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THE MANITOBAN.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. I.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, MAY, 1892.

No. 6

Notes and Comments.



THE Local Legislature has adjourned, and the country members have again donned their working clothes. The session was not noted for anything unusual, everything having passed off smoothly. As it was the last one prior to the general elections, the leavetaking was perhaps a little more sad than on ordinary occasions, and the members, as they gazed upon their seats for perhaps the last time, felt how vain was glory and the pomps and vanities of the world.

* * *

ALREADY we can scent the battle from afar, and as the time draws near, the coming elections will have a particular interest for Manitobans. The people will be called upon to select their representatives for another term, and in doing so, should not be misled by promises. Let us support good men, moral men, upright men, Christian men, temperance men, men who are true to themselves, no matter what party they may belong, and we cannot go far astray.

Now that the general elections will shortly take place we can look for the usual mud slinging articles and vulgar epitaphs which are hurled at each other by the different newspaper organs addicted to this unseemly habit, throughout the province. What a pity that plain unvarnished Anglo-Saxon cannot be used without the vocabulary of names which is used to give emphasis to the utterances of unreasonable, and unintelligible articles. It is true that we still form a part of the wild and woolly west, but as we are now civilized, or ought to be, we should abandon that journalistic tendency which savors of cowboys, rough miners and Indian scouts. Let the coming campaign be conducted rationally and with honesty of purpose and the result will be just as satisfactory.

* * *

IN the death of the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie Canada loses one of her noblest sons, and the people, a warm advocate and friend. In his life the young men of the Dominion have a living and practical example of what perseverance and industry can do. His name was a synonym of good in every household, and, although a Reformer in politics, both parties

mourn his loss. In Parliament he was listened to with rapt attention, and his advice was not lightly cast aside. He was a firm believer in principle and no inducement held out to him could swerve or alter his purpose. Several times he was offered Knighthood which he as often refused on the ground that it did not become a Canadian to accept such honors. With a long life and eventful career brought to a close, we commit his body to the dust, retaining only a fond memory which will cling to the hearts of the Canadian people, as the ivy clings to the oak. Thus one by one the bulwarks which have helped to form a nation are cut down, and we are left to uphold the ship of destiny until we too shall see the lights in the haven beyond, where all is peace and rest.

* * *

THE farmers of this country, who were looking forward to the abolition of duty on binding twine, will have to live on, and hope for another year. At one time it seemed as if the Government would consent to allow it to be placed on the free list, but by the large vote of nays which were recorded when the motion was put, it would look as if the newspaper reports, in reference to what would be done, was mere hearsay, and without any foundation. If the retaining of the duty on this useful and necessary article to the farmers, will be the means of building up twine factories of our own country, which, by their competition, will reduce the price equal to the duty levied, then the Government have acted wisely in the matter, but, if our farmers

have to be dependant on one or two of our own manufacturers, and on our neighbors across the line for their supply, then the farmer is simply robbed of that much more, and the country is none the better off for the transaction. It looks like robbing Peter to pay Paul, which is pretty hard lines on Peter, especially if he is a Manitoba farmer. We believe in fostering home industry, but not at the expense of a monopoly, and until we have competition in the twine industry, there will be no reduction in prices.

* * *

THE rush for farm lands still continues, which is the cause of much satisfaction to the C.P.R. and all who have lands for sale. By their efficient immigration policy the Provincial Government are beginning to reap the benefit, and with the hearty co-operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the falling into line of the Dominion Government, we can look forward to grand results in the near future.

* * *

THE present Manitoba Government is to be congratulated, and the Hon. Thos. Greenway in particular, on the splendid immigration policy which has been inaugurated and carried out. As Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., pointed out in a telling speech at Ottawa the other day, now is the time to put forth every effort in securing settlers for the Northwest. He said "it will be money well spent if by securing one million settlers ten millions were spent," and we endorse his statements. We have a great country to fill and the sooner it is

filled the quicker it will be developed and the nearer the time when we will be, not only the leading country, but one occupying one of the foremost places in the world. We are not like the Yankee that "we want the earth with a fence around it," *we have it*, all we want is to have it settled on.

* * *

WE are pleased to see Mr. A. J. MacMillan, Manitoba's Immigration Agent in England, taking one of the smart Aleck's, who delight in newspaper correspondence to task. It appears some dissatisfied Englishman, who hails from nobody knows where in particular, has written a lengthy letter to an English paper, running down the country and saying all manner of discouraging things to would-be emigrants. Among other mis-statements of this erratic and unreliable individual, is one to the effect that THE MANITOBAN is prompted to do all it can for immigration and the settlement of the country because it is "supported and written by the Government." This is news to us, and is on a par with his other statements. We are actuated by the desire to see this great country settled, and any person who is willing to work and able to work, can secure for himself and family a home and competency, which is not as easily secured elsewhere. But there are always grumblers, and those of the stripe of the correspondent referred to, who could not make a living no matter what the surroundings were, or the circumstances that attended it. We wish to warn our English readers and their friends, against placing any reliability on such statements against the country, as made by the party

referred to, and if they are in doubt, they can rest assured that if they write to, or consult any of the Manitoba or Dominion Government Immigration Agents in England, they will be told what is correct.

* * *

FROM a marked copy of the Manchester *Evening News* of April 23rd, sent us from England, we learn that the Y.M.C.A., throughout the various cities there, have in connection with their Association, a branch society called the "Young Men's Emigration Advice Society," the object of which is to assist young men to emigrate, and instruct them prior to their journey to the new world.

The *News* says:—"In connection with this branch of the Y.M.C.A. work, the one hundred and twenty-first party of young men going to learn farming in Canada, with the consent of their friends, leave Liverpool to-day. They are twenty-two in number, from Hull, Brighton, Wrexham, Liverpool, Bury, Braintree and Manchester. They met at the Association rooms, in Manchester, yesterday, to receive instructions as to voyage, railway journey, farm life, etc., from Mr Newett, who during the past month has been advised of further openings in the Northwest for suitable young men who wish to learn farming. Mr Sanford was appointed leader."

From this we learn what a good work is being done by the Y.M.C.A. in advancing and promoting the interests of its members. Not only are they endeavoring to lead young men to Christ and live better lives, but they assist them practically by putting them in the way of earning a living

and in bettering their circumstances. If all the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout Great Britain were to act in the same way, as immigration agents, we would soon have this glorious country filled with a high class of settlers. No other country offers such a field for investment, or place for a home, as Manitoba and the Northwest. As the poet truly says:—

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

* * *

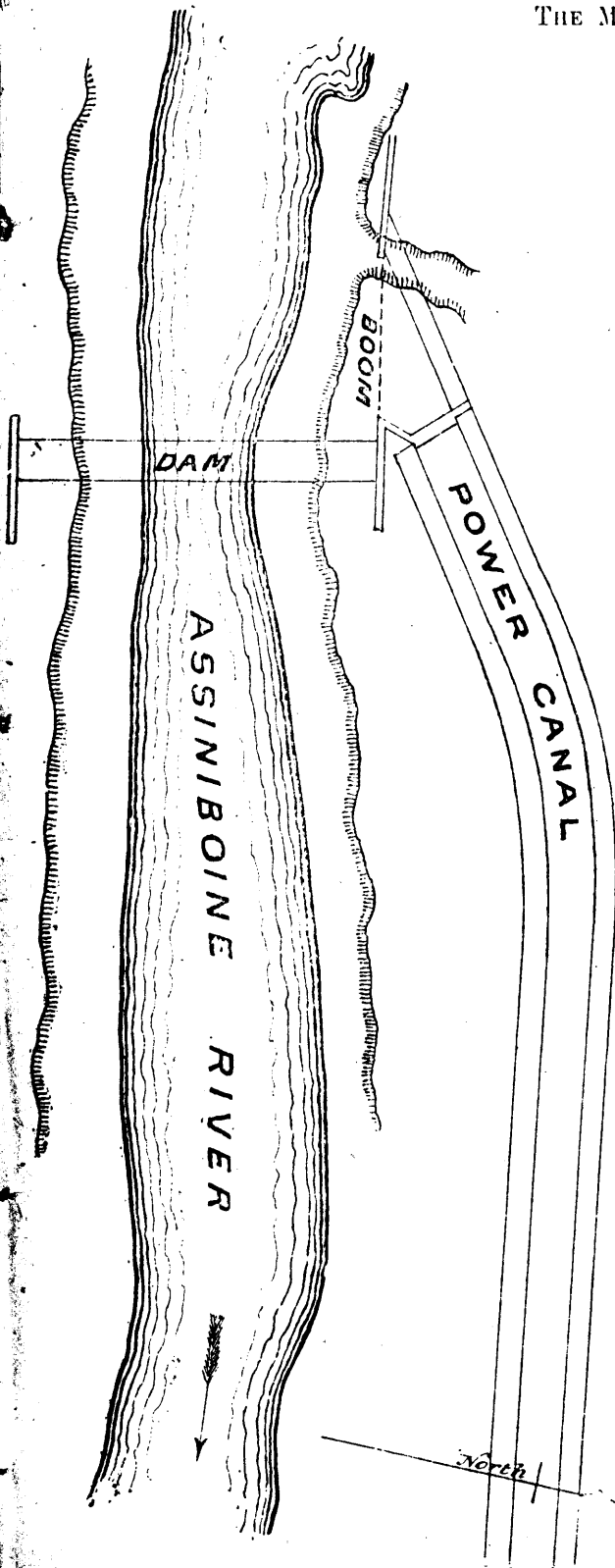
THE setting apart of a day for planting trees and calling it Arbor Day seems to be somewhat of a farce. Not one in ten observe the day as it is intended to be done by setting out trees and shrubs, but rather the contrary. This is a prairie country and therefore a treeless country to a certain extent, and if there is any country where trees and shrubs should be planted this is the place. In order to encourage this industry we would suggest that a bonus in the shape of a certain amount be allowed off the taxes, for trees planted either in the yard or on the street; and that the premises possessing trees and grounds which are neatly attended to be assessed at a lower valuation than the properties which are neglected and whose owners do not care whether a tree was ever planted or not as long as they get their rent and the gate can swing on its hinges.

If Winnipeg wants to possess a clean and healthy appearance she must keep her front and back yards in order. Property is always picked up and houses bring a good rental in localities where cleanliness and tidy-

ness is observed. If the rule of adorning our gardens with trees, shrubs, flowers and clean cut lawns and boulevards was the order of the day our streets would present a different appearance, the Health Inspector would be a happy man and the doctors would loose many of their patients, not by death, but by not requiring their services.

Winnipeg's Water Power

FOR some time past public attention has been directed to the enormous water-power which Winnipeg has within her grasp, and numerous schemes have been brought forward and promulgated for the carrying out of this important project, but apparently all to no purpose. With the advantages Winnipeg possesses in having such a power within her limits it is only "putting of till to-morrow what may be done to day" policy, which acts as a check on the progress of the city. From surveys and plans made by Mr. H. N. Ruttan, city engineer, it was fully demonstrated that at a cost of about \$400,000, a dam and power canal could be constructed on the Assiniboine which would furnish over 10,000 horse power, a sufficient quantity to answer all purposes of a city of 50,000 people. We also glean from the report referred to, that this power would be sufficient to grind 10,000 barrels of flour per day and that the power could be easily increased to double the capacity, by connecting the River to Lake Manitoba with a canal, and not only would the power thus obtained be valuable for flouring mills but other industries could be supported, and in a short time Winnipeg would become a great manufacturing centre. With the recent improvements which have taken place in the transmission of electric power, steam engines could be replaced by the electric motor, which would only cost one third as much to run as that of



steam. That electricity will be the great medium for transmitting power in the near future is fully demonstrated and this being the case such a power as Winnipeg possesses would, if developed, prove not only a boom to her, but to the province at large.

With the growth of the country the demand for manufacturing industries will increase and it will be imperative for Winnipeg to improve her resources or see large mills or other establishments locate elsewhere.

In order to give our readers an idea of how the proposed power could be constructed we will briefly describe it as follows.

Commencing at a point on the Assiniboine as marked on the diagram, a dam would have to be constructed 600 ft. in length, the foundations of which would rest on a solid bed of limestone rock twelve feet below the bed of the river. The total height of the dam from the foundation to crest would be thirty-four feet.

The dam at the base would be 40 feet through and eight feet at the top. The back and face would be closely sheeted with heavy plank and timber. Masonry or crib work piers would rise every 40 feet and would support a bridge carrying two floors, the top one which would be used for public traffic and the lower one to work the movable portion of the dam. Through this space created by hydraulic power applied through chains and fastenings, the ice in the spring would go tumbling over the immovable portion of the dam. The illustration given on page 185 shows the dam as it would appear looking up the stream with part of the flash boards down and part of them up.

For receiving the water immediately above the dam a power canal would be constructed extending along the north side of the river, as shown on the diagram on this page, while the mills would be erected between the canal and the river, their turbines being turned by water conveyed from the power canal by mill-races and sent

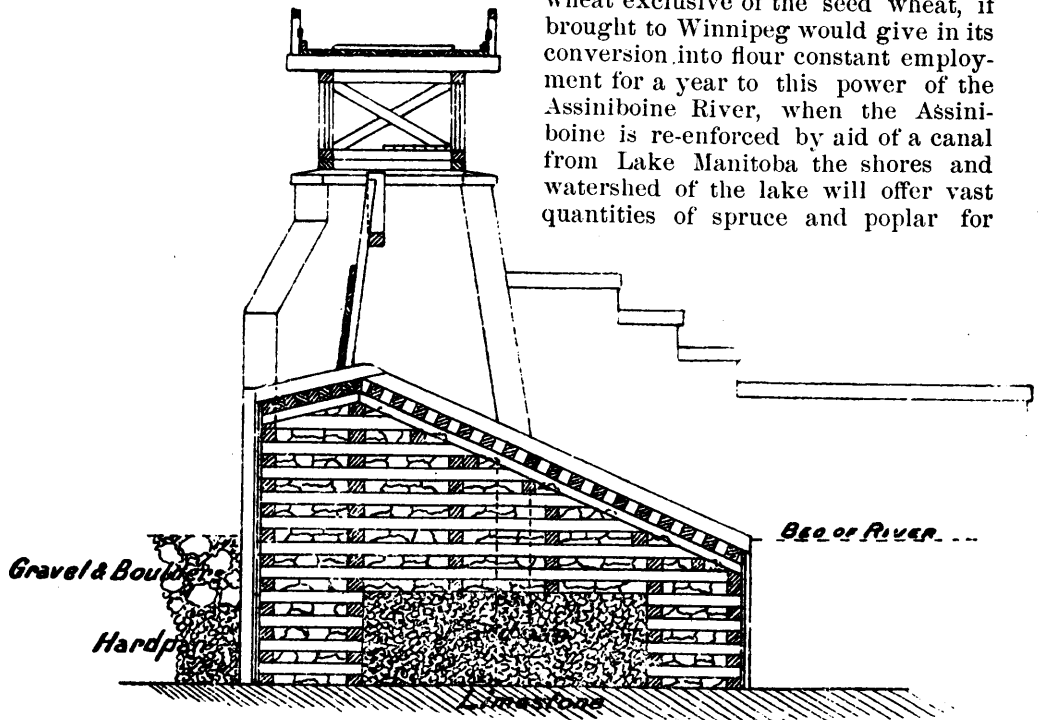
into the river below by sluice-ways. In this manner a water power could be obtained which would be of incalculable benefit to Winnipeg, and which would place her in competition with that of the Lake of the Woods.

Winnipeg would thus be to Manitoba and the Territories what Minneapolis is to Minnesota and Dakota.

It has been said that the people of

So it will be in a short time with the Assiniboine water power.

In closing this article we cannot do better than quote from the special report prepared on the water power by Col. J. T. Fanning, C.E. who confirms in every particular the report previously given by Major Ruttan, he says: "Estimating the wheat crop at 20 million bushels, we find that this wheat exclusive of the seed wheat, if brought to Winnipeg would give in its conversion into flour constant employment for a year to this power of the Assiniboine River, when the Assiniboine is re-enforced by aid of a canal from Lake Manitoba the shores and watershed of the lake will offer vast quantities of spruce and poplar for



SECTION A. B.

Manitoba indulge a great deal in chimerical ideas and lofty imaginations which have no place save in the brain. This may be so theoretically but practically it is not true. The same idea was advanced when the C. P. R., the greatest transcontinental line in the world was first spoken of. Numerous difficulties were foreseen by would-be wise ones, but the road was built two years before the time mentioned in the contract, and to-day it spans a continent, the wealth of nations rolling over its bands of steel.

grinding into pulp and the manufacture of paper.

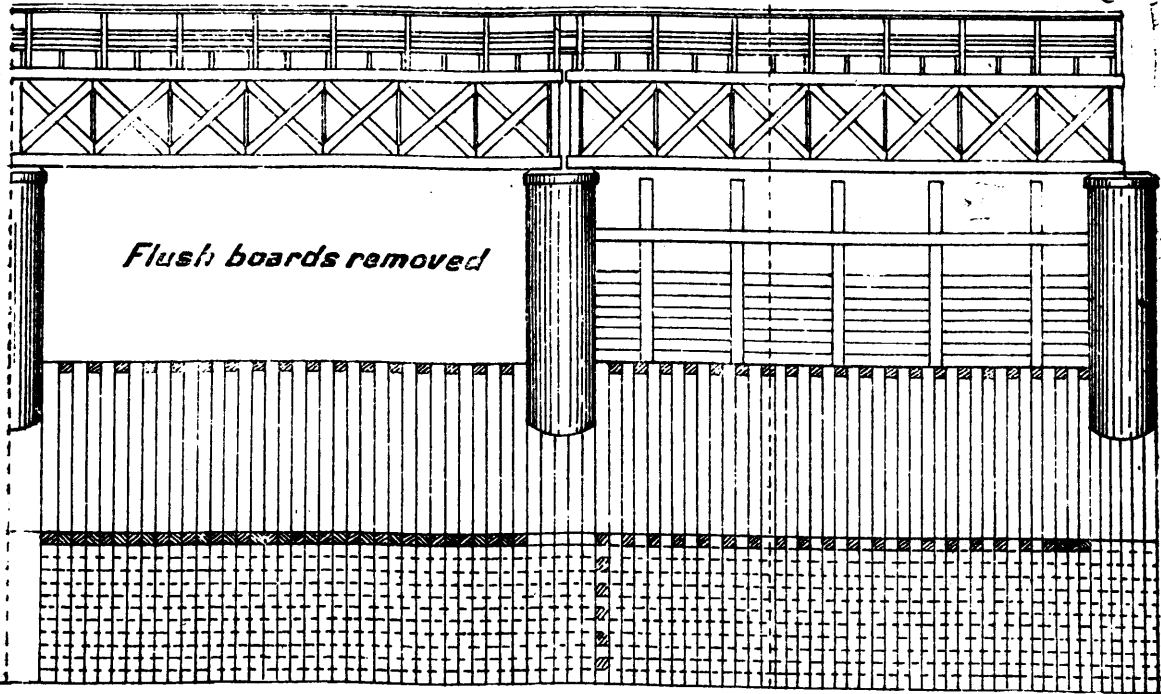
"The increasing agricultural development of the Central Canadian Provinces and mineral development in the mountains will call for the manufacture of large quantities of machinery, implements and woolen goods. A water power of low annual rental is the potent influence that can only secure this work in the face of active outside competition. The inducements for Winnipeg to make itself a manufacturing centre seem very great, and

as an exceptionally favorable opportunity is presented through the development of its great water power, I can conceive of no way in which the city can with more certainty and profit enhance its own growth, permanent revenue from taxation and general prosperity, than by promoting directly or indirectly, this Assiniboine

some thing else ; but, in a short time, on looking round, he found that the cow had left her place, while the sagacious plowman was following her, drawing a zigzag furrow all over the field.—*English Farm and Home.*

Would it be libelous to speak of sausage making as a skin game?—*Philadelphia Times.*

B



ELEVATION . A

water-power project, until its ten thousand and horse power shall be fully loaded with busy machinery."

CHESHIRE owns the stupidest man in the kingdom. He is a farm hand, and was engaged to plow a 10 acre field. Wishing him to make a straight furrow, his employer directed his attention to a cow grazing right opposite, telling him to drive directly toward that cow. He started his horses, and his employer's attention was drawn to

MOTHER (reprovingly to little girl just ready to go for a walk): "Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning." Dolly (promptly): "Where was it then?"—*London Truth.*

"Do you believe in marrying for love?" said Mrs. Bleecker of New York to Mrs. Drestbeef of Chicago. "Oh, yes: once in a while," replied the Chicago woman.—*Brooklyn Life.*

AN old-fashioned chest protector—a padlock.—*Boston Courier.*

The Wooing of an Indian Maid.

(A Story of the Early Days.)

(For the *Manitoban*.)

BY J. J. GUNN.

THE scene was a weird one. The fire's light rising high, rolled back the gloomy curtains of the night and glistened fitfully on the birchen tepee and sluggish stream, lit up the dusky faces of the savage throng, then sinking, the black wall advanced enfolding camp and stream, but only to sway and yield again before the capricious flame. From the woods across the river an owl questioned solemnly, while from the nearer darkness, broke at times, the cry of a prowling wolf. Above, the passing flights of ducks coming over the strange scene, wheeled from their course with wilder flight to seek their fellows in the silent marsh.

The interest manifested was not born entirely of curiosity, nor yet of sympathy with either chief. The most vital interests of the Saulteau Tribe were at stake. The friendship of the fierce Dacotahs 'Robe Noire' knew well, when he hesitated in his choice of a son-in-law, depended on his words. Disruption in his own nation, too, seemed imminent should the fiery chief Eagle Wing be denied the fairest daughter of the tribe. It was for these reasons he had spoken as he had :

"This is my child; she is beautiful, she is good; she is the daughter of a great chief. She is fit to be the wife of a great chief. But two ask for her. Both are my brothers, both are great warriors, both good hunters, and both offer many presents. How can I decide? Will the White Chief give words to his son?"

The last sentence was addressed to the Frenchman who sat by, and the Frenchman answered :

"Both are great warriors and both offer many presents: might it not be well to let them gamble to-night

and the Great Chief give his answer to-morrow."

"The White Chief has spoken well," answered Robe Noire, "I will speak to-morrow."

So wood was brought and fires lighted, and the contest began. Two robes were spread side by side. On each of these a rival squatted with a friend beside him, and drew over his knees the unoccupied portion of his robe. Lots were drawn to decide who should begin. The Sioux won. A bullet and a shell were given him. Taking one in either hand he thrust them beneath the robe. The Saulteau threw a fox skin on the ground between them. The Sioux and his friend began to sing, the latter beating vigorously on the tom-tom the while. The bullet and shell were shuffled about beneath the robe for a time, then drawing them forth the Sioux laid his hands, closed, on the ground before him. Without hesitation the Saulteau pointed to the right hand of the Sioux. Bullet and shell and drum were tossed over amidst a shout of laughter from the onlookers. Then the Sioux laid down a skin and the same proceeding was gone through with sides reversed. The Sioux guessed rightly, and Eagle Wing put another skin between them. And so the game went on, till the Saulteau made a false guess and the stakes went over to his rival.

Amidst the laughter and taunts of the onlookers the Saulteau laid down another stake, and the contest began anew. With keener glance he watched the motions of the Sioux; yet not to these alone did he confine his attention, but strove to fix the ever-shifting eye of his rival. It was not mere guessing, but a struggle close and fierce between two savage souls. One sought less to gather from the movements of his rival's hidden hands how often their contents were changed, than to read in some unconscious glance or gesture the thought which would determine in which hand the bullet should remain.

So the game continued; neither chief for a time being the gainer. At times one would be a winner, then fortune would change and he would be as far behind. Midnight passed and saw no change in the fortunes of the contestants. The drowsy savages began to drop away one by one to their tents. There was little attraction in an even game. At length not even the drummers remained. Only the rival chiefs and one other—the Frenchman from the trading house. He still sat by watching with a lively interest the progress of the game, and replenishing the fire as occasion required.

But a change came. Eagle Wing seemed to get the mastery of the mind of the Sioux. As often as the latter withdrew his hands from beneath the robe the Saulteau pointed to that which held the bullet. But when the Sioux guessed it was otherwise. If he succeeded it was plainly the result of chance. And Eagle Wing feeling his power threw into his otherwise monotonous song all the tones of triumph, defiance and derision. Again and again the Wild Horse guessed falsely. And still the Saulteau sang in wild monotony, his whole body rocking and swaying, every motion of hands or head or eye keeping time to the rhythm of his incantation. The stars waned in the eastern sky, yet still the game went on. But the end was near. Everything the Sioux had owned lay on the ground beside his rival or were represented there by pans, horses, skins, arms, clothes, feathers, all had passed to the Saulteau, all but the robe on which the Wild Horse sat and which was the stake now being played for. With a scowl on his swarthy face the Sioux leaned forward watching with every energy of soul and body each look and motion of his adversary. The other rocked and swayed and sang. Loudly with triumphant defiance in his voice—triumph over his almost vanquished foe, defiant of that foe's desperate struggle to follow his

thought. Already his savage soul gloried in his victory. Already he beheld the proud Sioux steal shamed and naked from the camp of fair Snow Bird, his now, for who could bring to Robe Noire as many presents as were his to offer? He tossed his head over his shoulder. The Frenchman made a rapid movement of his hand toward the side of the Sioux.

Presently Eagle Wing exposed his hands and waited; for a moment the Wild Horse paused; then he pointed slowly toward the left hand of the Saulteau. The hand opened and the shell was exposed. The Saulteau made a motion as if to rise; but the Sioux said: "Once more," and flourishing a knife from his side he stuck it in the sod between them.

"Once more," the Saulteau growled, and again he began to sing. Even more wildly exultant than before, more defiant was the voice of Eagle Wing as he rocked and swayed, shuffling his hands beneath the robe the while. But his eye glanced steadily into that of the Sioux in a way that was not pleasant to see. The Sioux flinched not for that. With compressed lips and nostrils dilated he watched the motions of his foe. He leaned forward and every nerve and fibre of his sinewy frame strained in the effort of his mind, while beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. At length the Saulteau uncovered his hands. Desperate and baffled the Sioux sat for a moment returning the glare of his rival. Then slowly without shifting his eyes he moved his right hand toward the Saulteau left. It opened and again the shell was there!

The two savages leaned forward so that they might have clasped hands. They glared at each other in silence; but the Frenchman smiled as the light of savage triumph faded from the face of the successful chief before the dark scowl of hate that overspread the face of the Sioux. The eye of Eagle Wing seemed to cower and his right hand moved slowly backward.

That of the Wild Horse, still pointing, was suspended above the knife he had just lost. Like a flash they sprang to their feet. It was only to fall as quickly. The knife of the Wild Horse was in the Saulteau's heart and the tomahawk of Eagle Wing was in the brain of the Sioux.

And the Frenchman passed through the silent camp as the east flushed with the dawn—the dawn of the day that made him the husband of the daughter of Robe Noire, and gave to the reedy stream its name, Riviere aux Morts.

The Sculptor's Dream.

The sculptor stood and gazed upon his block
Of untouched clay.

His young and pallid face
Bore ill the lines of care, of hope deferred—
Of hope still sanguine that Dame Fortune yet
Would come from her obscurity, and shed
One smile of kind encouragement upon
His struggling heart.

"Aye, would that I could mould,"
He sighed, "from out that shapeless mass, a form—
A figure that would bring me fortune—fame.
A figure that would strike the world's surprise,
And fill its hearts with wonderment and awe.
Alas! how long e'en now have I fought hard,
And struggled with adversities in vain.
How many weary nights have I laid down,
My heart filled with the hope that I might wake
To find my waiting o'er, my fame no dream.
How oft, alas! have I awoke to find
My fancied masterpieces worthless, scorned.
Shall I desist, and in some other vein
Of life seek that renown ambition craves?
Shall I abandon hope when now, perhaps,
That longed-for, distant goal is near my grasp?
No, no, faint heart, your struggles may be keen,
Your bitter trials hard, but persevere,
And that reward may come to you at last."
That night the sculptor slept a peaceful sleep,
And o'er his restful brain came visions fair—
Forms, shapes, in phantom spectres did he see
In quick succession pass before his gaze.
They seemed to break his rest to scorn his art,
To mock his soul's best efforts, and to bid
His struggling mind to cease its vain attempts.
Then suddenly the spectres ceased their flight,
And for a while he had untortured rest,
But not for long his troubled brain was free,
For through the dark'ning mist there floated on,
A form more lovely than the rest, a form
Not of the earth, not fashioned out of clay.
Celestial splendour seemed to cling around
Its shape, and radiant loveliness was there
In bright and clear outline.

The sleeper's hand
Was raised, as though to shun the glaring light
That seemed to shine around the drooping head.
The dreamer's gaze made out a woman's form,
But yet it seemed to lack a mortal's shape.
Each line was clear, distinct, each curve was round.
And perfect was the symmetry. She held
Within her arms a little smiling babe,
Whose radiant infant loveliness was far
Beyond conception of a mortal mind.
Slowly the vision soon commenced to fade.
And then, as though to grasp it ere it fled,
The sleeper, with an outstretched hand awoke—
He gave a start—a cry—but it had gone.

Again the sculptor stood before the clay,
No longer now a shapeless, solid mass,
For by his artist hand it had begun
To take the beautiful form of which he'd dreamt.
Each day, each night, untiring there he stood,
Working, with nervous hands, the mass of clay
Into that shape which haunted yet his brain.
He saw its gradual growth slowly assume
His dreamland fancy, and with buoyant hopes
He sought no rest until his task was done.
He saw, as each day came and went, his work
Would be a faithful likeness of his dream;
And as with care he worked, before him rose,
As in a haze of glory, one word—fame.
The model was his all, his love, his god,
All worldly thoughts were lost, he thought of nought,
He worshipped nought, but that he felt and saw,
At length the day arrived, the last slight touch
Was done.

With trembling hands and beating heart
He looked upon his work. It seemed to breathe.
To live, as in his dream it lived. Long, hard
He gazed; his senses seemed to make him doubt,
Was that grand form the work of his own hand?
Was he awake, or was it still a dream?
In doubt he brushed his hands across his eyes.
No! it was no dream, no fancied vision,
That glorious, heav'nly form was his own work,
The work of his own hands. To ease his doubts
He next approached; he e'en must touch it
Ere satisfied the object was no myth.
His trembling hand lay gently on that form,
He felt its substance; nay, did more; he clasped
It in his nerveless hand, until it reeled,
And, tottering, crashing fell—a shapeless mass.
With one low cry the sculptor knelt beside
His ruined hopes—none saw his anguish then.
But when the sun was high, they found him there,
A cold, stiff corpse, beside the shattered clay.
They picked the fragments up with tenderest care,
Placed piece to piece—then gazed upon his dream.
'Twas fame indeed, but it had come too late,
For now the sculptor, too, was nought but clay.

Wisdom Cometh with Years.

(N.B.—This is not a Spring Poem)

(For the Manitoban.)

By F.I.C.

In the Spring the fresh, young poet
Fancies his Muse to celebrate!
Nature's feat of buds and blossoms,
Thinking he is "up to date,"
Scans with pride his latest effort,
Sings it softly in his mind,
And with tender care he mails it—
Back it cometh marked "declined."

In the Spring the wise old poet
Starts to sing of Winter drear,
Weaves a poem of November,
Or a song of Christmas cheer,
Packs it off with note advising
That "yours truly's still on deck"
And the answer comes "accepted,"
Wrapped about a welcome check.

"WHAT penance are you doing in this Lenten season, Mrs. McSimper?" asked the Rev. Dr. Thirdly. "Oh, I come to hear you preach every Sunday!" was the cheerful reply.

Red River Expedition of 1870.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBA.)

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Continued from April number.)

TAKING into consideration distance traversed, time engaged and labor performed, the route from Toronto to Fort Garry might be properly divided into four sections, namely, from Toronto to Port Arthur 670 miles, from Port Arthur to Shebandowan Lake 46 miles, from Shebandowan Lake to Fort Francis by route travelled 308 miles, from Fort Francis to Fort Garry by way of the Winnipeg River 380 miles, or a total distance from Toronto to Winnipeg 1,400 miles.

As before stated the sun was high up in the heavens when we launched our boats below the falls on Rainy River on its whirling, eddying, foaming waters. The banks of the river are high at this point, with gravelly brinks, and the bed lined with huge boulders, which no doubt gives the water this whirling, rotary motion. Sometimes for 200 yards or so the boats would glide along rapidly and then all of a sudden they would come to a standstill, and for some minutes it would require all the united exertions of the crew to extricate them from the whirlpool in which they found their boat.

Rainy River contains a very large volume of water and is about 300 yards wide. The current is so swift that at times rowing was considered unnecessary. We reached the rapids about 30 miles from Fort Francis, towards evening, and as certain preparations had to be made for the running of them, it was considered desirable to camp for the night.

The cooks set to work and in a short time had an excellent meal prepared of fresh fish, milk and new potatoes, with which we replenished our stock at Fort Francis. On the left bank or American side, part of the State of

Minnesota, no sign of cultivation or civilization could be observed, the land inland as far as the eyes could reach was an endless forest covered over with large elm, soft maple, poplar, and an odd pine tree extending down to the water's edge, but on the Canadian side all the way from Fort Francis there were some nice Indian houses, surrounded by clearances, varying from two to ten acres, on which were flourishing crops of corn, potatoes, wheat, oats and other cereals and vegetables. It being the middle of August these crops seemed to be farther advanced in maturity than the crops in Manitoba.

There are also some circular mounds of earth on the Canada side used as Indian houses and which seemed to be but recently inhabited. When the decaying logs which apparently supported the heavy clay roof gives way, and that the latter falls in filling up the deep excavation even with the surface and burying the contents, it would not be surprising if in a hundred years hence a farmer from Huron and Bruce digging his cellar would come across some Indian tomahawk, clay pipe or metal pot and would correspond with the Historical Society of Winnipeg when we would have the members of that body hastening to the scene with spade, shovel and pickaxe to unearth the relics of prehistoric times.

In all probability when the science of geology and the investigations of antiquated antiquarians are brought to bear the relics will be pronounced as belonging to a race which existed anterior to the time when Adam and Eve seated under their favorite shade trees first began to throw sheep's eyes at each other. Some will even go farther back and by the science of geology endeavor to prove that the race must have existed about the time when the angel mentioned in the epistle of Peter, with Napoleonic ambition aspired for universal empire and was punished by being cast out and compelled to take that ethereal

voyage so graphically described by Milton in his *Paradise Lost*.

At or near the rapids of Rainy River several Indian families were camped. As it seemed these are favorable resorts for fishing, particularly in the winter time as the water seldom if ever freezes there.

Sunday, August 14th, the revellie sounded right early and after breakfast at 5 a.m. we were on the water and with the aid of a strong current and oars we were hastening rapidly towards the Lake of the Woods.

The day turned out lovely and warm, and when tired rowing, the men with the exception of the man at the helm lay down in the boats and had a comfortable rest, and some a refreshing knap. We made 25 miles when the bugle sounded the welcome and familiar notes to go ashore for dinner. We started again at 2.30 p.m. and towards evening reached an Indian camping ground two miles from the mouth of the river. The place has been known by the immigrants who passed over the Dawson route as "Hungry Hall." Here we had our Sunday evening's meal.

We were only a short distance from the lake, and being surrounded by swamps, the mosquitoes and flies proved an intolerable nuisance. Here is a description given by one who had experienced their attacks a few days afterwards:

"As the sun went down a dense mass of curious looking flies came streaming and buzzing up with the gentle, cooling easterly wind. They were of different sizes, large, small, and middle aged. They flew in regular column closely formed up without any stragglers to the right or to the left. The only time they seemed to break ranks was when they met with the smoke of the camp fire. Their attack upon us seemed to drive all hands into the performance of extension motions—a drill which was performed without the aid of a drill sergeant."

From Fort Francis to where

Rainy River discharges its waters into the Lake of the Woods is a distance of 70 miles. It runs in a westerly direction, and with almost uninterrupted navigation, and its park-like clearances, its beautiful shade trees on the Canadian side, presents a picturesque appearance. It is acknowledged by tourists to be one of the most beautiful rivers in America, and only that the lands suitable for agriculture are so limited, confined to a few miles on either side of the river, this locality would long ere this be one of the most populous and prosperous settlements in the Dominion.

In every part of the river fish abounds. Sturgeon weighing from 20 to 60 pounds are not considered extraordinary. This fish is a staple food amongst the Indians, and no doubt in early days attracted the attention of the red man to this part of the country.

Next morning at a very early hour we started towards the lake. The wind was blowing strong from the south-east and knowing that we had a broad and stormy expanse of water between us and the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, we started without breakfast, put up sails and took advantage of the favorable gale.

Like most other lakes in the Northwest, the approaches were low and marshy, and from small ponds and bullrushes on either side of the river, rose up clouds of wild duck, which had been disturbed in their morning's meal while feeding on the wild rice, with which this neighborhood abounds. This seemed to be a paradise for sportsmen. After running over a stormy arm of the Lake with waves as high and more dangerous than on the Atlantic, in a northwesterly direction for a distance of thirty-five miles, we landed on a rocky island in the Lake of the Woods, where we partook of the first meal for the day, and the last also, as all being tired and hungry, the whole day's rations of each man was consumed, and nothing left but the consolation

of being told that we might go hungry until the issue of rations the following day. Crossing the Lake of the Woods was fraught with more danger than in any other place since we left Toronto, and it is almost a miracle that with such small boats and so badly equipped, some of them were not swamped. We camped on an island, not very far from the northwest angle, and the next morning was exceedingly calm and warm. We wended our way amongst innumerable uninhabited islands where no sound was heard but the dip of the oar in the waters at regular intervals, no sign whatever of man's handiwork anywhere. The surface of the water appeared to be covered over with a decomposed vegetable substance of a dark green color of convolvold growth, and which seemed to abound everywhere. When boiled it resembled pea soup. Before use we had to strain it through towels and such as had no towels used pocket handkerchiefs. Notwithstanding the straining process, the water was totally unfit for use and jeopardised the health of the troops to such an extent that its effects were felt for several days. Several of the boats got lost though the islands, and it took some time before all were brought together at Rat Portage. On the route from Shebandowan Lake the trees in the different islands, capes and projections were deprived of their bark, so that it was an easy matter even if there was no guide, for any one with a field glass to discover the proper route, but as it was originally intended to disembark at the northwest angle and march to Winnipeg, a distance of 110 miles this precaution was neglected. On the northern portion of the Lake of the Woods, it is probable that the barking of the trees was considered unnecessary. On account, however, of the Lake of the Woods road being impassable, the troops had no alternative but to make the detour by Rat Portage and the Winnipeg river.

The Lake of the Woods drains an immense area of country and its waters

flow into Lake Winnipeg, through Winnipeg river, whose outlet is some three miles from Rat Portage, a Hudson's Bay Company post, of some importance and managed by a Mr. McPherson. We were some time before we could discover the entrance from the Lake of the Woods into Winnipeg river. After considerable explorations, we came to a very high ridge of rocks, through a cleft of which, about 50 feet wide, water was running with great velocity. Through this narrow pass we propelled our boats and soon found ourselves in a broad expanse of lake or river about one mile and a half wide. Some few miles down the river were the falls of Rat Portage, which we approached with caution, believing that if Riel ever intended to oppose the progress of the expedition, this point would most likely be selected. And, indeed, if Riel had placed 200 men here under command of such a man as Dumont, of Batoche, Christmas day would likely have found the Red River expedition maneuvering around some island in the northern portion of the Lake of the Woods. Under such circumstances if an advance were successfully accomplished it would not be without a decimation in the ranks. Should ever war be declared between Canada and the United States, or trouble arise between the eastern and western provinces of this Dominion, Rat Portage, on account of its location, would be considered an important military point. By a glance at the map, it will be perceived that here communication may be maintained, or connection cut off between the eastern and western provinces of Canada. Whether peace continues to prevail, or war ensues, the writer predicts that before many years our military authorities will see the necessity of spending some money on fortifications and making Rat Portage a military stronghold. In case of an invasion of eastern Canada, possession of Rat Portage by the enemy would cut off communication with the great granaries of the prairie provinces.

Towards evening as we neared the fort the rain poured down in torrents, and continued so during most of the night. The reception accorded us by the officer in charge of the fort was of a most hospitable nature. Nothing which could be done to contribute to our wants and comfort was left undone by Mr. McPherson, the officer in charge, or by any of his officials. The post consisted then of a few log houses surrounded by wooden palisading. It stood on a bank some ten or fifteen feet high, and when viewed from the river seemed pretty.

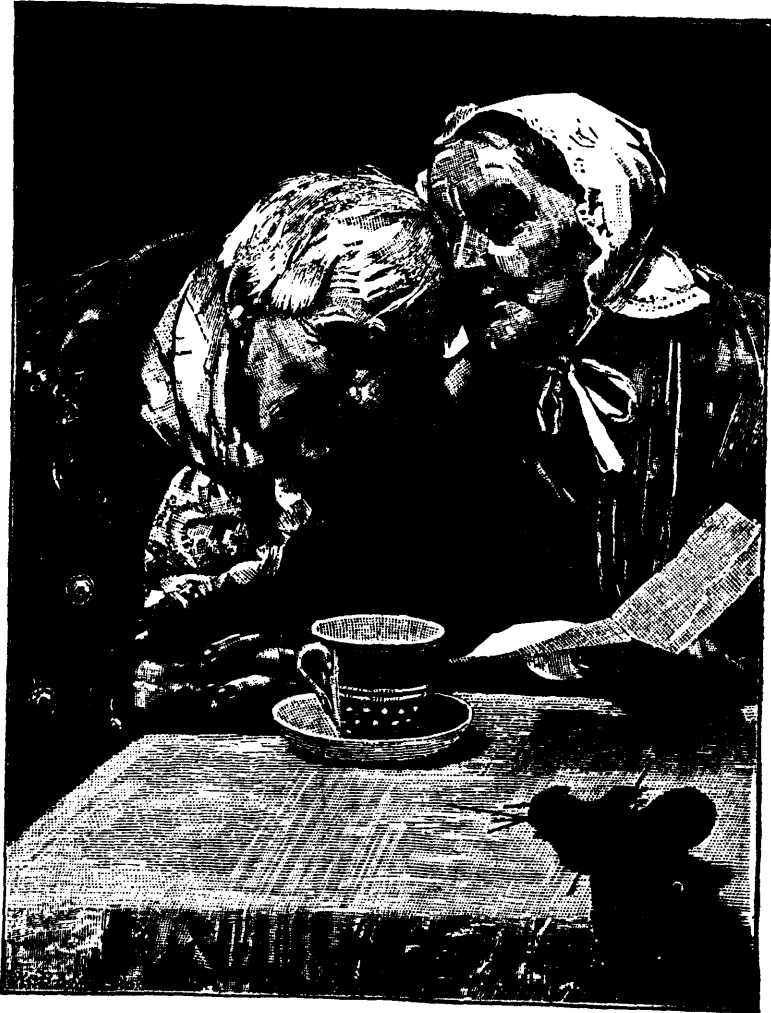
As you approach the fort, one is met by some half-dozen of the leanest, hungriest looking dogs imaginable, always quarrelling amongst themselves and with an uninviting wolfish countenance. We learned, however, that those were the camels of the northern deserts, particularly in winter, in conveying the mails and supplies from one fort or trading place to another, and where horses could be of no earthly use for want of roads and supplies. In winter while travelling they are fed upon fish, and in summer they are let loose and live in vagrancy.

From my diary. "Rat Portage, August 17. Out of bed this morning at 3 a.m.; put on wet clothes, and still raining, proceeded to load up the boats before breakfast. We procured milk, potatoes and corn at the fort and had a comfortable breakfast. In lifting a barrel of flour into the boat, it fell into the river and I fell in after it. It was only six feet deep at this place. I sank but the flour did not. Both were hauled out of the water, the flour less injured than I was. A good glass of brandy procured at the fort, lent great relief to my dampened and drooping spirits. Here we met a few men from the Red River settlement to act as guides down the Winnipeg River. Being told that Winnipeg River was 168 miles in length with 47 portages and that it would be necessary to unload 47 times and load as many

" more, making 94 changes of stores, together with the carriage across the portages was rather discouraging. We were informed that if we reach Fort Alexander at the mouth of the river in 21 days we would be doing good work. We would have to run chutes and rapids without end, in some places exceedingly dangerous and in others pleasant. For the first 50 miles we will meet numerous islands, so much so, that it will be difficult to distinguish it from a succession of lakes. Sometimes dividing itself into two or three rivers running parallel with each other, and uniting again at the first cataract so as to present to the eye of the voyageur a more majestic appearance. We were told that great danger threatened us upon this dangerous and deceitful river, that the first false movement of an oar in the hands of an inexperienced man, would send boat and crew over falls of great magnitude, to be engulfed in whirlpools from which there was no possibility of escape. These and similar narratives of the difficulties to be met with on the Winnipeg, made many of the more nervous feel not a little uncomfortable. During the day we run a rapid about one mile in length."

The nearest approach to the pleasure of running a rapid is that experienced in a toboggan running down the slide on the Assiniboine near Main street bridge. The boats in running the rapids were kept 300 yards apart, and as soon as they approached the head waters the rowers were ordered to pull with all their might, and the man at the stern kept constantly shouting "pull, boys, pull," and not a whisper made or word spoken by the crew until after running at the rate of 20 or 25 miles an hour we find ourselves again in smooth waters below the rapids, where after rowing a mile or two we pulled ashore and camped for the night.

(To be Continued.)



A LETTER FROM MANITOBA.

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The Shadow of a Wrong.

BY ALI WAL NORTH.

(For the Manitoban.)

CHAP. II.

(Continued.)

ABOUT half a mile from the Towers, in a street that always suggested a funeral, so quiet and sombre did it seem even on a sunshiny day, was a house that to the superstitious suggested ghosts; and even the more common place mind unconsciously received the impression that the building might be associated with any thing uncanny and unlucky. The house was high with monotonous windows containing the old fashioned little narrow lights, giving a general meanness to the front, the back being entirely hidden by high stone walls, destitute of ivy or verdure of any kind. Whether by the choice of a painter whose every joy had been crushed out of life and whose attempts at painting bore the impress of chronic melancholy, or whether the owner of the house had designed to make the building hideous, it is difficult to say, any way that had been the result when a combination of very dark olive green with black edging was used for painting the walls the effect was depressing, and Gracie Somerset had come to the conclusion mentally that some one who had gratified a taste that might have been aesthetic at one time had gone altogether wrong, and she had taken a dislike to the place without being able to reason why.

Some little time had elapsed since the occurrences of the last chapter and tho' little or nothing had passed between herself and Mrs. Beverley relative to Bertie's proposal, there seemed to be a mutual wish to avoid a subject that was painful, but Gracie could not know that her friend's

reticence was due entirely to Bertie's persuasion. "I have done mischief enough already, mother; she might think we mean to worry her into being my wife," had been his reasoning, and Mrs. B. had yielded to his wish against her own desire to speak to Gracie herself. For the same reason he had left her to return by herself from a walk or stroll, though it had become a regular thing for him to go and meet her if not starting as a companion, not that she was likely ever to want protection, but it had been very pleasant to walk leisurely home when the sun had set and the song of the birds had gradually become a sleepy chirp. I doubt if Gracie found her walk as cheerful as formerly, perhaps it was that the interruption to a life of peace and ease had produced a reaction and combined with a consciousness that every good girl must feel sooner or later that she has begun to live her life, and events are occurring that will now make or mar the happiness of her future existence, according to the aid she voluntarily gives them. It may have been this that made her decidedly low spirited and inclined to avoid the miserable house I have before alluded to. Inwardly using some uncomplimentary epithets towards herself for such nonsense she turned her steps up the street, instead of passing it and taking one that would make her walk a little longer. It was not long before she regretted her decision for she was almost up to the house when she was surprised to see the figure of a woman standing at the gateway of the tall railings that divided opposite the front door, terminating at each side and over head in an iron frame work in the form of a bracket for a lamp such as may be seen at the side of every street in a town. That the house was inhabited Gracie knew in a vague kind of fashion; and though she felt sure nothing so cheerful as children's voices were likely to be heard in such a place, she had not formed any idea what the tenants were like. Her feelings of

uneasiness were rather heightened than allayed by the glare almost ferocious of the woman's eyes as they met her own. To cross to the other side would show she was afraid, and she therefore tried to persuade herself in the few seconds elapsing before she was close to the woman that it was all her own fancy. This illusion was quickly dispelled by the woman stepping to her side as she came up and saying in a voice that conveyed the impression that she was continuing a conversation: "Do you think I will give Bertie up to you? Do you think all their plausible words mean anything to me? Do you think the mocking word Divorce can mean anything against the law that said 'Henceforth ye shall be as *one*.' Have a care how you tempt me to a revenge that shall satisfy every desire of a heart that was broken only to be trodden on. Has time and misery been as nothing to me! Do you heed me I say?" she continued as Gracie tried to hurry away from her unwelcome companion who, however, kept up a pace to suit Gracie's steps, keeping up one hand raised threateningly, while hissing out such words of revengeful hatred that so terrified her listener that the latter at last broke into a run which did not diminish in speed until the welcome sight of the Towers met her view. Thoroughly unnerved she could not bring herself to look behind for fear she might again meet the glare of steel in those cruel blue eyes.

An intense desire for the security and safety of Mrs. Beverley's kind presence, she bent her steps at once towards the drawing room instead of choosing a few moments in her own room to regain calmness. Bertie and his mother were together and agitated as she was she could not fail to notice that her exclamation "That awful woman at the miserable house has frightened me dreadfully!" was the cause of a rapid glance of mutual understanding passing between them, and Bertie's presence entirely put to

flight her original intention of telling his mother everything. It seemed to her almost ludicrous that she would have to plead guilty to an agitation that would appear to be caused by the expression of the determination of some woman to have and to keep that which she Gracie had absolutely refused to have. So it came about that she did not repeat what the woman had said and in consequence Bertie went down in her opinion and his evident wish to aid his mother in soothing her evident distress added to what Gracie could only term wilful deception. In the quiet of her own room and viewing calmly the events of the day it was evident that unwittingly she had turned to a chapter in the past history of life at the Towers that had disturbed the inmates considerably. After all, she knew nothing of what had happened while she was at school at Park House, and it was not to be expected that a loving mother would choose any shortcomings of her only child to discuss with a person who at that time had never known him nor was it rational to blame Bertie for leaving her in the dark on matters that certainly did not then concern her. Altogether she felt very miserable and it seemed to her inevitable that the restraint that had fallen on them after the first excitement was over, would only become more pronounced as days went on. Then again she could not quite banish from her mind the conviction that she had now become the disturbing element where she had so ardently longed to make herself a human blessing, and the idea gained ground in her mind that she ought not to stay at the Towers. Yet she knew that Mrs. B. would not consent to her leaving, and her consistent kindness made it far from easy to venture to say such a thing without appearing ungrateful, and it was with a mind divided between conflicting feelings that she dropped asleep that night.

The next day matters seemed to have settled to their normal state and

save that she was the object of much tender petting, no reference was made to the preceding day's adventure. Gracie had made up her mind, however, to seek advice from her friend and teacher at Park House, and it was not long before she wrote to Miss Helen Estleigh, merely telling her that the return of Mrs. B's son prevented her presence from being so necessary at the Towers, and all things considered she felt it would only be right for her to try and do something for herself. at any rate, until time and postal arrangements would allow of her hearing from her father, a most remote possibility. The reply was characteristic. "Work, child, work; if we did not know that, though you have been well educated, it is utterly impossible for you to impart any part of that education to the pupils in your care, and our reputation would suffer in consequence, nothing would afford my dear sister and myself more pleasure than to offer you a home, but that is out of the question, and as you have sought our advice I will offer a suggestion. Why not join some institute where nursing sisters are so much in demand. In these days it is no disgrace for a lady to be hospital nurse and it is an opening for a vast field of usefulness. Think of the plan, my dear, seeking advice from a higher source and greater wisdom than can be offered by
Your sincerest friend and teacher,
HELEN ESTLEIGH."

The idea thus conveyed to Gracie was not at all disagreeable to her and she determined to make no hasty decision; such a step as leaving the Towers required all her mental powers to form a judgment that ought to be matured in every way. Nor was the protection of such a home and friend to be lightly cast aside. Strange as it may appear, her affection for Mrs. B, was a principal factor in her conclusion that it was well for them to be separated. Who the woman at the miserable house was, Gracie had formed her own opinion, and no doubt could be felt that

she was the cause of such an ebullition of rage, innocent as she might be, and then who was to know whether such another scene would take place at some future period, in fact how was she to protect herself without giving outsiders food for considerable gossip? Looking at the matter whichever way she would, one fact was clear—the Towers would be better without her, and the skeleton she had unwittingly disturbed, more likely to take itself off if she were once away. After convincing herself that each conflicting argument was either right or wrong, her purpose became clearly worked out in all its details in her mind, and before going to rest she penned the following letter to Mrs. B, which cost her many tears in the writing:—

My dear Mrs. B,—At the risk of giving deep offence to you, I am taking a course that must, I feel, appear like great ingratitude to one who has always been my kindest friend. Do not think hardly of me for doing what I feel is right; it was impossible for me to appeal to you for advice, so I had to seek it elsewhere. Your neverfailing generosity has allowed me to now have sufficient funds to pay my own way until I get something to do for myself. I cannot bear to think we shall never see each other again, but as things are now, I could not stay at the Towers. Forgive me the pain I must be causing you and do not try to find

Your miserable friend,
GRACIE SOMERSET.

Blank consternation was expressed in Mrs. B's face when instead of her young friend appearing as usual, the maid brought in this letter. She made no comment, however, until she and her son were alone. It is not necessary to repeat all that passed between them, each had expected some break to occur in the routine of the Towers, but this step of Gracie's was not anticipated, and could she have known how sincere was the sorrow and trouble poor Bertie was enduring, she might, perhaps, have looked more kindly on his suit. "You see, Bertie," said his mother,

"we cannot start to find her, because she has refused you, and the shadow of our lives has fallen on her—of course that woman has told her everything and she has felt that her young life is better away from us, but I am grievously disappointed that this should have happened! Poor Bertie, this is very hard for you!" His mother's kind tones made the young fellow pause in his strides up and down the room; and putting his arm round her, and kissing her cheek, he answered: "Never mind, mother, dear, we still have each other," and we must save her name from general gossip." So it was allowed to transpire that Gracie Somerset had gone on a visit to some of her father's friends in London.

CHAPTER III.

More than a year has passed since Gracie had become a nurse by profession. There had been much that had been disagreeable in the life she had chosen, but she could not honestly say she was unhappy in it. After leaving the Towers, she had gone to one of the principal hospitals, wisely taking the letter she had received from Park House, not as a reference exactly, but as a sort of voucher for her respectability. The sisterhood was in need of volunteers, so Gracie had not met with much opposition to her becoming a member, and after a short time, she evinced an aptitude for nursing, combined with a quiet control of her patient, that was of great value in the sick room. On the day in question she was returning to the hospital after a short absence of a few days; her patient had recovered and her duties were therefore at an end. Rain, rain, incessant rain, had been falling all day, and the invariable gloom that seems inevitably to fall on a city under such circumstances. May have extended its influence on the passers by. The subdued rumble of the rubber-bound wheels of modern invention gave a sort of resentful protest against the universal slipperiness of the roads. Among the many foot passengers might

be seen the figures of two children, whose clothing and speech stamped them as belonging to the poorer class of London's thousands. The elder, a boy, about seven or eight, was holding the hand of a little girl, his junior by a couple of years, evincing an almost parental care of her. They were chatting away, evidently quite at home, and at ease with their surroundings, the boy every now and then breaking into what from his air must have appeared a manly whistle, to him but the result might have been described as a well pronounced whisper. How it exactly happened no one could exactly say, but a warning shout from the driver of a cab was too late to prevent or avert the accident. The horses were well fed and fresh, and the recklessness that is born and bred in children who know only of streets always crowded by human beings and a motley crew of horses and vehicles, united with dire mishap to the poor children. For one moment of horror, horses feet and children seem mixed in a tangled mass, and when ready hands extracted them, pitying eyes turned away from the sickening spectacle. The boy was unconscious, but his poor little sister had been cruelly treaded by the horses iron shod feet. Gracie's grey dress of the nursing sisters procured her orders immediate attention and it was her hands that raised the bleeding little form in her arms while willing assistance placed the boy on the most easy seat of the cab which bore them to the hospital to which Gracie belonged and to whose care they were charged. Before the dawn of another day, the youngest of the two little sufferers had partially returned to sensibility only to murmur incoherently "Mammy!" "Mammy!" and to clasp her nurse's hand with one of her own that had escaped injury. "Cannot live"—had been the verdict arrived at before medical testimony had confirmed the fiat, and the opiates administered in mercy, apparently numbed all intense pain. Carefully

modulating her voice, that the fancy of "Mammy" being with her, might not be destroyed Gracie soothed her through the long hours, and many and bitter were the tears she shed when at last the little spirit took flight and the quivering form lay stilled for ever in its impenetrable silence. It had all been so sudden and so sad. They must belong to somebody but until the boy could be questioned or someone to claim them come to the hospital, no identification could take place. He had regained consciousness and his injuries were not very serious. Severe shock to the system was the greatest trouble, and therefore, the loss of his sister was not to be disclosed to him. After a day or two had passed a respectably dressed woman came to the hospital and stated that she had had the care of the children since the mother had died, a year and a half ago, that she received a weekly amount that she had to call personally for at a lawyer's office, that the amount was small and she had to work hard to keep things together. She was not married but she had known the children's mother for years and for her sake had undertaken the care of them. Their father had been a sailor and had not been heard of for years, he *might* come back certainly, but no one expected such a thing. Such was the sort of summary gained from her statement, and after being cautioned not to say anything that might disabuse the boy's mind of the impression that "Susie" was back at home with Aunt Sarah (for so the children had called her) she was admitted to see him.

It was evident an affection existed between them but very little passed in the way of conversation. The visit was necessarily short as the working poor have mighty few leisure moments to spare from their hours of labor and she very soon took her departure.

As the days passed Gracie gained a more intimate knowledge of the boy's life. He had a clear recollec-

tion of his mother and liked to talk of her.

"Susie an' me was goin' to tell Missus Bailey Aunt Sarah couldn't come to do her washin' when the 'orses come over us. Mammy used to do washin' too, but mostly cleanin' up of gentlemens' rooms. They pays best and 'as least work. Sometimes when they went away Mammy used to keep the key an' just go sometimes to clean up them as wasn't mean would pay just the same, but there didn't use to be many like that. There wasn't many like Mister Beverley, he *was* good! Mammy used to say he couldn't be unkind to a cat. Him as pays Aunt Sarah for me and Susie's keep," he explained, misunderstanding Gracie's surprised exclamation of "who?" "Then when Mammy got sick he paid the rent an' used to send such nice things," he continued, "cause he said Mammy allers served him faithful fore she took sick, then when she got real bad, he told her she wasn't to fret 'bout Susie an' me, 'cause he'd see we didn't come on the parish, and Mammy allers said I must make haste 'an grow an' get into Mister Beverley's service an' live in the country an' then maybe Susie could go along 'cause his mother lived in a large house nearly as big as this," he added, evidently wishing to impress upon his listener the greater advantages to be obtained by such a proceeding. No doubt existed in Gracie's mind that the man who was the embodiment of all that was good according to her young patient, was the very one she had declined to link herself to in those restful days, that already began to seem so long ago. She did not somehow care to lay herself open to the boy's questions by acknowledging any acquaintance but she learned more of Bertie's kindness from the boy's frequent conversations than she had done while under the same roof.

The principal doctor of the institution was an elderly man, clever in his profession, with an unlimited fund of cheerfulness that nothing could dis-

turb or dampen in any way. He had a habit of addressing every living object as "my dear." Man and boy were all included in this affectionate remark which often brought a smile to his listeners when it was addressed to his brothers in the faculty during some intricate and learned discussion. He had taken a desperate fancy to Grace and had gone so far as to make known his tender passion, a very decided negative had not interfered with his good spirits.

"That's all right, my dear, without knowing each other you have become a very nice young lady, and I, well I venture to say there are many men far worse in manners and morals, but as it is fated that such goodness is not to be bound together, I have no doubt we shall each get along just as well in single harness. Good bye, my dear, good bye."

With this philosophical reply he had departed without display of emotion of any kind. Half an hour afterwards Gracie heard him chatting to the principal, who was a lady of rather severe presence, whose grey hair and dignified bearing rather repelled than invited familiarity, this had no effect upon the worthy doctor whose conversation was a mixture of instructions, suggestions, and a generous supply of "my dears."

(To be Continued.)

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

(For The Manitoban.)

BY WALTER DICKSON.

THE Esquimaux of the east coast of Hudson's Bay, are perhaps a peculiar people, a mixed offshoot from the genuine Innuite race—the race which alone claims the cold regions of the north as the dearest part of our planet, their native land, their home. For although they possess many of the distinguishing general traits and appearance of the

often described Esquimaux of other parts of the continent, and especially those inhabiting Greenland and the coast of Labrador, they are in many respects different from any of their race of whom we have any supposed to be reliable accounts.

An Asiatic origin is generally ascribed to these people, and the Tartar cast of countenance is still observable in many of them. On one occasion, when one of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships was in harbor at Little Whale River, a number of Esquimaux families were allowed to go on board and have a look at the white man's "big boat." No sooner were the party safe on deck when the steward of the vessel ran up to one of the visitors, took him by the hand and claimed him as an old Hong Kong acquaintance he had met the previous summer in that far away city of the Celestials. When told that his new friend was not a Chinaman but an Esquimaux, the steward was a little put out, and admitted that the style of dress worn by the present party would scarcely be considered the correct thing in Hong Kong, but stoutly affirmed that with suitable apparel this party would pass as real "Johnnies" in any sea port on the coast of China.

These Esquimaux are not by any means the stunted and diminutive race of beings that their countrymen elsewhere are said to be, while there is much less uniformity of features among them than is generally supposed. The general cast of countenance gives a short, roundish face, rather high cheek bones, and when the face is young and full, the tip of the short but usually well formed nose is about on a level with the cheeks on either side. Black hair, with dark brown, not black eyes, complete the general appearance of the ordinary Esquimaux. The exceptions to these generalities are, however, so numerous as at once to draw the attention of any observer. Whole families are to be met with who instead of the typical full face of their

race, are as hollow cheeked as any New England "chawer" of tobacco, and with high arched Roman noses look more like Israelites than any other race. The black hair so general among savages of all climes, does not hold good here, for although black may be said to be the prevailing color—and filth has often a good deal to do with this—there are almost as many different colors of hair among these Esquimaux, as obtain among the inhabitants of Great Britain. Light flaxen, brown, and even reddish hair and beards are often to be seen, while among the ages of both sexes, bald heads are not uncommon, a phenomenon not to be met with among their Indian compatriots. The exceptions to the ordinary dark eye of the savage, are also very numerous. Eyes of various colors are to be seen at times in single families, gray, blue, hazel, brown and black, the latter color attracting attention as readily among these people as it does anywhere. These natives too, are not a dark skinned race, as would appear to be the case from ordinary observation. Their swarthy, almost snuff colored countenances having received their tints more from the fierce heat of the sun, as reflected from snow and ice during the months of May and June—or from the smooth dark rocks which form the general sea beach of their country, than from anything else. The biting, cold winds during February and March are also (although this would perhaps be thought scarcely possible) quite as capable of darkening the skin, and do darken it as quickly and effectually as would any tropical heat.

And our experience of such elemental tanning led to the conclusion that continued exposure to it as is the lot of the natives would in a very short time darken a white face to the Esquimaux hue, and a long continuance of such exposure would probably render the change permanent, as is the case with the adult Esquimaux. The children of these

people, when very young, are generally fair in complexion, many of them very pretty, and plump and rosy as European "little ones." But it is small wonder if this state of things is of short duration, for it is very rarely indeed that an Esquimaux baby of either sex is troubled with clothing of any sort until it can walk. In the coldest weather of winter, and the ugliest weather of summer, the little creature nestles on the back of its mother in the capacious hood of her deerskin coat, and when taken out of this nest for any purpose, the young skin is exposed to the full influence of the season's powers without hap or covering of any kind. It is no uncommon event during winter, when the thermometer may be at forty degrees below zero, to see an Esquimaux matron take her little one of perhaps a few weeks or months old out of her hood, and seat or lay it down, in a state of perfect nudity, on the bare hard frozen snow, and perhaps leave it there for twenty minutes, the little one taking the exposure with all the *cool* philosophy and indifference that only inherited habit could give under such circumstances. The stature of the Esquimaux here is as varied as among Europeans. Short individuals are to be found among them—even low sized families; but individuals standing quite six feet in height are not uncommon. And we have seen whole families—every member of whom were above the average height of man. The men, as a rule, are active and daring hunters, especially when using weapons of their own manufacture. Some of them are what might be termed strong, to lift or carry; but would not in this respect equal ordinary whites or even the Indians of Hudson's Bay. Their usual clothing of dressed deer or seal-skin with the fur on, gives them a heavy and perhaps stumpy appearance, owing to its bulky nature, but the Esquimaux whether tall or short is generally slightly proportioned, and after passing the stage of early man-

hood, is a lithe and hardy looking individual. In early youth both sexes are apt to be plump, with full, round, laughing faces—many of the young men and women having no small share of good looks, would, if properly dressed and cleaned, be pronounced nice looking anywhere in the civilized world. It has been remarked by a certain writer that the Esquimaux females of Labrador were very awkward in their gait, had reduced waddling like ducks to a fine art. This cannot be said of the natives here, for both sexes often engage in outdoor games and sports where anything like waddling would be sadly out of place. Foot-ball in summer or winter is a favorite game, and is gone into with all the noise and activity peculiar to the pastime in other countries. Sides are taken, goal poles set, and the young, and even middle aged of both sexes go at the sport with noisy good will. The writer has seen many a well contested match at this game in the winter time on the ice of Little Whale River, where sometimes there were several hundred of both sexes at the gathering, and often joining in the exciting hubbub, invariably found that the young women were the very worst opponents to meet and have a scramble with about the ball. Kicking the shins, tripping and all the rough and tumble of the game, giving the greatest delight to these active and merry Esquimaux lasses. Waddling was not a used factor in the game. As a people these Esquimaux are frank, and open in manner to strangers, and among themselves, with the savage virtue of hospitality fully developed. The men, bold and active as hunters, appear a brave race, who, if put to the test, might prove formidable foes, particularly to their Indian countrymen, against whom many of them entertain a deadly grudge in consequence of troubles that arose between the races not many years ago. Troubles that are now only kept quiet through the influence of the whites. Twice during the time the

writer was stationed among, and trading with them, the Esquimaux was reported to have assembled in numbers near the station for the purpose of plundering the place, and preparations were made on both occasions to give them a fitting reception if any attempt were made against us. But nothing of the kind occurred, and if anything of the sort was ever thought of among them, it was probably at the instigation of visiting fellow countrymen from Ungava Bay and the Labrador coast, who slightly civilised and Christianized had lost the native innocence and honesty of their fellows in our part of the country. And after trading with them and being constantly among them for thirteen years, the writer cannot recall a single instance in which he had any trouble with them, or received the slightest insolence. Kindly and fairly treated, the Esquimaux is the most courteous and obliging of savages. There is little of the courtier about him, however, for although most grateful for the smallest favor, he will not, like the Indian, fawn upon and lie to his trader to secure his own ends. It has often been told how Esquimaux as a race were natural thieves—that they would steal on any and every occasion that offered—and steal anything they could conceal about their person, or carry away, whether useful to them or not. The very opposite to this was the case with the people we speak of. They were strangely honest, showing that the moral sense of right and wrong was strong within them. The women and children, when about the establishment were generally poking into any collection of rubbish they saw anywhere around the place for waifs and straps of any sort, and if a knife or anything that appeared of value was found by any of them, it was immediately brought to the whites, and the writer has had old nails and bits of hoop iron brought to him to know whether the finder might keep them or not, a fact that seemed to us the extremity of natural honesty, as any

such scraps of iron are so useful to an Esquimaux that they constitute the only thing needed to make him independent of white men's help altogether. For such things are used to tip his arrows, make the points of his harpoon more penetrating and deadly, and inestimably valuable for many purposes. Surely if an "honest man is the noblest work of God," these uncivilized and quaint savages are peculiarly near and dear to the Creator who has so endowed them with this rarest of human virtues. To the old and infirm among them, or to orphan children, these gentle savages are uniformly kind and attentive, such unfortunates being generally the best dressed and best fed members of their little communities.

(To be Continued.)

Beatrice Cameron,

Or, Poetry the Happy Medium.

A Story in Two Books.

(For the Manitoban.)

BY F. OSMAN MABER.

Book One.—Chapter 2.—The Proposal.

(Continued.)

Thou art not false, but thou art fickle.
To those thyself so fondly sought,
The tears that thou has forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

BYRON.

I CAN imagine your fair countenances, O gentle reader, as you throw aside this book in disgust; especially if your thoughts tend to the revelation of great and hitherto unpublished mysteries; wonders, the sovereign depth of which incline your blood to tingle and rise upon end with fright, and the hair upon the crown of your heads—pardon me for adding—"if you possess that essential covering of the wisdom box," freeze to the inmost recesses of your veins. I wield no mystic sceptre won by deeds

of valor, neither do I soar aloft though the boundless tracts of atmospheric splendour, that surround this our mortal coil, to lay at your feet the treasures of that Great and Awful Unknown, but relate with an upright and honest purposé, scenes and incidents true to Nature—real and imaginary—visible and invisible—partaking of the spirit of that Archangel of Virtue, Truth.

We often hear it said in this modern era by persons who consider themselves the possessors of wisdom, equal, if not superior to that of Solomon, that marriage in the majority of cases, is the outcome of either jealousy, hatred or revenge; hardly ever of love. Be this as it may, it might be as well as to keep their sage maxim before us for a brief period.

We left Beatrice deeply engrossed in the perusal of a few verses, rather sarcastic than otherwise, from the pen of Vane Helmore. What her feelings were on perusing them, can be better imagined than described. Widely throbbled her heart, and deeply ran her tears. Hatred, love, vexation, and mortification were struggling for the mastery. Throwing herself upon the bed, she lay there long and still, a prey to the bitterest emotions. Wicked thoughts, terrible designs entered her soul, as quickly chased away by those of purer mould. Good and bad were engaged in mortal combat. Which, oh which would conquer? As we well know, love possessed as yet no important fortress in her heart; it had yet to be won from the enemy.

At length she arose. Satan has triumphed. It was her intention to mortify Vane in every conceivable manner. But, look! why is she so pale? Why that hesitating shade upon her face? Is it, can it be, that love is now for the first time finding her? Perhaps.

At that instant a rap was heard upon the door.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Mr. Wallace is downstairs" replied

A SCENE ON AN ALBERTA RANCH.



the servant, "he is very anxious to see you, although it is but twelve o'clock. Shall I ask him in."

"Yes," answered Beatrice, speaking as calmly as possible, "inform him that I will be down shortly."

"He has come for his answer," she murmured. "Three hours ago, I would have refused him, but now it may be different."

She then commenced to arrange her toilet to appear before her visitor. At this pleasant occupation we will leave her for a few minutes, that we may briefly survey the character of Mr. Charles Wallace.

He was a man of medium stature, imposing figure and clearly cut features. Not a distinctive member of that glorious band mentioned in the last chapter, he nevertheless retained many of their striking characteristics. He wore no spy-glass, neither sported he a cane; but these deficiencies were entirely invisible amidst the excess of his jewellery. His language was free from "drawl" but he wore an ornament upon his head which took the public eye as much, namely a "chimney-pot." His manners were very winning, and of all the admirers of Beatrice, Vane excepted, he had been the most favoured. He had proposed to her some time previous, but, unlike the others, would not listen to her refusal. No, he would give her time to consider; named a day on which he would call for an answer, and gave her to understand that it must be "yes." The day had arrived; he was waiting for his answer.

Beatrice soon entered the room. All traces of her latent feelings were removed. Smiling sweetly she advanced toward him, and gave him her hand, which he reverently kissed.

"I suppose you have called for your answer, Mr. Wallace," she asked.

"Yes Beatrice, but when did it first become *Mister*. It used to be *Charley*."

Not noticing this query, she went on, "You remember the answer I gave you before, I presume."

"Yes Beatrice, I remember it, but change it my dear, my love, I implore you change that decision," falling upon his knees, "I love you, I adore you with a passion to all else unknown; be my wife, my own, my darling wife. Oh, Beatrice do not refuse me, see, see, I pray you on my knees, my heart would break should you refuse. I could not live without you."

"Arise Mr. Wallace, cease this hypocrisy, I understand you, you want not me, but my beauty, not me, but my money."

"There is no need to deny it" she said, as he was about to speak, "your denial is of little value. However, I will be your wife. I do not love you, but I will wed you. Is this agreeable? Will you take a wife without love?"

"It is, it is, I will, I will," answered Charley, trying to fold her in his arms, "you will learn to love me my darling, I will teach you to do so."

"None of this, Mr. Wallace," she said, "it is unnecessary, I will be your bride, but there must be no mockery. You wish me for money, I you for revenge, or something of that nature. It is equal."

"Very well, my dear, it shall be just as you say; but when will the ceremony take place."

"Oh, please yourself, anytime will do."

"Two weeks from to-day, then, will that suit you, my dear," queried Charley.

"Yes, that will do nicely" she responded, "now leave me, you can call to-morrow."

"All right, Beatrice, to-morrow evening at eight," he said, as he left the room chuckling to himself, and rubbing his hands gleefully.

A feeling of remorse and despair came over Beatrice. She could not now retrace her steps. A long life of misery and woe now seemed before her. Yet the strong spirit within her, bore her up. She thought she hated Vane, she now found she loved him. What matter if she did suffer, he was her's no more; life would be miser-

able without him in any event. How she raved that her pride had been her destruction. Vane might have been her own, she had cast him away. *Woe, woe, miserable woe. Two weeks and I am lost forever.*

Chapter Three

Oh purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false or false for true;
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of the world,
Groping

—Enid—Tennyson.

Meanwhile Vane Helmore was speeding on his way to Brandon. The emotions and tender feelings which stirred his breast were invisible from the exterior. Though somewhat in doubt as to the issue of his suit he retained a composure truly marvellous.

Besides himself there were three ladies and five gentlemen seated in the coach—in truth a small number. Before long all were on the best of terms, etiquette for the time being placed aside. Its iron links are often torn asunder when travellers meet together. How ridiculous it would appear if nine or ten persons were to meet and not speak, simply and solely because it was unfashionable to do so! While the train was tearing along faster and faster; while field after field of waving grain, as yet green, was passed in succession, Vane found himself the centre of attraction, for one gentleman desirous of amusing his fellow voyagers and so pass the time as pleasantly as possible, offered to relate a short story, provided the other male passengers would do the same. This was readily agreed to. The gentleman's narrative was most interesting, describing as he did the attack on Fort Garry, the many skirmishes therewith connected, the daring deeds of bravery by lone and defenceless women, the appearance, character and discipline of the generals and troops, and sundry other items in connection with the Rebellion. Vane's turn came next. Then did the full force of his eloquent oratory develop itself.

Choosing for his subject the remarkable adventures of Ferdinand de Soto, he soon enthralled his audience. At first his voice was soft and low, but as the spirit stirring actions of this remarkable man were recounted, it rose higher and higher,—dignified yet musical—awe-inspiring and grand. All are acquainted with the achievements of De Soto, how with Pizarro he had conquered the kingdom of Peru, and was again eager to explore. How an expedition to discover new regions and plunder their inhabitants was fitted out under his command. With six hundred men he landed on the coast of Florida, and marched into the interior. His object was to capture a large number of the natives. The Indians were warlike and resisted their would-be captors. Many hard battles were fought, and many captives taken. The Indians amused their conquerors with tales of enormous treasures of gold. To stimulate their knowledge, De Soto ordered many of them to be burnt to death. He eagerly sought for a City of Gold, but without success. Almost starved to death, he and his followers at length reached the noble Mississippi. Here, De Soto, broken in health and spirit, caught the fever and died. Interred in the trunk of a tree, the discoverer of this mighty river was buried beneath its waters. All this is perfectly familiar to us, yet the story seems always new.

When Vane at last finished his narrative, a deep sigh escaped from his companions. They had been enraptured—such story-telling was never heard before. Imagine their surprise upon finding that nearly three hours had been thus pleasantly spent. Still, it was so. Neither the shrieking whistle of the engine, the shouts of the conductor, nor the stoppages of the train distracted them from the tale. Vane was heartily thanked by all, which he accepted with humble courtesy, pleasing the others the more by his charming behaviour. When Brandon was reached, adieus were rendered in the warmest manner, and

all expressed a hope to meet again in the near future.

Our hero was accosted at the station, by an old gentleman, and warmly greeted. Benjamin Vaughan, or rather Uncle Ben, as he was called, was a man of about fifty years of age, with grey hair and a benevolent countenance. His voice instead of being cracked and harsh, was as firm as in early years.

"Hello, Vane, here at last, these trains are thundering slow, especially when a person's in a hurry. Been waiting here nearly fifteen minutes; seemed fifteen hours. However, I've got you now,' shaking his hands, or we should say, working his arm like a pump handle. "I remember the time when 'twould have taken three or four days to perform the trip from Winnipeg, now you do it in three or four hours; still I am not satisfied. But it must be accounted for by my eagerness to see you. "How's your dear old mother? Long time since I saw her last, must be five years. You should have brought her with you. But *you're* here now, and here you must remain for a few weeks. This is my turnout, best horses in the country, real southern breed," pointing to a fine team of horses and a wagon of antiquated structure. "Jump in, that's it."

Very little chance was given Vane to answer the questions, but perhaps no answers were required. He, however, managed to ask how his Aunt Jane and Cousin Violet were prospering in health and otherwise.

Uncle Ben had now a subject for discussion, and he made the most of his opportunities. "Jane is fine. She looks after the chickens—I've got a couple hundred, jolly plump 'uns some of them. You should see the eggs I get, big pile, pay well. The other day two roosters got a wrangling as to which should chew the other—they had filled themselves with grain and wanted dessert—and there was the liveliest old hog fight you ever saw. The chicks and hens came running up,

clucking to beat ten of a kind, then the pigs formed a circle on the outside, honest spectators of the struggle, all of them. Yes, you ought to see them pigs, 'twould do your eyes good took the prize at the Exhibition last year. I'll give you one for dinner before you leave, and"—

Vane here interrupted his uncle for he was almost choking with laughter, the quaint manner in which he had gone from Jane to chickens and from chickens to porkers highly amused him.

(To be Continued.)

Joseph H. Hess.

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE REVIVALIST.

AS the temperance question just now seems to occupy considerable attention throughout Manitoba we give to our readers this issue a sketch of Joe Hess, the great temperance revivalist:

Mr. Hess, or "Joe," as he familiarly calls himself, who is now engaged so successfully in the temperance cause, has had an eventful career. We say eventful for by the story of his life, published by himself, entitled, "Out of Darkness into Light," we learn that he not only has a remarkable career, but almost a miraculous one, and the fact that he has outlived the past and now stands before us a redeemed regenerated and reformed man tells us that, He who is powerful to save can, and has saved those who put their trust and themselves into His keeping. The subject of our sketch was born in Buffalo, N.Y. in 1851, and when eleven years of age commenced work in a brick yard. It was while he was here engaged, he tells us, he first learned the vulgar habit of chewing tobacco, and like all other boys at that age thought it was a manly thing to do. Remaining only a short time at this work he left to learn the blacksmithing, but his father needing him on the farm, he returned home to assist his parents, here he was safe from

temptation and had he remained at home it is probable that his story would never have been written. But the love of being on the move caused him to leave the parental roof, and for several years to lead a roving life and to engage in every kind of business by which he could get his living without working, no matter how disreputable it was. He was by turns a gambler, bartender, saloon keeper, confidence man, prize fighter and a drunkard through it all. In prison and

cause and for seven years has done a grand work, having been the means of many thousands signing the pledge and living a better life. In person Mr. Hess is rather inclined to be corpulent, and being born of German parents he could hardly as he says "be an Irishman." With a jovial disposition and a sincere and hearty manner, Joe cannot help but make friends, and we trust he may long be spared to fight the battle against the demon alcohol and at last wear the crown of life,



JOE HESS.

out of prison, stealing his way on railway trains, we find him from San Francisco to New York, and from New Orleans to Canada. Yet through it all he managed to live, but never knowing what it was to have a home, although having a wife and three children, he tells us they never knew what it was to have a husband and father until he signed the pledge. After taking this important step he turned his attention to the temperance

which the Lord shall give to all those who come off more than conqueror.

During this short stay in Winnipeg, over 400 signed the pledge and at other points throughout the Province he has been equally successful.

You can't help feeling sorry for the pretty girl who married another fellow while you were still single.—*Columbus Post.*

Away.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

* * *

And you—O, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and the glad return,

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of there, as the love of here.

The Great Divider's Diary.

April 1st, '59.—The blo has fallen!
The Mudd Henn Holler Weakli *Hold-Upp*
Upp iz now an assured fact. The
subsidy haz at last been razed and I
must buckel on the armar off an editur.
Do yu ask, O mi diari, why this shood
be a blo? I anser, becoz it iz. Do
yu ask whyfore? I will explain.
When the skeeme waz first propozed,
I thowt it wood be a suckcess and I
wuz mutch elaighted, but when the sub-
skriptshun list langwished I lost hoap,
but showted awl the lowder. Soon I
became konvinced that the *Hold-Upp*
wood never be started, and I became
bowllder. As itz suppositious editur, I
maid awl sortz off promisses. I told
Slick Bill that I wood squair my
account at hiz bar when the *Hold-Upp*
started. I told the Society of Ethic
Awl Culchewer that I wood print awl
their essays when the *Hold-Upp*
started. I axceptid cords of poetry
to be printed—when the *Hold-Upp*
started. I took awl the muney I kood
get as subskriptshuns, to bee maid
good when the *Hold-Upp* started.
What iz the result?

1st. The editur iz mortgaged to
Slick Bill.

2d. The pages off the papur air
mortgaged to the Sosity of Ethic Awl
Culchewer—there won't bee room for
a deth potis in the first 52 numbers if
I print awl their back number essays.

3d. The poets of Mudd Hen Holler
wil lynch me iff I don't print thare
poetry, and the rest off the citizens wil
lynch me if I do.

4th. The entire edishun for the
first year wil have to be cent fre, as I
hav axceptid subskripshun moni rite
and left, spent it awl and kept no
reckord, and evriboddy will claim
that I owe then the papur, and I kant
prove I don't. This, O mi diari, iz
why I say, the blo haz fallen!

Nothing suckceeds like suckcess, iz
a tru saying—with exceptions. Suck-
cess iz like a fraxshus horse, a good
thing too hav iff yu kno how too
kontrole it. The trubble with the
Hold-Upp iz that it haz to mani
friends. I hav bownd them too it
with chanes off steal. Thare iz won
konsolation, however, and that iz the
subsidy; while that holds out, the
Hold-Upp will flourish, after that—
the earthquake!

Moral Reflexshun—Don't cownt yur
chickenz before the air hatched.

—*The Great Divide.*

Publisher's Notes.

WITH this issue we present THE
MANITOBAN to our readers in a new
dress from type specially ordered for
us. We are sure our patrons and the
public will appreciate this effort on
our part to contribute to their wants.
We hope to make each number of
THE MANITOBAN better than the last,
and ask our friends to help us. No
where in Canada is there published
such a literary, high moral class of
reading and at such a low price as in
THE MANITOBAN. We want everyone
interested in this great country to do
what they can if ever so little towards
helping along our magazine.

* * *

THE MANITOBAN desires to obtain
all the information extant on the
early days of Manitoba, and would be
pleased to receive any contributions
on subjects of interest historical,
scientific, legendary or otherwise.
We have a great country to develop
and plenty of talent to develop as
well. Let us hear from you reader.

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

* * *

OUR readers will do well to read what our advertisers have to say in this issue, and when answering any advertisements they will confer a favor if they mention THE MANITOBAN. Those in want of first-class articles will do well to watch our advertising pages in future.

* * *

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.

* * *

To those who wish to secure that excellent work of Jos. Hess' entitled, "Out of Darkness into Light," we offer it together with THE MANITOBAN, for one year for only \$1.60. This is

giving our readers a book which every one interested in the cause of temperance should possess at 60 cents. Send in your orders early and secure a copy; you will be delighted with it.

* * *

WHILE THE MANITOBAN does not make the pretensions of having an enormous circulation, it is rapidly advancing ahead and can now be found in almost every part of the country from Port Arthur to Vancouver as well as throughout the Eastern provinces and the Western States. We havenot, nor do we purpose in the future, to gain any patronage by running down other publications which may enter the field in so called opposition against us. THE MANITOBAN is too well known throughout the country and possesses too large a share of the public esteem to suffer from any antagonistic remarks which may be made against it. There is plenty of room in this great country for any enterprise which may be conducted on a legitimate basis and THE MANITOBAN cordially welcomes all such and wishes them success.

Literary Notes and Reviews.

The first number of the *Patrons Advocate*, the official organ of the Patrons of Industry, is to hand in pamphlet form and presents an attractive appearance. It is well printed, neatly gotten up and reflects credit on the publisher, Mr. H. C. Clay. As it is devoted to the interests of the farmers and employees of Manitoba and the Northwest generally it will doubtless be well patronized.

The May number of the *Great Divide*, with a new colored cover, has been received and is full of interesting matter on mines and mining, together with several full page illustrations. It graphically depicts life in the wilds of the Rockies, relates Indian tales and legends and is well worth the price of subscription. The publishers also offer 16 native gem stones to each new subscriber, free. Published at Denver, Colorado; \$1 per year.

We have been favored with a very interesting pamphlet, issued by the "Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba," entitled "Seven Oaks," being an account of the battle of Seven Oaks, in 1816, together with the circumstances which led up to it, also a description of the contestants, the death of Governor Semple and

his followers, and the report of proceedings of the gathering for the unveiling of the "Seven Oaks monument, June 19th, 1891. There are also several illustrations consisting of a plate of the monument and a *fac simile* of part of the map used at the trials of 1818, showing the junction of the Assiniboine and Red rivers, the site of Fort Douglas and the situation of "Seven Oaks." All who are interested in the early history of Manitoba, should possess a copy; price 25 cents. For sale at the book-stores or by the Librarian of the society.

For a good useful home paper the *Housekeeper*, published semi monthly at Minneapolis, is perhaps one of the best to be found. It is brim full of interesting subjects, is of a healthy moral tone and enjoys a large circulation. We can commend it to our readers as one of the best papers for the household published. Price \$1 per year. Published by the Buckeye Pub. Co., Minneapolis.

Of the many \$ books published there is perhaps none which relate, in so original a manner, the history and doings of an individual, as does Joe. Hess, the great temperance worker, in his book, "Out of Darkness into Light." It is handsomely gotten up, contains 300 pages, with several illustrations and is well worth reading as the events narrated are true from life, many of them of so local and recent a date as to make it of interest to those acquainted with the facts. Published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto; price, \$1.00. For sale by Mr. Hess, or the publisher. See clubbing offer with MANITOBA on another page.

The Delinuator for May, 1892, will be replete with novelties in every department of fashion, and illustrated by from two to three hundred carefully executed engravings. While supplying also the usual articles on dainty fancy-work, such as drawn-work, knitting, lace-making and poker-work, it will continue the series on "Physical Culture," and "Child Life," each of them illustrated as required by the text. Articles of the various series now current in the magazine will be found in their regular places, besides these one on crocheting, and one on tatting. Don't fail to secure a copy of the May number. It will please you. The subscription price of the magazine is \$1 a year. Single copy 15 cents. Send orders direct to *The Delinuator* Publishing Company of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond street west, Toronto.

The *Eclectic Magazine* for May is out and is replete with the numerous articles for which this magazine is noted. Contributions by many learned and scientific men adorn its pages. Of the contents which make up this excellent number. "On the Dissipation of Energy," by Lord Kelim; "A Word with the Physicians," by Lord Dunraven; and "A Golden Hour," by Wm. Watson, will prove of great interest to readers. "The Electrical cure of Cancer," by Mrs. Faithfull, will be eagerly read by those who are so afflicted, while "Thoughts of a Human Automaton," by H. Blanchamp, present the different phases of science and religion in a masterly manner. "Vishtasha," a poem by

Mary F. Robinson; "New Stars," by J. Norman Lockyer, and "A Reply to a Pessimist," by Alfred Austin, receive careful attention at the hands of the writers. "Vivisection," by Rev. Lionel Wallace, is ably handled, and J. Gordon, C.E., tells of "The Latest Electrical Discovery." "The Strange Story of Beethoven Koffsky," "Manners and Morals," "Ireland One Hundred Years Ago," "The Limits of Free-Will," and "William," comprise an interesting miscellany of reading matter interesting to all. General Booth tells of the "Social Problems at the Antipodes." Professor Dowden reviews "Meredith in his Poems," while Madame Juliette tells of "Woman's Place in Modern Life." "Chicago and its Exhibition," by Sir Henry Wood; "Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; Sketches of "Walt Whitman," and "Theodore Watts;" literary notes, etc., complete one of the best numbers yet issued. Every one interested in the great social and scientific problem of the age should read the *Eclectic*. E. R. Pelton Publisher, New York; \$5 per year.

The May number of the *Dominion Illustrated* monthly has reached us, and an examination of its contents shows that the high standard of literary excellence which it set out, is fully maintained. A pictorial supplement also accompanies this number, which is very appropriate for the time of year, entitled "Moving Day." Of the contents which go to make up this excellent number, "The River of Goose," by Ed. W. Sandys, relating to geese shooting in Manitoba, will be interesting to all northwest sportsman, the illustrations of which are excellent. Every one should possess a copy of this magazine, which is published at the low price of \$1.50 per annum, by the Sabiston Lith. & Pub. Co., Montreal and Toronto.

Miscellaneous.

WHEN you see a lot off bald headed men in the front row at the theatre, itz a sine that dresses eum hi.

POLITNESS in society konsists in laffing at a friend's joak and telling evri-bodi else what a bore he iz.

THE hen that lais two eggs a da dize young. This fabull teeches that itz a good rool to let well enuff aloan.

THE Spider and Fly Extravaganza appeared at the Bijou on May 11 and 12.

GORTON'S Minstrels follow the "Spider and Fly." This company when here last had the finest band ever heard in Winnipeg, though small in numbers. Their delightful outdoor concerts have not been forgotten.

Our Checker Department.

CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Ed. Kelly, 154 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

GAME NO. 5. DOUBLE CORNER.

By Wm. Taylor.

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

B. Wins.

*14-10 will draw at this point.

CHECKERS VS. CHESS.

We have received several letters of late from parties who wish us to state in our checker department which of the two games are the most complicated—checkers or chess. That question would be impossible to answer. They are both so complicated that one cannot say which of the two games are the deeper. The late R. E. Bowen, one of the ablest analytical and impromptu players that ever lived, gives these interesting figures as to the inexhaustibility of checkers. He says: "To know how many variations we shall have we have only to decide how many moves there shall be in a game. The match played between Wyllie and Martins in Glasgow in 1864 seems to be about the average. There were 62 games and 4,000 moves, an average number of moves being a fraction over 64 to a game. Suppose you make it 60, I find we shall have the following number of variations: 1,152, 921, 504, 606, 846, 976. Now to understand more fully the vastness of such a great number, we must compare it to something that presents itself to the mind in a more simple form. If all the people in England and America, 40,000,000 on a side, could play together at the same time, each couple playing one game every ten minutes ten hours a day, three

hundred days a year, it would take them 1,600,279 years to play the above number of games. If the games were printed in a series of books with 2,000 variations in each book, they would make 576, 160, 752, 303, 122 volumes. If these books were the size of the *American Draughts Player*, they would build a wall 200 feet wide, 590 high around the world 25,000 miles. If they were piled up in England they would cover its entire territory ten feet deep, 50,000 square miles. If distributed among its people each one would receive more than 11,000,000 of books, and yet we hear men talk of grinding up all its wrinkles. The game of checkers is far more profound than the human knowledge can fathom. Its ever varying positions cannot be solved. The true position will never be written, though one had the brains of an Anderson, the years of a Methuselah and the wealth of a nation, he would not unfold a hundredth part."

SOLUTION TO POSITION NO. 2.

Black on 10, 12, 13, 14; king on 31.
White on 19, 21, 23, 30; king on 15.
Black to play and draw as follows:

12-16	14-17	31-27	31-2
15-6	19-12	21-14	Drawn.

REFERENCE BOARD FOR BEGINNERS.

Black.

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

White.

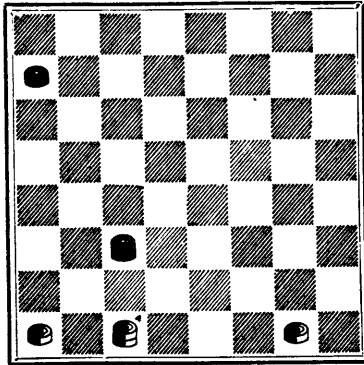
At the commencement of a game the black men occupy the square numbered from 1 to 12, and the white men those numbering from 21 to 32. Place the men on the board and play over the games in this department, and in

a short time you will consider yourself a first-class player, Black always moves first.

POSITION NO. 3.

By Chas. Casson, of Stratford, Ont.

Black on 5; King on 22.



White on 29, 22; King on 30.

White to play and win.

Musical and Dramatic.

THE Apollo Club's concert in Victoria Hall on Tuesday the 10th inst., is too late for receiving proper notice in this issue.

* * *

MR. MAWSON, leader of St. Andrew's choir, has completed all arrangements for the choir's concert on Thursday, May 12th.

* * *

FREDERICK WARDE in "The Lion's Mouth," "Virginius" and "The Mountebank," at the Bijou Theatre on May 4, 5 and 6, delighted large audiences in spite of rainy weather. This tragedian has become a favorite with Winnipeegers, and his support is stronger than usual with companies visiting this city.

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GRACE CHURCH choir are rehearsing Gounod's "Messe Solonelle."

* * *

THE destruction by fire of the Princess Opera House on May 1st has been a source of very great satisfaction to the majority of citizens. Of course, Mr. Seach and all who incurred any loss, have the sympathy of all, nevertheless it is a relief to know that there

are prospects now for a new opera house which will reflect credit on Winnipeg and provide a proper place for amusement seekers.

* * *

THE "Pirates of Penzance" produced on April 26, 27 and 28, by the Operatic Society, does not appear to have been as great a success as when first given by the Society in 1884, at least so far as the soloists are concerned. The chorus, though, was the best ever heard in opera in this city. The weather apparently affected several of the principals as was evident from the colds they had. Messrs. Arnold, Billman and Ferté were more or less troubled. The last mentioned being entirely out of form. Miss Mathias has not received that amount of credit which was due her for rendering so difficult a character as Mabel Stanley. A young singer with no experience in leading parts, she is deserving of praise for doing so well. Mr. J. D. Scott was the most satisfying among the principals, scoring quite a hit. The orchestra deserves a word of praise for the work done by them.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of amateur performances, it is hard to understand why the majority of our people seem to take especial delight in picking and tearing to pieces the efforts of the performers. There is never a concert or other style of entertainment given but what this spleen is shown by an army of inane swelled heads who fancy they are learned enough to express their opinions. These idiots would make a sorry spectacle indeed were they to exchange places with those who do the best they are able. Honest criticism given in a kind and proper manner by those who *know how to criticise* will always aid and encourage. If we wish to be known as a people fond of art and music encourage those who attempt to entertain you, and if cases arise where people have been ill advised in appearing on the platform, tell them so in a kindly spirit.