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THE MANITOBAN.

★ MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. I.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, JUNE, 1892.

No. 7

Notes and Comments.



FROM statistics compiled from the Government blue books, we learn that the National Drink Bill for 1890, amounted to \$37,885 258 00, and the number of gallons consumed, 22,548, 044. Divid-

ing these amounts by the figures representing the population of the Dominion at the last census, we find that the direct per capita expenditure for drink was about \$7.85, and the direct per capita consumption nearly 4½ gallons. To this add the tax levied for the maintenance of jails, reformatories, asylums, etc., and we have something which ought to startle every temperance man throughout the Dominion, into greater activity. As those interested in the cause of temperance will have a chance now to do a little for the cause they uphold, let us have a vigorous rally and elect candidates pledged to prohibition. If Manitoba will set the example, the other provinces will follow.

It must be very gratifying to the shareholders of the C. P. R. to see the way land sold this spring. For a few weeks the land department had a regular boom, during which time thousands of acres changed hands. This is a good healthy sign, and if straws show which way the wind blows, this will give us a pretty good idea of what faith people have in the country.

* * *

It has been said that the Dominion Government intend abolishing the offices of the different immigration agents very soon, in order to save expense.

We do not know how hard up the Government are for funds, but if they have to do away with such an important branch of the service, as the immigration department, the treasury must be pretty low. We would suggest a special tax be levied on whiskey and tobacco, sufficient to maintain the present staff until such times as we get a few more settlers in the country, to help us pay off our national debt. We hope the Government will think twice before taking such an important step, as the future of our country depends on what we

do now. Ten good settlers to-day are worth twice as many a few years hence.

* * *

WE hope to see the day when candidates for political honors will not be chosen by a party, for a party, but because they are men who will do what is right in the interests of the country. If political parties were wiped out of existence, and a legislative body could be elected like a common council, with no other interest to serve than the good of the country, we would probably get a better Government, and have less boodling. Under the present state of affairs as they exist, no matter how honorable a man may be, or how good a character he may be possessed of, the moment he allies himself to a party, for the purpose of seeking the suffrage of the people, he is ruthlessly assailed, and a vigorous attempt made to take away what character he has, by his unscrupulous opponents.

So fierce are political contests waged now adays, that from the time the campaign commences, until it is over, the country is plunged into a state of excitement, bordering on madness. This is particularly so with the Americans, and if we could go back to the way nations were ruled 4,000 years ago, we might learn a profitable lesson. Instead of advancing in civilization, we appear to be retrograding. Even in the wilds of Africa, or among the many millions in China or India, they elect their rulers without such a commotion. This may appear to be taking a despotic view of the case, but it is at all events

preferable to the unscrupulous way, not to speak of the bribery and corruption that we have to witness in this 19th century.

* * *

WHILE we are speaking about elections, we would like to say a word about "house to house canvass," personal canvassing, etc. There are many objections to this mode of securing the votes of the people, and it would be a great boon to the community, if an act was passed prohibiting any canvass whatever. No matter how many promises a candidate may receive, or pledges of support which may be promised, the ballot box alone tells the truth. And even this sometimes is liable to be tampered with.

Another great evil is the stand too often taken by the public press, in asserting what all honest people know is not true, and so distorting facts, that one hardly knows whether to believe anything they may read or not.

Everybody have their faults, but they have a character, and the community have a rising generation to educate, and for the sake of the future welfare of the country, both morally, and politically, let us have good sound reasoning, without the "generalities" usually indulged in, in the excitement of the elections. Let us remember that we have a higher duty to perform, a portion of which will be to conduct ourselves rationally and Christian-like before God and man.

* * *

As an instance that the world is progressing and that we are gradually

marching on towards the goal, we quote the following from the *New York Literary Digest*: "In the General Conference of the Methodist Church, held at Westminster, Maryland, another phase of the woman question cropped out. It was the action of the Conference in striking out the word 'obey' from the marriage service. The matter came up in the consideration of the report of the Committee on Ritual. The discussion occupied nearly the whole of the afternoon. The Rev. J. N. Thompson, in moving that the word 'obey' be stricken from the service, said he was willing to let it remain if it be placed in the service again, so as to require the man to obey his wife as well as to honor and comfort and keep her. The vote was 35 to 26 in favor of striking out the word. The women delegates voted for it." Score another victory for the women. We are glad to see things made right, especially when the word "obey" is almost obsolete as far as fulfilling it is concerned. We feel sorry for the couple who sacredly promise each other to "obey," when they know all the time they don't intend to. If a married couple can get along at all, they don't require to be pledged for to do something which nothing on earth but their love can make them do. Many married ladies have said they got over their part of the ceremony, by either leaving the objectionable word unspoken or construing it so as to read *nobey*. But now that the Conference in Maryland have removed the obstacle, the ladies there ought to feel satisfied. In the meantime we will anxiously await the result and see

how it works. To us it looks as if the ministers thought to increase their fees, and at the same time make themselves solid with the ladies. Those who are old maids, *by inclination*, will now have one of the barriers removed, thus having no excuse for remaining any longer in single blessedness.

* * *

THE subject of gambling has of late been one of much controversy, and the action of our city police in their endeavor to suppress this evil has met with the hearty approval of the citizens. The professional gambler is worse than the thief who robs your pocket or your house. He ensnares his victims and enflames their desire to recover what has been stolen from them by plunging more madly than ever into the vortex. How many young men have been ruined through play? How many prospects have been blighted and homes destroyed by this absorbing passion of play on which they have staked their soul. Failure to win, meant disgrace, suicide and death, while the winner only reaped a fleeting benefit, the forerunner of an end equally the same. A writer in the *Westminster Review*, in discussing the ethics of gambling, very aptly describes it as follows. He says: "Gambling excites the emotions, bringing unnatural alternations of hope and fear, of pleasure and pain. There can be no manner of doubt that this drain of nervous tissue represents, in perfection, the waste without repair, which is directly subversive of life, and when the betting is entirely upon chance there are no compensating advantages of any

kind." The writer of the above very tersely puts it, when he says, "there are no compensating advantages of any kind." This is the truth, and is especially more so, when the victim has a professional to contend with. If there are no advantages to be gained in any case, what can be expected when an expert with his fixed gambling outfit, is tempting us to play. Young men, who believe everybody as honest as they are, will do well to avoid any person who would only play them for gain. Nor is gambling confined to the card table alone. In the commercial world we have speculations based on margins, or so-called, foundationless assets, which is nothing more or less than pure gambling. As the same writer very aptly sums up the sin of this favorite pastime, we cannot do better than quote from his article. He says: "As to cases where trials of strength or skill come into question, it must be said, that as a matter of fact, gambling is never a trial of skill; it is either an appeal to chance or a contest in judgments. In a contest in judgments, the victory falls to the sharper wits, and thus the whole system of competitive industry has arisen to supersede more barbarous methods of warfare. Competition is valuable only as a stimulus to industry. Gambling on the results of a contest of judgments is simply *competitive industry with the industry left out*. There can be no hesitation in condemning utterly all predatory tendencies when dissociated from industry. Gambling as an occupation is the modern form of civil war, or rather of primitive anarchy. Commercial speculation, though appar-

ently based upon a tangible and legitimate thing is simply gambling. The efforts of those engaged in it are of no value to the world and should by no means escape approbrium."

* * *

SINCE our last issue we have had a very pleasant break in our ordinary summer's entertainments, for which the thanks of the public are due to the Historical Society of Manitoba, who conceived the idea, and to the distinguished gentleman whom they succeeded in securing for a lecture upon a subject possessing very great general and scientific interest, Prof. John Murray, LL.D., Ph.D., one of the naturalists on board H.M.S. Challenger, during the years 1873 to 1876, which vessel, our readers will remember, was under the command of Capt. George S. Nares, R.N., F.R.S., and Capt. Frank Tuorle Thompson, R.N.; and the expedition had a staff of scientific men under the direction of Sir C. W. Thompson, Knt., F.R.S.

It is needless to say that the hall secured for the lecture was packed to its utmost. The lecturer was introduced at the request of Mr. John McBeth, President of the Historical Society, by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and although there was an entire absence of the usual modern lecture appliances in the shape of lime-light views and other aids, both to the lecturer and to his audience, we feel quite safe in saying that the interest in the subject was maintained throughout, and that the lecturer himself only sought to choose from the vast variety of subjects with which he was familiar, those which were most likely to interest his audience.

He gave due credit to the impetus, which was given to deep-sea soundings by an officer under Lieut. Maury, who invented a sounding machine which simplified in a great measure the methods in use before, and proved of vastly more service. This idea was still further improved upon by some officers of the British Navy; and he explained fully the methods in use to obtain not only the depth but also the specimens at the bottom, its fish and other animals, and by an ingenious system of trawls, the inhabitants of the ocean from its surface to its greatest depth of about five miles. An immense number of specimens were collected, the peculiar character of which he gave very interesting descriptions.

Incidentally he mentioned non-scientific, but amusing incidents of the voyage. One of these was their visit to some of the smaller South Sea Islands, whose inhabitants had never seen white men, and a careful examination was made by the dark inhabitants to discover the nature of the white paint used by these astonishing visitors. A Newfoundland dog, evidently the pet of the ship's crew, was an animal never before seen by the Islanders, who were familiar with nothing larger than the opossum on those islands; interest in all else would cease with the occupants of the canoes when this Newfoundland protruded his head through one of the port-holes; and on one occasion, when the chiefs and warriors of one of the islands were drawn up on the shore awaiting the arrival of the small boat which had left the ship, the Newfoundland, anxious for a

swim jumped into the water and made for the beach. When he emerged, his first shake, started chiefs and warriors flying to the interior.

It was the opinion of the eminent lecturer, and in this he differs from some other scientific men, that light does not penetrate the ocean beyond a depth of one hundred fathoms or so, that beyond this there is total darkness relieved by the phosphorescent gleam of the animals which frequent this greater depth. To bear out this theory he instances the crabs, fish and other animals having in many cases only the rudiments of an eye when full grown, but shortly after birth as having two eyes perfect, from which he inferred that while these species had gradually descended from the shore-line of the sea to its greater depths, the eyes which were of use at the surface had become but mere sightless specks.

It would take too much space to give more than a mere sample of his rapidly spoken discourse, but the general impression was that all that had been said of the lecturer by the President of the Historical Society, the compliments paid him by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and the unanimity of the vote of thanks tendered him at its close, were exceedingly well deserved.

The distinguished lecturer is, we are glad to say a native Canadian, born at Cobourg, Ontario, and is the brother of our popular assistant superintendent of the C.P.R. here, and we can assure him, if he chances to see this notice that the warmest of welcomes will be tendered him by the people of Winnipeg should he visit the prairie province again.

Our Canadian Relationships.

We have received a pamphlet, which calls for a few extended remarks, from Joseph Nimmo, Jr. of Washington, D. C., entitled, "Our Canadian Relationships," in which the writer discusses the annexation delusion and the need of a new Canadian policy, based upon protection and correlative reciprocity.

In a few words the writer endeavors to point out that owing to the persistency of the Canadians in rejecting all offers of annexation, and other advantages which would accrue from such a connection, and from their refusal to make a treaty inimical to their own interests, that Canadians should be taught a lesson. With the astuteness worthy of a prophet, Mr. Nimmo has found out that "British connection is sentimental rather than practical, and is operative chiefly as a shield to Canadian aggression upon American interests." How very patriotic the writer is to *American interests*. It is this class of patriotism which would not rest until Canada was part and parcel of the Union. Another thing which seems to make Mr. Nimmo feel bad, is that the Canadian Pacific Railway, the pride of the Dominion, is not only competing with American railroads, but is taking away a large portion of the carrying trade, usually enjoyed by them, and as such "has been essentially a transportation corporation at rivalry with American transportation interests from Quoddy Head on the Atlantic, to Vancouver on the Pacific" What a pity it is that a country, a nation with sixty-five millions of people, are actually forced to be so humiliated as to stand by and see six millions of people take away their trade. Another serious obstacle which the writer complains of, is that the Americans are working at a disadvantage owing to the wide difference existing between the foreign commercial policies of the two coun-

tries. He says "that the United States is confined to the one arm of import duties, whereas the Dominion Government may use the right arm of import duties, the left arm of export duties, and the indefinable power of 'orders in council' which seem to serve as a sort of kicking arrangement." Mr. Nimmo is right, the poor Americans are truly laboring to a disadvantage, but as the Presidential election is now on, they will have to grin and bear it until the President is elected, and the World's Fair is over. This puts the matter of trade relations in a new light, as we were led to believe by some eminent Canadian statesmen, that it was poor Canada who was in the soup. We think if Mr. Nimmo would have Congress amend their laws somewhat, they might get over the difficulty of playing second fiddle to Miss Canada. With a patriotic zeal, the writer attacks the various acts touching American interests, and characterizes among other things, Canada's stand on the fishery question as an act of "barbarism, fit only for savages," and almost goes into fits because Canada imposes a duty of 10 per cent. on tea and coffee when imported from the United States in the interest of the Canadian Pacific railway. With the judgment of a 'Daniel,' he sums up all so-called Canadian aggressions upon American interests as follows: "With the British keen eye to business in politics, the Canadians discovered years ago, that aggression upon American interests pays better than annexation to the United States." What a wonderful admission, and what a friendly remark. Truly the Canadians are a people to be feared. Here is food for reflection and to which the attention of our statesmen is called. Poor Uncle Sam out in the cold. By the way, we would ask Mr. Nimmo, what about the "Eagle," the bird of liberty and freedom? What is she doing all this time? But, Mr. Nimmo,

through the dark clouds, has discovered a silver lining! He has discovered a balm in Gilead, a remedy for all the trouble, and if Canada will only stand still and let America alone the troubles would cease. With a keen insight after American interests he suggests that, "the policy of protection to American interests be supplemented by the *policy of reciprocity* in all cases where *American interests will be promoted.*" This is quite right, Mr. Nimmo, as long as "Barkis is willin'"; but it takes two to make a bargain. The writer is evidently of this opinion, too, when he says that, "apparently the true course for this country now to pursue, is at once to formulate and enforce a pronounced policy of protection to American interests from the banks of Newfoundland to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, and to maintain such protection as the essential condition to a reciprocity which would at once defend the honor and protect the commercial, industrial and transportation interests of the United States against further Canadian outrage, aggression and insult." He then calls upon the Republican party to incorporate protection against every form of Canadian encroachment upon American interests into their platform for the campaign of 1892, and says it will be discreditable to the country if such a policy is not fully sustained by the people. What a blue outlook for us Canadians, and what a terrible threat for revenge. We would advise Mr. Nimmo to see McKinley and Harrison immediately, as in the excitement of the elections, such an admirable policy might be lost sight of unless it was brought especially to their notice.

OUR readers will do well to read what our advertisers have to say in this issue, and when answering any advertisements they will confer a favor if they mention THE MANITOBAN.

Only Friends.

BY DIXI.

(For the Manitoban.)

IT was three years ago; I was twenty-two, now I am twenty-five; one feels on the verge of old-maidhood at twenty-five!

A man is young then, he has not attained middle age at thirty even, and is not an old bachelor until he is forty; a married woman is young then too, but a spinster—what an ugly word spinster is; that's what I am; I'll say it again, SPINSTER—a spinster is looked upon as almost hopeless at twenty-five; when I am thirty I will be very much on the shelf.

My name is Helen Bertram, Miss Bertram I was called, and sometimes I forgot that I had a first name like other people.

Circumstances had placed me in a position where I must be dependent upon my not very near relatives, starve or work; I don't like depending upon relatives; I never did it, but I don't fancy I would like it; I don't like living with them even, so I know I would not like depending upon them. Starving disagrees with me; I determined to work, and to work far away from prejudiced people. I went to the States.

At sixteen I felt quite grown up, and put on airs accordingly.

For six years I worked; taught at first, but I got tired of teaching; children are tiresome and stupid, even the best of them, and I often had scholars far older than myself who were not easy to manage.

Then I went into an office, thereby lowering myself very much in the eyes of the world, but gaining greatly in comfort and salary; very few could walk along the street with me, and some could not even speak to me.

I had just gone to a new boarding house. How I hated boarding houses! Gossipy, uncomfortable places where one is discussed and criticized, rubbed



LEARNING TO BE CHARITABLE.

down and up and rounded off to fit in to everyone's standard of what is proper. Every one of them is different too, and I went down to dinner with the feeling that I wished I lived in a desert island where I could eat my meals in peace. I knew all the questions that would be hurled at me as soon as I sat down. Boarding houses are all alike in this; one's family history is expected at the first meal, a free discussion of one's friends at the next, and at the intimacy of the third meal one's innermost thoughts and feelings must be poured out for the gratification of the assembled eaters.

I had been in so many of them and had never been entirely satisfactory. People called me peculiar, but I cared little what they said so long as they left me in peace.

Here I was going to another table to meet more people, and I felt bored.

An elderly woman had taken me in tow as though I were just away from leading strings and could not step alone. She gave me the history of the household on the way down stairs. There was a young doctor at "our" table, a "great catch." I must see what I could do with him.

How disgusting! I disliked him on the spot. I knew my ideas about marriage were strange, I had been told so so often; marriage to me was a union of souls, a beautiful companionship. I had been the recipient of lots of love tales, and had helped not a little in a few marriages. I am not fond of talking for talking's sake, and am trusted with many secrets.

We went into the room,—the same long tables, the identical faces that I had looked at in every other place. Thank fortune, there were not many at our table! My name was mentioned. I was conscious of bowing and hearing a confused murmur of "happy-to-meet-you," and I looked out of the window and wished they would all go away.

"Soup or fish?"

"I'll take some fish, thank you," and forgot all about the people in contemplation of the bony morsel before me.

"You look tired."

My eyes left my fish and wandered across the table. People did not generally take such liberties with me. What a good, kind face, and so manly! I knew him at once, I had always known him, but until then we had never met. Of course he had a right to speak to me.

"Yes, I am tired."

I had never admitted it before; I had denied it time and again in the past week. I had no right to be tired, had no place to go if I were tired.

The other boarders had left the table; they had toyed and dawdled over their dessert to witness the entrance of the new boarder, but the new boarder did not talk, and they left disgusted.

The elderly woman stayed, and the doctor—I heard her call him doctor, but did not know that he was the objectionable "catch" until after. They talked together and left me alone. I could not help noticing the deference he paid her, nor the interest he appeared to take in her small talk, such very small talk. She was painted and powdered and somewhat deformed, poor soul! Her remarks were very bitter; life had not been beautiful to her and she made it less so. We left the table.

"You have eaten nothing."

I did not know that he had seen me even after his one remark; he had said nothing more to me, nor even looked my way.

I went back to my long afternoon's work in the hot office feeling less lonesome, and hummed a gay tune to myself when no one was around.

I was naturally light hearted and saw the bright side of things, but something had been oppressing me and I had not felt gay for weeks.

* * * *

A few mornings after, I wakened with a dreadful pain in my head; it ran down the back of my neck and seized the spinal cord. Such agony; I was hot and cold; burning, blazing up, and then shivering and shaking among

the blankets; every bone in my body ached and I was racked with pain.

No one came near me; I lay there all morning, and tried once or twice to get up, but could not move.

I knew nothing more until a doctor came at night—not my doctor, he had gone to visit his mother. How I envied her.

"Are you very sick?"

"No, just neuralgia. I'll get up to-morrow."

"You had better stay in bed until I see you again." What a relief!

"Will you tell them at the office, doctor?" And I knew nothing more.

* * * *

It was a big colored nurse bending over me. I opened my eyes and saw her grin from one side of her face to the other. I was in a different room, but was too weary to look around or say anything.

It must have been midnight when I wakened again. The old nurse was rocking to and fro, her big feet coming down with a thump every time she came forward. Occasionally she roused herself to whisk away the mosquitoes, and then dozed off again, snoring in deep long breaths, still rocking herself.

There was a sound of groaning. I could not tell where it came from, but in the deathly silence it was terrible.

A black figure glided in and shook old nurse, and they both went out together. The groaning grew worse, it had a rattling sound—it was awful! Then there was a long gasp, some short quick breaths, and a terrible gurgling—the sound stopped.

The two darkies stole back into my room and sat on the foot of my bed, whispering together.

My hair stood on end; I was bathed in perspiration and shook from head to foot.

"What's the matter, nurse?" I asked.

"Nothin', hinny, nothin'. Jes' you go to sleep, again, that's a deah."

"Somebody is dead, nurse?"

"Yes, hinny. 'Tank de Lord it ain't you."

Some men came in next morning, and carried the corpse out in a board box. They passed my door. It was open and I saw, then heard them thump it into a cart, and then there was a sound of horses galloping up the street.

Not a soul came near me. How I longed for something to drink, but when I attempted to get out of bed, I fell back exhausted.

It must have been the next day he came—my doctor.

I heard a step in the room and opened my eyes; he was standing beside me.

I must have smiled, for he said: "You look very bright for a sick little girl."

How gentle his voice sounded! I was quite content, nothing could harm me now. He sat down, felt my pulse and looked into my eyes.

"How long have you been sick?"

"I don't know; I don't know what day this is."

"Has no one been near you?"

"There is a black nurse somewhere."

"What does she give you?"

"Nothing. She says she can get nothing; and oh, doctor, I am so thirsty." Doctor jumped up, he went out and shut the door. In a few minutes nurse came in with some milk; only one tablespoonful and that nearly all water. I could have drained the jug and begged for more.

Doctor came back and sat beside me; he would not let me talk and would say very little himself.

"I have just come back. I did not know you were sick. You will get better now though."

Every care had rolled away; I need not worry.

I wanted nothing; every day, three or four times he came to me and I began to feel stronger. He told me about his visit home and brought little scraps of news that he thought would interest me.

I wondered why I saw no one. The

house was full when I was taken sick. I had never seen a soul.

He said there was no one in the house, they had all gone away for the summer.

I questioned nurse and found that a fearful epidemic was raging; everyone had fled. A flag was over the door of the house I was in, and a guard on the sidewalk warned people not to come near.

Doctor was angry when he found I had been told what was the matter, but it did not make me any worse.

Nurse took sick, and one day doctor did not come.

What fearful loneliness! The next day passed and no doctor. I got up and dressed; there was nothing else to do; I could stand it no longer. Nurse was better, and I sent her to the top piazza to get a paper. I heard news-boys calling them on the street. She threw down a nickel and a paper was thrown up. I opened it.

Doctor was ill; very ill in the hospital. It was doubtful if he would recover.

* * * *

A friend of Doctor's came and took me away from the house, the nurse had gone to another patient and I was left alone; I did not know the friend, but he had seen Doctor who had told him I must not stay there.

An old couple lived in the house I went to, they took sick next morning: I began to starve; I was famished. How I longed for doctor! Death would have been better than this. I wept, I prayed for him, but could hear nothing.

Then he came; thin, white, hardly able to walk. I nearly cried for joy. Poor old doctor! He came every day after that and we went for drives together, we were such companions, and bye and bye we grew better and stronger. Life was lovely to us in that pest stricken city.

"I am glad you cannot get home; I want you here," and my heart throbbed when I knew I was of use to him. I

could help him, I could read to him and write his letters.

"What would I do without my faithful little friend?" Always friend, I asked to be nothing more; we were very happy.

The summer passed, and the long, dreary fall came. In October it began to get cool; I felt myself getting sick, and one night had the burning fever again. I was sent to the hospital. My doctor had charge of it.

Every spare moment he was beside me; beautiful flowers and pictures found their way into my room, and he would read and talk, while I had nothing to do but lie still and listen.

I got better, and again we drove and rambled when he had time to take a rest. We were everything to each other, and seemed to read each other's hearts; we knew each other's thoughts without speaking.

* * * *

Sick again, and in the hospital; it was nearly Christmas now; I could not get better.

"Quarantine is raised, I must let you go," said doctor, "you will get strong and well in the north, and we will meet again."

Just friends, we said, we will show the world that people can be friends.

We went for our last drive; the tears came to my eyes; I could not help them.

"Don't cry, little friend; are we *only* friends?"

"Yes, I said, 'only friends;' but I burst into tears as I said it. 'It is hard for friends to part.'

We said good bye; everything looked misty.

"We can never forget each other?" I shook my head, I could not speak, and turned away.

The whistle shrieked, we shook hands and our eyes met,

It was the last time.

* * * *

I have never had another friend.

Marriage in Upper Canada

100 YEARS AGO (1792).

WE are often curious to know of the many things that were done in the last century, and it is with curiosity that we try to part the veil of the past and penetrate with wonder into the mysteries that took place; and as we read of strange enactments of the curious laws of those days, we are apt to give an incredulous smile and pity the ignorance of those who lived in that time. But who knows how we will appear in the eyes of the people 100 years hence?

From the report of the Canadian Archives (1891), just issued by Mr. Douglas Brymner, Dominion Archivist, we learn something of the marriage laws of 1792, then in force in Upper Canada, now Ontario.

It was not till 1784, that any portion of Upper Canada was either settled or cultivated, except the settlement of Detroit. In that year many of the military corps, doing duty in the province of Quebec, were reduced and together with many loyalists from the state of New York, established themselves along the shores of the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario. In the meantime, from 1777, many loyalist families belonging to Butler's Rangers, the Royal Yorkers, Indian Department and other corps, doing duty at the Upper Posts, had from time to time come into the country, many of whom had large families of sons and daughters. As was usual courtship and marriage naturally followed, although the marriage tie could not be regularly solemnized, there being no clergyman nearer than Montreal. But this did not hinder the young folks from getting the knot tied, as love always finds a way to get over obstacles. The usual practice was for the happy pair to go before the officer commanding the post, who publicly read to the contracting parties the matrimonial service in the Book of Common Prayer, using the ring, and

observing such other forms therein prescribed. In case the officer commanding refused to act, as was sometimes the case, the parties concerned usually went to the adjutant of the Regiment, who would perform the service with great glee, after which a regular old-fashioned spree would take place. In 1784, after the settlements were opened, the Justices of the Peace used to perform the ceremony until the establishment of clergymen throughout the country, when they lost their customers, and fees as well.

Many are the novel stories related as to the way some of these J. P.'s performed the ceremony. As many of these marriages, more especially those performed by others than the clergymen, were questioned as to their validity, Lord Simcoe, the then Governor, in 1792, took the matter up and caused an inquiry to be made, which resulted in a report on this important subject being laid before him, prepared by Mr. Richard Cartwright, Jr. As was natural, many people were anxious as to the outcome of what been done, and the details were eagerly looked for. In due time the report was presented, and as the decision arrived at was thus made public, we cannot do better than quote that portion of it which refers to the validity of the marriages as they were at that time. Mr. Cartwright, after relating the very indifferent manner in which matrimonial alliances were solemnized says:—

“From these circumstances it has happened that the marriages of the generality of the inhabitants of Upper Canada are not valid in law, and their children must *stricto jure* be considered illegitimate, and consequently not entitled to inherit their property. Indeed this would have been the case, in my opinion, had the marriage ceremony been performed even by a regular clergyman, and with due observance of all the forms prescribed by the laws of England.”

Truly this was an alarming report, and was not very consoling to many of those who had married and raised large families, only to find they were

not married at all, and that their children were illegitimate. Numerous difficulties at once were foreseen especially as to titles and transfers of property, to say nothing of the uneasiness and disquiet caused in the minds of those who possessed a fickle spouse. But to remedy all the difficulties and legalize matters, Mr. Cartwright suggested in his report a plan of getting over the question; he says:—

“Such being the case, it is obvious that it requires the interposition of the Legislature as well to settle what is past, as to provide some regulations for the future in framing of which it should be considered that good policy requires that in a new country, at least, matrimonial connections should be made as easy as may be consistent with the importance of such engagements; and having pledged myself to bring this business forward early in the next Session, I am lead to hope that Your Excellency will make such representations to His Majesty's Ministers as will induce them to consent to such arrangements respecting this business, as the circumstances of the country may render expedient.”

To those of us who are living in this enlightened age of the 19th century, such proceedings seem rather strange, and many who have scolding wives and worthless husbands, may perhaps feel that by this act their liberties were rudely taken away, and the chance of any future freedom unwittingly done for.

• Dawson Route Military Expeditions.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE FORCE.

(Continued from March number.)

In continuing the account of the progress of the 3rd expedition over the Dawson Route in 1872, it would not be wise to particularize the arrivals and departures at the various portages on our route, in view of the fact that the relation of such would be

simply a repetition of much that has been so ably described in the MANITOBA by a member of the 1st expedition. The duties of the officers and men of our force were somewhat similar to those of the larger force of 1870, though the route followed by the latter from Lake Shebandowan to Fort Francis was a more southerly one to that by which we groped our way through that rocky and desolate country. The reader, if he has travelled over the C. P. R. to Fort William, can form an idea of the difficulties encountered by those early expeditions to this country, in crossing lakes and portages, wading swamps, climbing rocks, in fording streams and running rapids, on their way to Fort Garry. A few moments reflection on the changed circumstances of to-day; the substitution of the luxurious Pullman coach for the laborious and dangerous method of travel, then necessary to reach this country, will convince and gratify any loyal Canadian of the wonderful progress made in this western country during the last twenty years.

During our journeyings our chief amusement was racing on the lakes and rivers at every opportunity; the men doubling up on the huge oars, and bending to them with a determination not to be beaten, oftentimes the oars being broken in the struggle. One race the writer recollects having witnessed in the stream flowing into Sturgeon Lake. The boats collided at a narrow part of the stream where two could not pass, and they were injured and oars broken, and a few heads came very near being broken also.

This reminds me of an amusing incident which occurred shortly afterwards. Lieut. Taillefer, who commanded our section of the force, had issued very strict orders against any further racing and any one who had seen the stern countenance of the ex-Papal Zouave would say that an order from him was law. We had not proceeded far, however, when a boat with a crew of Ontario boys came forging on in the

rear of the boat occupied by Lieut. Taillefer, which was manned by a crew nearly all of whom were physically light, being nearly all from Montreal. The latter were certainly not inclined to let the Ontario boat pass without an effort, notwithstanding the order given by the officer in command; so they pulled for all they were able, while Taillefer sat gloomily taking in the situation. A repetition of the order was expected forbidding the race, when, presto! he makes a spring and hurls a diminutive Frenchman from the oar and taking his seat at it—a Hercules in strength and size—gave one tremendous stroke and breaking the thwart pin, went on his back with heels in the air with the momentum of a battering ram. His only remark when struggling to get up was "well boys you must not think I am a poor rower." It was generally remarked that Mr. Taillefer was never known to smile, and it is certain he did not on that occasion, though his crew did.

Experiences of another nature served to vary the monotony of our progress, viz., the running of rapids on the Maligne river, and afterwards on the Rainy river above Fort Francis. The rapids on the former are long and very swift, with falls here and there of about 2 to 2½ feet in height. The boats were handled by our Iroquois Indian voyageurs, one at each bow and stern, and one man at each oar pulling as if going against the stream, and descending with fearful rapidity between terrible threatening rocks. Nearly the whole force disembarked at the head of the stream. A few of the abler bodied men being retained to row the boats, the former portaging themselves and the greater part of the stores overland in the usual way. The boat in which the writer assisted in rowing, had a narrow escape from being swamped in the rapid. It struck a submerged rock, turned stern foremost, and after a series of gymnastic performances, glided into the lake, half filled with water.

After our boat's crew, nominally

commanded by the redoubtable Crusoe, had landed we soon reached Tanner's lake over a long and rocky portage, which was soon crossed. Another long and rocky portage known as Island portage brought us to Lake Nameukan, on the northern shore of which is located an Indian reserve, occupied by a band of Indians, headed at that time by the famous chief Blackstone. While we were preparing to embark on the lake, the giant chief, followed by an immense throng of the filthiest and most repulsive natives that we had ever seen, presented himself and began a harangue, which judging by the manner in which he drew our attention to surrounding objects, including his loyal following, might have been a learned discourse on geology, natural history, ethnology and astronomy. Would it be reasonable to suppose that, through our ignorance of modern languages, several new ideas and discoveries in these sciences are not now known to the world? It is quite probable that it was an appeal for food, at least Billy Reddy thought so, when he approached him with a salaam, in the midst of his eloquent peroration, and handed him one of the hardest of our hard-tack. The chief took it, looked at it, and with a tremendous Ugh! he turned and stalked majestically away.

After crossing Lake Nameukan and the portage between that lake and Rainy Lake, we met Lieut-Col. W. Osborne Smith, who had arrived from Fort Garry, to replace Col. Villiers. The former at once took command, and after embarking in the boats, we began to cross Rainy Lake. We had not proceeded far when a severe storm suddenly arose which drove us to the lee of an island close to the Minnesota shore. We camped for the night in Uncle Sam's dominions, and waited all next day, Sunday, for the storm to abate. While waiting, our provisions ran short, and that morning a bugle sounded, "Fall in." The call was not expected and the men wondered if it was for Divine service, when lo! the

the Col. stepped up and in language not found in the Prayer book, called us names, more forcible than appropriate on that sacred morn. He charged us with wasting "God's precious food," and said, "if any man in future saw another wasting provisions he was to hit him over the head with his rifle," and, he added, "I will justify him in doing so." The Colonel then went off in his big war canoe to Fort Francis for supplies and met us next day, passing each boat and throwing a quantity of hard-tack to the hungry men, which we attacked at the imminent risk of breaking our teeth.

It did not seem to us that there was any waste, as some 300 men, exposed to the exhilarating ozone of the October breezes of the Dawson Route and rowing heavy boats, had perfectly legitimate means of getting away with food without "casting their bread upon the waters."

We soon reached Rainy River and after running several dangerous rapids in the 30 miles between the head of the river and Fort Francis, we reached the latter place and camped on the plain opposite the Falls, where fresh meat was served to us, the first we had eaten since leaving Collingwood. It was certainly an agreeable change from the saltiest of salt pork and hard-tack.

The village of Fort Francis is beautifully situated on the high banks of the river, in full view of the falls. The village at that time was simply an outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company, and almost unknown to the outer world, but it would be quite safe to predict for it a great future, should the much talked of Winnipeg and Duluth Railway become an accomplished fact. It lies in an almost direct line between Winnipeg and Duluth, and if it only had railway communication with the wheat fields of the west and with Lake Superior to the east, its almost unlimited water-power could be utilized to grind the wheat of half the continent. It does not require the experienced eye of an engineer to see that by the construction of power canals on both sides of the

river above the falls, a score of mills could obtain power at a comparatively very small cost.

After laying in a supply of flour, furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company, and bidding a regretful goodbye to our popular leader, Lieut.-Col. Villiers who had brought us safely to that point, we embarked on our boats and resumed our journey down Rainy River. The current being with us, we made rapid progress, and after proceeding some 30 or 40 miles, we camped on the Minnesota side for the night. Early in the morning we resumed our journey down this beautiful stream, and late the following night we passed Hungry Hall, and camped on a sandy and barren island, near the mouth of the river. Next morning we found that a severe storm prevailed on the Lake of the Woods, which compelled us to delay embarking in our frail boats. Our meals here were simple in the extreme. The bill of fare consisting of "slapjacks," the recipe for the preparation of which is—mix flour with Rainy River water to the consistency of dough, spread it by hand into cakes of a suitable size and bake on sheet iron frying-pans over an open fire, built on a sandy beach. In order that the slapjacks be properly seasoned, it is necessary that the wind should be blowing at the rate of about ten miles an hour, sufficient to incorporate enough sand in them to make them palatable. No other seasoning should be used. We followed this recipe to the letter, in fact we could not do otherwise under the circumstances, the materials mentioned being all we had in our regimental pantry. We spent the time in watching the storm and in attempting to capture prairie chickens, large numbers of which flew over our heads, almost close enough to enable us to hit them with clubs.

Early the following morning, the storm having spent itself meanwhile, we resumed our journey over the broad expanse of the Lake of the Woods, and as we all had by this time become

experienced boatmen, we soon crossed this last and largest lake on the route, and reached the North West Angle, after rowing through a broad expanse of wild rice bordering the shore at that point. Upon landing we found a cavalcade of harnessed oxen and Red River carts awaiting us, to carry our stores, etc, overland, a distance of 110 miles to Fort Garry. This mode of conveyance was new to many of us, and the various nondescript outfits with their halfbreed drivers were objects of interest to a greater extent than even Blackstone and his band.

The long black haired drivers were interviewed for all kinds of information and their outfits closely examined but not a vestige of iron found upon either carts or harness. The carts were soon loaded with our stores and dispatched in advance of the column. After a meal of slapjacks we commenced our march to Fort Garry. The road lay through the woods for a distance of about 75 miles from the lake. The tall, dead tamarac and spruce trees on each side showed that an extensive bush fire had raged some time before, burning the foliage to the tops and left the bare poles swaying in the breeze. Our daily march covered a distance of about 30 miles, which was considered good considering that the road bed was of white sand, our feet sinking about six inches at every step, and that each man carried his rifle, accoutrements and forty rounds of ammunition, the knapsacks only being in the carts.

Many of the men had been served with boots at Collingwood two and three sizes too large, a number, including the writer, wearing number twelves, and the reader can imagine for himself which would suffer most when a No. 9 foot, a No. 12 boot and a sandy road are introduced to each other. Many of the boots were discarded and thrown into the carts, the wearers filling their socks with hay, and keeping up with the column on the march.

On the afternoon of the third day we

emerged into the open prairie near Pointe du Chêne, where we camped for the night. During the night a heavy fall of snow covered the ground to the depth of about 6 inches, which became slush in the morning. To the bootless men this was anything but comfortable, but such minor discomforts were nothing in view of the early termination of our somewhat eventful journey. The last full day's march was soon resumed over the prairie, towards the oft heard of Red River and the scene of the Riel rebellion of nearly two years before. The snow and the mud soon disappeared and the change from the sand to the prairie trail was a welcome one. Towards the close of the day, however, several began to flag through ill fitting boots and from lack of boots of any kind, and towards evening the writer was told off to take charge of a picket to bring up the stragglers. The days being short, darkness soon covered the prairie with its pall, and about 9 o'clock a camp fire could be seen in the distance. This was cheering, as it was thought an indication that our march for that day would very soon be over. After trudging several miles and the light seemingly as distant as ever, we enquired at a house by the roadside (situated, we afterwards found, in the parish of Lorette) what the distance was to the light. We were told "about tree miles." That at least, was definite, we thought.

Another hour wearily passed and still as the light appeared no nearer, enquiry was again made at a house of the distance to the light. Our hearts sank when we got the answer "about tree miles," and for some time the picket had some difficulty in preventing several Montreal men seeking shelter in houses of the French residents by the way. However, about midnight we reached the camp fire, around which the men had gathered and were fast asleep on the ground in the open air, the tents not having arrived. A number of our stragglers soon found a haystack close by, from which they pulled a quantity of hay in the midst

of which they stretched their tired limbs and had the soundest and most restful sleep of any on the journey.

Next morning, the 21st October, the march was again resumed and soon the crossing of the Seine River to the east of St. Boniface was reached, where we halted to wash and clean up before entering civilization again. Soon after we reached the banks of Red River, passing in front of the Bishop's Palace and crossed the Red River by way of a ferry into what is now known as Fort Rouge, and from thence over the Assiniboine River on a pontoon bridge, close to and east of where the Main St. Bridge now stands, and into Fort Garry through the massive south gate. The order "halt, front, dress" brought our long tiresome journey to a close, when we were told off in half companies to our respective barrack rooms in the old two story Hudson's Bay Company's fur warehouse, standing in a row within and close to the western wall, and fronting on what served as the barrack square.

The buildings which served as barracks were three in number, two stories in height and built of logs after the old Red River fashion, and shingled with heavy oak shingles fastened to oak sheeting with old fashioned, broad headed, hand made nails. A large door in the middle, facing the square opened into a vestibule on each side of which was a large barn like room, utterly devoid of ornament of any kind. From the vestibule ascended a stair to two similar situated rooms in the second story. Around the rooms with their heads to the wall were located the cots, and in the centre were the tables and benches. In these homely and primitive quarters we found a home. And each man after having his cot allotted to him and being free from his heavy accoutrements was directed to fill his empty tick with straw which was to be his soldier's bed; that done, he was free for a time to look around him. Some betook themselves to letter writing, some to renewing old acquaintances among

those who had re-enlisted and remained with the force; while many, a large majority, found their way to the canteen in a semi basement of an adjoining building to regale themselves with the liquid refreshments provided and for sale to thirsty soldiers.

(To be continued.)

Beatrice Cameron,

Or, Poetry the Happy Medium.

A Story in Two Books.

(For the Manitoban.)

BY F. OSMAN MABER.

(Continued.)

"THAT'S carrying it too far, uncle," said Vane, "do you fancy my digestive organs are capable of consuming a whole pig, and a live one at that."

"Young man," answered Mr. Vaughan in a grave and solemn tone, "don't laugh, if I say you'll despoil of live and happiness for your inner man's sake a carnivorous consumer of vegetables you'll do so, *and mind you don't forget it.*"

"Well, that fight. Them porkers began to grunt—as well as the one you'll be presented with for dinner—and called the cattle to witness the spectacle, which they accordingly did, crowding around, switching their tails with delight, and clamouring so furiously that the farm hands hastened to discover the cause of disturbance. Well, when I arrived, I saw two naked roosters, still pecking away like fury and the whole host of witnesses showing their approval of the ceremony in the liveliest possible manner."

"How's Violet," Vane managed to query at this point, more for a change of subject than anything else.

"Oh, she's excellent, just feeling the effects of love's young dream. There's a young feller around here, looking about with anxious and longing eyes, and I fancy there'll be a hitching match fore long. Well, them chick—"

"Is that your cottage?" asked Vane.

"Yes, that's the identical document, as the lawyers say," was the response.

A pretty little farm house had appeared in sight, freshly white-washed, presenting a neat exterior. Near by were clustered the stables, four or five in number, besides a large—but not yet well filled—granary. A herd of cattle grazed near by, and many sheep fed upon the green and pleasant pastures. To the west a large acreage of grain was waving to and fro with the wind, undoubtedly portending an abundant harvest.

The cottage was soon reached. Leaping off the waggon, Vane was cordially greeted by aunt Jane.

"Come in Vane, come in, you must be tired and hungry. You're all well at home, I hope? Yes? Violet, is the table spread?"

"Yes mamma," answered the latter, a pretty young lady of about nineteen years of age.

"You remember Vane, do you not, my dear?" was the next question.

"Yes, mamma," responded Violet, "I remember him well, at the same time shaking hands with Vane in a graceful yet modest manner. "I am pleased to greet you, Mr. Helmore."

"Call him Vane, my dear," Mrs. Vaughan somewhat sternly ejaculated, for she could not yet understand that Violet was just entering the gates of the "*select*."

"All right, mamma, I am pleased to see you Vane."

The latter as he gazed into the face of his cousin could not but admit that she was beautiful. Without the excess of adornment visible on the face of Beatrice, she possessed an inward grace, unobtrusive, yet present—far more simple and rare. Rather tall than otherwise, her figure was nevertheless exquisitely shaped, curved to perfection as it were with Ionian chisels. Her forehead was broad and high, the requisite of noble intellect and dignity. Eyes of a deep blue, and teeth whiter than pearls of spotless lustre perfected the noble lines of her countenance.

A few months before a young man, of

handsome appearance and winning manner, had appeared in the neighborhood. He was upright and honest; Violet was soon conquered, and they became acknowledged lovers. The depth of Violet's love towards him was truly marvellous, nothing but the truest and noblest of dispositions could make it so sincere, so honorable and so profound. Her whole being seemed wrapt in the mantle of love of her adored. It appears that he was now away for a few days, but was expected daily. Uncle Ben was very near the truth when he predicted a "hitching match."

"Ben," called Aunt Jane, "come in and have dinner; the horses are all right."

"I am not at all hungry, Aunt, I assure you," Vane expostulated,

"Nonsense, you must be," isn't he, Violet," was the good dame's reply.

"Of course you are, Vane," said Violet in answer to her mother's query, "it could not be otherwise."

Uncle Ben now entered the room and sat down to the table, when after grace had been repeated, dinner was commenced.

That it was enjoyed there can be little doubt. Vane *was* hungry, and did ample justice to the farm-house luncheon.

"I suppose you are here to stay till harvest," queried Aunt Jane.

"Oh, no, Aunt, I cannot stay so long, not more than two weeks," answered the visitor, "I have to obtain particulars for the erection of a large building in Brandon, then I must return."

The conversation now became general, and when the meal was finished Violet was deputed to shew the young man about the farm, which duty she accepted with modest alacrity. It was no doubt fortunate that her lover was absent at the time, for jealousy might have existed. Ah! me! what is jealousy but the curse of a nation! Vane soon discovered his companion to be an educated young lady—a great lover of literature; after his own heart—an admirer of Dickens, Scott and Bulwer Lytton.

* * * * *

One week has elapsed, and all are again seated at the table. Vane is as pleasant as usual, and is tearing away the envelope from a letter which has just arrived. He draws it forth, and holds up to view, *what? an invitation to a marriage.* Whose it was we will leave the reader to guess.

[END OF BOOK ONE.]

Book Two.—Chapter 1.—The Disposal.

* When Eve the fruit had tasted,
she to her husband hasted,
And chucked him on the chin-a;
Dear Bud, quoth she, come taste this fruit,
'Twill finely with your palate suit,
To eat it is no sin-a.

The robber from his lair has flown
To marry his dear darling own,
His twelfth or thirteenth bride-a.
The widdig bells pealed gladly forth,
The viewers come from west and north,
Down went the robber's pride-a.

—ANONYMOUS, 1691.

The glorious sun was pouring down his fulsome rays upon the earth; the pealing bells gladly resounded on the blithesome air; crowds of elderly matrons, great numbers of children, also young men and damsels—searchers after knowledge—and men of all ages were thronging the church; the grand old organ was thundering forth her strains of melody and charm; the great wedding was the talk of the whole city; while yet the happy—or unhappy—bridegroom waited patiently in the drawing room of Mr. Cameron for the appearance of the would-be bride.

Mr. Cameron was there also. Nor was he in the best of tempers—although well in spirits. He had hoped that Vane would become the husband of Beatrice, and was sorely vexed at the disappointment. Charles might be a proper young man; or he might be otherwise. Vane had been proven; Charles had yet to be tried. Besides, there was something in the latter's de-

meanour which impressed Mr. Cameron very disfavouably. The host, however, endeavoured to act courtly, and succeeded. The time of departure for the church had passed twenty minutes previous, and still Beatrice came not. What could be keeping her? The guests present exchanged glances of wonderment and Charles was growing restless; the door was now his centre of attraction.

"Why, Charles, you appear to be distressed," said Mr. Cameron, then he added, laughing, "if you are impatient now, what will you be like in three months' time, when you have to wait an hour for your breakfast, two hours for your dinner and all night for your supper? If distressed now, how will you feel when you call five or six times for your wife and receive no answer? Yet such 'twill be."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Charles, "you are right, sir, I must not be impatient, no I must not, but my anxiety is only the anxiety of a lover, I assure you. The charmer's absence naturally makes the bridegroom anxious."

"Well, we'll try to relieve your feelings; your patience must not be tried too much."

"Jane," Mr. Cameron said, turning to the servant, see if the young ladies are ready."

"Yes, sir."

In a few moments the domestic returned with the message that Miss Beatrice was writing.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Cameron, greatly surprised, "writing?"

"Yes sir," answered Jane.

"And what is she writing, pray thee?" queried the worthy host.

"I do not know, sir, the lady replied, "but Miss Beatrice told me this was the last hour of her maidenhood, and she had to wish her friends good-bye while yet unmarried."

Charles was looking as black as a thunder cloud, but said nothing. Mr. Cameron did not notice his countenance.

"Well, I declare, if this isn't the most amusing incident I have witnessed for a long time," the last mentioned gentleman said in a tone of mingled

* I saw the above verses in a pamphlet referring to the Case of Allegiance which fluttered so profoundly the English nation in 1691. It will be noticed they are somewhat irreligious, according to the modern view, but some then believed in the existence of three separate Gods, so if an oath was made in the name of one only it could be broken with impunity.—F. O. M.

amusement and astonishment; "Oh, well, patience is in truth a virtue," then smiling at Charles, "isn't it, young man, now tell me truthfully, don't you think it is?"

"Indeed I do," replied the future bridegroom, "especially on one's wedding morn."

"But you must pardon Beatrice, my dear Mr. Wallace. She is still little more than a girl, *and girls will be girls*. Habitually rather obstreperous, she no doubt delights in your discomfort."

Aloud he replied "undoubtedly" but inwardly he remarked, "I'll take it out of her when I get her." Alas! how fickle is fortune! He did not know the way her wheel was to turn.

"And will always take delight in teasing you," Mr. Cameron added.

"Undoubtedly also," responded the happy man with well assumed jocularity, "but that will give me pleasure."

But what was keeping Beatrice so long? an eager bride would hardly be so slow.

Beatrice, however, was not an eager bride; nor was she a happy one. We see her seated at the table in an inner room of her chamber, while her maids are outside (happy angels) joyous and peaceful. They knew not of the fearful storm raging within that room. "For a few moments," Beatrice had told them, "I would be alone."

"All right," they had answered, "but be quick, it is nearly time to depart."

Beatrice had evidently forgotten the existence of her bridesmaids. A pen was in her hand. An addressed envelope was laid before her, bearing the inscription, "To Vane Helmore, Esquire."

"Oh, Vane, my life, my hope," she moaned. "how can I live without you? Shall I die? Shall I perish in despair? Or shall I still intensely hate you? No! that I cannot do, my hate has disappeared. I am now left a helpless wreck, a rotten hulk on the floating sands of life; quicksands to engulf my wearied bark and hurl my soul to per-

dition! Despised by myself, accursed by myself, my life embittered for ever, shall I soon be despised by all? The agony of Beatrice must truly have been heartrending,

"But I myself am to blame," she fiercely exclaimed, "It serves me right; I have my just deserts." Pride! Pride! woe unto thee, what crimes are laid at thy door! Murderer of hope! murderer of love! aye, murderer of life! the curse of millions! the joy of none! the uttermost parts of hell are fit for such as thee!

The poor girl had now risen from her seat and was wandering about the room, waving her arms in distraction.

"Yes, pride has come betwixt love and pride has conquered! How I hate that Wallace! that beast! that brute who is to be my husband! Husband, indeed!" continued Beatrice, "and this is life. Life! Love! 'Tis misery, nothing but misery, nothing but sin! He knows I do not love him; yet marry him I must. Yes, I WILL MARRY HIM; without Vane life has no value! as well perish with hate as live without love! Vane can never be mine, he offered himself to me; I spurned him! my God! my God! I spurned him, spurned my lover, spurned my soul! forgive me, ease my burden, comfort my spirit, I cannot bear the strain! Oh, oh!" she moaned, sinking again into her chair, and bursting into great sobs, pitiful, oh so pitiful! yet none were there to comfort her, none but her Maker. Her bridesmaids could not hear, their blithesome music deadened the sound.

Beatrice was now without doubt repenting of her hasty step. But how could it now be avoided? Could she fly? not now.

It was at this instant that the servant rapped at the door to enquire if she was ready.

"I will be down shortly," she answered, as calmly as possible, as has already been recorded.

Beatrice now made preparations for the marriage. She hid her feelings; she calmed her fleeting pulse and wildly beating heart; she bathed her

face, and restored once more its handsome color.

"I must delay no longer," she muttered, "but to the hateful ceremony. Etiquette has *some* virtue, it teaches us to hide our feelings."

The people in the church were meanwhile growing restless. The organist was almost tired of transmitting melody to the wind. The minister was wandering to and from the door with clouded countenance. By turns the members of the choir uttered a growl at the long protracted absence of the couple.

"I wonder what's keeping them," queried one.

"Delirious pair," exclaimed another.

"You bet, I wouldn't be so slow if I were to be married to-day," remarked a third, "*married life is too short.*"

But listen, is that the sound of carriage wheels? The general turning of heads announce that it is. The principals of the ceremony have at length arrived. A solemn silence now pervades the church, broken only by a direction from the choir-master, who with his subordinates stand at the door, puffed with wind, with music, destined ere long to enrapture the hearers and transport them to the seventh heaven of delight, or *bliss*.

Now they come! First the groom and his men, two, four, six, seven, eight in number. But the bride, who is following with her father. Oh! Ah! How pretty! How lovely! Charming! Such are the exclamations which burst spontaneously from the lips of the on-gazers and floated audibly through the church. And no wonder.

Beatrice was robed in a dress of spotless texture; silk by nature; cream-like in color; magnificent in manufacture. Her neck was surrounded with a band of lace of priceless value, old, so old, that its counterpart could scarcely be obtained. Weaved in the looms of India from the web of the renowned silk spider, only by the greatest care could its delicate beauty have been preserved. Her tresses of raven hue hung curling down her back, while tinier ringlets adorned her forehead:

the pride of herself; the admiration of all beholders. Nor must the bridesmaids be forgotten. They were all robed in white, the dazzling brightness of which (if a spectator is to be believed) reminded him of angels of Heaven, clothed in their spotless robes of Innocence. The perfume of roses, a cluster of which was borne by each and every one, filled the air with sweetest fragrance.

Now they are before the altar. The bridegroom is at the right hand of his bride. Mr. Cameron stands behind ready to deliver over his daughter. Close by also is the principal bridesmaid in a position of perplexity, waiting to withdraw her lady's glove at the proper moment.

Then did the clergyman begin "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this Man and this Woman in Holy Matrimony"—All proceeded well. Charles presented the ring; Beatrice received it upon *the* finger; their hands were joined together, the priest had come to the words, "Those whom God —" when there rang through the church the one word *stop*.

Then up the aisle came a corpulent constable, followed by a worthy gentleman in black; up, up to the very altar he advanced, then laying his hand upon the shoulder of the bridegroom he exclaimed in a deep roaring tone *James Burton, counterfeiter and forger, I arrest you for your crimes.*

A deadly silence filled the atmosphere for one brief moment, then a scream like the engine's whistle as it approaches a tunnel resounded and resounded again, the thrilling words, "*Vane, oh Vane, indeed I'm lost forever,*" were heard by the excited congregation, and Beatrice Cameron fell before the earthly sanctuary of the Almighty Maker, broken in heart and in life.

(To be Continued.)

Those in want of first-class articles will do well to watch our advertising pages in future.

Red River Expedition of 1870.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBAN.)

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Continued from May number.)

NEXT morning we were again on water at 4 o'clock a.m., and in about one hour from start we reached a tremendous rapid, which was approached with fear and trembling on the part of our voyageurs, who knew better than we, the dangers attendant on running this rapid, the river being filled with huge rocks in places ten feet above the water. We reached Pine Portage in time for breakfast. This portage is 110 yards in length, and after going through the ceremony of portaging stores and boats for the fiftieth time since we left Shebandowan Lake, we launched our craft below the falls and the wind being favorable we hoisted sail and made great headway down the river. Captain MacLem, of No. 3 Company, had his boat injured. The writer's boat was nearly filled with water on account of running a *chute* some eight feet in height, she struck sideways and was very nearly capsized. Sergeant Fraser's boat was touched in the stern by a falling tree, and boat and crew had a most miraculous escape. Lieut. Kennedy's boat had broken a mast, and Lieut. Walker's was driven up high and dry with her load and crew, upon a rock in the middle of the rapids, while the wind blew a hurricane and the rain poured down in torrents. This day's experience on the Winnipeg river was discouraging and very severe on boats, officers and men.

Towards evening, on the 18th of August, while two brigades of boats, or some ten in number, were sailing down the river, the crew of the first boat in turning a bend, arose and cheered vociferously, the cheer was taken up by each boat in succession, when it was discovered that Islington mission

appeared in view and on the river's bank was a white woman, waving her handkerchief, the first we had seen, with one exception, (the wife of the *Globe* correspondent), since leaving Fort William on the Kaminstiquia. For several days, on the Winnipeg, we were compelled in overcoming the numerous water-falls, to load and unload and carry over our boats several times during the day. A little below the junction of English river into the Winnipeg is a portage called in French *Pointe aux Tres*, about 200 yards in length. At this place the first serious accident of the whole expedition occurred. Private Butcher, an Englishman by birth and a boat-builder by trade, was one of the crew in the boat under the command of the writer, and as soon as the boat struck the rock, the latter jumped ashore, and Butcher standing on the gunwale, threw his knapsack to one of his comrades on shore. The knapsack fell short and struck against the rock, an explosion from a revolver took place, and the owner, standing on the gunwale, received the ball in the right breast, passing completely through his body and lodged alongside the backbone, completely dislodging the rib from the bone. He was carried ashore and a tent pitched over him, and every care possible bestowed on him. Private Robinson, of Toronto, volunteered to remain with him and see him buried, if wound proved fatal, that is, if enough clay could be procured within a radius of ten miles to cover the body, which was unlikely. After settling his worldly affairs, a barrel of hard-tack, some pork, tea and sugar, a pick axe and shovel were left with the dying man and his attendant. Capt. McMillan, with that kindness of heart which has always characterized him through life, and to whose company he belonged, called a meeting of the officers, when it was decided that the cargo of the lightest boat should be divided amongst the five others, and that eight picked men of the brigade should be sent back to bring up Dr.

Codd, who was three days behind with another brigade of the Ontario battalion. The returned men worked like beavers, and on the second day after starting, Dr. Codd arrived, extracted the ball, had a bed made for him in the bow of the boat; and these eight heroes, some now living in this province, carried sick man and boat, without moving him, over all the portages which intervened between the place of the accident and Fort Alexander. He overtook his company four miles above Fort Alexander. He was placed in the house of Rev. Mr. Phair, Church of England minister, at that place, who took the greatest care of him, and a few days before Christmas, he arrived in Winnipeg as sound and healthy as he ever was. He afterwards built the second house on Notre Dame street east, between Main street and the river, where he kept a boarding house, made money, and sold out to return to England to take possession of a legacy of £1,000 left him by a relative.

After passing over several portages and running rapids of a very dangerous nature, where many hair-breadth escapes occurred, we reached the seven portages at 7.30 p.m. On Sunday, 21st August, transferred our stores and rested on the first portage for the night, preparing for next day's work, which was expected to be the most difficult of the whole expedition. Winnipeg river has a fall of about 400 feet between Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg, and the fall of waters at the seven portages must have been at least one half of the whole distance. These falls must have occurred in the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. So that they resembled a stairway with the steps about a mile in width. We passed over the seven portages in one day which involved the loading of our boats and unloading seven times.

The work was hard and wearing upon the men and very severe on our boats. Great damage was done the latter at these falls. About this time we were daily threatened with so many dangers that everybody began

to look anxiously toward Fort Alexander, believing that once there the expedition would be at an end and easy sailing from that point to Fort Garry. At first running rapids on the Winnipeg appeared to afford an agreeable sensation, but as we continued on from day to day, having many narrow escapes, in being carried over the falls and engulfed in the foaming waters below, men and voyageurs began to get more timid, and as we approached the mouth of the river, we began to realize the dangers when all pleasures ceased.

No length of time can erase from the memory of the writer the narrow escape of our boat being carried over one of the largest falls at the Seven Portages. Running down the rapids at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, just above the falls, through some false paddle of the man at the helm the boat took the right hand side of a little island in the rapids instead of taking the left. As quick as thought the voyageur who had turned pale as death shouted "My God, pull for life boys, or we're all lost!" While the men at the oars strained their muscles to the uttermost, others began to divest themselves of their clothing ready for the fatal plunge, when with clenched teeth the man at the bow aided by the helmsman succeeded by some providential stroke to send our boat high and dry upon a rock in mid-water, on the other side of which was shallow water. At this moment those on shore raised a deafening cheer which was answered from the rock. At first thought it would appear anomalous, when within 300 yards of the brow of the raging foaming cataract the spray of which evidently darkened the sun to be told to pull towards it with all one's strength; but this was afterwards explained by the voyageur that unless the boat was rowed faster than the current, his oar would have no control in the waters, and she must in such case have inevitably gone over into the yawning abyss below. In that infinitesimal fraction of time — one

minute and a half—between certain death and providential escape, round the little island what multitudes of thought must have crowded the brain. While the writer was divesting himself of a heavy overcoat, and ammunition boots, myriads of ideas of home and family and friends chased each other with electric rapidity, the memory of which after 22 years is as fresh as on the afternoon of the day on which the thing occurred. For a man to fall in stemming and opposing the tide of battle would be an honorable death and his body would be found; but getting into the tide of Winnipeg river between the seven great cataracts, was inevitable destruction, no hope, no discovery of the body and no funeral obsequies.

For several days after passing the seven portages it rained considerably. While on Grand Bonnet Portage, getting over our stores and boats, to our great astonishment, Sergt. Doidge, now Capt. Doidge of the Winnipeg Field Battery and his brave little crew arrived with private Butcher who, it will be remembered got accidentally shot through the body by his own revolver, a few days after we entered the Winnipeg River. It afforded us the greatest satisfaction to find that he was still in the land of the living, and his boat was carried over the portage amidst the cheers of his comrades. Many a mother in Ontario and Quebec would have slept more soundly and many a sister would have rested more content, had they known that those who were near and dear to them, many of whom left their homes for the first time, were committed to the care of such Christian and kind-hearted officers as McMillan, Scott, Kennedy, Walker, Mulvey, McLeod, McDonald and the great majority of the others, who were in command of the Ontario and Quebec battalions. Indeed, from the day that they first met at Toronto until the force was disbanded, the men and officers composing the first Red River expedition were like members of a great family. The officers when off parade treated the men as their

equals in every respect, and indeed, in many cases recognized some of them as superiors, altho' placed by force of circumstances in subordinate positions. Whenever any little friction occurred it was generally caused by some old army officer, who, ignorant of the education and intelligence of the men under him, attempted to treat them like men who had enlisted at a shilling a day. Such commanding officers soon discovered, however, that Ontario volunteers, while willing to hew their way 1,400 miles through wood and mountains to replace the Rebel rag that floated over Fort Garry by that of the glorious old Union Jack, were made of a poor material for slaves.

The bugle sounded at 3 a.m. on the morning of the 25th of August. Preparations were made to portage our boats and stores over Pettit de Bonnet. It rained all night during the preceding night, and continued to rain as if all the waters of the Winnipeg had been turned into a broad sieve above our heads. The mosquitoes and black flies were very numerous. Dr. Codd and Captain Beamish tried to sleep in one of our boats but was awakened by the rain, and found themselves in two feet of water. We moved off from the portage at 11 a.m. in the midst of a pelting cold rain. The men were scarcely able to move with the weight of wet clothes. Several complaining that they could stand it no longer, being 36 hours in wet clothes and compelled to sleep under wet blankets. The writer procured a pair of dry socks and in company with Mr. K. went down to the river to have a wash. We left our clothes on a rock, and while engaged in taking a bath a swell of the waters took place and carried our clothing out into the huge whirlpool immediately below the falls.

We pushed on to Silver Falls, the last one of any importance, and the most beautiful on the Winnipeg River, or on any other river we passed on the route. They are about 40 feet in height and surrounding them is the most beautiful scenery. We had very

little time and were in no mood to examine them, but their magnificent grandeur will long remain impressed on the memory, illustrating the power of running water. The river runs down the steep incline just above the falls, at a wonderful rapidity, until lost in the great chaos of foam, spray and astonishing whirlpools below, and owing to the immense volume pouring down, a rotary motion is produced, the water rising at intervals to a height of some six to eight feet like the tide on the sea shore. It was for want of the knowledge of this peculiarity that the two officers afore mentioned had all their clothing washed away.

The banks of the Winnipeg River are but very sparsely wooded, the prevailing timber being stunted birch, spruce and poplar. On each side are huge granite rocks rising to a perpendicular height in some places of 100 feet.

Several large-sized rivers join the Winnipeg, amongst them being English river, which drains a large area of country, and Whitemouth, running from the south and rising near the western portion of the Lake of the Woods.

After crossing the portage at Silver Falls we loaded up our boats for the *last time* and at a rapid rate we glided down the river, ran the rapids at Manitou, and after getting into smooth water to our astonishment we both saw and heard the first sign of civilization since we left Sault St. Marie, namely, five cows grazing on the river's brink, and the merry jingle, tingle of the cow-bells. Fort Alexander in a short time appeared in view, and after ten days of as hard work as ever man or beast performed, since leaving Rat Portage, we went ashore for the night and was hospitably entertained by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company.

(To be Continued.)

The Esquimaux of the East Coast of Hudson's Bay.

(For The Manitoban.)

(Continued.)

BY WALTER DICKSON.

WOMAN, too, is treated after a more civilized and just fashion than is usual among savages. Her work being the making and arranging of all sorts of clothing, and attending to all household arrangements. All hard work such as hunting, building of snow-houses during winter, and erecting of tents in summer, is wholly done by the men, the women only assisting at the lightest parts of the work when it is matter of necessity for them to do so. While so kindly treated the women have ample time to devote to their peculiar work. They are adepts with the needle, making boots of seal-skins and sewing the seams so neatly and closely that the seams are as impervious to water as the skin itself, and the sewing about their deerskin and other clothing is so neatly and evenly done that it would pass for the work of other than human hands—the work of the sewing machine, anywhere. They use a tailors steel thimble when it is to be had, or an ivory one made by themselves, wearing it on the first finger of the hand, and always pushing the needle to them when sewing. In the making of boots an ivory needle of their own manufacture is sometimes used, and the work done by it is vastly superior to that performed with the ordinary three-sided steel, glover's instrument.

For sewing thread these Esquimaux women use the sinews of reindeer, white whale and other animals. These sinews are split into fibre of sizes to suit the work in hand, or twisted together very neatly to form balls of thread suited to any purpose for which they are needed. The Esquimaux make use of many materials for wearing apparel, but the greater part of

[In order to the better understanding of what the following pages will tell, the writer may state that he does not, in any way, refer to the present condition of the people about whom he writes, but as he found them many years ago, and from notes and observations taken then, the present account of a race little known is given. In consequence of this, language may occasionally be used as if speaking of the present time when the long ago is really indicated.]

their clothing is made out of reindeer skins, which, when dressed with the hair on until they are as soft as fine chamois leather, and assorted as to fur and age of the skin, are made into very becoming and pretty clothes, and for the winter season at least, better adapted to the climate of Hudson's Bay than anything yet manufactured by the white man. During winter two entire suits of clothing are worn, consisting of outer and inner. The latter made of fawn skins is worn with the fur inwards. The outer suit made of the skin of the full grown Reindeer when the fur is at its thickest and longest, is worn with the hair side to the weather. The upper part of the dress consists of two coats with small hoods that fit close to the head, the skirts reach to near the knees are closed at front and back like a Guernsey frock, only open at the bottom, and sufficiently at the top to allow the head to get into the hoods leaving the face only uncovered. To get into these coats requires no small amount of dexterity and a vast expenditure of patience on the part of the novice who attempts the experiment of dressing *a la* Esquimaux; but once donned, the suit is very comfortable and in it one may laugh at the coldest possible day of even a Hudson's Bay winter. Short trowsers, in duplicate like the coats, and of the same materials, to reach just below the knee, with boots made from the skin of the legs of the reindeer, and socks or hose of fawnskin all dressed with the hair on to meet the trowsers, complete the winter costume of the Esquimax hunter. And when new, untarnished by the many filths which await its career, the suit is very pretty and is the ideal of a winter dress for the country of its origin. The dress of the women, made of the same materials, and also worn in duplicate of every part, differs only in the shape of the coat from that of the men's. For, while the man's coat is even around the skirt bottom like a frock coat or surtout, and had a hood just large enough for the wearer's head, the woman's

coat rejoices in two tails, one short in front shaped like a large flattened out table spoon reaching nearly to the knee, the other tail, at the back, of the same shape reaches almost to the ground, and when the wearer is busy at any stirring work or travelling, this latter tail is usually tied up in a neat loop to the waist. The hood of the woman's coat is of an extraordinary size, and appears at first sight as if fashion had in this instance run away with convenience, but such is not the case, the hood is portmanteau, work basket, cradle and general receptacle for the odds and ends of Esquimaux women's work or amusement, and it is not a little interesting some times to see what is brought out of this unique store room. A baby's head generally peeps from the hood of a full grown Esquimaux woman, for this is baby's natural place of abode with these people for the first two or three years of its life, and when the little one has been taken out, perhaps several pairs of boots will be brought to light, then a bunch or two of sinews and several fox skins for trade, then powder horn and shot pouch, a knife, needles and sinew thread, some moss, tinder box and flint and steel, fish hooks, a whale bone snaring net for ducks or the white grouse, and the inevitable pipe and tobacco, if the worthy matron is the happy possessor of such inestimable blessings, and other *et ceteras* past belief. The women spend much time and exhibit a great deal of good taste in the making and ornamenting of these deerskin garments, and when new and clean they are often very pretty. In summer when the weather is warm the outer coats and trowsers are taken off, the deerskin boots discarded for others of seal skin, and the summer attire is complete. Coats and trowsers are often made of sealskin for both summer and winter use, but are neither so neat looking nor, at least for winter wear, so suitable as the dry and soft reindeer skin. The Esquimaux of the islands in Hudson's Bay make clothing, especially coats,

of the skins of ducks, geese, swans, grebes, the loon (northern diver) and other water fowl, dressing the skins with the plumage on them to form the outside of the coat, and occasionally make real water proof coats from the intestines of the seal, etc., that are all but transparent, and are neat and serviceable. But these are only make shifts and always laid aside as soon as reindeer skins can be procured.

The Esquimaux, living wholly on animal food, the proceeds of the chase, either on the land or sea, is seldom long at any one place—has to follow his game as it shifts or changes from one feeding ground to another, and thus in the course of a single year a family will traverse a great range of country during the short lived summer, and in winter may spend most of the time on the frozen sea, perhaps out of sight of land. In the summer time some of them keep along the sea coast, hunting seals, the white Arctic whale, ducks and other water fowl in their kyacks; fishing in the sea or the rivers of the coast with hook or nets, and occasionally getting a few of the reindeer who are summering near the sea. Others penetrate far into the barren grounds of the interior, where they feast on the flesh of the reindeer which there are to be met with in immense herds, pasturing on the moss covered plains on their natural food, the white or reindeer moss of these northern wilds. Here, out of mere love of the sport, or rather the too universal love of taking life, peculiar to hunters, the Esquimaux slaughters hundreds of reindeer that they cannot use in any way, leaving the carcasses to rot and waste as they fall. Here too, from the abundant game, they collect and prepare skins for clothing and for barter at their trading station. The women also collect sinews for the many purposes to which they put them, and for sale. Stores of reindeer meat are also prepared and carefully put away against the coming winter's needs and in their soapstone kettles, great quantities of the fat of the deer is melted into a superior sort of tallow,

poured into sacks of undressed skin, where it cools into a brick-like hardness, and is then ready for sale. And in this way the short summer is passed in a state of easy, luxurious enjoyment, a state of all but perfect happiness to these children of the cold north.

In making their way out to the sea coast, which these inland hunters do at the first approach of winter, they sometimes suffer great privations, deer are not to be found, their stock of prepared venison runs short or is destroyed by wolves. And during the dreary journey across the treeless waste, if overtaken by one of the frequent drift storms of that open country, they are often reduced to the last stage of distress, and on several such occasions known to us, numbers died of starvation. Several instances occurred too, where cannibalism was resorted to, saving the few left alive of parties who after experiencing one of these fearful northern storms, found on its cessation that many had succumbed to the cold and previous privations, leaving their poor remains as a hideous but only means of safety and life to the survivors.

When, however, these parties from the interior, succeeded in getting the stores collected in the deer grounds, safely out to the coast, they are well for the winter. Going out to sea at once, they begin the seal hunt, and while doing so gradually push south towards their trading station, and usually get there towards the end of May.

In summer, these Esquimaux make house shaped tents of seal skins, the skins neatly sewed together into large blanket shaped pieces, are quite capable of resisting the rain of even this "weeping" climate. The tent, made to suit the number of occupants it is to contain, may be of any size, from a foot up to thirty or forty feet in length, with a width of twelve or fourteen feet. Around the inside of these tents, a sort of divan, four or five feet broad, is made of turf, moss or any other material at hand, and raised a foot or or two above the ground level, forming seats or reclining places by day, and

beds during the night. And during a hot day when raw, and not always fresh fish, seal and other meats, and melting blubber are collected inside and outside such a dwelling, the odor arising from the whole is more piquant than pleasing, and a party not having urgent business with the occupants would be apt to turn aside, or get away from the vicinity of such an encampment as quickly as possible. The winter residence of the Esquimaux, the snowhouse or "igloo," is a curious structure, one that can only be made in such a climate as his, where the intense cold binds the snow particles so closely together as to form a mass that is just *not* ice, but admirably adapted for this purpose. A suitable piece of ground, or rather snow, having been selected on which and out of which to erect an igloo, the snow knife (an old sabre or a piece of hoop iron, or a rapier shaped piece of ivory from the horn of the narwhale or the tusk of the walrus) is thrust into the snow in all directions to *feel* if the *snow* is of the proper hardness, or the ground underneath is sufficiently level for the required purpose, and if all is right a circle is marked on the snow large enough for the size of igloo required, and operations begun by cutting a block of snow from out the circle and near its centre, about three feet in length by nine inches in thickness, and down to the ground, the snow knife being used for the operation, and if there are two men at the work the job is soon finished unless an unusually elegant edifice is to be constructed. The man who cuts out the first block of snow hands or pushes it to his mate who immediately places it upright on its lower edge just inside the marked circle, block after block is added until the circle is complete, the builder, snow knife in hand, cuts the edges of each block so that it fits close and tight to its fellows, giving them all a slight inclination inward. The first row completed, another is added and fitted on the top of it, and still others, all being deftly fitted together with the snow knife, and each course inclining inwards at the same angle as

the first, until at last only one large block is to be added to complete the building. This is soon done, and the dome shaped, queer looking dwelling place of pure white snow is about ready for its equally unique occupants. A good part of the building blocks are generally taken from the interior of the igloo itself, but a space of three or four feet in width is always left untouched all around the inside to form the sleeping and sitting part of the establishment. The builder of the igloo remains inside while working, the blocks being handed to him from outside, and when the house is completed, he has literally built himself in. A low doorway is then cut through the side of the structure with the snow knife, and when the work of closing up all the interstices between the blocks with soft snow (an operation often entrusted to the young women, who do it neatly and quickly, using their mittened hand as a trowel) is completed, the igloo is ready for occupation. All the sundries belonging to the party having been passed through the opening, and if the day be stormy, the women and children as well. A low porch is built to this door precisely similar to, but much smaller than the main structure and attached to it. This porch is the dog kennel of the place, and at the same time, keeps the wind from the igloo doorway. An ordinary igloo for a single family is soon put up; but when the building is to be a fine affair, to accommodate several families, three or four men may be several hours about the job of its construction, using a scaffolding of blocks of snow on which to stand while finishing the dome like roof that may be upwards of twelve feet in height on the inside, and such an igloo will be from sixteen to twenty feet in diameter, looking very pretty and spacious—fit to be the winter palace of all the fairies of the chilly north. Such a sized structure, built entirely of snow might be considered a rather frail affair, but this is by no means the case, for a well built igloo will bear an immense weight on its roof without danger or

damage. The dog sleds and all the heavy baggage are generally put on top of the snow house roof for safety, and during a fine day these strange "house tops" form the gossiping ground of the community; where men and women congregate to chat and work, and to enjoy, as only an Esquimaux can enjoy, a smoke or pinch of the dearly loved tobacco, and at the same time, numbers of children are using the temporary hill formed by the roof as a sliding place for their small sleds. When such an igloe is to be occupied for some time, windows of ice are usually inserted in the roof or side. A piece of clear ice about two feet long by one and a half feet in width is cut from the river or sea surface, an operation requiring great dexterity and care to prevent breakage, this is thinned down with a small hand adze to about two or three inches in thickness and fitted in the snow wall or roof in the same way that a glazier puts a pane of glass in an ordinary window, only that snow instead of putty is used to keep the ice pane in position. When the igloe is a large one several doorways are cut in its sides and each with a porch attached, giving the whole structure the appearance of a huge, white round-crowned felt hat with a small family of young hats of the same style round about it.

One traveller in the north writes that he saw the Esquimaux pouring water over their newly built snow houses to close the seams and give a coating of ice to the whole structure. This is a pure fabrication, for water is never used in such buildings, in fact, the drier it can be kept, the longer will the igloe remain serviceable. As soon as the igloe is finished, the stone lamp is lighted, and the residence is then ready for its owners use, and during the coldest weather of winter the igloe is a much more comfortable place, a great deal warmer than is the deerskin tent of the Indian, although the latter has generally a good fire in it, while the snow house has only its lamp. When a number of people are

collected in one of these dwellings the atmosphere in it soon gets so warm that outside coats are discarded, and at the same time the porous nature of the snow walls, by absorbing all moisture that may arise from the heat of the lamp, or the breathing of the residents, prevent the air from being at all close or unpleasant. After the snow house has been occupied for some time a coating of ice gradually forms on the inside of its walls, and it then becomes too cold for comfort, is abandoned and a new one is built from the same always ready and of abundant material, as was the first one.

(To be Continued.)

THE special number of THE MANITOBAN, issued during exhibition week, will be replete with interest. Advertisers who desire to place their advertisements in this number will do well to patronize it. There will be 10,000 of a circulation, which means 30,000 readers. Business men take a note of this.

SICK TRANSIT.

This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender roots of habit ; to-morrow blossoms
Of the same, and keeps on blossoming
And taking deeper root, until at last
It takes more work to move him from his
corner

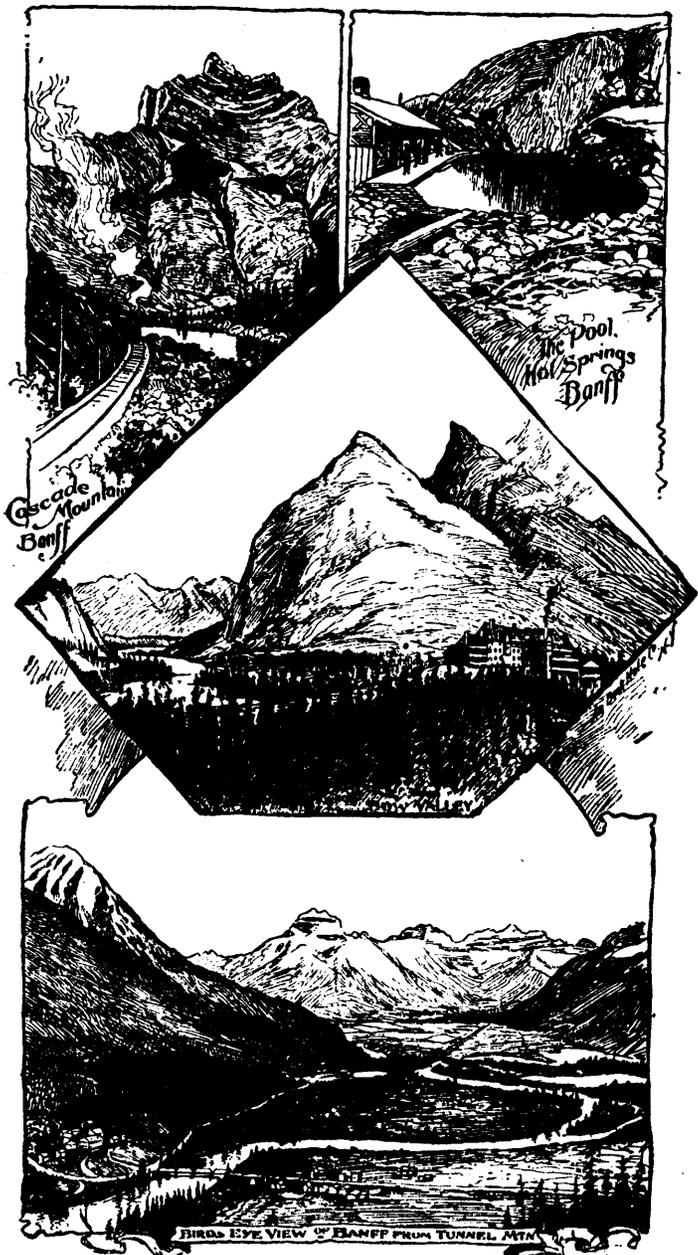
Than it does to stir a house dog from the rug
Before the fire.
Then—when he thinks, good easy man,
His ways are settled for all time—
Some busy woman comes along and says :
" Please move about six inches till I run
The sweeper o'er the place your chair has
been."

An lo, he splits the air with lamentations,
Loud, and deep, and shrill ;
He cries, there is no rest this side of Paradise
For a poor man, weary and worn with moving
round

Out of the way of sweepers,
And wishes he were dead.
O, how wretched is that poor man who cannot
sit

In last year's dust and grime until this year
Shall be two years ago last year !
And when he dies, his hope and comfort is,
He will be laid in dirt, never to move again.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE in *Ladies' Home Journal*.



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF BANFF.

In Memoriam,

OF CHARLES ALBERT KINGSTON.

Life ! What is life ; a murm'ring song
To draw a busy world along ?
'Tis death ! 'Tis death ! Yes life is death,
We reach the world, we draw one breath,
Then to our Maker back we fly.
The only life which cannot die.

He was a boy—an only son,
For they had lost their other one,
And now disconsolate they're left
The parents of their boy bereft ;
His blithesome cry no more is heard,
Solenn silence stills his word.

But throw the veil of Death aside,
Up, upward glance, on sunbeams ride,
See ! See the Christ upon the Throne,
While near Him sits—in beauty grown,
Their darling son, an angel now ;
A glorious crown upon his brow.

Down, down he looks, he sees the earth,
A rolling planet, dark and dearth ;
Then to Immanuel loud he cries,
Saviour ! Saviour ! see ; there lies
My parents of that dark red ball
Save them, save them, lest they fall !

Lest they should fall beneath the weight
Of sorrow clinging to their fate,
Lest woe and sadness, burning tears,
Should swallow up the happy years
Spent there on earth with hallowed joy,
With me their son, their earth-born boy.

My son, my son, your cry I've heard,
And you and they have MY OWN WORD,
That on this happy shore you'll meet
To live for aye in cadence sweet—
But anguish is the purging flood
To cleanse our daughters of the blood.

Then father of the boy bereft ;
Then mother parted by his death ;
Raise, raise your eyes to Heav'n and view
Your darling son, so brave, so true,
Cast, cast away all hopeless fears
And dry your faces of their tears.

For on the golden shore you'll meet,
And there with happy hearts, lightfeet,
Speed on together o'er the sands
Of Paradise, with love-clasped hands,
And without trouble, without strife
Eat the Tree of Holiest Life.

Husband and Heathen.

O'er the men of Ethiopia
She would pour her cornucopia,
And shower wealth and plenty on the people
of Japan,
Send down jelly cake and candies
To the Indians of the Andes,
And a cargo of plum pudding to the men of
Hindustan ;
And she said she loved 'em so,
Bushman, Finn, and Eskimo,
If she had the wings of eagles to their succor
she would fly,
Loaded down with jam and jelly,
Succotash and vermicelli,
Prunes, pomegranates, plums, and pudding,
peaches, pineapples, and pie.

She would fly with speedy succor
To the natives of Molucca,
With whole loads of quail and salmon, and with
tons of fricassee,
And give cake in fullest measure
To the men of Australasia,
And all the archipelagos that dot the southern
sea ;
And the Anthropophagi,
All their life deprived of pie,
She would satiate and satisfy with custard,
cream, and mince ;
And those miserable Australians,
And the Boorioboorighalians,
She would gorge with choicest jelly, raspberry,
currant, grape, and quince.

But, like old war-time hard-tackers,
Her poor husband lived on crackers,
Bought at wholesale from the baker's, eaten
from the mantel shelf ;
If the men of Madagascar,
And the natives of Alaska,
Had enough to sate their hunger, let him look
out for himself.
And his coat had but one tail,
And he used a shingle nail
To fasten up his "gallus" when he went out to
his work ;
And she used to spend his money
To buy sugar plums and honey
For the Terra del Fuegian and the Turcoman
and Turk.

—Yankee Blade.

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The Shadow of a Wrong.

BY ALI WAL NORTH.

(For the Manitoban.)

CHAP. IV.

(Continued.)

ACCORDING to the conditions of our minds and bodies are we apt to measure the relentless footsteps of that much maligned personage Father Time. I have never been able to understand why he should be represented as a gentleman of such fierce aspect or credited with such murderous intentions whatever goes wrong with our personal attractions, blame is generally thrown on our ancient friend's shoulders when perhaps were our honesty and justice a little more carefully developed, it ought to be fair to let our own backs bear the burden. The incidents related in the last chapter were gradually taking their places and adding to the list in the endless record of events in the chapter of the book of the Past, and sinking into comparative insignificance beside the more important annals of the Present. Nothing directly bearing on the various characters had occurred to bring them under the observation of my readers until the morning of which I am writing. Grace has been summoned to the principal's room and was being addressed in the following words: "You have shown, since joining our institution, considerable skill in nursing, and a general aptitude for nursing. Sister Theresa, and as you have a certain control over your patients, it is my wish that you should take charge of a rather difficult case. You will see that a loss of reason, in the patient perfectly harmless, let me assure you, will render it necessary for you to exercise great judgment. I am given to understand that the bodily illness is also serious, and according as you succeed will your re-

putation in your profession advance. "You had better make arrangements to leave for _____ as soon as possible." The heightened color of her listener was attributed to gratification at being chosen for so important a mission. Far different, however, were the feelings of Sister Theresa to know that she was going back to the neighborhood of the place where she had really been very happy; and that by no voluntary act of her own. It is needless to say she had never heard from the Towers since she had willingly resigned all claim to the friendship of its inmates. She could recall many hours which, had a dignified course been open to her, she would have welcomed the chance of undoing all she had done. Her intercourse with the world had made her less sure of herself and her own opinions. She had felt like some bird with clipped wings. The destination of her flight was not of so much moment as the desire for the action of flying. She had taken to wing and alighted. Where? How? Could she ever again enter the nest. How many a young bird in all the pride of its new feathers had flown from tree to tree in joyful delight until the setting of sun and closing of day had brought with it the necessity for some place of protection from the numberless enemies night would bring in her robe of darkness! Then again the episode of the miserable house was not likely to fade quickly from her memory. Could it be that fate, if such a thing exists, was going to place the care of that woman's life in her (Grace's) hands? A mystery there was and always had been about the place. Was the unravelling of it to be her work? Though the principal always couched her orders in the phrase "I wish," it was nevertheless a command that was very seldom disobeyed, and Sister Theresa was not going to break through the custom. A few hours found many of her surmises correct, and I am afraid could the principal have seen her pale, drawn face, and badly concealed anxiety, not to use a harsher term, all her

praise for Sister Theresa would have been recalled. Much was put down to fatigue, however, by the solitary woman servant who received her, and who gave her an insight into the state of affairs while preparing a cup of tea and some slight refreshment.

"You will please not notice everything my mistress says, she has had a deal of trouble, poor thing, and is not quite right in her head, and has got in the way of talking to herself, and small wonder, most of us would do the same if we had led such lonely lives as she has, having only me to talk to for so long would make anybody queer," added the woman apparently unconscious of, or caring little how she talked herself, so that her mistress was rendered less remarkable in the eyes of a stranger. "I'm afraid she is very ill," she continued, "and Mr. Beverley's instructions were, that a nurse from the London Hospital was to be sent for, and if she thought necessary, after seeing the mistress, the doctor from the same place was to come."

"Is there no doctor around here," queried Sister Theresa. "Oh yes!" was the reply, "but he has not been called in here, and those were my instructions," was the somewhat terse rejoinder, and after a few remarks had passed, Sister Theresa (as we will for the present call our friend Gracie) was ushered into the sick room, and found herself face to face with the human being that her imagination had always associated with everything fearful.

There was no need for alarm now, however, the excitement that had distorted her features to such a degree, was entirely absent, but the tell-tale expression in the eyes, that unmistakable evidence that reason has, perhaps only temporarily, yielded her sway to some more powerful influence, made it difficult for Sister Theresa to meet her glance entirely unmoved. Mrs. Galloway, for such was the name the servant-woman Margaret had called her when speaking to Sister Theresa, was indeed very ill, her worn and haggard

features told their own tale of bodily suffering, and the sight of the almost silver-grey hair struggled in complete disorder over the pillow, seemed in some way to appeal to the observer for sympathy and pity. "Who's this?" had been her first words when the faithful Margaret and her companion had entered the room. "Sister Theresa, she has come to help me while I am so busy," had been Margaret's reply, which apparently satisfied the sick woman. "Poor Margaret, I'll soon help you myself when I can get up, we can do without strangers." Sister Theresa knew enough of the vagaries of illness, and therefore allowed some little while to elapse before taking complete charge of the patient. During the long hours of night, while endeavoring to calm the mind as well as ease the body—the incessant appeals to Bertie, the same name used on that memorable occasion—almost eradicated all the favorable impressions made on the mind of Sister Theresa by all she had heard from poor little Susie's brother during his stay at the hospital. Before morning had dawned, the ill-defined hope that was forcing its way through all the most recent events, that something might bring about some intercourse with the Towers was completely dismissed, and Sister Theresa felt the greatest relief from the fact that her name was sunk among the sisterhood of the nursing fraternity. Her reflections were broken up by Mrs. Galloway suddenly waking up and calling loudly for Margaret, whom she did not recognize when she came in, and it became evident that some medical man should be in attendance. Sister Theresa decided to have the assistance of the worthy Doctor Fenton if it was possible for him to leave. What a relief it would be to have his affectionate "my dear," though she had declined to appear permanently in hat character. There was little time to indulge in reflection, Mrs. Galloway's fit of insanity yielded only to an utter exhaustion that taxed all the powers of her nurse and servant. The summons had been forwarded some hours to the hospital an

Sister Theresa had again taken her position with her patient when the welcome sound of wheels announced the arrival of some one. Sister Theresa could not suppress a smile at the expression of offence she felt certain would appear in a very marked degree on the face of Margaret at the first greeting of "my dear." It was only natural that she would consider it an attempt at familiarity, only to be put down at once by increased dignity. Sister Theresa surmises were only partially correct, for Doctor Fenton was not the only arrival. At the same moment that he was making his way towards the front door, he was joined by a gentleman of rather grave demeanor, who introduced himself. "The London Doctor I suppose, my name is Beverly. I have been given to understand there is some danger in the condition of your future patient, so I am particularly glad you have made no delay. We will go upstairs at once. Margaret," he added to that individual, who had by this time opened the door, "How is your mistress?" "She has been very bad, sir, I hardly like to say how she is," was the rejoinder. Bertie Beverly, as a matter of course, preceded the worthy medico up the stairs, and the permission to enter from a low voice in the sick room together with the exclamation of "Gracie!" from the astonished Bertie was quite lost by the good man who had not ascended the stairs at the same speed. Sister Theresa's bow of recognition gave little evidence of the agitation she may have felt. At any rate neither she or Bertie evinced any great discomposure after the first few moments. Had they done so, it is probable it would have passed entirely unheeded by two of the party in that sick room, for Mrs. Galloway was again in one of her frantic moods, and when Doctor Fenton had leisure to take any particular notice of her ravings it struck him as decidedly odd that the mention of "Bertie" upbraided and entreated by turns should cause such a deep flush to

spread to even the roots of the hair of his male companion, while the usually calm, self-possessed nurse of his acquaintance seemed to grow more and more frigid. On the other hand, Bertie's self-possession was tried to the utmost. What could he think of Sister Theresa, who must be tied by some link to the doctor, who was fast becoming the most odious of men, or else how account for the repeated "my dear" when addressing her, altogether uncalled for before strangers? was Bertie's conclusion. A few moments later he did not know whether to be indignant or not when the sick woman also was spoken to in soothing tones with the same endearing epithets. Finally he gave up mentally discussing a subject that had become unintelligible, only to be more disgusted when he himself came to be embraced by the figure of speech so much in use by our medical friend, whose good humour never failed during the whole of his visit. Whether it was owing to his skill or not it is impossible to say, but before long his patient shewed some signs of improvement, and sleep, the result of an opiate it is true, afforded some relaxation to the energies of both doctor and nurse. The latter was only too glad to escape from what had been a severe strain on her feelings. Margaret was installed at the bed side of her mistress for a few hours' watch and Doctor Fenton had descended to the dining room to partake of the tea-dinner that had been somewhat delayed in consequence of the paroxysm that had attacked Mrs. Galloway almost immediately after his arrival. Bertie had excused himself from the invitation to "stay and have a chat and smoke my dear" on the plea of his mother's anxiety; and after saying he would come round in the morning he and the Doctor parted without any discussion on the inmates of the house. It would be a direct perversion of the truth to say both these men, each good and true in his own particular way, were mutually pleased with each other; in fact the opinion each held of the other was as far from compliment-

ary as it was possible to be. "What does he mean by his stuck-up airs and graces?" had the worthy doctor been saying to himself over and over again. That and a sentiment somewhat similar in Bertie's mind—"What does the fellow mean by his impudence?" had been partially concealed under the courtesies of good manners, but they were not likely to look upon the likelihood of another interview as a matter of fervent thanksgiving.

(To be Continued.)

Publisher's Notes.

By the new postal regulations, publishers have to prepay the postage on all periodicals and magazines sent to Great Britain at the ordinary rate. It will therefore be necessary in ordering sample copies to be addressed there, to enclose 5c in stamps for postage.

* * *

WE wish to obtain as much as possible all the historical and interesting events relating to this great north-west for publication that we can, and our readers and others will oblige us very much if they will kindly hand in any manuscript, or other matter relating to this, of which they may be possessed. We want contributors of every class from every part of the country: hunters, miners, ranchers, farmers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, ministers, commercial travellers and every one, who may have anything interesting to relate. Send it along. Write in a legible hand on one side of the paper, enclose in an envelope, open at both ends, mark it, manuscript for the press, put a one cent stamp on it, and address Editor THE MANITOBAN, Drawer 1371, Winnipeg, Man., and we will be sure to get it. Let us hear from you.

* * *

WE would invite the attention of our readers to the following special offers by which they can obtain *The*

Scottish Canadian, the only paper of its kind published in Canada:—

The Scottish Canadian, on trial, for three months, and a copy of "*Scottish Minstrel*," containing 34 old Scotch songs, words and music, for 50 cents.

The Scottish Canadian, on trial, for six months, and a copy of the "*Scottish Minstrel*," containing 34 old Scotch songs, words and music, for 75 cents.

The Scottish Canadian for six months, and portrait of Burns or Scott, 18x24 inches, for \$1.

The Scottish Canadian, for six months, and John Imrie's poems, 350 pages, beautifully bound, for \$1.25.

The Scottish Canadian for one year and a copy of "*Scottish Minstrel*," containing 34 old Scotch songs, words and music, trial order, \$1.

The Scottish Canadian for one year, and portrait of Burns or Scott, 18x24 inches, for \$1.50.

The Scottish Canadian for one year, and John Imrie's poems, 350 pages, beautifully bound, for \$2; or *The Scottish Canadian* and THE MANITOBAN, for one year, for only \$2. This is an unparalleled offer, and should be taken advantage of by all those interested in their native land.

Important Notice.

WE are now in a position to do job printing of all kinds, and a trial is solicited. The office of publication of this Magazine has been removed to William street, near the Market Square, where we will be pleased to see all our friends. As we have a complete outfit of new type and presses, of the latest and best style and design, our friends can rely on getting everything RIGHT. Kindly note the change in address, from 186 James street to William street, near Market Square.

Literary Notes and Reviews.

In *The Great Divide* for June can be read a thrilling story, entitled "The Little Death,"

by Fitz-Mac. In this story, Governor Adams, of Colorado, Warden Hoyt and a convict are mysteriously involved. It is exciting from first to last, and the author is very positive in his statement that the story is true. He gives date and circumstances with startling accuracy. If true, the story is absolute proof of the soul's immortality. Send ten cents for the June *Great Divide*, Denver, Colo.

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* has sprung a pleasant surprise on its large family of readers by making a great reduction in the price of its Daily and Sunday editions where a year's subscription is prepaid. The new rates are as follows, payment to be made strictly in advance: Daily and Sunday, one year, \$8 50; Daily without Sunday, one year, \$7; Sunday only, one year, \$1.50. Rates for a less period remain the same as before. This is a reduction of from 15 to 25 per cent, and it means a boom in circulation for the *Pioneer Press*.

A year's subscription now will carry you through the Conventions, the Campaign, the Election and Inauguration. The *Pioneer Press* has so materially improved in the past few months that it is more than ever the representative Northwestern paper. Many new features have been adopted. Among others its Scandinavian news, to which a column is devoted weekly; its sporting and horse department, and much new matter of merit.

Address all orders to THE PIONEER PRESS Co., St. Paul, Minn.

The State; Religion; and Schools is the title of a neat little pamphlet by Rev. Alex. Grant, of the First Baptist Church of this city. Without going around the bush the reverend gentleman goes right into the subject and deals in an admirable manner with this absorbing question of state schools. The condition of other countries are compared and the peculiar history of Canada, together with the strange anomalies which exist are briefly told. The author very pointedly says: "We have a Canadian confederation with such links in it as church-and-state Quebec. semi-church and state Ontario, free-state-with-free-church New Brunswick, and who-knows-what-it-is-in-Manitoba." The writer deals in an exhaustive manner with the various details of the subject and handles it in a masterly manner. Space will not permit us to review at greater length, but all those who are interested in national schools would do well to procure a copy and read what Mr. Grant has to say on the subject.

For sale by the Ladies' Aid of the Baptist church. Price 15 cents and 25 cents according to binding.

The *Delineator* is a high class journal of Fashion, Culture and Fine Arts, the subscription price of which is \$1.00 per year. Single copies 15c. Send orders direct to the DELINEATOR PUB. Co., (Ltd.) 33 Richmond St. west, Toronto.

Mr. Michael Davitt opens the June *Eclectic* with a swift glance at "The Canadian Northwest" and the possibilities of that undeveloped

Empire. Sir Herbert Maxwell's paper on "Personal Names" is full of curious and suggestive learning on an interesting subject. The essay on Horace emphasizes in many ways the essential modernity of spirit which characterizes the great Augustan poet, who has been a prime favorite with men of the world as well as of scholars and philosophers from his own age to that of the present. Mr. Marion Crawford, who ranks among the foremost novelists of the period, is made the topic of an appreciative study by Miss Janetta Robinson. Those interested in physical studies will enjoy Mr. Frank Podmore's "In Defence of Phantasms." One of the most brilliant, if not the soundest writers of the times, Mr. W. H. Mallock, discusses the individuality of the writer as shown in his style, under the heading of Buffon's epigram, "The Style is the Man," with sparkle as well as acumen. Though the Charge of the Six Hundred at Balaclava is now an old story, it is never threadbare, and the picturesque and vivid account by J. H. Wightman, one of the survivors, will be read with keen interest. Mr. Poultney Bigelow makes a bitter attack on the fallen lion, Prince Bismarck, covering enthusiastic laudation of the Emperor William under assault of the greatest of German statesmen. Mr. Bigelow, though an American, was a schoolmate of the young German Kaiser at the gymnasium at Bonn. One of the cleverest papers in the number is that by Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine. His "Studies of New York Society" is marked by insight and observation and is delightfully written. Other interesting papers are Vernon Lee's "Friendships of Baldwin," Rev. H. R. Haweis' "Vignettes in Spain," and "Big Bells," an excursion in popular science which smacks piquantly of Grant Allen. "The Conquest of Dona Jacoba" is a strong story of Californian life by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and the reader will find other short articles and poems worth reading.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. *Eclectic* and any \$4 magazine, \$3.

The *Canadian Northwest Banner*, which has hitherto been a monthly, is now issued weekly, and judging by the initial numbers received is a decided improvement. It is a first class temperance publication, and we commend it to our friends who desire a good weekly paper. Published at Winnipeg, Man., at the low price of \$1.00 per year.

A hasty glance through the June number of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, which has just reached us, shows very many attractive and interesting features. Both from a literary and pictorial standpoint it is fully up to the mark of previous issues. A fine half-tone engraving of the late late Hon. Alex. Mackenzie is given away as a supplement, which we are sure will be appreciated; it is well worth framing. Canadians of all classes should support this magazine. The price, \$1.50 per year, is absurdly low. The Sabiston Lithographic and Pub. Co., Montreal and Toronto, are the publishers.

Our Checker Department.

CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY.

SOLUTION TO POSITION No. 3.

Black men on 5 ; king on 22.

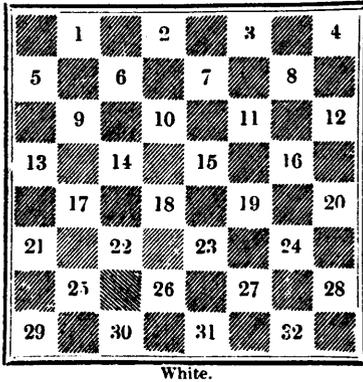
White men on 29, 32 ; king on 30.

White to play and win as follows :

32-27	9-14	29-25
5 9	24-20	22-29
27-24	14-18	30-26

W. Wins.

REFERENCE BOARD FOR BEGINNERS.
Black.



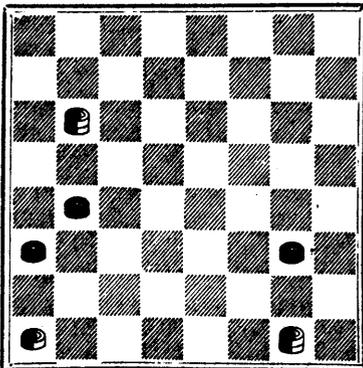
White.

At the commencement of a game the black men occupy the square numbered from 1 to 12, and the white men those numbering from 21 to 32. Place the men on the board and play over the games in this department, and in a short time you will consider yourself a first-class player. Black always moves first.

POSITION NO. 4.

Contributed by Jas Duncan, Winnipeg,
Author Unknown.

Black on 17, 21, 24



White on 29 ; Kings on 9 and 32.

White to play and win.

In game No. 5., two mistakes occur, at the 23rd move where 8-11 is played, play 9-14 instead, and at the 25th move where 9-14 is played, play 8-11 instead, and all is O.K.

WYLLIE, THE HERD LADDIE, AGAIN DEFEATED.

The subscription match between James Wyllie and Richard Jordan, the Edinburgh champion, proved a surprise to the entire checker world from the fact that a mere boy defeated a veteran who has been playing checker matches for about fifty years. —Score, Jordan 2, Wyllie 1, Drawn 17.

GAME No. 6, KELSO.

Sixth game in the Searight-McKelvie match.

SEARIGHTS MOVE.

10-15	24 19	7-10	32-28	18-23
21-17	15 24	25-21	1-5	26-22
11-16	22-15	3 7	17-13	14-17
23 18	5 9	22-18	10-14	22-18
16-20	28 19	14-23	18 9	17-22
18-11	4 8	27-18	11-18	18-14
8-15	25-22	20 24	19-15	6-10
17-14	9-14	21-17	5-14	14 7
9-18	29-25	7-11	28-19	2-18

And Mr. McKelvie resigned.

a—Mr. J. P. Reed shows how McKelvie could have drawn at this point by the following neat play.

18-14	19-10	26-23	27-23	23-19
11-18	23-27	11-16	24-27	8-11
14-7	28 19	7 3	15-10	19-15
2-11	27-32	16 20	20-24	11-16
17-14	10-7	19-15	10 6	15-10
19-23	32-28	32-28	24-28	Drawn
14-10	31-27	23-18	6-2	
6-15	28-32	28-24	28-32	

The *Cross*, a pamphlet of 20 pages, including the cover, by Mr. J. P. Reed, is now ready for the checker playing public. It contains nearly 100 variations and over 50 notes, making altogether about 150 variations, on the most popular lines of play on this opening. No draughts player should be without this valuable little treatise, price 15c. Address, J. P. Reed, 15 Clark Street, Pittsburg, P.A.

REMARKABLE CHECKER CONTEST.

A Pittsburg despatch says : Two of the greatest events in the history of checker playing in this country, which

have never before been equaled here, occurred in this city to-day at checker headquarters. The first was a team match of eighty players, forty on a side, in which Pittsburg and Alleghany players played against the State of Pennsylvania, the game occupying about three hours. The second unprecedented event was in the evening, when fifty-six men sat down, the fifty-six boards being played simultaneously. Three men played against the others. These were James P. Read, ex-champion of America; Dr. Schaffer, champion of New York, and Charles Hefter, champion of Illinois. The three won 30 games, lost 8 and drew 18 games.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Ed. Kelly, 454 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Musical and Dramatical.

THE weekly Concerts by the 90th Band, at the Manitoba, draw large crowds, who appear to be delighted with these open-air entertainments.

* * *

MESSRS. Tees, Tuckwell and Wheeler have been appointed judges of the Band competition that takes place in July at the Industrial Exhibition.

* * *

MR. W. H. DINGLE will give the next organ recital at Christ Church on the 20th inst. He will have the assistance of one or two vocalists.

* * *

MISS HOLMES, organist of Grace Church, will leave on the 27th inst., for Chicago, where she intends to remain for a couple of months study with Mr. Clarence Eddy, the well-known organist.

* * *

GRACE CHURCH CHOIR will give a Concert on the 23rd inst. Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" and two or three part songs constitute the programme.

Mrs. Verner and Messrs. David Ross and Jackson Hanby are the vocal soloists. Miss Holmes will render an organ solo.

* * *

THE School Concert in the Thistle Rink on the 16th is being looked forward to with a great deal of curiosity. The musical portion under Miss Day's supervision ought certainly to be very entertaining indeed.

* * *

MISS AGNES JOHNSTON, of Grace Church Choir, contemplates a trip to Chicago, Toronto, etc., during the summer months.

* * *

THE proprietors of the Bijou Opera House deserve the thanks of the public for the satisfactory manner in which they have improved the facilities of the building. Theatre goers have now as safe a place to go for amusement as they ever had, if not a great deal safer, and we trust the management will have their enterprise appreciated by the public.

WE have made arrangements whereby we can offer to our readers the *Medical Adviser*, a monthly journal of health and home topics, absolutely free for one year. This offer is open to all who subscribe for THE MANITOBAN after this date. Do not miss this opportunity of securing two good papers at the price of one. Send along your subscription friends; \$1.00 secures both papers for a year.

* * *

WE have made arrangements with the publishers of the *Detroit Weekly Free Press*, whereby we can offer our readers THE MANITOBAN and *Free Press* for one year at the low price of \$1.50. This is an excellent offer, as the *Detroit Free Press* has a world-wide circulation and delights its readers weekly with a regular library of fun and entertaining articles. Send in your subscriptions at once.