

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.

Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# THE MANITOBBAN.

A Monthly Magazine and Review of Current Events.

VOL. I. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, AUGUST, 1892.

No. 9.

## Notes and Comments.

AUGUST is the month during which the farmer sits on the anxious seat. To be or not to be is the question—frost or no frost—whether or not his whole season's labor will be ruined, or if he can safely harvest and garner the golden grain. This is the subject and the all-absorbing question. From the latest advices received it would appear that the crop as a whole is a little later than that of previous years, but as we are now nearly past the time for the average frost which nips in the bud a year's work, we can almost count for a certainty on a fair crop being gathered. The scarcity of farm help will retard harvesting operations to a certain extent as with but a few exceptions no one farmer can care for his crop within himself in the time in which it should be attended to, but by judicious methods and keeping at it the greater part can be accomplished.

\* \* \*

OWING to the existence of small-pox in our midst, and the alarm which it has occasioned it may not be out of place to give a few hints

as to the care which should be taken by the public in guarding against the attacks of the fell disease.

The first thing one naturally turns to is the prevention. This is easily obtained by vaccination, for no intelligent person who has been successfully vaccinated within a given time need have small-pox. A few years ago the virus was obtained from the arm of a healthy child, which had recently been vaccinated but this has been done away with as bovine virus is preferable. The reason of this is that, by the use of the bovine virus there is secured a more perfect or typical development of the vaccine disease; and hence it may fairly be inferred a greater protection against small-pox. Again, with the bovine virus there is no danger of communicating syphilis. The bovine virus is also more effective than the humanized virus in re-vaccination and is less susceptible to small-pox, and as greater care can be taken in the propagation of it a greater supply can be always at command in time of danger and people thus vaccinated have a better guarantee, that they are vaccinated with genuine pure vaccine virus. Hav-

ing the prevention we now come to the question who should be vaccinated? Everybody, old and young for his own interest, should be vaccinated, even those who have had small-pox, as it has been proved, that a larger proportion of those who have small-pox a second time die than of those who have the disease after vaccination. As to when a person should be vaccinated, the sooner the better, for by thus taking advantage of the protection afforded, the protection of the disease is stayed. Owing to the prompt action of the authorities in Manitoba this loathsome disease has been nearly stamped out and with a little care and watchfulness on the part of the public we shall soon have heard the last of it—we trust—for some time to come.

\* \* \*

WE see by the Vancouver papers that they have an island out there on purpose for small-pox patients, which is called "Dead Man's Island." This should settle the results of the disease as far as Vancouver is concerned, for a patient who was at all nervous would not stand a very good chance to recover when he found he was on an island with such a gruesome name. If the mind has any control over disease, as the highest medical authorities affirm, then the people of the coast should change the name as soon as possible. It would at least make the patients feel more at home.

\* \* \*

WE called attention in our last issue to the water supply of the city, dealing with the gravity of the question from a sanitary point of

view. In writing what we did we had only our autumnal fevers and dreaded small pox in view which then seemed hovering on our western and southern borders. We now learn of a still more dreaded scourge the cholera, which has reached Germany from Russia, and may be from Hamberg disseminated to this continent. The Dominion Government are preparing to spend \$100,000 on quarantine improvements, and as it behooves us to take every possible precaution, especially as to the purity of the water we drink, it is with pleasure we learn that the city authorities are taking active steps through their efficient engineer, and that the testing of the flowing wells is being proceeded with. Should that source of supply be found pure and sufficient we will have gone a long way towards balking the grim spectre which has been stalking in Russia and has started on his dread westward march through Germany.

\* \* \*

IN a recent issue of the *Northwestern Miller*, published at Minneapolis, appears an excellent likeness together with a short sketch of the life of W. W. Ogilvie, of Montreal, one of Canada's most prosperous sons. From it we learn that Mr. Ogilvie, together with his brothers Hon. A. W. Ogilvie and John Ogilvie, erected in 1892 the Glenora mill on the Lachine canal and at subsequent dates the Goderich, Seaforth, Winnipeg and Royal Mills. These mills together with the Montreal city mills recently acquired, make a total capacity of 7500 barrels of flour or 33,000 bush-

els of wheat, which is supplied from 40 elevators in Ontario, Manitoba and the Northwest Territory. Mr. Ogilvie says, the MILLER was the pioneer wheat buyer in Manitoba, and has contributed largely to the development of the province. An idea of the magnitude of the business and of its rapid growth may be had from the fact, that their first shipment of wheat in 1876 was only 500 bushels while it reached last year over 4,000,000 bushels, while the amount spent in wages alone foots up the nice little sum of \$226,000. A great portion of the success that has attended Mr. Ogilvie is perhaps due to the fact that he spares no pains or expense in procuring the latest improvements or keeping his mills in the most improved and modern condition. He was one of the first to ship wheat out of Manitoba, bringing it up the Red River by way of Fargo and from there by the Northern Pacific Railway to Duluth. But all this is now changed and so great is the change that Mr. Ogilvie says "one can hardly realize what has taken place in the Northwest during the last 35 years." To all Winnipeggers the Ogilvie's are well known and as the C.P.R. trains from the east with their loaded cars of humanity cross over the Red River on their entry into the prairie city the first thing to greet them is the Ogilvie mill and elevators towering aloft like a huge monument of industry and labor.

\* \* \*

THERE is a great deal of discussion throughout the Dominion in reference to the Retaliation Bill which

the Americans have recently passed through Congress and which only awaits the President's signature to become law. As our readers are no doubt pretty familiar with the objects of the bill by this time we will not go into details but believe that if the Yankees think they can by their bluff and bluster intimidate the Canadians into giving into them they will find out their mistake. Should the bill become law as it undoubtedly will unless some adjustment is speedily made, Manitoba and the Northwest will be the greatest sufferers. The farmers will not get as much for their wheat and the increase in the price of coal will place that article beyond the reach of ordinary people. But it will only be temporary. We will ere long have our own canal completed at the Soo—and with the Welland canal owned and operated by us we can carry the "Retaliation Act" as far as the Americans like to go. There is nothing that will bring about Free Trade with Britain so quick as this last move of the Americans. The Yankees are a great nation for bluster but John Bull can stand a good deal of such antics as they will find out. We are only a small country as it were compared with them but we seem to be a great source of envy.

\* \* \*

ONCE more the Greenway Government have been returned to power, and judging by the immense majorities all over the country and especially in Winnipeg, it was "keep the rascals out." To the Hon. Mr. Greenway the people of Manitoba owe an immigration policy

which is doing more and better work to secure settlers, for not only Manitoba and the Northwest, but for the whole Dominion, than all other policies or schemes put together. If the Dominion Government would only put their shoulder to the wheel in the same manner we would have such a tide of emigrants coming into the country that would cause the next census returns to tell a different story. To the present Government we owe much, for not only the immigration policy, but several other acts as well have been passed and carried out by them for the benefit of the people. We trust that the next four years will prove a term of prosperity and that the Province of Manitoba may continue to lead as in the past, in all things pertaining to the advancement of our country. It is an old saying, and one which is being every day verified, that "you cannot check Manitoba." Throughout the Dominion Manitoba is being gradually looked upon to take the lead in reforms and although it may appear presumptive on her part yet she can teach her older sister provinces a good many things which they are only finding out.

\* \* \*

THE *Winnipeg Free Press* in a local the other day said "let the boys swim in the river if they want to, they can't hurt the water any." This is probably as near the truth as you can get it but should be reversed in order to fully understand why the boys shouldn't swim in the river. It is the water that hurts the boys and not the boys the water and herein lies the mischief. To

the bather or swimmer who ventures into either the Red or Assiniboine Rivers, and is seized with cramps there is not much hope for escape, as he is sure to be suffocated or choked to death by the terrible stuff he has to swallow and death is inevitable.

\* \* \*

WHEN visiting the recent Industrial Exhibition, held in this city, we were particularly struck with the exhibits from the different Indian Industrial schools. The manner and quality of work shown was something which set people thinking, and in it we could almost see the solution of the Indian problem which has been a great deal written about and which has bothered Uncle Sam so much that their solution of the question seems to be that the only good Indian is a dead one. In looking at the specimens of work by the little Indian boys and girls we have a different view of the case, and believe that in them we have the means whereby our Indians can be taught to be self-sustaining and a benefit to the country instead of otherwise. The teachers and instructors deserve the greatest of praise while the many excellent specimens of handiwork done by these children of the Red men put to the blush work done by our professedly skilled workman. It was a wise move on the part of the Government in thus teaching the children, for in this way they learn the future generations. There is no reason why the Indians should not be taught to be as useful as their white brethren; and we question if our children were

to grow up in the manner the children of the forest do whether they would be any better. It is an old saying "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and the same can be applied to the human family whether they be Indians, negroes or whitemen. The little Indian boys and girls certainly deserve great praise, and we trust to see a full collection of their work at the World's Fair as it would without a doubt be as interesting to those who are ignorant of their aptitude, as any exhibit which could be shown.

\* \* \*

THE large majority of ballots in favor of prohibition cast in the last election was a pleasant surprise to the many friends of temperance, for while a great many expected there would be a majority, yet no one looked for such an immense one. This should be encouraging to Prohibitionists who will doubtless get a bill put through the next legislature to prohibit the sale of liquors. As to the constitutional means which may be employed and its operative legality there seems to be some doubt. The moderate drinkers claim that no one has a right to deny them anything they may desire in the way of meat or drink provided they pay for it. Just where to draw the line seems to bother a great many of our temperance workers. But the consensus of opinion is that the only way to strike at the evil of intemperance is to prohibit the sale of it altogether.

In the City of New York the drink-question is causing consider-

able discussion. Dr. Rainsford, a celebrated New Yorker, in a recent article said: "The saloon has come to stay, you might as well legislate against the tides. The saloon is the working-man's club-room and it has got to be managed as a philanthropic effort." The Dr. is quite right the saloon is the working-man's club-room or the club-room of any other individual who gets a glass too much. This may not be what the Dr. meant but the saloon is generally regarded as the most fitting place for the persuader which in the hands of a person stupified by drink generally does considerable damage. But looking at the matter seriously we would like to ask the Dr. if he could conscientiously recommend the saloon as a sitting-room or reading-room for the young men and boys of any country. Would he like his children to spend their spare time in such a place, where nothing but drinking and profanity with coarse subjects for conversation were the recreation. If so, then God pity the intellectual recreation thus obtained.

\* \* \*

It must be gratifying to the directors of the Industrial Exhibition to see such a handsome result from their first experiment of a summer fair. The receipts were far in excess of that of last year, while the attendance was over 40,000. The exhibits were really excellent, the stock especially being far ahead of the most sanguine expectations. The display of implements and farm machinery was equal to a Toronto exhibit while the manufactures

and other articles were equally as good. The main building presented a tasty appearance but was not quite what it ought to be. But this can be remedied and for a venture from a financial point of view was a big success. But while the fair itself was successful in a way that pleased the directors it did not satisfy the merchants as their trade was very little if any increased. We are of the opinion that the fall is the best time for holding a fair unless it is an art show or some other attraction gotten up to please the public. To be sure we had fine weather for the July show but we might be equally as fortunate in October. We trust that next year the directors will change the date from July to October so we can have a proper display of the season's products. It is our products both grain and cereal that we pride ourselves on and we ought to display them at the best season for doing so. Another thing about the summer fair will be that foreigners will think our seasons are so cold and wintry that we can only show anything in the warm weather. As there is plenty of time before the next one takes place for discussion, we hope to see the public express themselves on the subject.

\* \* \*

ACCORDING to the last census of Newfoundland the right little, tight little island has a population of 197,934 of which 363 are foreigners, principally Americans. The males number 3,200 in excess of the females which should be gratifying news to the Newfoundland maidens. Of the population engaged in farming there are only 1,545 while 53,502 are engaged in the fisheries.

## An Incident.

BY MRS. L. E. CHITTENDEN.

TWO girls came into an evening party with their father and attracted the attention of two rather elderly gentlemen, standing near the entrance, one of whom said: "Ah! there is my old friend B and his two lovely daughters, who are such favorites in society this season. What a striking contrast they present; one so fair, and the other so dark. The golden-haired one carries off the palm for beauty, do you not think so?"

"Wait and see. To my eyes the character and self-pose in the darker one's face, more than equals the pretty face and lovely coloring of the other," said his friend.

Later in the evening the two sisters and a young gentlemen escort came into the refreshment room, and were seated very near the two gentlemen who had spoken about them on their entrance. Wine was passed, and with a slightly flushed face the young man refused it.

"Ah," said the golden-haired sister, "are you afraid to take wine, Mr. C? I always admire any one who is able to do all such things and yet not be conquered by them; able to use wine when one wishes it, and to let it alone just as easily. Carlyle says, "Man is the only tool-using animal." and I think it should be added, he is the only one who can conquer his appetites."

"Very likely you are right," answered the young man. "I own I have heretofore never dared to touch wine, lest I should develop a latent appetite, which I fear I inherit, but you put it in a new light to me. I have perhaps been guilty of a species of moral cowardice which I ought to overcome."

"Shame, Adelaide!" cried out the other sister, her dark eyes blazing. "That is the worst possible advice, and you know it, if you would only stop to think. Mr. C,

I hope you will cling to that resolution of yours, no matter what the temptation may be. Promise me that you will never allow one drop of wine, or anything of that kind to pass your lips, if there is any danger, whatever that it will become a fixed habit. Adelaide spoke thoughtlessly, and believe me, she and everyone will respect and admire you all the more for your firm adherence to a principle."

The young man turned toward her with a look of reverence on his face. "I will promise you, Miss Bernice, and you may rely upon me keeping my promise. If women only knew the influence they possess for good, and if they realized the strength of a man's appetite, the world would be better. I thank you for your words."

Adelaide's face was flushed and her eyes were full of tears. "Forgive me, Mr. C, I did wrong I know, but I do not seem to be able to judge of right or wrong so well as Bernice, who is my mentor," she said.

"I am sure your faults can never be grave or deliberate ones," said the young man. "You err simply, as I said, because you do not know what it is you trifle with."

As the two gentlemen who had been involuntary listeners to this conversation arose to leave, the one who had said, "Wait and see which is the fairer," said, "Was I not right?"

The other answered heartily, "You were indeed."—*The House-keeper.*

### *The British Freedom.*

THE news that comes across the wires every day from the old land illustrates in many striking ways the breadth and manliness of the typical Briton and the greatness of his empire. Great Britain is the only country under heaven that dares to throw open its ports

and challenge the world to trade. Great Britain is the only country strong enough to allow any man to take a seat in Parliament who can persuade the electors to give him one. Among the members recently elected there is the former editor of an American newspaper. There is also a Parsee from Bombay, and a Frenchman. There are several Jews and one or two pronounced Socialists. Just fancy the howl about loyalty that would be raised in Canada if people of that kind tried to get into Parliament. John Bull knows very well that the way to keep them harmless is to keep them free. What electors other than Britons would vote against a member of the Royal family. If the Queen's son-in-law were running in some constituencies we know every man who dared to vote against him would be called a rebel and charged with disloyalty, treason and a host of other crimes. As likely as not he would be mobbed. The Marquis of Lorne was defeated for the second time the other day, and no Englishman paid any special attention to the circumstances. They don't vote in England for a candidate's wife or mother-in-law—they vote for or against the candidate himself. A Canadian feels proud when he sees the true British qualities displayed in the great fight across the water, but his feelings suddenly change when he looks nearer home.—*Knoxonian in Canada Presbyterian.*

HERE is an incident of the late elections: Two gentlemen, of opposite politics, meeting, one inquired the address of some political celebrity, when the other indignantly answered, "I am proud to say, sir, that I am wholly ignorant of it." "Oh, you are proud of your ignorance, eh, sir?" "Yes I am," replied the belligerent gentleman, "and what then, sir?" "Oh, nothing, sir, nothing; only you have a great deal to be proud of, that's all."



*Beatrice Cameron.*

Or, Poetry the Happy Medium.

A Story in Two Books.

*(For the Manitoban)*

BY F. OSMAN HABER.

Book Two.—Chapter 3.

*(Continued)*

Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven;  
 A spark of that immortal fire  
 With angels shared, by Allah given,  
 To lift from earth our low desire.  
 Devotion waits the mind above  
 But Heaven itself descends in love;  
 A feeling from the Godhead caught  
 To wear from self each sordid thought,  
 A ray of Eilm who formed the whole  
 A glory circling round the soul.

—*The Glow.*

**N**OW had this my narrative been what is vulgarly termed, "a novel," it would undoubtedly have been meet, right and necessary to relate the downfall of the hero, and his rescue from the lowest ebb of despondency and despair by the heroine. But this being a history, true and lawful to nature: not fiction, but fact: I cannot but feel sorry that a contrary result has to be narrated. The deepest, humblest, sincerest and most reverent apologies are therefore made to the reader.

Immediately after Vane Helmore received the invitation to the marriage of Beatrice he departed for Winnipeg. His uncle, aunt and cousin were very sorry to see him leave. Vane was, without doubt, in a matter of bewilderment and perplexity. He loved Beatrice with all his heart. Her actions therefore confounded him. That she should have taken such a step in such a hurried manner somewhat surprised him. He knew that true love could not be the cause, and was sufficiently acquainted with the every-day affairs of life, the fickleness of nature, the follies and flippancies of the world, and the bewildering coursing of human existence to suppose that pride and jealousy were the only causes. And his suppos-

itions were remarkably near the truth! He had also his own individual musings and private affections to contend with, which as we knew were sober and profound. It might of course with truth be said that he had no public cause to feel astonished at the actions of Beatrice, for what was she to him? Ah! What? If he had been her lover, had she not rejected him? Most assuredly, rejected him without hope! Yet, somehow, deep down in the recesses of his heart he heard the low murmur of an approaching storm; the circling of the whistling cyclone whose effect he would experience. But that its fury would be so awful, so disastrous as it afterwards appeared, he could not, even in his moments of wildest excitement have dreamed or imagined. Had he done so we all know what his movements would have been.

In due course he reached his destination. Instead of proceeding to the Camerons' he took lodging at a hotel until the date of the wedding. On the appointed day he could have been seen seated in the midst of the congregation, seeing all—himself unnoticed. The whole scene was viewed by him; the beginning, the middle, the end. He, with the others, heard the words of the constable; witnessed the arrest; the surprise of the audience, and heard the last heart-rending scream of poor Beatrice.

Then, for the first time he felt sure of her love; then, for the first time was he aware of her agony, despondency and despair. For if she loved him not, what, on this her day of trouble could make her call him by name? Nothing but love! Surely nothing else? Was this not a proof of it, the truest and grandest of proofs? Could anything show it more disinterestedly? He believed not, and as we know, oh! reader, was exact in his conclusion.

When Beatrice was carried home he did not think of following.

Although his noble heart burned with pity for her he knew that at that particular moment his presence would be undesirable. Besides he could wait. He had waited for her, she should wait for him. Then again he had no right to interfere in this matter. For although Wallace might be a scoundrel, a liar, a blackguard, a counterfeiter, a forger, a bigamist, an idolator, or even a murderer, Beatrice was to all appearances his wife. She must obey him in every way and submit to his guidance,—or at least she had promised to do so at the altar but very recently. But would she? Is a promise, given under such circumstances as was hers, binding? This is a question for the learned. For ourselves we would say it is not. As we know, however it would not be necessary to test her courage and character. But more of this anon.

In consequence, Vane proceeded direct to his lodging. There in deep but silent brooding hours passed. His love for the poor girl was strengthened by the reverie; he sympathized deeply with her under her great misfortune, and would have given worlds (did he possess them) to have eased her burden. He neither blamed nor rivaled her: her actions were understood; her very feelings and emotions were evident to him.

"I will call and see her in a few days," he muttered "it will undoubtedly be best," I cannot bear to think of her suffering without doing my utmost to relieve her.

She has at last received a lesson, ah, me, what a lesson! Ah! a hard one it is, the lesson of a lifetime, one she will never forget! But she needed it! No more will folly hold possession of her brain! Yes! she is cured; but at what a cost! Yet why should I speak thus! I will cease, and away as a hard-hearted wretch!"

After taking lunch, our hero, therefore, strolled about the city. Everybody seemed to be talking of

the marvelous occurrence that had taken place. Gossips enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. For at least once in their lives they could *wag* until exhausted. Vane soon heard that the trial was to take place in three days as the session was then sitting. He determined to attend.

Accordingly he was present at that important event in the annals of Winnipeg. Throughout the whole proceeding he was a silent observer; then immediately after the termination thereof he proceeded to visit Mr. Cameron.

The latter was very pleased to see him, "I had expected to see you before" he said:

"How is Miss Beatrice" queried Vane, "I have heard she is ill, I hope from the bottom of my heart it is not very serious."

"My boy, my boy, she is ill, very ill, so ill that I am afraid she will never recover. In a wild fever she is raving and tossing. How I'd like to get at that scoundrel Wallace or Buxton, whichever it is."

"Were you at the trial" enquired the old gentleman, "I intended to have been present myself, but could not raise my spirits sufficiently to do so. I therefore sent my attorney. He has not returned yet, but if you were present yourself you can inform me of the result instead."

"Yes, sir, I was, and have happy news to relate. It appears that Buxton was married, and although the scandal of the case has seemingly increased Miss Beatrice is freed. She is not his wife. His true wife was a witness at the trial."

"Mr. Cameron could scarcely contain his joy. Arising he paced once or twice up and down the room, then suddenly turning, shook hands with Vane both heartily and lengthily, thereby showing his cordial belief in the young man's sincerity and honor. Besides, the two were, as we know, in hearty sympathy with each other. Mr. Cameron was

aware that Vane had once wished to marry Beatrice, had in fact given him advice upon the subject, but whether he still wished it, was a question not to be decided in haste. The young man's future actions would prove his honor, honesty, purity and manliness.

"Vane," exclaimed Mr. Cameron, "I have something to tell you."

"Upon the morning on which Beatrice was to have been married she retired to her room, and there, as I have reason to believe, gave way to a flood, of despairing tears. She really did not wish to marry Wallace, but had forced herself to it by means of which I know not, but which I fancy were connected with you in some way or other. At any rate while in her room she wrote something to you. I have not opened the envelope as I can fully trust you, and now hand you the letter. I will leave the room while you peruse it, especially as I hear my attorney just entering."

"Do stay," said Vane, "I will read it aloud whatever it may be."

"No! I must leave" Mr. Cameron articulated, as he walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Vane was now left alone. With wonderment he opened the letter before him. Then he read. Let us glance over his shoulder.

#### A HEART'S CONFESSION.

My heart was but a fickle pane  
With thoughts of naught but fun;  
With smiling eye my beaux passed by  
I made my choice of one.

When I was tired I threw him o'er,  
I made another choice;  
I looked again I saw again  
A man of better voice.

So long as they had money much  
And thought not how it went;  
So long as they with spirits gay  
On pleasure were intent;

So long as they with honeyed words  
My loveliness did praise  
I kept their side with joyous pride  
For five or six long days.

But when that time had come and gone,  
And all their coin was spent,  
My foolish heart feared not to part  
And seek another gent.

My foolishness has now been cleft,  
My spirit well nigh crushed,  
No sudden start now thrills my heart,  
For folly's voice is hushed.

You came along, your look was fair,  
Your wealth was counted high,  
One more I'll seek to hold a week,  
Then I will bid him bye.

The stated time again appeared,  
The sixth day had been reached,  
I bid you go as well you know,  
My message I had preached.

Your tongue was silent as the dead,  
No anger brushed your brow,  
A letter came, it bore your name,  
I have it with me now.

Oh, my own love, my life my lost,  
Oh, well may I entreat  
You left my side, my wounded pride  
Has felt the forced retreat,

For I can now with sorrow plead  
A cause of abject woe,  
I cast away your love for aye;  
It was a coquette's blow.

I thought you'd plead, and plead with zeal  
I thought you would persist,  
I thought again supreme I'd reign;  
A ruler I'd exist.

But no! no second time you spoke,  
No second prayer was breathed,  
I might have been your earthly queen,  
But with my pride I writhed.

And now my heart has ceased to beat,  
My blood it runneth cold.  
The coquette's strife has ceased its life  
No more is pride so bold.

Oh! that I might recall the past  
And live it o'er anew,  
Fool's pride so bold, the coquette's gold  
Could not keep me from you.

O' Vane, O' Love, O' Vane my life  
Oh Vane my one and all,  
Forget the past, I'm lost at last,  
Remember not my fall.

The letter fell from the hands of Vane as he finished reading.

"The poor girl," he muttered must indeed have suffered terribly, or she would not have written thus, above all in poetry. But poetry is the only language of the heart! In it only can our wildest feelings be expressed!

"The poor girl, the poor girl" and Vane arose with a look of determination upon his countenance.

## CHAPTER IV—THE DISPOSAL.

Three weeks had passed. Beatrice was almost recovered. She was sitting in the drawing-room reading when there came a knock at the door. Looking up she saw Vane who entered.

A glad look of recognition crossed the face of Beatrice as she arose to greet her visitor.

"Well, Beattie" (she noticed the tenderness in his tone as he uttered her name "*Beattie*") said Vane, "I hope you are at last entirely recovered. I must take this, my first opportunity of expressing my sorrow for your troubles."

"Thank you, Mr. Helmore."

Vane looked surprised at this, but merely remarked "I received your poetry, you are a genius."

"Beatrice blushed, faltered, and sank deep into her chair."

"You received my letter," she whispered, "where did you get it, I did not wish you to see it, I wrote it merely to relieve my feelings."

"You did not wish me to see it? Beattie! Beattie! what! what! you did not wish to tell me of your love! You did not wish me to think you fickle! I do not."

"O Beattie, I love you, I adore you more than ever, you love me I know, you have written it, your looks show it, but let me hear it from your lips. Tell me Beattie, tell, oh tell me of your love, tell me you will be my wife, tell me that my passion is returned."

Beatrice had not yet answered his passionate appeal, she was silent, first from love, second from delight and last from admiration—intermingled with sorrow. "What a noble man Vane must be," she thought, "that after the late occurrences he still loves and believes in me."

"Answer me Beattie" Vane passionately continued, tell me oh

my darling, tell me from your loving lips that you love me," taking both her hands and looking into the deep eyes of marvellous lustre "speak I entreat, I implore, I pray answer at once ere my soul is consumed by the ravaging fire of love that burns within me."

In an almost inaudible whisper the answer issued from her lips, she did love him, he had known it from the first.

"My darling, my darling, you have said it, you love me, you will be my wife" pressing her close to his manly breast and raining kiss after kiss upon her cherry-like lips; "you love me, I knew it my treasure, my life from Heaven, my all."

Neither noticed that the room was filling with smoke; neither heard the key turn in the lock behind them.

For many moments the lovers enjoyed the first joys of united love, Beatrice was nestled cosily by her hero's side when suddenly drawing closer to him, she exclaimed:

"Look, Vane, look! Fire! fire!"

Then Vane looked and beheld, darting through the floor at many points sheet after sheet of fiery flame.

## THE END.

## A POSTSCRIPT BY THE AUTHOR.

I had just handed in the above at the office of publication, and was passing out through the doorway, when the worthy editor with a bound cleared the counter, and catching me by the ears led me to his desk.

"Sit down" he said "and finish this, what do you mean by leaving it in this incompleated state? Do you think you will escape in this way? Not if I know myself. We want the remainder of the story."

"But," I remonstrated, "I intended only to show how "Poetry became the happy medium" and I have done so. What more can I say?"

"Nevertheless" was the response," you will finish the narrative before leaving this room."

I was in a bad fix, but I had to do what I was told.

It being nearly supper time, and the inner man feeling the need of replenishment I must hurry.

James Buxton had not been long in prison before he determined to escape. Bold daring man that he was, his end was soon accomplished. At the jail his occupation was to attend the head-keeper, that is to say, under the latter's guidance to do all the necessary work about the prison. Buxton by his pleasant and agreeable manner soon found favour in the eyes of his jailer.

One night the prison employees determined to have a lively hop, and great preparation was made for the occasion. This the keeper, in a fit of joviality informed his prisoner, who then and there determined that the night of the ball should be his last night in confinement, and so it was! The keeper in his eagerness for the dance left without attending to the locks, and the prisoner departed, without any trouble whatever, *Through the large front door.\**

Buxton had all along determined to revenge himself upon Beatrice. He blamed her for his troubles and imprisonment. Arriving at Winnipeg on the night upon which our lovers were met together, he with a large can of oil in his hand crept into the house while the host was absent. He saw Vane enter the drawing-room, and it was he that locked the door. Carefully saturating the floor of the hall with the oil he set light thereto, and the place was soon in flames. But alas! in his moment of triumph he was doomed! The avenger and not the

would-be victims was the sufferer! For as the fiend was about to flee from the fiery element, he stumbled and fell, *right into the midst of the raging flames.*

There his accursed soul left this earthly life to stand before the throne of its outraged Maker; while Beatrice and her love safely descended the fire-escape amidst the thunderous applause of an admiring throng into the street below.

In a short time, as you my readers may well guess, the church was again filled, the grand old organ was again thundering forth its strain of melody and charm,—but whether or not this wedding was a repetition of the first I leave untold—*the wise only must conceive for themselves.*

*Au revoir.*

#### DEFINITION OF AN IRISH BULL.

—Two gentlemen walking along a public road in Eastern Perthshire one day engaged in conversation got to disputing as to what constituted an Irish bull, but had not been able to arrive at a proper definition of the term when they came to a field by the roadside, where an Irishman was engaged at digging a drain. Said one gentleman to the other—“Here's a true son of the 'Emerald Isle' whom I know to be intelligent and ready-witted. We'll ask him his opinion on this ticklish question.” Hailing the drainer, the gentleman inquired—“What would you term an Irish bull, Paddy?” Paddy, leaning over his spade for about a second, replied—“Troth, your honour, that's aisily towld. If you're drivin' along the highway, and yez see three cows lyin' down in a pasture, and wan o' thim's standin' up, why, that wan is an Irish bull.”

THERE is an old adage that if enough rope is given to a fool he will hang himself with it, but it appears that ever since the world began there has been a scarcity of rope.

\*I am informed by a resident near Stonewall that there was such an escape as this from that jail. The escaping prisoner robbed a citizen of his garments, stole into Winnipeg, bought a new suit at the store of one of the noble Sons of Israel, and quietly departed for the States, where he was lost in oblivion.—F. O. M.

**Smudging as a Preventative of Frost.**

[We have received the following letter in favor of smudges, which we publish for the benefit of our readers.—Ed.]

To the Editor Manitoban :

Dear Sir—In your first editorial note in the July number of the Manitoban you refer to the manager of the Northwest experimental farm as concluding “after numerous experiments that smudges or smoke is of no use in protecting grain against frost,” and that after repeated tests he finds that “the temperature is not much effected, and that it is uncertain as to just where the smoke will go when you want it.” That last clause shows at once the weakness and unreliability of his conclusions. It is no longer a matter of “theory” as to whether a canopy of mist, smoke or an artificial covering will prevent radiation. It has for many years been an established scientific “fact.” The trouble arises from the difficulty found in adjusting the different conditions of a given case so as to secure the best results. In Spain, France, Italy, Switzerland, California, Australia, and many other places smudging is regularly resorted to to save both the grain and fruit crops, with perfect success, varied only by local conditions and the intelligence of those manipulating the same.

A farmer last summer declared “Smudging was no good.” When enquiry was made it was found he had not fired his smudges till the thermometer had fallen to 27 deg., —5 deg. of frost.

Allow me to give you, not an experimental, but an actual demonstration of the value of smudging to check radiation.

The Portage Farmers’ Institute last year (1891) had smudge material arranged all over the plains, very few refusing to co-operate, and a 136 candle power electric light placed on the cupalo of the Farmers’ elevator, and placed in charge of the

writer, who had four standard government thermometers. When danger of frost was imminent the light was turned on in the evening, then when the freezing point was neared it was flashed—turned off and on about four times a minute. Take now the third and last time that the light was flashed, viz., Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, 1891. The grain was nearly all cut. Some late wheat and oats was still uncut to the west of the town. The warning light was put up at 21.20, when the thermometer registered 41 deg. Here is an extract from the register kept :

DATE.	TIME.	TEMP.	REMARKS.
Sept. 2	21..30	41 °	Ordered warning light. Sky clear and bright.
	22..00	39 °	
	22..10	38·5	Ordered light flashed. Smudges to the west of town. Calm. Light smudge over station. Wind west. Wind south. Smoke all cleared off. Wind west; good smoke over station. Smudge extra good; almost obscured light.
	22..30	35 °	
	22..35	34·25	
	22..45	34 °	
	23..00	35 °	
	23..15	32·75	
	23..30	34·5	Smudge thinning. Smudge thinning. Smudge thinning. Smudge nearly gone. Smudge nearly gone. Smudge nearly gone. Smudges all gone from station; frost found on prepared places.
	23..40	37 °	
midn't	24..00	36 °	Smudge thinning. Smudge thinning. Smudge thinning. Smudge nearly gone. Smudge nearly gone. Smudge nearly gone. Smudges all gone from station; frost found on prepared places.
Sept. 3	0.15	36 °	
	0.30	35 °	
	0.45	33·5	
	1.00	33·25	
	1.20	33 °	
	2.00	32 °	

The temperature had dropped to 32·75 ° before the smudges spread over the thermometer station, and in 35 minutes the temperature rose 4·25 ° or to 37 and remained near there till the smoke cleared off, then dropped to 32 deg.

Many other practical tests could be given, but this must suffice for the present, and is sufficient to demonstrate the value of smudges to prevent the radiation of terrestrial heat.

A. H. FINCH,  
Dom. Meteor. Observer.  
Portage la Prairie, Aug. 12, 1892.

### *Vacant Lands around Winnipeg and their Settlement.*

**I**N our last issue we spoke of the excellence of the land which surrounded the city of Winnipeg, and the desirability of combined effort to have these lands settled. Heretofore a variety of causes have combined to prevent this. First there was the fact that these lands had been, by the Dominion Government, allotted to the children of half-breed residents, and it was necessarily a long time before a valid title could be procured from such minors. Secondly, when this initial difficulty had been overcome and the lapse of time rendered these minors of an age to legally transfer their lands, it was found that much of the property had been heavily mortgaged and was in dispute. Sufficient time has now elapsed for the settlement of conflicted titles by the Torrens system under which we believe most of these lands are now held, and the encumbrances have been got rid of, either by payment to the creditor, or the lands themselves have passed into the hands of the mortgagees, so that we now have about 25 or 30 miles area of land around Winnipeg which should be at once thrown open for settlement at moderate prices. The land itself is shown by the crop last year and is being shown by the indications of the crop this year, to be of the very best. It is all land where good water can be had by wells, which owing to the absence of rock, can be bored instead of dug, and water obtained at a depth of from 20 to 40 feet. The district mentioned should be a desirable one for emigrants for several reasons; a thoughtful emigrant must take into consideration not only the quality of the soil necessary to produce good farm and garden crops, but the question of whether he can dispose of these to advantage. This question is at once settled by its nearness to Winnipeg, the largest

city and best market in the province; so that while not wishing in any way to prevent the filling up of the whole of this province, we feel that in fairness to the incoming settlers we should ask their consideration to the foregoing facts; on the other hand we appeal to the holders of land in the vicinity of Winnipeg to combine in some way as will carry out the general scheme of settlement, and the rendering if possible for the small emigrant who only wishes a quarter section, of the advantages which might be occurred to the larger one who desires a block of 1500 to 2000 acres.

We may remark for the information of the intending emigrant that, should holders of land in the vicinity combine in the way we indicated, such a company would be in position differing from any other company in Manitoba or the North-West. The railway companies are only able to sell the settler alternate sections. The Hudson's Bay Company can only sell the sections specially reserved for them. The various colonization companies can only, as is the case with the railway companies, sell alternate sections; and this prevents the possibility of obtaining through any one of these sources a larger quantity of land than 640 acres, whereas in the case of a company which held the lands originally granted to the half-breeds, would be in a position, in some cases, to sell two or three thousand acres in solid blocks from the fact that when distribution was made to half-breed children, the odd and even numbered sections were given alike.

### *The Expedition Boats of the Early Days.*

**I**T may interest our readers to learn something of the kind of boats which were built by the British Admiralty for some of the Arctic expeditions for explorations along the Arctic coast of this continent. The problem which they

had in most cases to solve was the building of a boat which could be transported from London to York Factory, and brought by the labor of men up the rapids and other rapids of the Nelson and Hayes Rivers to the north end of Lake Winnipeg, thence across the foot of the lake to the Saskatchewan, up its rapids to Cumberland, and from Cumberland northward to a nine-mile portage, variously called the "Methi Portage," "Long Portage," or "Portage la Roche;" thence down the Clear Water River to the Athabasca, and thence by that river to the Athabasca and Great Slave River to Great Slave Lake, thence by the Mackenzie to the Arctic Sea.

Two of the expedition boats measured 30 feet from the fore part of the stem to the after part of the sternpost, 6 feet in breadth of beam, and 2 feet, 10 inches in depth. Each of them weighed  $6\frac{1}{2}$  cwt., or, including fittings, masts, sails, oars, boat-hook, anchor, lockers, and tools, half a ton. The other two boats measured 28 feet in length, 5 feet 6 inches in width, 2 feet 8 inches in depth, and weighed  $6\frac{1}{2}$  cwt., or with movable fittings and equipment, 9 cwt. They were all clinker built of well seasoned Norway fir planks 5-16 of an inch thick; ashen floors placed 9 inches apart; stem, sternposts, and knees of English oak; and gunwales of rock elm. To admit of their stowing the requisite cargo, they were necessarily very flat floored, but screws and bolts were fitted to the keelson by which a false keel might be readily bolted on before they reached the Arctic sea, so as to render them more weatherly. The larger boats when quite empty drew  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches of water, and when loaded with two tons, but without a crew,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  inches. They were constructed of two sizes, but the smaller might stow within the larger ones during the passage across the Atlantic.

Their description as given for one

of such voyages in the early part of this century is as follows:

The stores consisted of 198 canisters of pemican, each weighing 85 lbs., 10 bags of flour, amounting in all to 8 cwt., 5 bags of sugar, weighing 4 cwt., 2 of tea, weighing 88 lbs., 3 of chocolate, weighing 2 cwt., 10 sides of bacon, amounting to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cwt., 6 cwt. of biscuit; also 400 rounds of ball cartridge, 90 lbs. of small shot, and 120 lbs. of fine powder in four boat magazines. In the arm chests and lockers of the boat, there were stowed a musket fitted with a percussion lock for each man, with a serrated bayonet that could be used as a saw; also a complete double set of tools for making or repairing a boat, a tent for each boat's crew, tow lines, anchors, and one seine net.

### Why Manitobans are Progressive.

WITHIN the last two years Manitoba, by the enactment of such laws as The Public Schools Act, and by its strong prohibition sentiment expressed in the vote on the plebiscite, has suddenly attained the exalted position of leader of thought among the Canadian Provinces. As yet that thought has been confined to the framing of what may be called Domestic Legislation, or legislation relating to the homes of the people; but from domestic legislation it is bound to spread to other fields of thought and action. The questions naturally arise, How are we to account for this sudden exaltation? What causes led to its attainment, and is it a natural position for the province to occupy?

The population of Manitoba consists largely of the restless young spirits of other lands, more especially of the older provinces. The vast majority of the inhabitants being young men who have come here from a desire to advance their position in life, but a great many of



whom have come simply from a love of change and a fondness for speculation. This spirit of fondness for change and novelty has diffused itself throughout the entire population and penetrated every walk of life. The business man who has been in business five or six years becomes restless for a change of occupation and location; the mechanic who has been employed for a year or two in one place desires to move to some new sphere of operation; the teacher who continues to teach for over two years is a rare specimen of the knight of the rod; while the preacher who in the east would spend a life time with one flock without either flock or pastor becoming desirous of a change, here seeks fresh fields and pastures new at least every four years and the flocks rarely raises any serious objections to the change; even the farmers, who would be expected to settle down and become attached to one locality as they do in other lands, are here given to roam. This innate desire for novelty has led the youthful population of the prairie province to desire to manage the the public affairs of the country differently to the manner in which they are managed elsewhere. The popular demand has found its leaders who have carried into effect the wishes of the people and brought Manitoba to the front as a progressive land.

But as the years go round, is this spirit of unrest not likely to subside? Are the inhabitants of the Province not likely to gradually develop into a quiet easy-going class of toilers of the soil, satisfied with following the thought of the outside world instead of leading it? We must expect this restlessness to decrease as the mass of the population gets more older heads imbued with ideas of conservativeism amongst it. Besides it is a well established fact in Ethnology that man, in every stage of civilization and in every quarter of the globe, is influenced

by his geographical surroundings. In a level plain like this prairie province of ours, the hardy and daring mountaineer, with his strong imaginative powers and superstition tainted religion, would be an anomaly. In this northern plain we would naturally expect to find the grave northerner tamed and subdued to a monotonous level of thought and action by the monotony of his physical environment. The flatness of the land does not afford any opportunity for the development of the imaginative faculty and of superstitious faith, such as are found in the rugged mountain regions. And as inventiveness is a direct result of imaginative power, we can never hope to remain a progressive people as we advance in years, unless some other causes can be found which tend to counteract the effects of the level nature of the land.

This country does not possess the luxuriant and varied natural growth incident to the tropics and which tends to make the inhabitants of those regions idle and lethargic. The plants which serve as food for man and beast are cultivated with labor, for, although the region is frigid, still "in the sweat of our brows we have to eat our bread" and as a result activity and physical strength is a prime necessity for the inhabitants of the land. The clear, dry, invigorating atmosphere also tends to produce a buoyant, active spirit, and with bodily activity and strength, mental activity and vigor will come as a matter of course and must have free exercise.

Separated as they are from their eastern fellow citizens by long stretches of uninhabited wilderness, and from their western compatriots by almost impenetrable mountain barriers, the Canadian dwellers of the plains are to a certain extent isolated from the densely populated regions of older Canada; consequently the ideas common to the other provinces will not readily

diffuse amongst the mass of the prairie population. The only outside influence likely to operate in the original thought of Manitobans is that of our neighbors to the south, but even that is, to a certain extent, precluded by the restrictive trade relations existing between the two countries, owing to the high protective tariffs imposed on both sides of the line.

Being thus isolated from all outside centres of population, the vigorous, buoyant, mental activity of the people of this province is compelled to find an outlet in its own originality, and as there is not likely to be any change in its physical relationship in the near future, Manitoba is bound to keep its lead as a progressive and aggressive province for many years to come.

### *Glimpses of the Past.*

AMONG the interesting productions in print of the Rupert's Land Industrial School Press is a pamphlet lately published, entitled "Glimpses of the Past in the Red River Settlement, 1805 to 1836, containing a glimpse of the daily life of the early settlers; the Church under the Rev. Mr. Jones; the great flood of 1826; the moral tone of the settlement, building St. John's cathedral and other interesting matters. In glancing through these valuable letters, there are early indications of the commercial enterprise in this country, and it is quite evident that wild cat companies were in existence even in that early day, for we have account of the Tallow company, and the Buffalo Wool company, the first of which proposed, apparently, to put their productions in competition with tallow imported into England from Russia and elsewhere. The stockholders being in apparent ignorance of the transportation fact that over forty breaks in navigation occurred in the

place of production and the place of sale. The Buffalo Wool company seemed, if possible, to have been a still worse visionary scheme. It was quite true that the inner covering of countless herds of bison in the winter was a soft and fleecy sort of wool, and the proposed method of obtaining this wool was by pick-it up on the prairie in the rubbing places of these animals when they rid themselves of it in the spring. It is needless to say both companies ended in financial disaster.

### *Pro Patria.*

In days primeval, 'ere this ponderous world  
Forth on its heaven-appointed path was  
hurled

In fields of space, a formless mass it lay,  
A realm of night that yet had known no day.  
Shrouded from sight in gaseous mists that  
round

Its mighty bulk, like writhing serpents  
wound.

With hill and valley, lake and river blent  
In strange confusion—sea and continent  
Yet undivided. From His cloud-girt throne,  
Where through eternal years He reigns  
alone,

The great All-Father looked. Before His  
eye

He marked the mighty mass of chaos lie  
In idle hideousness. He spake. His word  
Even to its farthest verge of mist was  
heard;

The vapors parted at His high command  
The obedient sea rolled backward from the  
land.

Thus the Creator His great work began  
And fashioned wisely the abode of man.  
Here, in mid-ocean, placed a rock-girt isle,  
There, bade the boundless prairie bloom  
and smile.

Covered the Arctic wastes with stainless  
snow,

Rude dwelling-place for ruder Esquimaux.  
Spurt the Great Desert's lone and trackless  
wild

For the fairer sons of Hagar's outcast child.  
Gave Araby her gardens breathing balm.  
Her sun-bright waters, and her groves of  
palm.

Then, too, creative wisdom shaped and  
planned

The wave-washed boundaries of our own  
fair land.

Stretched, like a royal guardian at her side  
The lone Superior's rock-embosomed tide  
Bade proud old Huron under homage meet,  
While Erie and Ontario kissed her feet.  
St. Lawrence Queen of rivers, even thee  
He gave, her handmaid bright and fair to be.

Bade the old ocean for thy coming stay,  
 And sent thee, laughing, on thy sunlit way.  
 O Wisdom Infinite, whose eye could see  
 Thro' the thick mists of ages yet to be  
 The mighty race, of toilers who should  
 come  
 From lands afar and call these lone  
 wastes "home."  
 Yet so it was, when came the appointed  
 time,  
 God called His chosen. Gallia's sunny  
 clime  
 Sent forth her bravest. Britain's skies of  
 gray  
 Grew gloomier as her children sailed away,  
 And many a home in German "Father-  
 land"  
 Mourned long and vainly o'er its broken  
 band.  
 Hither they came. The wild Canadian  
 shore  
 So long a waste is wild and lone no more.  
 The blue hills echo to the oarsman's song,  
 In whitened fields the armed reapers throng.  
 Garden and cot adorn the prairie fair  
 And happy childhood laughs and gambols  
 there.

The sombre pine and ivory-mantled oak  
 Fall prone to earth beneath the woodman's  
 stroke.  
 From morn to silent eve the plough they  
 guide  
 And lay the long straight furrows side by  
 side.  
 All honor to these fearless sons of toil  
 For us they felled the forest, tilled the soil.  
 For us they raised old Freedom's flag on  
 high  
 And swore beneath its folds to live and die.  
 To them we owe our nation's honored place,  
 Those rude forefathers of a mighty race.  
 Untaught by man, but guided by their God,  
 They laid the sure foundation deep and  
 broad,  
 Whereon our country's temple structures  
 rise  
 'Like index fingers, pointing to the skies,'  
 Our schools of learning and our righteous  
 laws,  
 That make the poor man's cause, the  
 nation's cause.  
 Their hope, fulfilled, of wide-extended  
 sway  
 All these they left us 'ere they passed  
 away.  
 Canadians! To your sacred trust be true  
 The mantle of your sires should fall on you.  
 In peaceful homes, in Legislation's halls  
 Wherever, in her need your country calls,  
 There be your place and there undaunted  
 stand.  
 The living bulwarks of your native land.

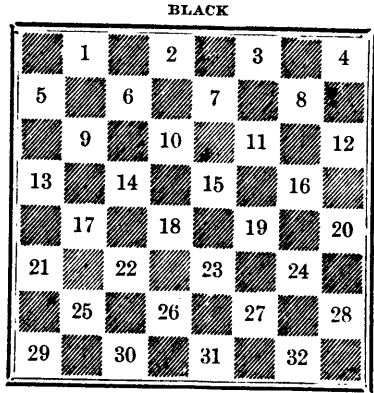
Winnipeg, June 17. ISABELLA SINCLAIR.

**Our Checker Department.**

CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY.

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

**\*Reference Board for Beginners.**



**Solution of Position No. 5.**

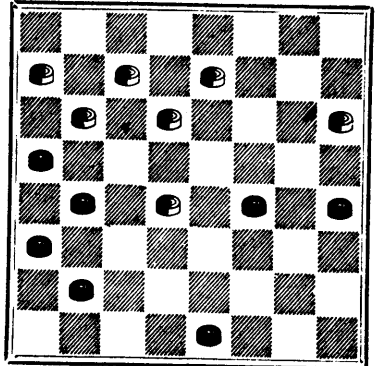
Black on 7, 13, 21; king on 24.  
 White on 15, 30, 31; king on 9.  
 White to play and win.

15-10	13-17	18-14	31-22
7-14	31-26	27-31	9-13
9-18	24-27	14-9	W. wins.

**Position No. 6**

BY ED. KELLY.

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



Black on 2, 8, 12, 13, 14, 20. Black to play and win.

The above position appeared in the last issue of the *Scottish-Canadian*, with a solution resulting in a draw, of which we take exception, and will endeavor to point out a win for black.

GAME No. 11—DOUBLE CORNER.

9-14	16-20	11-16	31-26	*19-15
22-18	22-17	26-17	7-10	
5-9	9-13	10-14	22-18	
25-22	18-9	17-10	1-6	
11-16	13-22	7-14	18-9	
		29-25		
24-19	26-17	4-8	6-13	
8-11	6-22	25-22	32-28	
28-24	30-26	3-7	10-14	

\*Forms position No. 6 as above.

The following are two games played by correspondence between Ed. Kelly, Winnipeg, and Thos. Hogg, Oak Lake:

GAME No. 12—DOUBLE CORNER.

Kelly's move.

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

Black wins.

\*32-28 is the proper move to draw at this point.

GAME No. 13—DYKE.

Mr. Hogg's move.

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

White wins.

\*19-13 at this point is strong.

Talk of a Canadian Tournament.

The following item has appeared recently in one of our Canadian papers: "There is some talk of arranging a checker tournament for Canadian players. Such experts as Dykes, Forsyth, Kelly, Fletcher, Labadie, Pickering, MacNab and

\*At the commencement of a game the black men occupy the squares 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.

Shepard would likely be found as competitors."

As my name appears among the list of experts, I wish to state that I do not take any stock in checker tournaments as I do not consider it a fair test of skill. The draw and knock out system probably would be all right; but if players are allowed to remain in the contests throughout, some of them get so far behind that to win the balance of their games would not give them a position, so it becomes an easy matter for them to favor a player in advance by throwing games.

ED. KELLY,

Draughts Champion of Canada.

The Dangers of the Combine.

A PUBLIC WARNING.

The public will do well to be on their guard to frustrate and nulify "THE COMBINE," of whatever name, or by whomsoever represented. They are wholly evil, and that continually. Their object is to crush enterprises, either in the individual or the community, and their endeavor is to keep up prices to an extent that is unjust and exorbitant. Many an honest man, and many an enterprising house has been ruined by "the combine," but there are men, and there are establishments, that the combine cannot harm! They live, and move, and have their being in spite of all combines, and even grow and expand the more they are interfered with. Such an establishment is that of Frank S. Iaggart & Co., of Toronto. The combines have tried to crush them, but they grow and flourish like a green bay tree, all the more so that they are persecuted. Why? Because the public, whose eagle eye and voice is ever on the side of individual pluck and enterprise, is against the cruel combine, that has neither body, soul or conscience! And another reason is, that Frank

S. Taggart has what is equal in power to any combine—hard cash and plenty of it—with which to purchase at the cheapest market, and sell at the fairest price possible. All honor to them in their noble fight against *combined oppression*; that ultimately means fair play to the purchasing public.

---

### Literary Notes and Reviews.

*The Great Divide* for August is a magnificent number, and is of more than passing interest on account of its being dedicated to the Knights of the K. P. The illustrations are many and varied, while the letter press is excellent. Evidently the *Great Divide* is bound to be ahead. If our readers have not seen it, they should send for a sample copy. It is published at Denver, Col., by the *Great Divide Publishing Company*. Subscriptions \$1.00 a year. Single numbers 10 cts.

\* \* \*  
*The Dominion Illustrated* for August is to hand and is a capital number. Among the contents which go to make up this first-class magazine are, "A Day on Alberta Plains," by Ed. W. Sandy, will prove very interesting to sportsmen, while "Port Arthur and Lake Superior" by H. S. Woodside, is a well written article on the Queen's highway; "Cricket in Canada," by G. S. Lindsay, will prove attractive to lovers of the game as the

writer deals with the subject in an intelligent manner. "Historic Canadian Waterways" which is continued by J. M. Le Morice is of interest to everyone who are at all familiar with the different places mentioned." The History of a magazine," by George Stewart D. C. L., "A Plea for Shelby by T. A. Haultain, M. A., "Modern Instances" by Chas. G. D. Roberts, M. A., and several other articles make up one of the best numbers yet issued. As the subscription is only \$1.50 a year, it should be found in every home. We notice the publishers offer a special rate for the balance of the year, of only 50 cts.

Sabiston Litho & Pub. Co.,  
 Montreal and Toronto.

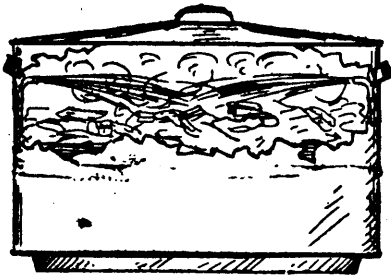
---

## The Verdict.

### THE WINNIPEG TRIBUNE

Is endorsed by all General Advertisers as the Best Advertising Medium in the Northwest. It has the largest Advertising Patronage of any newspaper in Manitoba. It gives the best value for the money expended. Two Editions each day of the Daily, and Weekly every Thursday.

The Tribune Publishing Co.,  
 WINNIPEG.



## The Hummer Wash Boiler

PRICE \$6.00.

### A. F. KEMPTON

212 Alexander Street,

WINNIPEG, . . . MAN.