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LIEUT.-GOV. SCHULTZ.

# THE MANITOBAN.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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No. 7

## THE MANITOBA EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

BY DIXI.

THE primary object of the Dominion Government in establishing Experimental Farms throughout the country, was to ascertain the best means of encouraging and developing agricultural interests, and, with this object in view, an Act called "The Experimental Farm Station Act" was passed in 1886, and in October of the following year, a Director was appointed to undertake the work of establishing farms in different parts of the Dominion where the work done would best benefit the farmers.

The location of the Manitoba Farm was decided upon after many journeyings over and over the country, of which Director William Saunders, in the Farm Reports for 1892, speaks as follows:—

"Later in the summer of 1887, another tour was made through the West in company with Mr. S. A. Bedford, who had resided for many years in Manitoba and the North-west Territories, and whose experience of farm life on the plains

"made him a valuable advisor. The investigations extended from Selkirk, twenty-one miles east of Winnipeg, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the western boundary of Manitoba. North of Brandon the country was examined as far as Binscarth, and from this point along the line of the Manitoba and North Western Railway to Portage la Prairie. Many journeys were taken north and south of the lines of railway, which involved over 500 miles of driving, and afforded an excellent opportunity of ascertaining the character of the soil and the condition of the settlers over a large portion of the Province."

"After much consideration a site near Brandon was recommended and finally chosen; a farm of about 625 acres, situated partly in the valley of the Assiniboine and partly on the higher land adjoining. This farm combines the advantages of variety of soil, fertile valley land for pasture, extending to the river, a rich sandy loam on the rise towards the bluffs, which form the margin of the valley, on the sloping sides of which—and in the ravines—the soil is lighter, more sandy and gravelly, while on the heights the land is good

“and fairly represents the soil in most of the great wheat-growing districts of Manitoba. It adjoins the city of Brandon and is near the centre of one of the best agricultural sections in the Province. It has an abundant supply of spring water of excellent quality, is beautifully situated, and is within full view of passing trains on the Canadian Pacific Railway.”

Mr. S. A. Bedford was appointed Superintendent and took possession of the farm in July, 1888, just five years ago. The transformation, in that short time, from the virgin prairie to the richly cultivated farm that is the central interest to every agriculturist living in or visiting this Province, is simply marvellous.

A wide avenue runs through the centre of the lower farm, dividing the pasture from the grain land—(it being used as public highway by the people of the district,) and from it large gates lead into the semi-circular avenues that traverse the grain farm. The trees planted on either side of the avenues already cast a pleasant shade, although the oldest only of four year's growth, and around the whole farm are rows of trees which, even now, form a good wind-break from all directions.

The following natural products are being tested on the farm at the present time: Grain, grasses, fodders, field and garden vegetables, trees, shrubs, etc., and these experiments have now been conducted for four years.

With grain the experiments have not only included tests of varieties but also trials of different preparations of soils, modes of sowing, harvesting, etc. Varieties of grain, grasses, and trees have been obtained from nearly all parts of the world. Early ripening wheats from India and Russia, grasses and fodder plants from Germany and France, large fruits from

Ontario and Northern Europe, forest trees and shrubs from nearly all countries on the globe.

In addition to the direct benefits conferred on the public by the farm in introducing various varieties of farm products, a large sum is saved annually by the prevention of expenditure of money for inferior varieties of seeds, trees, etc., which have been tested and found unsuitable for either soil or climate. Not only are improved varieties of seed grain introduced from other countries, but a new departure has lately been made in the production of new varieties by means of hybridization, a crossing of one variety with another, thus producing a new and distinct variety. A number of these crosses, principally hybrids, between Red Fyfe and early ripening varieties of wheat, have been experimented upon, and it is expected that some of the results will not only partake of the excellent milling qualities of Red Fyfe, but will combine the early ripening qualities of their other parent.

Another branch of the work of this farm, is to distribute products that have proved particularly well adapted to this province. Every year hundreds of farmers are supplied with samples of grain, grasses, and trees. This not only gives the progressive farmer new varieties, but enables him to test them under varying conditions.

The farm is also found useful as an object lesson, and, with this in view, care was taken at the start to locate it in the most accessible point in the province, and, in the centre of one of the best agricultural districts, as evidenced by the increasing number of visitors, which reaches annually from five to six thousand, who, with the farmers, avail themselves of the opportunity of learning what can and what cannot be grown.

Nearly one thousand experiments were undertaken at the farm last year, over one hundred of these being made in connection with wheat, as seen by the tables in the Superintendent's last report.

It is certain that a great many thousand dollars have been saved to the farmers of Manitoba by the use of blue-stone as a preventative of smut on wheat; the use of which has been strongly urged by the Superintendent of the farm for a number of years, and is now generally adopted.

The use of the drill in sowing grain has also been strongly urged, the experiments at the farm showing its use to be most suitable for this country, so much so, that farmers are generally adopting this manner of sowing their grain, with a result that their yields are larger and their samples improved.

Tests of rolled and unrolled lands, spring and fall ploughing against fallow have been made, but have to be repeated for a number of years before definite results can be obtained. Fall wheat has been tried for a number of seasons, but so far, the trials have been unsuccessful.

As an evidence that the soil of this Province will produce large crops of wheat, if it is properly treated, Mr. Bedford says that, although the wheat crop of 1892 was not regarded as a large one, it will be seen by the following table some of the yields on the experimental farm were excellent.

Variety.	Soil.	Length of Straw, inch	Weight, per Bush, lbs.	Yield per Acre bush. lbs.
Green Mountain	Clay Loam	35	60½	41
Red Fyfe	"	45	61	40
Hungarian Mountain	"	42	60½	0
White Connell	Black Loam	40	60½	33
White Fyfe	"	40	60½	38
Pringle's Champlain	"	37	61	38
Defiance	Upland Prairie	33	55	28 30
Blue Stem	"	43	48	26 50
Red Connell	"	36	59	26 40

And just here I will mention the difference in Red Fyfe last year, according to the soil.

In Clay Loam	40 bush.	32 lbs. per acre.
In Black Loam	37 "	50 "
In Upland Prairie	24 "	50 "

OATS.—It is well known that varieties of oats greatly deteriorate, and for this reason, special attention has been paid by Mr. Bedford to the importation and trial of promising varieties, with the result that representatives of this grain from nearly every part of the world have been tested on the farm, and, it is very interesting to notice the difference in appearance when contrasted in adjoining plots. For instance, the Joannette, a black variety from France, is very short and fine in the straw, while next to it, the American Triumph, stands 5 feet high with coarse and very bright straw. Among other countries contributing oats may be mentioned Hungary, Australia, Siberia, Tartary, England, Russia, Germany, Holland and Sweden.

The yields of oats on the farm have generally been excellent, and, in one case last year, reached the very large return of 87 bushels to the acre.

BARLEY.—Although barley is not generally grown in this country for malting purposes, it is found very useful for fodder, and is in great demand. It is found on the farm that if barley is given an equal chance with the other grains, an enormous yield is assured. The returns from one variety, *Goldthorpe*, reached 67 bushels to the acre last season, and weighed 51 lbs. per bushel. Nearly every part of the world contributes towards the collection of barley, as well as towards other grains. In 1890 samples of barley grown on the Manitoba Experimental Farm were awarded several prizes when exhibited at the Brewer's exhibition in England.

A number of experiments have been made with field peas, and, although this grain is not generally grown in Manitoba, it is found a very

successful crop on this farm, giving a yield of from 25 to over 30 bushels per acre, and the sample is excellent and free from insects.

While grain is the staple product of this country, and will likely remain so for a number of years, it is thought by many that more attention should be paid to mixed farming, and, to provide for this, numerous experiments are made on the farm with grasses and fodder plants, with the result that a large number of native grasses and a few imported ones are found to do well, and many fodder plants, suitable for this climate, are grown every year. A specialty is made of fodder corn, and large yields are obtained from early maturing varieties. Mr. Bedford thinks that this will be the main dependence for cattle feed in the future.

To keep in touch with eastern improvements, two silos have been built on the farm, and, in spite of the severe winters, excellent sweet ensilage has been made for the past two years.

Field roots, when properly treated, have given good returns; Swede turnips averaging one thousand (1,000) bushels per acre, and mangels and sugar beets have given even larger returns, and no difficulty has been found in preserving them from frost during the winter.

Each year a large number of varieties of potatoes are tested, which run from 100 to 400 bushels per acre.

A limited number of tests are also made in garden vegetables, one or two kinds being taken up each year, and the results published in the annual report.

About twenty head of thoroughbred cattle are kept on the farm, the breeds represented being Durhams, Ayrshires, Holsteins and Galloways. A number of experiments are made each year in the feeding of beef

cattle, these experiments being confined altogether to the use of native products, and many of the results obtained have already proved useful to the farmers of the province. For instance, during the past winter the feeding value of low grade wheat and barley was ascertained, and the result was such that the use of these products for home consumption of cattle was found more advantageous than shipping them away out of the country, and it is expected that much saving will result to the farmers by acting upon the suggestions thrown out by the farm superintendent on this line.

Besides grain experiments, a great deal of attention is given to the care of trees, flowers and shrubs. Manitoba is the prairie-country-of-prairie-countries, her trees are few and far between, and very few farms have so much as a single shade tree upon them; but, since the opening of the Experimental Farm, from fifty to sixty thousand trees have been distributed annually to the farmers, free of charge, and any one who wishes to apply for them is at liberty to have them. Besides being ornamental, and a restful break in the flat monotony of the prairie, they are beneficial as wind breaks, forming excellent shelter from the cold north and west winds, and also a protection from the rays of the hot sun.

For the foregoing information I am indebted to Mr. S. A. Bedford, superintendant of the Farm, and before closing this short paper, I will make another extract from his last report, giving a brief account of the crops for 1892:—

“Although five plots of grain were sown on this farm on the 6th of April (1892), seeding was not general until the 14th of that month, or fully a week later than the average season. On the 26th of April, after nearly all the wheat was sown here, the weather again turned cold, and heavy snow fell, delaying further seeding until 7th May. From that date until the end of June, the weather was favorable and growth rapid. On the 30th June, the thermometer dropped to three below freezing—injuring many of the tender vegetables, and discoloring the blades of oats and wheat. This frost, and the following two

weeks of excessive dry weather, is no doubt answerable for the shortness of straw so general throughout the northern and central parts of the province. From 15th July to 23rd August, the weather was in every respect favorable to the growing crops, but from the 20th to the 29th of the latter month it was excessively hot, so much so that the ripening grain had not sufficient time to fill properly, and much of it—especially that on poorly farmed, weedy land—produced a small yield and shrunken kernel. Frost sufficient to injure grain was not experienced on the farm until 13th September, when all but two plots were harvested. Although the yield of grain throughout the province in 1892 was below the average, the quality was excellent, and millers agreed that the sample, though small in the berry, was the best milling wheat grown here for years. The returns on the Experimental Farm during last year were not equal to those of 1891, still the yields were fair, and the almost total absence of injury from wind or from frost made the year one of the most successful for experimental purposes since the farm was established.

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\*WAWANESA.

BY DIXI.

ALMOST in the heart of Manitoba nestles a little village which is famed far and wide for the beauty of its surroundings. A chain of hills forms an outer barrier between it and the miles of rolling prairie on every side, and between them and the Souris river, that half circles around it, deep ridges of wild woodland make a second enclosure for the lovely spot.

Its name, *Wawanesa*, is that of an Indian maiden, who, in turn, was called from the whip-poor-wills that haunted the valley; and of the maiden the following legend is told:—

Many, many ages ago a band of the Yellowquill nation came from the far south to hunt in the hills surrounding this lovely valley. Every fall they came, after the first frosts had painted the trees in the woodlands, and the hazy days of the second summer cast their spell over the drowsing earth, and aroused it before the heavy slumber of the long winter closed its eyes for a season. From time beyond the memory of their oldest warrior had they come, and whenever the green leaves of the early

summer changed their modest garb for the brighter hues of yellow and crimson, they were found in this Indian Eden.

On one occasion the greatest of their great chiefs brought with him his baby daughter, a beautiful child, who had not yet seen the circuit of the seasons. He had found no name for her, for she was so different from all others in his tribe that he had not known what to call her. Yet his love for the tiny maiden was so great that he must always have her with him.

Never had the valley looked more beautiful than when the child first entered it, and lying in her papoose among the flowering grasses, while the tepees were being made ready, she first heard the song of the whip-poor-will. A smile played over the baby features, and her tiny hands clutched at the air above her, as though to catch the sound. The father watched her. Never before had she shown signs of interest in the world about her. But the song ceased, and the smile died away from her lips, and a look of pathetic sadness came over her face. For days the father watched her, to see what made the difference in his baby daughter. In the tepee she was sad, listless, almost lifeless, until the song of the whip-poor-will floated through the air, then her face brightened, and stretching her arms towards her father, he understood that she wanted to be out among the flowers, where she could hear the notes more plainly. And the whip-poor-wills, too, seemed to understand. They flew down to her, circled around her, lighted on her tiny head and hands, and sung their sweetest notes for the little maiden who laughed and crowed and grew more beautiful than ever when they were with her.—

“I have found a name for my daughter” the Chieftain said. “I

(This legend has been written in verse by Helen Murray.)

will call her Wawanesa after the birds whose songs have awakened the life in her." And a great feast was given when she was called her name.

But the leaves lost their brightness and fell, chilly winds swept the flowers from the valley. The gurgling horseshoe of water was silent and men walked in safety over it. The whip-poor-wills were gone one morning, and the maiden Wawanesa was sad.

"We have stayed over our time," the Chiefton said. "To-morrow's sun will see us nearing our own land."

But every year he returned, bringing Wawanesa with him. Never was she so happy as when in the valley, never did the birds sing so sweetly as when she was with them.

"I have known them in the spirit-land, my father, I too was as they are," but now she grew sad sometimes when she listened to them. "Must I go back and be as they are, father, or shall I meet a higher spirit and commune with something human. What has the Great Spirit for me, father, must I go back or shall I go forward?"

But the father could not answer, he only stroked his daughter's head and was glad that she was herself, even while he wished that she were like other maidens.

"Why do you think such thoughts, my daughter, my Wawanesa, why not forget the spirits and join in the play of your companions. Forget for a time the birds and join in the revels and dances and be like the other maidens?"

But she shook her head. "My father I cannot, and yet I wish that I could if it would please you. Never has Indian maiden had such a father as I have—yes, I will try for your sake."

But try as she would to be like the others, she could not. She was her-

self; her only likeness being to the singing birds in the valley, whose notes she could warble as sweetly as they could. Yet she was beloved by everyone in the nation, kind and gentle and sweet, thoughtful for others, uncomplaining, and eager to share the trials and sorrows of other children, yet never able to enter into their sports and their pastimes, but standing aloof whenever they played or were merry, and then slipping away to a sheltered nook in the valley where her feathered companions soon sought her and sang to her in gladness.

Thus she grew from babyhood to childhood, from childhood to maidenhood, and now she stood on the verge of womanhood, looking over the past that held sweet memories of her father's love and the songs of her feathered companions; into the future that held for her—she knew not what!

"Father," she said, and a world of sadness thrilled through her tones. "Father, must I ever be as I am? Is there no one human who can touch my heart and make it vibrate as do the birds? Tell me, my father, what has the future for me?"

But the father was sad. "I know not, my daughter, unless in the Blackfoot Chief that comes at next sunset there dwells a spirit that can talk with yours. It has long been my wish that between the two tribes there might be union. Yet, my daughter, I would not have you wed one with whom your spirit is not in perfect accord, but we shall see before the setting of another sun what the future holds for you."

But, before her father's words had died away, the maiden had forgotten the Blackfoot Chieftain. A chorus of bird-spirit voices burst forth a thought to drive the thought of a human spirit from her, and the maiden Wawanesa warbled with them in sweet, yet sad harmony.

Great preparations were being made next morning for the hunter guests, the friendly tribe of Blackfeet; every squaw of the Yellowquill was joyous with the thought of revelry. The older ones busy at the fires cooking the food that the braves had brought back from their early morning hunt, the younger ones coloring the quills of the porcupine and stringing them on sinews, gathering the feathers of birds which they also dipped in the colors and sewed, with pointed quills on to their dried skin dresses.

Only the maiden Wawanesa took no interest in the preparations, but wandered away by the banks of the river and plucked the feathery golden-rod and gathered the bright tinted leaves, which she wound into a garland and placed as a crown on her head. Then, thinking that she might help her sisters in the grand preparations, she sat down and wove beautiful garlands of flowers and leaves and grasses to place on the heads of the guests at the great feast after sunset, and when finished, carried them to the tepees and gave them to the women.

"Wawanesa has made the garlands," the maidens whispered, "beautiful garlands of leaves and of grasses and flowers—all for our friends the Blackfeet,—never before has she done so much for any visiting nation."

And then she wandered away, and sat beside the river, but thought no more of the Blackfeet, but softly cooed to the silent birds that hovered around her.

"Come sing me a song; a song of gladness, my feathered companions. Lately your songs have been sad and my heart has wearied within me, now sing me a song of gladness that this gloom may be chased away, and I may be bright like my sisters, and

love to be with them instead of wandering off alone to join only you in your revels. Make me as others, my namesakes, and keep me not thus silent."

But the birds only moved their wings, chirped a few notes and rested. Then, as with one accord, they broke into a song that seemed like the wail of death, of something dying and going.

"Sing not thus," cried the maiden, "you make me more sad, more wretched. Look at the sinking sun in its beautiful bed of colors. See, it only sets to rise again brighter and brighter, but your sad notes sound as though it were going forever."

But not another note was sounded, and the tears dropped slowly from the eyes of Wawanesa, as she watched the sun sink behind the towering hills that hid the broad prairies from view. Long ago it seemed she had heard the sounds of greetings come from the distant tepees, but still she sat idly beside the water, wishing, longing for something—she knew not what; and even the birds had failed her, they no longer made her joyful, but even in her presence had cooed themselves to sleep, and there she sat, waiting, waiting—and her heart was sad within her.

Footsteps approached, but she did not hear them; her heart was too sad in itself to think of others, or to hear the sounds that it did not re-echo. But a hand is placed on her head, gently, as if in reverence, and through and through her whole being a feeling of trembling pleasure surges, a tender, exquisite feeling that takes her out of herself and makes her forget her sadness. A smile of pleasing wonder parts her lips in gladness, yet silent she sits as though afraid to stir for fear the touch will leave her and the exquisite feeling vanish.

"Gentle Wawanesa, thus I have found you."

Softly the words were spoken, yet the voice was strong and vibrated with sweetest sound through and through the maiden, and even the air around resounded and seemed to strike the ears of the sleeping birds above her, who moved with one accord, and then in plaintive sounds echoed the words of the speaker—

“Gentle Wawanesa, thus I have found you.”

But not by an outward sign did the maiden show she had heard them, only her blood surged faster and faster through her, but still she sat, waiting for what might follow.

“Rise, gentle maiden. Why sit you still and so silent? Rise, and behold the twin spirit that seeks you!”

Then she arose, but ere she stood before him, a great burst of song rent the air, a song of greatest sadness.

“Just the birds,” the voice said, “wailing for your departure, long their spirits have known that I would come and take you, only though for a season, while we are here together. In some far-off future we will return to them, only as higher spirits, when we shall be their leaders, but now, on earth, we are sufficient for each other. Rise, then, Wawanesa, long seasons I have sought you. Rise, and behold the twin-spirit of your being!”

Slowly turning to him, her every fibre thrilling with a new-born attraction of wondrous love and worship, she beheld before her the twin-spirit of her being. Spell-bound they stood, the love-light in their eyes, feasting upon each other, a powerful, yielding magnet drawing their souls together. For moments thus they stood; when, opening his arms before him, he drew the maiden to him. “Gentle Wawanesa, thus I have found you!”

And again the notes of the birds sounded in sad refrain above them.

“Do you not know me, maiden? Then I will tell you of me!”

“Long, long ago I had known you—away in the spirit land where we were both as these feathered songsters; but our spirits took their flight and entered other bodies, and for seasons long I lost you, nor did I know where to find you—not even, indeed, what I wanted, but only a restless feeling, of something known and forgotten, possessed me, until in human form my spirit possessed a reason; and then I knew it was my companion spirit of bird life who had changed into a human. I knew the notes of the birds as they sang to me, and, somehow, I knew that they sang to you, and you too heard their voices, but knew not what they told you. The son of a Blackfoot Chief, I too, must become a Chieftain, yet under all my love for my nation lay a love for my twin-spirit that once I had known, and must now seek in a woman. I too grew sad when their songs grew most joyous, for I knew that when our spirits met their songs would be saddened. After my father’s death I traversed wide the country, but never found the maiden whose heart would beat with mine in perfect rhythm and measure. Then the Yellowquill chief sent to me a message asking that I come northward and hunt with him in the valley—‘The valley of Wawanesa,’ he said, ‘called by the name of my daughter:’ and from that I knew that he hoped for a union of nations. And the name, ‘Wawanesa,’ rang through my thoughts, the name of my spirit’s companion. Gladly I answered his message, and made haste to prepare for my coming. Then the birds’ notes grew sad, and I knew then that I should meet you. All the way northward I pictured you to myself, yet no picture did justice to the lovely form you have taken—beautiful,



Photograph by Mitchell.

WINNIPEG CITY COUNCIL, 1893.

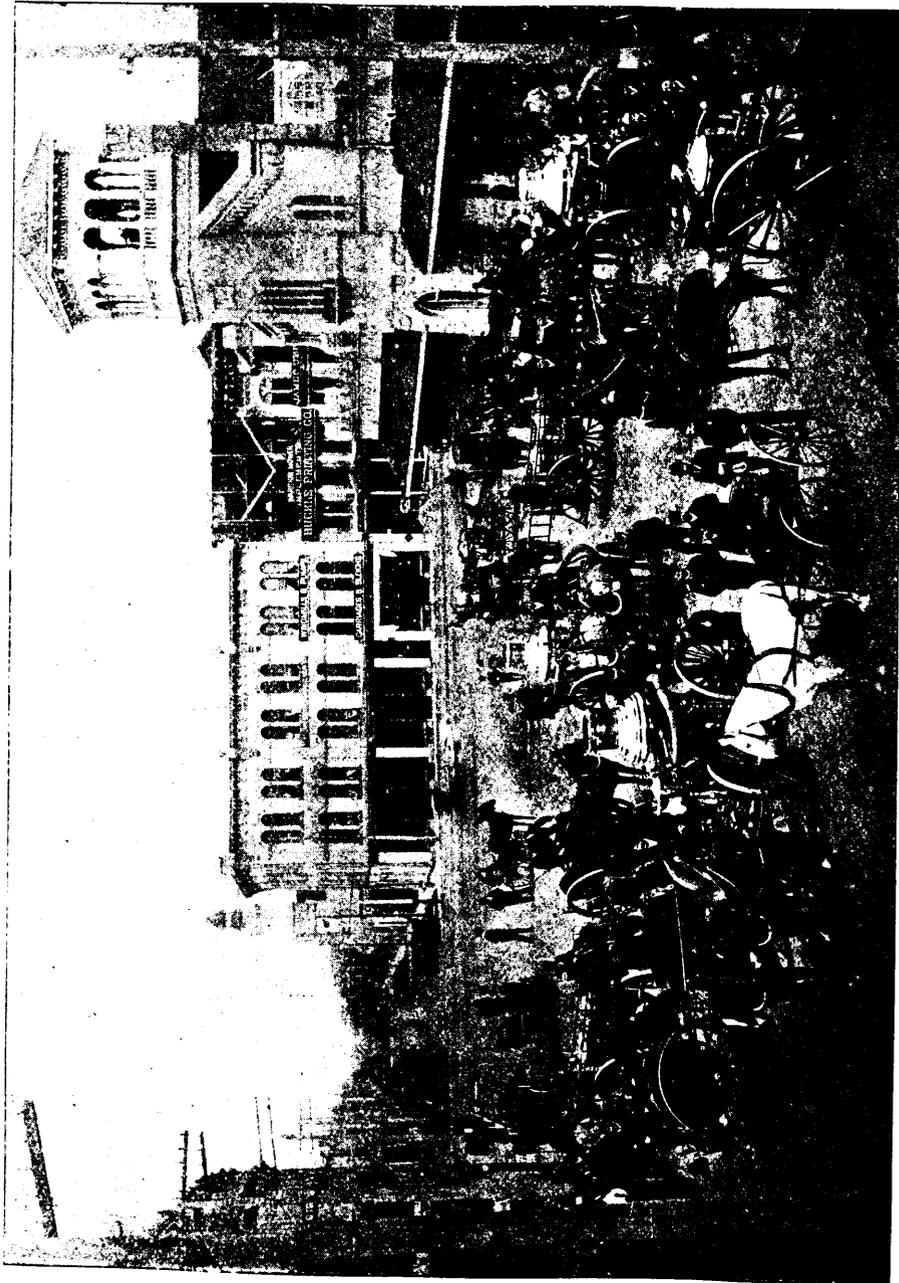


Photo by Mitchell.

WINNIPEG FIRE BRIGADE.

gentlest maiden! my twin-spirit, my Wawanesa! When, as the sun was setting, I entered into the valley and saw the Yellowquill chieftain with the different bands of his nation standing to bid me welcome, I looked around for a maiden whose spirit would shine through her eyes and meet mine bidding me welcome—but alas, she was nowhere; and my answer to the Yellowquill's greeting was heavy with accents of sadness.

'Come to the feast,' said the chieftain, your father: 'but where is my daughter, the maiden, my Wawanesa?' and he looked about him in sorrow that you had not been beside him."

"Then I heard the sighing notes of the warbling songsters, and my spirit leaped in gladness, for I knew that you were with them."

"I will bring her," I answered; "and following the sound of their voices I found my gentle maiden waiting so sadly, for me by the banks of the crooked water; and as I drew near the songsters ceased their plaintive warblings and hid their heads, for they knew that my spirit was near you, and for a time I would take you from them."

He ceased, and drawing her close to him he saluted, in Indian fashion, the woman whose twin spirit he was.

"Now, come to our bridal feast that the women have been preparing," little knowing for what great occasion their work had been making ready."

Sadness had left the heart of the maiden, Wawanesa; an exquisite joy had filled it and she felt like other maidens.

The Yellowquill Chieftain was pleased when he heard of the betrothal. "Let this then be the bridal feast," he cried, and all must be merry and gladsome."

And the gentle Wawanesa joined in the revelleries after, joined like the other maidens and forgot her sorrow

and sadness. Her future was open before it, and its paths would be trod, not alone, but with her twin spirit.

The grandest hunt of the season was to begin at the sunrise.

"Has my love for my bride turned my blood into water?" murmured the Blackfoot Chieftain, as he shuddered when the shout for rising rent the air of the valley. "Does love make a man weak instead of giving him more strength? Why should I shudder? My bride will await my coming, and before the sun sets I will again be with her." But he wakened his bride with burning, passionate kisses. "I fear to leave you, my sweet one, come strengthen me with kisses."

But when they were ready to start, again he returned to where the women were standing, and whispering to Wawanesa, he said in pleading accents—

"My loved one, my bride, should I not return with the hunters, should only my body come back, promise that in the Land of the Spirits at once you will seek me. Too long we have dwelt apart, never more must our spirits be severed."

And the maiden smiled as she answered, "Yes, yes, I will seek you," but her words were merely an echo of what he had spoken, she as surely looked for his return as the return of the sun in the morning.

For once Wawanesa was gay as the other women. With them she busied herself preparing for the return of the hunters:—sang as she worked, and gaily danced to and fro as she went from one place to another. Not once by herself did she seek the banks of the river, nor did she hear all the day one chirp from the birds around.

The sun again was shining behind the hills to the westward, when through the narrow path that led into the valley, the foremost band of

hunters was seen approaching. Silent they came and their silence cast a gloom over the women, who stood surrounding the fires they had made ready to cook the spoil of the hunters. Only Wawanesa was gay—what reason to shudder. All her life she had been sad, now she was happy!

The band came slowly onward, and behind them men carried what looked like the spoil of their arrows. Not a sound was heard, even the women were quiet, and when they reached the circle round which the tepees were clustered, reverently they laid their burden down on a black deer skin. Wawanesa drew near, impelled by some great attraction, and over, above her head, circled the silent birds. She kneeled on the skin, and saw before her the body of the Black-foot Chieftain. She took the hands in her's and a feeble pressure answered to their touch.

"Come spirit—gentle Wawanesa, come!" And the spirit left his body, and, as it left, her's too departed and soared in lofty flight beside it, never more to be separated. A joyful song of birds rent the awful stillness, a song of joy, of welcome, and they too flew on upwards.

Then the Yellowquill Chieftain buried the two bodies; the chief who in the hunt had been gored by a buffalo, and close beside him his bride, the gentle Wawanesa; and never more to the valley did he return forever, nor any of his nation. Only the birds haunted the spot, and every Indian summer held a mighty gathering, when over the mound that covered the bride and bridegroom, they heaped leaves and flowers and grasses.

And when the white man found the valley hidden away in the heart of the prairie, they called it by the

name of the gentle Indian maiden—the beautiful Wawanesa.

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### WINNIPEG AND ITS CHURCHES

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**M**R. MACOUN in his "History of Manitoba and the Northwest" in speaking of Winnipeg as it was in 1870 says: "At that time there were about thirty buildings outside the Fort, embracing eight stores, two saloons, two hotels, a mill and a church; the total population being 215 souls." This was the embryo of the city which to day has a population of about 30,000, and whose business blocks and public buildings compare favorably with those of cities ten times its age.

But it is with the churches that we have to do in this article. There was in 1870 one church, and that the Methodist, and for 215 souls one church was quite sufficient. The work of the churches in the country at large, however, antedated this one in Winnipeg by many years. The first to enter this great lone land was the Roman Catholic Church. So early as 1736, a French exploring party, led by the Verandryes, and accompanied by a priest, had found their way to the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers; but permanent work did not begin until 1818, when Fathers Provencher and Dumoulin arrived, and founded the settlement of St. Boniface, calling it by the name of the great missionary to the Germans in honor of the German soldiers who had accompanied Lord Selkirk, and were camped in the neighborhood. Next in order came the Anglican Church represented by Rev. John West, who arrived in 1820. In 1846 the Diocese of Rupert's Land was constituted, and in 1864 the present Bishop Machray became its Bishop. After the Episco-

paliars came the Methodist Church, sending such missionaries as Evans, Rundle and McDougall as far north as Norway House, and as far west as the Rocky Mountains. Among the earliest settlers were a goodly number of Presbyterians from Scotland, but through ignorance or neglect in the old country they were left without a minister of their own persuasion for about forty years, the same length of time that the children of Israel were in the wilderness. During these years they worshipped kindly with the Church of England, but were so far from losing their identity that when in 1852 the Rev. John Black was sent by the Canada Presbyterian Church, the new minister found no less than three hundred ready-made Presbyterians ready to give him welcome.

It appears then, that while in Winnipeg itself there was in 1870 but one church, the Methodist, there were around the city of the future a number of well established causes. Just across the river in St. Boniface the Catholic Church was represented by a cluster of fine buildings, among which the present stone church, built in 1860, stood conspicuous. Down the river was the Episcopalian Church at St. Johns, and further down, the Presbyterian Church at Kildonan with its substantial edifice of solid masonry. A religious atmosphere had been created, and four at least of the great Christian organizations had a reason for watching with keen interest the spiritual development of the new community. Four watch-towers had been built and the watchmen thereon were not slow to observe the new era that was dawning upon the country and to send the tidings to friends in the distance.

It was in 1870 that the Province of Manitoba was constituted and the village around Fort Garry sprang to the dignity of a provincial capital.

The population that had been 215 in 1870 became 2,000 in 1874, 7,000 in 1878 and 10,000 in 1880. In 1879 the new city was connected with the civilization of the continent and of the world by means of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba R. R., and in 1880 had the promise of occupying an important position on the great transcontinental line, which in the fall of that year the Canadian Pacific syndicate had bargained to build. In 1881 and 1882 the legitimate hopes of the people were perverted into temporary insanity, and Winnipeg became the scene of a phenomenal inflation of land values, and a spectacle to angels and men. The abatement of the disease was followed by a prolonged convalescence, which is now giving way to a condition of sound health and vigorous vitality. Such in rough outline has been the history of the city, and it is a gratifying fact that the work of the churches has kept pace with the growth of the community. The following characteristics of the the church life of Winnipeg are worthy of notice.

Its Universality. The popular idea in the East of a new city in the West is of a place where the saloon and faro table have more devotees than the altars of the Almighty, and where the report of a revolver is far more frequent than the report of a sermon; and no doubt there are western cities the license of whose manners has afforded ground for such a conception. There is no ground, however, for it in Winnipeg. It is safe to say that there is scarcely a city in the world, east, west, north or south, old or young, in which the church is more universally a factor in the life of the people. There are some, but they are few, who never enter the doors of a church, but the great mass of the people are regular attendants at some church. On the Sunday the one thing that is at-

tended to apart from necessary domestic duties is the business of going to church. Here and there you may find a man who slips quietly down to his office to straighten up his correspondence, or a company of young fellows gathered in a private room for a game of poker, or a household that goes picnicking, but the rule is to go to church. It is probable that there are as many young men attending church in Winnipeg as there are in San Francisco with a population twelve times the size. There is a certain degree of laziness on Sunday morning, owing largely to the congestion of shopping on Saturday night, but on Sunday evening streams of people are seen flowing along the streets, and they are all flowing towards the churches.

A second characteristic of Winnipeg church-life is its Diversity. Mention has already been made of the four churches that came into the country at an early date. The Roman Catholic Church has two large congregations within the city limits—St. Mary's in the southern end, and the Immaculate Conception at the northern. The Church of England leads in the number of its adherents. It has five regularly organized churches and several missions. Holy Trinity, the leading church, has a handsome stone building, and Christ Church has recently taken possession of a new sanctuary. Episcopalianism is marked by the judicious arrangement of its parishes, and the length of time its clergymen have stayed with their congregations. The Presbyterian Church is a close second in point of numbers. It has five self-supporting congregations and two or three missions. The membership of two of the churches—Knox and St. Andrew's—is very large, and on a par with that of the most important charges in the Dominion. Knox Church has at the

present time the only building of any architectural pretensions, but a year or two will probably see the erection of two new edifices, one for St. Andrew's, and the other for the newly formed Westminster Church. The one Methodist Church has become five, two of which are quite large. Grace Church seats about 1,600, and is the most commodious place of worship in the city.

In addition to these four pioneer churches, a number of others have gained a footing. The Baptist began work about 1878 and have now one strong central church and several missions. The mother church is just finishing the building of a sanctuary which for compactness and convenience, as well as external beauty, is not surpassed in Winnipeg. The Congregationalists made a beginning in 1879. They have had for many years a large congregation known as the Central, and worshipping in a comfortable building erected in 1882. A second Church was organized two or three years ago, and is making hopeful headway in the north end. Lutheranism has a strong hold in the city. There are several congregations arranged along national lines, Scandinavian, German and Icelandic. The last of these three is the most powerful. Winnipeg has succeeded in attracting several thousand Icelanders, and the greater part of these are Lutheran in creed. There are a few other churches known by national names, the German Baptist, Icelandic Presbyterian and Unitarian, and Scandinavian Mission Friends.

All these forms of Christianity are found working side by side, and on the whole in a spirit of friendliness. Though the people are as a rule faithful to their own particular church, yet the denominational feeling is not as strong as in some older communities. There is so much to unite people in

the common experiences of life in a new land, that a feeling of sympathy is created which softens the asperities of the *Odiūm Theologicūm*. There is a good deal of mixing up of creeds in the churches, sufficient to warrant the expectation that in any general movement of the Christian churches in the direction of unity Winnipeg will not be left in the rear.

A third characteristic of the church-life of Winnipeg, is its influence upon the Life and Institutions of the People. There is probably no city west of the Mississippi line where the basilar and brutal elements of society are kept more in the back-ground than here. Outbreaks of lawlessness are uncommon. The social evil exists, but it is circumscribed within pretty definite lines. Gambling houses, in the full sense of the word, have no footing. The liquor law is fairly rigid in limiting the number of licenses, and even then the number issued is less than the law allows. Though during the 1882 madness, Winnipeg went far enough in the direction of loose and vicious living, to-day the "fast" man is apt to think it a pretty "slow" city. The saloon, the dance-house, the gambling-hell are conspicuous by their absence rather than by their presence. It is surely not an unreasonable inference that it is largely because the Church is up, that these shady institutions are down.

Other evidences of the practical influence of the Church may be found in the respect felt for the marriage relationship, and in the encouragement given to education. The home and the school hold a most honorable place in the life of the community. Infidelity to the marriage covenant, and neglect of children are wonderfully infrequent for a city in a new country. There are some wretched homes. There are some neglected children. But a stranger going along

our streets would be gratified at the spectacle of so large a number of orderly, comfortable homes. As to education it speaks volumes for the mind and heart of Manitoba, that thus early in her history she should have a system in which there is no break between the primary department of the public school, and the possibility of University graduation.

Looking at the situation as a whole, the one transcendent cause for thankfulness is that in this new city, the political capital of a province, the commercial capital of a quarter of a continent, the institutions of the church are fully abreast of the needs of the people.

HUGH PEDLEY.

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#### THE WINNIPEG FIRE BRIGADE

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THE first protection that the city had in case of fire was a small hand engine which belonged to the Hudson's Bay Co. This not being deemed sufficient it was decided at a meeting of the fire, water and light committee, held on Sept. 2nd, 1874, to telegraph the Silsby Engine Works for a steam fire engine, which was done, the new steamer coming, after many delays, on the 21st of October, and turned over to the city on Nov. 18th of the same year. At a meeting of the citizens held on the 23rd of September, a volunteer force was organized, and arrangements made for obtaining suitable quarters on Post Office street. By the end of that same month the fire boys were duly organized, many of whom have since occupied prominent positions in the city and country and who represent Winnipeg's "solid" men of to-day.

In addition to the delay in getting the first engine to its destination the city had the misfortune to lose the other apparatus ordered for the bri-

gade by the wrecking of a railway train in Minnesota, in which the first hook and ladder truck was destroyed. The second outfit was ordered but was burned on the way, while the third one ordered arrived safely but was burned on Christmas morning, 1875, when the new fire hall, together with the steam engine, two thousand feet of hose and all the equipment of the brigade was destroyed. The same day, in fact while the building and contents were burning, a mass meeting of citizens was held and it was decided to telegraph for another large sized steam engine. The steamer was duly sent, being forwarded to Cookstown, Minnesota, by train, thence driven to Winnipeg by the stage company.

The captains of the volunteer system, until the permanent force was established, were: G. W. White, Capt. Thos. Scott, William Code, Capt. D. H. McMillan, and Alex. Brown. The volunteer brigade under these officers continued to do good work for the city until May the 11th, 1882, when on account of the tremendous growth caused by the boom the city was compelled to effect a change in the system, substituting for volunteers a corps of paid officers and men, who should give their whole time and attention to the work of the fire department. The first chief under the new service was W. O. McRobie, who held office for a number of years. The present brigade is composed of the following officers and men:—

Chief—William Code.

Captains—I. C. Walker,

" I. E. Buchanan,

" E. H. Rodgers.

Lieutenants—Thos. Dewitt,

" Thos. Starmer,

" J. F. D. Poor.

Clerk of Brigade—J. H. Jackson.

Engineers—H. Scott,

" Alex. Herbert;

Engineers—D. MacDonald,

Asst. Eng.—J. Standish,

" Jas. McDonald,

" Robt. Scott.

Firemen—J. Devany, R. Dargie, Alex.

Gillis, A. L. Gale, James

Dickson, D. Yeddeau, C.

Dawson, J. B. Todd, Hugh

Gillis, H. Adams, D. Mc-

Dowall, R. Rosbrough,

J. Morris, W. Kelly, G.

Hopwood and S. Sinnott.

The buildings and apparatus consist of 3 fire halls, 3 steam fire engines, 5 hose carts, 1 hose waggon, 3 chemical engines, 1 hook and ladder truck, and 15 horses. The brigade are well equipped and ready to battle with the fire fiend at all times. The Gamwell Fire Alarm System, with numerous alarm boxes, is in use and the city is thoroughly protected in case of fire. In this respect Winnipeg compares favorably with any city in America, and with such an efficient chief and staff of men the citizens may well be proud of their fire brigade. The accompanying illustration represents the force on the market square while the central hall can be seen farther up the street in the background.

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#### HON. T. MAYNE DALY, Q. C., P. C.

Second son of the late T. M. Daly, Stratford, Ont., who represented the County of Perth in the Legislative Assembly of Canada from 1854 to 1863, and North Perth in the House of Commons and Ontario Assembly at different times from the Union to 1875. Was born at Stratford, Ont., 16th August, 1852, and educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto. On the 4th June, 1879, married Margaret Annabella, daughter of P. R. Jarvis, Esq., Stratford. Was called to the Ontario Bar in 1876. In 1881 re-

moved to Manitoba and practised his profession in Brandon. Appointed a Q.C. by Dominion Government, 15th February, 1890. Was a town councillor of Stratford in 1880-'81, and a member and subsequently Chairman of Public School Board. In 1882 was elected first Mayor of the City of Brandon, and re-elected in 1884. Was Chairman of the Western Judicial District Board of Manitoba, 1884. Was first returned to parliament at the general election of 1887, and re-elected at last general election.

Sworn in as Minister of the Interior and Superintendent General of Indian Affairs on the 17th day of October, 1892, and re-elected by acclamation on appointment of Office.

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## GASPARD Le DUC

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A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS ON THE RED RIVER.

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### CHAPTER I.

Away back in the first years of the century, the white population of the Red River Valley was comprised within the walls of three or four trading posts, and a few log huts, which early collected in the vicinity of that known then as "The Forks."

One September afternoon at the door of one of these huts were seated Jean Levecque, the proprietor, and his daughter Marie. The hut stood in a sequestered position on the north bank of the Assinaboine, considerably nearer to its junction with the Red than the fort itself. Slowly a sound, unheard on those waters now, as it would be unheeded, though hailed often then with emotions as peculiar to the time perhaps, grew till it seemed to burden the dreamy air. It seemed to come from down the stream. A sound that mocked and

eluded the ear it charmed, uncertain and fitful, yet in that wilderness of silence a phenomenon of lively note. It was the song of voyageurs.

Little wonder that the faces of Jean Levecque and his daughter were alive with keenest interest, for in his younger days Jean had himself been a voyageur. For years, in the service of the Canadian traders he had traversed the sinuous waterways of the wild and wonderful west, the home, then, of the wild beast and the Indian, and of these alone. A perfect type of his class, he had loved with a very passion his hazardous calling, and had faced with laugh and song its toil and dangers for the wild freedom and excitement of the life it gave. But his adventurous spirit had found a new enchantment in chasing the buffalo on the western plains. Yielding to the new charm he built the hut in which he lived. Others of his countrymen followed his example and settled down on the banks of the Assinaboine. Here his daughter was born; and here, after he had laid to rest on the sunny slope of the river bank her Indian mother, he had watched and tended her through infancy and girlhood; and here, after he had been brought home from the chase crippled for life by the fall of his horse, had that daughter cared for him with the one thought apparently of repaying, if possible, his almost idolatrous love for her.

The sound to which they listened increased, and soon a canoe shot round the bend below and the song burst into full chorus, while a cheer went up from the little crowd already assembled at the landing place.

"Ah! that is one of the partners," said Jean. "Some of the good old boys will be with him. Run, Marie, and see if any of my old friends are there, and ask them to come."

In the bow of the canoe, as it glid-

ed to the shore, stood a voyageur of apparently twenty-five summers. His face was fair and handsome, with laughing blue eyes and features strong, but regular. Standing over six feet in his moccasins, he was so proportioned as to appear the very embodiment of activity and strength.

His bearing and manner were those of a man combining such a physique with a brave and generous nature. One seeing him would not wonder that, although toiling at the paddles like the rest, his comrades had dubbed him "Le Duc." Still less would one wonder that for the moment Marie forgot her errand.

She stood apart with a friend, silent, through the hand-shaking that followed, her eyes following every movement of the handsome stranger till their eyes met, when hers dropped in painful confusion before the look of evident admiration in his. Just in time to relieve her embarrassment, she was accosted by an old voyageur with grizzled beard and hair, whose eyes twinkled mischievously as he exclaimed:

"Ah, ma belle Marie! You will pardon me I am sure for not recognizing you sooner when I tell you it is because you have grown so pretty. You did not know me, of course, because, *parbleu!* I grow so fast the other way. But how does mon bon comrade, your father?"

She told him of her father's condition, and what her errand was; and he promised to go and spend the evening with him; and slyly promised, too, to take some one along to keep her amused while he and his friend talked over the old days on the voyage.

An hour later let us look into the hut of Jean Leveque. He is lying on his bed. Beside him, and in a right line between him and another group of two seated by the open door,

is his old friend, Pierre. Their theme is "le voyage;" and Pierre talks rapidly, gaily, of something connected with it, past and present, recalling countless incidents of the days they worked together in the same *batteau*, or struggled together for life in the treacherous rapids of the rushing "Oninipique;" of trading keen and sharp to out-wit the Hudson's Bay men, "les anglais," on the far-off Saskatchewan; of the Nor'-west partners, Macdonell—Le Grand Capitain—McGillivray, Mackenzie and McLeod; of the glorious carousals when the year's business was ended, in which those wealthy furrings mingled with the men and danced and sang and drank with them till morning. They are living again the best years of their lives.

And those other two. They also are speaking of the voyage but in a less animated manner. Their conversation is commonplace, subdued and strained almost. Those two are Marie and Gaspard, the handsome voyageur. How their acquaintanceship sped, may be gathered from their conversation the following morning as they walked together towards the landing, where companions were preparing for departure.

He had called with Pierre to say adieu, and that stalwart friend, who had evidently not forgotten that he had himself been young once, first asked Marie to come and see them start, and then remembered that he had still a word to say to his "bon comrade" and returned to say it. This was their second meeting only, and it could last but a few moments. For a while they walked in silence, as a prospect anything but cheering passed before the mental vision of Gaspard. He loved the girl beside him, and already he had to leave her perhaps for ever. That they should ever meet again seemed as uncertain



HON. T. M. DALY, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.



VICTORIA. FROM GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS. JAMES BAY.

as anything might be. Of course he could come with the canoes next season. Indeed, if Providence allowed, that was the one thing certain which the future held. But what might not happen in the mean time? Many and many a mile lay between his home in Canada and hers on the banks of the Red River. Ah, how almost happy he felt he could be despite that distance, were he but sure she would think of him and await his return. But how could he hope it? Ah, well, strange things have been, and might not this? Himself had known many girls, as fair, he had often thought, as fair could be, and yet had never loved, till here, where he had come without ever a thought of such a thing. Was not that strange enough? Rousing himself from thoughts like these he said suddenly enough to confuse a maiden less used to such speeches.

"Mademoiselle Levecque, until I set foot on that shore which I shall be leaving in a few moments, I did not know what love was; but I saw you then and loved you, and will always love you. Can you?—Ah, no! Do not run away! I will be leaving you soon enough. Tell me, Mademoiselle, will you go to Canada with me? Will you?"

"Ah, no! no! Monsieur Gaspard, do not ask me. My father—"

"Pardonnez moi, Mademoiselle, I do not mean to—I—"

"Holla! mon Gaspard! Monsieur is at the batteau. Parbleu! but he will bless us for making him wait."

It was Pierre who broke in on them with this as he came up on the double. He shook the hand of the confused Marie, and taking Gaspard by the arm, he dashed along in the direction of the canoe. In less time than it takes to tell, they had cleared the fringe of willows that skirted the bank, and were in their places, Pierre

in the stern and Gaspard in the bow of the canoe.

The voyage song rose on the air, the paddles dipped, and they were away. And Marie stood watching them descend the stream; but they vanished in a mist that was not on the river. Then she turned homeward, and took up the burden of life again.

## CHAPTER II.

On the closing day of that same year, in a fort lately erected by an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company on the east bank of the Red River, a little above the forks, two men were seated at a table, on which stood a number of bottles and glasses. One was Mr. Dwight, the master of the place, the other Mr. Williams, who had charge of a similar establishment some twenty-five miles down the river. Both were Englishmen, and both had seen much of life in the fur-trading business on Hudson's Bay. Their conversation was in this strain:—

"Tut! fill your glass, man, and be cheerful. It is the easiest thing in the world to leave your pemican for the present and take the lady along. Why, with this fall of snow, the hunters will not be in for days yet, so you have the very best opportunity for the immediate consummation of your happiness."

"Take her along! That sounds easy enough. But what if she wont go?"

"Wont go! Why, man, you know how to make her go. If I were in your place she should go, if it cost me the best pair of blankets I have, or rather if it costs the Company that."

"Well, I should think it would be a good pair of blankets, and no mistake, that could get this girl. All

the blankets in your fort could not do it. Why her old father—"

"Confound her and her old father then! If you can't get one, take another. One would think you were a boy and in love, ha, ha!"

"One may be in love and not be a boy, Dwight. Anyway there is only one girl in this blasted country who is any use to Capt. Williams, and I would give my horse, this minute, I would! even if he is the fastest in the country, if I could get her."

"Have you a horse? I did not see one with you as I came up."

"Yes. He was not at home that day or you should have seen him, as fine a beast as you ever clapt eyes on; and fast too. He can run all day at the heels of the fastest buffalo that ever was."

"Oh, get out with that yarn now! A fine horse it must be that you would give for a squaw, when that article is so plentiful and horses so scarce."

Well, he is a good one. If you had seen him you would agree with me; you would want to buy him, and take a run at the buffaloes in the spring. If I could ride a horse I would do that myself."

"Ha, ha! And just because you can't ride your horse, you purpose trading him for a squaw—"

"I purpose doing nothing of the sort, this girl is not an Indian. She is French, a half-breed perhaps, but as pretty a girl as you will see anywhere. I tell you Dwight, if you saw those eyes! That mouth! That—"

"Oh, ho, ho! For mercy's sake! Those eyes! What in thunder is an old bald headed, corpulent stager like you going to rave about eyes for? Look here Williams, don't be making the fool now. Sell me your horse and take the best red blanket in the shop, or two for that matter, and go

to the next camp of Indians, or half-breeds, if that suits you better, and get a wife who is willing to have you. Come, now! What's the figure?"

"You may laugh if you like, Dwight: but I tell you what! There is only one woman that will suit me just now, and that is old Levecque's daughter."

"Levecque! I wonder if he is the man of that name I used to know. Jean Levecque I think he was."

"That is the name. And I believe he would have taken the horse too if he were only able to use one; but—"

"Of course the lady is quite willing? Took to you at first sight I dare say."

"The deuce she is! If she wouldn't kick I could soon satisfy the old man. I will tell you how it is, Dwight. When I came up a month ago to bespeak a supply of meat from those half-breed dogs, I met her at the cabin of the man I engaged to procure it. He told me who she was, and then went on to spin a yarn about her father's fame as a hunter and the number of buffaloes he had been known to kill in one run some time or another. So I looked around and bought the horse, thinking I could get the girl in that way. But when I went to see her father I found he was bedridden. So the horse would not take."

"Well, that horse now. Is he a good one?"

"Just as I tell you. But, as I was saying, the old man did not want him; so I turned to and, would you believe it? made love to her as hard and fast as I could have done thirty years ago. But it was no use. She would not budge. Tarnation and everything! If there were not so many of these bloody Bois-brulés Nor'-westers about, I would teach her how to talk to an English gentleman!"

"Don't get excited, man. That's right; fill your tumbler."

They both filled their glasses and drained them, and then Dwight asked :

"But what are you going to charge me for that horse? I want him."

"Thirty pounds."

"Thirty pounds! You don't mean it?"

"Yes I do. And you can't get one for less. At least not one like mine."

"I don't want one like yours then, if that is what he is going to cost."

"So you think: but one might as well talk of taking buffalo with a pack horse, as with one that you can get for less than that."

"O, come now! All that may be true; but you would not skin an old friend. The animal never cost you that, unless you've lost the knack of trading."

"That is my price, and I call it low enough."

Dwight was silent for awhile, and then, after filling his glass and drinking, he rose to his feet, and, clapping Williams on the shoulder, said:

"Look here, old boy. I want that horse; but the devil a copper will I give you for him. You want old Levecque's daughter, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you are willing to give the horse to get her?"

"Well, yes."

"Yes, well, here: You promise to send me that horse here in the spring and I will send you home to-night with Miss Levecque strapped to your sled. What do you say?"

"But how the deuce—"

"Oh, never you question. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes, but how—"

"Never mind how. Say you agree and then I will tell you how."

"Well, it is a bargain. Get me the girl and you may have the horse."

"Fill your pipe then and I will tell you how we will work it."

"I knew Jean Levecque well nigh twenty years ago. In fact he saved my life once, and we were quite friendly in spite of the fact that he was with those thriving Nor'-westers. Well, I can be friendly with him again, and I believe I can get round him in that way. But if I can't! Ha, ha! By the great horn spoon! I believe I can urge a claim to that lass; and you may bet I'll work it now. Ha, ha, ha!"

### CHAPTER III.

While the above conversation is in progress a solitary traveller is seated by a fire in a pine forest some miles to the eastward. It is Gaspard. He is preparing his midday meal. The snow is falling softly around; and softly while he turns a spit he hums a snatch of some voyage song:—

"Ya longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais ie ne t'oublierai."

When he parted with Marie so suddenly that September morning he carried with him a bewildering chaos of thoughts and feelings from which all he could evolve was something very like despair. The scene of that morning—their whole acquaintance indeed—was so short, so rapid and such a confusion. His mind was in a whirl. But as he plied his paddle day after day on the long voyage eastward, he had ample time to think the matter out, and the conclusion he reached after a while was that there was not so much reason to despair after all.

He had felt sure that she loved him. A hundred subtle signs had told him so, as he drew for her word pictures of the wild excitement and deadly perils of life on the voyage. And then she had only refused to go to Canada, to leave her father. How could she have done otherwise? Fool that he was not to have asked

her plainly and simply to marry him, not to have offered to come and live at Red River! Could he but see her again he believed that all should yet be well. So his hopes rose. And from the determination to go with the very first canoes of the next year and grapple with his fate, the work of the voyageur ended, and he found himself idle on the banks of the Kaministiquia. Time passed, slowly of course, but still passed, and yet as that next season with the bright hopes it held, seemed farther and farther away, his plans for the future grew gradually into plans for the present, and then into action. So one day with snow-shoes on his feet and a bundle on his back, he turned his steps towards the Red River.

He followed as nearly as possible the usual route till the Lake of the Woods was reached. From thence he shaped his course direct for the forks of the Red River.

It was a long and weary tramp, through a pathless wilderness of snow covered rock and river and forest; yet here we find him singing gaily a light *chanson* as he turns on its spit the venison that is to make his meal. The day was mild, and as evening drew on, the snow fell thick and fast. The shades of evening were falling somewhat earlier than usual on account of the snow, when he reached the bank of the Red River. He crossed over to the well remembered hut of Jean Leveque. He knocked, but received no answer. He opened the door, however, and entered. The hut seemed deserted, though embers smouldered on the hearth. With feelings and thoughts aroused he stood and gazed on the spot where he had sat with Marie that September evening. But a moan came from the gloomy recess beyond the fire-place. Gaspard stepped forward, and as he did so he noticed that the

bed on which Marie's father had lain when last he was there was still occupied. But as he approached him the invalid covered his face with his hands and moaned.

"You have nothing to tell me. O, mon Dieu! She is gone! She is gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Gaspard. "Who is gone? Not Marie? Oh, Heaven! Gone where? Monsieur Leveque, tell me! what does this mean?"

At the sound of a strange voice the invalid uncovered his face, and, recognizing Gaspard, he grasped his hand and wrung it. And then, falling back on his bed, he said:—

"Oh, Monsieur Gaspard! she is gone! ma Marie. You know her. The sweetest demoiselle that ever was! Les Anglais, two of them, came here this evening and took her away—robbed her from me. One of them wanted her for his wife, but she would not go. She would not leave her poor old father. And then the other—Oh, mon Dieu! The liar! the devil? He said she was his child! I knew him. I saved his life once, and this is how he thanks me."

The door opened, and he stopped, and fell to sobbing again. Some men entered, and Gaspard soon learned the whole of the shameful story.

Shortly after the two villains had left the hut with their victim, a man from the Northwest Company's fort had happened along, and learning what had occurred, returned, and with three others, all the men available in the place, started in pursuit. They crossed the river to the Hudson's Bay post. Dwight, whom they found, denied all knowledge of the affair, and showed them freely through his establishment, to convince them that the object of their search was not there. They had now returned to report their failure there.

and stood with their snow-shoes and rifles in their hands, ready to start for Williams' place, as the only other to which she could have been taken.

Gaspard had tramped the livelong day; he had not even seated himself since his arrival. Yet he was the foremost on the trail. For an hour they toiled through the falling snow; and then the clouds began to break, and soon they were tramping under the dazzling light of moon and stars. When, perhaps, half the distance was traversed, an exclamation, almost a cheer, broke from them as they noticed, deep in the loose snow, the trail of a sled. Then in silence they dashed along. Following this, as mile after mile was passed, it became more plain, till at length it lay bare before them. The hope of overtaking the heavily-loaded sled brightened; and nerved by the thought, their pace was quickened almost to a run. But that hope was not to be realized. Once, it is true, where the river turned suddenly to the westward they thought they saw a dark object ascend the right bank and disappear in the woods; and when that spot was reached they found that the fugitives had actually left the river there.

Still keeping the trail they made their way through giant elms and maples till they came to what seemed a swamp at first, but gradually deepened till it assumed the appearance of a narrow river. Following this lagoon, for such it was, till it neared the point of its junction with the river, the trail again turned to the right and entered the woods. The ascent was steep but up they dashed, and almost before they were aware, they stood before the gate of Fort Williams. It stood open, and right before it were Williams' dogs still in their harness and dragging their sled, as they slunk towards their quarters. The trail led to a building in the

center of the enclosure. In a moment Gaspard and his friends were at the door. They knocked. There were sounds of commotion within and presently a voice asked:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Men from the Forks," answered Gaspard, "and we want Miss Levecque."

"There is no such person here. I do not even know such a person. I don't know what you mean."

"We mean that you or some one else carried off Marie Levecque from her father and brought her here. And she is here now, in this very house, and we are going to get her. Let us in."

"There is no woman here. If you don't go away at once you will be sorry for staying."

"We have come for Miss Levecque and we are not going without her. You lie when you say she is not here. Give her to us and we will go away quietly."

"You may go as you please; but I tell you if you do not go at once I will order my men to fire."

As there were no port-holes open on that side of the building, Gaspard did not attach much importance to this threat, but replied:

"Give us Miss Levecque and we will go. If not we will burn you and your men like dogs; yes, rather than leave her with you we will burn even her. Let us in."

"If you can burn green logs, burn away, and be shot while you are doing it."

Finding nothing was to be gained by talk, an attempt was made to force the door, but without success. There was nothing at hand wherewith to beat it in. So Gaspard and his friends retired a short distance to hold a consultation.

## CHAPTER IV.

About the time that Williams had been perceived by his pursuers, his driver had also discovered their presence in the rear, and all possible haste was made to reach Fort Williams.

While Williams was undoing the cords which bound Marie to the sled, his companion was endeavoring to arouse the garrison, which numbered near a dozen men. But in his fear and excitement he managed to create the impression that an army was about to attack them, and that the safest place just then was the woods, whither they proceeded to betake themselves, seizing such articles of clothing as they could in the hurry of their flight. So when that worthy had laid the numbed form of his captive on a bed and began to look around he found himself alone with her and his frightened driver.

Nothing daunted, he proceeded to secure his position by closing and barricading the doors. Against the rear door, through which his garrison had fled, he piled boxes and bales of goods, and against the other, in addition to a strong iron bar with which it was fastened, he leaned a heavy log, one end of which rested against a partition some ten feet away. That done he ordered his diminished garrison to mount to the second story, knock the blocks from the port-holes, and open fire on the first enemy who showed himself. Just then came Gaspard's knock, and the garrison bolted under the bed instead.

Roughly forcing a handkerchief between the teeth of his victim, Williams threw a muffler around her head and tied it behind. With a similar article he pinioned her arms. Then, after draining a flask which he took from his pocket, he turned his attention to his unwelcome callers.

He soon concluded it was useless to

expect to put them off by denial. To resist, single handed, the attack of five men for any length of time was out of the question; and he dared not, in their hearing, expose the weakness of his position by giving orders to his only remaining man, which he felt sure would not be obeyed. Bravado and stratagem were the only weapons left him. And in his half drunken condition these were the most congenial.

When his assailants withdrew, after failing to force the door, Williams, who watched them through a chink as they stood some distance away discussing the situation, deemed it time to act.

He removed the log and poising on its edge a full rum barrel, he opened the door and rolled it out on the snow.

"Drink, dogs!" he shouted: "to my bride and a happy new year!"

And slamming the door to, he dropped the bar into its place just in time to check the united rush of his assailants. The door cracked and strained, but the bar held firm.

When the door opened, Marie, who, as she recovered from the numbness consequent on her long and hard journey, had, unobserved, succeeded in freeing herself from her hastily adjusted fetters, ran forward in the hope of reaching her friends. But she was too late. She was unnoticed by Williams, whose back was towards her, and who at once set to raising the log to position. She found how the door was fastened and attempted to raise the bar. But the strain from without was too great. Presently Williams noticed her. He dropped the log, and seizing her by the neck, with a curse he flung her across the room with such force that she shrieked with pain. Then he bent to his task again.

That shriek was his knell. Mad-

dened by the sound, Gaspard sprang to the rum-barrel, and lifting it as though it were a bauble, he poised it on his shoulder an instant, then shouting to his companions to stand aside, he rushed forward. The door went down with a crash. Quicker than thought he was within, followed by the others. He raised the fainting form of Marie. While, finding no one to oppose them, the others stood grasping their guns, and looked at each other in silence.

Presently a groan came from beneath the shattered door. They raised it, and there lay Williams, his head crushed, against the log he grasped. They laid him aside and set to closing up the door, while Gaspard supported Marie into the next room, where a fire, the only light in the house, burnt on the hearth. "Are you much hurt?" he asked.

She remembered his voice, perhaps, or it may have been the intense tenderness and solicitude of his tones that caused her to start: but she trembled, and for the briefest possible moment raised her eyes to the handsome face beaming with love above her. The blood rushed to her cheeks, and fled again, and she murmured:

"Gaspard!"

"Yes, Marie. It is Gaspard," he said: and he felt that his long tramp from Lake Superior was even then rewarded.

Rested and refreshed, the party started back in the early morning; the horse that was to have been her price drawing the sled on which Marie rode. Great was the rejoicing at the Forks when they arrived. During the night the hunters had come in from the plains keen for the rude festivities of the season; and now the arrested tide of New-Year merry-making flowed on, with more of joy, perhaps, than is usual. For that same day there was a wedding

there. A wedding peculiar to the time; with lots of feasting and dancing—plenty of everything, in fact, but ceremony. There was no priest in the land then; but hearts that God has joined together what should keep asunder?

J. J. GUNN

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### A DAY'S OUTING

ON THE ASSINIBOINE.

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IN the year 1881 the Indian Summer occurring late in November, a friend and I were beguiled by its lazy warmth into the notion that we must celebrate those truly glorious days by a little camping expedition up the Assiniboine. We secured a flat-bottomed boat, hired a team which took it, and ourselves along the trail that followed the course of the river from Portage la Prairie to a point near Treherne, known as Hamilton's Crossing, some twenty miles from town. There the team left us and returned to the Portage, while we launched our craft and set sail, or rather paddle, down the stream for the same place, which we expected to reach during the following forenoon. We got afloat about four in the afternoon. During the day we had noticed signs that indicated a change of weather; the sky had become overcast and a south-west wind with a suspicion of moisture in it had been blowing all afternoon. Shortly after embarking a fine rain began falling, which in a little while increased until there was a steady down pour. This was a nice fix to be in, forty miles from home (by river) with only a fair weather camping outfit. The ideal weather of Indian Summer was breaking up and nature would soon recompense herself for indulging us with the past beautiful days so late in the season, by giving us the other extreme.

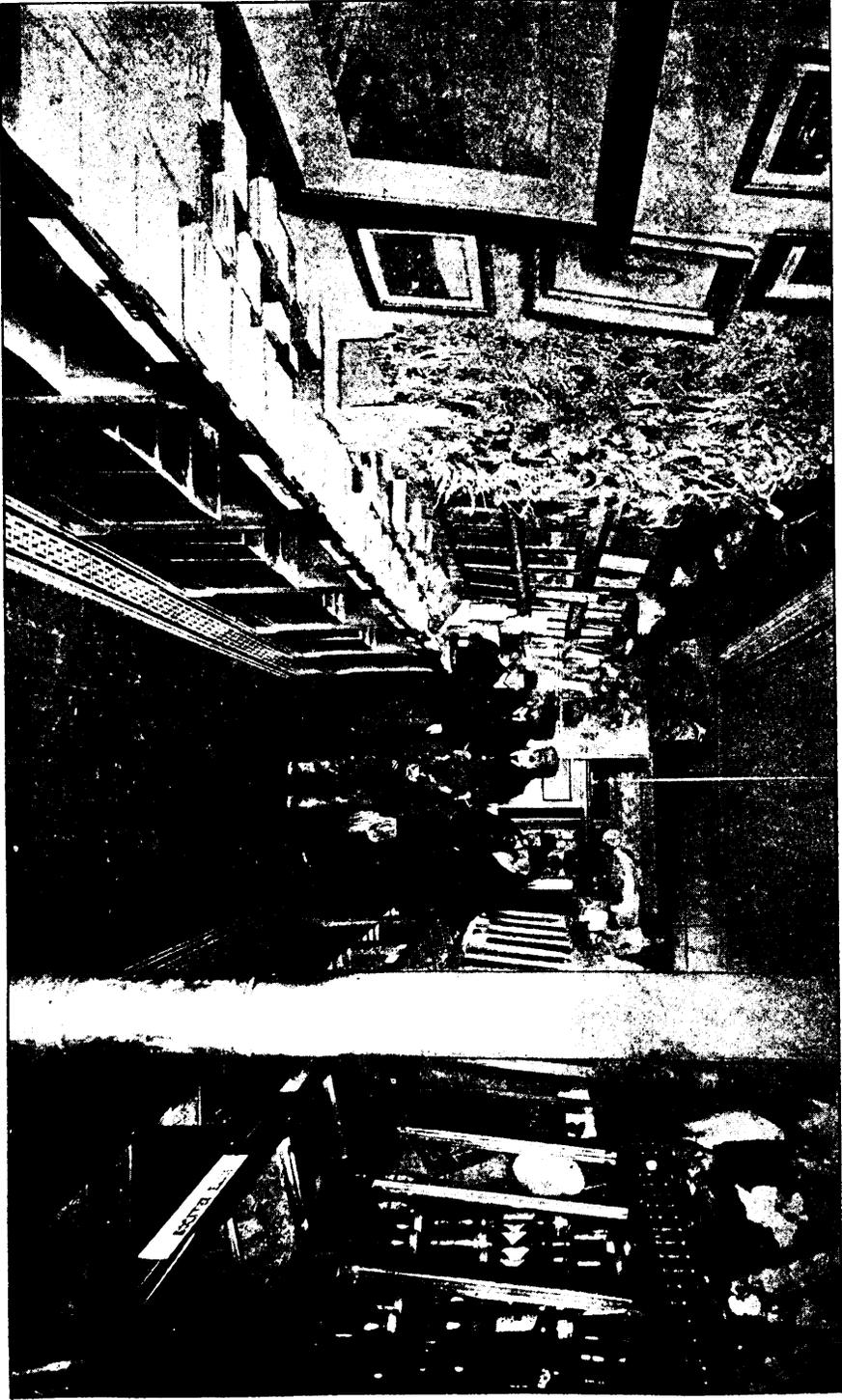
The sky grew darker and the wind came in melancholy puffs around the bends and over the banks of the river, and the trees shook their leafless limbs as if to chide us for thus foolishly entering the trap that the north wind had set for us.

I remarked to my companion "we must get shelter; there is a storm coming." "Let her come," he philosophically replied, "we were here first." Down came the rain and in spite of waterproof coats we were soaked thoroughly. Our guns were wet and the limited supply of grub we had wasn't any too dry. The outlook was dreary enough, but we enlivened it somewhat at intervals by shooting partridges as they crouched upon the over hanging limbs, from which they tumbled into the river and were retrieved as we paddled along. We could find no suitable camping spot until nearly dark, and even then it was a case of take what we could get. So we did and a poor place it turned out to be. It is a good plan, when one is under the adverse force of circumstances which he cannot control, to make the best of them; and, while camping out is the ideal life and the proper thing to do at certain seasons of the year, there is a good deal about it even at its best that one has to put up with and make the most of. I like camping out; but, like the war horse that preferred to scent the battle from afar rather than from too near, the camping I prefer is that which I find under my own vine and fig tree. It is a dazzling pleasure when one considers it about six months before it eventuates; but—the reality—kindly excuse me from it where possible. We landed, selected the thickest scrub we could find, pulled up the scow, and turned it half over for a covering, and had not such a bad resting place under the circumstan-

ces. In a little while the wind changed and came on us across the river from the north, and how it did blow! The protection we had was not of much use, for the wind found its way into the shelter; and as it increased in violence it grew colder, and we were soon just as uncomfortable as any campers-out ought to be.

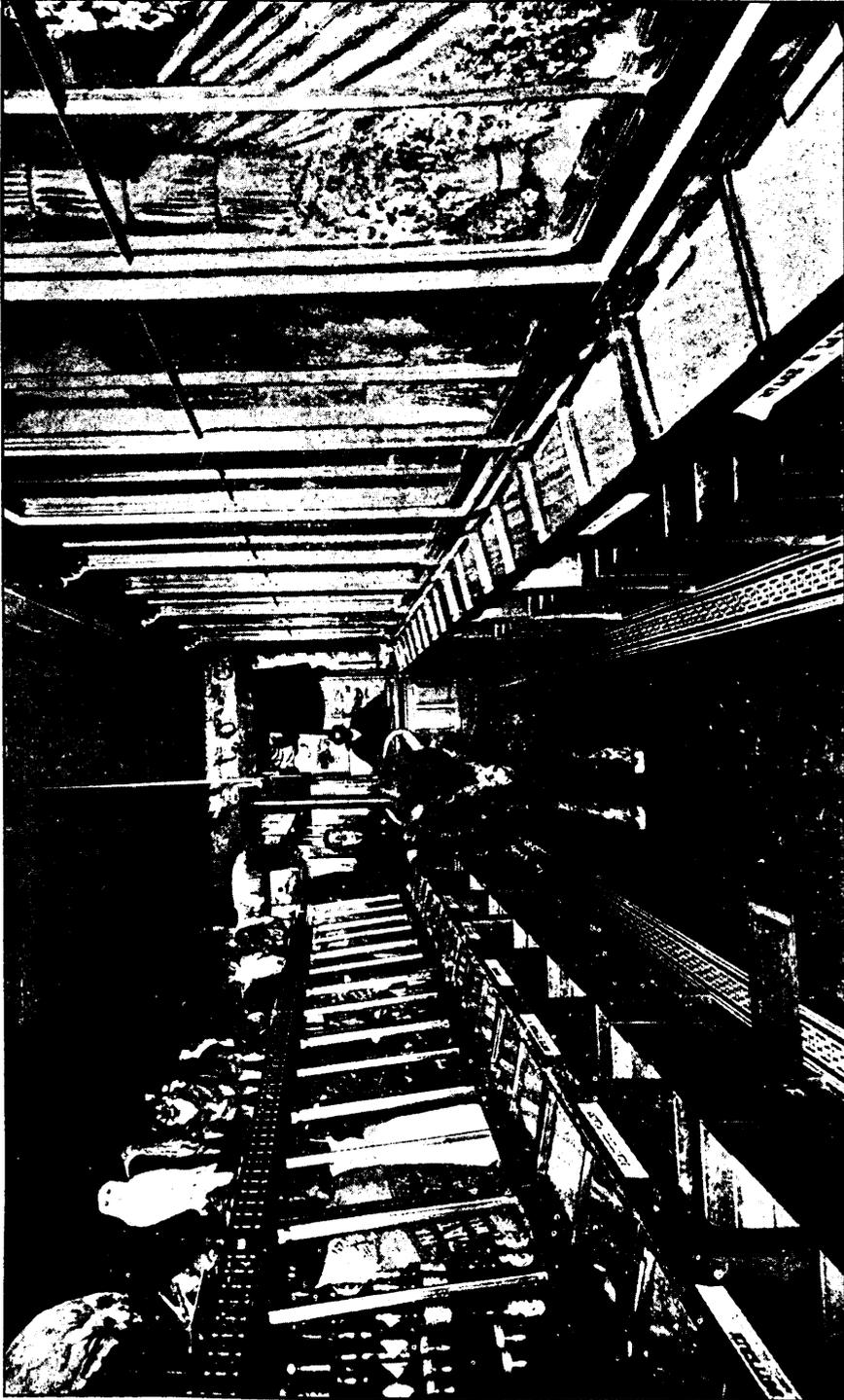
The night passed in some way; we had to "grin and bear it," and we bore it till daybreak.

The rain had now changed to a soft, sticky snow, which made matters even more disagreeable. There was no use staying there. We wanted to go home; so we took to the boat again, and by a vigorous use of the paddles, soon had some circulation through our cold, benumbed limbs. The wind blew straight up the river, and it was so strong that we could make very little headway with a flat-bottomed boat, even with the current in our favor; and the Assiniboine, which is usually a peaceful river, was lashed into white-capped waves that tossed our craft about without mercy. A couple of hours of this tired us out; and to make it still worse, the snow began to freeze to our clothing, and we were a sorry looking pair. We held a council of war, and it did not take more than a second to find out that my companion wanted to abandon this magnificent water stretch and take the first trail home. As this had been my unspoken desire for some time, I agreed that the idea was a good one. We made for the shore; and just in the most dangerous part of the crossing, with the wind tearing and shrieking past, stinging and piercing us through and through, and the water dancing madly around us, my companion descried a big mallard coming down the wind. Cold and weary as he was his sportsman's instincts were aroused, and he grasped his gun. The duck shot by us like



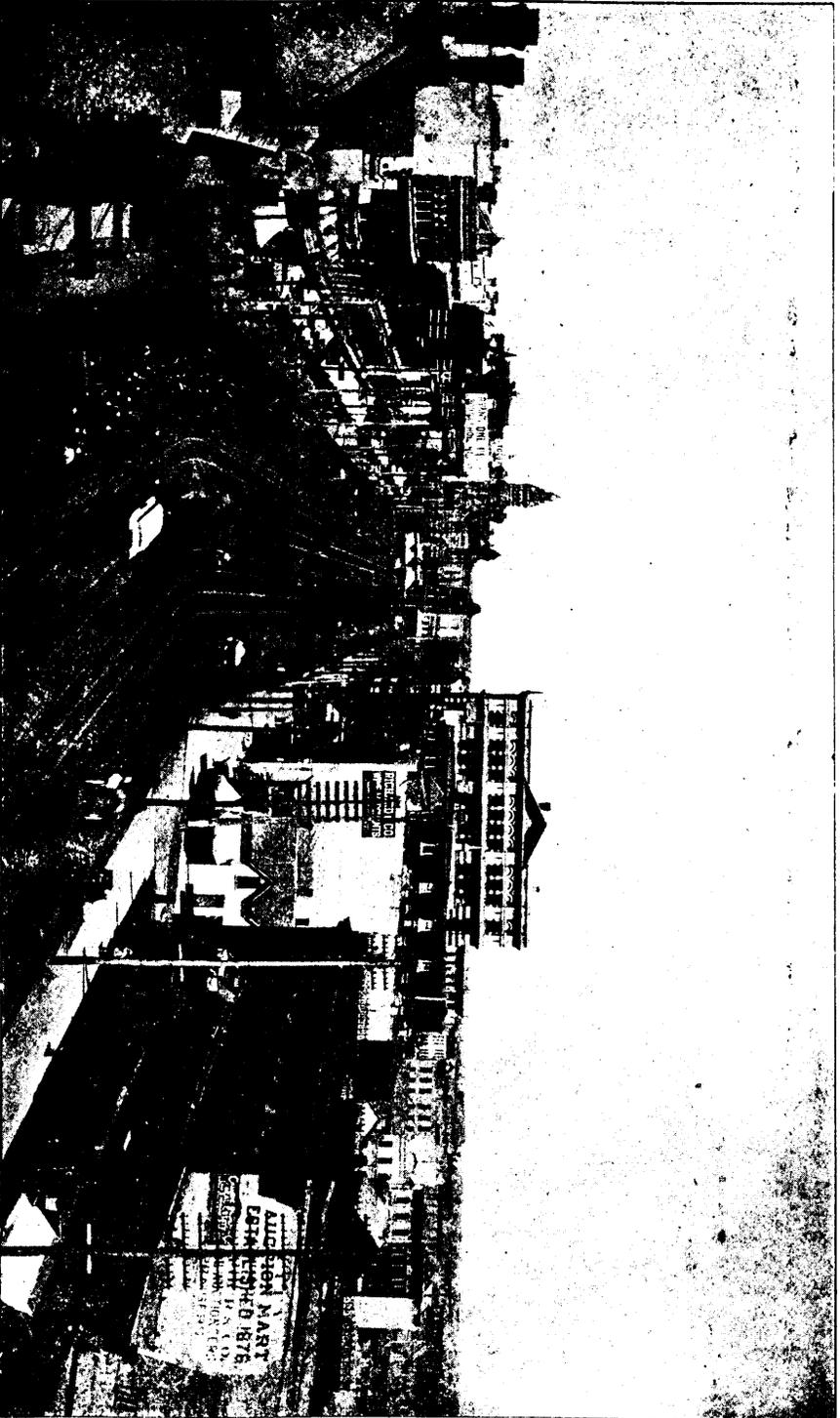
From Photograph

INTERIOR MANITOBA IMMIGRATION OFFICES, WINNIPEG.



INTERIOR MANTOBA IMMIGRATION OFFICES, WINNIPEG.

From Photograph



Photograph by Mitchell

WINNIPEG LOOKING NORTH FROM THE HARGRAVE BLOCK, 1893.



Photograph by Mitchell

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WINNIPEG, LOOKING NORTH FROM CITY HALL TOWER, 1893

See Page 101

lightning, but my friend tumbled it over and it struck the water with a crack like a pistol shot. It was a pretty shot, and a fit closing to a life that had been full of the gun. It was, I think, his last outing; for shortly after he went east, and it was not long before I heard that death had claimed him. We got to shore, and hid the guns and boat, though why we did so I cannot now say as I think there was nobody else fool enough to go prowling around that uninhabited region to find them.

Fortunately we found the old Yellowquill trail (so named after an Indian chief) without much difficulty, and began our fourteen mile walk through the storm of wind and sleet. Oh that walk! The wind increased in force, and while the bush sheltered us to some extent, yet in the open places it pierced us like a knife; and right pleased we were to reach Nichol's half-way-house, the only house on the road. A warm dinner warmed us up, but it was a weary plod home. Still mile after mile was reeled off, and at last we reached the Portage, tired, cold, footsore, wet and hungry; and so forlorn and bedraggled in appearance that my wife, who saw two tramps approaching the house, did not recognise in them the pleasure seekers of the day before. We sent a team up for the outfit, and did not go camping again--till the next time.

W. B. UNSWORTH.

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### MERE BOISSET'S REVENGE

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#### CHAPTER I.

NOT a sign of habitation is in sight. From sky to sky rolls a plain dotted with bluffs and occasional upheavals not worth the name of hills. A dark space and an irregular blue line marks the course of a

ravine. The grass is springing up in green tufts on the prairie, otherwise burnt black as a raven's wing, and everywhere the bluffs are putting out sticky green leaf-rolls. The only moving object is a horse and its rider. The horse is a young broncho, black and full of life. The rider—a girl—is also young. She is riding slowly to the crown of a small elevation, and her horse is fretting against the firm hand that reins him in. She pauses at the top, and her figure stands out darkly against the early morning sky. The sun has been up scarce half an hour, and the day is young and fresh. Apparently the long look she throws round is resultless, for with a gesture of annoyance she turns her steed down the hill again and canters away over the level ground. She is heading for the ravine, and now she strikes a trail. Following it, she comes suddenly upon a shanty nearly hidden by a tiny bluff. She pulls the horse up so sharply that he almost rears, and she stands for a moment in deliberation, then rides slowly to the door. It is open. In the sun on the doorstep sits an old woman. She is scarcely middle height. Her short, stiff skirt shows her ankles in their grey stockings. A small red shawl over her shoulders lends a dash of color to the scene. Her hair is almost white and none too neat, her eyes sharp and restless, with, just now, a look of fierce pain in them. "Good morning, Mrs. Boisset," the young girl says as she pauses in front of this figure. "Eh? ah! for you, likely!" The old woman returns angrily and turns, as if by habit, to a grey sock on the needles, taking no more notice of her visitor. A look of pity crosses the girl's face and she sits silently waiting. "Well?" says Mrs. Boisset, at last looking up, "have you seen our horses," replied the girl "I've been looking since

sunrise for them; have they been round here?" "I have seen nothing of them. How should I see other people's cattle?" she answers fiercely. "Have I nothing else to think? Have I no trouble? Have I nothing else to do than sit here looking for your horses? What are they to me? What are you to me? I care for one only and he goes from me. Ciel! Hear that! and that! Why should I lose all—all. Come, you, and see,—see how my life is going. For what is this old body, with that young head laid low? Come, I say!" She had risen before this, standing fiercely erect and waited while the girl sprang to the ground, and through her rein over a post. "You are all that has come to see old Meré Boisset, and you shall see him, and see my grief, come!" The girl follows her being thus bidden. She is not afraid, she knows the old woman well but her heart is full of pity. Well as she knows the hut, so blinded is she by the sun and so gloomy is the interior that she can hardly see. A repetition of the feeble groan that had reached her outside leads her glance aright. In a bunk against the wall is stretched a figure barely visible. The furniture is scant and rough, but everywhere there are bits of vivid color, the coverlet on the bed being crimson. The girl draws nearer and the old woman smoothes the pillow with her toil worn fingers. The man raised his arm, "No! no! he cried, in an exhausted whisper, leave me alone Blake. I'll not stand it, an' as for her—" his arm fell and a few incoherent mutterings reached their ears. "There! Its what I always hear. Ah! but I know my son, my boy. He shall escape. The law cannot touch him. But Marie Boisset cap, ah! and his wife too." "Its' murder! eh! do not fear me. I am not mad, unless with grief."

She hung over him, touching the bed with trembling fingers. Suddenly she turned and spoke with a slow fierce intensity, that frightened the girl. "He could not do with his old mother, he must have soft hands that would not work for him. The one's that nursed him. Pah! They were rough, they were seamed. It mattered not how working for him. His old mother's love was not enough, he must have the love of a girl, and he was handsome, le beau garçon, yet she would not look at him, the hussy. He would have died for her. . . . He has—but she took another man, a bad man: may he bring her to the end she has brought my boy. May he wring her heart, as I'd wring his neck. He said nothing. He was always of the gayest, but now he would sit still for the hour, and he drank. . . . Once he was steady, but he was happy then, and the man Blake, brought her by, so often, and flaunted her in his face, till I could not please him, and all for her. Some day you will please the eyes of men, and if you will, you can break their hearts, you can make them bad, you can make them what you will. Then take care what sin you lightly drive them to, and if it is a young heart, like my boy's, oh think what I tell you of. And then—What have you heard of this affair? Tell me!" She laid her hard hand on the table by the girl, who shrank back. "They said"—"Ay! go on; what?" "That he took more than was good for him and his horses ran away. They said he fell and struck his head." She spoke steadily. Her nerves were good. "They lie." The old woman broke out, excitedly. "He did not fall. I tell you again, it was murder. He hates him—John Blake. He plied him with whiskey. Ah! I know Peter gave him a lift to his house. He would quarrel, my boy, but never

bear malice. Ah! but so handsome a boy that had been making up to his wife when she was a maid. He did not like it, they quarrelled. My boy had more whiskey than enough and could not defend himself. Ah! poltroon, that was the blow. He was clever, too. The horses ran away; who can say no. My boy fell. His head struck a stone. Yes! it was well thought of. Ah! others care not, and he is safe, so he thinks. Marie Boisset cares. He will not escape her!" She turned to her son again. "How do I know?" She spoke as if she had been questioned. "He does not know what he says, but he tells me. Ah! I have said: Take care! that man is your enemy. He has what you ought to have had. Beware of him! But he would not listen. "Do not speak to me, mother," he would say, "Blake is right—good. I cannot talk of it; you do not understand." "Not understand!" Mon Dieu! but he has learnt with his life—and I—I pay with my son—my boy. How can I live without him? If I could die, and he live! Perhaps he will get well. No! no! I know better than that. Hark!" The wounded man turned uneasily. "Nay, Blake," he said "For her sake, we'll not quarrel." "Ah" his hands flew to his head. To the bandages. "Coward, you dare?" "See, see," the old woman cried, with piteous excitement. "He tells all in his delirium. My son, my son." She knelt beside him, touching him with tender fingers, the old lined face beautiful in its loving grief. So the young girl thought as she stood there in her habit, watching with tearful eyes the tragedy before her. She was stunned with the old woman's rapid talk. She could not speak or move, but stood waiting. Then the man opened his eyes and looked into his mother's and she saw that he saw. He put

his hand to his head, but he needed no explanation, as his mother saw. The girl drew back where she could hardly be seen. "Mother," the man said in a low tone, "You'll tell Blake as I didn't bear no grudge when I had my senses. It's a bad thing to let yourself die with a grudge. But I never bore him one for long, an' Christine—you'll say I'm glad she's happy, because—I did talk bitter once to her an' Blake—we quarrelled too often—an' he's hasty. But I was worse: an' don't let her think it was love for her drove me to the end she shall never know. Mother, you've borne with me long—since I was a barefoot kid. I've given you little joy, but I've always lov'd you. Mother, I'd like fine to get well an' make you happier." The old woman almost choked. She seemed to have forgotten her passionate resentment of a moment ago. "Peter, my Pete, how can I lose you. Oh! my darling, it is bad." She was kissing his cheek with fierce devouring kisses, the tears streaming down her weather-beaten face. "If I could lay my old head there instead." "No, mother, you would always do that for me if you could," he said faintly. "And you, shall you only suffer? Nay! I'll dog him, I'll—" She drew herself up, shaking with rage, but the son partially raised himself. "Mother, mother, you'll do yourself a harm. Let me die at peace. I've no cause to wish—" He fell back suddenly, and his hand loosed its grasp. The old woman bent over him again, then she gave a shriek—he was dead.

Now, thought the neighbors, she'll go to her son in Dacotah. Now Pete's dead she has no cause to stay. Had she not? Well, they did not know. It seemed to Phœbe Clark that she knew why she stayed. When others wondered, Phœbe sat silent. She had told the substance of what she had seen to

her father. He was a small rancher, and by no means void of heart. Yet he laughed when she spoke of it. "Poor old woman, it has crazed her," he said, "perhaps you had better not go to see her, child." "She will not harm me," Phoebe said, and she usually thought for herself. But she said no more. When people laugh the tongue is better quiet, and they had not seen as she had. Moreover, a certain strange sympathy grew up between those two. They never spoke of what had passed when Phoebe rode that way, but Phoebe would have as soon played traitor to her conscience as have talked about the lone old body to the curious. They all set her down as crazed. She was changed. She was seldom seen, and rarely spoke to those she met. They wondered Clark allowed his daughter to be so often with her. If they had seen what Phoebe saw they would not have changed their minds. But Phoebe understood and pitied, and remembering what she had seen, wondered not. The old woman took to wandering too. Often Phoebe would meet her walking far away from her home.

Once she saw her standing at the edge of a great muskeg. Many cattle had been lost there, and when Phoebe rode for the cattle, as she did every day, she would go out of her way to pass it and see that there was no struggling animal there. She had a cheery word for the old woman as she came up. But at first she took no notice. She was standing at the edge looking over the green, smooth expanse, and the sinking sun lending a glow to her withered cheek and lingering on the red shawl.

Then as she turned to Phoebe there was a strange light in her quick eyes. Afterwards it became known that one of John Blake's best cows had disappeared, and as search proved fruit-

less the morass was blamed. Still Phoebe said nothing. What had she to tell? But she thought about it. She wondered what the end would be. For always she could see the old woman brooded on her grief and became more bitter in her hatred of John Blake. Yet none knew of it, and when the end came, Phoebe held the key alone, and alone understood. For the end was like this.

## CHAPTER II.

The spring passed rapidly. The roses filled June with their sweetness and the fruit of August and September filled the pails of the pickers, and the birds grew plump—only the cranberries waited for the frost and snow. The smoke of October fires wreathed along the ravine and hung low in the sky and then nature rested through the Indian summer. Then came storms of winter, and the old French Canadian woman could wander no more. Her neighbors saw that she had wood in plenty and she wanted for nothing else, for Peter had cattle and a little machinery, and his horses, and they all brought money. They thought it was not right or safe, that she, so old, should live alone there. But she was not to be moved. There she would stay.

It was one night, cold and stormy, Marie Boisset sat over the fire and shivered. The wind blew in heavy gusts and shrieked round the stove pipe in the roof of the shanty. A smoky lantern gave all the light she had, and shuddered in the draught that came thro' the door. The d was white with frost, so were the nails in the window frame. Yet, the shanty was warm, and the warmth was good to the old woman.

So she sat, with her head in her withered hands. Once she rose and

went to the high half window and gazed out, but a blackness, a blackness full of swirling snow pressed on her eyeballs, and she went back to her seat. Beside her lay the same grey sock that she had been knitting for her son. It had never been finished. She took it up and looked at it, then fell to knitting feverishly. It was the first time since her son's death she had touched a stitch. She started, a knock came at the door surely, she listened, but it was not repeated. Instead a hand lifted the latch, and in a gust of wind and snow a man stepped in and she recognized her enemy. For a moment she did not stir and then she put out her hand and took the lantern. Her visitor, blinded, half frozen by the storm and muffled by his buffalo coat, had not had time to say a word. She held the lamp close to his face as if to be sure of him. "Tis you," she said, "you, John Blake." "What a night," he exclaimed, as he tried to shake the snow from his bearded face. "Mrs. Boisset, your house is a refuge; without that light I must have been lost, no human being could live the night out side. Thank goodness I have struck a house." She did not answer, and for a moment of making an excuse in such a storm, one is not needed in Manitoba. "If you can keep me here to-night I shall be very thankful," he said, "I would not trouble you but it is too much risk to go on." Still she made no answer, and he looked at her in wonder. She had put the lamp down and was standing with arms akimbo, her face hardening every moment. It was a strange reception, on such a night as this. She looked at him and many thoughts passed through her brain, many and cunning. She was no fool. Of what use to say to him, "I hate you, without consent, my house shall not be your refuge, go

back to the storm and die there." He would laugh and save himself. She was cunning. She came forward but her voice was hard. "Your horses," she said, "There's no stable." "I must tie them in the bluff," he said. "You've no hay, of course. What became of your stable?" She seemed to consider. But it was not of that; then she answered, "It was no use to me, I sold the logs." "It's too bad to take possession of your house like this," he said, still looking at her curiously as he pulled the frozen snow from his beard, "but I could not help it." "You could not help it?" "No!" He opened the door and let himself out, closing it with difficulty. The blizzard was strong as the man. Then with an agility strange to see in one so old, she sprang to the door and pulled two heavy bars of wood across it. "Ah! You could not help it? I can help it, though. Go and die like my boy;" but the man outside did not hear it, he had turned to his horses. She waited there then; waited to hear the steps that would come by and bye, and she had not to wait long. All the passion of hate that she had nursed so long settled in her heart. Her old hands shook. Then she saw the latch lift, and knew that he had come. There was a moment's stillness, then she felt the door strain a little, as if some force had been exerted. She crouched by it, waiting. Then there came a loud knock and a call, "Mrs. Boisset, open your door. It is locked," but she did not answer. "What is the matter? Are you ill? Let me in." Then she sprang to her feet. "Ill? No, poltroon! Nor so near death as you are. Let you in? Give you refuge! You who murdered my son. Ay, you may drop the latch," for it rattled down, "murderer, I say, you can go away from this house; may its ridgepole fall on me

if I let you in. Who married the girl my fool of a son loved, and drove him to drink between you? Go you home to her, or if not—; my son was brought home to me. Suffer now as he suffered, and may she suffer as I have; may she sit listening for you through the day as I watched for my boy, and may she sicken with dread, as my heart sickened as the hours went and he came not. Ah! she will see you brought home as I saw my son, and yet she will not feel what I felt; she will not see you lying slowly dying; so young; so brave. She will not feel that she would do anything to keep you: and it will be but justice." She stopped, breathless, and the man outside impatiently struck at the door, "What do you mean, woman? Let me in I say. You surely would not turn a man away from your door a night like this? You do not know what you do, even now my hands are frozen." "Turn a man away? No! But *you*. Ah! kick, strike! The door is strong. Think of your wife. What will you be to-morrow? What, my boy is, through you—by your hand—lead! and you ask me to save you." "Woman. I know nothing of your son. We were not over fond of each other, would you have me die. If I can find my way to Clark's 'twill be a miracle." "Die. You'll not die so easily." "Open the door." "I'll not." The man struck the door. It made small difference. It was of double thickness. The bars were of oak. Then he ceased. He seemed to recognise the futility of it. He spoke once more. "Mère Boisset," he used the name she often went by, "Think of my wife. You are a woman, and you know what you yourself have felt. You know"—a greater gust of wind carried his voice away, but he went on—"if you turn me away it is almost certain death. There are no roads.

My horses are played out. Will you give me shelter?" And her answer came back clear and hard, "No! I have no mercy for you." "Then on your head be my death," and all the rest was silence. A terrible silence that weighed. The old woman crouched down by the door again, and listened to it. The howling wind was part of it. The snow driving against the window made it more intense; and she had her revenge. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Ay, and a life for a life! She raised her head and looked at the bunk. She had avenged his death. Even now his enemy was floundering in the snow, getting weaker. She shuddered, and raised her trembling hands to her face to shut out the vision, and it was accomplished. Presently he would sink down, down. He would sleep. He would be dead, and it would be over. There was a curious blank in the poor old mind, a something gone. All anger seemed gone. Had she not done away with the object of it? and he was wandering, wandering now. She could see him. She never thought of the horses, but she saw him blindly struggling thro' the snow, a step here, a stumble there. Presently he would fall. He would get up again. The snow would beat upon him, the wind would buffet him. He would fall again. He would be too tired to get up presently. He would lie there. She sat on the floor, seeing it all with fascinated eyes. Suddenly she almost screamed. What had she done? What had she done? She started to her feet, straining her ears to listen for she knew not what. The wind tore by. The snow stung against the tiny high window. She pulled the bars back and flung open the window. The wind rushed in and almost made her stagger. She had forgotten her son, her revenge, everything, but that there was some one she must save.

She raised her voice in a trembling cry. The wind threw it in her teeth. Then she snatched the lantern from the table and hurried out. She did not know where she was going. Up to her knees in snow she floundered. She put out her hand to ward off the driving storm. Yet she hardly felt cold. She struggled blindly on, and on. She sank nearly to her waist—yet, somehow, she got out again. Again she called, in her poor, trembling voice, and again the wind whirled the sound away, and it did not even reach her own ears. Her strength was failing her now. She did not know it. Twice she stumbled, the third time she fell. She did not get up. Yet, in her own mind she was still struggling. But now there were blinding lights before her. There was wild, delirious music in her ears. She, warm and very weary; yet she was fighting on. And all the time the poor, worn, old body lay in the soft snow. The elements did battle over the prostrate figure. The lantern burned dimly beside her. Not far away another was fighting too—fighting, with the thought of a young wife in a happy home to urge him on. He could see her bright face—he could hear her soft voice. Then he could see her tears dropping one by one, for him, and all because of that crazy old woman. Was the wind still in his back? He must keep it there in order to get to Clarks, unless it had changed. Could the horses do it? Which way was the wind coming?—it was so baffling. He did not know he had just completed a short circle. Ah, one horse had stumbled! Poor things, they were up to their bellies in snow. He wondered would they hold out. Poor Christine—poor wife—poor happy home. Well, he would fight for it. Ah, the wind was bitter! Were his hands freezing? He could not feel them. What was

that? In his astonishment he stopped the horses. Some twenty yards distant, a feeble, yellow light, wavering, now here, now there. Now it stopped and sank. It stayed still. He urged the horses on; but now the other stumbled, and would not rise. He could not stay there—he would only freeze. He must go to the strange light. After all he was not tired. Perhaps the horses would stand. He sprang out, and floundered toward it. Some traveler like himself—"Good God! a woman!" He seized the light and held it to her face, and stood aghast. Old Mére Boisset! What! she there? Where was he? For a moment, in the chaos of mind and body, he reeled. Then he came to himself. She could not stay here. Was she dead? He dared not stop, or to think out the puzzle. He raised the frail old body in his arms. She was not heavy, yet almost too much for him. He could not be far from the shanty, for she could not have got far. He struggled a few paces. This was his death warrant. Was it not enough that she should shut him out in such a storm, but that he must handicap himself to save her. For one moment he could have left her—only one. Then he braced himself for one more struggle. Not much like a murderer this? Again and again he could have given in, yet he was able to take one step more. At last he fell and sat resting beside his unconscious burden. What was that looming dark through the storm. He struggled to his feet. The shanty! The shanty! The air seemed shouting it. Was the fight over? He and the storm! He and death! He and the powers of darkness! And he had conquered. Once again he raised the old woman. It was all he could do, for his arms were all but powerless. A horrible fear overcame him that he should die

in sight of shelter and he struggled madly on. But the temptation to leave his burden to die did not come again. Yes, it was shelter. It was the shanty with the door open. It seemed to him that he could hardly have opened it if it had been shut. He staggered in and fell into a chair, letting the old woman sink to the floor. How long he sat he could not tell. His mind was dark and his body seemed full of pain. His hands had no feeling. Then he came to himself, poor Mère Boisset. He suddenly realized that she might be dying, he jumped to his feet and closed the door. Then he got her upon the bunk and rubbed her hands, she was not frozen unless perhaps her fingers, and he was surprised to find it was so. She was nearly exhausted. He looked to the fire and heated some water in an old tea pot and poured it down her throat, then waited in some anxiety. Presently the old woman's eyes opened and they rested on her son's murderer.

Few people could understand how it came about John Blake himself lost in that awful blizzard, had stumbled over the body of poor old Mère Boisset, half frozen in the snow, had saved her and reached her cabin in safety. How had she come there? Why was she so changed, when through the nursing of Blake's young wife, the next summer found her in her old home, and why should John Blake have tried so hard to persuade her to stay with them, John Blake of all men. It had been well known that no love had been lost between him and Pete Boisset. Phoebe Clark knew more about it and she did not wonder, but Phoebe held the key.

E. M. B.

### THE CAT BIRD.

TO lovers of nature in all her different shapes and forms, the southern and northern suburbs of the city of Winnipeg afford ample opportunities of gratifying their tastes. At this season of the year, in Kildonan and Fort Rouge, the trees are laden with their wealth of foliage, the earth is covered with a thick, green carpet, dotted here and there with colors as gay as the jewels in any monarch's crown. In the woods, violets and anemones, and on the hedges the lovely summer roses are blooming in great profusion. To leave the dusty and heated streets of the city and spend an afternoon or evening here, is to renew life, such an effect have the pure air and the bright surroundings on the tired and weary beings who come to enjoy their blessings.

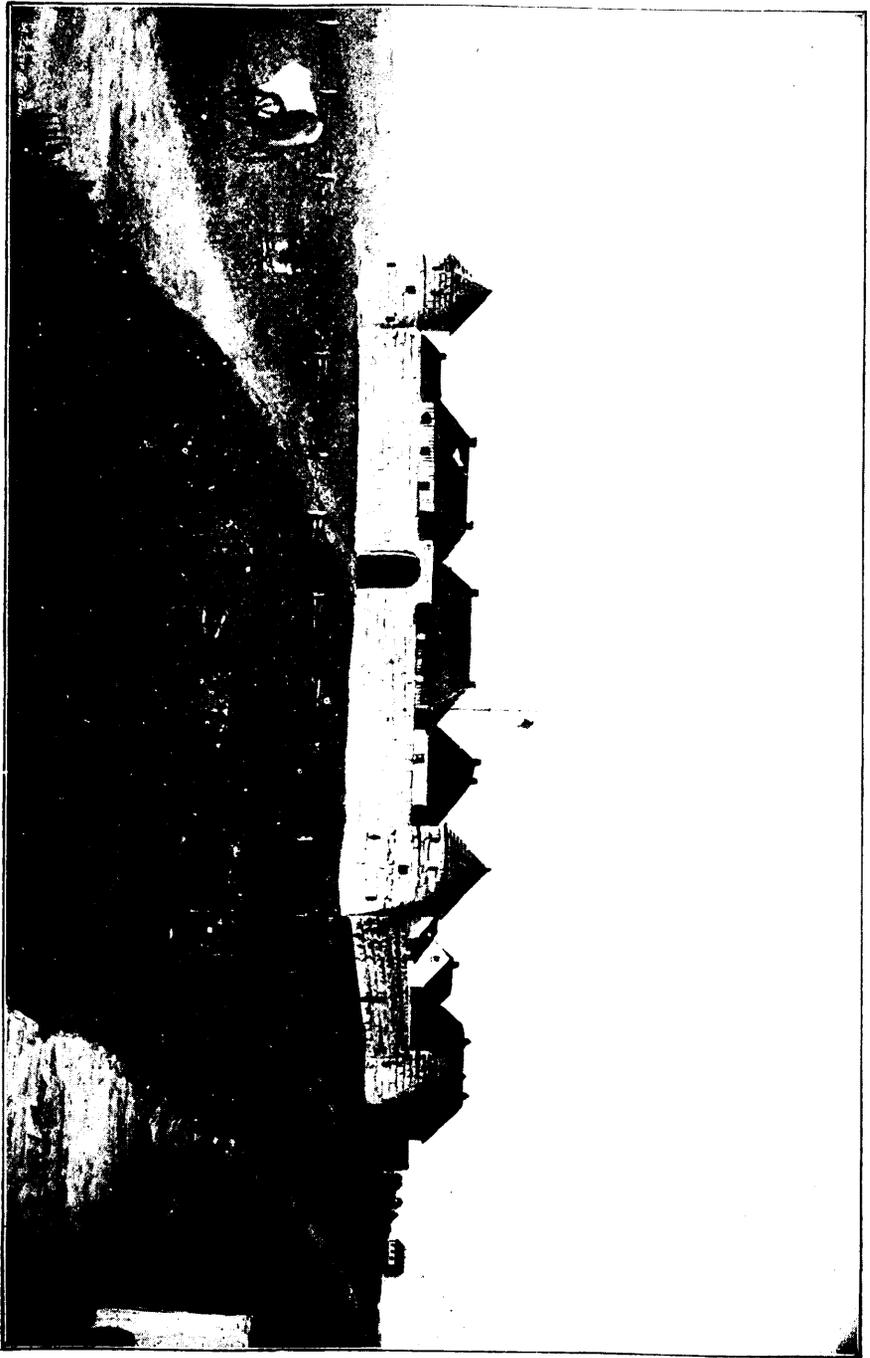
Living in these suburbs one is awakened before sunrise by the innumerable chirpings and songs of the birds as they fly everywhere in quest of food, and drink the chainond dew-drops from leafy goblets. Their notes are as varied and as beautiful as their plumage.

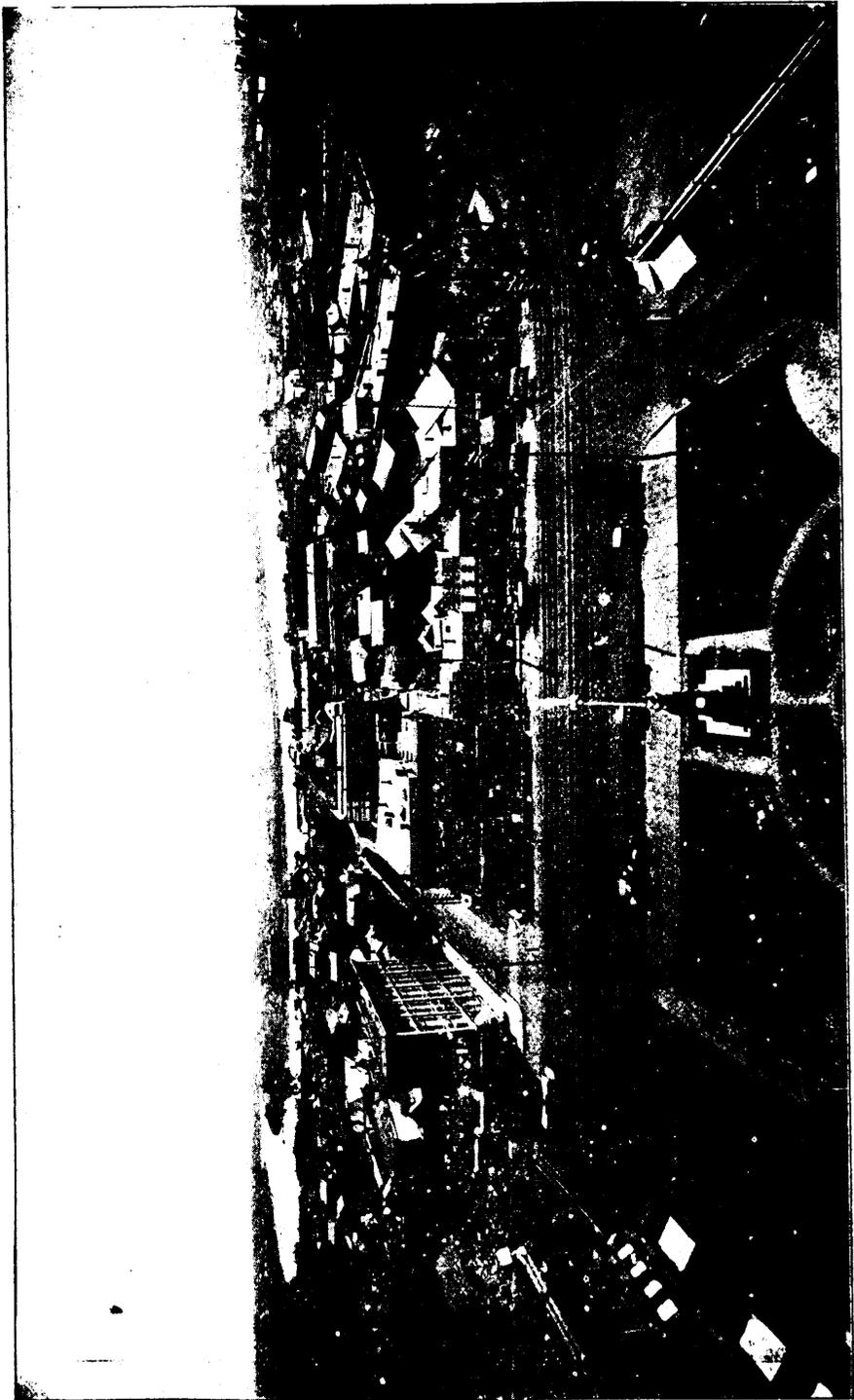
Of all these members of the Manitoba feathered world I shall here only notice one, which appears to me most remarkable, and this is the Cat Bird.

You may think that I have chosen a very insignificant subject in the Cat Bird, but, although he is not the most startlingly beautiful of all our bird friends, his character gives us more ground for observation and admiration than any other.

He belongs to the Thrush family, the same family as that to which the Robin and Mocking bird belong, and is called by scientists "Turdus Swidus or Felivox." He is a very dapper little fellow, and although the colour of his plumage is not bright, he takes

PORT GAIRN IN 1850





WINNIPEG LOOKING EAST FROM CITY HALL TOWER. 1893.

more care of it than any other of his brethren. He is about nine inches in length. His feathers are of three colours. Those on his body are a slate grey, darker above and very much lighter below. He has a black crest on the top of his head and the tail, which is rounded in shape, is also black. His undertail coverts are a very dark red. His bill, eyes and legs are a bright black. Taking him all round he is as neat as if he had just stepped out of a band-box, and he has a very cunning way of putting his head on one side, when he looks at you, which always makes him very many friends.

His best known note is a sound similar to that of a lost kitten, and hence his name Cat-bird. It is a most plaintive, heart-rending cry, which always makes the hearer imagine that its owner must be in some very deep distress. This, however, is not its only note by any means. Like his cousin, the Mocking bird, he imitates the sounds of the other birds. He will begin, when he hears another bird calling to its mate, to practice its cry over and over again to itself, *soto voce* at first, then getting louder and louder until he thinks that he has perfectly imitated it, when he triumphantly gives a more doleful "meow" than ever as a sign of complete satisfaction.

While indulging in this performance he will sit on a bush not more than three or four feet away, paying not the least attention to you. Indeed none of the wild birds gives so much confidence to human beings.

He builds his nest in a hawthorne or similar bush, usually not far from the ground, and does not aim at concealment. The nest is roughly and loosely constructed of twigs and straws, and lined with fibrous roots of fine quality. The female lays four and sometimes five eggs of a dark

greenish blue colour, and when these are hatched there is no bird more anxious about the safety of its young. If you approach the nest they will fly about your head, crying most pitifully and not seeming to care in the least for their own personal safety as long as they can ward off any danger from the little ones. He will, however, never let any pass his nest without calling out a greeting in his peculiar note.

There are many other birds with more gorgeous colours and sweeter notes, but there is none, which, by its fine qualities and confiding disposition, commends itself to man so much as the Cat Bird.

J. R. M.

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#### WINNIPEG, PAST AND PRESENT.

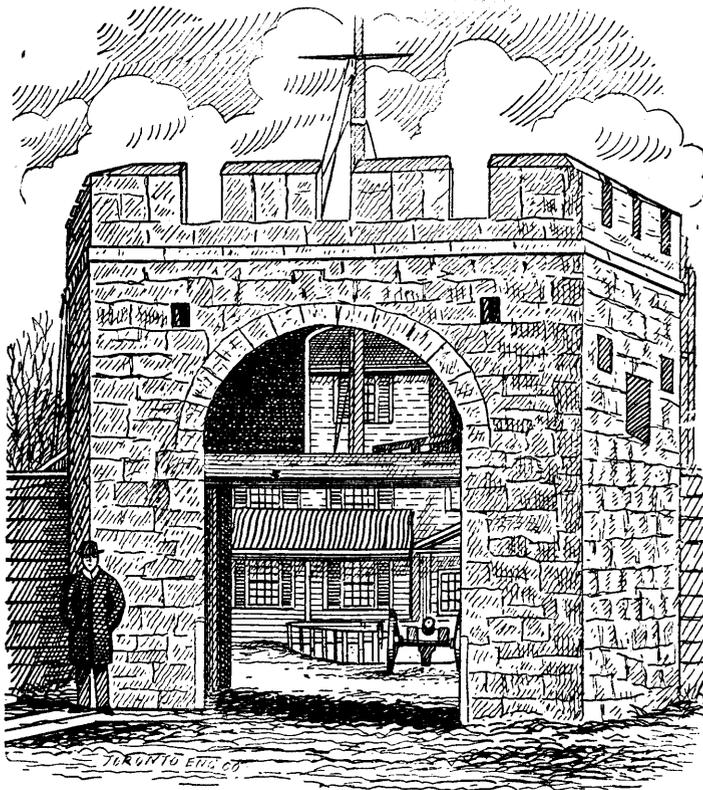
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FIFTEEN or twenty years is but a short space of time in the history of a country or city. It is but a moment in the history of the earth, each of whose geographical periods embraces millions of years. But in twenty years Winnipeg has developed from a mere outpost, a Hudson's Bay fort, known in dime novels as Fort Garry, into the thriving metropolis of the Great Northwest. It is an interesting study to trace the development of our city, which first came permanently before the minds of the people in connection with the Red River troubles of 1869, when Riel, the half-breed leader, placed himself at the head of the insurgents. To see the bark canoe of the early voyageur supplanted by the steamboats that now ply on our rivers, and to witness the decadence of the Red River cart, which to-day may be regarded as a vehicle of history, affords much food for the contemplative mind. It seems but a few years since Winnipeg, or Fort Garry,

as it was known by, was the home of the Indian and Bois Brueles. It was a prominent trading post, as the student of history knows, who has read of the antagonism which existed, and the frequent collisions which occurred between the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies before the amalgamation. To Fort Garry thousands of Indians resorted to ex-

in the rear, has made during the past decade. The helpless appealing look in his face is a constant exhortation to treat with kindly consideration the aborigines who have the best right to the soil. But it is the development of Winnipeg and not a dissertation on the Indian that is desired in this sketch.

Situated at the confluence of two



change furs for merchandise, and to the honest dealing of the Hudson's Bay Company with the natives is largely due the peaceful attitude which the Indians have long maintained towards the Government. The vacant stare of the Indian as he walks down the streets testifies to the wonders this civilization, which has left him so far

rivers, the Red and the Assiniboine, being as it were the gateway to the vast fertile territories which lie to the west, and enjoying the advantages of a great distributing point, is it any wonder that the progress and development of Winnipeg has surpassed that of almost any other city of modern times, notwithstanding the great strides that have been made in

opening up the western country.

It will always be a source of regret that Fort Garry identified so prominently with the stirring events of the early country has passed out of existence, sacrificed to the advance of civilization, and the desire to use the land upon which it stood for other purposes. The archway in front of the old Government house, an engraving of which appears in this issue, is the only relic which now exists to indicate where the fort stood. True, upon close inspection we may discover the foundation of the stone walls which enclosed the fort.

It will always be deemed remarkable that the resources of the Northwest remained so long unknown, and that it was only in recent years that the outside world became acquainted with them and took advantage accordingly, notwithstanding the rapid, almost mushroom growth of the city, its foundations were so firmly laid, that nothing can shake its position. It is not so many years since we might frequently see skeptical articles regarding the future of Winnipeg, but these are now considered rare autographs, for the future of Winnipeg has now passed beyond speculation into a certainty. The Red River drains about 45,000 square miles of country, of which 35,000 are in the States of Minnesota and Dakota, and 10,000 in Manitoba. When the St. Andrew's Rapids are improved, at an early date, it is to be hoped, the stream will be navigable for about 200 miles of its course; and its valley contains what is conceded to be the most productive soil in the world, producing a larger yield and a better quality of grain than any similar area known. The Assiniboine River drains about 56,000 square miles, entirely in British territory, the soil of which is unsurpassed in richness and fertility. With such natural advan-

tages, coupled with a network of railways, radiating from it as a common centre, and with the prospect of the Hudson's Bay route to the north and another independent competition in the Great Northern to the north, can any one question the inevitable future of Winnipeg. It must become the Chicago of the Northwest.

It was only in 1879—14 years ago—that Winnipeg was first connected by rail with the outside world, a branch being built south to connect with the American system. In 1883 the opening of the Thunder Bay branch gave the city an alternative route east during the summer months by water travel. Since that time, with energy and enterprise unparalleled in the world's history of railway construction, the C. P. R. Company pushed their trunk line around the rugged shores north of Lake Superior, and over the prairies of the west, piercing the Rocky Mountains, and reaching the shores of the Pacific, without which the dream of the Dominion to attain national greatness through union could not be accomplished. The completion of the Northern Pacific into our city marked another epoch in the history of progress.

No better evidence of the growth of Winnipeg need be presented to MANITOBAN readers than the illustrations of the Winnipeg of to-day. These views were taken from the city hall tower, and the stranger will be able to form a slight conception of our extent from a glance at the same. Need anything be read of the progress the city is making? Last year buildings were erected and there were improvements aggregating one million dollars, and the outlook this year is even brighter. The city keeping pace with the substantial advancement of the country behind it, has more than doubled its population

during the past eleven years, and can now boast of over 33,500 inhabitants. Thousands of new settlers have been flocking into the country, and the fact that there is now scarcely a vacant house in Winnipeg, while new buildings are going up on every side, is conclusive proof that the city is going ahead with rapid strides. She has passed through her years of trial, and gone through the fire of depression and reaction consequent on the collapse of an unnatural and unhealthy real estate boom, and has now emerged from the struggle stronger than ever.

In building improvements, Winnipeg has been keeping pace with its progress in other respects. The era of cheap buildings belongs to the past. The structures put up during the past year, and the numerous ones now in course of erection, are of the most substantial character. The demand for wholesale warehouse room is being met by structures which are a credit to the city architecturally, and compare favorably with the best business blocks of older and larger cities in size, arrangement and perfection of detail. The money value of building improvements during the past six years is as follows:

1887 .....	\$ 300,000
1888 .....	350,000
1889 .....	500,450
1890 .....	650,000
1891 .....	936,000
1892 .....	1,000,000

Total.....\$3,736,450

This year the demand for houses is considerably over the supply. The following statement shows pretty clearly the growth of the city during the past twelve months:

	1880.	1892.
Value of City Property.....	\$ 4,200,000	\$24,000,000
Volume Commercial Business ..	2,000,000	40,000,000
Bank Capital .....	10,000,000	40,000,000
Post-office Collection and Delivery	900,000	8,000,000
Value Public Improvements .....	100,000	2,000,000
Tons Coal handled.....	5,000	100,000
Population .....	6,178	30,000

	1880.	189
Number of Buildings .....	1,000	6,000
“ Business Houses .....	95	400
“ Factories .....	16	45
“ Churches .....	8	26
“ Schools .....	5	19
“ Banks .....	4	12
“ Newspapers .....	4	16
Miles of Sidewalk .....	20	122
“ Graded Streets .....	10	85
“ Paved Streets .....	0	10
“ Sewers .....	2	22
“ Water Mains .....	0	20
“ Gas Mains .....	6	11
“ Street Railway .....	0	9

In conclusion, THE MANITOBAN assures its readers that there is not a city on the continent with a healthier business community or a more assured future than Winnipeg.

### BLOOD INDIAN SUN DANCE.

TO any who has never seen an Indian Sun Dance it would be of great attraction and interest, and those who have seen them long to see one again.

Most people familiar with the Blood nation, know them to be sun worshipper's, and that the sun dance is their yearly thanks offering to their God, the sun. After the big men of the tribe decide upon a site, everyone is either on the move or preparing to follow those gone before. They have a happy go lucky way of lumping Sundays, so to speak, for counting in days spent in preparation it generally lasts about three weeks, commencing somewhere about the middle of June, or so soon as the *service* berries are ripe. Here they come, first the bucks, ridding along ahead like gentlemen, then the squaws come straggling along with all their worldly possessions, consisting of tepee plow, travoies, paposio, old blankets, little grub, dogs and a few colts, whose mothers are unfortunate enough to be loaded with a travoie, squaw in the saddle ridding behind the cross sticks, behind her a young daughter, in the pocket of the travoie two or three papooses. On they come, and as

the day approaches, the whole country about resembles an ant hill when some one is watching it.

The place usually selected will be on the bench land close to wood and water, and sometimes outside the limit of their reservation.

After a goodly number of camps have gathered about the appointed place, the great lodge is commenced. This is built generally thirty feet in diameter and consists generally of green trees untrimmed. First a hole is dug in the ground, "an awful contract for Indians," then the largest tree to be found within easy distance of the camp is cut down, hauled and stump end placed in the hole. An outer wall is then made with many smaller ones, but standing at regular distances good straight ones are placed, from these to the large centre piece rafters are strung, then the whole is covered with green foliage, making it present a striking appearance and resembling somewhat a large summer house; a large door way is left open on the east side, facing the rising sun. One particularity is noticeable when they are engaged hauling the fallen trees for the sun lodge; three or four well mounted bucks will drop their lariat over the stump end, haul in the slack, take a few turns with the rope around the horn of the saddle, then off they go, legs going, arms flying, laughing, shouting, yelling, followed by a number of others who discharge numerous shots among the leaves of the fallen tree and in the air, to drive away, as one of their number told us, "the devil." After placing that one in position they return and the same is repeated many times till the whole is complete.

If I remember right, the first part of the dance is the presenting of six virgins, by the head chief to the sun as a token of the moral standing of the tribe generally, this takes up con-

siderable time, and resembles an old time theological sermon, void of interest. Then follows the making of braves; only those who successfully pass through this ordeal can take a place among the braves of the nation, should they fail or faint they are squaws and not suited to associate with men of his council. Only one brave is made at a time; he by a pre-arranged plan makes his way to a place at the west side of the tepæ occupied by the medicine men who perform the transformation act. While this is going on they are all hidden from view.

Suddenly the candidate for honors appears on the scene, a most perfect demon, painted most hideously. "Each aspirant wears different colors," perhaps in a deadly white with large black and red stripes along each rib, his face a net work of colors, green, yellow and red, eyes like a hyena, mouth like a clown, nose a decorated one, you can see plenty like it anywhere; his legs are ornamented with perpendicular stripes with fancy artistic touches about the ankles and knee joints, add to this a head of long shaggy hair and you have him; except for the paint he is almost as nude as the day he was born a papoose. On each side of the breast can be seen two scratch like cuts, passing under the skin, through these a skewer, and between the shoulder blades a similar cut and skewer are seen.

From the center pole hangs two light ropes, a loop at the end of each. These loops are placed over the skewer's on the breast, then a large turtle shell is hung by a cord from the skewer on the back between the shoulder blades; after these preliminaries a whistle is placed in his mouth and the tom-tom's strike up, then the young man's father, friend or relative steps forward and every sound is silenced, when he in a continued flow

of native eloquence relates much of this young man's past and predicts his future, tells of his brave ancestors and their deeds, ending by calling upon the Great Spirit to look after and protect him always.

And now to business after this send off. The tom-tom beaters, four in number, occupy the south side of the lodge, start the ball again rolling, the whistle placed in the young man's mouth keeping time with them, his feet rising and falling to the time of the tom-tom, gradually creeps closer the centre pole while the head slowly sinks to the rear, till the body reaches an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the whole weight of his body is supported by the two particles of skin under which the skewers pass; and now the dance in earnest begins, he hopping up and down to the time of the tom-tom moves along in a quarter circle, and the skin on the breast is stretched away out from the flesh like a piece of elastic. All this time he keeps up the same bob and as well is obliged to resound on his whistle to every tap of their drums, on he goes, tom, tom, tom, tom, toot, toot, toot, toot, will he ever fall; down goes the turtle shell, the continued strain of its weight has broken away from the skin, still on he goes; one begins to wonder what kind of a hide this youth possesses, when suddenly down he goes, while hanging from the place where the skewers occupied, is lacerated skin and torn flesh, bleeding freely, this trickling down over his painted carcass. It's but a second he remains on the ground, for with a bound like a jumping deer, he is on his feet and strikes majestically away to take a place among the fighting men of his nation.

Just as this act came to a close one of the scouts came and told us of one who would shortly pay a promised vow to the sun for its care and good-

ness to him when in danger, so we strolled over in his direction to the west of the great lodge.

This man possesses two names "Prairie Chicken Old Man" or "Following Person." Indians are strangely named. I believe it is their habit when about to name a child just to step out of the lodge, and the first object that the eye rests upon is the name; for instance, take this man's name, the one who named him upon stepping out caught sight of a prairie chicken and an old man at the same time, with the result "Prairie Chicken Old Man," the second time he was named I presume the first seen was one man following another, consequently "Following Person," but to continue, it appears that the man in question had been over in Montana, U.S., on a horse stealing expedition against their old enemies, the Gros Ventres; they had no difficulty in running of a few ponies, but were overtaken by their enemies and of course the question of owners was not settled by arbitration. During the skirmish that followed our friend found himself pretty well corralled, and the only avenue of escape was blocked by a Gros Ventres, here he offered up a prayer to the Great Spirit, promising that if he would aid him to escape, he, while the sun dance was going on, would present him with his little finger in return for his assistance. Shortly after making this offer an opportunity presented itself for raising himself up from behind a stump, saw his opponent crouched close to earth on the other side, quietly and quickly he placed the muzzle of his rifle within an inch of his enemies head, raised the blockade and caused Mr. Gros Ventres to get a jersey on for the happy hunting grounds; in a very short time, "Prairie Chicken Old Man" was safe among his friends.

And now he's about to pay the vow;

just think of it, an Indian, surpassing the civilized generation of to-day, for it is pretty sure betting to bet on a white man similarly situated, possessing a better education and promising less, forgetting all about the vow as soon as the danger was passed.

A very ancient looking squaw, age, anywhere from sixty to a hundred years old, headed the procession, taking the part of superintendent in general, assembling those who followed close to the sun lodge. She produced thigh and arm bone of some great medicine man, placing the thigh bone on the ground she directed "Prairie Chicken Old Man" to lay the finger upon this, turning about and mumbling all this time she produced from among many pieces of old clothing the original of all knives made from a barrel hoop and sharp as a razor. Placing this upon the first joint of his little finger she commenced a long prayer to the sun, all this time brandishing the humerus and making many false blows in the direction of the knife, she prolonged the agony as long as possible, and just when no one expected such a thing, not even herself to judge from her half look of astonishment, down came the arm bone and off went the finger. There was no more change in the expression of the Indian's face than there is on the face of a stone wall.

The amputated part was picked up, placed in some pieces of cotton and given to a boy, he following the instructions given, climbs up to the top of the centre pole of the sun lodge and ties it upon the top of the highest branches there, so that it stands above any offering given the sun.

Mrs. Tippyack turns and spreads a blackish mixture made from herbs over the wound, upon this the crowd breaks up, "Prairie Chicken Old Man" slowly walks over to his

tepee, seats himself comfortable, one of his squaws hand him a pipe, from this he takes a few pulls, then passes it around, and while it was passing he related the explanation already given for his sacrifice.

G. E. D. ELLIOTT.

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### THE WAY TO EUROPE.

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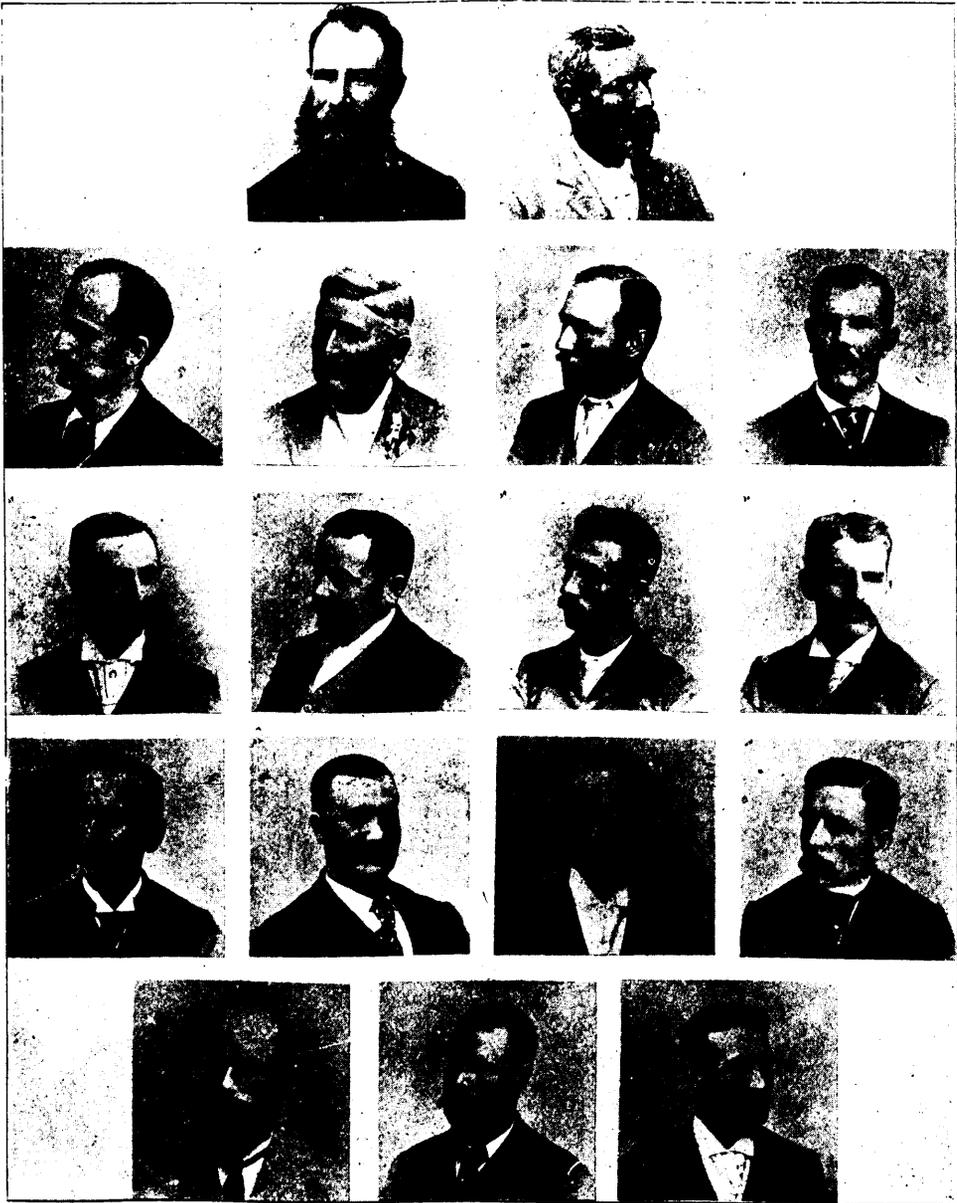
TRANSPORTATION is the problem for Canada, says a Montreal grain dealer in a pamphlet on the subject recently published. The cheapening of transportation for farm products from our prairie to the markets of the world is a matter of prime necessity to our population, says the President of the International Reciprocity Association. We who have lived in the Northwest long enough to study its conditions know that to us at least this question surpasses in interest even that of the tariff, although for obvious and natural reasons the latter is uppermost just at present. What shall it profit us though our people be given a reduction of ten, fifteen or twenty per cent. of the customs duties on articles of necessary consumption, if they are to continue to pay nearly the price of one bushel of wheat to get another bushel to market? If the transportation problem which faces us can be solved in such a way as to add ten, eight, or even five cents to the price of that bushel, the gain to our people will be greater than any they can hope to obtain through a reduction of the tariff. It is estimated that last year the province of Manitoba produced, roundly, 14,000,000 bushels of wheat. Taking this one product, and leaving out of our present consideration all others that would be favorably affected in a proportionate degree by such improved means of transportation as we hope to be within

reach, and at the lowest estimate of five cents a bushel the increased value of our wheat crop would have been \$700,000. If our average production had been maintained, the increase in value would have been over \$1,000,000. If we could add ten cents to the price of a bushel, the gain would be over \$2,000,000. But with our low average of last year and at the lowest estimate of the increase in price, the gain would have been greater than any possible saving in customs duties on all articles which entered into the consumption of the people during the same period. If this calculation is correct, it follows that Manitoba and the Territories stand to gain more from a satisfactory solution of this transportation problem than they can hope to realize through any reform of the tariff. Both questions are of great interest and great importance to the Northwest, but in the possibilities of its actual cash advantages that of transportation is entitled to first place in the popular consideration.

It is not surprising therefore that the question should be engaging so much of the public attention. In this paper it is not necessary, nor perhaps expedient, to discuss it in the light of its relations to the East; it has a completeness when considered purely as a Northwest question, and to that it will be better to confine ourselves. This country is looking for a cheaper way to reach the markets of Europe, for to these must our great staple go ultimately. This cheaper way must be found if the country is to prosper. It cannot afford to pay the present long railway haulage to the seaboard, and therefore our people are looking to the waterways. That their attention is concentrated on the one direction of the East is probably natural under the circumstances. The Northern route has

been so long before the public, and no apparent advancement made to a practical issue, that there has been a decline in the keen popular interest it formerly excited, and in their anxiety for relief the minds of the people have gone off speculating and hoping in another direction. This is not surprising; but it will be a mistake if we allow that attention to remain concentrated on the East. It will be a mistake, because the Northern route is far from hopeless of realization. However it may appear to men's minds, the project is neither dead nor sleeping. It is being prosecuted under difficulties and in the face of many disappointments; yet it is being prosecuted. It will be a mistake, because the East can offer no possible solution of the problem that would be final or satisfactory. Let us not lose sight therefore of the Northern route, or permit our interest in it to abate.

The disabilities of the Northwest may be mitigated, but they cannot be cured by any improvement of the waterways to the East that is within the means of the present generation to accomplish. So far as they may be mitigated, we shall all wish success to the efforts of those who are endeavoring to stir up, not only a national, but an international interest in the question. But cured they cannot be. When all is done there will remain the stretch from Fort William to Montreal, which to the Northwest will be superfluous distance and superfluous cost, and to avoid which nature herself has presented the opportunity through this nearer and more direct route to the north. As long as the saving of that distance and cost shall remain unrealized the Northwest will be compelled to pay an unnecessary and burdensome toll to reach its market, and its transportation problem will not be solved. It



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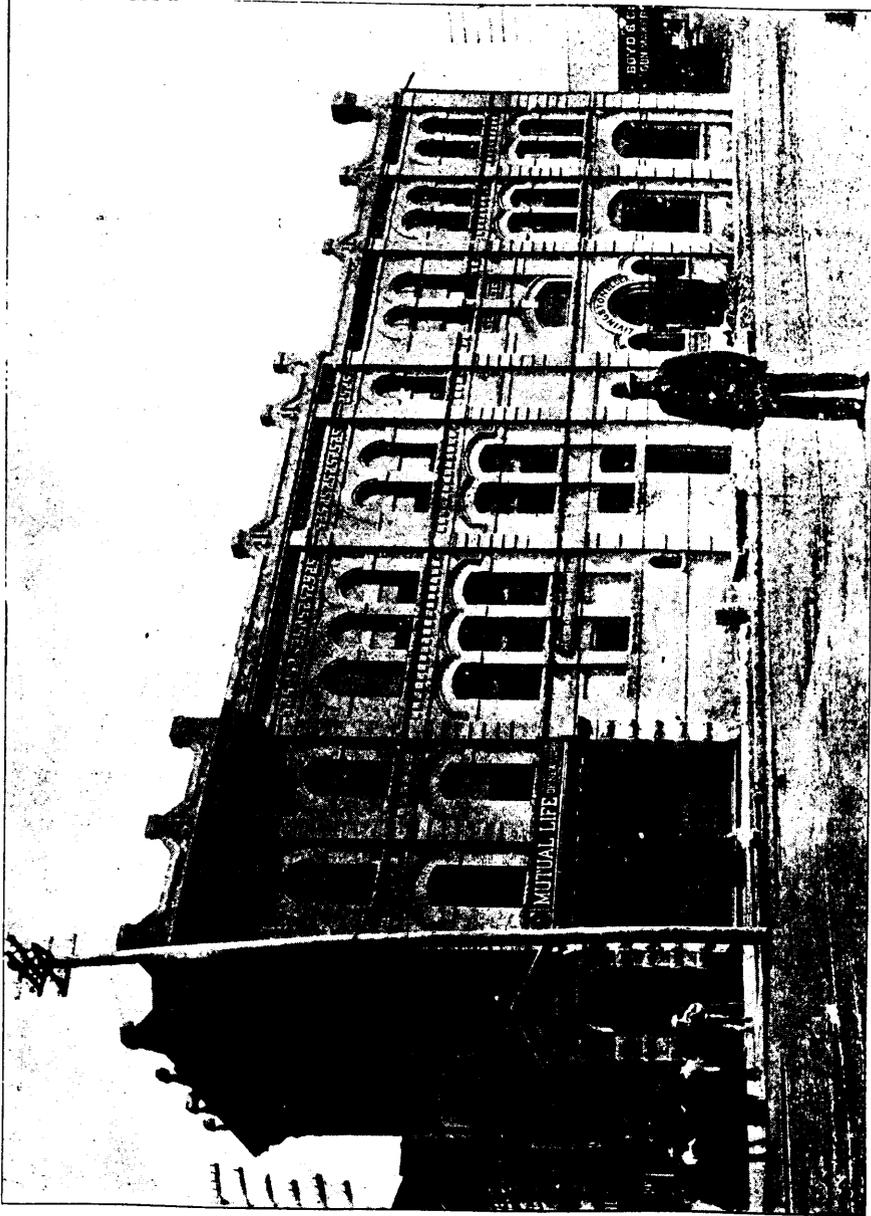
E. P. Holland, Brandon.



Mayor McDermid, Brandon.



H. G. Dickson, Brandon.



Photograph by Mitchell.

LIVINGSTONE BLOCK (COR. MAIN ST. AND PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.)

will remain unrealized until the Atlantic ocean can be brought up to Fort William; in other words, until ocean ships can pass freely from Fort William down through the lakes and canals and on to Europe.

When the improvements to the Canadian canal system now in progress are completed, vessels drawing fourteen feet will be given unbroken navigation from the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic seaboard. It is not at present in contemplation to increase that depth; it has not entered the mind of the Government or of the people that as soon as we have incurred the immense cost of giving to our canals a uniform depth of fourteen feet, we shall begin over again and make them fifteen, or eighteen, or twenty-one feet deep. The country has to consider its ability to meet the expense. It has already expended on our canals over \$50,000,000; it would require an additional \$50,000,000 and more to get a depth of twenty-one feet, the minimum stipulated by the International Reciprocity Association as necessary to give the Northwest the relief it demands. Canada cannot afford that sum. It has been proposed that the work be undertaken jointly by Canada and the United States, both countries being interested, and that by treaty or otherwise the canals thus enlarged be appropriated to the use of both on equal terms. But this will not be done, because distinct and independent nations do not go into partnerships of that kind, and because the greater power will not consent to sink its capital in the public works of the lesser unless and until it be given a guarantee against loss equivalent to the conditions of a protectorate. This would involve the sacrifice of our political independence, and as that sacrifice was considered too great, as the price of Commercial Union so will it

be as that of improved transportation. We may be quite sure that whatever is done on either side will be done single-handed, and as we cannot hope to share in the advantages of the canal system through to the seaboard in United States territory, we shall have to remain content with such accommodation as we can provide for ourselves. A depth of twenty-one feet, or even eighteen feet, is beyond our means to attempt, and as that prospect recedes so also does the Atlantic ocean to its old place at Montreal.

Then where are we? We shall have our fourteen feet, and for as many years as the most sagacious of us can see ahead we shall be obliged to make the best we can of that. The work is proceeding as rapidly as the means of the Government will permit. When completed the quick and handy whaleback can pass down to Montreal with her 50,000 or 60,000 bushels without lighting or breaking bulk; but she will not go on to Liverpool. The first of her class to make the complete voyage, the "Charles W. Whetmore," took on at Duluth 87,000 bushels, but had to lighten at the Welland, which is already fourteen feet. She went on to Liverpool without further impediment; but the experiment has not been repeated, and a Montreal shipper has recently expressed the opinion that if our canals were enlarged to permit of the free passage of these whalebacks up and down it would be found impossible to compete in the ocean voyage with ships carrying 6,000 and 8,000 tons. The conclusion is therefore that with our canal system as it is likely to remain for many years, our lake vessels will be able to transport Northwest produce to Montreal at slightly reduced rates, but that at our ocean port their cargoes will be transferred as usual. From almost any point in

the interior of the Northwest it would be shorter and cheaper to reach Hudson Bay than Lake Superior, and this would give to the Northern route a clear advantage of the long stretch from Fort William to Montreal. That would represent the gain in actual distance in any event, and whatever that distance represents as its proportion of the freight charges would be the gain in the cost of transportation.

At best then, taking the most hopeful view of the prospect for improved navigation of the St. Lawrence route, the most we can expect is a slight reduction of the rate from lake ports to the seaboard. A sanguine advocate of canal enlargement, writing recently on the subject, estimates that under the most favorable conditions it will be possible to establish a rate of five cents a bushel from the head of Lake Superior to Montreal. Quite half of the province of Manitoba is as near to Hudson Bay as it is to Lake Superior. With the Northern route established there would be competition in railway rates, thus increasing the price of every bushel of wheat to the producer. The Edmonton and Prince Albert districts are as near to Hudson Bay as they are to Winnipeg. They are fast filling up and promise to become large exporters of agricultural products. Assuming that a port at the mouth of the Nelson River is on an equality with Montreal, a railway to the former would mean an immediate gain of five cents a bushel to every farmer of Manitoba, and in addition the advantage which would result from land competition; while to the vast and fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, which in time will be the most populous and prosperous region of the Northwest, it would mean an advantage as great as if the Atlantic Ocean were moved up, not to Fort William, but to Winnipeg.

Taking Liverpool as the objective

European point, Port Nelson and Montreal are practically equidistant. The navigation of Hudson Strait is as feasible as the navigation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Strait of Belle Isle, and, the protests of the incredulous to the contrary notwithstanding, is open a longer period each year. Ocean ships will arrive at Port Nelson in April and depart as late as December. It would not be fair to insist upon this, however, because it is a matter that has to be demonstrated. But there is unimpeachable evidence that the season of navigation on the Northern route is as long as that of the St. Lawrence. It is quite as safe. There is no reason why as good ocean rates may not be obtained from Port Nelson as from Montreal, in which case none of the advantages gained for the Northern route before reaching tide water would be dissipated. There is one other point to be considered, and it is an important one. There is much hauling of wheat during the winter time, and it will always be so. Summer, or lake, rates do not then prevail. With only an eastern outlet to look to, the Northwest will pay full railway rates to Montreal on a large portion of its crop. It would pay full railway rates to Port Nelson, then as at other times; but as the difference is less than half, and for a great portion of the territory concerned less than a third, the toll to the farmer would be correspondingly less.

It is not intended to depreciate the value of canal enlargement. A uniform depth of fourteen feet throughout the present system will prove of advantage to the Northwest. The advantage would be greater if a depth of eighteen or twenty-one feet could be obtained; not because we would have ocean ships steaming up to Fort William, for it is extremely doubtful if

that time will ever come; but because larger vessels and consequently larger cargoes could pass through to Montreal, and the larger the cargo the cheaper the rate. But a depth of eighteen or twenty-one feet is out of the question; it is beyond the capacity of the country to undertake. Even if it were not, all the resources of the Empire could not place the Northwest as near to the Atlantic as it is to Hudson Bay. This is the one great fact which the people of the Northwest are not to lose sight of. For them the way to Europe is not by the East, but by the North.

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### THE GATLING GUN RETREAT.

AN EPISODE OF THE BATTLE OF BATOCHÉ, NORTH-WEST REBELLION, 1885.

(Written by a former member of the 90th Battalion.)

GR<sup>EAT</sup> was the jubilation, intense the excitement, and extravagant the praise of the city of Winnipeg for her volunteers, on their return from the seat of the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, and particularly so for her "Little Black Devils," the 90th Battalion—heroes of Fish Creek and Batoche battles. "Every man has done his duty," she inscribed on her beautiful and expensive triumphal arch erected across Main street from civic funds. "Our country's defenders," and "The conquering heroes come," greeted the happy and powder-besmeared boys from the tower and arch erected in their honor by the admiring north-enders. How proud and gallant the soldier boys felt as they were greeted with these emblems, and the thousands and thousands of cheering voices of men, screams of women, yells of boys, and the clatter of fire brigades, the music of numerous brass bands, and the extensive decorations of the city. Will

I ever forget, or be able to describe aright, the feelings and sensations which that welcome aroused in me? The first unexpected shot from the enemy, which rings out from their ambush as we march along in song; the first sight of blood as a comrade throws up his arms and falls back dead; the roaring of cannon and bursting of shells; the rattle of musketry; the din of battle, and the cloud of powder smoke which envelope us and hide out all the world, and through which the bullets whizz in search of victims, arouse sensations which were as nothing when compared with those awakened by our city's welcome. We may have been brave but we never realized it before, we never thought of it in that way. We were carried along by expectant excitement until the first shot was fired; then we got mad, very mad, and we just recklessly waded into the fight.

We who have been spared return to our homes to find that we are heroes. We read much that is written of our acts of bravery and heroism and we hear of more. We were gallant, at least the world says so, and we have been satisfied to take its word for it. But this is digressing from the immediate matters which impelled my pen to action on this occasion. I have often been asked about an episode of the Batoche fight, which is an interesting incident of the Rebellion, and one which has been kept quiet and which I have not as yet seen discussed in any of the histories or reminiscences of the campaign. I know not why this should not be of record. Perhaps those who knew of the incident have a delicacy of feeling; the historian, from fear of reflecting upon the bravery of "the gallant heroes," and those who took an active part in the occurrence from fear of reflecting upon each other.

Be this as it may, the facts are there nevertheless, and as I was one of the few who took a very active part in that retreat, I may claim a privilege of speaking of it as it actually occurred. In the early days of the 90th "C" Company was always known as "The Dudes." It was comprised principally of law students, clerks in banks and other large financial and commercial institutions. Admittance to the ranks of this company was by ballot. It was looked upon by the other companies as "a dude company, without courage or backbone." However, this feeling towards "C" Company was soon dispelled. The company proved itself, when under fire, courageous and spirited indeed, and more reckless and daring, if possible, than the rest of the battalion. As a consequence, its loss from killed and wounded was in excess of that of any other company; and after the Fish Creek fight it was greatly reduced in strength. As is recorded in history of the campaign, a steamboat was barricaded and equipped with soldiers and arms, and sent from Fish Creek down the river to Batoche, to engage the rebels at the river while the land forces would attack the enemy from the higher ground. Through a miscalculation, however, the boat reached Batoche somewhat sooner than the land column, and the rebels left their fortifications on the higher grounds to assist in the capture or sinking of the boat, in which occupation they were so intently engaged when the land column arrived at Batoche, that it marched right into the upper part of the village, as far as the church, before the rebels realized their position. The long line of teams, carrying the commissariat, tents and ammunition were close behind the land column, and followed almost into Batoche. This was early in the morn-

ing of May 9th. On a signal from our forces to the boat, given by the firing of a gun by the Winnipeg field battery, the enemy rushed in our direction and into their rifle pits, and we were soon under a heavy fire, but maintained our position, not gaining any ground though. The staff, no doubt, thought from the outset that we would take Batoche before night. But we didn't. As the shades of evening began to fall we were still on the very verge of the rebel fortification, under their fire, but we could not budge them. The General now realized this and also the fact that provision must be made for the protection of the horses and for rest for the men during the night. The commissariat teams and wounded occupied a large ploughed field about a mile from where we had been fighting all day, and the General decided that the whole force should turn in and erect breastworks around this field. The Gatling Gun, under Capt. Howard, (the American) with "C" Company 90th, and a Company of the Midland Battalion of Ontario, as its left and right supports, respectively, were left on the scene of action to retain the position occupied by the loyalists all day, while the rest of the force retired to the ploughed field to erect the breastworks. "C" Company was extended in skirmishing order to the left of the Gatling Gun and the Midland Company was likewise extended to the right. The Gatling Gun kept sweeping away in the direction of the rebels and we kept up a continuous fire in the same direction, but the rebels did not budge one way or the other just returned our fire. It was growing quite dark when we had kept this position for about half an hour. We could not distinguish objects at any great distance. About this time we, that is "C" Company, noticed that bullets and slugs were pouring in upon us from the

Midland Company's direction, or at least from the position they were supposed to occupy. War whoops and yells of the enemy were also coming from the same direction. Gatling Gun Howard noticed this about the same time that we did. He noticed further that the Midland Company (through some mistake no doubt) had withdrawn and were well on their way marching towards the camp and were out of hearing. We heard Capt. Howard yell, "here you red coats, what in — does this mean; who gave you orders to retire?" But receiving no response from the quickly receding Midland Company and sweeping his toy around in the direction lately occupied by them and repelling an onslaught by the yelling and whooping rebels, he sang out in almost the same breath to us, to look out for ourselves, as our comrades, the red coats, appeared to be doing for themselves, and that he would show us the way they worked matters in the United States when the supports retired. Then to his teamster, who was away in the rear, he shouted "Hi there! lumber up, gallop," and quicker than it takes to tell it, the Captain was sitting on his gun and his horse was galloping like mad with it away towards camp under a heavy fire from the enemy. Here was "C" Company 20 or 25 men, without an officer to command them, left alone on the brink of the rebel fortifications, with whooping and yelling Indians and Breeds now closing in on them from three sides. Brave! gallant! well perhaps we were. We hope we were. But didn't we run though? It was a matter of "get there" and not wait for each other either. It was dark now, and as far as I know, the only reason we all went in the same direction was, that that was the only direction from whence the whoops, yells and slugs of the enemy

were not coming. We ran, helter-skelter, in that direction until we struck the river, whose banks were here covered by small-sized but thickly-growing poplar. We ran along the river bank through this. The enemy were close on our heels, but the trees shielded us from their bullets. Once we came to an open space—a sort of cow yard, I think; we had to climb two fences. While climbing one of them, Billy Taffe tripped and fell on the wrong side of the fence. Here some of us turned and fired at the enemy, while Bob Young (now D.L.S.) tossed Billy on the right side of the fence, and followed over himself, just in time to escape the clutches of a big ugly Breed. I think this fellow was shot dead just as he too was jumping the fence. On we ran again for some distance, the enemy in hot pursuit. By mere chance we had been running in the right direction. Soon we came to a clearance and a bend in the river, and passed through the picket of our corral, a short distance from our camp. We here turned and opened fire on the enemy with the picket guards. The enemy did not advance any further under our fire. Instead of retreating themselves, however, they took up positions in the bush and kept up a constant fire, which reached as far as our corral, to which we gradually retreated from the picket line. Reaching the corral we laid flat face down, and dug up a breastwork with our bayonets and fingers, the bullets from the enemy who followed us, in the meantime pouring into the unfinished corral, and killing and wounding both horses and men. The enemy kept this up for a short time, and luckily for us retired just in time to avoid stampeding the hundreds of horses in our camp, many of which had already broken loose and were rushing wildly around, some of

them no doubt suffering from wounds. The Midland Company and the Gatling Gun arrived safely in camp and behind the breastworks long before we had emerged from the bush, they having taken a shorter road. It seems like a miracle that not one of "C" Company was killed or even wounded at that retreat. There were certainly some narrow escapes. Sergeant Cullen had the hair gouged off the top of his head by a bullet. Bob Allan's bible in his breast pocket saved him just before the retreat began and I believe he has the bullet yet. I have never heard though, by what or whose mistake the Midland Company retired or what the General thought of "the way they looked after themselves in the United States," as exemplified by Capt. Howard on this occasion. When I saw him take his battery and leave us to our fate I am sure that what little thinking I did have time to do, was to the effect that I would never see another sun-rise, and that my scalp would adorn a dirty Indian's belt before the morrow. It was certainly a miracle that "C" Company was not completely annihilated on that occasion.

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### LIFE IN MANITOBA

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WHEN the inhabitants of the older lands find themselves crowded out by the rapid increase in population with an equally rapid decrease of the means of support, they begin to look round and inquire what country offers them the best opportunities for a new start in life. They ask for some place where they can better their condition; where they can earn a comfortable livelihood with less difficulty than in their native land, while surrounded with all the advantage of civilized countries. To all such inquirers there are

so many countries extending an invitation and urging their claims that in bewilderment the inquirer is ready to exclaim:—

"But where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct when all pretend to know."

"And yet perhaps if countries they compare  
And estimate the blessings which they share."

Those intending removal to new fields would find that Manitoba takes the lead as the most highly blessed of any portion of the world at present extending an invitation to those who intend emigrating. At least it is safe to say that they will find here the most highly favored in every way of any portion of the North American continent at present open for settlement. In no respect is it more desirable as a field for immigration than in its political and social organization.

Manitoba is one of the seven provinces constituting that Dominion

"Whose flanks are mighty oceans  
Whose base the northern pole."

The Dominion of Canada being a British colony has, as a matter of course, the British form of government which always confers the highest form of freedom upon its subjects. Especially is this the case here, as many of those who could not obtain the freedom they desired in their native land, even in the British Isles, can testify and have testified. It was upon Canadian soil and under Canadian rule that the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, as a refugee from Ireland, and after a vain search in the American Republic for the freedom for which he longed, was able to say:—

"Let Fortune frown and foes increase,  
And Life's long battle know no peace.  
Give me to wear upon my breast  
The object of my early guest.  
Undim'd, unbroken and unchanged,  
The talisman I sought and gain'd  
The jewel Independence."

As a province of the Canadian Federation Manitoba is controlled in all interprovincial affairs and in mat-

ters affecting the Dominion at large by the Federal Government at Ottawa in which the people of the province are represented by four members of parliament and two senators. These four representatives are elected every five years by the vote of the people. The system of voting is always by ballot and every British subject, (either by birth or by naturalization), has a right to vote at such elections.

All local concerns, all matters affecting the administration of justice, and the welfare and comfort of the people are intrusted to the care of the Provincial Legislature. This consists of forty members elected by the people of the province by ballot. All British subjects (by birth or naturalization) who have resided six months in the province and who are twenty-one years of age have a right to vote at these provincial elections which are held every four years.

The province is again subdivided into districts or municipalities and in each district the people elect annually a council of six members and a reeve from among themselves. To these local councils is intrusted the full control of local improvements, such as roads and bridges, within the municipality and the levying of taxes for these purposes as well as for the maintenance of schools within its bounds.

Thus the people have a direct control over their rulers in all local, provincial and Dominion affairs through the secret vote deposited in the ballot box for their councilors, legislators and parliamentary representatives. The people thus make their own laws and are absolutely free so long as their freedom does not degenerate into license or conflict with the will of the majority.

It is the land that freemen till,  
That sober suited Freedom chose,  
The land where girt with friends or foes  
A man may speak the thing he will.

An ignorant and illiterate people would be certain to abuse such absolute freedom, but the Government of Manitoba has guarded against this danger by placing the means of securing a good liberal education within the reach of all—high and low—rich and poor. Wherever a new settlement is started and a school is required by the people, the Government at once establishes one free to all. The poorest in the land has the same right to all its privileges as the richest; the lowest has the same claims on its advantages as the highest. The schools are national and uniform and do not recognize any of the religious or sectional differences of the people. The programme of studies is also uniform and liberal. The educational affairs of the Province are directed by the Provincial Government assisted by an Advisory Board. The Board consists of the leading educators of the country and like almost all other public bodies is of a representative character. It consists of seven members, three of whom are appointed by the Government; two represent the University of Manitoba, and two are elected every two years by the Public School teachers. The Board advises and assists the Government in the management of the Public Schools and conducts the examination of those applying for a license to teach. All teachers are required to pass a thorough and uniform examination in the various subjects taught in the schools and to take a thorough course of training in the science and art of teaching before they are certified by the Government as competent to teach. No one not so certified is allowed to teach in a public school. Competent educators are appointed by the Government to visit and inspect the schools of the Province twice a year and to report on their visits.

While the general management of education for the Province is thus in the hands of the Central Government, the management of each individual school is controlled by the tax-payers of the district in which the school is situate who elect annually a Board of Trustees to manage the finances and other business matters relating to the school.

These Public Schools are maintained at the public expense. There is set apart by the Dominion Government one eighteenth part of all the land in the Province, the revenue of which goes towards maintaining Public Schools. Then the Provincial Government makes a liberal annual grant to each school out of the public funds. Again, the Council of each Municipality is compelled to make a monthly grant to each school within its confines, while the balance of the expenses of running each school is paid by a tax on those within the local school district.

There are nearly six hundred schools now in operation and no matter what part of the Province is visited, good substantial frame buildings, well equipped, are to be found devoted to the purposes of education.

Besides the Public Schools there are several Collegiate Institutes also maintained at the public expense and free to all. In these pupils who have completed their education at the Public Schools receive training in those higher branches of study required to fit them for entrance to the University and to the Normal School.

While education in the lower branches is thus well provided for, higher education is not neglected. Manitoba University, with its five affiliated Colleges in Arts, Medicine, and Theology and handsomely endowed by the Dominion Government, is equal in its standard of education and in its staff of Professors to those

of any Canadian or American University.

The Normal School is Unique. It is devoted entirely to the training of pupils in the science and art of teaching. The Literary training of the pupils has to be completed in the Collegiates and the examination for license passed before their admission to the Normal School.

Besides all these there are also several Private Schools and Academies in various parts of the Province. In no other country in the world is education more generally diffused and the people being educated and intelligent, the laws of the land are universally respected and obeyed. Those who have been accustomed to hear and read the exaggerated tales of desperadoes in the wild west are greatly surprised on arriving in the Canadian West to find the entire absence of all forms of lawlessness. Here life property and civil rights are respected fully as well as in any other part of the civilized world thanks to our universal free Public Schools.

The Common School, oh! let it's light  
Shine through our country's story,  
Her lies her wealth, her strength, her light,  
Here rests her future glory.

But while the people of this prairie province are thus careful to

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,"

they are not unmindful of the additional precept to

"Let more of reverence in us dwell  
That heart and soul according well,  
May make one music as before."

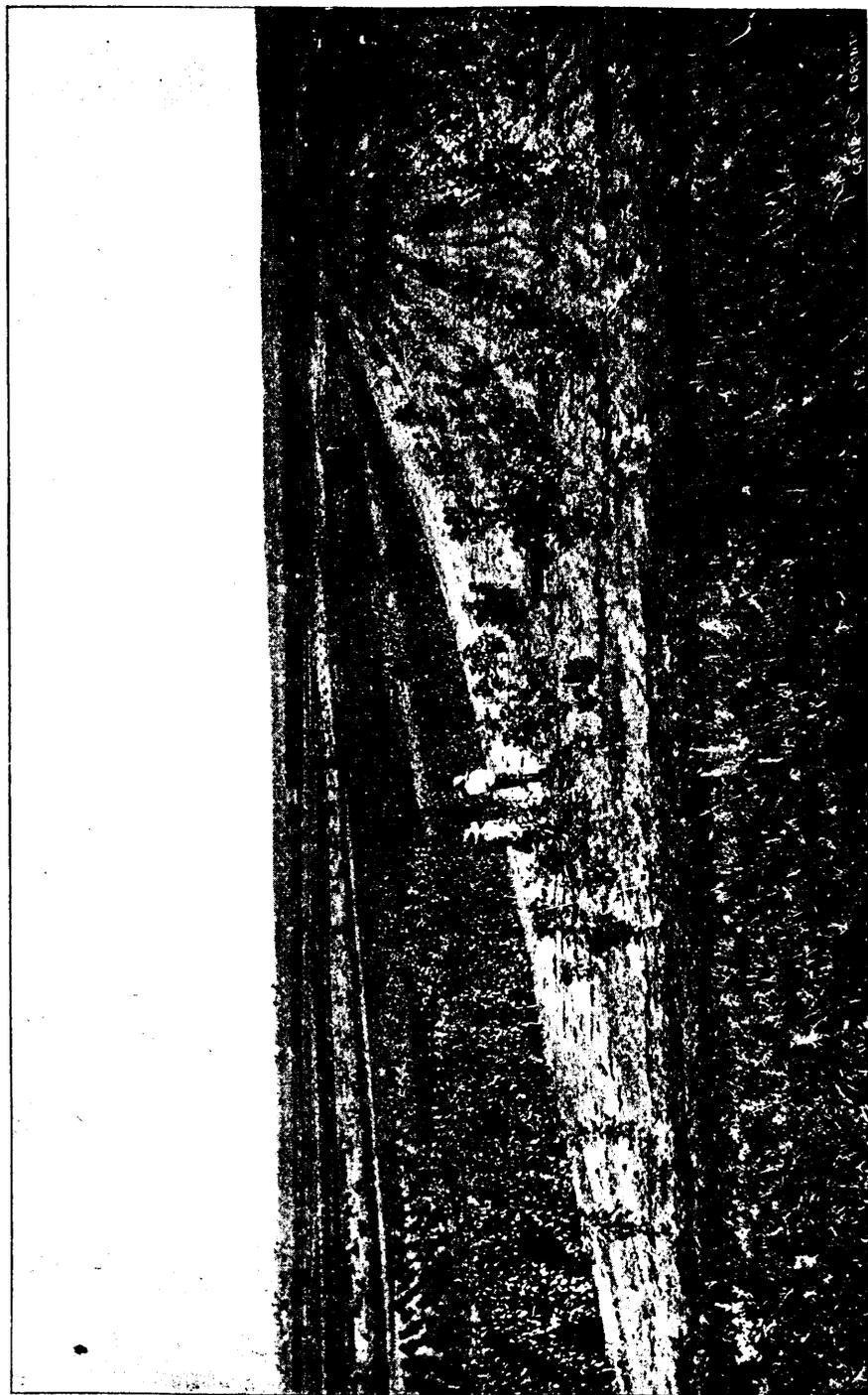
As the people possess the highest form of political freedom, so also are they the happy possessors of absolute religious liberty. Here a man may worship God in accordance with whatever form he wishes, or if he wishes, he need not worship God at all. But no matter how he worships God or whether he worships Him at all or not, the laws in regard to Sabbath



From Photograph

MANTOBA EXPERIMENTAL FARM—THE HON. T. M. DALY AND VISITORS.

See Page 127



From Photograph

MANITOBA EXPERIMENTAL FARM (SMALL FRUITS)

No. 1000-15



109 INDIAN TRAVELERS & HORSES.

INDIANS PREPARING TO ATTEND SUN DANCE.

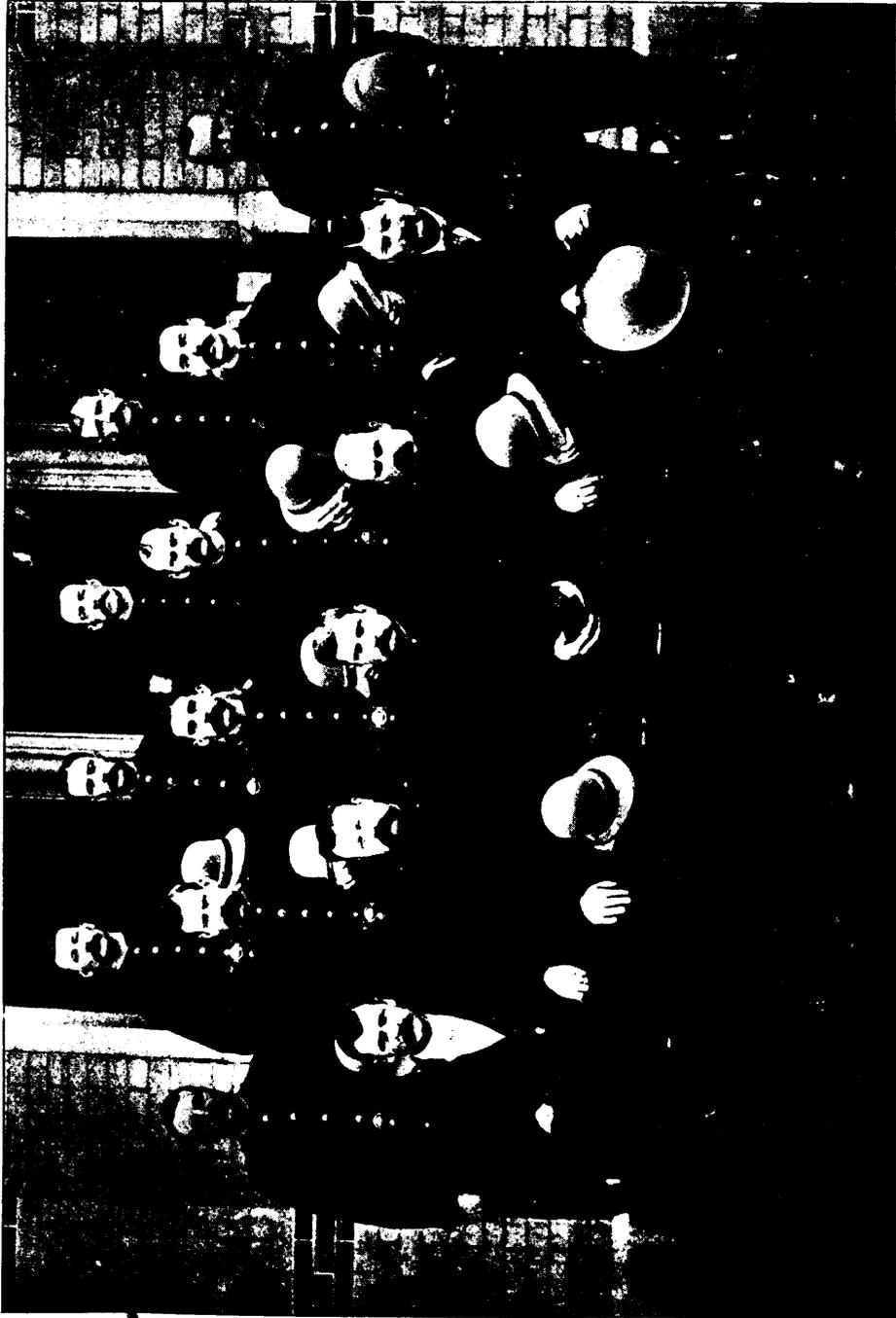
*See Page 132*



From Photograph

MANITOBA EXPERIMENTAL FARM—SHOWING A FIELD OF OATS.

*See Page 133*



Photograph by Mitchell

George McLeod  
Warren W. Beggs

W. Blair

W. Munro, Sgt.

B. Stewart

W. M. Ingram

E. J. Elliott

W. Dunn

A. McCharles, Sgt.

E. McGuire

G. W. Elliott

A. Munroe, Detective

Phillip Stark

E. McGuire

G. W. Elliott

**WINNIPEG POLICE FORCE**

observance have to be scrupulously observed in all parts of the province, by all classes and sects until

The Sabbath morn its Holy Calm  
Breathes o'er the prairie lands,  
And the answering heart hears  
Nature's psalm,  
And the wild woods clap their hands.

There is an entire separation of church and state. Each church has to be maintained, as in other parts of the American continent, by voluntary contributions. "But," as a recent writer has said "the result has shown that to be deprived of Government support is no great loss for a church. Every part of America has demonstrated that the sympathies and energies of a church are more developed, and its more intelligent and careful management secured, when the people support their own clergy by individual contributions." In no part of America are the various religious organizations more energetic than in this prairie land. All parts of the province are well supplied with chapels and services by all the leading denominations of the Christian church. In fact the great problem to be solved to-day is, not how to supply the people with services, but rather how to consolodate and harmonize the various sectarian prejudices of the people as to render fewer churches necessary. In a sparsely settled country like this, if the inhabitants of a district divide up into denominations, as is often the case, each church has but a small attendance of worshippers, whereas if all were united there would be one congregation sufficiently large to give the preacher some encouragement to preach the word with power. This difficulty is avoided in many cases by an arrangement between the different churches whereby the services of the different denominations in a locality are held at different hours. Again the Sunday schools, which are general throughout the country, are

frequently union schools, where children of Christian parents of all creeds attend the one Sunday school.

Thus with ample and free provision for the education of its inhabitants the province can with safety allow absolute liberty of conscience to its people.

Nor heeds the sceptic's punny hands  
While near her schools the church-spire stands;  
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule  
While near her church-spire stands the school.

Here a man may build and furnish his home in accordance with his means and tastes. All kinds of building materials are easily procured at a reasonable price, and all forms of furnishings necessary or desired for the comforts of life are readily obtained. In all parts of the province all modern conveniences are accessible. Railways traverse all parts of the country and railway stations are placed at all convenient points. There are in the province over two hundred stations, around which cluster small towns and villages. There are also in the province over six hundred post offices, served daily, tri-weekly, or semi-weekly with mails, thus supplying the settlers in the remotest districts with the news of the world, and giving ready communication with friends in the old land.

Not only is the railway and mail service complete, but the telegraph service, in all parts, is also complete, while the cities and towns are all supplied with electric lights, telephones, and other modern conveniences.

No matter how sparsely settled a district may be, the people in it are supplied with all the conveniences which are to be met with in any part of the old settlements in the East. It is true that at times people emigrating from large centres of population and thickly settled districts miss the social intercourse they have enjoyed in their old homes, but yet they have here the blessed privilege of cultivating and enjoying to its

fullest extent that sweet home life which is incomparably better than formal social life as it is usually found. Those who enjoy the society of great minds can find abundance of time during the long winter evenings to hold converse with all the glorious writers and fathers. In the quiet of their homes, surrounded by their families, they can enjoy the pleasure of reading to its fullest extent, or they can while away the time in social parlor games or other forms of amusement. To those of a more active nature the winter season affords ample opportunity for winter sports. Curling, hockeying, skating, tobogganing, football, snowshoeing, sleigh-riding and various other sports will furnish them with healthful exercise and innocent amusement.

In summer again this is the student of nature's paradise. Here the botanist, the astronomer and the naturalist will find ample opportunities for their favorite studies.

In myriads o'er the prairie  
Bright flowers bloom strangely fair;  
There's beauty in the clear blue sky,  
There's sweetness in the air;  
And loveliness with lavish hand  
Decks dell and dingle gay.

Strange birds in painted plumage gay  
In hundreds haunt the grove;  
O'er marsh and moor; the loon and heron  
The coot and plover rove.

The clear Assiniboine winds free  
Through many a fertile vale;  
The antlered deer and graceful hind  
Bound o'er the wooded dale.

Though the buffalo no longer roves the plains, having disappeared with the red-man on the approach of the whites, Manitoba is still the sportsman's home. Here he can find moose, elk, jumping deer, antelope, bears, wolves, foxes, rabbits and badgers with which to indulge his desire for sport. Fox hunts of the old style is a favorite pastime in many places.

The rivers, ponds, lakes and prairie abound with an almost unlimited quantity of wild fowl, such as ducks,

geese, swans, snipe, pigeons, partridges, pheasants and turkeys.

The angler will find our rivers and lakes well supplied with sturgeon, pickerel, bass, perch, goldeye and carp.

The lovers of amusements and sports are supplied with a complete change in summer from the sports practiced during the winter months. On the approach of warm weather the baseball replaces the football; the old English game of cricket makes its appearance once more and the national game of lacrosse revives. Those who enjoy a less vigorous form of exercise find their recreation in a game of tennis or in a short row upon some river or lakelet, while bicycling and horseback riding are common forms of amusement and recreation for both ladies and gentlemen.

"These are thy charms, sweet province! sports like these  
With sweet succession teach e'en toil to please."

Such being the advantages offered by this prairie province the emigrant's song in all lands should be:—

We cross the prairie as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea:  
To make the west, as they the east  
The homestead of the free!

We're flowing from our native hills  
As our free rivers flow:  
The blessing of our motherland  
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant our common schools  
On distant prairie swells,  
And give the Sabbaths of the wild  
The music of her bells.

D. W. McKERCHAR, M. A.

### \* LIEUT.-GOV. SCHULTZ.

WE publish with this issue the portrait of our respected Lieutenant Governor, Honorable John Christian Schultz, taken in the uniform which the Secretary of State for the Colonies prescribes for the Provincial Lieutenants of His Excellency the Governor General.

Although born in Ontario, His Honor is claimed as a Manitoban by

\* See frontispiece.

the old residents who remember his coming here in 1860, while yet a beardless medical student, and his close identification with the interests of the then colony and his urgent advocacy of the union of all the provinces, and of our union with federated Canada, endeared him to the settlers and afterwards won for him the Confederation medal.

The manly course pursued by him in Riel's first rebellion and the gallant attempt made by the little band of Canadians to defend Dominion Government property, and to uphold the British flag after it had been hauled down by the insurgents, resulting finally in the treacherous capture of the little band and the long incarceration in Fort Garry, the escape of Dr. Schultz and the murder of Scott, form now a lurid page in Canadian history.

On the restoration by Lord Wolseley of British rule, in August, 1870, and the division of the province into electoral divisions, Dr. Schultz was chosen as Lisgar's representative, which division he continued to represent until his elevation to the Senate in 1882. During this period his intimate acquaintance with the condition and wants of the new province enabled him to take a prominent part in all discussions relating to the Indians and native settlers, and the Eastern immigrants now fast coming in. Always a Conservative, he alone from Manitoba was sent back after the downfall of the Macdonald government to support that party in Parliament, which he continued to do till 1882, when, although nominated to the Senate, he still opposed in Lisgar Mr. A. W. Ross, who was contesting that county as a professed Liberal, receiving the support of the Reform party. Failing health in 1882 caused an absence of nearly four years and a half from the province; and although physically unable

to be as active in the Senate as he had been in the House of Commons, he yet was able to do work for this country and the north land which was esteemed of much importance by his colleagues and added very much to the knowledge possessed of the more remote Northwest.

He has always taken a keen interest in the development of the province of his adoption, his voice and pen being always used in its interests, and general recognition of his long services to Manitoba, the Northwest and the Dominion, procured his appointment to the highest position under the Crown in his native province in 1888.

Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, before his governorship, took a most important part in many enterprises tending to the development of the country. He was a projector of some of the earlier Manitoba railways, an active member of the early medical and hospital associations, and was one of the first wardens of the first Anglican church built in Winnipeg, (Holy Trinity). He is an extensive land-owner throughout the province, and has contributed to the improvement of the city by extensive building operations. He had the honor of proposing the present name of the city at an early village meeting held to decide that question, and is a life-member of our Historical Society and a Fellow of the Imperial Institute. His appointment as Lieutenant-Governor, proved a very popular one, and was endorsed by all classes; and Government House with its gracious hostess became and has continued very popular indeed. Although spirituous liquor has, as in the case of the preceding Governor, been banished, yet the state and other dinners, balls, musicales and garden parties have not suffered in interest or enjoyment. We hope in a future number

to publish the portrait of Mrs. Schultz, who has done so much to make Government House so popular, and whose ready sympathy with and aid to all works of charity are so well known.

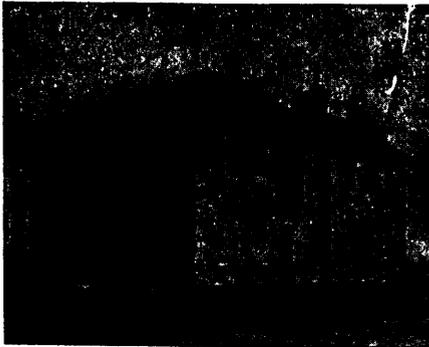
### BRANDON, MANITOBA.

UNLIKE other urbane centres in the province, Brandon was not cursed with the evils of the boom of '80 and '81, and from the afore mentioned small beginnings has year by year steadily increased in material wealth and prosperity. Who of all the old-timers of '81 could, or did, foresee that in a little over eleven

years the city could have reached its present size and prosperity. It is rare to find a man who has been in Brandon for the past half dozen years but what has become imbued with the same belief as had that of the old timers who having cast in their lot with the founders of the city have aided in every way to advance its interests.

During the fall of 1881 the first train over the C. P. R. reached the city and an impetus was given to its growth which has never been checked.

The first white settlers to locate in the immediate neighborhood of the city were the Rev. George Roddick and the score or so of families that he brought with him from Nova Scotia. Some of these settled at the



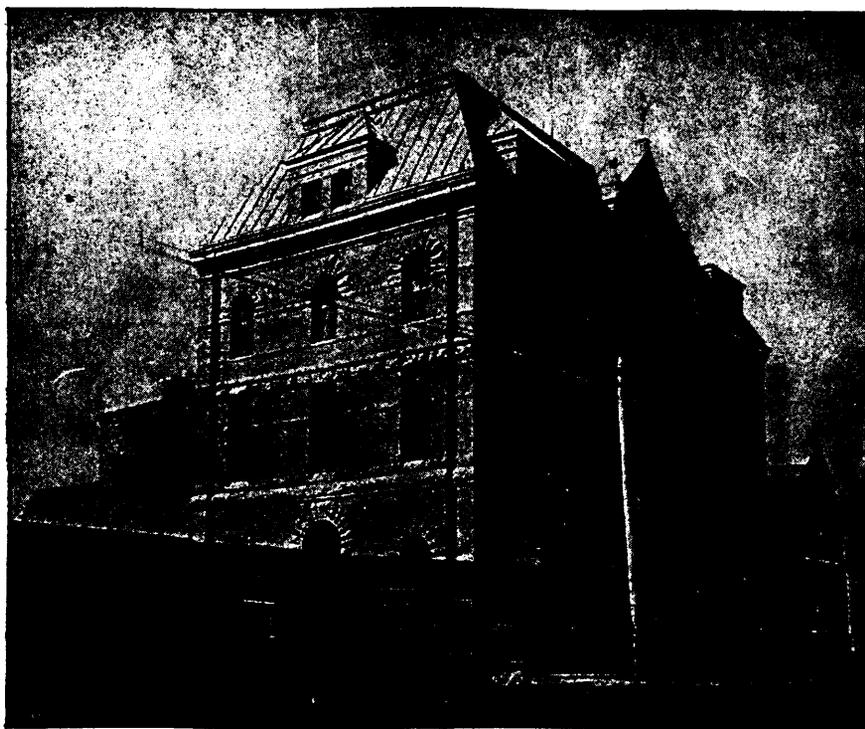
COURT HOUSE, BRANDON.



FLEMING BLOCK, BRANDON.

years the city could have reached its present size and prosperity. From a waste piece of prairie has sprung up a community blessed with and enjoying all the modern helps of civilization. From the few shacks and tents erected in 1881 we have in 1892 buildings erected and permanent improvements made, to the value of \$664,430. Handsome blocks of stores, costly public buildings and comfortable residences that would do credit to any city of the Dominion. The greater part of these have been built by those who have made their money in the city and who have unbounded

faith in the future. It is rare to find a man who has been in Brandon for the past half dozen years but what has become imbued with the same belief as had that of the old timers who having cast in their lot with the founders of the city have aided in every way to advance its interests. During the fall of 1881 the first train over the C. P. R. reached the city and an impetus was given to its growth which has never been checked. The first white settlers to locate in the immediate neighborhood of the city were the Rev. George Roddick and the score or so of families that he brought with him from Nova Scotia. Some of these settled at the foot of the hills to the south, others took up homesteads north of Grand Valley, and one family (the Stewarts) took up theirs on what is now the Experimental Farm. This was a few years prior to changing the route of the Canadian transcontinental railway from the route laid down some seventeen miles north of the city and consequently before the present city of Brandon was thought of. On the present C. P. R. company acquiring the road in 1880 this change was decided on but it was not until the spring of 1881 that the speculators, who had closely followed up the com-



POST OFFICE, BRANDON.

pany's surveyors, became aware that a town site would be laid out here. During the winter 1880 and '81 Grand Valley was looked upon as the site of the future city of the plains, and few who did not take part in it could now credit the stories of the rush that was made to that point. A disagreement between the owner of the Grand Valley property and the C.P.R. decided the question as to the site of the future city and Brandon was chosen. In it will be found many first-class business houses, and shrewd business men.

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of any who contemplate building to the J. T. Cope Manufacturing Co. In their factory they manufacture sashes and doors, which

they sell wholesale and retail; while all the lumber they use is kiln dried on their own premises. They also manufacture common and repressed bricks.

Visitors to Brandon who want a clean, comfortable hotel to stay at while in the city, will find a very obliging host in the person of Mr. E. P. Holland, the genial proprietor. His rates are suitable for the masses as well as the classes.

We can recommend with confidence the firm of Cowan & Co., bankers, to all those who have capital to invest, money to borrow, notes to discount, etc. This firm has now one of the best connections of any private bank in the province.

Toothache often causes human beings

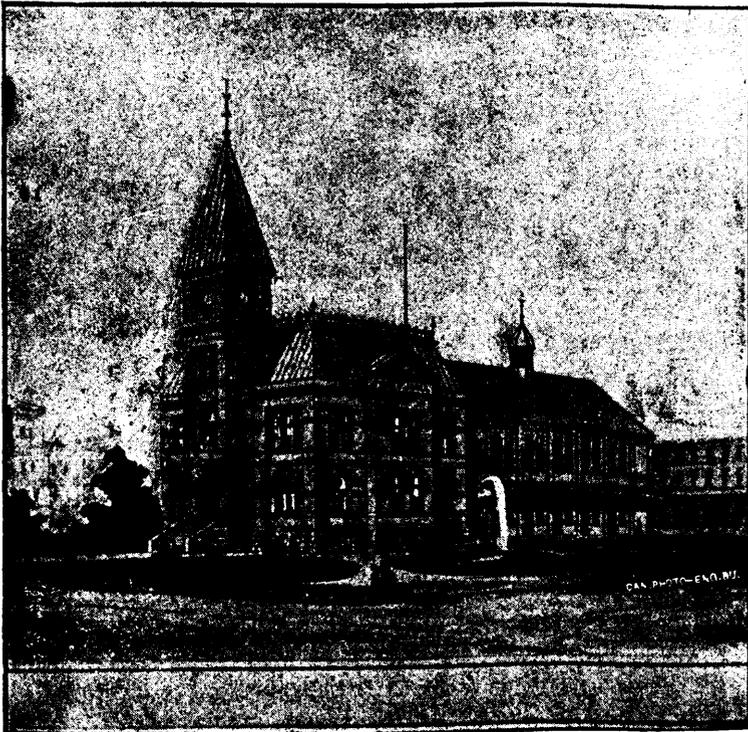
a great deal of pain. To put an end to this Dr. McInnis, D.D.S., is always pleased to relieve people of their trouble. He is also secretary for the Dental Association, and we call the attention of our readers to his business card on another page.

With the fine, beautiful weather of summer, tents, awnings, etc., are in constant use. Emmerson & Hague have always made it a point to give

We wish the Board of Directors every success in their annual exhibition. An illustration from a photograph taken last year will be found on another page.

D. A. REESOR,

A prominent jeweller came to Brandon early in the spring of 1882. Since his arrival he has been one of Brandon's most successful speculators



CITY HALL, BRANDON.

their customers entire satisfaction, and have certainly succeeded.

The splendid brands of wines and liquors sold by G. W. Ferguson, we know, do not need any recommendation from us.

The Brandon summer fair, as everyone knows ere this, will be held this year on the 25th and 26th of July.

in real estate, and by his enterprise, has greatly aided the city in her rapid progress. He now owns a number of the most valuable properties in the city, having a large interest in the new syndicate block, which is acknowledged to be Brandon's most handsome and largest business block. Mr. Reesor in addition to his speculations in

real estate has also carried on a large general jewellery business, he having, in fact, the most extensive watch and jewellery business in the West.

Being elected an Alderman in '92, he is at present one of the most active members of the city council.

F. A. WILCOCKS,

Auctioneer and Valuator, is doing probably the most extensive business in

little business on the avenue. We can recommend young men who wish to treat "their girl" to try some of Stripp's ice cream.

T. L. ORCHARD,

Fruiterer on Rosser Avenue has probably the most complete ice cream parlor out of Winnipeg. He makes it a point to always have on hand a large supply of fresh fruit, and his baker's confectionery is of the finest.



INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS, BRANDON.

his line west of Winnipeg. In addition to auctioneering he also buys and sells farm stock of every description on commission.

F. O. STRIPP,

Realizing the necessity of supplying the citizens with fresh, foreign and native fruits, has opened out a snug

He is kept busy from morning till night filling orders for his wares.

H. G. DICKSON,

City Engineer, also a Dominion Land Surveyor, who does a considerable practice in the city of Brandon and the surrounding municipalities.

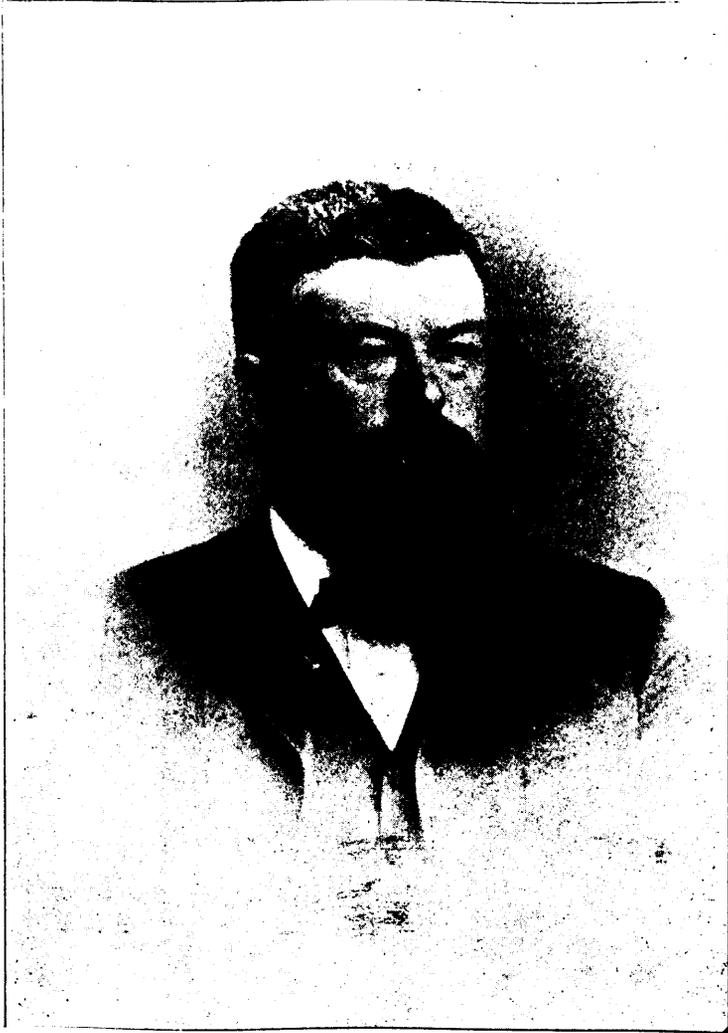
**HON. THOMAS GREENWAY.**

THE subject of the accompanying illustration, Hon. Thomas Greenway, Premier and Minister of Agriculture and Immigration for the Province of Manitoba, is the eldest son of the late Thos. Greenway, Esq., formerly of Cornwall, England, and latterly of Stephen Township, county of Huron, Ontario. He was born in Cornwall, Eng., 25th of March, 1838, and came to Canada in 1844, where he was educated. He was first married on January 25th, 1860, to Miss Annie Hicks, who died in May, 1875. He was married a second time in 1877, to Miss Emma Essery, and settled in Manitoba in 1878. Mr. Greenway was Reeve of the Township of Stephen, Ont., for ten years. He was an unsuccessful candidate in South Huron for the House of Commons, at the general election in 1872, and again at the general election of 1874, but was returned to the House of Commons for that constituency by acclamation, on the sitting member being unseated, the 11th of February, 1875, and held the seat the rest of the term. After arriving in Manitoba in 1878, he devoted considerable attention to the locating of settlers from Western Ontario in Southern Manitoba, and to this is largely due the rapid development of that section of the province. He was first returned to the Manitoba Legislature for the electoral division of Mountain at the general Provincial Election of 1879 by acclamation and has been a member ever since; is the only member left who was elected in that year; was re-elected at the general election in 1883, 1886, 1888, and again at the recent general election in July, 1892. On the resignation of the Harrison administration 19th January, 1888, he formed a government, taking the office of President of the

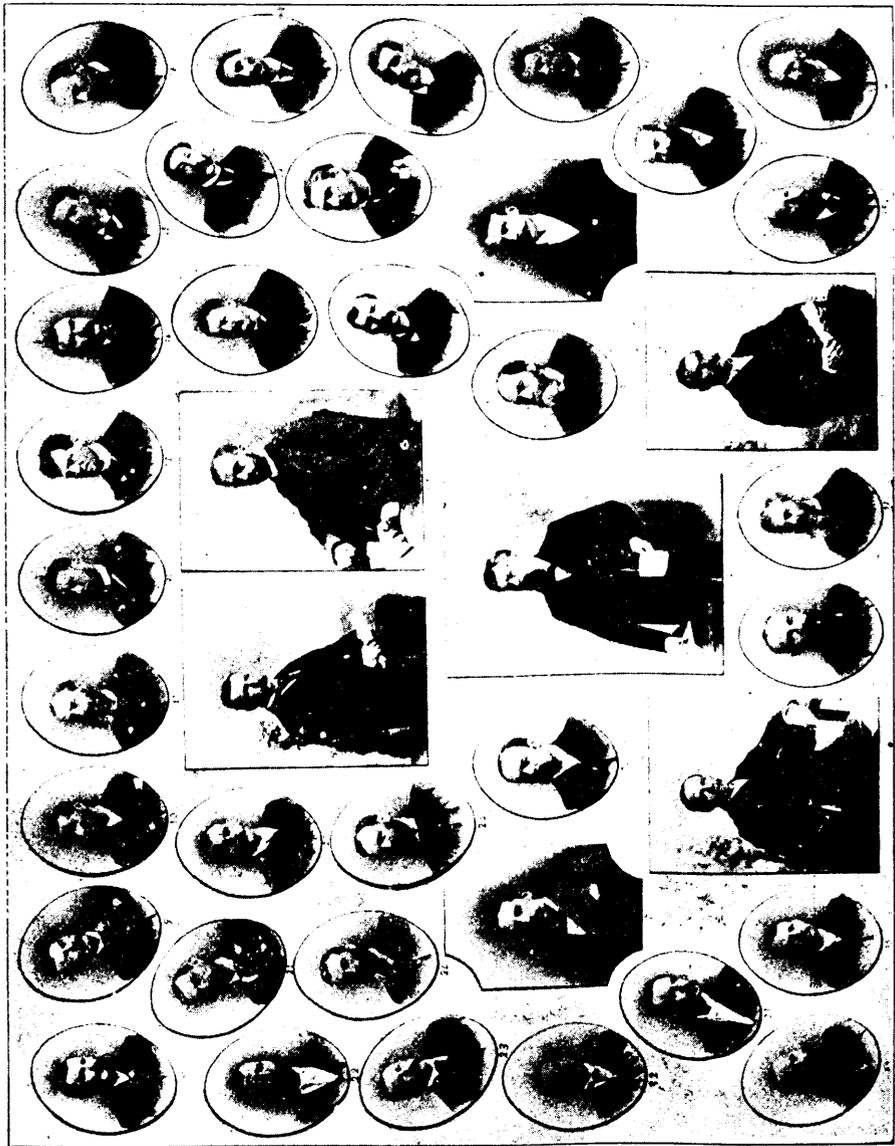
Council and Minister of Agriculture and Immigration. He now holds the offices of President of the Council, Minister of Agriculture and Immigration and Railway Commissioner. On the 23rd of July last the Government of which he is the head was again returned to power. He is a man of indomitable energy, great force of character and progressive ideas, to which the many practical measures on behalf of agriculture and immigration bear testimony. He has instituted a vigorous immigration policy, which has done much to populate the Province with a good class of settlers. He has also aided very greatly in bringing about, through the instrumentality of agricultural societies, farmers institutes and agricultural exhibitions, a general improvement in live stock husbandry and general farming. Being personally engaged in farming on a large scale near Crystal City, he evinces a keen interest in all that concerns the welfare of the farmer. The department over which he presides has an excellent system of collecting reliable crop statistics and live stock reports from parts of the Province, which are used in the form of bulletins. The Province has in the present premier one who, from his practical experience and general knowledge of public affairs, is well calculated to do honor to the high and responsible position given him by the people of Manitoba.

**OUTLOOK FOR THE YEAR.**

MANITOBA is now almost a household word in the tongue of every nation where her agents have been. Not to have seen Manitoba is to have missed something very important and not to have heard of her is infinitely worse. With her broad fertile prairies diversified by hill and



THE HON. THOS. GREENWAY (PREMIER)  
MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION.



MEMBERS OF THE MANITOBA LEGISLATURE, 1893.

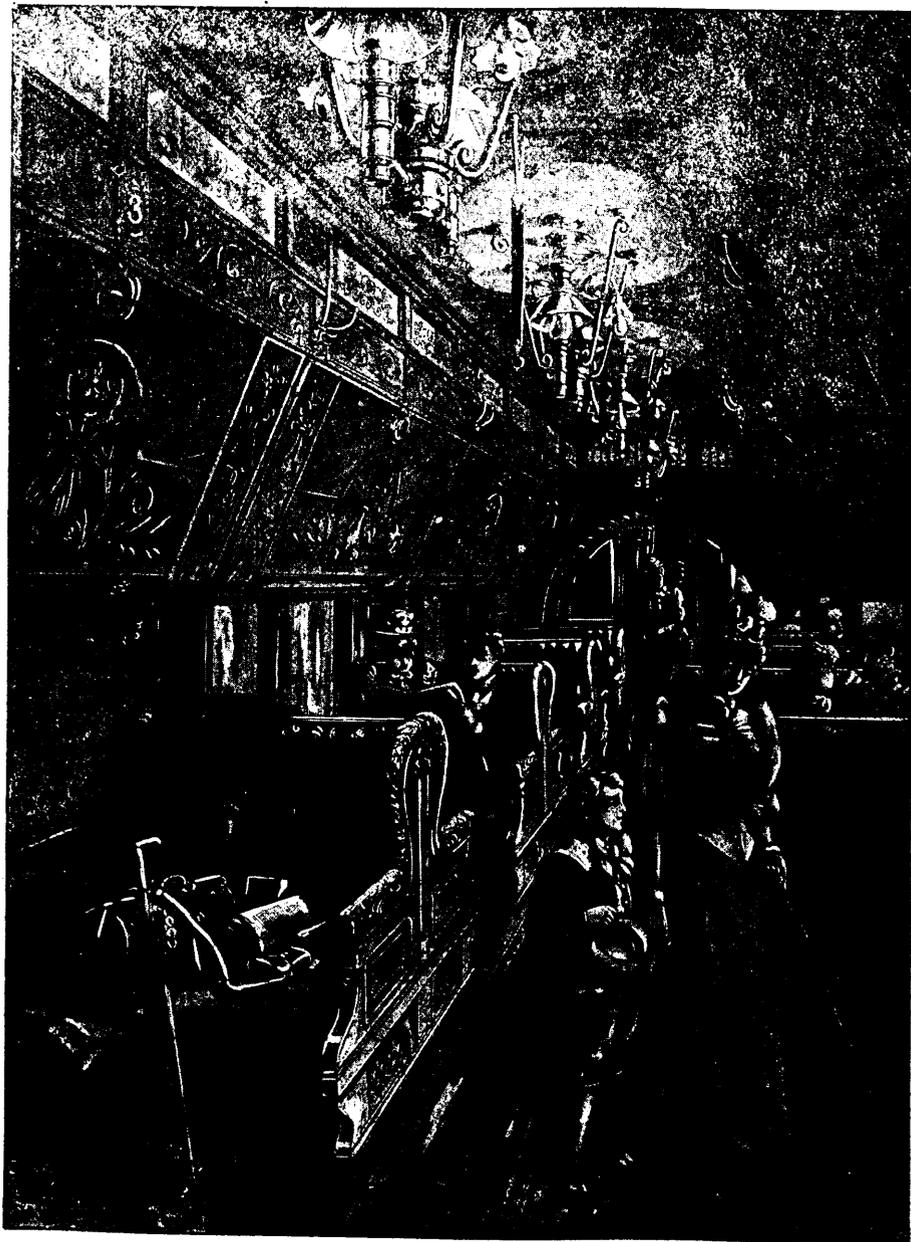
1. Hon. Thos. Greenway, Premier.
2. Hon. Clifford Sifton, Att'y-General.
3. Hon. J. D. Cameron, Prov. Sec'y.
4. Hon. D. H. McWilliam, Prov. Treas.
5. Hon. Robert Watson, Min. P.W.
6. Hon. S. J. Jackson, Speaker.
7. W. A. Macdonald, Leader Opp.
8. F. M. Young.
9. D. H. McFadden.
10. D. McNaught.
11. J. F. Frame.
12. J. G. Rutherford.
13. Theophile Pare.
14. Thomas Duncan.

15. J. E. P. Prendergast
16. Enoch Winkler.
17. J. J. Bird.
18. Martin Jerome.
19. Robert Ironsides
20. Hugh Armstrong.
21. J. A. Davidson.
22. R. F. Lyons.
23. James Hartney.
24. R. G. O'Malley.
25. T. H. Smith.
26. A. M. Campbell.
27. A. F. Martin.
28. A. Fred Doig.

29. V. Winkler.
30. James Fisher.
31. P. C. McIntyre.
32. R. Hill Myers.
33. T. A. Burrows.
34. C. J. Mickle.
35. T. H. Kellet.
36. T. L. Morton.
37. F. W. Colclough.
38. E. Dickson.
39. H. C. Graham.
40. John Hertle.



NORTHERN PACIFIC DINING CAR.



NORTHERN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR.

dale, whose soil is only waiting to be tickled by the plough to bring forth millions to feed the hungry world, she stands the equal of none. We can well exclaim with the poet,

"These are the gardens of the desert,  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no name.  
The Prairie."

At this season of the year the lilies deck her bosom in abundance, and as if aware of her great duties, nature does not slumber. With marvellous growth the grain and cereals are assuming definite shape and proportions prior to the harvest time. And then what a harvest time we have. Thousands of acres of golden grain are laid low by the reaper and the threshers tune, as it sings for gladness, can be heard over the land. Here everyone is as free as the air.

With the splendid prospects ahead of us at present for a magnificent crop the "world should go very well" with Manitoba during the present year. Never were our expectations so glorious, and never were we so sanguine of a good yield as we are to-day. In the March No. of the MANITOBAN we predicted, judging from the way the spring opened out, that the farmers would have something to pay them for their trouble this year. A prominent firm of grain merchants sent out recently a series of questions, regarding the outlook for the crop, to every section of the province, and barring one small section of the county, all gave more than satisfactory reports. All over we find an increase in the acreage, and from the official bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture on June 1st, we find a total increase of all crops of 211,992 acres, over the acreage of 1892. Under wheat we find there is 1,003,640 acres; oats, 388,529 acres; barley, 114,762 acres; potatoes, 12,387 acres; roots, 20,919;

rye, 2,229 acres; flax, 9,737 acres; peas, corn and buckwheat, 1,059; thus showing a very creditable increase all round. Surely then, we shall see a considerable portion of our indebtedness wiped off this year. It is pleasing to notice that there is a decided increase in the number of acres fallowed, while special attention was given to fall plowing. So much land being prepared for the seed last fall has enabled farmers to put in seed this spring in a very short period of time.

Over 5,000 men are now employed as hired help, and reports indicate that about 2,000 extra men will be required to assist in taking off the harvest. It is a mistake to rush these men from Ontario before they are actually needed, as farmers will not engage them at high wages until the harvest is on.

The regular wages paid for men varies all the way from \$10 to \$25 a month and board, but we would strongly recommend agricultural laborers in the east who intend coming to Manitoba when the big wages are on, not to arrive here till the first week in August at the earliest.

As in the past, there is a great scarcity of female help, which it is impossible to supply. It is a pity when we think of the thousands of girls and women in our large cities who are struggling to make even a mere existence, and then to think that their necessary help is so scarce in our own province. Cannot more be done than is being to bring out additional female help? Everywhere we hear the cry—"Do you know where I can hire a girl?" or the bachelors chime in with: "Great Scott, I wish I could get a wife." We say again, that there are thousands of girls in eastern cities and towns, who, if they would only come to Manitoba, would soon have a home of their own.

To return again before concluding, to the outlook for the year, the residents of Manitoba can fully understand what the real difference with us, between an early spring and a late spring is. Some years we have seeding early in April and farmers remark to each other: "No growth yet, but we are getting the work done." This year we had what is called a late spring, with very little seeding done until the last week in April or first of May, but from the time the seed was in the ground it has been almost perfect growing weather. To-day farmers in all parts of the province have brighter prospects than for years past, and are perfectly satisfied with the outlook.

The continued showers during the first two weeks of June with the exceptionally warm weather, have advanced vegetation so that crops are in advance of what they have been at this date for years.

With a late spring farmers may be rushed in seeding, but the increased acreage sown this year, shows that they get the work done. And reports generally say, it was well done. An early spring with a dry June and wet July invariably give us a late harvest, while a late spring with a wet June is a perfect season for Manitoba, and this year we are having it.

It is impossible to predict what this year's crop may be, but the prospects for a bountiful crop and an early harvest never were better.

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#### STOCK EXCHANGE TERMS.

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"A bear" is a person interested in having stocks go down in price—he "bears" them down.

A "bull" wants stock to go up.

To "corner" a stock or a commodity is to get control of all of it, and

so put the price up to persons who wish to buy. A person who has contracted to deliver stock at a certain price is "cornered" or "caught in a corner" when other persons get control of that stock.

When a person has plenty of stock on hand he is "long" on it; when he has little he is "short," and a man "sells short" when he sells stock which he doesn't possess, intending to buy it and so fulfill his contract.

A man who sells short is a "bull" always.

When you buy "on a margin" you give your broker one-tenth of the face value of the value of the stock you want him to buy, and he "carries" it for you; if the price of the stock goes up, you make money; if it goes down, you lose.

If it goes down more than "ten points," you lose the money you have put up as "margin," and unless you put up more "margin" you lose all claims on the stock, even though the price should advance again immediately. In England they call buying "on a margin" buying "on cover."

In "putting and calling" the broker sells to other brokers the right to "put" a certain stock to him at a certain figure, or to "call" on him for the stock at a certain figure.

Thus you may have a "put" on this broker for 1,000 shares of the stock at a certain figure; if the stock goes below that figure, you have "put" your 1,000 shares on him, or if you have a "call" and the stock goes up beyond that figure, you make him sell you what your "call" requires at a lower rate than the market rate.

A "lamb" is a green horn.

All of these terms apply to all speculative trading, whatever article is bought and sold.

**WINNIPEG BOARD OF TRADE.**

THERE is no institution in Western Canada more widely known and more generally respected than the Winnipeg Board of Trade. And it might well be added, that there is no institution more entitled to the confidence and respect of the people of Western Canada. Too often a Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce is to some extent an ornamental institution, not having much usefulness; but the Winnipeg Board is no useless ornament. It is a live, active and aggressive institution, with a membership of about 150, all men engaged in commercial pursuits, and what is most singular, they are nearly all comparatively young men. The Board has less than a dozen members over 50 years of age, and yet for honest shrewdness and well balanced enterprise, it would be hard to find on this continent an institution of the same number of members so gifted.

Many attempts had been made to organise a Board of Trade in Winnipeg before 1879, but it was not until that year that the present Board was chartered and organized, and with a true fitness the first president was the late Hon. A. G. B. Bannatyne, the father of independent trade in Manitoba, and the head of the first mercantile house which first entered into successful competition with the Hudson's Bay Company. From his name downwards the list of presidents shows a selection from the ablest business men of the city until we come to the present occupant of that position, Mr. F. W. Stobart, the local head of the firm of Stobart Sons & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants of London, England and Winnipeg.

The Board has a vice-president, a treasurer, secretary and a council of sixteen members; a board of arbitra-

tors twelve in number; a board of five grain examiners; a board of four meal and flour examiners; a board of hide and leather examiners, five in number; a general grain committee of twenty-one members, and a number of standing committees.

The quantity of work done by this institution in a year is astounding, the last annual report making a pamphlet of nearly 100 pages, and work done by the Board is always well done. The organization is one comprising plenty of aggressive enterprise, but it is one in which the demagogue can find neither place nor power. The policy of the Board is a broad one too, and one of the axioms on which it is based is that whatever affects the trade interests of the Northwest from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains demands the consideration of the Winnipeg Board. A sectional selfishness can find no place there. There are many influences at work for the progress and development of Manitoba, but none working more effectively than the Winnipeg Board of Trade.

Elsewhere in this issue we have the pleasure of publishing portraits as far as obtainable of a majority of the members.

In addition to the portraits of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, we also present to our readers the photos of the Brandon Board of Trade, which will prove of interest to MANITOBAN readers.

**WINNIPEG POLICE FORCE**

Although not very large numerically the Winnipeg police force can in the matter of weight and height eclipse any other body of men on the continent. Probably no western city the size of Winnipeg, with only sixteen men, can show such a clear record from crime as the prairie city.

In fact, she is a "model" for law and order, and noted crooks, who wish to avoid the clutches of our stalwarts, give us a wide berth.

On another page we present our readers with a full page engraving of these guardians of the peace, and would drop a hint to all evil doers to the effect that Winnipeg is not a very healthy place to hang around in. Chief McRae has a record for clever captures, as some Chicago people can testify, also a few others to their sorrow. He is always on the look out for beats, crooks and other like characters, in which he is well supported by his sergeants, detectives and patrolmen.

Like a body of soldiers the Winnipeg police are thoroughly disciplined, and perform all their duties with firmness and dignity. The following men comprise the force, of which Winnipeg is justly proud:—

J. C. McRae,	Chief of Police.
A. McCharles,	Sergt
Wm. Munro,	"
W. J. Leach,	Detective.
Archd. Munro,	"
George McLeod,	Constable.
Walter Blair,	"
W. M. Ingram	"
W. Dunn,	"
Geo. W. Elliott,	"
Phillip Stark,	"
Warren Begg,	"
Balcom Stewart,	"
E. J. Elliott,	"
E. McGuire,	"
D. E. McKinnon,	Station clerk
A. A. Aird,	Police clerk.

The photogravure illustrations for this number of the MANITOBAN were done by the Grip Printing & Publishing Company of Toronto, and speaks highly of the class of work they can turn out. We believe in patronizing home industry.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

What will the harvest be? This is perhaps the most interesting problem of the time of year, but from all reports Manitoba will have such a harvest as never was before garnered in the history of the Province. The plenteous rain and warm weather has caused the crops to spring into fields of waving grain and if the weather is favorable a bountiful crop will be secured.

\* \* \*

One of the drawbacks to the farmer is lack of help. With such advantages as they possess for growing grain the average farmer in the spring sows more than he can handle in the harvest time, thus creating a loss at the start. The safest plan is to grow no more grain than can be handled, and not put too many eggs in one basket.

\* \* \*

A great many articles appear in the daily papers in regard to immigration and a good deal of advice is offered by correspondents who would do well to stop talking "shop" and go to work themselves. Some people can do nothing but growl and watch others do the work. It seems to us that a good emigration policy would be to give a tie pass to these people and rid the country of them. Every man and woman should be an immigration agent in the true sense of the word. We have a great and glorious country to people, then let us do it with less talk and more active work.

\* \* \*

The Hon. T. M. Daly Manitoba's affable Minister passed through Winnipeg on a tour of inspection accompanied by the Deputy Minister Mr. A. M. Burgess. Mr. Daly is deter-

mined to make a personal inspection of the work relating to his department and in this he has taken the right way of going about it. If every Cabinet Minister would take the pains to examine and look into their respective departments we would have a better system of government.

\* \* \*

As this number of the Manitoban will meet the eye of a good many thousand readers we would have their attention to the many interesting articles in this number all of which are original contributions from Northwest writers. To visitors at the World's Fair we would say come to Manitoba and see us. See our country and spy out the land. Manitoba possesses superior advantages for young men to earn a livelihood and acquire a competency for the future. To the Capitalist seeking for an investment Manitoba and the West offers a rich field.

\* \* \*

A company has been formed to find natural gas near Winnipeg and tenders for well boring are being advertised for. What next? With electric railways, electric lights and natural gas Winnipeg will hold her own with other cities in the march of progress. While there may be plenty of gas in Winnipeg and vicinity we are of the opinion that the same effort expended in deepening the Red River at St. Andrews Rapids or in improving our system of waterworks would confer greater benefits on the city. As a general rule there is too much gas around and not enough practical work.

\* \* \*

That the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition promises to be a success this year is largely due to the efforts of the Association. We hope every citizen will aid them in their efforts.



"Transportation the Problem for Canada," is the title of a recently gotten up pamphlet laid on our table. The author is James B. Campbell, a Montreal grain dealer, who endeavors to make a good deal out of his subject. Space will not permit us to review at length, but from a cursory examination, we should judge the author knows how to handle his subject. Like a true Canadian, he is loyal in the extreme and believes that the day is not far distant when Canada will hold her own with other nations of the earth. The following subjects treated in show the extent of Mr. Campbell's remarks. The Dominion of Canada, a sketch; The feeling of the United States with regard to Canada; The feeling in Canada with regard to the United States; The Church of Rome; The Republican Party in the United States; The Canadian Pacific Railroad; Notes from a car window; Transportation the Problem for Canada; Our Destiny. In addition to this, statistics, etc., are published, which complete a book well worth perusing.

How a marriage proposal is made and how it is worded always arouses the interest of girls, and to them the charming revelation made in "The Story of Five Proposals," which is told with delightful frankness by a Western society girl, in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*, will have an unusual attractiveness. A B. Weizell, the artist, adds to the article with five of his exquisite illustrations. A full page, very well done, is that giving descriptions of various ways of "Entertaining in the Country." Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox asks and answers "Can a Woman Reform a Man?" A page of illustrations from original designs, entitled "Dressing Without the Corset," by May Root Kern, will be read with profit, as will Mrs. Mallon's "The Ideal Summer Blouse" and "Odds and Ends of a Wardrobe." Palmer Cox has his inimitable "Brownies" this month climbing the pyramids of Egypt, while John Kendrick Bangs contributes one of his delightful poems. The editors all have something bright to say in this July number, which, with its attractive summer cover, specially designed by Frank O Small, and its admirable table of contents, is worth many times its price of ten cents.

The July number of the *Eclectic* opens with J. Russell Endean's discussion "Will Socialism be a Remedy for Present Social Ills?" "The Cambridge Apostles," a semi-biographical sketch by the Hon. Roden Noel; Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Craving for Fiction," an anonymous sketch of the life and times of "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," and a touching tribute to the "Memory of J. A. Symonds," by one of his pupils, form a valuable list of special literary articles. Prof. Max Muller's paper on "Esoteric Buddhism," as reprinted in the *Eclectic*, has already roused antagonistic replies from the disciples of Mme. Blavatsky. Dr. Roose's article on "The Prevention and Propagation of Cholera," is clear and practical, and Sir Robert Ball's "Is the Universe Infinite?" is a thoroughly scientific discussion of a scientific subject. A stirring and indignant protest against "Middlemen and Parasites," by the Rev. Henry Arthur Jones, will at once win respect and consideration. Frederic Harrison's "Home Revisited," compares that former Paradise of students with the home of the modern tourist. There is an unusual number of short stories and sketches of great merit in this issue, of which we can only mention Mary Hargrave's pathetic study of the faded little prima Donna staking her little all at the Italian lottery on "The Fatal Number," which names the story; Mary Negrepointe's "Parisian Vignettes," and the well-known writer H. D.

Trall's venture into fiction with "Two Proper Prides," a strange story over which the foreign reviews have not come to a decision.

The special number of the *Winnipeg Commercial* has been received, and is a credit to Winnipeg. Numerous engravings of British Columbia scenes and industries are shown and much valuable information of the remote west is given. It is productions like this that do the most good for the country and the publisher is to be congratulated on his enterprise. Our British Columbia friends, although divided from us by the mountains, are not forgotten by the *Prairie Province* where our papers advertise them so liberally. We hope they will appreciate it by returning the compliment.

The July *Cosmopolitan* will mark the most radical step ever taken in periodical literature. With that issue the magazine, unchanged in form, in fact, one of the best numbers of the *Cosmopolitan* ever issued, will be put on sale at *two and one-half cents per copy \$1.50 a year*. The cutting in half of a price already deemed low for an illustrated magazine is the result of an intention long since formed, to give to the public an illustrated monthly of the very highest class at such a price as must bring it within the reach of persons of intellectual tastes, however limited their incomes. There are more than ten million readers in the United States and less than eight hundred thousand magazines are printed to supply their demands. More than four years have been spent in reaching the organization necessary for the production of the *Cosmopolitan* at this price, a figure hitherto undreamed of by the reading world. Each department of the work has been slowly perfected, until with the January number of this year one hundred and fifty thousand copies of the magazine were prepared upon presses and machinery of the most improved form, built with a view of producing the finest result at the very minimum of expense the only establishment in the world, it is believed, devoted exclusively to the printing of an illustrated monthly magazine. To establish a magazine upon such a basis at the outset was impossible. Only the rapid growth of *The Cosmopolitan's* editions, almost unprecedented in magazine records, has produced the conditions which make this departure from established prices possible. *The Cosmopolitan* promises to make the year 1893 the most brilliant in its history. No other year has seen such an array of distinguished names as will appear on its title page during 1893. De Maupassant, Mark Twain, George Ebers, Valdez, Spielhagen, Francois Coppee, Flammarion, and Paul Heve, are some of the authors whose work will appear for the first time during this year in the pages of *The Cosmopolitan*. Among the artists whose work will decorate its pages for the first time during 1893 are Laurens, Toussaint, Vierre, Rochegrosse and Schwabe. William Deau Howells will be a regular contributor during 1893-94. A feature of the July number will be triple frontispieces by Rochegrosse and Guillonnet. See our clubbing offer on the advertising pages.

*The Literary Northwest*, published at St. Paul, bids fair to be a rival to Eastern magazines, judging by its July number. This enterprising Northwest production, characteristic of the country where it is published is fast forging ahead. Several articles of high merit from the pens of Northwest writers appear monthly, while engravings of the highest class adorn its pages. To Northwest readers it is particularly welcome and should find a place in every home. We have been pleased to notice in its pages photographic scenes and graphically written accounts of our own Northwest which is sufficient proof that they are with us. To those of our readers who have not yet seen a copy we would advise them to send for one and they will be more than pleased.

#### PUBLISHERS NOTES.

Read our offer on another page in which we club the *Cosmopolitan* magazine with the *Manitoba* for a year for only \$2. This is but the price of an ordinary paper and should be taken advantage of by our readers. Send in your orders for both and secure a library of useful information, illustrated with beautiful engravings.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisements of Brandon and Portage la Prairie businessmen. When answering advertisements they will confer a favor if they mention *THE MANITOBA*.

With this issue of *THE MANITOBA* we give to our readers one of the best publications that has been issued in this country. *THE MANITOBA* has spared no pains to secure the best that can be got and we trust our many friends will appreciate it by helping it along. It is the only representative Manitoba Magazine and as its patronage and friends increase it will continue to grow accordingly. If you have friends abroad or at home send them *THE MANITOBA*. If you have anything to advertise place it in our advertising department—Watch results.

*THE MANITOBA* does not light the kitchen fire or adorn the pantry shelf, but is handed around and read for 30 days.

If you want to make anything known advertise in its columns. Remember those who take the trouble to read will not overlook it and you can be sure of a standing ad. for a month.

Original contributions solicited and if suitable will be paid for. Contributors are requested to mark the price on each ms. sent in for publication and to give their full name and address.

Agents wanted in every town and village to work for us. Write for terms and outfit.

Address all orders and communications to *THE MANITOBA* Publishing Co., 311 Main St., Winnipeg, Manitoba. P. O. Drawer 1371.

#### A GREAT CONVENIENCE.

World's Fair visitors travelling via the Northern Pacific R.R. and Wisconsin Central Line, are landed at the Grand Central Station in Chicago.

This magnificent fire-proof building, located in the heart of the city has been fitted up as a hotel, run on the European plan, with about 200 rooms handsomely furnished and each room is supplied with hot and cold water, electric lights, etc.

The charges for accommodation are reasonable and parties can secure rooms in advance by calling upon agents of the Northern Pacific R.R.

By taking the Northern Pacific through car line to Chicago, visitors will avoid the discomfort of all transfer in that city, and can also travel between the Grand Central Station and World's Fair Grounds by trains which run direct between the two points.



Photograph by Mrs. Carr.

**WINNIPEG BOARD OF TRADE.**

J. Y. Griffin,  
 L. M. Jones,  
 H. N. Williams,  
 W. G. Nichols,  
 N. Rawlf.

D. K. Elliott,  
 H. Driscoll,  
 T. C. Livingston,  
 W. Georgeson,  
 G. F. Galt.

A. E. Dingman,  
 J. G. Morgan,  
 H. McKeehan,  
 Geo. Erb,  
 G. D. Wood.

J. H. Housser,  
 A. F. Eden,  
 A. Gibson,  
 G. J. Mattison,  
 Wm. Wickson.



Photograph by Mrs. Carr.

**WINNIPEG BOARD OF TRADE--Continued**

R. J. Whittle,  
 K. McLean,  
 R. H. Agur,  
 D. E. Sprague,  
 H. Johnston,

E. F. Hutchings,  
 M. W. Rublee,  
 H. S. Westbrook,  
 Hon. D. H. McMillan,  
 S. R. Parsons,

P. Gallagher,  
 M. Bull,  
 L. Dwight,  
 C. N. Bell, Sec'y,  
 F. W. Thompson,

J. Cavanah,  
 C. H. Hoare,  
 N. Bawlf,  
 E. L. Drewry,  
 D. W. Bole,



Photograph by Mrs. Carr.

**WINNIPEG BOARD OF TRADE.—Continued.**

R. Muir.  
 C. M. Gordon.  
 H. Miller.  
 Wm. Brydon.  
 D. W. McKernan.

John Leslie.  
 Thos. Ryan.  
 Jas. Ashdown.  
 M. R. O'Loughlin.  
 H. H. Laug.

G. W. Girdlestone.  
 J. W. Harris.  
 Jas. Burridge  
 R. J. Campbell  
 J. B. Mitchell.

Stephen Nairn.  
 D. Horn.  
 Alex. Moffat.  
 C. N. Boire  
 D. W. Buchanan



WINNIPEG BOARD OF TRADE CONTINUED.

Ernest Jarvis.

Donald Fraser.

R. D. Richardson.

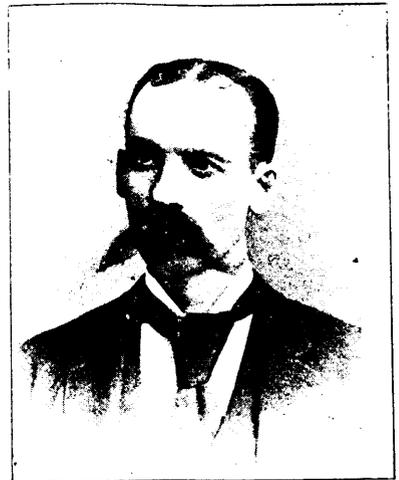
J. H. Brock.



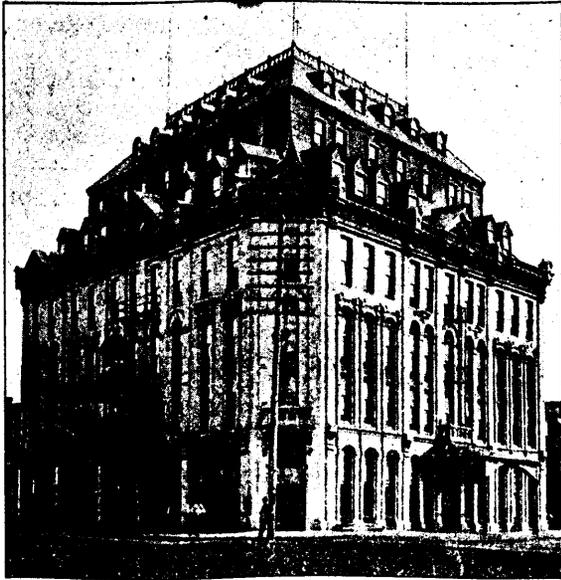
INTERIOR VIEW WINNIPEG BOARD OF TRADE.



R. D. ROBISON, WINNIPEG.



CHIEF LICENSE INSPECTOR CLARKE



LELAND HOUSE.

This handsome hotel, centrally situated in the business part of the city, has, within the last few months, been completely remodelled and re-furnished throughout.

It is fitted up with every modern improvement, including elevators, suites of rooms with bath-rooms attached to each one, and every room is heated by steam.

No pains or expenses have been spared in the protection against fire. Escapes and a powerful water supply

with hose attached, are on every flat.

The rotunda and dining rooms will bear comparison with any in the Dominion of Canada, being beautifully finished off in British Columbia cedar. For the further convenience of guests, telegraph connection has been made and an operator employed.

The water supply is excellent, fine spring water being obtainable anywhere in the hotel.

## MUTUAL LIFE, NEW YORK.

During the past year the Mutual Life paid to its policy-holders and their representatives (widows and orphans) the magnificent sum of \$19,386,532.46, being the largest amount ever distributed in any one year by any Life Insurance Company in the world and since the Company's formation in 1843 it has distributed in the same way the enormous sum of \$346,466,167.86, being many millions more than the payments made to its policy-holders by the next largest Life Insurance Company in the world. The mind can scarcely grasp the immensity of this sum—\$346,466,167.86—or realize the great good its distribution has accomplished, in relieving the wants of the needy, in timely assistance and comfort to widows and orphans, and in saving hundred of thousands from destitution.



HOME OFFICE BUILDING MUTUAL LIFE OF N.Y

Since the Company established its branch office in this city, under the able and popular management of its Resident Director, Mr. J. T. Livingston, it has had to a very large and gratifying extent the confidence and patronage of these most prominent in social and business circles.

This great Company recently passed its fiftieth birthday, so that this is its Jubilee year and which is likely

to be the most successful in the Company's experience. The transaction and figures of the company are simply enormous, having at present over \$175,000,000 invested to secure its policies in force—which now number over 250,000—and having an annual income exceeding by several millions of dollars the total revenue of the Dominion of Canada, and over fifteen times that of Ontario, the leading Province of the Dominion.

D. W. BOLE.

Born, Lambton County, Ont., 1856. Educated, common schools, Woodstock College and Haye's School Pharmacy, Toronto. Graduated 1880.

Moved to this country and opened drug business in 1882.

Was the first qualified druggist west of Brandon.

Supplied nearly all the stores in the Territories with such drugs and medicines as they required for several years.

Moved to Winnipeg four years ago. Organized the present firm of Bole, Wynne & Co. two years ago. They do a large wholesale drug business, employing twenty hands.

Mr. Bole is an active member of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, being on the Council of the Board for three years. He was also President of Regina Board of Trade for two years.

He was elected alderman for Ward four January last, assisted in passing the New Assessment Act, and is chairman of Fire, Water and Light Committee, also second Vice-President, Jobber's Union.

J. Y. GRIFFIN & Co.

The business of J. Y. Griffin & Co. commenced here seven years ago in Wholesale Provisions and Pork Packing in the winter season. They have

been doing everything possible during that time to induce farmers to go more largely into raising hogs and they now think that their is every prospect of their doing so, in fact they think so strongly in this direction, that they have now in course of construction a large Pork Packing Slaughtering Establishment, which they hope to have in operation about August 1st. The building is being constructed on the most improved system of cold storage and with all modern improvements. The building is solid brick, 60x100, three stories with basement.

This will make a market all the year round, which will certainly be a great benefit to our farmers, and in fact to every person in the Province, as it will distribute a large amount of money through the Province that has heretofore been going to Eastern and United States markets. J. Y. Griffin & Co. are also large dealers in Butter, Eggs and Cheese and have a large trade all the way through to British Columbia. Mr. Griffin is an active member of the Board of Trade and takes a great interest in the progress of the country.

#### ELECTRO THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE.

Prof. W. C. Bergman, of the University of Dopart, Russia, has opened on Electro Therapeutic Institute at 256 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. The professor is a graduate of the above named University. His specialty is electricity and massage. Electricity is now acknowledged to be indispensable in the practice of medicine and surgery, and is used in a great many diseases, a few of which are the following: Spinal, muscular, facial, hysterical and infantile paralysis, St. Vitus dance, deafness, catarrh, impotency, tumors, ulcers, rheumatism

eplipse, neuralgia, dyspepsia, nervous diseases and diseases of women.

The professor also makes a specialty of removing facial blemishes, such as freckles, pimples, moles, warts, superfluous hair, etc. Consulting physician to the Institute is Dr D'Eschabault.

#### THE ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY.

We have obtained through Manager Campbell some statistics of the Electric Railway that must prove very interesting to Manitobans. It is barely a year since the company opened their road here, and now they have over ten miles of track laid, not including the new switch put in to pass the Parliament buildings.

Since July 31st of last year to June 1st this year, 678,602 passengers have been carried. In conveying this immense army of people the necessary cars travelled 196,187 miles. The number of passengers carried last month (June) alone was 158,505, the mileage of the cars in doing this was 33,364. The total number of people carried from July 31st, 1892, to June 31st, 1893, was 837,107. Just think of it, upwards of a million people. Place this army in a row and they will reach 494 miles. The total mileage of the cars to June 30th is 229,551.

Let a man start to walk that distance and make 40 miles every day and he will be 15 years and 363 days completing the task, to say nothing of the boot stores he would empty in doing so.

Sixteen motor cars (2 of them open) and 6 trailers run every day. To operate these some 54 conductors and motor men are employed, and 6 men are engaged in the shops cleaning and repairing.

Few cities in the east and fewer still in the Old Country can boast of such rapid transit as Manitobans can

enjoy in our Metropolis, and we congratulate Manager Campbell and his staff in obtaining the perfection already completed by his company.

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JOHNSTON & JARVIS.

The firm of Johnston & Jarvis have without doubt the largest Real Estate business in the Province, the reputation earned by Mr. Jarvis as a "Loan" man, being almost a household word. As a valuator of Real Estate Mr. Johnston has large experience, having purchased the right of way of the N. P. & M. Ry. Prospective visitors may have absolute confidence in the judgment and good financial standing of the above firm, and as they make investment a speciality, we can recommend them to be consulted by intending purchasers. At their office in the McIntyre Block they always give a cordial reception to parties who desire information relating to Real Estate in the City of Winnipeg or Province of Manitoba.

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T C LIVINGSTON.

Mr. T. C. Livingston, a member of the Board of Trade, whose portrait appears on another page, is Resident Director of the Mutual Life Insurance Company for Northwest Canada, and through his obliging disposition, personal popularity, business ability and energy has secured for his Company a large share of the life insurance in his field. He is thoroughly impressed with the future greatness of this Northwest country and of Winnipeg, which is shown by his large investments both before and since he became a resident.

He is now one of the largest rate-payers in the city, the Livingston Block (shown on another page) being one of the finest, most centrally situated and valuable properties in Win-

nipeg. In his business Mr. Livingston is what is usually termed a "hustler" and is regarded by his fellow citizens as thoroughly reliable in all business relations. As Resident Director of the Mutual Life he possesses the esteem and confidence of his great Company and its numerous policy holders throughout the Northwest. Should Mr. Livingston ever be induced to enter public life and give the benefit of his ability and large business experience to the promotion of Northwest interests, the same would prove of great advantage to the country. From a recent sketch of Mr. Livingston in the "Weekly Statement" published by the Mutual Life at New York, we quote the following which may be of interest to *Manitoban* readers.

"Mr. T. Christolm Livingston, the Company's General Manager for Northwest Canada, is a Canadian by birth, and by profession a Dominion Land Surveyor. His first insurance experience was as agent for the Royal Insurance Company at Liverpool; then for several years he acted as inspector and adjuster for the Commercial Union Assurance Company of London, Eng. Subsequently he was offered the general agency for Canada of the National Life of the U. S. of A. Upon the retirement of the latter company from active business Mr. Livingston gave his attention to the adjusting of losses in the United States and Canada for various British and Canadian companies, until 1886, when he was offered the general agency of the Mutual Life for Northwest Canada. His large experience in insurance matters eminently qualifies him for his present position, which he has held to the entire satisfaction of the Company."

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THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY (LIMITED).

The large and spacious store and offices at 350 Main street, next Montreal Bank, Winnipeg, is at present occupied by the Canadian General Electric Company (Ltd.), where they handle all kinds of electrical supplies, and also represent the Thompson-Hinston & Eddison Electric interests, and the celebrated arc light system of Fort Wayne Co. in Canada.

They also have in connection with their office an engineering and repair department, where the services of an expert electrician can be had on short notice and at a reasonable charge.

"BY THEIR SIGNS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

At least Herbert Radford should be well known, as nearly all the signs in Winnipeg, whether glass, cotton, or wood, bear his autograph. Mr. Radford is a master of his trade, and can paint a sign while you are looking at it. It is through the rapidity of his work that he is able to give the public the benefit. Being a thorough artist, all work done by him is first class. From a town to a city Mr. Radford has watched Winnipeg grow, and his faith in her future is practically manifested by the signs.

#### LA BANQUE NATIONALE.

The Winnipeg branch of La Banque Nationale has now got fully settled in its quarters in the Livingstone Block on the corner of Main street and Portage avenue, and very comfortable and elegant quarters they are. The bank has secured one of the best locations in the city at a very reasonable rate, and the fittings are in harmony with the importance of the institution and the general character of the building. The walls are finished in a light brown, which accords well with the handsome counter of quartered oak. The counter is supported by pillars of antique oak, between which are panels of red cedar. The teller's box with its tasteful brass railings does not differ materially from the form which custom has made familiar to all, but the rest of the counter in front of the boxes of ledger keeper, accountant, discount clerk, etc., is arranged on an entirely novel plan, which renders the office not only lighter and better ventilated, but also facilitates the transaction of business between clerk and customer. The vault accommodation is ample, and by the means adopted

for fying cheques and papers much space usually wasted under the old method is saved. The manager's quarters are tasteful and convenient, and the whole air of the office is one of comfort and completeness. It is also gratifying to learn that the branch is now doing twice or perhaps even three times as much business as was expected when it was opened. It was thought that for some time two officials would be sufficient, but at the end of the first month another had to be added, and at the end of the second two more, bringing the staff up to five. From present appearances it seems altogether likely that two more will have to be added when the fall business opens.

#### REDWOOD BREWERY.

The many years that this well-known brewery has been running, has given the public ample opportunity of sampling and drinking the refreshing and superior ales, porter and lager beer manufactured in this establishment, and they have met with an enormous sale throughout Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, which fact is confirmed by Mr. E. L. Drewry (the proprietor) having found it necessary to increase the capacity from 450,000 to 600,000 gallons per year.

The brewery covers an area of seven acres, and is situated between Main street, Nth., and the Red River, the location being all that could be desired to carry on successfully such an extensive business.

The buildings comprise a four and a half storied malt house, beer house, bottling and cask department, storage vaults, and numerous other departments necessary to make a first class article in a first class establishment. Mr. Drewry has had the place equipped with all the latest and improved machinery, and the public can always

rest assured of getting a first class refreshing beverage when they ask for "a glass of Drewry's lager."

The "outside" trade is rapidly increasing, and a "Drewry's lager" will be found in almost every town in the province. In Victoria and Vancouver "Drewry's lager" is known almost as well as in our own city.

Since Mr. Drewry bought out the old establishment in '77 the improvements made in the meantime has made the present Redwood Brewery one of the most complete establishments of its class in Canada.

With the late purchase by Mr. Drewry of the Empire Brewery and Malting Co., which is entirely taken up for storage capacity, it has so increased his facilities for handling the trade, that it is second to none in the country.

Diplomas from Toronto, Ottawa, and Manitoba can be seen at the offices, thus giving evidence of the superiority of his brewery over all others.

Visitors to the "World's Fair" Exposition will indeed do well to visit Drewry's stand. Mr. Drewry was not behind hand even in this, and he fully intends letting our friends on the "other side" see what "little" Manitoba can do in the way of brewing fine ales.

The rise and progress of *The Tribune* is something unique in the history of Canadian journalism, or for that matter in the history of newspapers on the continent, and from the day the first copy was issued the paper took front rank, and has continued at a marvellous rate of development until to-day it is one of the best evening papers published in the Dominion, and no doubt one of the great secrets of its success has been its fearlessness and independence and its readiness to strike for the measures which it deemed to be

in the best interests of the Northwest. It was therefore to be expected that it should be found in the forefront of the great fight for equal rights through which the province has passed and from which it has emerged with its glorious victory of a national school, where all creeds may meet upon a common basis and where no sect is accorded special privileges. It is doubtful if any Canadian paper has ever before obtained such a hold upon the public within a brief given time as has *The Tribune*. No one begrudges the paper its success, for its proprietors, seconded by an able staff, have worked hard and faithfully in the effort to build up a fair-minded and honestly conducted journal. The facsimile published herewith will be ample testimony to the experienced eye, that the paper is in everyway up to the mark with its Canadian contemporaries. The Saturday edition of *The Tribune*, with its social, dramatic, religious and other departments all carefully edited, has become an institution of the city, and is read by almost everybody in Winnipeg who can afford to buy a paper weekly. The advertising columns of *The Tribune* amply demonstrate that the paper is in a prosperous condition and that the public in the most tangible way are recognizing and rewarding a journal that is fighting so valiantly for the best interests of the public. At the editorial helm, is Mr. R. L. Richardson, a newspaper man of long experience, great energy and good ability. The "business end" is looked after by Mr. D. L. McIntyre, who has few equals in his special line, and who has made a record for himself in Winnipeg.

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## The Manitoban

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cultation among the farming community in all sections of the country and is everywhere regarded as the champion of the people's interests.

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ROBERT DOUGLAS RORISON,

whose portrait, will be found on another page, was born in the township of Fritzroy, in the county of Carlton, in the province of Ontario, in the year 1848.

His father, who was one of the early pioneer lumbermen and farmers of the Ottawa valley, died when the subject of this sketch was fourteen years of age, and his mother when he was only six years old.

When but fifteen years old, he had mastered all the branches taught in the common schools, and taught school under a 2nd-class teachers' permit.

The following year he spent two sessions in Albert College, Bellville, and again taught school the rest of the year under a 1st-class teachers' permit.

The following year he went to the Commercial College at London, Ontario, and graduated there with high honor, taking a Grade A. Diploma in the short space of three months.

While at the common school, Mr. Rorison had the honor of being captain of a company of boys that secured the high distinction of being the best drilled company in the Dominion, a prize being sent from the Queen in recognition of the same.

Since graduating in the London Commercial College, Mr. Rorison has been engaged in business, and is now one of our most thorough business men, operating a real estate, financial and insurance agency, also grain merchant. At present Mr. Rorison is pushing his real estate, insurance and money loaning, and offers good terms to people with small means to

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Mr. Rorison has always identified himself in the battle for prohibition and is one of its foremost advocates. He has edited and published *The Northwest Banner* in the interest of prohibition and the proud distinction that Manitoba now enjoys as the banner prohibition province in the Dominion is largely indebted to his efforts through the columns of his paper and campaign work, he having visited time and again every part of the province, speaking and organizing.

He is a firm believer in the ultimate triumph of moral and legal suasion over the legalized saloon and also that the only way to get the consumption of alcoholic beverages to a minimum is by prohibition.

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CHIEF CLARKE,

whose portrait appears on another page is the Chief License Inspector for Manitoba and chief of the Provincial Police. He is an active zealous and painstaking officer and reflects credit on the dual positions which he holds.

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