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THE MANITOBAN.

★ MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. I.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, MARCH, 1892.

No. 4.

Notes and Comments.



THE opening of the Provincial Legislature by His Honor the Lieut.-Gov., on the 10th inst., was the occasion of a brilliant gathering, being attended by the elite of the city. The session this year is one of additional interest as it is the last sitting of the house before the general elections take place. As several bills of importance are to come up, the session will likely be an interesting one.

* * *

Of the bills introduced by the Premier, the one relating to the establishment of an agricultural college is one of the most important. Manitoba possesses the advantages such an institution would afford and as her fame as "the granary of the world," is rapidly increasing, it will be in keeping with her importance that such a college be established. We have, we are sorry to say, too many farmers who by their ignorance and for the want of better knowledge, do not succeed in making

farming pay and as a natural result run down and blame their failure to the country. It is true there are many obstacles in the way of new settlers, but not more than any person with sufficient knowledge and ability can overcome. It will, therefore, be a step in the right direction by establishing such an institution in our midst. It will now be in order for each part of the Province to prove that they have the best location for the institution.

* * *

ANOTHER matter of importance is the arrangement for a suitable display of Manitoba products and exhibits for the World's Fair, to be held at Chicago next year. By taking up the question at an early date and placing a sum in the estimates for this purpose the Government are taking the right way of going about it. It will be a big advertisement for us and we want the nations of the earth to know that Manitoba is the country of No. 1 hard and the leading Province of the Dominion.

* * *

THE WINNIPEG COMMERCIAL has given timely warning that farm help

will be needed in Manitoba, but it forgot to mention that servant girls were at a premium. Evidently the editor is not up to housekeeping, or he would not have overlooked that important fact.

* * *

WE are pleased to see that our City Council and Board of Trade are again stirring up the matter of deepening St. Andrew's Rapids in the Red River. Each year Ottawa is petitioned and deluged with documents, memorials, prayers, etc., but as yet to no purpose. As Winnipeg's representative, Mr. Hugh J. Macdonald, M.P., is fully alive to our wants, and in touch to all questions relating to Manitoba, he can be relied on to do all he is able to in promoting such an object, and if we do not get a grant from Ottawa it will not be his fault.

* * *

WHILE Manitoba and the Northwest are anxious to secure all the emigrants they can, we do not think there is any desire to obtain the kind of people the benevolent Baron Hirsch would be kind enough to saddle us with. The Russian Jews may make good citizens from a *Mansion House* point of view, but from a Manitoba standpoint they are worse than useless. Sir A. T. Galt demonstrated that fact beyond a doubt, when, a few years ago, he assisted a colony of them to settle in the Northwest, supplied them with implements, seed grain, provisions and experienced men to teach them. All went well for a time, but as soon as they were left to do for themselves they sold their horses, cattle and implements and made their way to the cities and

towns to engage in the high and noble calling of peddling. Time is too scarce to throw away on such a class of settlers.

* * *

IF there are a class of people who deserve our assistance it is the Icelanders. They are a steady and industrious people, and as a great many of them in Iceland are too poor to emigrate, we would recommend that if any aid be given that they ought to be the people to receive it. No class of foreigners learn the English language so quickly, obey the laws of the land so well, or conform to the customs and habits of our people as the Icelander.

* * *

MANITOBA is probably attracting more attention this year from the Eastern provinces and Great Britain than that of any previous period. This is probably due to the indefatigable efforts of our immigration agents and the splendid harvest of last year. With such a magnificent country, we as a nation have a great future before us; then let us see that the foundation is properly laid. We have the making of our own destiny and with such a sacred trust reposed in us, let us prove worthy of it and carve out for ourselves a nation which for nobility and greatness will tower above that of other nations of the earth.

* * *

THE Patrons of Industry although not very old, are coming to the front. There is hardly a municipality in Manitoba which is incorporated but have their branch. But they will need to watch and guard themselves from the usual errors which generally befall

such organizations. Usually unscrupulous men try to use them for their own personal or party purposes which generally ends in the break up of the league. If the members will only stand by one another, irrespective of political differences, for their common good, they will be no small factor in procuring legislation suitable for their wants and needs. All they want is to act in unison, ask for what they feel is a necessity, and **STICK TO IT** until they get it.

* * *

How true it is that time brings with it many changes—victorious today defeated to-morrow.

As Shakespeare says "all the world's a stage and we are the actors."

But as to the result of the Quebec elections no honest man had a doubt. Defeat was the hand-writing on the wall from the first to the last. The tremendous reverses to the Mercier Government has greatly raised Quebec in the estimation of the public, both at home and abroad, which goes to show that the Count's influence did not count for much after all, and that his dismissal by Lieut.-Gov Angers was but the forerunner of what was to come. We hope the lesson will carry a moral with it to those who cannot stand prosperity.

* * *

FROM the fact of so many divorce cases coming before the Senate this year, it would seem as if we would yet have to delegate that part of the proceedings to a judge and jury. They are, we believe, after all the proper tribunal for hearing such cases. If it is just and right that complainants have the privilege of being divorced,

we do not see why poor people who are unable to pay the costly fee exacted by the Senate, should have to put up with a burdensome partner, while the rich person is liberated. Let the proceedings be a purely judicial one, no matter how strict, but so arranged as to conform to all classes of financial standing. We do not see the justice of a rich man obtaining a divorce and the poor man not obtaining it; let all be treated alike.

* * *

THE result of the different bye-elections has been disastrous to the Reform party, judging by the returns. The trouble with the reformers is that they have no policy which meets with the approval of the public at large. The *Winnipeg Commercial* put it very clearly, in a recent issue, when it says: "If the recent elections mean anything, they mean that commercial union is dead, and the Liberals should now drop it off their programme and allow it to be quietly buried. Canada wants *greater freedom of trade* with the United States, but not on the exclusive and humiliating basis proposed by the Liberals. The Government is now assured of a strong majority when Parliament meets. The commercial union proposals were absurdly impractical and if practical were humiliating to this country. They only required to be understood to be rejected."

* * *

NUMEROUS petitions are being circulated through the city and country, praying to the Local Legislature for total prohibition. This is a step in the right direction, and until the liquor

traffic is entirely suppressed by an Act of Parliament, the half-way measures which are generally adopted by temperance workers will be useless. The nearest plan to prohibition yet adopted is the Local Option Act, by which any particular municipality have the right to do away with the sale of intoxicating liquors in their respective districts, and even this is subject to reversal by the very people who carried it. Unfortunately politics and party feeling get sandwiched in between, and until people are educated that it is morally wrong and that they are better without it, can we hope for total prohibition.

* * *

In speaking of city matters it is well perhaps to take a glance occasionally at our indebtedness; and a London Stock Exchange publication gives us an opportunity of making the following concise quotation of what we owe in London:—

“WINNIPEG—The three following loans of this city (Manitoba, Canada,) have been issued here, and all are quoted in the official list. They are secured on the whole assessable property of the city, and a special rate is imposed for the creation of sinking funds for the repayment of the bonds. All these loans were issued by Messrs Morton, Rose & Co., Bartholomew House, E. C., who make the payments:

£51,300 Six per cent. bonds of £100 and £500, issued in July, 1875, at 88½ per cent. Coupons are payable May 1 and November 1, and the principal is due November 1894.

£226,500 Six per cent. bonds of £500 each, issued in March, 1883, at

107 per cent. Coupons are payable June 30 and December 31, and the bonds are to be repaid December 31, 1907.

£138,000 Five per cent. bonds of £100 each, issued in June, 1884, at par. Coupons are payable April 30 and October 31, and the bonds mature April 30, 1914.

* * *

ACCORDING to a recent article on Japanese women, written by Sir Edwin Arnold, author of the “Light of Asia,” it would appear that all the Japanese ladies require to have in order to enter heaven are a pair of wings. He says they are as near perfection as it is possible for any mortal to be on earth, and in fact if they had wings in their present state would be veritable angels. From this statement we are not prepared to disagree, as we have never lived in Japan or had any Japanese wives, but if human nature runs alike through all the different families, as we are inclined to think it does, we will need a good deal more convincing argument than Sir Edwin’s to make us believe they are any better than the majority of the ladies of our own race and country. The principal reasons advanced by the celebrated author are that the Japanese are extremely docile, meek, gentle; always ready to obey their lord and master, and, in short, little better than slaves to their husband’s will. Now, while the men naturally feel flattered by the devoted attention of the gentler sex, we do not for a moment, imagine they think any the less of a woman for having a mind of her own, and in some cases it is very

fortunate for both parties that she has, otherwise, domestic failure would be the result in more families than one. But we are thankful to learn that Sir Edwin is pleased and that he is satisfied with his lot. As for us, we have no desire to have the ladies any further advanced in the angelic sphere than they are at present, for fear they would lose their individuality, which, in that case, would be disastrous to both parties.

* * *

WHEN our people turn the tap of their water supply at present, they obtain a liquid which is cool and palatable; and as every householder is not the possessor of a microscope, and might not recognize if he were, the queer-shaped germs from which scientists tell us Diphtheria, Typhoid, and a host of other enemies of human life come, he pays his water rates and is content, and it would be a pity to disturb this pleasant sense of security, were it not in the interest of the people of Winnipeg that it should be done, and an attempt made to avert the danger we may be drinking in day by day. It is well known that the Bacteria, or germs of most epidemic diseases live in water as well as in air, and are indeed more powerful for evil in the former than in the latter. Science is gradually fixing the germs which breed Typhoid, Typhus, Tubercles, Diphtheria, Epidemic Influenza and Dysentery; and it is not pleasant to think that the drainage of any of the towns on the Assiniboine or its branches which hold these germs, as as they undoubtedly would during an epidemic in any one of them, would be arrested by the city supply pipe at

Armstrong's Point and delivered to the young and old in our houses through the tap.

It would, perhaps, be little use pointing out the danger if there were no source of supply for the city except the turbid Assiniboine; but we have as near, if not nearer to the City Hall, water chemically pure, in the flowing wells, which at so slight an expense, can be sunk at the outskirts of the city; or should a more extensive supply be needed, when the city reaches a hundred thousand, it may be found not far east of us, by taking advantage of the fact at some point on the declivity that the level of the Lake of the Woods is several hundred feet higher than that of the street of Winnipeg.

* * *

By the following article taken from the *Empire*, referring to the way in which the Americans teach their children patriotism, we can estimate the value they place on the national flag;

"There is no lack of patriotic action, precept and practice combined in American schools. Not only are the pupils taught loyalty in every possible way to a common flag and country, but the national emblem is hoisted upon every conceivable occasion. The following table of dates celebrated by a public flag ceremony in the schools of Minneapolis will illustrate this fact:

January 1—Emancipation Proclamation.

January 12—Invention of the telegraph by Morse, 1833. (Approximate).

February 12—Birthday of Lincoln.

February 22—Birthday of Washington.

February 22—Birthday of Lowell.

February 27—Birthday of Longfellow.

March 9—Engagement between the Monitor and Merrimac.

April 9—Surrender at Appomatox.

April 15—Death of Lincoln. (Half-mast)

April 18—Battle of Lexington.

April 30—Inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States.

May 11—Minnesota admitted into the Union.

May 30—Memorial day. (Half-mast.)

June 17—Battle of Bunker Hill.

July 3—Battle of Gettysburg.

July 4—Declaration of Independence.

September 9—Discovery of the falls of St. Anthony by Father Hennepin, 1680. (Approximate).

September 19—Death of Garfield. (Half-mast.)

October 12—Discovery of America by Columbus.

October 19—Surrender of Cornwallis.

November — —Thanksgiving day.

December 17—Birthday of Whittier.

December 22—Landing of the Pilgrims.

Also the first and last days of each term, and any day not included in the above list which may be designated as a public holiday.

Nor is this termed Jingoism and looked upon as alienating the affections and respect of a neighboring country, as some of our insensate advocates of continentalism dare to publicly argue. The progressive city of Minneapolis is proud of its loyalty, just as the rapidly growing capital of Ontario is proud of patriotism and the loyal instincts of its people."

By taking a leaf out of their book we find that we have a good many

historical events and other anniversaries on which our flag might be raised, and we would suggest that some person take the initiative by which it can be done.

* * *

A GOOD deal has been said and written in Ontario about the mortgage on the farm and copious notes and figures have been given to show that the banner province has so increased her mortgage indebtedness of the individual freeholder that nothing short of bankruptcy would be the final end. These facts have also been made use of as an important argument by Sol. White and a few more croakers, as one of the reasons why we should be annexed to Uncle Sam. As we wish to show how the Americans regard the mortgage on the farm from their standpoint, we re-produce the following article, taken from *Farm and Home*, one of the largest agricultural papers published in the United States:—

"The mortgage on the farm is some extent a sign of prosperity. For mortgages increased most largely in 1881-2 and in 1886-7 when general business was most prosperous. The increase in mortgages was least in 1883-5 and 1888-9 when business depression was most prevalent. This fact is brought out in a strong way in extra census bulletin No. 16, which gives additional results of statistics pertaining to farms, homes and mortgages in five states. In this inquiry the mortgages on areas less than one acre are supposed to be on town and city lots, and the mortgages on larger areas may be roughly assumed to be on farms, though this is not always true.

The objects of indebtedness were ascertained in 17 counties in the five states, in which it was found that a large proportion of the debt was incurred to secure purchase money to pay for improvements or to invest in business. The average state rate of interest paid is found to vary from 6 per cent. in Tennessee to 8.64 per cent. in Kansas. A decline of nearly 1 per cent. appears in the average rate of interest paid on the mortgages made during the 10 years. It appears also that of the mortgages made during the decade in the states named, less than half were in force on January 1, 1890, but that nearly three-quarters of the mortgages made in Alabama, Iowa and Kansas were on acres, while in Illinois and Nebraska the greatest number were on lots. Large as the totals appear, it is significant that only 31 per cent. of the acres assessed in Illinois are mortgages, though the proportion runs up in Iowa to 47 and in Kansas to 61 per cent., but is as low as 12 in Tennessee and 22 per cent. in Alabama. The amount of the mortgage indebtedness per acre for the total number of acres is, however less in Kansas than in Illinois, while the debt per acre is only about one-third as much (\$6.57) in Kansas as in Illinois."

By this we see that Ontario farmers are not the only ones to mortgage their farm, and that the cause of their doing so is regarded as a sign of prosperity rather than otherwise by our neighbors who live across the line. If this is true, it is a bright way of looking at the matter, and as every dark cloud has a silver lining, we should try and see it in that light instead of grumbling.

Dawson Route Military Expedition.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE FORCE.

THE MANITOBAN has lately contained several very interesting and readable articles detailing the difficulties and trials of the first Red River Expedition under Col. Wolsley in 1870, by way of the once famous Dawson route, from Prince Arthur's Landing. The articles are to a large extent historical, and are a valuable contribution to the literature concerning the early times of this country.

The following disjointed and discursive pages are intended to relate a few incidents connected with a later expedition to Fort Garry. The excitement incident to the first Red River Expedition, and the fact that it was commanded by an officer of the British army who has since become a noted general and also the fact that the route lay through a hitherto unknown wilderness seemed to have to a large extent overshadowed later expeditions over the same route, consequently the fact that there were such, seems to be now almost entirely forgotten. It is not the desire of the writer to compare these later expeditions with the first, either in importance or in the difficulties encountered but rather to bear testimony concerning the hardships and severe labors which the force was called upon to endure and perform. It is true that the first expedition "broke the road" for those who followed, and to one who has since traversed the route from end to end—especially if he did so as a soldier—the thought would naturally suggest itself that none but British soldiers could have accomplished the feat.

On the expiration of the term of service for which the members of the first expedition enlisted a large number took their discharges from the force, and became ordinary citizens. All the men who served their term became entitled to grants of 160 acres of land each, which though not of much value at that time soon became valuable, and to shrewd and careful fellows they became the foundation of future competencies, though many warrants were sold for little or nothing

by less provident men, and by men who could not foresee the prosperous future of the Great Northwest.

A number of the men re-enlisted; this time without the incentive of a second grant of land, and to fill the places of those who left the force, another contingent was organized in Ontario and Quebec in 1871, and forwarded to Fort Garry taking almost the same route; the principal change being from the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods, overland to Winnipeg instead of by the Winnipeg River.

It is about the third expedition of which the writer was a member that this article specially refers to. Unlike the former expeditions the term of service was misleading. Instead of one year, the terms was "one year or three years if required." Young men from all parts of Ontario assembled at the Old Fort in Toronto, where they were enlisted by Lieut.-Col. Durie, D.A.G., and were informed by him that there was no doubt of the men obtaining their discharges at the end of one year's service and would only be required for a longer period in case of disquiet in the country. At the expiration of the year, the men demanded their discharge but were refused, and upon their representations of the terms of enlistment being forwarded to Ottawa it was felt that justice would be done them. They were however doomed to disappointment; the Government denying that the force had been enlisted as stated by the men, and the D. A. G.'s denying also that they had made the statements attributed to them; consequently those who did not desert, or purchase their discharge by obtaining substitutes had to serve a three year's term for their grants of land.

On the 19th September 1872, the enlisted men from Ontario were joined in Toronto by the Quebec contingent of Infantry and a Battery of Artillery from "B" Battery, Quebec, and took the Northern Railway to Collingwood where they were uniformed and armed, and formed into companies. Two days later we boarded the steamer "Francis Smith" for Prince Arthur's Landing under the command of Lieut.-Col. Villiers, of Hamilton, now D. A. G. at Winnipeg.

The men found that the accommodation furnished was the bare deck, each one bunking where he could find space not occupied by freight, some spreading their blankets on boxes or barrels. The men, being thus thrown closely together soon became acquainted. They were a motley mixture, Ontario farmer's sons, genteel city youths, old soldiers formerly in British regiments, French habitats, and among them all one strange character named Vigneau who had been in the Communist ranks in Paris, France, during that terrible outbreak after the close of the Franco-Prussian war. He kept the company from sleeping by his persistence in singing French songs in an exceedingly forcible and excitable strain. He had escaped from France after the Communist outbreak had been quelled, and reached Canada in time to enter the service of Britain's Queen to keep the peace somewhere in the far Northwest.

Another soldier also prone on his back on the deck, began a song in the darkness in an interval between Vigneau's songs. It was the well-known "Listen to the Mocking Bird;" the peculiarity about this song was that the voice ceased after the words "Listen to the mocking bird" and instead thereof could be distinctly heard the wings and peculiar whistle of a bird as it flew around the interior of the vessel from end to end, then it seemed to escape to the outside and could be heard flying and whistling over the boat; again it seemed to return to the interior, where it continued its rapid flight and the whistling. The noise of the bird suddenly ceased and the singer took up the remainder of the song. He had imitated the bird by his powers of ventriloquism. As the names of the men were unknown to each other, and as darkness prevailed at the time, the singer's name as far as I know, was never known, and the song was never heard again.

On the 22nd September we reached Prince Arthur's Landing, (now Port Arthur) and after unloading our provisions, stores, etc., from the steamer and loading them on waggons we commenced our march to Fort Garry about 5 P. M. by ascending the steep hill behind the town from the summit of which a magnificent view of Thunder Bay was obtained. We

soon reached the banks of the Kaministiquia River, and it being about dusk we camped for the night on a spot near a low wooden bridge. That identical spot I recognized a few years ago while on a visit to the east; the C.P.R.'s crosses the river only a few yards from the spot. As a heavy rain had fallen a short time before, the ground was very wet and muddy, and while the tents were being pitched, a well known song could be heard with the following parody on the refrain:—

Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the *cold damp* ground.

About dawn on the following morning, we had breakfast on the hardest of Christie Brown's hardtack, beef and tea, and after striking tents, loading the wagons, etc., we resumed our march to Lake Shebandaween which was reached late in the afternoon, and at once prepared to unpack our boats, to cross the lake. The boats had been in use by former expeditions and were not in the best condition, and were supplied with oars roughly hewn out of young saplings from the woods. The boats were capable of holding about forty men each with the necessary proportion of provisions. After the stores or provisions had been transferred to the boats, we embarked as many men to each boat as it would safely hold, with a sergeant in charge of each. There were about ten boats in all. After embarking we found that the fleet was to be towed by a small steamer. This steamer was simply one of the boats furnished with a small engine. A start was made about 9 P. M. the boats being connected by tow lines between each of about 50 feet in length, the last boat containing the officers.

The night was dark and cool, and as the snake like fleet wended its solitary way among the islands, we began to realize our novel position. The sight was weird in the extreme, the only lights visible being that from the sparks of the little steamer. We were in the midst of a lake in an uninhabited country, unknown to any one except the voyageurs in charge. Our hearts however were light; we knew we were on our way to that far away place—Fort Garry. The time was wiled away by songs, each boat vieing with the others in rolling out the choruses.

When we left the landing in tow of our

diminutive tug, we thought ourselves fortunate in escaping the labors of rowing the boats with the great, rough and unwieldy oars, but after a few hours confinement in the boats the cold became so uncomfortable that we would have been glad to row had it been allowed. About 1 A.M. we reached land and unloading began preparatory to transporting ourselves and our *dunnage* across the portage. This was at length accomplished by the aid of a rickety old waggon and a team apparently reduced to the veritable "straw a day." The portage was about one half mile in width and by daylight we were ready for our breakfast of hardtack, etc., which was relished as no plum pudding had ever been before. After breakfast we embarked on Lake Kashabone in boats with oars similar to those already described. There being no tug on this lake we had to row, and the weather being cold we were not unwilling, though our progress was much slower. However we soon reached the next portage, and after transferring our stores, etc., across over an unusually rough bush road we reached the shores of Lac des Mille Lacs where we camped for the night. Early in the morning we resumed our journey, over this beautiful lake, the scenery was truly magnificent, the lake being dotted with hundreds of lovely islands, each covered with a thick evergreen undergrowth down to the water's edge, it seemed like a fairy land, if land and water can be so styled.

Our journey over portage and lake continued much the same as has been described. After crossing Baril Lake, Lake Windegostagoon, French Lake and Lake Kaogasekok and the portages separating them and running the rapids on the Mattawin we reached Sturgeon Lake, at the crossing of which an amusing incident occurred which is worth relating. Soon after leaving the landing on this lake the boats became separated in a severe gale which suddenly sprang up, the boat in which the writer formed one of the crew, was commanded by one Sergeant Brodie, from Elora, it had another Sergeant on board named McPherson, an old soldier formerly of the 100th Regiment, a rugged old Scotchman who felt resentful at being commanded by a younger man and a

volunteer at that. While the storm was at its height and the boat shipping water at the bow, Brodie decided to run to a small island close by. This McPherson vigorously opposed, calling Brodie a coward, etc., but Brodie being in command, a landing was effected, where we at once prepared for the night by constructing a shelter from the wind and rain with poles and pine boughs. We slept comfortably all night and found in the morning that the storm had not abated to any great extent.

McPherson insisted on making a start and the men supported him, but Brodie opposed it strongly. Headed by McPherson the men launched the boat, however, but Brodie positively refused to embark and tried to exercise his authority. McPherson and the men were eager to proceed and did so, leaving Brodie standing on a rock wildly gesticulating and threatening us all with arrest and court-marshal for disobedience of orders and insubordination. We did not quarrel, however, and as we kept on vigorously at the oars we could faintly hear Brodie's wail to leave him some beef. After proceeding about two miles the men prevailed on McPherson to relent to the extent of returning and giving our modern Robinson Crusoe an opportunity of joining us: he gladly did so and a few hours after we reached the portage and found the remainder of the force in great anxiety about our safety, and preparing to go in search of us.

On reaching Fort Garry, Private Fred Swire who formed one of the party composed the following poetical effusion on the occasion of which 500 copies were printed at the office of the *Liberal*, conducted at that time by Mr. Stewart Mulvey and circulated in the barracks much to the grief and indignation of the two sergeants interested:—

It was on Sturgeon's stormy lake,
 There sailed a martial crew
 Provisions they did with them take,
 Both beef and biscuit too;
 But when the storm blast loudly roared,
 And far was port or haven,
 The leader of this martial band
 Turned out to be a craven.
 "What ho!" he cried, "what ho! I say,

"Pray turn the vessel's course,
 For much I fear there's danger near
 And keenly stings remorse,
 Steer for the shore, I pray thee try
 For I am unprepared to die."

"Now out upon thee for a knave!
 I would not lift one toe to save
 Nor thee, nor any of thy class;
 For thou'rt a most egregious ass;
 You've not the heart of fowl or pheasant.
 So let's proceed boys—are you present?"
 'Twas thus spoke 'Phairson, yet the oar
 Propelled the little bark to shore,
 And it would seem that Phairson too
 Was not without a quail or two.
 Arrived at land, ashore they sprang
 Brave Crusoe, and aloud there rang
 His voice throughout the forest glade
 "Come on, ye devils, who's afraid?"
 And Echo, through the sombre shade
 Replied afar, "Crusoe's afraid."

Upon the beach, they camped that night,
 And anxious, waited for the light.
 The morning dawned, the tempest roars,
 And hurled the billows from the shores.
 No prospect seemed held up to view
 Of launching o'er those waters blue;
 But some more bold, were fain to start,
 Save Crusoe of the craven heart;
 In vain he begs those few to stay—
 "Not so" says 'Phairson, "we'll away,
 And send for you some other day."
 "What; leave me here with no relief?"
 Says Crusoe: "pray then leave the beef;
 And if you venture on that lake,
 Upon yourself the blame you take."
 "All right" cries 'Phairson, "that I'll do
 And now friend Robinson, Adieu!"
 Out sprang the boat propelled by oars
 Manned by a dozen stalwart rowers;
 And, as more distant grew the land,
 The voice of Crusoe reached the band,
 Borne by the breeze o'er rock and reef—
 For God's sake 'Phairson, leave the beef."
 "Not so," bawls 'Phairson, "you're astarn,
 'And that be busted for a yarn.'"

* * * * *
 And how the crews were safe at last,
 How dangers numerous they passed
 And in the end got safely home,
 Is told in many a book and tome.
 And bright-eyed kids, with curly pate
 Will ask their mother to relate
 The story o'er and o'er agan—
 How Crusoe feared the raging main.
 And Rumor says that in his sleep
 Crusoe again is on the deep,
 And muttering, 'It were not so bad
 If only those spare ribs I had',
 In every breeze that stirs the leaf
 His fancy whispers, 'Ribs of beef.'
 And wavelets breaking on the shore
 Say 'Beef ribs come again no more.'"

(Continued in May Number.)



SPECKLED TROUT FROM NORTHWEST ONTARIO STREAMS.

The Ebony Frame.

BY E. NESBIT.

TO be rich is a luxurious sensation— the more so when you have p'unched the depths of hard-up-ness as a Fleet Street hack, a picker-up of unconsidered p'ars, a reporter, an unappreciated journalist—all callings utterly inconsistent with one's family feeling and one's direct descent from the Dukes of Picardy.

When my Aunt Dorcas died and left me five hundred a year and a furnished house in Chelsea, I felt that life had nothing left to offer except immediate possession of the legacy. Even Mildred Mayhew, whom I had hitherto regarded as my life's light, became less luminous. I was not engaged to Mildred, but I lodged with her mother, and I sang duets with Mildred, and gave her gloves when it would run to it, which was seldom. She was a dear good girl, and I meant to marry her some day. It is very nice to feel that a good little woman is thinking of you—it helps you in your work—and it is pleasant to know she will say "Yes" when you say "Will you?"

But, as I say, my legacy almost put Mildred out of my head, especially as she was staying with friends in the country just then.

Before the first gloss was off my new mourning I was seated in my aunt's own arm-chair in front of the fire in the dining-room of my own house. My own house! It was grand, but rather lonely. I *did* think of Mildred just then.

The room was comfortably furnished with oak and leather. On the walls hung a few fairly good oil-paintings, but the space above the mantel-piece was disfigured by an exceedingly bad print, "The Trial of Lord William Russell," framed in a dark frame. I got up to look at it. I had visited my aunt with dutiful regularity, but I never remember seeing this frame before. It was not intended for a print, but for an oil-painting. It was of fine ebony, beautifully and curiously carved.

I looked at it with glowing interest, and when my aunt's housemaid—I had retained her modest staff of servants—came in with the lamp, I asked her how long the print had been there.

"Mistress only bought it two days before she was took ill," she said; "but the frame—she didn't want to buy a new one—so she got this out of the attic. There's lots of curious old things there, sir."

"Had my aunt had this frame long?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It come long afore I did, and I've been here seven years come Christmas. There was a picture in it—that's upstairs too—but it's that black and ugly it might as well be a chimley-back."

I felt a desire to see this picture. What if it were some priceless old master which in my aunt's eyes had only been rubbish?

Directly after breakfast next morning I paid a visit to the lumber-room.

It was crammed with old furniture enough to stock a curiosity shop. All the house was furnished solidly in the early Victorian style, and in this room everything not in keeping with the "drawing-room suite" was stowed away. Tables of papier-mache and mother-of-pearl, straight-backed chairs with twisted feet and faded needlework cushions, firescreens of Old-World designs, old bureaux with brass handles, a little work-table with its faded moth-eaten silk fluting hanging in disconsolate shreds; on these and the dust that covered them blazed the full daylight as I drew up the blinds. I promised myself a good time in re-enshrining these household gods in my parlor, and promoting the Victorian suite to the attic. But at present my business was to find the picture as "black as the chimley-back;" and presently, behind a heap of hideous still-life studies, I found it.

Jane the housmaid identified it at once. I took it down-stairs carefully and examined it. No subject, no color were distinguishable. There was a splodge of a darker tint in the middle, but whether it was figure or tree or house no man could have told. It seemed to be painted on a very thick panel board. I decided to send it to one of those persons who pour the waters of eternal youth on rotting family portraits—mere soap and water Mr. Besant tells us it is; but even as I did so the thought occurred to me to try my own restorative hand at a corne of it.

My bath-sponge, soap, and nail-brush vigorously applied for a few seconds showed me that there was no picture to clean! Bare oak presented itself to my persevering brush. I tried the other side. Jane watched me with indulgent interest. Same result. Then the truth dawned on me. Why was the panel so thick? I tore off the leather binding, and the panel divided and fell to the ground in a cloud of dust. There were two pictures—they had been nailed face to face. I leaned them against the wall, and next moment I was leaning against it myself.

For one of the pictures was myself—a perfect portrait—no shade of expression or turn of feature wanting. Myself—in a cavalier dress, “love-locks and all!” When had this been done? And how, without my knowledge! Was this some whim of my aunt’s?

“Lor’ sir!” the shrill surprise of Jane at my elbow; what a lovely photo it is! Was it for a fancy ball sir?”

“Yes,” I stammered. “I—I don’t think I want anything more now. You can go.”

She went; and I turned, still with my heart beating violently, to the other picture. This was a woman of the type of beauty beloved of Burne Jones and Rossetti—straight nose, low brows, full lips, thin hands, large deep voluminous eyes. She wore a black velvet gown. It was a full length portrait. Her arms rested on a table beside her, and her head on her hands; but her head was turned full forward, and her eyes met those of the spectator bewilderingly. On the table by her were compasses and instruments whose uses I did not know, books, a goblet, and a miscellaneous heap of papers and pens. I saw all this afterward. I believe it was a quarter of an hour before I could turn my eyes away from hers. I have never seen any other eyes like hers. They appealed, as a child’s or a dog’s do; they commanded, as might those of an empress.

“Shall I sweep up the dust sir?” Curiosity had brought Jane back. I acceded. I turned from her my portrait. I kept between her and the woman in black velvet. When I was alone again I tore down “The Trial of Lord William

Russell,” and I put the picture of the woman in its strong ebony frame.

Then I wrote to a frame-maker for a frame for my portrait. It had so long lived face to face with this beautiful witch that I had not the heart to banish it from her presence; from which it will be perceived that I am by nature a somewhat sentimental person.

The new frame came home, and I hung it opposite the fireplace. An exhaustive search among my aunt’s papers showed no explanation of the portrait of myself, no history of the portrait of the woman with the wonderful eyes. I only learned that all the old furniture together had come to my aunt at the death of my great-uncle, the head of the family; and I should have concluded that the resemblance was only a family one, if everyone who came in had not exclaimed at the “speaking likeness.” I adopted the “fancy ball” explanation.

And there, one might suppose, the matter of the portraits ended. One might suppose it, that is, if there were not evidently a good deal more written here about it. However, to me, then, the matter seemed ended.

I went to see Mildred; invited her and her mother to come and stay with me, I rather avoided glancing at the picture in the ebony frame. I could not forget, nor remember without singular emotion, the look in the eyes of that woman when mine first met them. I shrank from repeating that look.

I reorganized the house somewhat, preparing for Mildred’s visit. I turned the dining room into a drawing-room. I brought down much of the old fashioned furniture, and after a long day of arranging and re-arranging, I sat down before the fire, and, lying back in a pleasant languor, I idly raised my eyes to the picture. I met her dark, deep, hazel eyes, and once more my gaze was held fixed as by a strong magic—the kind of fascination that keeps one sometimes staring for whole minutes into one’s own eyes in the glass. I gazed into her eyes and felt my eyes dilate, pricked with a smart like the smart of tears.

“I wish,” I said, “oh, how I wish you were a woman, and not a picture! Come down! Ah, come down!”

I laughed at myself as I spoke; but even as I laughed I held out my arms.

I was not sleepy; I was not drunk. I was as wide awake and as sober as ever was a man in this world. And yet, as I held out my arms, I saw the eyes of the picture dilate, her lips tremble—if I were to be hanged for saying it, it is true. Her hands moved slightly, and a sort of flicker of a smile passed over her face.

I sprang to my feet. "This won't do," I said, still aloud. "Firelight does play strange tricks. 'I'll have the lamp'"

I pulled myself together and made for the bell. My hand was on it, when I heard a sound behind me, and turned—the bell still unring. The fire had burned low, and the corners of the room were deeply shadowed; but, surely, there—behind the tall worked chair—was something darker than a shadow.

"I must face this out," I said, "or I shall never be able to feel myself again." I left the bell, I seized the poker, and battered the dull coals to a blaze. Then I stepped back resolutely, and looked up at the picture. The ebony frame was empty! From the shadow of the chair came a silken rustle, and out of the shadow the woman of the picture was coming—coming toward me.

I hope I shall never again know a moment of such blank and absolute terror as that. I could not have moved or spoken to save my life. Either all the known laws of nature were nothing, or I was mad. I stood trembling, but, I am thankful to remember, I stood still, while the black velvet gown swept across the hearth-rug toward me.

Next moment a hand touched me—a hand soft, warm and human—and a low voice said, "You called me. I am here."

At that touch and that voice the world seemed to give a sort of bewildering half-turn. I hardly know how to express it, but at once it seemed not awful—not even unusual—for portraits to become flesh—not most natural, most right, most unspeakably fortunate.

I laid my hand on hers. I looked from her to my portrait. I could not see it in the firelight.

"We are not strangers," I said.

"Oh, no, not strangers." Those lumi-

nous eyes were looking up into mine—those red lips were near me. With a passionate cry—a sense of having suddenly recovered life's one great good, that had seemed wholly lost—I clasped her in my arms. She was no ghost—she was a woman—the only woman in the world.

"How long," I said, "O love—how long since I left you?"

It was not a dream. Ah, no—there are no such dreams. I wish to God there could be. When in dreams do I see her eyes, hear her voice, feel her lips against my cheek, hold her hands to my lips as I did that night—the supreme night of my life? At first we hardly spoke. It seemed enough,

After long grief and pain,
To feel the arms of my true love,
Round me once again.

* * * * *

It is very difficult to tell this story. There are no words to express the sense of glad re-union, the complete realization of every hope and dream of a life, that came upon me as I sat with my hand in hers and looked into her eyes.

How could it have been a dream, when I left her sitting in the straight backed chair, and went down to the kitchen to tell the maids I should want nothing more—that I was busy, and did not wish to be disturbed; when I fetched wood for the fire with my own hands, and, bringing it in, found her still sitting there—saw the little brown head turn as I entered, saw the love in her dear eyes; when I threw myself at her feet and blessed the day I was born, since life had given me this?

Not a thought of Mildred; all the other things of my life were a dream—this, its one splendid reality.

"I am wondering," she said after a while, when we had made such cheer each of the other as true lovers may after long parting—"I am wondering how much you remember of our past?"

"I remember nothing," I said. "Oh, my dear dear lady, my dear sweetheart—I remember nothing but that I love you—that I have loved you all my life."

"You remember nothing—really nothing?"

"Only that I am yours; that we have both suffered; that—Tell me, my mis-

tress dear, all that you remember. Explain it all to me. Make me understand. And yet— No, I don't want to understand. It is enough that we are together."

If it was a dream, why have I never dreamed it again?

She leaned down toward me, her arm lay on my neck and drew my head till it rested on her shoulder. "I am a ghost, I suppose," she said, laughing softly; and her laughing stirred memories which I just grasped at, and just missed. "But you and I know better, don't we? I will tell you everything you have forgotten. We loved each other—ah! no, you have not forgotten that—and when you came back from the war we were to be married. Our pictures were painted before you went away. You know I was more learned than women of that day. Dear one, when you were gone they said I was a witch. They tried me. They said I should be burned. Just because I had looked at the stars and had gained more knowledge than they, they must needs bind me to a stake and let me be eaten by the fire. And you far away!"

Her whole body trembled and shrank. O love, what dream would have told me that my kisses would soothe even that memory?

"The night before," she went on, "the devil did come to me. I was innocent before—you know it, don't you? And even then my sin was for you—because of the exceeding love I bore you. The devil came, and I sold my soul to eternal flame. But I got a good price. I got the right to come back, through my picture (if any one looking at it wished for me), as long as my picture stayed in its ebony frame. That frame was not carved by man's hand. I got the right to come back to you. Oh, my heart's heart, and another thing I won, which you shall hear anon. They burned me for a witch, they made me suffer hell on earth. Those faces, all crowding round, the crackling wood and the smell of the smoke—"

"Oh, love! no more—no more."

"When my mother sat before my picture she wept, and cried, 'Come back, my poor lost child!' And I went to her, with glad leaps of heart. Dear, she shrank

from me, she fled, she shrieked and moaned of ghosts. She had our pictures covered from sight and put again in the ebony frame. She had promised me my picture should stay always there. Ah, through all these years your face was against mine."

She paused.

"But the man you loved?"

"You came home. My picture was gone. They lied to you, and you married another woman; but some day I knew you would walk the world again and that I would find you."

"The other gain?" I asked.

"The other gain," she answered slowly, "I gave my soul for. It is this. If you also will give up your hopes of heaven I can remain a woman, I can move in your world—I can be your wife. Oh, my dear, after all these years, at last—at last."

"If I sacrifice my soul," I said slowly, with no thought of the imbecility of such talk in our 'so-called nineteenth century'—"if I sacrifice my soul, I win you? Why, love, it's a contradiction in terms. You are my soul."

Her eyes looked straight into mine. Whatever may happen, our two souls in that moment met, and became one.

"Then you choose—you deliberately choose—to give up your hopes of heaven for me, as I gave up mine for you?"

"I decline," I said, "to give up my hope of heaven on any terms. Tell me what I must do, that you and I may make our own heaven here—as now, my dear love."

"I will tell you to-morrow," she said. "Be alone here to-morrow night—twelve is ghost's time, isn't it?—and then I will come out of the picture and never go back to it. I shall live with you, and die, and be buried, and there will be an end of me. But we shall live first, my heart's heart."

I laid my head on her knee. A strange drowsiness overcame me. Holding her hand against my cheek, I lost consciousness. When I awoke the gray November dawn was glimmering, ghostlike, through the uncurtained window. My head was pillowed on my arm, which rested—I raised my head quickly—ah! not on my lady's knee, but on the needle-worked cushion of the straight backed

chair. I sprang to my feet. I was stiff with cold, and dazed with dreams, but I turned my eyes on the picture. There she sat, my lady, my dear love. I held out my arms, but the passionate cry I would have uttered died on my lips. She had said twelve o'clock. Her lightest word was my law. So I only stood in front of the picture and gazed into those gray-green eyes till tears of passionate happiness filled my own.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, how shall I pass the hours till I hold you again?"

No thought, then, of my whole life's completion and consummation being a dream.

I staggered up to my room, fell across my bed, and slept heavily and dreamlessly. When I awoke it was high noon. Mildred and her mother were coming to lunch.

I remembered, at one shock, Mildred's coming and her existence.

Now, indeed, the dream began.

With a penetrating sense of the futility of any action apart from *her*, I gave the necessary orders for the reception of my guests. When Mildred and her mother came I received them with cordiality; but my genial phrases all seemed to be someone else's. My voice sounded like an echo: my heart was other where.

Still, the situation was not intolerable until the hour when afternoon tea was served in the drawing-room. Mildred and her mother kept the conversational pot boiling with a profusion of genteel common places, and I bore it, as one can bear mild purgatories when one is in sight of heaven. I looked up at my sweet-heart in the ebony frame, and I felt that anything that might happen, any irresponsible imbecility, any pathos of boredom, was nothing, if, after it all, *she* came to me again.

And yet, when Mildred, too, looked at the portrait, and said, "What a fine lady! One of your flames, Mr. Devigne?" I had a sickening sense of impotent irritation, which became absolute torture when Mildred—how could I ever have admired that chocolate-box bar maid style of prettiness?—threw herself into the

high-backed chair, covering the needle-work with her ridiculous flounces, and added, "Silence gives consent! Who is it, Mr. Devigne? Tell us all about her: I am sure she has a story."

Poor little Mildred, sitting there smiling, serene in her confidence that her every word charmed me—sitting there with her rather pinched waist, her rather tight boots, her rather vulgar voice—sitting in the chair where my dear lady had sat when she told me her story! I could not bear it.

"Don't sit there," I said; "it's not comfortable!"

But the girl would not be warned. With a laugh that set every nerve in my body vibrating with annoyance, she said, "Oh, dear! musn't I even sit in the same chair as your black velvet woman!"

I looked at the chair in the picture. It *was* the same; and in her chair Mildred was sitting. Then a horrible sense of the reality of Mildred came upon me. Was all this a reality after all! But for fortunate chance might Mildred have occupied, not only her chair, but her place in my life? I rose.

"I hope you won't think me very rude," I said; "but I am obliged to go out."

I forgot what appointment I alleged. The lie came readily enough.

I faced Mildred's pouts with the hope that she and her mother would not wait dinner for me. I fled. In another minute I was safe, alone, under the chill, cloudy autumn sky—free to think, think, think of my dear lady.

I walked for hours along streets and squares; I lived over again and again every look, word and hand-touch—every kiss: I was completely unspeakably happy.

Mildred was utterly forgotten: my lady of the ebony frame filled my heart and soul with spirits.

As I heard eleven boom through the fog, I turned and went home.

When I got to my street, I found a crowd surging through it, a strong red light filling the air.

A house was on fire! Mine!

I elbowed my way through the crowd. The picture of my lady—that, at least, I could save!

As I sprang up the steps, I saw, as in a dream—yes, all this was really dream-like—I saw Mildred leaning out of the first floor window, wringing her hands.

“Come back, sir,” cried a fireman; “we’ll get the young lady out right enough.”

But my lady? I went on up the stairs cracking, smoking, and as hot as hell, to the room where her picture was. Strange to say, I only felt that the picture was a thing we should like to look on through the long glad wedded life that was to be ours. I never thought of it as being one with her.

As I reached the first floor I felt arms around my neck. The smoke was too thick for me to distinguish features.

“Save me!” a voice whispered. I clasped a figure in my arms, and, with a strange disease, bore it down the shaking stairs and out into safety. It was Mildred. I knew *that* directly I clasped her

“Stand back,” cried the crowd.

“Every one’s safe,” cried a fireman.

The flames leaped from every window. The sky grew redder and redder. I sprang from the hands that would have held me. I leaped up the steps. I crawled up the stairs. Suddenly the whole horror of the situation came on me. “*As long as my picture remains in the ebony frame.*” What if picture and frame perished together?

I fought with the fire, and with my own choking inability to fight with it. I pushed on. I must save my picture. I reached the drawing-room.

As I sprang in I saw my lady—I swear it—through the smoke and the flames, hold out her hands to me—to me—who came too late to save her, and to save my own life’s joy. I never saw her again.

Before I could reach her, or cry out to her, I felt the floor yield beneath my feet, and fell into the fiery hell below.

* * * *

How did they save me? What does that matter? They saved me somehow—curse them! Every stick of my aunt’s furniture was destroyed. My friends pointed out that, as the furniture was heavily insured, the carelessness of a nightly-studious housemaid had done me no harm.

No harm!

That was how I won and lost my only love.

I deny, with all my soul in the denial, that it was a dream. There are no such dreams. Dreams of longing and pain there are in plenty, but dreams of complete, of unspeakable happiness—ah, no—it is the rest of life that is the dream.

But if I think that, why have I married Mildred, and grown stout and dull and prosperous?

I tell you it is all *this* that is the dream; my dear lady only is the reality. And what does it matter what one does in a dream?—*Longman’s Magazine.*

“Things that are ‘Neath our Feet.”

(For the Manitoban.)

BY D. W. M’K.

LORD SELKIRK was ridiculed in 1812, when he said that these “Hyperborean Alluvials would some day maintain a population of thirty million souls,” and his prediction is still from being realized. It is necessary, then, to conclude that the statement was made at random or was it a conclusion arrived at **after** a careful consideration of facts in Lord Selkirk’s possession? Any thoughtful observer must see that the prophecy was a deduction from facts, for Manitoba and the Northwest Territories undoubtedly possess the two great requisites for the success of any people who devote their attention to agricultural pursuits—a pure, clear atmosphere and soil of exhaustless fertility. If stock-raising and dairy products are desired, good soil and a favorable climate are necessary for the maintenance of good pasturage. If the attention of the inhabitants turns to the raising of grain or fruit, suitable soil and climate are the chief requisites.

The soil of this western land cannot be surpassed for richness, as shown by farms on which wheat has been grown for forty or fifty years in succession without manuring, and also by the high average yield per acre. Statistics show the average yield in Manitoba to be double that of the United States.

Many causes have contributed to make this land a land of great fertility. For centuries each year has seen the earth bring forth an abundant vegetable growth which in due season has been either destroyed by prairie fires or left to decay upon the ground. For ages wild animals have roamed the plains in herds, and wild fowls have swarmed upon the numerous lakes and lakellets which dot the plain. The accumulations of ashes and decayed vegetable and animal matter thus left have gradually resulted in the great depth of rich, black loamy soil for which Manitoba is noted. No wonder then that with this prolonged process of natural fertilization, the land can be cropped for years without any artificial refreshing.

The upper black mould, which varies from one to over four feet in depth, rests on a subsoil of clay. During the cold winter season the frost sinks deep into the ground and throughout the intense heats and droughts of summer the subsoil is kept moist by the slow melting of these deep frosts. The moisture thus generated penetrates to the roots of the grain and secures the crop, even though there may be no rain fall for weeks before the harvest. Not only is the soil well adapted to agricultural pursuits, but the needed sunshine is also to be found in this northern land when it is most required. An American writer remarks on this point: "Heat alone will not bring wheat to maturity, solar light is also needed, and the greater its amount the better the result; and from the 15th of June to the 1st of July, there are nearly two hours more day light in Manitoba than in Ohio."

With such advantages, "Manitoba cannot be checked." The tide of immigration is sure to set in in this direction sooner or later, although as yet,

"We only hear the tread of pioneers of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon shall
roll a human sea"

Forget-Me-Not.

(For The Manitoban.)

BY F. O. MABER.

The fairest of the fair is there,
Implanted in my plot;
The life song of a thousand hearts,
The blue "Forget-me-not."

The parting friends who leave their homes
To seek a fairer spot,
With hand-shake and with kindly wish,
All say "Forget-me-not."

The loving mother to her son
Who flees his boyhood cot;
To build a fortune for a bride,
Whispers "Forget-me-not."

The lover lips the word with joy,
And feareth not to plot
How can he whisper to his love,
Those words "Forget-me-not."

And friends, your country cries to you,
The country of our lot,
To all our men, to all our sires,
It says "Forget-me-not."

A Well-Known Family of Old Red River.

BY REV. DR. BRYCE.

MANY of the people of Winnipeg know the pretty spot at the bottom of Rupert street on the banks of Red River, now enclosed as a pleasure resort. Its name "Colony gardens" is a memorial of the founding of Selkirk colony some eighty years ago. Lower down the bank, and not far from the present residence of Mr. Alexander Logan, was the old Fort Douglas built by Lord Selkirk's agents, and the spot where the gardens now are was occupied by the first houses erected for the colony. These, according to a map of the time, now in the possession of the writer, were burned by the Northwest Company in 1815. The gardens with their tall trees and pleasant outlook on the river became the property of one of the best known men of Red River of old, Alexander Ross, for a long time Sheriff of Assiniboia. The old house,

still to be seen among the trees, was the centre of much that transpired in the old days. for the Sheriff occupied the unique position of being in the confidence of the Hudson's Bay Company, the rulers of the land, and also of being thoroughly in touch with the people of the Red River settlement. He was as real a Highlander as any man of Kildonan, and by marriage was closely related to the native population of the land. A man of ardent nature, of fair education, and somewhat assertive disposition he became not only a social leader of his time, but also an author of some considerable note. A short sketch of his life seems appropriate. Alexander Ross was born in the year 1781, somewhere in the Glenelg or Kintail district of the western Scottish highlands. In 1802 he sailed as one of a party of many hundreds of immigrants who, divided among three ships, came to Canada, painfully toiled up the St. Lawrence, and settled in the Glengarry district in Upper Canada. Young Ross taught school for some time in the Upper Canadian settlements, but in 1810 joined the Astor Company, and sailing around Cape Horn landed on the Columbia river, which flows into the Pacific ocean. Three years later the Northwest Company bought out Astor's American Fur Company, and Ross was appointed in charge of a post at Oakinagan. It was somewhat amusing to read in copies of Sir George Simpson's letters, which the writer saw a short time ago that the Governor was of opinion that Ross would make a better school teacher than fur trader, and so called him for this purpose from the hill tops of Oakinagan to the prairies of Red River. It was in 1825 that this transfer took place, but the experiences of the preceding fifteen years led to the publication of the "Adventures of First Settlers on the Oregon," and in 1835 of the "Fur Hunters of the Far West"—most interesting works of adventure. The Highland trader had not wholly misemployed his time at Oakinagan. Here he had fallen in love with the attractive daughter of a great chief of the mountains, her he had married, and his eldest children were born in Columbia. Under orders from the Governor, with his family, he journeyed overland by the toilsome pass and trail till he found rest

in what Governor Archibald used to call the "paradise of Red River." To the earlier residents of Winnipeg "Granny Ross" as she was affectionately called was well known. She was a woman of much shrewdness and intelligence and was for many years a devoted Christian. The writer was in the habit of often calling in to see the kind hearted old lady and of having a talk about the former days. Her husband had died in 1856, and she was probably ten or twelve years his junior, for she only passed away some nine years ago. The Ross family was a large one, consisting of eleven sons and daughters who grew up. No doubt James was the best known. He had graduated in Toronto University in 1857 with very high honors, having taking the gold medal in Modern Languages. He was for years on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*, and was then well known to the writer. On his return to his native Red River after the Riel rebellion he was appointed by the Provisional Government as Chief Justice. He did not long survive the entrance of Manitoba into Canadian Confederation. Shortly after, a younger brother, Alexander, a young man of brilliant parts, who had been educated in Upper Canada College, Toronto, passed away prematurely.

No doubt the thing for which Sheriff Ross was best known was the active part taken by him in founding the church of his fathers on the banks of Red River. Any one anxious to know the religious struggles of the people of Red River may find them graphically depicted in his "Red River Settlement" (London, 1857). No doubt the author was a partizan, but his book is all the more readable on that account. The original people of Selkirk settlement always maintained that Lord Selkirk had promised to send them a clergyman of their own faith. It was on this pledge that the petitions, requests and complaints ably presented by Sheriff Ross were based. The isolation of the country and somewhat repressive rule of the Hudson's Bay Company at the time led to many disappointments. At length Rev John Black came as the spiritual guide of Ross and his co religionists, and the zeal with which the Sheriff, then 70 years of age, filled the place of an elder is



J. WALKER'S SHEEP RANCHE, BOW RIVER, ALBERTA, 1891.

very noticeable in the church records of the time. A few years after his arrival the pioneer missionary Mr. Black was married to Henrietta, daughter of Sheriff Ross. The writer well remembers the force of character, ability and kindness of this noble mother in Israel, who died nearly 20 years ago, leaving a well known family. Sheriff Ross was so closely connected with the church that it was no wonder that another daughter of his was married to the pioneer Presbyterian Indian missionary Rev George Flett of Okanase. Mrs. Flett, who has been a most useful helper in the civilization of the Indian women of her mission, is the only survivor of the eleven children of Sheriff Ross.

The strip of land enclosed in this city between William and Alexander streets was the old Ross estate. We were able to recognize the names of William the eldest son, of his wife Jemima still surviving, of James, and Ross all upon well-known streets of this city, until the act of vandalism by which the late city council replaced the street names with numbers. Intelligent citizens hope to have these, as well as the names of the other city pioneers soon restored.

We do well to keep in mind the names and memories of the old Red River people who did anything for Selkirk settlement. It is true the settlement was crude and primitive, but there were many noble men and women who worked for the elevation of a community which had many disadvantages, and which but for them would have seriously deteriorated. The Hudson's Bay Company was the central figure of those times. It was very far from being perfect, but it is a question whether any other great organization, begun solely for the purposes of trade, ever did as much for the maintenance of honor and the good of the people. In the Selkirk settlement, the offspring of the Hudson's Bay Company, there was no more notable name than Ross.

Attorney—"How do you fix the time of the murder as at midnight?"

Witness—"Because there were no policeman anywhere around at the time."

A Hudson's Bay Railway.

THE question of the transportation of the products of the country early became a subject of the deepest interest to the later settlers of the Northwest. They had not given it any consideration in advance of their coming, because without personal experience it was impossible to realize the full importance of it; and their minds were no doubt absorbed in anticipations raised to the highest pitch by the descriptions of the magnitude and magnificence of this new territory. The sobering influences of a year or two's settlement brought them to a lively sense of their isolation. When they began to realize that all, or nearly all, the profit on a bushel of wheat was required to pay the charges of its transportation to the eastern markets, they found themselves confronted with a problem which involved serious consequences to their future and for some early solution of which there was a very real and pressing necessity. A brief study of the map sufficed to convince them that through Hudson's Bay and Strait, if anywhere, must be found the new and shorter route to Europe which was to deliver them out of bondage.

Such was the simple and natural origin of the scheme of a Hudson's Bay railway. But there was the question of the navigation of the Strait that had still to be reckoned with before its feasibility would be determined. Modern experience in railroading made it abundantly clear that there need be no difficulty with the land portion of the route, for it had been demonstrated in numerous instances that engineering skill backed up with capital could overcome greater obstacles than any that were likely to be encountered in the prosecution of this enterprise. But the navigation of the Strait was a different matter, and unless practicable all the achievements which were possible on land would go for nothing. It was dependent on conditions which science was powerless to influence. Investigation and inquiries relieved the anxiety on this score, and established beyond doubt that the Strait was navigable by ocean steamers for a sufficient period each year to justify the

construction of the railway. Thus was the way made clear. The entire route was demonstrated to be feasible, and it only remained that the enterprise of man should proceed to develop it.

This stage having been reached, and pending the operations of a company that was chartered some years ago to build the railway, the public mind turned to the consideration of other means to relieve the heavy tax on the industry of the Northwest which is unavoidable with the present facilities for transportation. The favorite and the most important of these is the enlargement of the Welland and St. Lawrence canals, to permit vessels suitable for both ocean and lake navigation to pass through without breaking bulk, and thus to establish uninterrupted communication between the head of Lake Superior and Liverpool. This would practically be making ocean ports of Fort William and Duluth, and would doubtless have a most beneficial influence on the question of rates. Independent railway communication between Winnipeg and Duluth is a feature of this ambitious and pleasing scheme. The adjoining Northwestern States of the American Republic are taking the lead in the agitation for the enlargement of the canals, finding the toll on their products, notwithstanding the keenness of railway competition, greater than a fair regard for the labor of the farmers will warrant. The influence that these are bringing to bear on the National Government has already produced its effect in respect to the Sault canal and the deepening of the river channel below: but that it will prevail to the extent of compelling the adoption of a more comprehensive policy is as yet at any rate open to doubt. What the Canadian Government may be induced to do towards meeting the wishes of our own people can only be a matter of conjecture; but in view of the already large public debt and of the growing demand for economy in all branches of the public service it is at least doubtful whether the country will be in a hurry to undertake the expenditure of so enormous a sum as would be required to provide unbroken navigation for serviceable freighters between Lake Superior and the Mersey. The advantage which would result

to the Northwest as a consequence of bringing ocean navigation within such convenient reach as Fort William would be incalculable, and it is one which there is great reason to hope the future has in store for it; but it will come by stages, or degrees, as the enlargement of the Welland canal has been progressing during the past few years, and according to the resources of the public revenue. The people of the Northwest could wish for a more speedy realization of the benefits to follow so vast and important an enterprise, and they will be wise not to cease pressing for it, for in these modern days it is only to him who asks is given.

But whatever increases or improvements may be made in respect to eastern outlets for the Canadian Northwest, the supremacy in public interest and importance will remain with the Hudson's Bay route; it will hold the field against all rivals. This will be entirely owing to geographical conditions, against which no enterprise however great can successfully compete. Taking Brandon as the main central point, of the wheat-producing area of Manitoba, it will practically be as near to Hudson's Bay as it is now to Lake Superior. What this means in favor of the northern route will instantly be seen when it is remembered that a port on the Nelson River is as near Liverpool as Montreal is. There will be a saving of the cost of transportation from the head of Lake Superior to Montreal. Whether that saving shall be one, two, five or ten cents on every bushel of wheat, it will be so much in favor of the northern route and ought, in the natural order of things, to go into the pocket of the producer. Going farther west and northwest this advantage is correspondingly increased. Regina is 1,780 miles distant from Montreal by rail, and it is less than 700 miles distant from Hudson's Bay; it is over 100 miles nearer Hudson's Bay than it is to Lake Superior. Prince Albert is as near to Hudson's Bay as it is to Winnipeg; and the same of Edmonton. In the case of Regina there is the saving of 100 miles of railway haul, together with the lake, canal, and river navigation from Fort William to Montreal; Prince Albert and Edmonton will gain in transportation the whole cost from Winnipeg to Montreal.

whether by all rail or mixed rail and water. No enterprises can abolish distances, and these advantages will remain to the Hudson's Bay route whatever happens. Railway competition and the enlargement of the canals may eventually result in reducing east bound freights to a point very much below existing rates; but to the Northwest Territories as a whole there will be a saving at all times and under all circumstances equal to the entire cost of transportation from Fort William to Montreal—in many instances equal to that from Winnipeg to Montreal. The advantage to Manitoba will be less in proportion as it is nearer to Lake Superior, but that it will always be considerable is as evident as the broad principles itself that distance regulates the cost.

The editor of this magazine, in asking for a short paper on the subject of a Hudson's Bay railway, did not, the writer ventures to think, expect or desire a discussion of such details as freight and insurance rates from Fort Nelson to Liverpool. These will probably be a trifle higher for a year or two at the beginning than are those on the old established St. Lawrence route. The reader must settle what this difference is likely to be in his own mind and according to his own judgment; what is intended here is to point out as shortly and clearly as possible the natural advantages of the northern route and to show that these must inevitably tell in its favor when the road is in full operation. It may be said, however, that there are no extra hazards in the navigation of the Bay and Strait; nor danger, difficulty or condition of any kind that will make those rates higher than from Montreal, excepting it may be the newness and strangeness of the route; and these, it will be admitted, will wear off with time.

There is a popular misconception of the nature of the country through which the railway is projected, the impression being that it is sterile and altogether unfit for settlement. The reports of the exploring parties that have been over the route convey a different story. Along the whole line of the proposed road the country is fertile, well timbered, and in every way fit for cultivation and for the support of a large population. Only for a few

miles near the bay itself is there any exception to this general condition, and along these the country is muskeg and consequently useless. This testimony has recently been confirmed by a Northwest veteran, the Rev. Mr. McDougall, who had been over the route and was surprised to find how far his pre-conceived notions of the character of the country differed from the actual truth. But this is of consequence now only as tending to correct an impression that has been doing the country an injustice; it is not expected that settlement in those regions will keep pace with that of the prairies, although it is not unreasonable to suppose that a railway may work a wondrous change even there within a few years.

It is too much the custom to regard a railway to Hudson's Bay as merely affording an outlet for the products of the Northwest. No thought is taken of the immense riches of the Bay itself and of its vast regions, all capable of profitable development. Of the metallic ores, magnetic iron is known to exist in large quantities in the vicinity of Chesterfield Inlet; and hermatite in bands, associated with sandstone and shales, is found on Long Island, near the east main coast. South of the Bay, in the direction of Lake Winnipeg, a large deposit of granular magnetite has been discovered. Traces of copper pyrites have been found on Long Island, and also on some of the Ottawa Islands, the new name given to the group long known as The Sleepers, lying well over towards the east main coast, and about a day's sail south from Mansfield Island. This was a liberty taken by the officers of the Alert expedition of 1885, for what reason, especially considering the inappropriateness of the new name, it is difficult to understand. Bands of dry, bluish-gray dolomite, 25 feet thick, have been found at Little Whale River and Richmond Gulf, on the east coast, containing galena in the form of branches, some of which would weigh 100 pounds. That at Richmond Gulf was found to contain 12.03 ounces of silver to the ton. Silver has also been found near the mouth of Great Whale River. Banks of gypsum from 10 to 20 feet high occur on both sides of the Moose River; the upper part is mixed with marl, and only the lower

half consists of solid gypsum, which is mostly of a light bluish-gray color; a small proportion is nearly white. A similar deposit is reported to occur near the shore of James's Bay, between Moose Factory and Fort Albany, and it has been found on the Ottawa Islands. Mica of good quality is found on the north side of the Strait, specimens of which have been carried to the coast by Esquimaux and shown to passing ships. The natives believe the discovery to be a valuable one, probably from the eager manner in which the specimens have been examined, and when asked to indicate the locality, they reply with a vagueness which would excite the admiration of a civilized miner. Graphite is also reported to exist in the same region, and asbestos has been found near Little Whale River and on the Ottawa Islands. These are the principal mineral discoveries that have been made, nearly all of them by Dr. Robert Bell, Assistant Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, whose explorations in those regions cover a period of about twelve years.

The bay is rich in salmon, seal, porpoise, whale and walrus. Cod have not been met with, so far as known, although the favorite food of that fish, the caplin, is found in great abundance. Rock cod, an inferior species, have been taken in James's Bay. It is believed by many that the orthodox cod frequent the bay, a belief strengthened by the fact that they come into the Strait in large numbers.

I READ in print the other day a very plaintive letter from a young wife, whose first quarrel with her husband was caused by the tragic fact that he would insist upon keeping his brushes upon his bureau as he had always been accustomed to do, instead of placing them neatly in the drawer according to his wife's request. It was the beginning of a long series of similar fallings-out, and no wonder. I think those of us who find these little vexations so hard to bear might well remember these words of an old newspaper song:

"What compensation has a man
Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,
If home is made a battle-ground,
And life one long, eternal row?"

Humorous Tit-Bits.

The other day a wagon-maker who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke.

It does not seem to make a miller dyspeptic to bolt his meals, but that's because he's got the thing down fine probably.

"Talk about striking a tender chord," soliloquized the tramp at the wood pile, "this is one of the toughest cords I ever struck."

"It's awfully hard," said the Five Dollar Bill as he was borrowed for the hundredth time, "to go through life entirely a loan."

Railway Official—"Smoking's not allowed in this waiting-room, sir. You'll have to go out on the platform," Mr. McFinigan—"I'm not smoking, sir." "But you have your pipe in your mouth, sir." "Yis, an' I hev' me feet in my boots, but I'm not walkin'."

School teacher (after discoursing on literature)—"Now, Georgie Gazzam, which would you rather be—Shakespeare or Oscar Wilde?"

Georgie—"Oscar Wilde, ma'am."

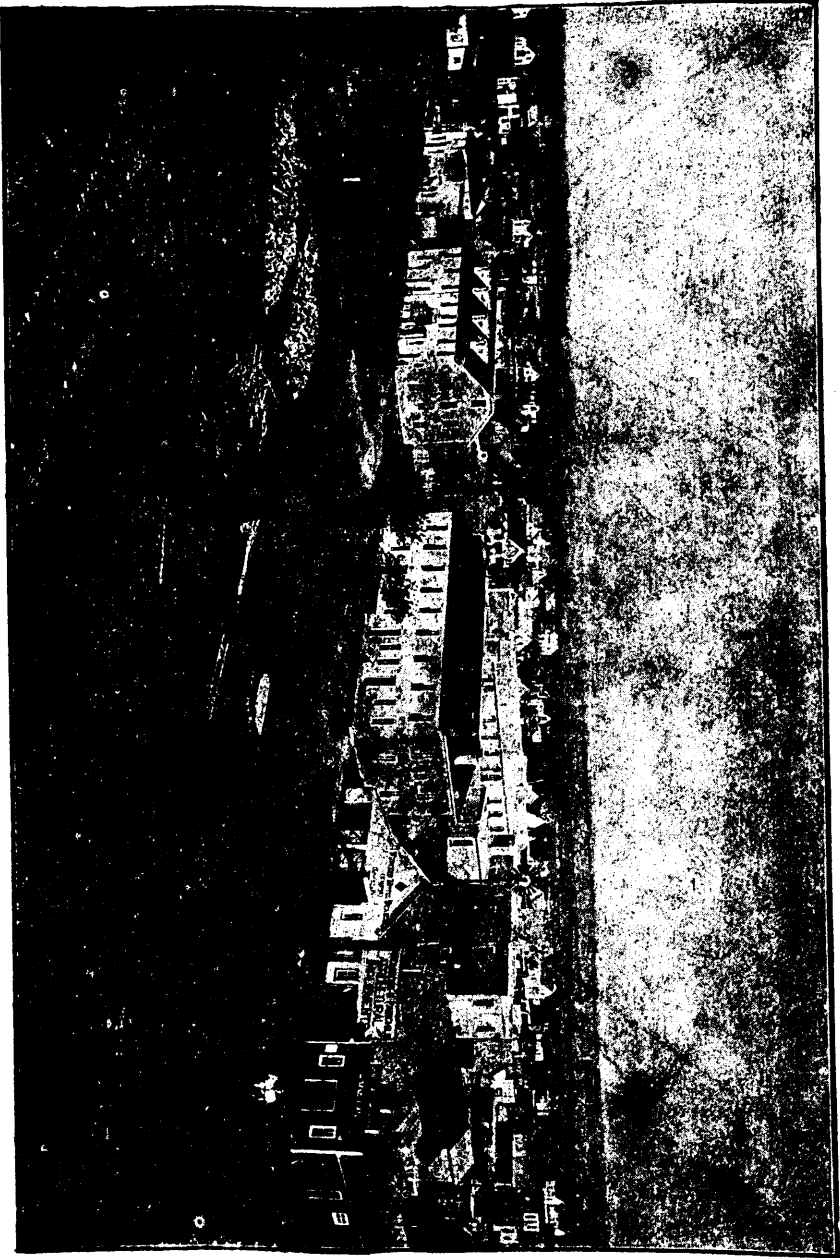
"Indeed, why?"

"Because Shakespeare's dead."—*Life*.

Little Archibald is seven years old, but he is very much interested in hearing the newspapers read. He was greatly impressed by the report of the "hunger parade" in Toronto, and a short time afterward he was seen marching about the house with his father's black surah shirt, tied to a broomstick like a flag.

"Why, Archie, what does that mean?" asked his mother.

"That means I'm hungry," answered the youth, haughtily. "I have raised the black flag and you must give me something to eat. His mother was about to comply, when his father stopped her. "Hold on," said he, "these Toronto paraders demand 'work or bread.' I guess young man we'll give you work. Go out and pick up all the rubbish you've scattered in the back yard." Archie ruefully obeyed and he has not raised the black flag since.—*Buffalo Express*.



TOWN OF CARBERRY, MANITOBA, IN 1891.

The Hudson's Bay Company and Mr. Julian Ralph.

BY ARCHER MARTIN

EVERY Canadian, or at least every Northwest Canadian, who takes an intelligent interest in the history of his country, will gladly welcome every contribution from the pen of any one at all qualified to write on the rise and progress of that great company which gave its name to, and is so inseparably bound up with the vast plantation of Rupert's Land; that is, so long as such contribution possess the qualifications of originality and accuracy. If it does not possess the first of these requirements it is tedious and unprofitable as a literary production; if it lacks the latter, then it is not only valueless but distinctly harmful from any point of view.

Even a cursory consideration of a recent article in *Harpers' Magazine*, for February, entitled, "A Skin for a Skin," by Mr. Julian Ralph, shows that it is open to both the above objections.

So far as regards the first, it may be dismissed shortly by saying that Mr. Ralph has drawn almost exclusively and in an injudicious manner on the well-known Parliamentary Reports of 1749 and 1819, to which he refers, and jogging along this much travelled track, has nothing new to present to readers who are at all familiar with the subject.

The article, in many respects, much resembles one entitled, "The Romantic Story of a Great Corporation," which appeared a little over two years ago in the *Cosmopolitan*, and was written by Mr. J. M. Oxley. The illustrations, from the facile pencil of Mr. F. Remington, as a whole are excellent, though it is evident from the foxy and jagged curs depicted on page 381 as husky dogs, that the artist is not familiar with this fine animal; and from the truly wonderful canoe on page 393, that Mr. Remington is more at home on the plains than he is on the lakes and rivers of Rupert's Land. The illustrations in the *Cosmopolitan* are of more permanent value, as they represent actual places of interest.

As regards the second of the essentials above referred to, Mr. Ralph is still more unfortunate. He begins by stating that the "head offices of the great corporation" are in Winnipeg instead of London, and ends by transforming the old friend of the *voyageur*, the tump-line, so known to "Webster's Unabridged," into "tomp-line," which is a stranger to us. Passing over the incorrect description of the armorial bearings of the ancient company, what shall we say of the unhappy reference to Johnny *Crapeau* (!) on page 380, or the delightfully unconscious manner in which the writer persistently speaks of the *courrier (sic) du bois*, instead of the *coureur du bis*, all through his paper? Had he glanced at Washington Irving's charming "Astoria," or the *Cosmopolitan* even, he would not have committed this inexcusable error.

Historically, he errs from the beginning, for though in the report of 1749 he had a copy of the Company's charter before him as he wrote, yet he gives the date of it as 1672 instead of 1670, May 2nd; nor is he apparently quite sure of the date he *does* give, for on another page 392, he fixes the present age of the Company as 230 years, which would make the date of the grant of the charter 1662, or eight years worse than before. Mr. Oxley, at least, got this important date correct in his article. Nor is he more reliable when he says that the charter was given as a reward for efforts made, and to be made to find the North-West Passage. This was only one of the causes for the grant, which goes on to say, in the quaint language of the day, "and for the finding of some trade in furs, minerals and other considerable commodities."

Mr. Ralph does not appear to have a high opinion of the geographical attainments of the readers of *Harper's* or he would not have stated that "England had offered £20,000 reward to whosoever should find the bothersome passage to the southern seas *via the North Pole*" (!) The Act, 18 Geo. ii, Cap 17, A. D., 1745, offered that reward to any of His Majesty's subjects who should find the passage "through Hudson's Straights to the Western and Southern Ocean of America," and the framers of the statute apparently realized the fact, differing in this respect

from Mr. Ralph, that a vast expanse of territory lies between Hudson's Straits and the Pole; and by a subsequent enactment a special reward of £5,000 was offered to any one who should approach within one degree of the same.

There is no "novelty in the suggestion" given on page 378 that the men of the Company should be employed in the search for the North Pole, and "the interest it may excite" will not be perceptible as any one at all familiar with Arctic exploration well knows that the value of the Company's officers and men in this connection has been recognized for generations.

Speaking of the officers of the Company, it might be as well to state that Sir Donald Smith is *not* the president as there is no such officer. He is the governor of the Company. Mr. Wrigley is not now the commissioner, he has been succeeded by Mr. C. C. Chipman since Mr. Ralph was here.

The statement on page 374 that "by the time the Englishmen established themselves on Hudson's Bay individual Frenchmen and half-breeds had penetrated the country still further west . . . (and) . . . fitted out by the merchants of Canada pursued the fur trade, etc., is pure fiction and the unfortunate creation of Mr. Ralph, who alone, not omitting the bitter partizans of the French and the claims of the celebrated Sir Alex. Mackenzie himself, is bold enough to advance such a preposterous proposition. His assertion that "in a hundred years (1770) they (the H. B. Co.) were no deeper in the country than at first (on the shores of Hudson's Bay), excepting as they extended their little system of forts or 'factories' up and down and on either side of Hudson and James Bays," is not in accordance with the facts. The company had established and occupied, more or less intermittently according to the exigencies of the fur trade, Brunswick House up the Moose River in 1730; Henley House, about 1744, some 150 or 200 miles up the Albany River; Flamborough Factory, before 1750, about the same distance up the Hayes River; and, about 1740-50, apparently, a fort at Split Lake, and Fort Nelson far up the Churchill River.

Mr. Ralph is still more unfortunate when he says that "as early as 1731 M.

Varenes de la Vorandrye, licensed by the Canadian Government as a trader, penetrated the west as far as the Rockies, leading Sir Alexander Mackenzie to that extent by more than sixty years." Verandrye did not even reach the Lake of the Woods till 1732 and never saw the Rocky Mountains; in fact he died in the attempt to reach them in 1749.

Two of his sons had, however, accomplished this great design in 1742-3, via the Missouri, eleven years after the date erroneously assigned to the father.

What does the writer mean by saying that the "brifty French capitalists and Scotch merchants of *Upper Canada*" formed the North-West Company in 1783? Really, he ought to know that those canny princes of the fur trade—the McGillivrays, Frobishers, McKenzies, Mac-tavishes, McKays, Grants, Camerons, Frasers, McDonalds, etc., were all of Montreal and had nothing to do with the Upper Canadian merchants. The remark that the "French crown had been first in the field with a royal charter" (p. 384) must be assumed to be jocular, as it is difficult to believe that any one would have the hardihood to set up claims in 1818 under the defunct and preposterous charter of the Hundred Associates conferred by Cardinal Richelieu on the 29th of April, 1627. Sir Alexander Mackenzie never so much as hinted at any such a right, even if that charter had been in operation it differed most materially from that of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The royal license referred to on page 391 as expiring in 1838 was renewed for twenty-one, not twenty years. Consequently it did not "expire" in 1858, but so far as British Columbia was concerned it was revoked on September 2nd of that year. As regards the rest of the territories it lapsed by effluxion of time in 1859, the Company refusing to accept the short renewal of it which was offered them.

It would be interesting to know on what foundation rests the statement that "at first the officers and men were nearly all from the Orkney islands," so far as the officers are concerned. It is probably correct as regards the men, and more probably incorrect as regards their superiors, who were almost exclusively

English and Scotch, as distinguished from Orkneymen, *i.e.*, if any reliance can be placed on names.

Our writer, page 384, says that Lord Selkirk "held up the opposition to the world as profiting upon (*sic*) the weakness of the Indians by giving them alcohol, yet he ordered distilleries set up (*sic*) in his colony afterwards, saying, 'We grant the trade is iniquitous, but if we don't carry it on others will; so we may as well put the guineas in our own pockets.'"

This is a very grave charge to make against such a nobleman, one whose name is justly revered in this country, and before he can be reduced to the degrading position of a rum-seller to the Indians. Mr. Ralph will have to produce his authority. On the very face of his words it looks as though he had confused the settlers with the Indians. There is a wide difference between allowing the colonists to make liquors for their own use and "ordering" distilleries to be set up for the purpose of nefarious traffic with the natives. Even the Earl's grants of lands to the colonists contained clauses restraining the sale of spirits to the Indians. The statement that, on hearing of the troubles at Red River, "Lord Selkirk came with all speed, reaching Canada in 1817" is, as might be expected, inaccurate. He had been there, with his family, since the autumn of 1815. Mr. Ralph is, however, correct in stating that Canada "was now (1817) an *English colony*," but this piece of information, while it shows careful attention to details, yet is not calculated to make anyone unnecessarily enthusiastic over the writer's knowledge of Canadian history as unfortunately he apparently has never heard of the Treaty of Paris.

It sounds well, doubtless, to refer to the "lumptious governors" of the Hudson's Bay Company and the "little putty-pipe cannon" of their forts, but then facts are stubborn things, and here, for instance, is the description of Fort Prince of Wales, from a resident at the time it was taken by La Perouse in August, 1782, which explodes the "putty-pipe" pleasantry: "The Fort at this time mounted forty-two cannon, six, twelve, and twenty-four pounders, was provided

"with ammunition in great plenty and the Factory was not in immediate want of provisions of any kind. It was built of the strongest materials, its walls were of great thickness, and very durable, it having been forty years in building, and attended with great expense to the company."

And here is York Fort in the same year: "The defence of York Fort consisted of thirteen cannon, twelve and nine pounders, which formed a half moon battery in the front of the Factory. On the ramparts were twelve swivel guns mounted on carriages. Every kind of small arms were in plenty and good condition within the Fort."

Not bad fortresses, one would think, for the desolate shores of Hudson's Bay, and provided these works were manned by stout hearts—which they were not—well able to give a good account of any enemy who ventured into that inland sea.

The allegation that Governor Miles McDonnell (formerly a captain in the Royal Canadian Volunteers) admitted that he had no warrant to style himself "captain" and "governor" is also contrary to fact. In the celebrated proclamation of Jan. 8, 1814, he was careful to recite that he had "been duly appointed Governor of Assiniboia," and signed his name as such, and he later asserted his gubernatorial status at the trials at Montreal, and on oath stated that "I had a commission as governor from the Hudson's Bay Company under the authority of their charter," and, "I had a commission appointing me Governor of the District of Ossiniboia, and it was in virtue of that commission that I acted in the Red River country."

The overplus trade of the Company, which appears to be something strange and underhand to Mr. Ralph, was a well recognized institution. It would be easy to quote authorities in support of the statement but one from a rival in trade will be sufficient. Long, the well-known Canadian trader states in his "Voyages and Travels," 1791, page 128: "It cannot be supposed that they (the company) are ignorant of this 'over plus trade,' or the means by which their servants obtain the advantages arising from it;

“if they are not, and no impartial person will suppose they are, they not only allow but approve of the conduct of their governors, from a conviction of its being beneficial to the interests of the company; a proper reward for the labors of their servants, or from some other motive, which because it is adopted by men so respectable, and so much above reproach, must be allowed to be wise and prudent.”

We are also presented with a doleful picture of the harsh and cruel conduct of the company's governors towards the “trembling varlets,” their servants. The same authority that we have quoted above, fortunately, knew some of Mr. Ralph's “trembling varlets,” and this is the result of his enquiries on their condition.

* * * “By way of refuting the charge of ‘cruelty and oppression,’ I need only add, what none, I think, will deny, that they (the servants) have been so well satisfied with the conduct of their superiors that many of them have continued in the service more than twenty years. I believe upon the whole, it will appear that the conduct of the superiors at home and abroad, is perfectly consistent with the true interests of the Company, and that any other mode of behavior would tend to anarchy and confusion, and I must declare for my own part, that I never heard of that personal disgust which Mr. Robson (one of Ralph's witnesses) so much complains of, but have rather found an anxious solicitude to be employed in their service.”

After what has gone before one almost expects the startling statement that Joseph La France “told his tales to Arthur Dobbs, who made a book of them!” It is enough to make that venerable writer turn in his grave to hear his scarce and valuable “Account of the countries, adjoining to Hudson's Bay,” (1744) called a book of tales, and that because he devoted barely 17 pages to the journal of the “French Canadese Indian,” as he quaintly terms him. Fie, Mr. Ralph, a book of tales! As the writer of an historical sketch on the Company you are ungenerous to your predecessor.

And then why branch off into that little irrelevant and speculative disquisi-

tion on the origin of the name Peace River, when you might have consulted the best and earliest authority, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, on the point? Here is his derivation:

“On the 13th October (1792) we came to the Peace Point, from which, according to the report of my interpreter, the river derives its name; it was the spot where the Knisteneaux and Beaver Indians settled their di-pute; the real name of the river and point being that of the land which was the object of contention.”

On page 386 will be found the following remarkable statements explanatory of the grant of Assiniboia to Lord Selkirk, by the Company, in 1811:

“No one, therefore, will wonder that when this grant was made several members of the governing committee resigned;” and “a queer development of the moment was a strong oppositor from holders of Hudson's Bay stock, who were also owners in that Company's great rival, the North-West Company.”

In regard to the first of the above assertions, Mr. Ralph is quite correct in saying that no one will wonder at the resignation of “several members of the governing committee” for the simple reason that no such resignation took place. Even the N. W. Co. did not make such a claim in their semi-official “Narrative;” presumably it was left for Mr. Ralph to make the discovery. In regard to the second it is regrettable, but none the less true, that the “queer development” does not develop, for the “strong opposition” on the part of certain H. B. C. stockholders was nothing more or less than a determined effort on the part of certain agents of the N. W. Co. to burke Lord Selkirk's enterprise by purchasing stock about forty-eight hours before the meeting; not long enough to entitle them to vote indeed at the general court of proprietors, but enough to give them an opportunity to make an insidious protest. This attempt is so well known and appreciated in this province, and is such “ancient history” that an apology is almost due for giving it even the slightest consideration. The familiar story of the cruel massacre of the estimable Governor Semple is told again, out space and inclination both pre-

vent animadversion on the writer's mode of dealing with this subject, except that it is wrong to speak of "factors" of the North-West Company, and misleading to say that all the employees of that company who were charged with crimes arising out of these disputes between the rival fur traders were acquitted, for the blood-thirsty De Reinhard was found guilty of the most foul and atrocious murder of his prisoner, Mr. Owen Keveny, and condemned to be hung on the 8th June, 1818, though, for reasons too lengthy to be discussed here, he was subsequently pardoned, after languishing for several years in jail.

Passing over many minor inaccuracies, we have to face the blow which our history receives when we learn that "*in 1871 all the colonies of Canada were confederated (!)*" and we have had hardly time to recover from this shock when we are practically annihilated by the lordly way in which Mr. Ralph, with a generosity born of an untrammelled mind, and an indifference to consequences equal to his generosity, bestows (in the wrong year) on the "Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" no less than *one-half* of the fertile belt of Rupert's Land, though their deed of surrender only reserved to them *one-twentieth* of that noble inheritance.

Miscellaneous.

The truli brave man iz the won afrade off being kalled a koward.

Bald-headed truth shuld ware the curl-wig of sweet circumlution.

Moral Reflectshun—What shal it profit a man if he gane the hole world and lose his own soal?

The man who alweighs rememberz a favor and whoo never forgettz a frend, will pla first fiddle in the heavenli orchestra.

Munny will bi awl the luxuries off this wurd, but itt kant purchase a single necessity. Sho me the shop whare they sel kontentment, luv, conscience, peace, and I'll sho you the necessities off life.

THE GREAT DIVIDER'S DIARY.—March

29th, '59.—Mudd Hen Holler haz fallen upon evil daz. The joius levity off its yooth iz past, the bad man iz kno moar, virc Chew now occupies the first flar and the faro tables iz moved upp stares. Where once the roolet player sang his siren song, the counter jumper hoppeth; and where once the ga revolver did revolve, the ginger ail kork poppeth. Az Sheakspeer sez, these air piping times off peec. Our suckcess haz been our ruin. The sturdy miners, the horny-handed sun of to l, have awl been eucher-d owt of their mines by slick citizens, and robbery is now conducted according too the rules off kommerce. Lawyers and doctors hav arrived too komplete our finanshall and physical ruin. Slick Bill has yielded to the demands of morality, and haz put skreen doarz in front of his bar, and many of his customers have reformed, and keep a barrel off whiski in thare cellars, and patronize his plase kno moar. Drug stores have krept in and injured his trade. Dækons patronize the sody watter fountain and wink when tha sa tha will take sum off "the same." I am sadd, mi diari, but I see no ra off hoap. The town grows bigger and better everi da. We shal soon have policeman, a mayor and worst off all, a board of aldermen. Then, indeed, wil our kup be full.

The clever flatterer konvinces a man that he possesses virc Chews that he knowz he hasn't got.—*The Great Divide*, Denver, Colorado.

Recently a girl in one of the public schools of this city was asked by her teacher to explain the difference between the words *balance* and *remainder*. Her answer was: "You can say 'A man lost his balance and fell,' but you cannot say 'A man lost his remainder and fell.'"

A FRIEND recently wanted to write a sketch of the wife of "Bill Nye," and wrote the humorist for Mrs. Nye's permission and some facts. "She objects, although I insisted," wrote the humorist, "and we had b-tter let her off. She has always seemed to shrink from this sort of thing for years, and yet she weighs over 150 pounds to day."

WHEN the farmer speaks of working at the polls he does not mean labor in a bean patch.

A LADY who has just seen her daughters modernly married gives a list of the bridal gifts, filling three closely written pages, and recalling the customs of her own youth adds, "As nearly as I can recall I think my only wedding presents were two silver salt spoons and a cook book."

"DOCTOR, do you pray for your patients?" asked an old lady of one of our leading physicians the other day. "Madam," answered the doctor impressively, "of course I do. One of the earliest things I learned was to pray for my daily bread."

MANY years ago a man in Pike Co., Pennsylvania, swore that he would not cut his hair until Henry Clay was elected President of the United States. He has been compelled to shun society and is now almost a recluse, not on account of his long hair, however, but because his wife has cut it for him ever since his rash vow.

HOW TO INTEREST THE BOYS.—Fathers, give your boys a show on the farm. Let them have an acre, or at least half an acre of ground for their own use to manage as they please. Charge them, if you wish, a little rent for the land and for the seed; then let them have all they can make from it. Let them get the ground ready early in the spring, and then by working mornings and evenings and all of Saturday they will not need to miss school. Let them plant potatoes, corn, vegetables, anything they wish. They will take a great deal of interest in the farm work if they can do something to bring in some money for themselves; and if they succeed in raising good crops see how proud of them they will be. I know a boy whose father gave him this chance; he made \$25 on an acre, and was not near a good market either. Now give your boys this chance in the spring of '92. Don't laugh at them or say anything to discourage. It will be a great point gained if you will keep them happy, hopeful and contented on the farm.

NEW WAYS OF ORDERING BOOKS.—Australia is getting to be literary, but after a fashion distinctly its own. The way they have of ordering books there was aptly illustrated by the receipt of an order from a Melbourne house by a firm in London, which read: "Send us three

tons of books immediately." Another house in London received an order from Australia equally *carte blanche* in its terms: "We want 30,000 pounds sterling in books; despatch by first ship." These stories, the truthfulness of which is vouched for, remind me of an order received once by a New York retail book house from a resident of one of the states which has always been regarded as a gem in the coronet of Eastern culture. The letter read:

GENTLEMEN: I have now finished building my library. I have had eight shelves built, each six feet long. Please send on enough books to fill them, by express, C.O.D.

And it was a peculiar and miscellaneous lot of volumes which went from that house a few days later, but the bill was promptly paid, and the purchaser was evidently satisfied.

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York.

The last report of this wonderful success in life insurance is before us. By it we learn that the year just closed has been the banner year in its history. This company was incorporated eleven years ago to furnish insurance (upon a scientific basis) to its policy holders at actual cost or less than half the rate charged by the old system companies. A glance at the advertisement in another part of this Journal, where a comparison is made will show that more than promised has been done. The business within the last year exceeded fifty million dollars; cash surplus at credit of policy holders is over three million. Government deposits five hundred thousand; insurance in force over two hundred million; saved to policy holders in reduction of cost over thirty million. Amount of business secured in Manitoba, Northwest Territories and British Columbia in 1891 was one and one half million.

Mr. A. R. McNichol is the general manager for Manitoba, Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Mr. Stanley Henderson, of Vancouver, has charge of British Columbia, where he is working up a very large business.

The head office for Northwest Canada is in the McIntyre Block, Winnipeg.

Publisher's Notes.

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.

* * *

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

* * *

To advertisers we would say that THE MANITOBAN is just the medium you want through which to reach the people for specific articles or for anything which you want to have placed prominently before the public. *Please note this.* We cover a large field, our magazine already having a circulation up in the thousands.

* * *

In the April number will appear an interesting article on "The Waterways of the Northwest," by H. N. Ruttan, Esq., the well known civil engineer. As Mr. Ruttan is an authority on this subject, our readers can look forward to something of interest.

* * *

Be sure you read the April number of THE MANITOBAN. The opening chapters of a powerful written and thrilling story, entitled, "The Shadow of a Wrong," by Alford North, a local writer, will be published. As the aim of this magazine is to encourage home talent we ask everybody to subscribe and help us along.

* * *

We have made arrangements whereby THE MANITOBAN will be found throughout the principal cities in the east. As we

are bound to work up a large circulation, our friends will assist us by sending in the names of friends to whom we will send sample copies, if they will promise to induce them to subscribe.

* * *

THE MANITOBAN solicits suitable original articles for its pages from those who are interested in our progress. We have plenty of talent in this great west, all it wants is developing. Let us hear from you.

* * *

We are glad to say that we are slowly and surely forging ahead. Our success for the past three months has been beyond our most sanguine expectations. To the public we owe our thanks for their patronage and by a continuance of their favor we hope to give our friends one of the best monthly papers for the price published in the Dominion. Send along your subscriptions if you are not already a subscriber, and assist us in building up the only literary magazine west of the great lakes.

* * *

We wish to obtain as much as possible all the historical and interesting events relating to this great northwest 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, 186 James Street, Winnipeg, Man., and we will be sure to get it. Let us hear from you.

Tommy—"Did you ever see a real circus?"

Johnny—"No; but I've heard ma when pa comes home late, lots of times."

Literary Notes and Reviews.

Mrs. Gladstone's first article in the series of "Hints From a Mother's Life," which she has written for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, will appear in the April issue of that periodical.

The first number of the *Daily Standard*, published at Regina, is to hand and presents a neat appearance. THE MANITOBAN wishes the *Standard* success in its new departure, it having hitherto been a weekly.

Of the many bright and readable papers that reach us, none are more welcome than the *Victoria Home Journal*. It is a weekly of sixteen pages devoted to social, political, literary, musical and dramatic gossip, and is well worthy of perusal. Published every Saturday at Victoria, B.C., at \$1 per year.

The *Colonist* for March is out. This publication is making special efforts at present to place the claims of Manitoba before the world as a field for immigration. Descriptions are given from month to month of the various districts of that province and the Territories. This last number contains an article on a trip from Winnipeg to the Coast by a well-known writer.

Of the many monthly papers we receive perhaps the most original and unique is *The Great Divide*, published at Denver, Colorado. It is literally full of interesting articles relating to the Great West, the Rocky Mountains with its gulches and canyons, and other places of interest. Each number is handsomely illustrated and printed on good paper. Being a western paper it seems nearer home to us than an eastern magazine which will make it all the more interesting. Published by the *Great Divide Co.*, Denver, Colorado. Subscription, \$1 per year; single copies 10c.

The March number of the new *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* is to hand and is fully up to the previous issue. Two beautiful pictorial supplements are given away with this number while the entire contents give us a feast of good things with numerous illustrations. The serial story "The Raid from Beausejour," by Chas. G. D. Roberts is continued and continues as interesting as ever. "From Canada to St. Helena," by A. McCook is an account of an interesting trip to the famous isle where Napoleon ended his days. "Deacon Snider and the Circus" as told by Wm. Wilfred Campbell will give you a hearty laugh and reminds us of youthful days. "Historic Canadian Waterways," by J. M. Le Moine is an interesting chapter of Canadian History; "Curling in Canada," is graphically described by James Hedley, while current events with portraits of the new Quebec Ministry. "Scraps and snaps" by F. Blake Cufton, "When Bill Came Down," a story by El. W. Sandys; "How Jack won his Snowshoes," by Samuel M. Baylie; Jamaica Vistas," by Dr. Wolfred Campbell, and "To My Canary Bird," by Geo. Martin, complete an excellent number. Published by the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.—\$1.50 per year.

The *Weekly Mirror* is the latest addition to the newspaper field in Winnipeg. It is neatly printed, contains numerous articles on dramatic society and sporting events, also general notes on the news of the week. If not quite the *pink* of perfection the publishers are endeavoring to make it so. We wish them success. \$2 per annum, 5c per copy. Published by The *Mirror* Pub. Co., Winnipeg.

We have received a copy of the handsomely illustrated prospectus for 1892 issued by *The Detroit Free Press*. The achievements of this famous paper in the past have been great, but if its promises for the future are to be fulfilled—and there certainly is no reason to expect the contrary—*The Detroit Free Press* will in 1892 be, as its publishers confidently claim, the most entertaining and instructive paper published, giving additional pleasures to its thousands of old subscribers and fresh enjoyment to the many thousand new ones that its merits deserve. Its list of contributors for 1892 includes many of the most famous names in American literary and public life, and most of the articles to be published are of unusual importance and interest, presenting a splendid array of valuable features in addition to the inimitable work done by its own staff of bright and famous writers.

The publishers of *The Free Press* will mail copies of the paper and prospectus to all applicants. Subscription \$1 per year. Published by the *Detroit Free Press Co.*, Detroit, Mich. If you wish to obtain this paper at a reduced rate, see our clubbing offer.

The March *Eclectic* leads off with an attractive article by the Duke of Marlborough, entitled "Merry England," which seems almost a misnomer, for it deals principally with the characteristics and institutions of American life, of which the author speaks in terms of the most cordial admiration. Sir C. Gavan Duffy contributes very interesting reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle, which are very fresh and racy. Articles of reminiscences appear to be dominant in this issue. Mr. Edward Dicey gives us much suggestive talk and anecdotes *apropos* of Tewfik Pacha, whom he knew well, and there is something which might be called a symposium of reminiscences concerning the late Cardinal Manning, a picturesque and fascinating personality, independent of his rank in the Church. H. B. Trail discusses "Minor English Poets," and there is a deserved tribute to the blind poet Marston, by Coulson Kernahan. Three taking science papers of a popular turn are "The Fuel of the Sun," by J. Ellard Gore, F.R.A.S., "Inter-Astral Communication," by Camille Flammarion, and "Some Possibilities of Electricity," by Prof. Wm. Crookes. Mr. J. G. Alger contributes a paper on "Women in the Reign of Terror," of great interest, though the facts are not essentially fresh. The same fascination seems to hang over the French Revolution now as in the past. "The fall of Balmaceda" is treated by an English writer resident in Chile with a spirit of fairness, and gives the best account of the episode which has appeared. The article entitled "Prince Bismarck Followed up" studies the life of the great man since he was

put on the retired list by the present Emperor, and is full of interest to the reader. Among active articles which might be specially mentioned is Sir Herbert Maxwell's entertaining essay on "Pleasure." There are two strong short stories, "The Four Students" and "The Ebony Frame." Several notable poems and clever short papers complete the number.

ART NOTE.

It is seldom Manitobans have the chance of procuring a really fine life-size portrait or study in art unless they obtain them from the east, and even then are not what are represented, and come very high in price. But in the past few days there has come to Winnipeg a celebrated Japanese artist, Mr. Hideh, whose studio it is a pleasure to visit. If there is one thing more than another we like to see, it is a finely executed painting, and Mr. Hideh seems to possess the happy faculty of turning out this class of work. To all lovers of art we would suggest a visit to Mr. Hideh's studio.

Musical and Dramatic.

MAX O'RELL was greeted with appreciative audiences on the evenings of March 4th and 5th.

ST. PATRICK'S concert promises to be a good one. Mr. Chas. Kelly, Miss Barrett, the Hatton Quartette and others are taking part.

THE performances of the Winnipeg Gymnasium on the 15th and 16th were well attended and our gymnasts have again surprised us with their work. This institution deserves every support and encouragement.

BRANDON'S new opera hall has at last been opened to the public and vocalists now have a very good place in which to sing. The acoustics are good and we may expect to hear of many entertainments being given in the hall. Portage

la Prairie should follow suit now and provide a proper place for the use of musical aspirants.

The Operatic Society are practising very hard for their performances on April 26, 27 and 28 and the "Pirates of Penzance" will no doubt be as much of a success as it was in 1884.

GRACE CHURCH CHOIR have every reason to feel grateful to the people of Brandon for the magnificent way in which they were entertained and as a matter of fact they appear to be unable to say enough in praise. Their trip was a most enjoyable one in every respect. The ladies of the Methodist church at Portage la Prairie made an effort to induce the choir to return and give another concert on Good Friday but they were unsuccessful.

AGAIN there are rumors of a new opera house with Mr. Seach at the helm. We can only trust there is some truth in the report.

RUBE ALLYN, an elocutionist and dramatic reader, gave an admirable entertainment in the opera house on the 14th. Although alone, he entertained his audience for a couple of hours and managed to satisfy them in every way.

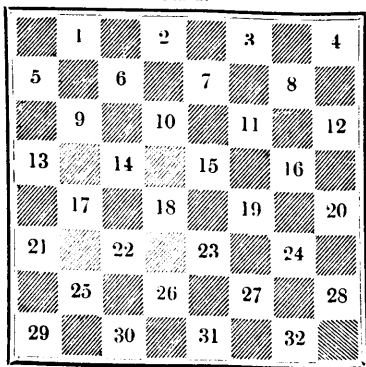
SPOHR'S "Last Judgment," in preparation for a long while past by the choir of Holy Trinity church, will be given on the 24th and 25th in the church.

OUR CHECKER DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY.

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

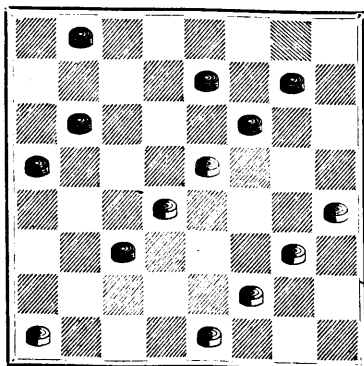
REFERENCE BOARD FOR BEGINNERS.
Black.



White.

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 checker player. Black always moves first.

POSITION NO. 1 BY ED KELLY.
Black.



White.

Black to play and win.

GAME NO. 1, OLD FOURTEENTH.

Played between Messrs. Zanoni and Wylie.

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

A—Forms position No 1 as above, correcting Robertson's Guid Var. 31 at 20th move.

GAME NO. 2. CROSS.

Played in the checker tournament now in progress at the Winnipeg Checker and Chess Club between J. Thompson and H. Cameron.

THOMPSON'S MOVE.

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

A—A weak move, 32-27 at this point would be stronger.

Mr. Reed's visit to Washington, Pa., was a great success. He played across board 69 games winning 66 and 3 draws. On Friday evening, the 15, he gave one of the most remarkable exhibitions of checker playing ever seen or done by any other player. First, he and Maize, the state champion, played a game without sight of the board, which Reed won. Then he played 17 players simultaneously across-board, winning 14 and 3 draws. After which he played 6 simultaneous blindfold games, all of which he won. Thinking this was hardly enough playing for one evening, he and Mr. Gibson played a game of whist against Messrs. Patterson and Maize, while he was playing two blindfold games against Mr. Stewart, who lost both of them.

CHECKER NOTES.

How many checkerists will send us a correct solution of position No. 1.

The Chicago Chess and Checker Club has adopted resolutions to hold a checker tournament during the World's Fair in 1893. There can be no doubt of its success should President Hopkins take it in hand.

Contributions of games and problems for this department will be thankfully received. If lovers of our silent game will aid us by contributing a few games and positions occasionally, we will be able to make our checker department interesting to all grades of players.

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In order to give you a trial of what THE MANITOBAN really is we send it to you absolutely free for

3 Months for Only 15 Cents.

By so doing we are assured that you will at the expiration of the time send us your yearly subscription.

New features will be added from month to month, and everything will be done to make it a first-class family paper. Send in your subscription at once to the MANITOBAN Publishing Company, 186 James Street, Drawer 1371, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Important to Subscribers.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with McMillan Bros., publishers of the *English Illustrated Magazine* whereby we can offer their splendid large magazine together with THE MANITOBAN for only *Two Dollars and Ten Cents*. This is an unparalleled offer as the price of the *Illustrated Magazine* alone is \$1.75. Send in your orders early and receive both magazines free for one year—postage paid.

Or we will send THE MANITOBAN and the *Weekly Tribune*, a large 12 to 16 page paper, together with your choice of a portrait of the late *Hon. Sir John Macdonald* or *Hon. Wilfred Laurier* for One Dollar and fifty cents. Or we will send the three, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, THE MANITOBAN and the *Weekly Tribune*, together with one of the above named portraits, for only \$2.85.