duties with the rear guard during the first six weeks after we left Majamboni.

At five fifteen, or five thirty a. m. the trumpet would sound and in forty minutes all would be ready to march. Our chief (Stanley) would then blow his whistle and, with a bound, the advance, carrying ammunition, tents and officers' baggage, would move off. Then would follow another detachment of Zanzibari, then the Pasha, his daughter, and Capt. Casati under the care of some of his trusty trenchmen. Then would come the mass of men, women and children from the Equatorial Provinces. After these would come our cattle, sheep, and goats, driven by our Soudanese soldiers from Caro. Lastly, and bringing up the rear, would come the rear guard of fifty to sixty-five Zanzibari rifles carrying boxes of ammunition.

A number of spare men would also be attached to us to relieve stragglers. Soon after leaving camp the weary and sick ones would fall out and lay behind. Hostile natives would ever be on the prowl to pick these up and spear them. Up would come the rear guard.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh master I am very sick, I can go no farther."

If the case proved to be a really sick man or woman, he would halt the rear guard, detach two spare men, rig up a rough stretcher and send him or her on to camp. But soon we had not enough spare men for this work. The women and children, soft from their long sedentary lives in the Province, were no match at marching with our steel muscled Zansibaris. The length of the marches had therefore to be curtailed.

Presently a deep gully would come in view right in the line of march. Into this poured the mass of women, men and children, blind to any orders shouted to them, shouting, cursing, crying, laughing, an indescribable mass of chaotic confusion. Perhaps, too, here and there in the midst of the crowd, would appear a few specimens of cows, or a goat bleating piteously at finding itself separated from its companions. On to the ground came the mats, skins, pots and pans of the family household, bundles of bananas, flour, corn, beans, and even meat seemed to scorn being carried on the shoulders of their owners, and would get stamped out of sight in the rapidly forming mud. Soon the plot would thicken.

"Who are you pushing?" would come from some six footed Soudanese.

"Can't you see me?"

"Am I a dwarf that you should walk over me so?"

"Heh! By the soul of the Prophet I will make you suffer" and so on. Perspiring and stormy could be seen some mother dividing her attentions between a fat baby and a dirty clay cooking pot.

"Now then, look out! the cattle are in and have bolted." And so the confusion and din would rise to fever height, until, gradually, those at the head of the gully would begin to wind out, and the crush in rear got less and less. In the midst of this mass often have I seen a devout Mahommedan, one Osman Effendi Lateef, jammed hopelessly between women and children, cattle and goats, praying to Allah to preserve his household gods from destruction, and clasping his hands in despair at the thought of such great risk to his pots.