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# THE MANITOBAN.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. I.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, JANUARY, 1892.

No 2.

## Notes and Comments.



THE citizens of Toronto are to be congratulated on the manner in which they settled the Sunday street car question. If by their votes "ye shall know them" then we can still count on a large majority of people who have the respect for that observance of the Sabbath that characterizes the British Canadian subject. It has long been a controversy across the border as to how far we should go in keeping the Lord's day, but the scriptural injunction "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy" is as much in force to-day as when it was thundered down the sides of Mount Sinai, the echo of which has been ringing down through the ages and will continue to do so until the end of time. Perhaps we may not be called progressive by our neighbors, but it is only the thin end of the wedge which if once inserted, would be followed by the Sunday newspaper, Sunday excursions, the opera, base ball matches, saloons in

full blast, and to the stranger a total ignoring of the Sabbath day. The present generation is wicked enough without legislating for their benefit.

We are pleased to see the stand the Winnipeg City Council have taken in the matter by retaining the power of Sunday street car service in their own hands, to be determined by the people as to the disposition of that service. Winnipeg is noted for its strict observance of the Lord's day, and if we know anything of the mettle of its citizens, it will be a long day before we have the doings of a second Chicago in our midst.

\* \* \*

THE *London Times* in speaking of the Quebec scandal upholds the action of Lieut.-Gov. Angers in dismissing the Mercier cabinet as constitutional. As to whether the Lieut.-Gov. exercised his prerogative rightly or wrongly we are not going to say, but we hope to see the day when there will not be the need of any such measures being taken to get honest government. The electors should have the power to recall their representative if he proves to be unworthy and delegate to him a back seat

where he would forever remain in oblivion, and being once recalled should remain there, and not like Sir Charles Dilke and several others who are well known, keep out of the way until it blows over, only to appear on hand again, smiling as ever. Let us elect good honest men, (and we have them) to whom we can confide the confidence of the people, and keep them there until they prove unworthy. Nor let us call every man who may be elected a rogue, because he is opposed to us politically, but rather strengthen his hands to enable him to use his best talents for the interest of the country.

\* \* \*

A WAR cloud, no bigger than a man's hand has again appeared on the horizon this time, in the East. By the death of the Khedive of Egypt the long standing Egyptian question has been revived and a diplomatic war will likely be carried on to determine whether France or England will have a hand in appointing his successor. Grave fears are expressed as to the outcome of events and not without reason as it is well known that France has an eye to extending her possessions in that quarter, and will likely take the present time as an opportune one to insist on the appointment of a French representative to act as regent. On the other hand England who has a good deal to say as to the appointment will probably assist Prince Abbas, the eldest son of the late Khedive, to the position of ruler. In any case the situation is regarded as anything but

pleasant and the greatest care will have to be taken to avoid a collision.

\* \* \*

WE are much pleased with the reception with which the first number of this magazine was received. We do not claim to be one of the *big* magazines, but we do claim to be a home paper, which will always be found advancing the interests of our country and in placing before the people a higher class of literature and reading matter than is usually found in the so called *cheap* magazines. We ask for the liberal support of all those who wish to see the MANITOBAN prosper, and if we can predict for the future by judging of the past, we believe that we shall soon have as large a circulation as any magazine in Canada. If our friends will help us by their literary contributions—as well as subscriptions—we shall soon have in this way a valuable library of Canadian literature. Let us hear from you.

\* \* \*

By the repealing of the Prohibitory Law in the Territories and the adopting of the License System, the Northwest Council have distinguished themselves—early in the New Year. As a general rule at this time of the year it is the temperance resolutions which are made instead of the intemperance. But as something had to be achieved, and the people wanted to be like their neighbors, able to get a drink when thirsty, they took the opportunity to open the gates and let in the rum. It will now be in order to increase the estimates by placing therein additional amounts for the

erection and enlarging of jails, reformatories and asylums.

\* \* \*

ACCORDING to *Truth*, Henry Labouchere's paper, the ultimate destiny of Canada is to become a new United States, or become attached to the great republic. *Truth* may have an excellent and exalted idea of matters relating to home affairs, but we think its forecast for Canada is on a par with that of Moses Oates and the weather—not very probable. Canada has not the remotest idea of losing her individuality for some time to come, and when she does, if it ever should happen that way, neither *Truth* nor anybody else now living will have much to say about it.

\* \* \*

THE *Winnipeg Tribune* is earnestly advocating the building of the Winnipeg & Duluth railway and we hope the fact will be soon accomplished as "'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished for." So also is the Hudson's Bay railway. The enormous yield of the past year is only a quota to what this province can produce as settlement advances. No one doubts the insufficient railway accommodation even at the present time and not only one but a dozen lines of railway will be yet needed for the great arteries of commerce through which will flow No. 1 hard, the wealth of the nation.

\* \* \*

WHEN the Dominion Government was asked to give an additional bonus to the Canadian Pacific Railway it was said that the road would never pay any dividend

or secure traffic enough to pay running expenses. The fact of their contemplating the building of a double track between Winnipeg and Port Arthur and the successful showing of last year should prove the fallacy of such a statement. The Prairie Province will require the services of many such roads as the C. P. R. and Northern Pacific. We cannot have too many of such lines.

\* \* \*

OUR great yield for the past year is beginning to attract attention, and as a result we will have within the next few months several factories springing up in Winnipeg for the manufacture of barb wire, binder twine and several other articles. We have a great field for development and capitalists are beginning to find out that no country in the world offers such a field for investment as Manitoba, nor any city in America as Winnipeg.

\* \* \*

LOTTERIES are having a hard fight to keep alive not only in Louisiana but in Quebec, and are making terrific struggles in their endeavor to maintain their lawless robbery. In the Province of Quebec alone it is estimated 3,000,000 dollars are sent out annually to this god of chance. Not exactly chance either except to the poor dupes who are victimized by this species of swindling. Let our legislators wipe them out. We have enough to answer for without gambling; Quebec especially.

\* \* \*

It is said that Canada will soon take first place in the number of

politicians she has to population. We do not know how the other provinces are but we believe Manitoba stands at the head of the list in this respect. You can hardly walk down the street, strike a hotel, street car or railway train but every man you meet can give you an idea how to run the country. More application to business and how to improve one's self is what is needed.

\* \* \*

THE Chilian trouble with our neighbor has apparently passed over but like the proverbial north wind made a large number feel quite chilly while it lasted.

\* \* \*

"CANADA first" seems to elicit a good deal of correspondence in the *Toronto Mail* which on the face of it looks as if it was Canada second.

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### New Year's Resolutions.

AGAIN the New Year comes booming seriously along, and, as usual, men and women are making all sorts of good resolutions, that we only trust may be carried out instead of being rudely shattered, as is usually the case. It is indeed a pleasant thing to see the man who is a never-ceasing patron of the flowing bowl registering a vow to avoid the fell destroyer and not even so far forget himself as to look upon the lemonade when it is red—through the agency of claret. When people put their resolves into cold, every day prose, they are apt to forget them; but when they put them into the jingle of every day verse they (the verses) are not apt to slip the memory, because like the well known

"Thirty days hath September,  
April, June and November," etc,

they keep singing themselves in the inner chambers of one's soul. The smoker and the toper sings his intentions as follows:

"From New Year's day I'm going to shun  
Gin, beer and ancinette  
And other liquors, and not smoke  
One's blooming cigarette.

Oh, never more shall I be seen  
Beside the shining bar,  
Nor shall I ever smoke again  
A pipe or a cigar."

The spendthrift is always making resolutions to cut his expenses down and to do all in his power to secure a good balance in his favor in three or four several banks. But as a rule he doesn't succeed in his undertaking, noble though it is; but now he strikes his commercial harp and sings from the most innermost recesses of his soul:

"I'm going to save my money now  
So never more I'll bob  
Along the sunny thoroughfare  
Upon the sorrel cob.

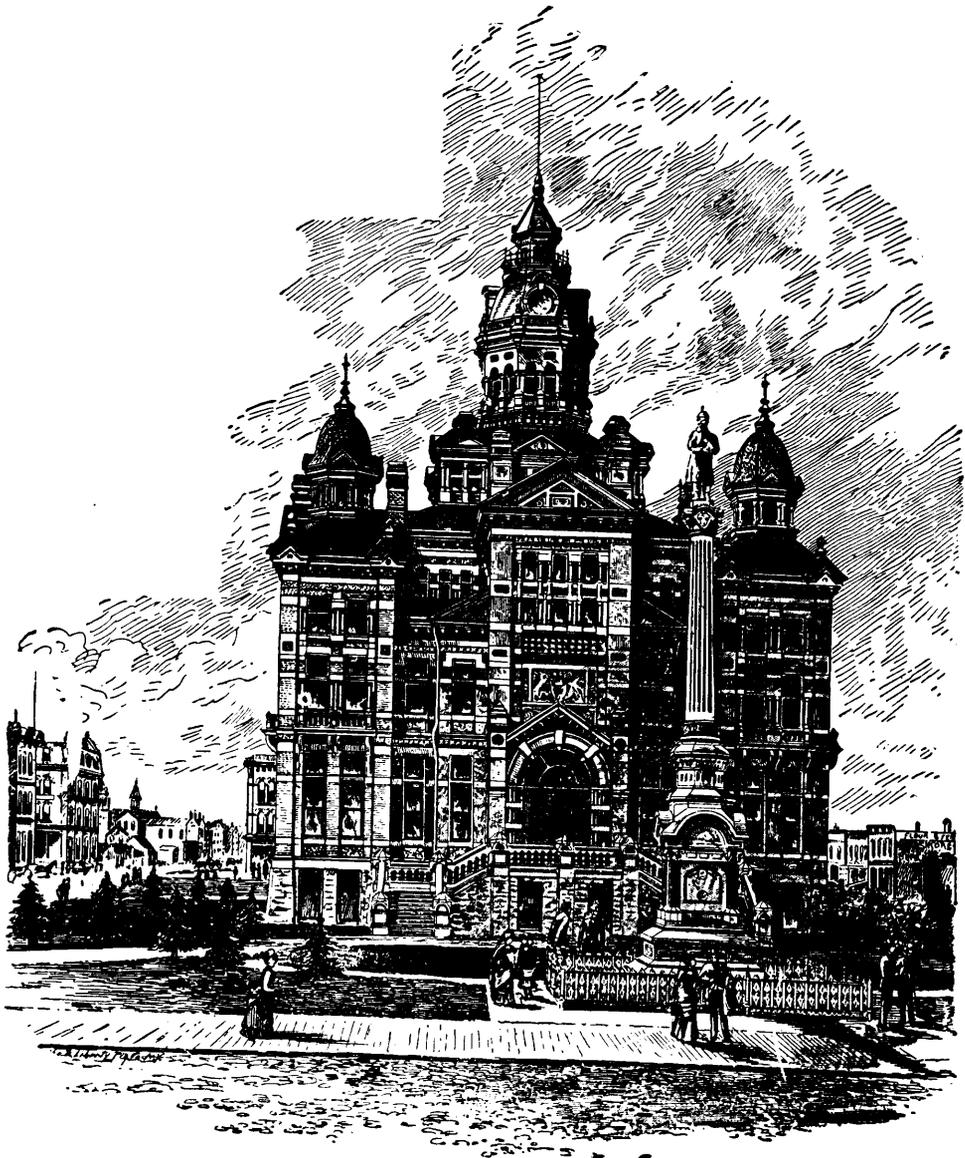
I'm going to shun the theatre,  
Likewise the ball and hop,  
And pretty soon financially  
I'll be away on top."

Just crane your neck at an angle of say forty-five degrees, and hold your hand over your ear until you catch the melodious murmur of the languishing society belle:

"I will avoid the caramel  
With all my might and main,  
And fifty dollar bonnets, oh!  
I'll never wear again.

Next year of being frivolous  
No one shall me accuse;  
I'm twenty-nine and ne'er again  
Shall I a man refuse."

The small boy is about the last creature in this vale of tears from whom one would expect reformation in any form—because he is only happy when in mischief, and never happy when out of it. He would rather paint his sister's doll green than to chop a cord of wood; and it is not at all likely that he would find the slightest sensation of pleasure in stinging a hornet's nest if that act were universally regarded as an eminently virtuous act. It will therefore come in the form of a surprise, will this set of resolutions from a typical small boy:



CITY HALL, WINNIPEG, AND VOLUNTEERS' MONUMENT.

"Next year I will be very good,  
In fact a little lamb ;  
I'll never climb the closet shelf  
To help myself to jam.

I won't drive nails into the wall,  
Or throw the rude brick-bat  
To dislocate the vertebrae  
Of any neighbor's cat.

I will not smoke my father's pipe  
When he is not around ;  
I won't annex the can unto  
The caudal of the hound ;

But I will be so very good,  
That when to school I'm sent,  
I will not hookey play to steal  
Beneath the circus tent."

Just hear the butcher toot his merry  
horn, while all the world with purest rap-  
ture listens, and epicures go wild for very  
joy to hear the butcher thus proclaim him-  
self :

"I will not sell a tenderloin  
Cut near the crumpled horn ;  
I will not sell a hammered steak  
At even or at noon ;

I will not sell an ancient chop  
At any time for gold ;  
And no spring chicken of mine shall be  
More than ten winter's old."

[R. K. MUNKITTRICK in *Once a Week*.]

## Manitoba Thirty Years Ago.

WE propose in future to devote a space once a month to reminiscences of a quarter of a century ago, when, as our readers are aware, Manitoba was Assiniboia, and Assiniboia was comprised in a circle, drawn from Fort Garry, of a radius of fifty miles. The Council of Assiniboia was its Legislative Assembly, its Government, and its Executive, and the case which is mentioned in the following minutes of Council, the power of release from sentence of death, was assumed and carried out. Without further comment we will give a specimen of how this Government was conducted at the time we mention in the following minutes of a meeting of the Governor and Council of Assiniboia, held on the 13th day of March, 1862, at which were present the under-mentioned Councillors, viz.: William McTavish, Esq.,

Governor of Assiniboia, President ; the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land, Robert McBeth, Esq.; Henry Fisher, Esq., Francois Bruneau, Esq., Salomon Amlin, Esq., Pascal Breland, Esq., John Inkster, Esq., Thomas Sinclair, Esq. The President and these Councillors have all passed away, and it will be interesting to the present generation to learn in how simple a manner matters of moment were disposed of. The record goes on to say :

"After the Minutes of the last meeting of Council had been read and adopted, Petitions were read praying for the release of Paulette Chartras from goal. The total number of signatures was 465.

It was moved by the Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land and seconded by Mr. John Inkster, that the prisoner Paulette Chartras shall be liberated from prison at the expiration of six months, counting from the day of his committal to prison. Carried unanimously.

A petition was presented from August Schubert praying the Council to grant him compensation for the loss of property caused by riotous Indians. The petition was not granted.

A petition was laid before the Council from Ryar Olson and Har-Kuske Weyah Denig or Olsen, praying the Council to appoint guardians over the minor children of the late Edwin Thompson Denig. The Council refused to act, not having sufficient information to act upon.

The following letter from Mr. James Ross was then read :

WILLIAM MCTAVISH, Esquire, Governor of Assiniboia and President of the Council :

HONORED SIR—My experience has convinced me that an improvement could be effected on our present mode of paying the constables, and with this conviction, I beg to submit a proposition for the consideration of the Council at its next session.

You are aware that, under the present arrangement, they receive their annual allowance only at the end of each year of service—a system which, no doubt, frees the paymaster from trouble and facilitates account-keeping, but which, assuredly, entails hardship on some of the men. Most

of the constables are men of very limited means; they require all their honest gains to meet current household expenses, and can therefore, ill afford to render service a whole year without pay during the time.

My proposition is, that, for the future, the constables be paid off quarterly. This would give them the benefit of their earnings at short intervals; it would render unnecessary their running into debt on account of their expected pay, and it would be more gratifying and encouraging to them, as they would, at all times during the year, feel that they were enjoying the fruits of their labor. It is to be remembered, moreover, that, although we have been professing to pay them only at the year's end, some of them have, in fact, been repeatedly receiving advances on account, which, besides being irregular, operates unfairly for those who get nothing. Those understanding that their pay is not obtainable only at the year's end, do not ask for, and consequently do not get anything until then, although they may require advances quite as much as those who receive them.

This irregular system, if allowed to continue, will inevitably put us in this dilemma—either to make advances to all, or refuse all. The former would occasion needless trouble and account-keeping—the latter would in some cases entail real hardship.

On every consideration, therefore, I think it would be better if the constables were paid off quarterly and I respectfully submit the proposition to your Honorable Council for consideration.

If it be adopted, I would further suggest that as the fiscal year commenced on the 1st. June, the constable year should begin at the same date, instead of as at present, on the 1st September.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble and obedient servant,  
 JAMES ROSS,  
*Sheriff.*

Red River Settlement,  
 March 11th, 1862.

It was moved by Mr. Robert McBeth and seconded by Mr. John Inkster, That the constables shall, for the future, be paid half-yearly. Carried unanimously.

It was moved by the Bishop of Rupert's Land and seconded by John Inkster, That William McTavish, Esq., Francois Bruneau, Esq., and Thomas Sinclair, Esq., be appointed a committee to collect and arrange the Local Laws of the District of Assiniboia. Carried unanimously."

(To be Continued.)

## The Swiss and Piedmontese on Red River.\*

BY REV. DR. BRYCE.

NEARLY twenty years ago the writer had occasion to stop over on his journey through Minnesota at Breckenridge, a small town on the Red River, which was for a time the terminus of the railway by which travellers came to Manitoba. Spending the night at this place he fell into conversation with an American settler, who declared himself to be the descendant of one of the former Swiss residents of Red River. This allusion led the writer to investigate the matter, and now the facts are being recovered of a former considerable settlement from Switzerland and Piedmont, near where Winnipeg now stands. Of this colony there is scarcely a trace remaining except in the books, a list of which is given below. The last of these, published during 1891, is a most interesting account by a Swiss woman, Mrs. Adams, of her journey and that of her countrymen, in 1821, from Switzerland to the then inhospitable banks of the Red River.

But even before these Switzers, there had come to Red River, as escort to Lord Selkirk, in 1816, a band of military settlers. These had been given holdings on what is now the St. Boniface side of Red River. Many of them spoke German,

\*Journal of Rev. John West (London) 1824.

The Red River Settlement by Alexander Ross (London) 1856.

Brochures of the Manitoba Historical Society, Winnipeg, 1878-91.

Manitoba: Infancy. Growth, etc., by the writer (London) 1882.

Early Days at Red River Settlement. Minnesota Historical Society (St. Paul), 1891.

and on this account the little river Seine, which empties into Red River opposite Point Douglas, was long known as German Creek. The name St. Boniface itself, is that of Winifred or Boniface, the German apostle and patron saint, and commemorates this early German-speaking people. It is needless to go into the story of the Red River troubles of 1814-16. It has been often told. But in the last named year, Lord Selkirk, coming to the Northwest to help his struggling colony, brought with him, up the Canadian lakes, about one hundred men, who had been among the mercenaries engaged by Britain to fight in the war of 1812-15 in defence of Canada against the United States. These men were of the class spoken of so tenderly by Wordsworth:—

"That stern yet kindly spirit who contrains  
The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,  
The free born Swiss to leave his narrow vales."

At the close of the war of 1816 these foreign regiments had been disbanded, and eighty men of the corps called after their colonel, the "De Meuron regiment," were taken from Montreal, and twenty men of the De Watteville regiment from Kingston, and these under their four officers, Captains D'Orsonneus and Matthey, and Lieutenants Fanche and Graffenreith found their way up to Lake Superior. After having encamped for a time near Fort William, at a locality still known as "Point De Meuron," they pushed on, and coming in the winter of 1816-17 by way of Lake of the Woods, crossed the country to Pembina, and descending the Red River, captured Fort Douglas on the site of the Winnipeg of to day. Their settlement by Lord Selkirk took place shortly afterward. Among these colonists there were no women, and the lonely bachelors of German Creek were disconsolate in their new homes. Being old soldiers they were turbulent, and Sheriff Ross is somewhat severe in referring to their selfishness and discontent. They made but little progress, though in 1818, the priest Joseph Norbert Provencher, afterwards first Roman Catholic Bishop on the Red River, arrived from Lower Canada to minister to them, most of them being Roman Catholics.

In the year 1821, there came to the banks of Red River, a somewhat remark-

able stream of Swiss immigration. This was also begun under the direction of Lord Selkirk. As anxious to fill up the vacant lands of his Assiniboia, as a government agent of to-day to induce settlers to come to Manitoba, Lord Selkirk seized hold of one of the officers of the disbanded De Watteville regiment, Col. Rudolphe May, and dispatched him to his native Switz-erland to bring out colonists. Col. May was a native of Berne, and on his return to his own land, scattered widely French and German copies of a somewhat highly-colored prospectus of the attractions of Red River. His efforts were successful, and a band of Swiss, all Protestants, but of whom about three-quarters were French-speaking, enrolled themselves as colonists. Mrs. Adams tells us that the party to the number of one hundred and sixty-five assembled at a village near Basle, a Swiss town on the Rhine, May 3rd, 1821. On the 30th of the same month the emigrants, having come down the Rhine, sailed from the Dutch seaport of Dort, in the British ship "Lord Wellington." The sea voyage was tedious, extending over nearly four months, and the weary settlers landed at York factory, on Hudson's Bay, about August 27th.

The journey from Hudson's Bay to Red River, made in York boats, was tiresome and dangerous, and the worn out colonists larded at their future home, which was wild and unattractive enough, about the end of October. The arrival of the Swiss made a great stir in the Selkirk Colony. They did not arouse the opposition, that the De Meurons had met. Though Sheriff Ross speaks of their unsuitability as immigrants, they having been "watch and clock makers, pastry cooks, musicians," and the like yet he approvingly says, "As to character they must have proved an acquisition to any community, being a quiet, orderly and moral people, remarkable withal for the number of handsome young people, both lads and lasses among them." Rev. John West narrates very graphically the circumstances of the raid made by the lonely De Meuron's settlers upon the attractive Swiss girls on their arrival. Shelter was at once given to the Swiss families, which contained handsome maidens, but those

not so blessed were compelled to pitch tents for themselves outside the fort, and to suffer the rigors of the winter. The chaplain was busy: the De Meuron bachelors and the Swiss girls married in hot haste; and Mrs. Adams says, "I saw an amusing incident during this matrimonial fair. An eager De Meuron seized a woman by the hand, saying "I want to marry you." but was much disappointed when she told him, "I have a husband."

It is not easy for us now to race all the names of this De Meuron and Swiss immigration, but from various sources we have recovered the following names from this body, which in all contained about two hundred and fifty persons: Scheidecker (Mrs. Adam's maiden name), Perret, Rondo, Gervais, Massie, Chettain, Bender, Laprevo, Quiluby, Bendowitz, Kralic, Wassoliosky, Rhe, Jankosky, Wachter, Lassota, Laidece, Warcklur, Krusel, Jolicoeur, Maquette, Lelonde, Schmidt.

Mrs Adams says that the difficulties of settlement at this time were increased by the visitation of the Red River by grasshoppers, but Ross declares that the grasshoppers had all disappeared in 1821. However this may be, it is certain that the Swiss settlers became thoroughly discouraged. It is said that even in the year of their arrival five Swiss families deserted the settlement, and went south to the Mississippi. Others left two years afterwards, and found homes in the Western States. It remained for the great flood of 1826 to convince these settlers, who had little attachment to British institutions, that they could not make Selkirk colony their home. The whole De Meuron and Swiss body, numbering two hundred and forty three persons, departed for the United States June 24th, 1826. Sheriff Ross assumes the aggressive when he speaks of them as follows: "This party, now on the wing to be off, were joined by every idler and other persons averse to Red River; and so little was their further residence in the colony desired, that food and other necessaries were furnished to them gratis by the Company, with the view of hastening their departure." With this parting word we may leave the turbulent soldiers and the timid Swiss, who found uninhabitable the neighbor-

hood of what is now a flourishing city of some thirty thousand souls. Their descendants are scattered over the Western States, one of the Swiss having become a general in the American army. Evidently this element reached the banks of the Red River more than half a century too soon.

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## Two White Roses.

BY D. L. DALTON.

PARIS is a rich city, and proud of its riches. It has heaps of gold, and a great abundance of rubies and diamonds. Its treasurers are countless, its luxuries boundless. Its wide-spread mantle wants but one thing to complete its splendour, and that is—flowers. It would hardly be believed that there is a scarcity of flowers in Paris, but it is true nevertheless.

It has fewer flowers than precious stones. That queen of the world could more easily encircle her brow with brilliants and emeralds than with daisies and orange blossoms. To be sure there is a flower market in this opulent city, where the ladies of the nobility procure their elegant camelias. The botanist goes there for his rare tulip, and the grisette to pluck a sweet-scented gilly-flower. But these flowers, like many other Parisian productions have but a fictitious existence, they are temporarily supported by the artificial heat introduced into the pots, but soon droop and fade away. The purchaser, who thought he possessed a living and healthful bloom, finds, upon his return home that he is the owner of a sickly faded flower—a fit emblem of the fleeting pleasures of the world. It should be added, for the credit of Paris, that there are also several magnificent temples dedicated to Flora. In some of the most magnificent streets of the city may be seen splendid stores, kept by beautiful and bewitching young ladies, in which there are handsome miniature alters erected to this goddess. There you will find the budding rose, whose tints resembles the first blush of a modest maiden; the lily, emblem of purity, with its golden petals and alabaster cups, the moss rose, the favorite

flower of the poet; in a word, a representative of the whole vegetable kingdom.

There you will find a cloud of incense from which the garland of the queen of flowers gathers its perfume.

Still the supply of flowers is greatly disproportionate to the other luxuries of the French metropolis. Winter flowers especially are very rare, and botanists alone know the great labor which their production costs. They require a pent up heat of even temperature, and the most unwearied watchfulness and attention.

Mlle Pascaline Benoit was one of the most renowned florists in Paris. She was an enthusiast in her profession. She was quite poor, but she cultivated her flowers with a poetic zeal, which excited the admiration of all who knew her. Her little garden, situated at the outskirts of the city, always contained some prodigy of the vegetable kingdom.

It was mid-winter. A fine equipage drew up and stopped in front of Pascaline's door. A fine looking matron, and a charming young lady alighted from the carriage. It was the Marchioness-de-Regenial and her daughter. "Mademoiselle," said the Marchioness, "my daughter is to be married the day after to-morrow, and we wish a white rose for her wedding dress. I am told you have one." "Yes, I have two," replied Pascaline. "Can I see them?" asked the noble lady. "Certainly," was the response; and the two visitors were conducted to a beautiful rose-bush bearing two half-blown roses, which shed a most delicious perfume. "Can't I have both of them?" enquired the Marchioness. "No, madam," answered Pascaline with a sigh; "one of them is already promised."

"Then I will take this one. What is the price?" "Two Louis." "Here is the money. Send the rose to my hotel: Rue Saint Honore."

Pascaline bowed politely, and re-conducted her wealthy customers to the door of her humble abode.

How fortunate, thought she. Forty francs! with this sum I can pay my rent, and save myself from being turned out. "O my dear mother!" she exclaimed, "from thy happy place in heaven, thou still guardest and protectest thy unhappy daughter!"

That night was one of sadness to Pascaline. It was the eve of the anniversary of the death of her mother, a good and pious woman, who had cultivated in her daughter two chaste affections—love of God, and love of flowers. She wept, as she reflected upon the last moments of that adored mother, whom God had called to himself. It was a cold night. Death had already seized upon its victim. The weeping daughter sat by the bedside. The dying mother said, in a faint but sweet voice—"Pascaline, are our white roses still living?" "Yes, mother," was the reply. "Then bring them to me, that I may enjoy them once more." The daughter brought them. There were two beautiful full-blown roses upon one branch. The doctor said that the odor of these flowers might injure the patient. "No, never mind," she said, "these roses, like my child, will live long after me. Pascaline, give me one of them. Bury this one with me." A few minutes afterwards she breathed her last.

While she lay a corpse, the rose was placed in her hand; but as the dead body was placed in the coffin, the leaves of the flower fell off. She was buried, and the grave had scarcely closed when the daughter made a solemn vow, as chaste and tender as the heart that inspired it. The night was then passed in prayer and filial remembrance. Next morning she resumed her daily task in the garden. She recollected that she had engaged to send a rose to the Marchioness, and she went to pluck it; but—sad to relate—one of the flowers had withered away. But a single rose now remained.

The proprietor came and demanded the payment of his rent. "Sir," said Pascaline, "I am unable to pay you." "How is that? you have money," said the landlord, reminding her of the two Louis which he had learned she had received from the Marchioness. "That is no longer mine. The white rose has withered and died. The money is returned." "But here is another rose remaining; why not send it?" "That is already promised; all the gold in the world would not purchase it!" "Then," responded the irritated proprietor, "you must prepare to leave at once. I can't allow tenants to occupy my property for nothing."

"You shall be obeyed," answered the girl calmly.

The Marchioness, upon receiving the money which she left with Pascaline the day before, hastened to the garden for the purpose of learning why the rose had not been sent. She was informed that Mlle. Benoit had just gone out with a white rose in her hand. The Marchioness turned and saw her walking down the street. Prompted by curiosity to see where she was going to, she resolved to follow her.

Pascaline entered a cemetery. She knelt at the grave of her mother; and after planting the rose upon it she exclaimed: "Oh my mother! accept this pledge of my remembrance; receive this flower which thou lovest so much, and which my own hands have cultivated for thee. Intercede for thy poor child, who is this day without protection or hope!" and with her tears she bedewed the wooden cross, which was the only monument that marked the resting place of that beloved mother. The Marchioness moved to tears retired unperceived. Next day Pascaline was preparing to leave.

"Where are you going?" enquired her companions. "I must leave you," was the reply. "Why?" "Because I can't pay my rent." "But your rent is paid for two years." "Is it possible?" "Yes; here is your receipt."

Pascaline was astounded; but she soon comprehended the pleasant truth. That evening a well dressed servant delivered her the following note, inclosing two hundred Louis:—

"**MADemoiselle:** I know all. I know you have given to your mother the flower with which I wished to adorn my wedding robe. I have a mother whom I adore, and can appreciate your maternal devotion. I therefore take this opportunity of expressing my sympathy with you, in such heartfelt proof of filial affection. Please accept of the enclosed as a pledge of my remembrance. I hope you will not refuse me this privilege of commencing my married life by honoring filial piety. Your sincere friend,  
**AMENAIDE-DE-REGENIAL.**"

**UNDERTAKER** (to youth who is lighting a cigarette): "That's right. You smoke the cigarettes; we do the rest."—*New York Press.*

## Red River Expedition of 1870.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Continued.)

**M**Y last communication left the advance guard of the expedition encamped in front of the Hudson's Bay fort at Sault St. Marie, midway between the landing and Lake Superior, and armed not with rifles or bayonets or ammunition but with pickaxes, spades and shovels to make about three quarters of a mile of wagon road through the bush from the old fort to Lake Superior. The troops commenced their work, but for several days could make but little headway owing to the want of scrapers and wheelbarrows. There were no scrapers and about one wheelbarrow to every twenty men so that while one man wheeled his load about one hundred yards and returned, the twenty men stood waiting. The supplies of material to work with were wanting; the arrangements throughout were bad, both on the Dawson road and on the portages, but as the Minister of Works was from a certain province it was immaterial to him whether the expedition reached Fort Garry in three months or in three years.

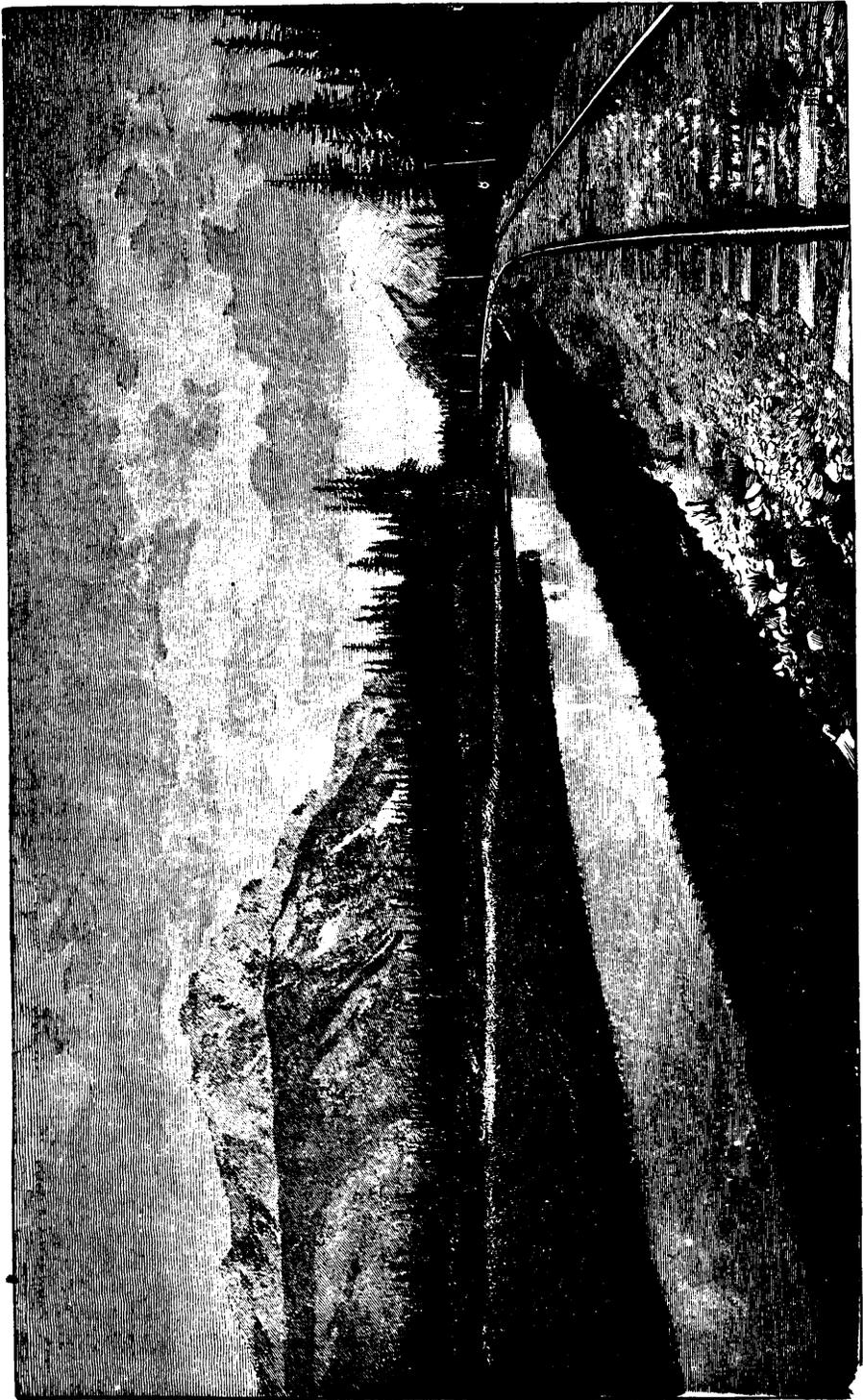
On May 23rd the Chicora arrived, bringing with her Col. Wolsley and staff, and the greater part of the 60th Rifles, the remaining companies having arrived on the Francis Smith the same afternoon.

The day was very warm, and the first of the season on which the mosquitoes turned out in vast myriads. Some of the regulars experienced the attacks of this Canadian pest for the first time, and it was extremely amusing to hear their comments on the little animal. Just at sundown and while on parade the following might be heard:—

"Jack, what in h—ll are these little insects that come to whistle a jig in your ear before attacking your jugular!"

"Pshaw," replies Jack, "these are the Canadian mus-ka-toes, placing the accent on the first and last syllable."

"B—y my eyes if they're so savage in



CASCADE MOUNTAINS, NEAR BANFF.

hinfancy what brutes they must be when nine or ten years old!"

A little farther down the ranks is an Irishman evidently, who proposes the following conundrum:

"Why is the mosquito like the leader of the Conservative party?"

"Tim, I don't know."

"Because he likes to have British blood in his veins."

No doubt this regiment learned the truth of the conundrum, for before they reached Shebandowan Lake, despite the mosquito nets and the mosquito-proof oil supplied them by the Dominion Government, their own officers or nearest relatives could not identify some of them, they received such *marked* attention paid them by the mosquito family.

On this evening the 60th Rifles, No. 1 Company, under Capt Cook, with Col. Wolseley and staff went on board the *Chicora* and with two schooners in tow, heavily laden with military stores, started for Prince Arthur's landing amidst the cheers of a large number of citizens and No. 4 Company who escorted them to the Lake. They reached Prince Arthur's landing on the west coast of Lake Superior on the 25th, which place was christened after Prince Arthur, third son of Queen Victoria, now known as the Duke of Connaught. No. 4 Company had instructions to remain and push on with rapidity the completion of the road to Lake Superior. From this date every boat that arrived from Collingwood brought a contingent of the First Ontario Rifles and the Second Quebec. These corps only remained long enough at the Sault to catch the first boat departing for Fort William.

On the evening of the 23rd of June a ball and supper was given to the officers of the Ontario Rifles and Quebec Battalion by Mrs. Simpson, the esteemed wife of Mr. Simpson, M.P. for Algoma, to which the leading citizens and the American officers across the river were invited. There were some twenty-five couples present and dancing was kept up until the 'wee sma' hours. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly when about one o'clock a.m., and when all had been barely seated at supper,

a messenger arrived in post haste bearing a letter for Col. Bolton, which on being opened, communicated the intelligence that 500 Fenians fully armed and equipped had landed in the canal and were about to attack the camp. No doubt this intelligence created considerable commotion, and amongst the officers there were considerable clashing of swords and hurrying to and fro, and some female cheeks a little pale, but it was decided that one should go the dance and that the American officers, (as there were very few citizens present), should remain and wind up the ball.

The ladies with the exception of the wife of the commanding officer were considerably alarmed, and as her husband and his officers emerged into the darkness, she stood pluckily at the ball room door and called after them not to return until they made the Fenian scally-wags smell British powder.

The night was extremely dark and we had considerable difficulty in finding our way back to camp. Walking side by side with Colonel Bolton, I was not a little surprised to find that instead of advising his subordinate officers how best to post themselves in battle array to repel the invader, he would every now and then, after a silence of many minutes, break out into violent imprecations on the head of Col. O——, followed by language not generally taught in Sabbath Schools, and all this illwill because he, in carving the ham, cut the slices too thick.

We reached camp, however, to find it utterly deserted, as the troops had already turned out and took up position in a corner of the woods on the Canadian side about three hundred yards from and facing the canal. Entering the woods we had to grope our way through the darkness to discover the position of our men; every moment expecting to be welcomed by a stray bullet from some of our sentries who might possibly mistake us for the enemy.

At that particular moment, bang goes a rifle followed by another and another, and then a dead silence. From these we learned the exact location of our force, and I must say of our Canadian non-commissioned officers, that when we reached

them we found them in as effective position as if they were placed by Col. Wolsley himself.

After remaining for some time, and daylight approaching, and no signs of the appearance of an enemy (save a harmless quadruped fired at by the aforesaid sentry, and who suffered for his timidity, of course, not the sentry, but the pig), the main body returned to camp, to discover that the cause of alarm was a body of five hundred mules armed with pickaxes, spades and shovels, passing up to work in the mines at Marquette.

No matter how unfriendly the relations between the two governments at that date it is only due to Col. Arfley and the officers and men under his command to say that a more hospitable body of men could rarely be found. Nothing that they could do was left undone to contribute to the wants of our little force while at Sault St. Marie. They crowned their hospitality by giving a ball on the evening of the 7th of June in honor of the Canadian officers, at which all those stationed at the Sault attended, and a more enjoyable entertainment could not be desired. It was indeed a most magnificent affair and a credit to the American town of Sault St. Marie.

The troops, stores, voyageurs, etc., having been pushed ahead, the time came for the last company of the First Ontario stationed at the Sault to report at head quarters at Prince Arthur's Landing, consequently on Sunday, June 12th, 1870, the last company boarded the Chicora, in Lake Superior.

Having remained so long at the Sault from the 16th May to the 12th of June, nearly a month, quite an acquaintanceship sprung up between the troops and the citizens, and the whole town turned out en masse to see them off. At 11 o'clock a.m., the Chicora got up steam and moved out into the blue waters of Lake Superior, while, on the shore, there were cheering and waving of handkerchiefs as long as the Chicora remained in view.

Thunder Cape appeared in view at an early hour in the morning of June 13th, and at 2 p.m. same day we landed at Prince Arthur's Landing, and found our mails awaiting us. The landing, now

Port Arthur, contained then two houses and a store, one of the former being a stopping place for the superintendent of the Dawson Road, and the other a small grocery, containing more agate specimens for sale than groceries.

(To be Continued)

## Humorous Tit-Bits.

OF GOOD REPUTE.—“your husband,” said the caller, sympathizingly, “was a man of many excellent qualities.”

“Yes,” sighed the widow, “he was a good man. Everybody says so. I wasn't much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to six lodges.”—*Chicago Tribune.*

### INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.—

Life insurance men remind us  
We can make our wives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Widows worthy of our time.

We can give them such a send-off  
On the life insurance plan,  
That when we, departing, end off,  
They can hook some other man.

—Selected.

THE following is said to be true:—A preacher “out West,” Mr. H., was a good man, but very rough in his way, and very much given to chewing tobacco. One time he was riding on horseback through the country, when there came up a shower. Riding up to a cabin he hastily hitched his horse, and knocked at the door. A sharp looking old lady answered the summons. The preacher asked for shelter.

“I don't take in strangers—I don't know you,” replied the old lady suspiciously.

“But you know what the Bible says,” said the preacher: “Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”

“You needn't quote Bible,” said the old lady, quickly. “No angel would come down from heaven with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, as you have!”

The door was shut, and the preacher unhitched his horse and rode away in the rain.—*Ex.*

## Rest.

The following poem by the Rev. Father Ryan, the famous Poet Priest, was the favorite poem of the late

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired,  
 My soul oppressed—  
 And I desire what I have long desired,  
 Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain  
 In barren ways ;  
 'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain  
 In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear—  
 But God knows best,  
 And I have prayed, but vain has been my  
 prayer

For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap  
 The autumn yield.  
 'Tis hard to till, and when tilled to weep  
 O'er fruitless fields.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,  
 So heart oppressed ;  
 And I sigh a weak and human sigh  
 For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years  
 And cares infest  
 My path, and through the flowing of hot tears  
 I pine—for rest.

'Twas always so, when a child I laid  
 On mother's breast  
 My wearied little head ; e'en then I prayed  
 As now—for rest.

And I am restless still ; 'twill soon be o'er  
 For down the west  
 Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
 Where I shall rest.

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 The Visit of the Angel.
 

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BY WILLIE PARBOE.

A window in heaven was just ajar,  
 When, all unseen by the sentinel star,  
 An angel slipped out from her jasper throne  
 And wandering down to this world alone,  
 She watched the children of men in the race  
 For fashion and fame, for power and place.  
 She saw how the miser could hoard up his gold  
 And leave his own kindred to die in the cold.  
 She saw how the scholar bent over his books  
 Till the seal of death's angel was seen in his  
 looks.

She saw how the warrior in hope of a crown,  
 The lives of the people, like clover, mowed  
 down.

She saw how the maiden, by selfishness nursed,  
 Though by flatterers blessed, by her victims was  
 cursed.

She saw crime-stained culprits in pulpit and  
 pew,  
 And the falseness of those who had sworn to be  
 true.

In the ships on the sea, in the houses on land  
 The touch of the tempter was ever at hand.

In the links of the chain were life's phases all  
 told,

Both the good and the true, with the base and  
 the bold.

And the shadow of sin like a firmanent hung  
 O'er the crutches of age and the steps of the  
 young.

And the tears of the sorrowing flowed like a  
 wave

O'er shrines that were broken, that love could  
 not save.

But a sorrow far deeper, more fearful than all  
 The angel had viewed, though in hovel or hall,  
 Had yet to be seen, where the victims of rum

In the ashes of grief and in sorrow were dumb.  
 Not long did she wait ere the trail of the cup

Was seen in its march over faith, love and  
 hope,

And never came tide that in ebb or in flow  
 Covered over such love or revealed so much

woe.

"Oh children of men!" said the angel, "to me  
 The sorrows of sorrows, this sorrow must be!"

"Beyond all sorrow the miser can make,  
 Beyond all the lives that ambition can take.

"The greatest is this, where all hope is bereft,  
 And the curse of Intemperance only is left.

"O men made immortal, for bliss or for pain!  
 O men made immortal, for loss or for gain!

"Why, why take the wine cup? why take to  
 your hearts

The viper that enters, but seldom departs?

"Why call down the shadow to fold you in  
 wrath

Instead of the sunshine to brighten your path?"

Then, weary of seeing such sorrow and crime,  
 The angel went back to that beautiful clime

Where the thrones are of jasper, the harps are  
 of gold

And the aged grow young, but the young grow  
 not old;

Where love's wings unfurl o'er hearthstone and  
 home.

And the curse of intemperance never can come.

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HE SPOILED IT.—"Your daughter! It is impossible. Why, you look more like twin sisters." "No, I assure you she is my only daughter," replied the pleased mother. And the polite old gentleman spoiled it all by remarking, "Well, she certainly looks old enough to be your sister."

"OH, dear!" exclaimed an old lady, who had just been reading a patent medicine almanac, "I have wasted three months and four dollars taking the wrong sarsaparilla."

## An Arctic Landscape.

BY ZAN THORNE.

WHEN I first began to know Helen Harper, it did not occur to me that she could ever become to me, an object of interest. I remember trying her at the mental bar and find her tame, without even the benefit of a doubt.

She was a tallish girl of good figure and without being in any sort related to the class of pink and white beauties, had a fair skin and rosy cheeks. Her features were distinct without any harshness in their outlines; her hair nearly black with brown shades in the sunlight; and her eyes—but I think at that period of our acquaintance that I could not have observed her eyes, or that I must have seen that they were deep, far seeing, true eyes, with no want of affection in their gray depth. No; at that time I could not have looked into her eyes for in the mental arraignment, already mentioned, I found her cold, unloving and unlovable.

She was noticeable only for her quietness. Not in the statuesque style. There were no suggestions of Parisian marble. You never caught yourself fancying her, tranquil and moveless, sitting in the midst of a wild conflagration; or with rigid calmness, watching the rising of a tide which must in the next moment overwhelm her.

Nothing of the sort. She was no automaton, either, kept from dead inertness by the intricate contrivance of the human mechanism. It was apparent to me, from the first, that she was an habitual thinker, often an idle thinker, always a reserved one. Her thoughts, whether subtle or lofty, enriched no one but herself.

It was in her father's house I met her. I had closed up my business in Montreal, having already conducted it with such success that I need never think of engaging in business again, unless I chose.

While spending a summer travelling through New England, it chanced that in a small manufacturing village I stumbled upon my cousin, Alonzo Thornton, at that time an agent, I believe, in the employ of a manufacturing company. In boyhood we had been intimates, and he now insisted

that I should visit him. I accordingly accompanied him to his boarding place at Mr Harper's.

The family comprised Mr. Harper and his wife—a second wife, not Helen's mother—Mr. Gilroy, and his little girl, Lulie Gilroy, boarders; my cousin Thornton, a boarder likewise, and Helen Harper. I soon learned that Mr Gilroy was Mrs. Harper's son by a former marriage, and that his wife, lately dead, was Helen Harper's sister.

There was also in the family a small maiden called Janet, whose chief employment seemed to be to amuse the little Lulie, a remarkably beautiful child, two years old, or about that.

Mrs. Harper was oddly enough, one of those women, with whom there never can be any sense of repose. She was a large woman and rather handsome. She talked incessantly using a redundancy of pet phrases and double-headed superlatives. Once I found myself wondering whether Helen Harper's marked quietness of demeanor was not assumed in contempt of her step-mother's continual fussiness. Nothing appearing to confirm me in this hypothesis, I did not pursue it further.

There seemed to be no ill feeling between the two. On the contrary Helen's manner to Mrs. Harper (she always called her Mrs Harper and never mother) seemed to say, "I accept you as a friend, and value you accordingly. But heaven vouchsafes us only one mother, and you are not mine."

By accident I learned that Helen Harper sometimes indulged in stronger emotions than her frigid exterior indicated.

There was a little shaded nook in one corner of the grounds where, with a book, I sometimes passed the hours while my cousin was employed. Going thither one day I found Miss Harper prostrate on the ground holding before her a picture in a small oval frame, and sobbing piteously. I heard her cry, "Lucy, O Lucy! and I loved you so much, Lucy! O, heavenly father, help thy struggling child." I stayed to hear no more, but went back as noiselessly as I had come.

At supper that night I watched her as closely as I dared. No iceberg could have been more coldly impassive than Helen Harper. Little Lulie got no beaming

glances, no tender caresses. The intercourse of courtesy between Helen and the boarders was briefer than usual. She smiled wearily at one or two trivial attempts at nonsense, which I addressed to her, and seemed as if she would have felt surprise, that I had taken the trouble, if it had been worth her while, which it clearly was not.

That evening contrary to my custom I lingered in the sitting-room after leaving the supper table. Miss Harper was busy arranging some sewing. I pretended to look over the evening paper, and watched her as she worked. Mr. Gilroy came in.

"Are you going to the hall to-night, Helen?" he asked. "No," she answered briefly. "The entertainment will be very amusing." "I do not care to be amused." "And instructive; you should not miss it then." "And you." "I am not in the mood to be instructed." Mr. Gilroy stood before the fire and played with his watch-chain. It was a slender golden thread, and he broke it asunder. He thrust it into his pocket, and began smoothing out his hat. Finally he put it on and went out. If he had been waiting for a more gracious word or look from Helen, he was obliged to go without either,

There was an interval of silence. I broke it at length by asking: "Do you know, Miss Harper, which of the heroines in Dickens' novels I think you would be sure to like best?"

"How can I tell! it may be the amiable Mrs. Skewton, for aught I know."

"By no means. It is Louise Gradgrind." "And why?" "Because being so cold and stately, one would judge that all the warm romance all the tender thoughts, all the deep emotions, all the soft, womanly enthusiasms natural to the young of your sex, had been expressed from your nature by some process like the Gradgrind system of facts." "And judging so, one would be wrong, as they are apt to be, who judge of what they know nothing about."

She began to disarrange the work in her basket, and then scanned the carpet closely as if looking for something. "Have you lost anything?" I asked. "My thimble." I assisted in the search, and on one of the light figures of the carpet I at length found the tiniest silver

thimble fit, for Cinderella, if she wore a thimble at all proportionate to her tiny slipper. Here is some child's thimble, Janet's without doubt," I said. "Let me see it?" I held it up, crowded upon the extremity of my little finger. "It is mine; thank you." "Not so fast, if you please. Yours! absurd. See; I cannot make it cover the nail of my smallest digital."

She waited quietly to have it given her, she would not condescend to waste words about it. "Janet!" I called to the little hand-maiden, who was singing to Lulie in another room, as she rocked her to sleep, "come here." She came, and stood bashfully in the door waiting to know why she had been called. "Come here," I repeated, "and let me see whether this finger hat, as those sly humorists the Germans call it, belong to you; hold up your finger?" She had a brown chubby hand, and the fat finger rolled out around the silver rim like the silken threads of a tassel around the cord which it adorns. I laughed, and sent her back to her task. Helen was still quietly waiting to have the implement necessary to go on with her sewing restored.

"If you can put it on," I said, handing her the thimble, "I shall have to acknowledge that the right bride is found at last." She dropped the thimble into her basket and took up some crochet work. She would not gratify me by giving the proof I asked for; but I observed the hands which handled the crocheting so natively were as small and white, and the fingers as tapering as any peeress could boast.

I never could resist a beautiful hand. I am sensible that I acknowledge a weakness, but a fair face never had the power to move me that a perfectly formed hand possesses. She went on with her work in stately stillness. Our conversation for that time was evidently at an end; without rudeness, she made me understand that, in answering a trivial observation that I addressed to her. On going to my room that night Helen Harper was again brought before the mental judiciary for a new trial, with the benefit of the new light thrown upon her character by the revelations of that and the preceding days. At a similar arraignment I had formerly

found her cold, unloving, unloveable. The scene among the trees that day was admitted to prove that her coldness was only upon the surface. The fact that I had once or twice surprised her in the act of caressing the little Lulie Gilroy with passionate words of endearment showed that she was not unloving. A rigid inquiry into the state of my own heart demonstrated that she was wholly lovable.

Some days afterward, while on the street, I saw a child at a little distance on the opposite sidewalk escape from the small maiden who had charge of her and run with all her childish might down the street. Not three yards off there was a bridge; its railing was old and rotten; a part of it had fallen in that day, leaving a gap of several feet. At the other end of the bridge a span of horses came dashing on, rearing and plunging uncontrollably. The child, to evade the little maiden who pursued her, was running with her utmost speed across the bridge when seeing the plunging, foam-flecked steeds, and their driver in disorder, pulling at the reins to no purpose. She turned half around, screaming in terror, and ran backwards off the bridge into the water below. I was but three paces off. Another bound and I might have caught her before she fell. Failing in that, I plunged into the water after her. It was no great feat to seize her by her dripping robes as she rose to the surface, and swim with her to the shore; but the crowd who had gathered around would magnify it into a deed of heroism, and insisted upon accompanying me when I took the half-drowned child in my arms to carry her home. The child was Lulie Gilroy; and the little maiden, Janet, white and terror-stricken, walked on at my side and almost momentarily put the question, "Will she live, sir?" will she live?" "To be sure she will live," I answered, as often as her returning fears forced her to renew the question. "Oh sir, if she should'nt, Miss Helen would die—would die," said Janet. I was jubilant. Miss Harper would have to acknowledge me the saviour of the child that she loved. Perhaps she would take my hand in hers and thank me with tears in her eyes. Not with all that crowd at my heels, however. With ten

words I dispersed them. They went their several ways, chattering about Lulie's peril and my noble daring. Miss Harper was alone in the sitting room when I carried Lulie in. "Where is Janet?" she asked. "She could not quite keep pace with me; she will be here directly." "Something has happened," said Helen, a trifle paler, but with no other sign of emotion. I related what, coloring my recital according to the state of excitement in which I spoke. She listened coldly quiet. "I am sorry you should have had such trouble," she said when I had done, "Mr. Gilroy will be greatly obliged to you. Janet, call Mrs. Harper she will know what should be done for Lulie." That was all. I was referred to Mr. Gilroy for the thanks I had set my heart upon receiving from her. Her manner said but too plainly that she had no sentiment to throw away upon me. I was furious. I chafed and fretted like a madman in chains. The visit with my cousin had been prolonged to the utmost limit contemplated by either of us, and nothing was gained. Reason bade me go home like the sensible fellow I had always flattered myself I had a right to be called; inclination bade me stay. When was reason ever known to triumph in such a cause? I sent for a palette and colors and got an easel constructed. On fine days I sketched the scenery about the village, which from many points was really fine. It was at this time that I began my grand classical representation, which has since become somewhat celebrated. I was now one of the regular boarders at Mrs. Harper's. In my new character of artist I contrived to pass a part of almost every day with Miss Harper. Sometimes I would beg leave to bring my easel into the sitting-room, pretending to get a better light there than in my own room. Indeed in those days my brain became so fertile in pretences that I never was at a loss for an available one. Two or three apt criticisms of my pieces revealed to me that Helen Harper had artistic taste. She read much, shewing rare discernment in her choice of books. An occasional thrust aimed at Mr. Gilroy proved that she was an expert satirist. It was not long before, in spite of her impassibility,

I believed I had discovered that she had some stronger feeling for Mr. Gilroy than for any one else whom she was accustomed to meet; but whether of liking or disliking it was impossible to conjecture. An intenser, quiet, a prouder rejection of all tendencies to emotion characterized her manner when he was by and a subtler poignancy was infused into her occasional gravely uttered witticisms. I should as soon have thought to see her lavish endearments upon Lulie's gutta-percha doll as upon Lulie Gilroy when the child's father was present. Once I remarked something of the sort to Thornton.

"Neglects to pet Lulie?" said my cousin. "Well what do you expect? No show of warmth, from a delicate piece of frost work like the Harper, I suppose?" "I may believe the frost-work is only upon the surface." "An incrustation? very likely. I've heard it said that before she inherited her uncle's twenty thousand dollars, she could be merry or sad, according to the occasion, like any other girl. That was just after Mr. Gilroy came home." Here was a revelation. Miss Harper was an heiress. Why should this have changed her? Was she vain enough to assume a haughty manner because she was rich? I thought not. Some other cause must have been at work. Was it Mr. Gilroy? My anxiety was becoming torturing. I overturned my easel, and caused all the colors on my palette to illustrate the universal law of gravitation as I thought it over. I put my heel upon a sketch of the Harper grounds, with the sheltered nook, and a lady's figure bending over an oval frame; I overset an ottoman which supported a small picture of the ruinous bridge and the child's escapade, leaving it crippled in one of its slender carved legs. A little King Charles spaniel, belonging to Mr. Gilroy, ran in at my half-opened door, and began smelling among the ruins. I gave him a kick which sent him whining to his master, whom the uproar had brought to my door. He stood surveying the scene with the dawning of a smile which, if allowed to expand would have been altogether too expressive. "Anything serious up?" he asked. "Nothing but myself. Everything else

is down." "An accident?" "No; design." I could not help giving my answers curt and crispy. "The worse; unartistic," said Gilroy. "I am in deep despair that Mr. Gilroy should have found me unartistic." "Better I than another with whom devotion to art is a cardinal virtue." "I knew none such." "I am more fortunate." "I congratulate you." "For what?" "Your good fortune." "Oh you mean about Miss Harper. The thing has been very near consummation a long time, and only lacked the formality of speaking. I take your congratulations kindly, be assured. "Confound—I mean I am glad you do. I think Miss Harper told me that you are soon to leave us. We shall be inconsolable."

"Be consoled then; and assure Miss Harper that she is in error. I shall stay to see the consummation of your happiness." Mr. Gilroy's face retained its composure, but I thought I could perceive that it was with an effort. "That is kind," he said, "I know not how we have deserved such distinguished consideration from Mr. St. Joyeuse."

When this interview was ended I tried vainly for a time, but at last successfully, to recall a scene in which I had met the same expression that Mr. Gilroy's face wore when we parted.

It was in the course of a European tour. In an idle hour I sauntered into one of the salons at Baden, and looked on at the playing. An accomplished gambler, having had a run of luck almost unparalled, staked his whole winnings upon a single game, and lost. His expression, as the stakes were swept off, was like that upon Mr. Gilroy's face at our parting. Had he undertaken to play a desperate game and lost? And how? I wondered.

If it had been possible for Mr. Gilroy to be congealed by a frigid manner, he must have been paralyzed by Miss Harper's that evening, and during the ensuing week. Her repose was icy, her action glacial. My thoughts and researches at time all tended poleward. I procured and read Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations. I was uncomfortably anxious about Sir John Franklin and the Northwest Passage. I attempted to paint a fancy piece.

My imagination delights in soft, warm tints, and hazy skies, with the sunlight glittering through; and an exuberance of light, and warmth, and glorious forms of vegetation. But now it could devise nothing, warmer or softer than an Arctic landscape, in which icebergs glittered, and Polar bears gambolled, and Helen Harper, the genius of the scene, in no respect discommoded by her frosty surroundings, yet breathing sentiment, with all the essentials of a full warm life pulsating in her veins, had a fit dwelling in the tallest of the bergs. A first Queen in her Glacial temple, smiting with congealation whatever approached her.

I did not choose this subject for my painting. The fancy got hold of me, and pursued me like a fate. I could not escape it until the piece was executed. Then placing it upon my easel in the light of a gray October sunset, I stood back to look at it, and shivered as I looked. Turning to shut my door, which, as the day waned, I had thrown open for more light from the window in the passage, I stood face to face with Helen Harper. Her eyes were fixed upon the picture, and she scarcely knew that I saw her. A bright spot burned upon each cheek, and there was a strange softness in her eyes. "How do you like it, Miss Harper?" I asked. "You have frozen me," she said, with a shiver. "How dare you? Frozen you? no. No more than a North Sea glacier could be frozen by a warm sunray." "The warm sunray is not in your picture." "No, but it is in my heart, or was. I am not sure that the frost queen has not banished it and filled its place with icicles. They are beautiful; do you like them?" "What, icicles? No. Why should I like them?" "I do. I remember that as a child I used to covet them. I have seen them when the sun's rays were on them, so lustrous, and pure, and dazzling. But though sparkling with radiance, they never cheated me into believing that they might impart warmth. They are sublime in their sincerity." "Does Mr. Gilroy admire them?" In a moment all softness faded from her eyes, leaving them cold and glittering like the icicles for which she professed an admiration. "He; but no matter: if you seek to know, ask him."

"Ah, now I have frozen you indeed. Strange that, rejoicing in the realization of love's young dream, you should have the art so effectually to chill all who would offer congratulations or utter kind wishes for your future." "Pray stick to your canvass Mr. St. Joyuse, and leave love's young dream alone. Or, at least, do not identify the dreamer with the the genius of a scene like that you have just painted. Let me pass, Sir."

I had taken such a position in the narrow door that she could not well go until I moved aside. I was by no means ready to let the interview end. My movement was then quite involuntary. Had she commanded me to cut off for her my right hand, with that tone and gesture, I think I must have obeyed her. She bowed slightly in acknowledgement, gathered up her robes that there might be no possibility of their touching me, and went away. She might indeed have been a dweller in the Arctic zone, and I could scarcely have felt that there was a greater distance between us than that simple act of gathering up her garments, that they might not touch me, had passed between us.

Going down stairs later, I heard laughter and merry voices through the half-closed parlor door. One of the voices was unmistakably Helen Harper's, yet so changed from its ordinary passionless tones that one less sensitive to its faintest modulations, would have failed to recognize it. She came out a moment after, and I saw an equal change in herself. Her face was lighted up with a glad smile, her step, her very form seemed changed.

"Mr St. Joyeuse," she said, "my friend, Nellie Grattan is here, and wishes to see you. She has often heard of you through Lieutenant Cafferton." "Lieutenant Cafferton is my very best friend." "And Nellie Grattan is mine." "Is this friendship a recent one?" "No, or it would never have existed. I knew Nellie Grattan and loved her before—before—she hesitated in real confusion. "I understand. You mean before you conceived such a passion for icicles." "Perhaps." "How could the face that glows so brightly in speaking of your friend ever have led me to perpetrate that Arctic

landscape. Even the Polar regions have their seasons of sunshine." But she added with a saddened face, "frosts come in dog-days and snow falls a month before the harvest moon, so their brief summer is to little purpose." "One should make the most of sunshine while it lasts, then." "Come and see Nellie Grattan, and I think I may promise that you shall not pine for human sunshine while she remains," said Helen. Nellie Grattan was that rarest thing in nature a brilliant woman unspoiled. Her geniality could not fail to please, since it rendered you well satisfied with yourself. Her discourse was bristly with sharp points of wit. She was possessed of a cultivated intellect, and accomplished in all that graces social life. I could scarcely wonder that Helen's coldness had yielded to the enchantment of her gladdening presence. The intercourse of the two friends showed a tenderness without affectation, as rare as it is delightful.

*(To be Concluded.)*

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### British Columbia Mountain Scenery.

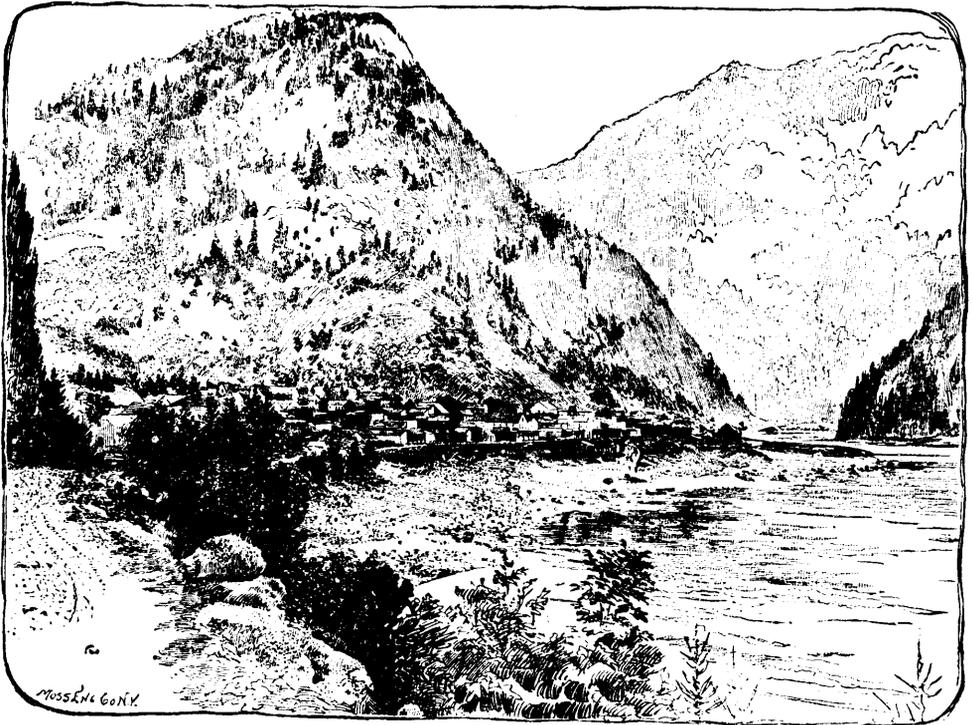
**I**T may be truthfully said that British Columbia is a reflex of the rest of Canada. Though chiefly mountainous, scored by many rivers, some noble, others insignificant, it contains within the limits of its extensive bounds, seven hundred miles long and five hundred broad, roughly speaking, all the principal natural resources possessed by the other provinces and territories collectively—minerals, agriculture, timber and fisheries. The geography, no written descriptions can convey correct impressions of, the physical characteristics of this remarkable region, with its mighty mountain ranges tending northward with gradually decreasing elevation until they lose themselves on the shores of the Arctic ocean. But a comparatively small portion of the province has yet been explored owing to the difficulty of traversing the "sea of mountains," and many sections are as yet as a sealed book, although the intrepid mining prospector has pushed his way into

remote parts in search of that arch-temptor—gold—and to that class of explorers is due the credit of bringing to light most of the knowledge that has been so far obtained. Government surveyors and geologists following in their wake, have added their quota to the interesting collection. A journey across the mountains from the prairies to the Pacific ocean a few years ago was attended with much tedious labor and withal fraught with danger, and the bleaching bones frequently found along the pack trails marked the result of attempts to accomplish the hazardous undertaking. The construction of the Canadian Pacific railway was a realization akin to the dividing of the Red Sea to allow the passage of the Israelites. It has literally cut the mountains in twain and provided an easy and safe passage for the traffic of the country, as well as giving access to districts which were previously shut out from the reach of man. The pack horse and raft as means of travel have been relegated to interior points and the emigrants and travellers of to-day make the trip surrounded with all the comforts which the genius of man can embody in a railway carriage. It will be safe to venture the statement that none who have crossed the mountains since the opening of the railway five years ago who have not determined to make the trip again. The railway has been built where the mountains reach the highest altitude, and where nature has designed her work in the wildest yet grandest moulds. There are scenes which awe the beholders, and others which transport him with ecstasy, and from the foothills to Vancouver there is not a moment when some new scene of grandeur does not force itself upon the vision. It is these attractions that have made the Canadian transcontinental route so famous both at home and abroad. We will devote this article to the scenic beauties which beset its way, leaving the agricultural, mineral and similar interests of the province to be dealt with at another time.

Leaving Calgary, after a ride of eight hundred miles over the prairies, we find ourselves at day break following up the valley of the Bow River, and among the rounded, grassy foot-hills in which herds are browsing. One peep through the

window is sufficient to arouse our curiosity, and we hastily prepare our toilet and take a position from where we can view the scenery to advantage. By this time the mountains, stern and grand, their summit illuminated with the brilliancy of the rainbow by the rising sun, came suddenly into view. For more than six hundred miles and until we reach the Pacific they will be constantly with us. We

castellated masses, down whose sides cascades fall thousands of feet. The marvelous clearness of the air brings out the minutest detail of this Titanic sculpture. Through the gorges we catch glimpses of glaciers and other strange and rare sights, and now and then of wild goats and mountain sheep, grazing on the cliffs far above us near the snow line. The monotony of this mountain grandeur,



YALE, B.C.

enter an almost hidden portal, and find ourselves in a valley between two great mountain ranges. At every turn in the valley, which is an alternation of precipitous gorges and wide parks, a new picture presents itself—seen in all its completeness from the observation car attached to the rear of the train. The beautiful river now roars through a narrow defile, now spreads out into a placid lake, reflecting the forests, cliffs, and snowy summits. Serrated peaks, and vast pyramids of rock with curiously contorted and folded strata, are followed by gigantic

solemnity and solitude is occasionally relieved by a mining camp or sportsman's tent, which lends a human interest to the environments. We shortly pass the Anthracite coal mines near the base of the Cascade Mountains, and then come to Bauff, famous for its hot and sulphuric springs, which possess wonderful curative powers, and which have attracted thousands of people, many of them from great distances. Resuming the journey after spending a day at this beautiful place, we are soon reminded by the increasing nearness of the fields of snow and ice on the

mountain slopes that we are reaching a great elevation, and two hours from Banff our train stops at a little station, and we are told that this is the summit of the Rocky Mountains, just a mile above the sea; but it is the summit only in an engineering sense, for the mountains still lift their white heads five thousand to seven thousand feet above us, and stretch away to the northwest and the southeast like a great backbone, as indeed they are—the “backbone of the continent.”

Two little streams begin here almost from a common source. The waters of one find their way down to the Saskatchewan and into Hudson's Bay, and the other joins the flood which the Columbia pours into the Pacific Ocean. Passing three emerald lakes, deep set in the mountains, we follow the west-bound stream down through a tortuous rock-ribbed canon, where the waters were dashed to foam in incessant leaps and whirls. This is the Wapta or Kicking-Horse Pass. Ten miles below the summit we round the base of Mount Stephen, a stupendous mountain rising directly from the railway to a height of more than eight thousand feet, holding on one of its shoulders, and almost over our heads, a glacier whose shining green ice, five hundred feet thick, is slowly crowded over a sheer precipice of dizzy height, and crushed to atoms below. From the railway, clinging to the mountain side, we look down upon the river valley, which, suddenly widening, here holds between the dark pine-clad mountains a mirror-like sheet of water, reflecting with startling fidelity each peak and precipice.

Still following the river, now crossing deep ravines, now piercing projecting rocky spurs, now quietly gliding through level park-like expanses of greensward, with beautiful trees, pretty lakelets and babbling brooks, with here and there a saw-mill, a slate-quarry or some other new industry, we soon enter a tremendous gorge, whose frowning walls, thousands of feet high, seem to overhang the boiling stream which frets and roars at their base, and this we follow for miles, half shut in from the daylight.

Two hours from the summit and three thousand feet below it, the gorge suddenly expands, and we see before us high up

against the sky a jagged line of snowy peaks of new forms and colors. A wide, deep, forest-covered valley intervenes, holding a broad and rapid river. This is the Columbia. The new mountains before us are the Selkirks, and we have now crossed the Rockies. Sweeping round into the Columbia Valley we have a glorious mountain view. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, we have the Rockies on the one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but each indescribably grand. Both rise from the river in a succession of tree-clad benches, and soon leaving the trees behind, shoot upward to the regions of perpetual snow and ice. The railway turns down the Columbia, following one of the river benches through gigantic trees for twenty miles to Donald. Crossing the Columbia, and following it down through a great canyon, through tunnels and deep rock cuttings, we shortly enter the Beaver Valley and commence the ascent of the Selkirks, and then for twenty miles we climb along the mountain sides, through dense forests of enormous trees, until, near the summit, we find ourselves in the midst of a wonderful group of peaks of fantastic shapes and many colors. At the summit itself, four thousand five hundred feet above tide-water, is a natural resting-place—a broad level area surrounded by mountain monarchs, all of them in the deadly embrace of glaciers. Strange, under this warm summer's sky, to see this battle going on between rocks and ice—a battle begun æons ago and to continue for æons to come! To the north, and so near us that we imagine that we hear the crackling of the ice, is a great glacier whose clear green fissures we can plainly see. To the south is another, vastly larger, by the side of which the greatest of those of the Alps would be insignificant. Smaller glaciers find lodgment on all the mountain benches and slopes, whence innumerable sparkling cascades of icy water come leaping down.

Descending westerly from the summit we reach in a few minutes the Glacier House, a delightful hotel situated almost in the face of the Great Glacier and at the foot of the grandest of all the peaks of the Selkirks—Sir Donald—an acute pyramid of naked rock shooting up nearly eight

thousand feet above us. In the dark valley far below we see the glacier-fed Illicilliwaet glistening through the tree-tops, and beyond and everywhere the mountains rise in majesty and immensity beyond all comparison. To reach the deep valley below, the engineers wound the railway in a series of great curves or loops all about the mountain slopes, and as we move on, this marvellous scene is presented to us in every aspect. We plunge again for hours through precipitous gorges, dark and deep, and again cross the Columbia River, which has made a great detour around the Selkirk Mountains while we have come directly through them. The river is wider and deeper here, and navigated by steamboats southward for nearly two hundred miles.

On its east bank stands Revelstoke, the supply point for the mining districts up and down the river, and here are large works for smelting silver ores which are brought from the Kootenay mines by the railway and by steamboats.

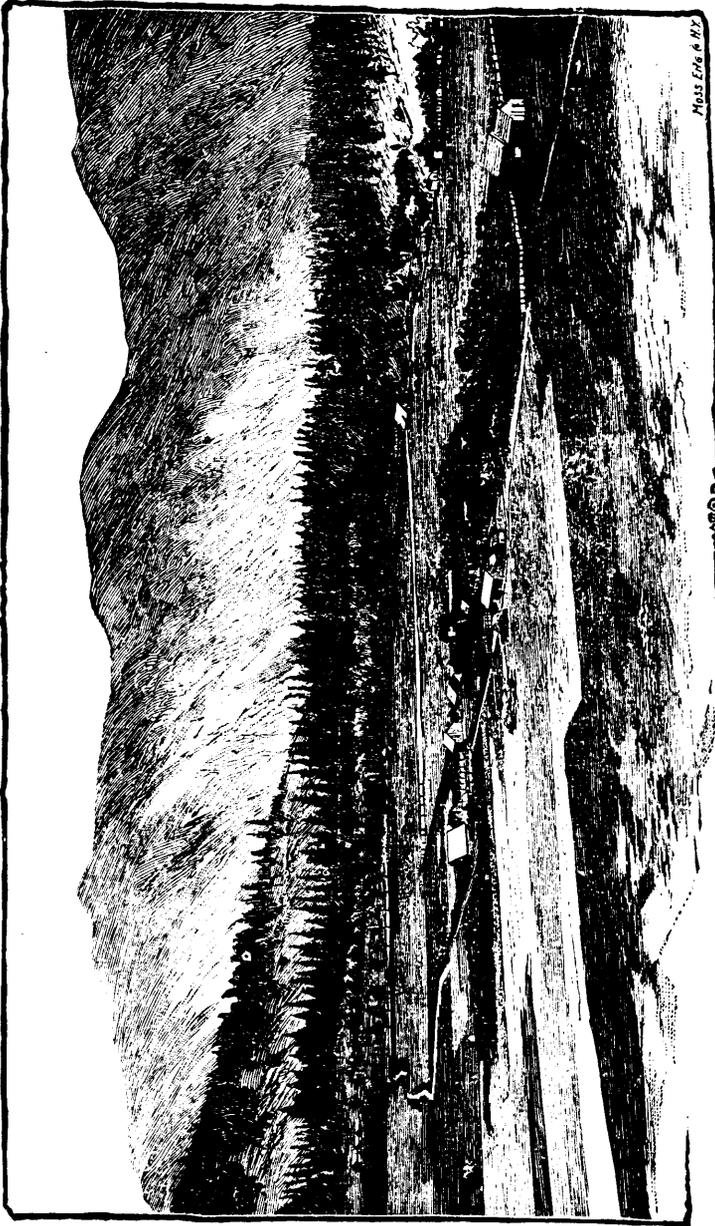
After ascending the western slope of the Selkirks we are at once confronted by the Gold range, another grand snow-clad series of mountains, but broken directly across, and offering no obstacle to the railway. The deep and narrow pass through this range takes us for forty miles or more between parallel lines of almost vertical cliffs, into the faces of which the line is frequently crowded by deep black lakes; and all the way the bottom of the valley is thickly set with trees of many varieties and astonishing size, exceeding even those of the Columbia. A sudden flash of light indicates that we have emerged from the pass, and we see stretching away before us the Shuswap Lakes, whose crystal waters are hemmed and broken in every way by abruptly rising mountains. After playing hide-and-seek with these lovely lakes for an hour or two, the valley of the South Thompson River is reached—a wide, almost treeless valley, already occupied from end to end by farms and cattle ranches; and here for the first time irrigating ditches appear. Flocks and herds are grazing everywhere, and the ever-present mountains look down upon us more kindly than has been their wont. Then comes Kamloops, the principal town

in the interior of British Columbia, and just beyond we follow for an hour the shore of Kamloops Lake, shooting through tunnel after tunnel, and then the valley shuts in and the scarred and rugged mountains frown upon us again, and for hours we wind along their sides, looking down upon a tumbling river, its waters sometimes almost within our reach and sometimes lost below. We suddenly cross the deep black gorge of the Fraser River on a massive bridge of steel, seemingly constructed in mid-air, plunge through a tunnel, and enter the famous canyon of the Fraser.

The view here changes from the grand to the terrible. Through this gorge, so deep and narrow in many places that the rays of the sun hardly enter it, the black and ferocious waters of the great river force their way. We are in the heart of the Cascade range, and above the walls of the canyon we occasionally see the mountain peaks gleaming against the sky. Hundreds of feet above the river is the railway, notched into the face of the cliffs, now and then crossing a great chasm by a tall viaduct or disappearing in a tunnel through a projecting spur of rock, but so well made, and so thoroughly protected everywhere, that we feel no sense of danger. For hours we are deafened by the roar of the waters below, and we pray for the broad sunshine once more. The scene is fascinating in its terror, and we finally leave it gladly, yet regretfully.

At Yale the canyon ends and the river widens out, but we have mountains yet in plenty, at times receding and then drawing near again. We see Chinamen washing gold on the sand-bars and Indians herding cattle in the meadows; and the villages of the Indians, each with its little unpainted houses and miniature chapel, alternate rapidly with the collection of huts where the Chinamen congregate. Salmon drying on poles, here and there curious graveyards of the Indians, neatly enclosed and decorated with banners, streamers, carved totems, etc., give strange touches to the landscape.

A gleaming white cone rises toward the southeast. It is Mount Baker, sixty miles away and fourteen thousand feet above us. We cross large rivers flowing



FARM AT AGASSIZ, B.C.

Moss, Eric & H. J.

into the Fraser, all moving slowly here as if resting after their tumultuous passage down between the mountain ranges. As the valley widens out farms and orchards become more and more frequent, and our hearts are gladdened with the sight of broom and other shrubs and plants familiar to English eyes, for as we approach the coast we find a climate like that of the south of England, but with more sunshine. Touching the Fraser River now and then, we see an occasional steamboat, and here in the lower part the water is dotted with Indian canoes, all engaged in catching salmon, which visit these rivers in astonishing numbers, and which when caught are frozen and sent eastward by the railway, or canned in great quantities and shipped to all parts of the world. A few miles further and we reach Vancouver, the end of our railway journey, and here we must rest for the present with a promise to give some particulars of the resources and industries of British Columbia in another letter, and also to say something of her cities which will show that scenery without a parallel in the world, is not the only thing for which the country is entitled to notice.

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## Drunkenness and Crime.

OPINIONS OF EMINENT JUDGES AND STATESMEN.

**I**T has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historic scourges, war, pestilence and famine. This is true for us, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace."—W. E. Gladstone.

"In 1881 Lord Chief Justice Coleridge stated from the bench of the Supreme Court that "Judges were weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime, but he could not refrain from saying that if they could make England sober they would shut up nine-tenths of the prisons."

**BARON HUDDLESTON** stated to the grand jury at Swansea that "Of the forty-four cases down on the calendar, he found almost all traceable, directly or indirectly, to the detestable habit of drinking.

Two hundred years ago Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most eminent judges who ever adorned the English Bench, declares that twenty years of observation taught him that the original cause of most of the enormities committed by criminals was drink. Four out of every five of them were the issue and product of drinking in ale-houses and taverns. Baron Huddleston feared that what was true then was true now, and that we have improved very little, if at all."

**BARON DOWSE**, in charging the jury in the Dublin Commission Court, in November, 1881, said he "found that drink was at the bottom of almost every crime committed in Dublin. Even in cases which had no apparent connection with drink at all, if closely investigated, as he himself had done on many occasions, they would be found to have their origin in drink."

**MR. JUSTICE DENMAN**: "I don't know, in enforcing the consideration which are placed before the judges as a part of their duty in the proclamation against vice and immorality which has just been read that any judge can better discharge his duty than by again and again calling the attention of the gentry of the country, as well as inhabitants generally, to this fact,—that the great bulk—[I might almost say the whole—of the offences of violence which take place in the counties of this land, are directly ascribable to the habit of drinking.

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## Miscellaneous.

**THE KEELEY TREATMENT FOR INEBRIETY.**  
—The Keeley bichloride of gold treatment seems likely to prove as gigantic a "fake," and as interesting a psychological phenomenon, as the Keeley motor. There are being established Keeley institutes all over the country. Unhappy victims of inebriety in this neighborhood are served with gold injections in a place in White Plains. Matters are not going entirely without friction, however. The death of a patient undergoing the "cure" has recently been announced; and lately we learn that a patient at White Plains, after being under treatment for four or five

days, developed an attack of delirium tremens, and came very near shooting several of his neighbors.—*Medical Record.*

**A HAPPY THOUGHT SAVED HIS LIFE.**—“A man hopelessly lost in the bush in South Australia, after wandering about for four days came upon the telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. He hadn't strength to go further, but he managed to climb a pole and cut the wire. Then he made himself as comfortable as possible, and waited. The plan worked well. The telegraph repairers were sent along the line, and they came to the wanderer in time to save his life.—*London Globe.*”

“EVERY human soul has the germs of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and pure air in which to expand. I always told you that not having enough sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling, or a tenth part of the present amount of wickedness.”—*Lydia Maria Child.*

**THE PRISONER SECONDED THE MOTION.**—I heard a pretty good story about a certain ignorant justice who does business up in Fulton County. This justice was elected over an able but very unpopular lawyer, and his first case was that of a prisoner charged with violating the fishery law. The complaint and warrant were defective, and this the defendant's attorney took exception to in a masterly argument, winding up by moving the prisoner's discharge.

“Is the motion seconded?” asked the justice.

“It is,” replied the prisoner.

“Gentlemen,” continued the judge, “it is regularly moved and seconded that the prisoner be discharged. All those in favor of the motion say aye.”

“Aye,” came from the prisoner and his counsel.

“Opposed, no.”

Silence followed, and after a short pause the scales holder said :

“The motion is carried, and the prisoner is discharged,” whereupon, to the surprise and amusement of all, court was

declared adjourned.—*Amsterdam Democrat.*

**“MOTHER GOOSE.”**—“Mother Goose” was a real character, and not an imaginary personage, as has been supposed. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in 1665. She married Isaac Goose in 1693, and a few years after became a member of Old South Church, Boston, and died in 1757, aged 92 years. The first edition of her songs which were originally sung to her grandchildren, was published in Boston in 1716 by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. The house in which a great part of her life was spent was a low, one-story building, with dormer windows and a red tiled roof, looking something like an old English country cottage.—*Exchange.*

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## Musical and Dramatic.

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THAT popular organization, the Hatton Male Quartette, have been working hard and will probably be heard quite often during the remainder of the winter. Their singing at the Commercial Travellers dinner was superb, which led, no doubt, to their being engaged for the Board of Trade Banquet on February 2.

\* \* \*

THE Winnipeg Operatic Society have definitely decided on the “Pirates of Penzance” as their next opera. If cast with due respect to each part a repetition of their former success is assured.

\* \* \*

THE Andrews Opera Co. appear to have pleased our Duluth friends, and we sincerely hope they will come here with their entire company. We are so often disappointed in this matter that we have almost come to regard the absence of an orchestra and good solo singers as a proper thing. Give us your best,—we'll appreciate it.

\* \* \*

A most delightful innovation, so far as Winnipeg is concerned, is the introduction

of orchestral music during the dinner hour, at The Manitoba. Bandmaster Johnston's orchestra on Sunday last gave Gounod's "Ave Maria," Faure's "Les Rameaux" and several other sacred selections. The intention is to provide music at each Sunday dinner, during the winter months.

\* \* \*

GRACE CHURCH CHORUS have completed arrangements for a concert trip to Brandon and Portage la Prairie. They will sing at the former place on Thursday Feb. 12, and the following night at the Portage. The choir consists of thirty voices and will take the popular Hatton Male Quartette with them. A rich treat is in store for the musical people of these two places.

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THE uniform pitch adopted by the Manufacturers' Association in New York city on November 6, 1891, is that "A which gives 435 double vibrations in a second of time." This is the pitch which their committee recommended. They advised the adoption of the A giving 435 double vibrations per second; this makes C 522. This pitch is substantially half a note lower than high American pitch, but it has the weight of musical and scientific authority as well as history behind it. Musicians first took steps to secure a mean pitch in the early part of the Seventeenth century, and they adopted a standard which was maintained with slight variations till the death of Beethoven. During the stretch of years indicated, the two foot A (the standard of orchestral pitch) had from 415 to 429 vibrations, and one-foot C (the standard of vocal pitch) had from 498 to 515. This was the pitch which was in the minds of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, when they decided in what keys they would write their immortal works. If the selection of a key means anything at all, it rests upon the foundation of the pitch. In 1878, for instance, the pitch in England was just half a tone higher than it was in Beethoven's day. Consequently when they played the seventh symphony (A major) they played in a key which, to Beethoven's ear, would have been B flat.

The pitch recommended by Mr. Steinway and his committee is that adopted by the French Commission of Musicians and Physicians of 1858. The members of that body were: Auber, Halevy, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Thomas, and Pelletier, Desprez, Doucet, Lissajous, Monnais and Millinet. They adopted as their standard A with 435 and C with 522 vibrations, and this is still the French pitch. It is a little higher than the classical pitch, but not sufficient to transform the tonality of the master's works. Moreover, it is substantially the same as the philosophical standard of pitch proposed by Scheibler and adopted by the German Association of Natural Philosophers in 1834. The scale of pitch was carefully deducted from studies in the physical nature of musical sounds and resulted in the determination of the following as the normal rates of vibrations: 16-foot C, 33; 16 foot A, 55; 8-foot A, 110; 4-foot A, 220; 2-foot A, 440; 1-foot C, 528.

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## Literary Notes.

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The January table of contents of "*Current Literature*" furnishes a rare intellectual feast. Among the good things are: "The Debasement of Humor," "The Light Reading of our Ancestors," "A School of Literature," "Authors' Wives," and "The Vagabond Instinct." The readings from books comprise: "The Fiat of Ambition," from Archdeacon Farrar's "Darkness and Dawn"; "The Gypsy Marriage," from J. M. Barrie's "The Little Minister"; and "Dancin' Tucker at the Infair," from Charles Egbert Craddock's "In the Stranger People's Country." The department of Vanity Fair presents "The Return of the Chemise," "The New Nightgown," and the threatened fad of "La Couvade." The famous chapter for the month is "A Sledge Ride in Galicia," from "Theophilus Pisarenko," by Von Sacher-Masoch.

"*Short Stories*" for January announces the prize winners of its etching contest, which closed November 1st, 1891. The editor states that thirteen hundred and forty five manuscripts were entered for the five prizes of \$20.00 in gold for the best etching in each of the five classes. These are the successful competitors, and the prize etchings are printed with the announcements: (Descriptive) Ella E. Doten, Dorchester, Mass.; (Queer) Emma Francis Dawson, San Francisco, Cal; (Dramatic) Anne Boz-man Lyon, Mobile, Ala.; (Pathetic) W. N. Harben, Dalton, Ga.; (Humorous) Chryseis V. W. Cannon, Spartansburg, S. C. The Famous

Story for the month is the Swabian mystery of Wilhelm Hauff, entitled "The Cold Heart." Price of above publications 25c each. Address The Current Literature Publishing Co., 30 West 23rd street, New York.

Watch for the February issue of THE MANITOBAN. A special cut, from a pen sketch made on the spot, showing the volunteers of the Red River Expedition, 1870, making the portage at the Kakabeka Falls, will appear.

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## Publisher's Notes.

### IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

We regret that owing to the lateness of the hour in which the manuscript was received, we are unable to give this month to our readers a very interesting article by the Rev. Hugh Pedley on *Leaders of Religious Thought in Britain*. It will appear in our next issue.

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## Scraps.

STATE BOARD OF EXAMINERS.—"Of what college are you a graduate?"

*Candidate*:—"Of none. I thank God my intellect was never warped by college training."

*Board*:—"Then you thank God for your ignorance?"

*Candidate*:—"You can put it that way, if you choose."

*Board*:—"Yes; and we find you have a great deal to be thankful for."—*Kansas Medical Journal*.

THE M. D. OF THE FUTURE.—The New York *Medical Record* is responsible for the following effusion:—

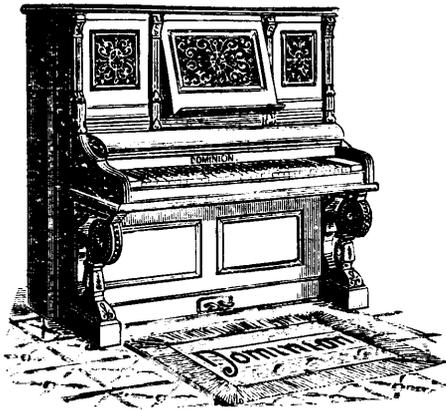
I'm going into partnership  
 With a lovely young M. D.;  
 She brought me safely through the "grip,"  
 And now she'll marry me.  
 She'll keep her practice as before,  
 She's wise in everything;  
 And as for me—I'll tend the door  
 And do the marketing!  
 She had read of patent medicines that whitened  
 the complexion,  
 So she took a dose of one of them before she  
 went to bed.  
 In the morning, sure enough, her skin was  
 whitened to perfection—  
 And it might be added incidentally in this con-  
 nection  
 That she never looked so well before as now  
 that she was dead.

—Free Press.

DOCTOR:—"Well, how do you feel to-day?"

*Patient*:—"I feel as if I had been dead a week."

*Doctor*:—"Hot, eh?"



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