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THE MANITOBAN.

A Monthly Magazine and Review of Current Events.

VOL. I. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, OCTOBER, 1892. No. 10.

Notes and Comments.

THE excellent weather we have had and the bountiful harvest so safely gathered should be inspiring to those who believe in the country. Immigration will be increased, the price of farm lands will go up in value, and the railroads and merchants will be happy. The best crops in the Province were said to be those in the Red River Valley and within a few miles of Winnipeg. We hope intending settlers will take note of this, and not wander too far from the city in search of land. There are thousands of acres of rich available land within a radius of ten and twenty miles of Winnipeg, close to markets, churches and schools, and within reach of a market where all kinds of farm produce will bring the cash the year round. Farmers take a note of this.

* * *

THE cholera scare has somewhat diminished, for which we are all very thankful. We have not any too much of a population and could ill afford to spare any. It is to be

hoped the dread disease will be so effectually stamped out, that next spring there will be no sign of it anywhere.

* * *

THEY appear to have a peculiar way of defeating Legislation in the Northwest Territories. The members having come to a deadlock, the Lieutenant-Governor prorogued the House, thus killing the School Bill and blocking any other Legislation which was being sought.

* * *

IF those truly good and loyal people of Eastern Canada, who shout "Canada for the Canadians" were to turn the attention of their children to the Canadian Northwest as a field for emmigration, instead of to the States, they would be carrying out their theoretical ideas practically. We extend these same remarks to the mother country, and would suggest that they try Canada and see what she can offer in the way of making a future home, before losing their nationality and individuality in a foreign country. There is lots of room beneath the Union Jack in our great western country, where millions can find

happy homes, and where citizenship and respect for the flag which has "braved the battle and the breeze" for a thousand years can be retained.

* * *

Winnipeg has at last got her electric street railway in operation on Main Street, and 'ere long the cars will be making the circuit of the city. Although Toronto has had so many fatal accidents with her electric railway, Winnipeg has been so far, remarkably free from accident by the introduction of the new system. The cars are pleasant to ride in and go at a much better rate of speed than the old way. The horses ought to feel thankful that they are not the motive power, while the driver in the enclosed vestibule will not have to turn his back to the cutting winds of winter.

* * *

THE fuel question is one which as the country grows older will seriously affect this country, and not until we get the Hudson's Bay Railway and the St. Andrews Rapids on the Red River deepened, can we hope for much relief. It is a well-known fact that there is enough timber lying to the north of us to supply our needs for years to come, but with no means of transportation it is about as useless as the iron mines in the same district. With the price of coal in Winnipeg, at \$10.50 per ton, and wood at \$7.00 per cord, it would, we think be of interest to have this important question fully looked into. At present there is no prospect of fuel getting any cheaper, and with our

long winters, the first consideration should be cheap fuel. We would suggest that the Local Government finish and equip the present Hudson's Bay Railway as far as the lake, and thus bring within our reach the wood, which so thickly abounds in that region. In this way the poor people especially would receive great benefit as well as the country at large. This would be an infinitely better boon than the so much talked of Souris coal, and would give better satisfaction to the people. As our government is noted for its progressive policy, we hope to see them take hold of the fuel question and help the people to help themselves from their own bounty.

* * *

We have received from Erastus Wiman, Esq., a pamphlet on "Canada and Great Britain," being a report by him on the Congress of the Chambers of Commerce, of the British Empire, held in London, June, 1892, and of which gathering Mr. Wiman was a delegate, representing the Brantford Board of Trade. From it we glean the information that Mr. Wiman's report is not so much on what they did do, as on what they didn't do. Just what use it can possibly be to the Brantford Board of Trade we fail to see. He says that Free Trade with the Mother Country was stigmatized by the delegates as "Politically dangerous and economically disastrous" and that nothing was said about "Unrestricted Reciprocity with the states," which he believed to be the vital question. We al-

ways thought Mr. Wiman was the apostle of Commercial Union, and that nothing but that could save Canada and her eggs. But Mr. Wiman has apparently been converted and goes one better. In the meantime retaliation seems to be the order on the books, while Free Trade occupies the back pages along with Commercial Union. After the presidential election is over we presume Geo. McKinley will be again bobbing up to carry out the plans laid down by Joseph Nimmo, jr., of Washington, who would shut Canada out altogether. In the interval we will go on as usual while old father time marks the years as they pass away.

* * *

WE hope that the reciprocity convention held at Grand Forks, may be productive of good in cultivating closer trade relations with our neighbors. If it does no more good than to form a pleasant tie between the two countries, it will have not have been in vain. while we in Canada are not desirous to sink our nationality into insignificance or allow them to get the best of a bargain, we wish to deal with one another as we would be done by, and to feel that we have an independence which comes of just and upright dealing, "owe no man anything," but, insist on having our just rights. Being careful, not to be too zealous in forgetting our country, we can thus be safely trusted, to "swap horses" if we choose.

* * *

THE temperance commissioners are on their way to the Prairie

Province, and it will soon be seen what the result will be. We are not in accord with a commission such as has been appointed, believing it is only done for the purpose of quieting the temperance people and protecting the liquor dealers. Still there is a large amount of useful evidence taken, but whether it will ever be any use remains to be seen. As we have said before, the only way to cure the evil of intemperance, is to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors all together. No compromise will be of any use if we mean to get rid of the evil. It will now be in order for those who have complaints against the working of the license act, to support their claims with evidence. Let us try and have the question thoroughly understood, and gone into, and thus dispel the doubts which exist in a great many minds at present.

* * *

WHAT with cholera, presidential and state elections, and retaliation measures, the Americans seem to have enough to keep their minds occupied for a while. The world's fair also claims a share of attention and with such important things as these before him Uncle Sam will be too busy to notice Miss Canada or read Mr. Wiman's letters on Canadian interests. Meantime Manitoba is growing rapidly and securing her share of emigrants from the Union.

* * *

AN exchange, speaking of the Heathen Chinese and their conversion to Christianity, suggests that the Chinamen in America be civilized and converted first, after which

the work in China itself can be carried on with more success. We would add to this that there are others than the Chinese, in some of our great cities, who could come under this rule. We doubt if there is any portion of uncivilized territory that contain as many heathen as certain districts in San Francisco, Chicago or New York. It would seem that the missionaries after they get through with the heathen in foreign lands, could return home and begin again, in their own country.

* * *

THE recent Sullivan-Corbett fight about which so much has been said has furnished almost as much material to the newspapers as the labor riots at Homestead. We consider such proceedings are a disgrace to any civilized country, while the spectacle of two men pounding one another into a jelly, and fighting like a couple of dumb brutes, must be a gratifying one, to those whose minds are unable to rise above the same level. The question often asked "is the world any better?" seems to present not a very encouraging reply, when viewed through the incidents of the past six months. We trust Canada may long be spared such a sight as the prize ring, which savours of the early Spanish and Roman days. We are progressing in civilization, at least we believe we are, and should leave all such brutal exhibitions to the dark ages and not poison the minds of the coming generations with any thing which is calculated to lower and degrade mankind. To the press which is delegated to a great

extent, the task of educating the public mind, we would say, keep your columns free from such news, and with one united voice condemn that which has been applauded, and the world will be the better.

* * *

Now that the cholera is making such sad havoc in Europe, and the great danger to which our own country is exposed, furnishes us with food for serious reflection, it would be well for us to stop and consider what drink has to do with it. Looking back to the time when cholera was epidemic in New York in 1832, it will be interesting to note the physical conditions and habits of its victims. Of the 204 cases in Park hospital, only six cases were temperate, all of whom recovered, while of the others 122 died. In Great Britain in the same year, five-sixths of all who perished were addicted to drink, and in one or two villages every drunkard died while not a single temperance man lost his life. In Paisley in 1848, out of 337 cases of cholera, only one was temperate. Among the inhabitants the cases of cholera were one for every 181 inhabitants, but among the temperate portion there was only one case to each 2000. In New Orleans during the last epidemic, a committee was appointed by the "Sons of Temperance" to ascertain the number of deaths from cholera among their members, and found that out of 1243 cases only three were fatal. They also found that out of 1343 cases only three were fatal, and they also found that the proportion of deaths was 15 per thousand of the population, while

among the members of the Sons of temperance, there was only one death to every 400. In New York city in 1832, of the 5000 members of temperance societies only two died, and among the Hibernian Temperance Society, not one death occurred among the 123 members who were sick; thus proving that people who labor are in no greater danger than others, provided they are temperate and leave strong drink alone. A distinguished New York physician said, commenting on the situation, "Had not it been for the sale and use of spirits, there had not been cholera enough in the city to have caused the cessation of business for a single day." In Washington city the health authorities were so convinced of the dangers of the drinking habit in connection with cholera that they caused the saloons to be closed for three months, all of which goes to prove, that it is extremely dangerous, and even suicidal to use strong drink during the prevalence of such an epidemic as cholera.

* * *

THE question of taxation has been discussed time and again, many arguments and theories having been advanced to show whereby the burdens could be more evenly distributed. Henry George's single tax theory, has been advocated by a great many, but up to the present time only one place, and that a very small one, has consented to adopt it on trial. In speaking of the late Homestead riots at Pittsburg, J. Brisbin Walker, editor of the "Cosmopolitan magazine" in a recent article on the riots and its

causes says, "yet wise laws could regulate much of this, in the brief period of one generation; lighten the burdens of taxation upon the poor, by letting those whose wealth is protected by the state, chiefly furnish the means of subsistence for the state, at the same time offering a discouragement to the amassing of great wealth. The well-known expedient of income tax, would be a step in this direction. Take out of the control of private individuals, the power to amass great fortunes at the expense of the public, through the management of functions, like railway, express and telegraph, which are purely of a public character. Establish a system of currency, self-regulated by means of postal saving banks, and tax highly the unimproved properties which are held for purposes of speculation."

* * *

WORD comes from the East that His Excellency the Governor General has appointed the 10th of November as a day of general Thanksgiving; this gives us plenty of time to prepare in a spirit of glad reverence and thankfulness, to offer our acknowledgments and gratitude to Almighty God, for the many benefits He has bestowed upon us, as a people, and as individuals. Surely we Manitobans have much to be devoutly thankful for. We have been blest with an abundant harvest, while our fellow-creatures in Russia have been suffering the direst want, we have been living in health and plenty. Our children happy and smiling about us, while their's starve before their

eyes. Poor Hamburg has been sitting in gloom and desolation while we have been healthy and happy. Our beautiful autumn weather finds us with our fresh and wholesome city, still our own, while stricken St. Johns', Newfoundland, lies in ashes. Truly, we have much to be thankful for; let our churches therefore be crowded on Thanksgiving day with a willing, and grateful people; let us prepare for it with joy, and gladness, at least, as well as we do for an ordinary civic holiday. Let our offerings be free and abundant, our thanks hearty and spontaneous, and let our Heavenly Father see; aye, and let the world see that Manitobans know how to be grateful as well as happy.

* * *

THAT dread scourge, a type of which was, in the middle ages called the "Black Death" and in these modern times "cholera" has undoubtedly reached this continent from the east, and may possibly reach us from the far east by our western gateway. Far removed from both sea-boards and our winter not far off, a sense of security is apt to be felt here which may be fatal to many who are in health to-day. Other cities and towns are looking the danger squarely in the face, and taking timely and radical precautions and it behoves every one, and especially those charged with the accomplishment of the proper sanitation of the city to consider, were a case reported in our city to-morrow, how far our surroundings would justify the hope that such a case would remain an isolated one, or would be one of very few. What

is this dread disease? and how is it propagated? Dr. Kochs' recent discovery of its bacillus or germ, answers the first question. It is propagated by the *comma bacillus* so named from the shape thus: This, comma unlike its prototype resemblance does not mark a pause, but is active with a deadly virulence, which changes the robust man of the morning into the palid corpse of the evening through an interval of spasm and agony dreadful to even look upon. This germ divides itself into two, the divided parts divide again and so on in rapid succession till the single germ under circumstances favorable to its multiplying fills the air, the clothing, and especially water becomes a source of danger. It lurks in the stagnant pool, rapidly renders all filth, all decayed animal or vegetable matter drstroyers of life. Two things only will prevent its spread, perfect cleanliness and an abundant supply of pure water. Have we here these conditions in our city? Alas no—we have a sanitary condition of our sewers, streets and lanes the most favorable for the multiplication of cholera germs, and we have a water supply insufficient and of questionable purity as well as being drawn from a source which a single case of cholera at the Portage or Brandon would expose every man woman and child in Winnipeg to the chances of contagion. The germs must be swallowed, we believe, to produce cholera, and scrupulous personal and culinary cleanliness might possibly ward off floating and adhering contagion, but danger from water can

not be averted where the supply is drawn from a river or lake, into which floating germs fall, and especially should that water supply receive the direct taint of the excretions of cholera patients further up the stream. By all means let the city prepare for possibilities, such of our sewers as can be, should be flushed, lanes kept clean and above all the city should at once arrange for an abundant supply of pure water.

A Practical Test.

ALTHOUGH I had known George Martin a long time he had only lately initiated me into the mysteries of his life. I knew well that he had been guilty of many kind of excesses and indiscretions in his youth; nevertheless I was not a little astonished to hear that he had once sunk so low as burglary. Without further remark I here relate the chief episode out of the remarkable career of this strange man:

"Yes," said he, "I had a hard time of it in those days, and finally I became a—burglar. When Robert Schmiedlein proposed to me that we should break into the somewhat retired house of two doctors, Dr. Engler and Dr. Langner, I thoughtlessly agreed. Both doctors were well known on account of their scientific researches, and one of them especially for his eccentric manner.

"Well, the night fixed for the carrying out of our design arrived, and we went to work with the greatest confidence, for all the circumstances were favorable for a burglary. It was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars visible, and in addition a strong west wind was blowing, which was very welcome to us as it promised to drown every sound, however slight.

"It was towards two in the morning as we, assuming all was safe, began by filing through a chain which fastened a ladder to the wall. The ladder we placed under a window in the first story on the left side of the house. In less than five minutes we had opened the window, and hearing nothing, Schmiedlein climbed through it and I followed him. After carefully reclosing the Venetians we ventured to light a lantern and then discovered we were in a kind of lumber-room, the door of which was locked.

"After picking the lock we determined to explore the rooms on the ground floor, thinking we should thus run less risk of waking the inhabitants of the house.

"To our no little astonishment we perceived a light shining under the door of one of the rooms at the back of the building.

"At first we were both for beating a hasty retreat. Schmiedlein soon recovered himself and proposed that we should force our way into the room, bind and gag every occupant and then obtain by threats all desirable information.

"I agreeing, we approached the door. While carefully throwing the light round, I noticed about seven feet from the floor, a wire which appeared to pass through the door we were approaching, and on pointing it out to my companion he thought it would be connected with some bell.

"I replied in a whisper that we should try and avoid an alarm by cutting the wire, and as I could just reach it with my hands, I would hold it firm while Schmiedlein cut it between my hands and thus prevent it jerking back and ringing the bell.

Setting the lantern on the floor, I seized the wire, while Schmiedlein drew a pair of pinchers out of his pocket. But the moment I touched it I felt a frightful shock, which quivered through and through me, so that I fell all of a heap, tearing

the wire down with me. I remember hearing the loud ringing of a bell, while Schmiedlein—whom, however, I have never seen since—disappeared like lightning into the darkness and escaped, very likely by the way we had come.

"On falling down I struck my head violently against the opposite wall and became unconscious, while the electric bell—at the time a novelty—rang unceasingly.

"Regaining my senses, I found myself bound and helpless, which after all did not surprise me, as I had concluded I had been caught where I had fallen. It soon struck me, however, that there were some peculiar circumstances connected with my captivity.

"I was nearly undressed and lay on a cold slab of slate, which was about the height of a table from the ground, and only a piece of linen protected my body from immediate contact with the stone. Straight above me hung a large lamp, whose polished reflector spread a light far around, and when I, as far as possible, looked around I perceived several shelves with bottles, flasks and chemical apparatus of all kinds upon them. In one corner of the room stood a complete human skeleton and various odds and ends of human bodies hung here and there upon the walls. I then knew I was lying on the operation or dissecting table of a doctor, a discovery which naturally troubled me greatly; at the same time I perceived that my mouth also was firmly gagged.

"What did it all mean? Had some accident befallen me, so that a surgical operation was necessary for my recovery? But I remembered nothing of the kind, and so felt no pain; nevertheless, here I lay, stripped and helpless, on this terrible table * * * gagged and bound, which indicated something extraordinary.

"It astonished me not a little that there should be such an oper-

ation-room in such a house until I remembered that Dr. Langner, as the district physician, had to carry out the post-mortem examinations for the circuit, and that in the small provincial town no other room was available for such a purpose. I felt too miserable, however to think anything more about it. But I soon noticed, after another vain effort to free myself, that I was not alone in the room, for I heard the rustling of paper, and then some one said in quiet, measured tones:

"Yes, Langner, I am quite convinced that this man is particularly suited for the carrying out of my highly important experiment. How long have I been wishing to make the attempt—at last, to-night I shall be able to produce the proof of my theory."

"That would indeed be a high triumph of human skill," I heard a second voice reply, "but consider, dear doctor, if that man were to expire on our hands—what then?"

"Impossible!" was the quick reply. "It is bound to succeed, and, even if it did not, he will die a glorious death in the interests of science, while if we were to let him go, he would sooner or later fall into the hands of the hangman."

"I could not even see the two men, yet their conversation was doubtless about me, and hearing it, I shuddered from head to foot. They were proposing some dangerous operation on me, not for my benefit, but in the interest of medical science!

"At any rate, I thought, they won't undertake such a thing without my sanction? It must be something terrible, for they had already mentioned the possibility of my succumbing. I should soon know the fearful truth, for, after a short pause they continued.

"It has been long acknowledged that the true source of life lies in the blood. What I wish to prove, dear Langner, is this: Nobody need

die from pure loss of blood, and yet such cases occur only too often, while we must all the time be in possession of means to renew this highly important sap of life, and thus avoid a fatal result. We read of a few, but only a few, cases of a man who for some reason or other has lost so much blood that his death appeared inevitable if some other noble-hearted man had not offered his own blood in order to let it flow from his veins into the veins of the dying man. As you are aware, this proceeding has always had the desired effect. I consider it, however, a great mistake to deprive a fellow-being of necessary blood, for the one thereby only gains life and strength at the cost of another who offers himself for an always dangerous sacrifice.

"Yes, I do not think that right either," replies Dr. Langner. "And, moreover, how seldom is a man found at the critical moment ready to submit himself at once to such a dangerous loss of blood."

"That is very natural; no one lightly undertakes such a thing," continued the other. "So much greater will be our triumph if the operation succeeds. I hope to show you, dear colleague, that although we are thinking of taking that man's blood, even to the last drop, in a few hours we shall set him on his feet again."

"Just so, I do not see why we should not succeed. At any rate, in the interests of science we should prove in a practical manner the correctness of our theory."

"And this proof, dear friend, we will undertake without delay. Let me repeat my instructions, for we can not go to work too carefully to preserve the life of this man. I will open the vein in his thigh and measure exactly the quantity of blood which flows out, at the same time watching the beating of the heart. Under ordinary circumstances nothing could possibly save

him, but just before the extinguishing of the last spark of life we will insert the warm blood of the living rabbit into his veins, as we have already arranged. If my theory is right, the pulsation of the heart will then gradually increase in strength and rapidity. At the same time it is important to protect his limbs from cold and stiffness which will naturally take place with the loss of all arterial blood.

"The conversation of the two doctors overwhelmed me with deadly terror. I could scarcely believe I was really awake, and not the victim of some cruel nightmare.

"The fact remained, however, that I lay helplessly on the dissecting table, that a threatening skeleton stood in the corner of the room, and above all, that terrible conversation which I had to listen to in silence, filled me with a fear such as I never before experienced. Involuntarily the thought forced itself upon me that I was at the mercy of two infatuated doctors, to whose mad theory I should here fall the victim.

"I said to myself that no doctor with a sound mind would impose such a frightful and murderous experiment upon a living man.

"The two doctors now approached the dissecting table and looked calmly into my face; then smiling, took off their coats and tucked up their sleeves. I struggled to get free as only a desperate man under such extraordinary circumstances could have struggled. In vain, their long acquired experience knew how to render me completely helpless, and to their satisfaction, I could not even make a sound.

"Dr. Engler now turned to a side table and I saw him open a chest of surgical instruments and take out a lancet, with which he returned to me. He at once removed the covering from my right thigh, and although I lay bound to the table in such a way that I could not see my

limbs, I was able to watch the doctor, busied with his preparations.

"Directly after removing the cloth I felt a prick in the side of my leg, and at once felt the warm blood rush forth and trickle down my leg. The conviction that he had opened the principal vein in the thigh would have sufficed to shake the strongest nerves.

"There is no danger," said Dr. Engler, looking into my staring protruding eyes with terrible calmness. 'You will not die, my good man. I have only opened an artery in your thigh, and you will experience all the sensations of bleeding to death. You will get weaker and weaker, and finally, perhaps, lose all consciousness, but we shall not let you die. No, no! You must live and astonish the scientific world through my great discovery!'"

"I naturally could say nothing in reply; and no words can adequately express what I felt at that moment. I could, in one breath, have wept, implored, cursed and raved.

"Meanwhile I felt my life's blood flowing and could hear it drop into a vessel standing near the end of the table. Every moment the doctor laid his hand on my heart, at the same time making remarks which only increased my horror.

"After he had put his hand on me for at least the twentieth time and felt the beating of the heart, he said to his assistant:

"Are you ready for your preparations, Langner? He has now lost an enormous quantity of blood and the pulsation is getting weaker and weaker. See, he is already losing all consciousness,' and with these words he took the gag out of my mouth.

"A feeling of deadly weakness, as well as of infinite misery, laid hold of me, when the physician uttered these words, and on my attempting to speak, I found that scarcely a whispering murmur escaped my lips. Shadowy phantoms

and strange colors flitted before my eyes, and I believed myself to be already in a state past all human aid.

"What happened in the next few minutes I do not know, for I had fainted. When I re-opened my eyes I noticed I no longer lay on the dissecting table, but was sitting in an arm-chair in a comfortable room, near which stood the two doctors looking at me.

"Near me was a flask of wine, several smelling salts, a few basins of cold water, some sponges and a galvanic battery. It was now bright daylight, and the two doctors smiled as they looked at me.

"When I remembered the terrible experiment I shuddered with horror and tried to rise. I felt too weak, however, and sank back helpless into the chair. Then the circuit physician, in a friendly but firm voice, addressing me, said:

"Compose yourself, young man. You imagined you were slowly bleeding to death; nevertheless, be assured that you have not lost a single drop of blood. You have undergone no operation whatever, but have simply been the victim of your own imagination. We knew very well you heard every word of our conversation, a conversation which was only intended to deceive you as much as possible. What I maintained was, that a man's body will always completely lie under the influence of what he himself firmly believes, while my colleague, on the other hand, held the opinion that the body can never be hurt by anything which only exists in the imagination. This has long been an open question between us, which, after your capture, we at once determined to decide. So we surrounded you with objects of a nature to influence your imagination, aided further by our conversation, and finally, your conviction that we would really carry out the operation of which you heard us speak completed the deception.

“ You have now the satisfaction of knowing that you are as safe and as sound as ever you were. At the same time we assure you that you really showed all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death, a proof that the body can sometimes suffer from the most absurd unreality that the mind can imagine.’

“ Astonishment, joy and doubt at finding myself neither dead nor dying struggled within me, and then the rage of having been subjected to such an awful and heartless experiment by the two doctors overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, however, on trying to give free scope to my indignation.

“ We had not exactly any right to undertake such an experiment with you,’ he said, ‘but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from a certain punishment instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglarly. You are certainly at liberty to complain about us, but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interests? I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered.’

“ Under the circumstances,” continued George Martin, “ I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so treating me.

“ The doctors kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present and troubled themselves about me in other ways, so that since that time I have been a more fortunate and, I hope, a better man. Still, I have never forgotten the hour when I lay on the dissecting table—the unexpected victim of a terrible experiment—in the interests of science, as Dr. Engler explained.”

Such was the strange story of my friend. His death, which recently took place, released me from my promise of secrecy given to him

about an event which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unabated horror.—*The Strand Magazine.*

Unguarded Gates.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South,
East and West;

Potals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with
snow,

Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past,
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's
pine,

A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the
year

The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich
land,

A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free!
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.

Of such a land have men in dungeons
dreamed,

And with the vision brightening in their
eyes

Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley
throng;

Men from the Volga and the Tartar steepes,
Featureless, figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teutod, Kelt and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods
and rites,

Those tiger passions, here to stretch their
claws.

In street and alley what strange tongues
are these,

Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the tower of Babel knew?
O Liberty, white Goddess is it well
To leave the gates unguarded! On thy
breast

Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of
fate,

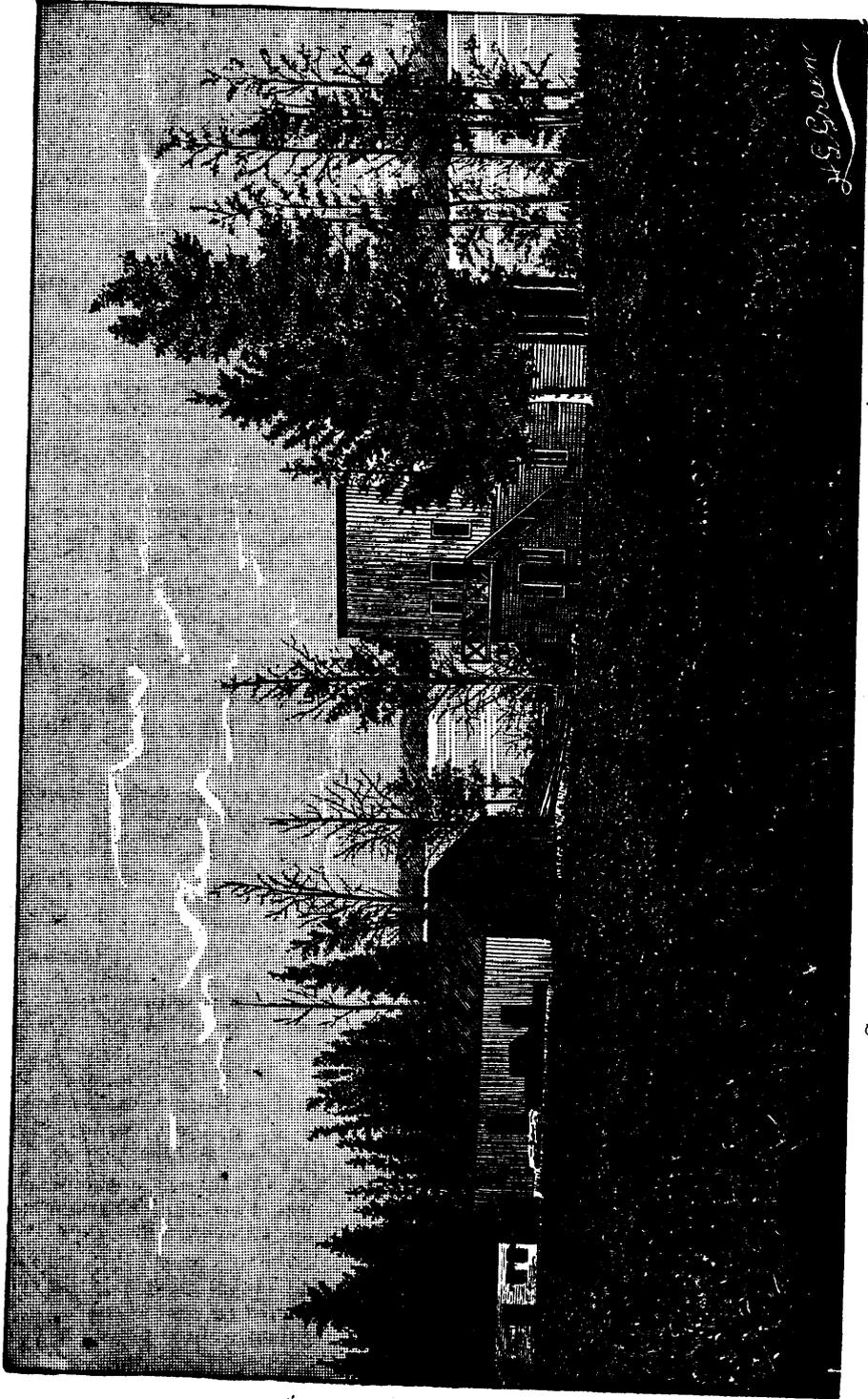
Lift the down-trodden, but with the hand of
steel

Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be
torn

And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled
Rome,

And where the temple of the Caesars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the Atlantic.*



H. S. Green

SCENE ON THE LINE OF THE M. & N. W. RAILWAY.

*Red River Expedition of 1870.**(Written for The Manitoban)*

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Concluded).

AFTER having a good night's rest and comfortable sleep at Fort Alexander, the *Reveille* sounded at 3:15 a. m., and after a hearty breakfast on the good things purchased at the Fort, we launched our little flotilla again on the river, and in less than an hour we found ourselves out on the rolling swelling waves, of Lake Winnipeg. Fort Alexander has improved very little now from what it was then. It is nicely situated on the left bank of the Winnipeg River, about five miles from its mouth. The banks of the river are high at this place, and on account of the numerous clearings and nice thatched cottages of the Half-Breeds, it presents a very fine appearance. There is also a good farm, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, which is kept in a first-class state of cultivation. The land is good in the immediate vicinity of the Fort, but a few miles back from the river it loses itself in a succession of small lakes and swamps—unpassable in the summer season. There is a Church of England Mission here, as in most other Forts throughout the Northwest, where the Half-Breeds and Indians receive an excellent religious and secular education.

The morning was warm, bright and clear, the hot sun beaming down on our little fleet under sail. It presented indeed a pretty appearance, and was well worthy of a preserved photograph. As we rounded the Point of Elk Island, the waves seemed to increase to such a degree, that it was deemed advisable to put into a nice little sheltered harbor, with a beautiful sandy beach, on the east shore of the lake, where we had dinner and awaited the calming

of the waters. Fires were soon lighted, the good things purchased at Fort Alexander, were produced and in a very short time an excellent and luxurious meal was provided. It was now past mid-day, the wind increased and blew from the south a heavy gale, and put an end to the use of sailing gear for the rest of the day, and in fact for the rest of the expedition. Having now only to cross the south arm of Lake Winnipeg, we waited several hours, thinking that the wind and waves might abate, during which time we took a stroll inland through the woods. The land on the eastern shore is rocky, and in places thickly covered with birch and poplar. Unlike most other lakes in the Northwest, the shores of Lake Winnipeg on its eastern and western sides are high and gravelly, with a beautiful sandy approach to the waters edge, and the waters very transparent. The wind kept on increasing till late in the afternoon, and as there was no sign of a calm our guide would not permit us to venture, as he said Winnipeg was a most dangerous and treacherous lake at this season of the year.

Next morning we made a start at 8 a. m., and rowed all day against strong head winds and heavy waves, for a distance of thirty miles to the mouth of Red River, where we reached at 9 p. m. It was agreed on all hands that this was the most difficult rowing day of the expedition, the blisters on the mens hands bearing testimony to the statement.

When we reached the southern end of the lake we found the water in places very shallow, and as the night was dark and cloudy, it took a long time to discover the channel leading into Red River. The boats went aground in many places, miles out in the lake, and got separated from each other, the men having to get out into the water, and up to the waist in slush and mud, and

through reeds and bulrushes they were compelled to haul them along. At last a deep channel through the rushes was discovered, which was followed, and brought us to a high spot on the left bank of the Red River apparently used as an Indian camping ground. As soon as tents were pitched, searching parties were dispatched to discover and bring to camp the missing boats. Indians of St. Peter's Reserve met us at the mouth of the river, and informed us that it was better to have all our men landed, for if the wind changed to the north which was likely at any moment, it would prove dangerous to men and boats, as in a few hours the water might rise to a height of five or six feet.

However, about 12 o'clock midnight, we found all our boats and crews had been piloted into camp, when all retired and enjoyed a hard-earned repose.

An early start next morning up the river enabled us to reach the residence of Mr. Joseph Monkman, a loyal Half-Breed, and one who had done good service to the loyal people during the rebellion, and where we had dinner. He supplied us with plenty of potatoes, milk and butter, and refused taking anything in payment therefor. He it was who piloted the Hon. Dr. Schultz from Fort Alexander to Duluth, through some 500 miles of mountains, rocks and forest, when he escaped for his life from prison, in mid-winter, in 1869. The hunger, miseries and hardships endured on that journey by the doctor, laid the seeds of serious illness, from which he has never fully recovered.

After passing through the populous settlement of St. Peter's, with its neatly thatched and whitewashed houses lining the left bank of Red River, and a few chains apart from each other, we reached Stone Fort at 7:30 p. m., where we were heartily welcomed by the officers and the loyal people from the sur-

rounding country, who had assembled to extend a hearty greeting, and to intimate the joy they felt at being able to breathe the atmosphere of freedom again.

Lower Fort Garry or Stone Fort (so called, because built of stone) is situated on the left bank of the Red River, about 20 miles north of Winnipeg and the same distance from the lake of the same name. Here was a steam gristmill, the first and only one in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories. At this place, and indeed all along both banks of the river, the people turned out of their houses and cheered with the greatest enthusiasm. Many of the Indians and Half-Breeds shooting off their flintlocks and firearms, as we passed up the river.

Early on the morning of August 29th, 1870, at 5 o'clock a. m., the *Reveille* sounded for the last time on the route, and after an enjoyable night's rest the brigades started on their last day's march, and reached the St. Andrew's Rapids, which were overcome by 3 p. m. We camped for dinner along the side of St. Paul's Church, better known as Middle Church. After dinner we again started on the last twelve miles of the route, passed through Kildonan parish, rounded Point Douglas, and reached the junction of the Assiniboine with Red River at 7 o'clock p. m., and disembarked where the old freight shed of the Hudson's Bay Company now stands, near the Main Street bridge. We pitched our tents outside the walls of Fort Garry, on what is now known as the Hudson's Bay Flats, near the present Hudson's Bay Company's mill. About a mile of prairie then intervened between Fort Garry and the village of Winnipeg. It took only a few more days to gather in all the companies of the Ontario rifles and Quebec Batt. which were coming on behind. No 7 Company of the 1st Ontario

Batt. under command of Capt. Scott, and which was left at Fort Francis, brought up the rear, and reached Winnipeg over the Lake of the Woods road on September 14th.

Thus ended the Red River expedition, and one, which for endurance, for hard work of an unusual character and hardships suffered will compare along with any military expedition in which Britain has been engaged during the last quarter of a century. The following is an opinion of a writer in *Blackwoods Magazine*, supposed to be from the pen of Col. Wolsley himself, an officer loved and respected by those under him, and than whom no living man, was better qualified to command an army of Canadian volunteers:

"The expedition is an undertaking that will long stand out in our military chronicles as possessing characteristics peculiarly its own. The force which landed at Massowah in 1867 had to march about 400 miles inland through an uninhabited country, where supplies were obtainable, to relieve some British prisoners, held captives by a sovereign half tyrant half madman. Europe was in profound peace at the time, so all eyes were turned upon its doings. Although there can scarcely be said to have been any fighting as we had not even a man killed, still our ministry was glad to have an opportunity of attracting so much general attention to a military operation, entirely English, and may think that for the millions spent upon it, we as a nation received an equivalent in proving before the world, that we were still capable of military enterprise. The force sent to Red River for the purpose of crushing out rebellion there, had to advance from its point of disembarkation more than 600 miles* through a wilderness of water, rocks and forests,

where no supplies were to be had, and where every pound weight of provisions and stores had to be transported for miles; on the backs of the soldiers. Happily its object was accomplished, as in the expedition to Abyssina, without any loss of life. A great war was raging in Europe, whilst the expedition was forcing its way over and through the immense natural obstacles that lay in its path. All thoughts were of affairs upon the Rhine; no one could spare a moment's reflection for the doings of this little British Army. No home newspapers (or Canadian) cared to record its success, nor to sound one single note of praise in its honor. By the careful administration of General Lindsay and the officers he had selected to carry out his orders, the total expense of the whole expedition, was under £100,000, one quarter of which only is to be paid by England. There was no reckless waste, either in material or in money. Such a careful economy was exercised in its organization and in administering to its subsequent wants, that it may be safely asserted that no such distance has ever been traversed by an efficient brigade, numbering about 1,400 souls in any of our numerous little wars at such a trying cost."

Never in the military annals of any country was there a little army, who worked harder in wending their way through rocks and mountains, forests, and lakes, for a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, than the men of the first Red River expedition; and never, did any country treat their soldiers with more coldness and indifference, not to say base ingratitude, than did the government of Canada and the Canadian people. Officers and men of that expedition worked like beasts of burden, carrying loads upon their backs, from 3 o'clock a. m. until 9 p. m., oftentimes hungry and almost naked, their clothes torn from their backs through forests

*Should have said 734 miles from Thunder Bay by Winnipeg River.

and tangled shrubs, to make the first real Canadian military campaign a success, and an honor to Canada. On the statements of the best British and Canadian authorities they did so, and after twenty-two years have elapsed, history inquires, what was their reward?

Early in 1869, the British flag that had been floating for half a century over the walls of Fort Garry, had been torn down, and a rebel rag, that had been specially worked for Riel, by the men of St. Boniface, who were attracted to the cathedral across the river, was raised in its stead. Aided and abetted by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Manitoba, Riel raised the standard of rebellion, he turned back the Hon. Mr. McDougall, the lately appointed Governor, erected a barrier across the road at St. Norbert, behind which he posted some twenty or thirty of his long-haired soldiery, and in a few days afterwards, unresisted, took possession of Fort Garry. English speaking people who denounced the outrage, and manifested a sympathy for British and Canadian connections, were compelled to flee, their homes and country; others were wrested from their families, and in the dead of night, by men under arms, and officers of French Half-Breeds, and crammed into dirty, cold, vermin and polluted, cells, inside the Fort, in the middle of a Manitoba winter, and there unlawfully imprisoned, deprived of proper food or clothing, while the thermometer ranged 45 degrees below zero. The property of English-speaking people who refused to give adherence to the organized robbery, was confiscated and their lives or liberties not safe for a day.

The perpetrators of these crimes believed that the impassible barriers, which separated Ontario from Red River would be insurmountable by troops, and that a just punishment or retribution could not possi-

bly overtake them for years at least, but little did they reckon the stuff that Ontario volunteers are made of or the daring and intrepidity of British and Canadian troops.

Only insult and indignity that could be cast upon a people, those loyal people of Red River who resisted, the tyrant Riel and his poor misguided *metis* were subjected to. The Hudson's Bay Company people who were the recognised government of the country at the time, turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the English people, for the preservation of law and order. There are many who believed that the Hudson's Bay officials were in a great measure responsible for the rebellion of 1869 and 1870, and there is no doubt their conduct throughout the whole of the rebellion justified the belief.

Everything that could be done to embarrass the Canadian Government was not lost sight of. Efforts were made to create trouble between Canada and the United States, so as to afford the Fenian element their opportunity to raid this country, but through the rapid approach of the troops from Ontario, such was prevented. The Fenian plans were not ripe for action before the fall of 1871, when they raided the Hudson Bay Company's Fort at Pembina, and when the notorious O'Donohue the secretary of Riel's rebel government, was taken prisoner by American troops from Fort Pembina.

From the time that Riel and his Banditti took possession of Fort Garry, down to the arrival of the troops, in August, 1870, it was not safe for an English-speaking resident to profess loyalty to his Queen or to Canada. Things grew worse in the settlement from day to day. The attitude of the Canadian Government, or ratherly its masterly inactivity emboldened the rebels to greater crimes, till on the 4th day of March, 1870, Thomas Scott was foully and brutally murdered, for

no other crime, than loyalty to his Queen and country. He was tried by a mock court martial, and in open day (and in the presence of the Rev. George Young, Wesleyan Methodist minister, who was the only Rev'd Gentleman who interested himself in the saving of his life), he was brutally shot outside the

ing of Riel's men undertook to put an end to his groaning, by cutting his throat with a jack-knife. The question naturally arises were these men ever punished for their crimes? To the everlasting discredit and natural shame of Canada and Britain, the perpetrators were allowed to roam the country, unpunished,



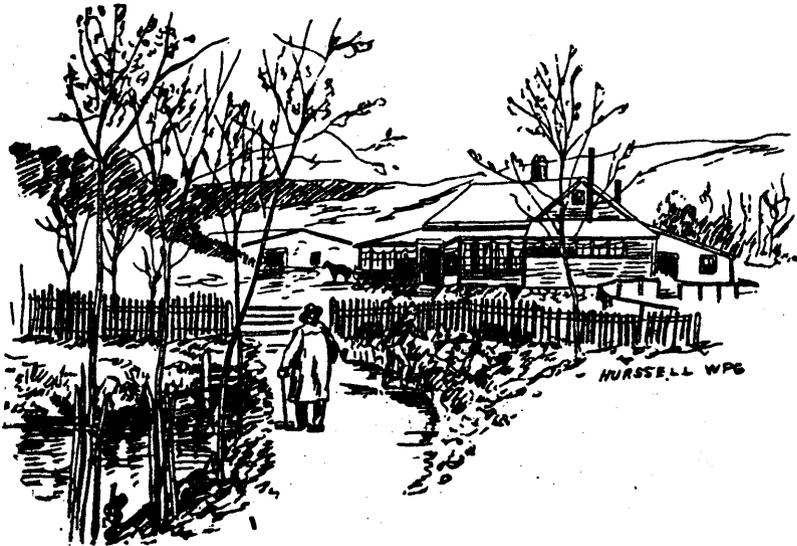
THE SHOOTING OF SCOTT.

walls of Fort Garry. He was then placed in a square box, made of pine boards, and placed in the stone bastion in the south-east corner of the Fort. The butchery was not completed, and the groans of the dying man in his rough box or coffin were heard all over the Fort. At last primed and maddened by Hudson Bay rum some of the more dar-

unmolested and unhung. More than that, with the liberality which the department of militia, under the administration of Sir George A. Cartier was never known to extend to its own volunteers, influenced the Government of Canada, with the Hon. John A. Macdonald at its head, to make a free grant of 240 acres to all who were enrolled under

Riel's command, even to the shooting party, who reddened the snow outside the walls of Fort Garry with the blood of poor Scott. I do not mean to convey the idea that this free grant in lands was given for their services as rebels; they got it however notwithstanding; and in addition their leader Riel, the president of the provincial government and commander-in-chief, under the aforesaid hierarchy, received six hundred pounds sterling, from Sir John A. Macdonald, through Bishop Tache, the duly appointed agent of the government for the iniquitous purpose, on condition that he, Riel, should take a leisurely trip out of the country, and politically save

land to the officers and men of the Red river expedition for their valued and patriotic services to the Queen and country. Officers and men were treated alike. It appears to have been the policy of the militia department then as it undoubtedly is now, to bring the officers down to the level of the men, instead of bringing the men up to the level of the officers. How thankful must have been those officers, many of whom wore out more clothing on the route, than would purchase 500 acres near Winnipeg, at the price land was then, to find themselves so handsomely rewarded. How thankful must have been those lawyers, doctors, teachers and bank



HOMESTEAD OF LOUIS RIEL.

the government from the wrath of its Ontario supporters; but after he pocketed the money, Riel and his associate murderers preferred to remain in the province, and the former became the unanimously elected representative of the French country of Provencher in the House of Commons of Canada.

The government was also induced to bestow a free grant of 160 acres of

clerks, who gave up permanent positions to join the Red River expedition, to suddenly find themselves through the liberality of the government, the owners of real estate of 160 acres, the market value of which, in those days ranged from the price of a ham of American bacon or a sack of flour, up to ten or fifteen dollars cash. The writer knows one volunteer who offered

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 scrip, 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 salley forth and have a real

good shoot, not returning at night with a couple of crows and red squirrels, like they do in Ontario, but with several brace of plump prairie chicken and grouse, which make your arm ache to carry them. All one wants is a good dog, a good double-barrelled gun and a quick sight; as the birds are nearly all killed on the wing as they rise from cover, you need to be quick or you will miss them.

Many are the stories told and experiences related by local nimrods, after their day's outing, but the one which was related the other day, in confidence, beats them all, and as it will bear repeating, we venture to tell it again:

Two or three well-known Winnipeg sportsmen, wishing to bag a few of the coveted chickens early one morning, drove out in the country, until they reached the cultivated farms, where they made a start after their game through the wheat fields. They passed over several farms, the owners of which objected in very strong language to the Winnipeggers trespassing on their premises, either for shooting or anything else. To this the city gentlemen paid no attention, but continued bringing down their birds which were very plentiful; at last they reached a farm, occupied by an Englishman, who strongly insisted that they should at once take their departure, but as plenty of game was in sight, the gallant sportsmen refused to go, which brought forth a torrent of abuse from the proprietor, and words interposed with several choice epithets were hurled back and forth, "at any rate," said the farmer, speaking to the leader, whom we shall designate as Mr. C, "you are no gentleman or you would not wantonly disobey my orders. "But" said C, "I am I assure you as much a gentleman as you are" with a look of disgust at the farmer's clothes, "Well," said he of the overalls "if you are, where's your ca'ad,

gentlemen usually carry their ca'ad you know." "Why, said C, I don't usually carry my card when I go out shooting or camping, I leave them home, "but" said he, in a tone of derision, "as you are such a gentleman perhaps you can produce yours." In reply, the farmer, to the amazement of the others, slowly put his hand in his pocket and brought forth his card, which he handed to C, at the same time saying, "there it is Mr." To say that they were startled would be putting it mildly, for the whole thing seemed so ridiculous that a good fit of laughter was indulged in. When they had ceased their merriment, with which they had nearly exploded, the farmer said "There is no use hanging around here any longer, there is only one man in Winnipeg, who would be welcome to a shot here, and that is Dr. C. If he should come he would be welcome to shoot all he wished. "Why, confound you man" said C, "I am Dr. C." At this announcement they all laughed, until their sides ached, and the crest-fallen farmer turned on his heel and said no more. After this the party met with no more resistance, and returned home the next day with full bags, joking about their adventure.

Literary Notes and Reviews.

The special edition of the *Monitory Times*, Canada's foremost trade journal, recently calls for more than passing notice. It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound in an embossed cover with gold lettering, and is a credit to Toronto. An excellent picture of E. S. Clouston, Esq., is given away as a supplement, while the contents, especially the notes and comments on the leading questions of the day, are admirably well written. The *Times* is to be congratulated on the enterprise of its management in giving its readers such an excellent paper.

* * *

We have received a copy of J. T. Stoddards famous views and "glimpses of the world," and must say it is a handsome work. Next to going around the world it is the best thing you can see. The views are

large and life-like, and are true to nature, while the beautiful paper and handsome, durable binding, make it a treasure of art. It is issued by the well-known Canadian Publisher, J. W. Lyon of Guelph, and is sold only by subscription, being handled here by Mr. Evans Jackson, who is now in Winnipeg. We can strongly recommend this work as one which everyone should possess, for to see the world and nature as depicted by Mr. Stoddard is a treat.

* * *

The September number of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* is a capital number, and full of interesting articles to Canadians, of which "Cricket in Canada" by G. G. S. Lindsay, contains an excellent illustration of the Winnipeg eleven in 1891; also of the Portage la Prairie eleven in the same year. The *Dominion Illustrated* is rapidly advancing to the front rank, and will compare very favorably with any American magazine published. As it is published at the extremely low price of \$1.50 per year every family should possess a copy. It is published by the Sabiston Litho & Publishing Co., Montreal.

* * *

One of the most interesting phases of American life is found in the struggles for social supremacy, which are constantly taking place in the ever changing conditions of society in the larger cities. Hjalmar Hjørth Boyesen, who spends his winters on Murray Hill, and his summers in one of the most fashionable of the Long Island watering places, has written a story for the *Cosmopolitan*, dealing with those phases of American life, which is likely to be received with the widest interest. The powerful strokes of the sturdy nouveau riche have nowhere been so truly and so wittily presented as in the case of the Bulkleys, whose fortunes are begun in the September *Cosmopolitan*. Side by side with the fortunes of those, who have so much money that the most serious concern of life becomes the question of how to spend, is a discussion of the fortunes of those, with whom the question is how to provide the necessities of life. This is done by Mr. Walker, editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, who chooses to view the Homestead difficulties as an object lesson in the Evolution of a Republican form of government. He considers dispassionately all the dangers to the state arising from the extensive colonies of workman brought together under our present system of distribution, and does not hesitate to say that reform should come from the hands of those of the Chicago Convention bears re-telling by the veteran Murat Halstead. The first of a series of three articles on Education in the South is from the pen of the President of the Uni-

versity of Tennessee. A delightful article on the "Island of Jersey and Jersey Cows". An article on the "Cotton District of the South, and Miss Esther Singleton's chronicle of certain celebrated but uncanny British "spectres" embrace some of the more entertaining features of the September *Cosmopolitan*.

* * *

The *Toronto Weekly Empire* has produced a premium for its new subscribers this autumn which really calls for special compliment. The proprietors of that paper have prepared a handsome picture of the Conservative members of a Parliament, well arranged, executed in the finest type of photogravure, and printed on excellent paper for framing. No premium given away with newspapers this year equals it. The whole picture is large, and when set off by the tasteful oak frame, which is so fashionable nowadays, will make a very handsome adornment to the home. In the centre are the members of the Cabinet, while grouped around them are their supporters in the House. The pictures of Cabinet ministers are large in size, and every one is an excellent likeness. In the centre the photo of the Premier is by far the best Sir John Abbott has ever had, while that of Sir John Thompson, the famous leader of the House of Commons, who is represented standing with his hand resting upon the table, an attitude he often assumes while addressing the House, is literally a speaking likeness. The photos of the individual members are capital; they are not small and unrecognizable, requiring a microscope for identification, but the Conservatives of every county returning a Conservative will, in this group, possess an excellent likeness of their member. As a work of art this group picture takes high rank; as an acceptable addition to the Conservative houses of the land, it will be pretty sure to circulate from Vancouver to Halifax. The picture, to give an exact idea of its importance, measures three feet six inches, by two feet four inches. On the margin is a convenient key, giving the names of every member with numbers corresponding to the numbers on the photograph.

* * *

Castorologia, or the History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver, by Horace T. Martin, F. Z. S., of Montreal, is the name of a valuable work, shortly to be placed before the public. As the book is handsomely gotten up and fully illustrated, it ought to find a ready sale. Mr. Martin has written it in its happiest vein, and the story as told of the traditional beaver, which is regarded as much the emblem of Canada as the maple leaf, will lose nothing in this celebrated author's hands. It need only be seen to be appreciated. A review of this interesting work will be given later on.

The *Friend of the Friendless* is the name of an interesting little monthly journal, published at Ottawa, Ont. It is just what its name designates, and we are sure that it is a welcome visitor in many places, where a word of comfort, even through a paper is like a ray of light to the weary and depressed. As the subscription is only 50 cents per year, with special rates to clubs, we trust this bright little paper will be well patronized. If you have not seen it send for a sample copy to Bertha A. Wright, the editor, 98 Albert St., Ottawa. Ont.

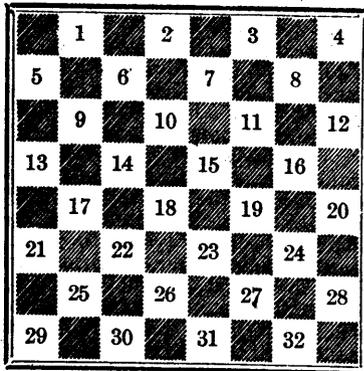
Our Checker Department.

CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY.

[All Communications for this Department must be addressed to Ed. Kelly, 454 Main Street, Winnipeg.]

***Reference Board for Beginners.**

BLACK



WHITE

At the commencement of a game the black men occupy the squares numbered from 1 to 22, and the white men those numbering from 21 to 32. Place the men on the board and play over the games in this department, and in a short time you will consider yourself a first-class player. Black always move first.

Solution to Position No. 6.

Black 2, 8, 12, 13, 14, 16, 20.

White 15, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28.

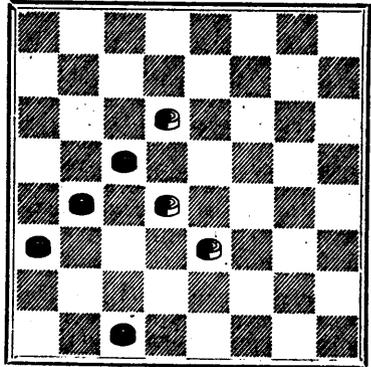
Black to play, and win as follows:

- 2-6 6-9 17-22 13-22 26-31
- 24-19 15-11 26-17 6-2 (black wins)
- 13-17 8-15 9-13 22-26
- 28-24 19-10 10-6 2-7

Position No. 6

BY H. C. WARDELL

Black on 17, 21; King on 18.



White on 30; Kings on 10, 14, 23.
White to play and win.

The above position will be found both neat and instructive.

TO BEGINNERS.

At draughts to play, a useless move,

Will hurtful consequences prove.

A skillful player without design,

Moves not a soldier from his line.

With heedful eye your men survey,

And with slow hand point out the way,

Your head suggests a scheme; look round,

Perhaps a better may be found

Game No. 14, Second Double Corner.

BY MR. F. TESCHELEIT, LONDON.

- 11 15 11 15 11 15 8 11 20 27 27 24
- 24 19 32 23 27 24 (a) 26 23 17 14 10 6
- 15 24 16 24 7 11 1 5 27 31 24 20
- 28 19 28 19 25 22 18 14 14 10 6 1
- 8 11 4 8 11 16 2 7 32 27 12 16
- 22 18 22 18 21 17 23 18 30 25 1 6
- 9 14 8 11 16 20 11 16 27 23 16 19
- 18 9 18 9 31 27 18 2 7 3 7 10
- 5 14 6 13 3 8 61 32 (b) 31 27 23 25
- 25 22 29 25 23 18 14 7 3 7 25 21

Drawn.

(a) Corrects published play.

(b) 31-26 seems best at this stage.

Game No. 15, Cross.

BY ED. KELLY, WINNIPEG.

- 11 15 19 10 14 18 14 10 18 23
- 23 18 7 14 32 27 9 14 27 18
- 8 11 26 19 4 8 30 26 20 27
- 27 23 11 16 22 17 2 6 31 24
- 10 14 19 15 9 13 28 24 8 11
- 23 19 16 20 17 14 (a) 14 17 15 8
- 14 23 24 19 6 9 21 14 6 31

Black win

A correct game No. 459 Var. F in the *Chicago Lamp*, continued thus:

- 5 9 31 22 3 10 18 15 11 16
- 26 23 18 25 22 18 13 17 2 6
- 13 17 29 22 6 9 15 6 Drawn
- 25 22 9 13 15 6 8 11
- 17 28 10 7 1 10 6 2

Publishers' Notes.

THE September number of the "*English Illustrated Magazine*" received, is well worthy of a careful perusal. A splendid portrait of Gladstone occupies the opening page, which is by far the best likeness of the G. O. M., that we have seen. Of the contents which are profusely illustrated, the work of "Canadian Lumbermen" by J. Lee Vance is very interesting, while a "Royal Reception," "Doncaster and the St. Leger," "Jottings in Syria," "The Parisian Police Force," and "Collaboration" are subjects from the pen of noted authors of the day. Edmund Vincent in an article on "The Times," better known as the "Thunderer," graphically describes the great London newspaper and its work. Everyone should see this splendid paper, and at the price, as clubbed with THE MANITOBAN, is ridiculously low. Send us \$2.15, and secure both magazines for one year, and you will not regret it.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

THE new management of the *Canadian Queen* makes the following liberal offers to advertise their high-class *Ladies Journal*, which will be made more attractive than ever. To the person sending the largest list of words constructed from the letters contained in "Excelsior," will be given absolutely free of expense, one Mason & Risch fine toned, high grade Upright Piano. To the two next largest lists, one Lady's Gold Watch each. To each of the next five largest lists one Sewing Machine (value \$40.00). To each of the next ten largest lists one beautiful Five o'clock Tea Set, and to each of the next ten largest lists one imported Opera Glass. In addition to this offer, they will give a special prize to the first list received each day. Send at once Ten

Cents for a sample copy of the *Queen*, containing rules. The *Queen Publishing Co.*, (Ltd.), Toronto, Canada.

* * *

IN response to a frequently expressed wish on the part of leading Manitoba and Northwest farmers and stock breeders, and believing the time to be fully ripe for such a step in advance, that always progressive monthly agricultural paper, the *Farmer's Advocate*, Winnipeg, will after January 1st next, visit the homes of its readers twice every month. New type and other valuable new features are promised, while the price remains unchanged, viz., \$1.00 per year. If our readers have not seen a copy of this valuable paper, by sending a postal card to the *Farmer's Advocate*, Winnipeg, Man., they will receive a sample free. We will send THE MANITOBAN and the above paper for one year to any address in Canada or the United States for \$1.75.

* * *

IN future THE MANITOBAN will appear shortly after the first of each month, which will be much more convenient. On this account there was no September issue, the August number being out so near the end of that month. This will give our readers twelve numbers, ending December, thus closing the first volume with the year. We want to double our subscription list next year, and in order to do so we make this liberal offer: To all new subscribers sending in their subscription for one year, we will send THE MANITOBAN to the end of December, 1893; thus giving the balance of this year free.

Winnipeg has a new Temperance House, this time in the south end, where Mrs. E. E. Morrison has fitted, renovated and furnished the Potter House in first-class style, and which she has called the European Restaurant. Everything is home-like, and every attention will be paid to guests and their comfort, during the coming winter. There are several suites of rooms suitable for families, where they can find all the comforts of a home; while a large reading and smoking room has been fitted up, where one can pass a pleasant hour. One of the new features, is a separate dining and waiting rooms for ladies, where they can be retired and rest themselves with a good cup of tea. Any person coming to Winnipeg would do well to remember this excellent place, where they can pass a quiet time after their journey, unmolested. The electric and horse cars pass it every few minutes, thus bringing it within a short distance of the station. Temperance people should patronize the new venture and assist Mrs. Morrison in her praiseworthy efforts.

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