

his scrip, covering the aforesaid 160 acres, for a ride in a Red River cart from Winnipeg to White Horse Plains, a distance of 26 miles, and back, and the offer was refused. True, had the men of the force been prophets, or the descendants of such gentlemen, and held on to their script, no doubt in 20 or 30 years, it would have become valuable. According to the rules of political economy, which then existed, anything which could be procured for nothing was valueless, therefore according to the old Assiniboine lands; and the New Dominion land regulations, all that was necessary was for a man to take his team and plough a furrow round whatever quantity of land he wanted and his title was held to be good consequently the men who composed the Red River expedition, did not go into ecstasies over their land grant.

Any man could get then all the lands he wanted for nothing. All that was required was to take a team and plough around, a reasonable number of hundreds of acres, or if no team could be procured, to put a stake up at the four corners with the persons name on it, and the number of acres, and under the Government Land regulations of 1871, and the Assiniboine laws then in force, the title would be held good.

This much may be said of the men composing the Red River expedition, they never joined the force in expectation of receiving any suitable remuneration or reward. They were prompted by a desire to protect the rights and liberty of the loyal people of Red River settlement, and to restore the Union Jack to its proper place over the walls of Fort Garry. In accomplishing this, they expected to meet in honorable combat, the scoundrels, who insulted our flag, robbed and plundered our fallen subjects, and hunted like wild beasts, the sturdy English-speaking

pioneers, who composed the bones and sinews of the settlement, and lastly without provocation, dyed their hands in the most diabolical butchery of a fellow-being torture, in a manner that *Nena Tahile* in his palmiest days, could never think of. The perpetrators of this horrible murder, strange to say, with one exception remain unpunished.

It is only a few days ago since we have seen the Minister of Militia, and the General commanding the forces in Canada, passing through Winnipeg to the west, with the object of erecting defences on the Pacific Coast. Let me urge on the Dominion Government, not to squander too much money on stone and mortar and contractors, that the most effective defences of our country rest in the hearts and patriotism of young Canadians, and the proper treatment accorded to the officers and men of the volunteer force of Canada.

Arm strongs are of little use, without men to man them;

Earthquakes are a waste of money, without patriotic hearts behind them.

### Shooting Prairie Chickens in Manitoba.

#### AN INCIDENT.

TO sportsmen, perhaps the most enjoyable time is that of spring and fall, when ducks, prairie chickens, grouse, plover and other game are in season. In the fall, early in the morning, several buckboards with their occupants may be seen winding their way in and out over the numerous trails, that lead to and from the city, accompanied by their dogs, and with their guns resting securely between their legs or lying lightly in the hollow of the left arm, ready for any birds that might rise across their track.

It is on just such a day as we have in September or October, that you can saley forth and have a real