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THE MANITOBAN.

A Monthly Magazine and Review of Current Events.

VOL. I. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, NOVEMBER, 1892. No. 11.

Notes and Comments.

WITH such beautiful weather as Manitoba has had this fall, we cannot help but sing "Our country 'tis of thee," believing that we are perfectly excusable for doing so. In no country in the world have they had a finer climate than that enjoyed by us, for the past two months. We had no frost until a few nights ago, flowers bloomed in profusion the same as in the summer months, cucumbers ripened on the vines, and other plants susceptible to frost died from sheer old age. This fact ought to dispel any doubts as to the kind of summers we have, and should be borne in mind, by those croakers whose chief delight is to run down the country. Dakota that Eldorado of which intending emigrants hear so much, when compared with Manitoba, to use a popular phrase "wasn't in it." Manitoba wheat was far superior, both in quantity and quality and will grade a good deal higher, and bring better prices on the market than the American wheat. We mention this so our English readers and their friends

can decide where it would be the most profitable to locate.

* * *

At last Manitoba has a cabinet minister, in the person of the Hon. Thos. Mayne Daly, Q. C. This is something of which people of this western country can feel proud of, and although perhaps a little late in the day we wish to congratulate Mr. Daly on his appointment, and the Government on their choice. We feel sure that he will do all he can, not only for Manitoba, but for the country at large, and we hope to see him and the Manitoba Government working hand in hand towards securing immigration for our province. Living like the Hon. Mr. Daly has, in the heart of the agricultural portion of the country, he can perform his duties with the full knowledge of one who knows what he is doing. This has been demonstrated to a certainty by the Hon. Thos. Greenway, who has successfully inaugurated and carried out, an immigration policy superior to any hitherto adopted either by the Federal or Provincial Governments. With two such men, Manitoba especially, should make

still greater strides, and we have no doubt but such will be the case.

* * *

HIS Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, conceived an excellent idea when he proposed to present a series of flags for competition among the schools. That it was appreciated, was seen by the very active manner and keen spirit, into which the different schools entered for the competition. Would it not be equally as productive of good results if a series of prizes were offered the scholars for competition in the various branches of study? We think it would. Here then is a chance for some of our rich men to come to the front and offer prizes, not necessarily expensive ones, but something worth striving for as an incentive to the pupils. We believe this would tend to encourage the children in their studies, and would promote a desire to strive for something which would be perhaps the stepping stone to still greater results. At any rate it is worth trying.

* * *

THERE seems to be considerable doubt as to who will be the next Poet Laureat in England, and many speculations are indulged in as to who will be the recipient of this favor of the crown. We do not know what they think in England exactly, but we would like to see a Canadian appointed to the position. If Canada is a portion of the British Empire, we see no reason why a Canadian should not receive the honor as well as an inhabitant of the three isles. We have a few

poets, who we venture to affirm are the equal of any living English poets, if not superior. Then give the Canadians a chance.

* * *

PERHAPS the best advertised man in the world, is the late Christopher Columbus, who it is said, discovered this continent of ours. If the great explorer was only alive, now what a proud man he would be. As much as the Americans hate a monarchy, we would not be surprised to see them have Columbus for a king. We are sorry that he is dead and unable to take part in the World's Fair, but believe that he is better off where he is. Chicago hackmen will not get much out of him, and the presidential elections will not disturb him. In his day, they observed no such forms and it is perhaps as well they didn't or America would have not been discovered so early.

* * *

AND now comes a man, who claims to have discovered the exact spot where Columbus landed four hundred years ago. As the World's Fair progresses, we can still look for further scientific research. After the fair is over we would not be surprised if Chicago found she was too big.

* * *

THE Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia in an article contributed to the "Lake Magazine" of Toronto, on the "Future of Canada," upholds Mr. Elgni Myers for his freedom of speech, and denounces Sir Oliver Mowat for dismissing Mr. Myers

from office, as Mr. Myers advocated Political Union with the United States. Sir Oliver with patriotic feelings sought to squelch them, and in putting out the annexation fire has made considerable smoke, a regular smudge as it were. Mr. Myers is consequently a martyr, and Sir Oliver a pudding head. This comes of paying attention to a lot of cheap talk, which didn't hurt anyone, and which no one outside of a certain district would have ever heard anything about. It more than ever illustrates the saying, that if you want to encourage sympathy for a cause, persecute it. In the case of Lieutenant Macdonald, who was dismissed from the militia by General Hebert, we do not see that anything else could have been done. Of all persons who should be the last to malign his country or its form of Government, the soldier who is sworn to protect it, ought to be the last one. We do not see that the two cases are analogous. True Mr. Myers was in the service of the crown, but not more so than any other official though he be only a pound-keeper. In his article, the Hon. Mr. Longley advocates the right of any citizen to freedom of speech, but admits that he would not vote for Political Union. We were always of the opinion that a person must be on one side or the other—either for Political Union or against it. If not in favor of it, then why uphold and encourage it in others, even in free speech. Either a thing is right or it is not right. Does Mr. Longley say that it is both?

Refero Relata.

A TALE OF THE WILD WEST.

BY G. A. ELLIOTT.

(For "The Manitoban.")

WHILE wandering through one of our frontier towns one evening, I was attracted by loud talking in a restaurant, and being of a curious turn of mind dropped in.

Standing face to the bar, elbows on it, surrounded by a small group of "cow-punchers," bull-whackers" and "rounders," was the once notorious whiskey smuggler, "Red Mack," these he was entertaining with a description of his last run, telling how he had managed to elude the police, finishing his narrative by a few select western oaths, to fully impress them that he was telling the truth, adding to this, the boast that, no "red coated" son of a gun in the country would ever land him.

None had noticed a police corporal, seated at the end table, quietly eating his supper, for when he arose and slowly proceeded up the room, one could notice the look of surprise on their faces; walking up till face to face with "Red Mack," he quietly informed him that the next time he made a trip, he would teach him a trick or two on his return.

"Partner—you can't pull or shoot quick enough for that; you'll have to turn the whole outfit loose to be able to capture me,—said "Red."

Don't fret, replied the corporal, I'll do it,—and as quietly and slowly returned, starting afresh on his unfinished meal.

I don't suppose this would have interested me further, only some time after this I happened to see by one of the papers that "Red Mack" had been fined fifty dollars and

costs, or in default, six months at H. L.

A few months after, I again visited the same town, saw the same police corporal in the same restaurant, and eating to all appearance, the same supper.

Now, it struck me to find out, if possible, whether he had been the one to arrest "Red Mack" or not. So, striking up an acquaintance with the corporal, I reminded him of the instance, whereupon he kindly favored me with the following account of it:

"Well yes, I managed to bring him to a "stand-still," and on the next trip at that. You can understand how a fellow would feel situated as I am, having him "shoot off" in that way, and my mind was made up in less time than you can crack a peanut, that if such a thing were possible, it would be done. Previously, I had always made it a point to avoid these fellows, when counting them "Coo's," but I was cornered that time.

Two weeks after that he left town for another cargo of "forty rod," and after obtaining permission from the officer-commanding, I started in pursuit with a paid outfit. We were not long in catching sight of him; after this we rode across the country and succeeded in getting ahead of him. We were acquainted with his usual route, so made for the gold camp in the Sweet Grass Hills, camping on the south slope, well up in one of the small counties, deep enough to hide without been seen. He arrived about noon the next day, putting up at one of the mines of that place.

Next day "Red" pulled his freight for Big Sandy, which he reached that night, but not without us seeing him, for he was kept continually in sight.

His cargo must have been ready and waiting, for he returned that night. You see he had to use a little precaution here, for he was

travelling through Indian reserves, and the laws of the United States don't allow a man to have liquor in his possession on Indian reserves; but it is a law that is very poorly carried out,

Next day found him camped about a mile on the safe side of the lines, in Rocky Ridge. Here he remained a day, to recruit up his horses. When leaving this he left just as it was growing dusk, and seemed to us to be making a bee line for the old Benton trail. After watching him for some time, we put spurs to our horses, taking a half circle, struck the trail at Edman's Coulee, here we remained to see that we had not been mistaken as to his supposed route.

"Sure enough, along he came, in about half an hour, the horses at a good swinging gait. We allowed the outfit to pass, then when the sound of the wheels told us he was well ahead, mounted and followed in the chase, keeping just close enough for the rumble of the wheels to reach us. We travelled on, and at Ripps Coulee we again got to the front, awaiting his arrival on the far side, and "cached" ourselves on the trail at the top of the hill.

When "Red" reached this, the stillness of the air was broken by my "pard" shouting "throw up duks" You should have seen him grab for stars. I never was so disappointed in all my life, for honestly I expected to see him show fight. My opinion is he never had the sand of a "curlew."

That settled his "hash," he was loaded with five ten gallon kegs of good old "Red Eye," proof beyond doubt. We reached the fort about noon, and the next day he was weighed off, and found wanting. To make up the balance, he was required to raise fifty dollars, failing this, to remain as a guest of the Provost Sergeant for six months putting in the time at H. L."

"Well, here's to you," said my acquaintance as he finished. "I hope we'll meet again soon. I guess I'm married to this outfit, and may meet you to-morrow or may be on my way to Fort Pitt or some other place ninety miles from nowhere. So long, old man!"

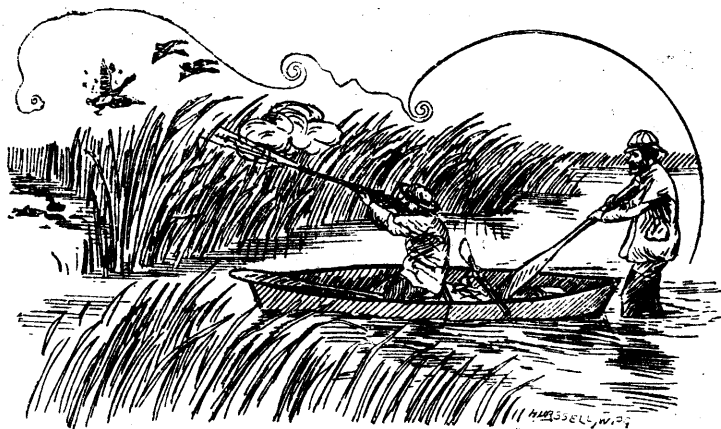
A Day's Shooting

NEAR PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

(For "The Manitoba.")

SOME miles north of Portage la Prairie there is a large slough, which runs in a north-westerly direction, till it is lost in the marsh near Lake Mani-

of landing, and the toe the isthmus. Yes; that would be a splendid trip; ducks were reported plentiful; the weather was all that could be desired; mosquitoes were about all gone, and every thing sounded lovely. Making a *portage* was easy work, (in our minds). All we had to do, was carry the boat across that narrow strip of land, and as it weighed only seventy-five pounds at that time, that was nothing for two strong men. On the day set, off we started, having secured a lad to look after the team, reached the slough, stabled the horses, and got afloat. I must tell you about the boat. My partner in this trip, and myself, were the architects and builders. She—I speak of her in



RUNNING THE SHALLOWS.

toba. Coming from the south-west, is "Cram Creek," a narrow arm of the lake running inland about four miles, and evidently trying to intersect the slough, but when it gets within about four hundred yards of the latter, off it goes in another direction. Now, another duck-hunter and myself thought it would be a good trip to paddle up the slough, *portage* the isthmus, go south on the creek two or three miles, until we had described a horse-shoe shape, one heel being the point of embarkation; the other, the proposed point

the feminine, not only because it is proper to do so, and according to custom, but also because her name was "The Gal;" and she was called "The Gal," on account of being made of galvanized iron. My partner, however, had a different name, I forget now what it was—taken from the Greek or Choctaw I think; whatever it was, it wasn't worth taking, and did not add to her sailing qualities. Well, so there will be no hard feelings between my partner and myself. I will call her simply. "She." She was built in

two parts, one a little smaller than the other, with wooden bottoms and galvanized iron sides; the smaller part fitted into the larger, and the whole thing could be carried on a buckboard, or slung under the axle of a buggy. It does not take two minutes to couple her, and that done, we have a boat twelve feet long, sharp at both ends, drawing, with the two of us on board six inches of water. The machinery consisted of two paddles. Ducks were plentiful, and by the time we reached the isthmus quite a number had fallen to our guns. Flat and marshy districts, have not, as a rule, many hills, and there wasn't an

gazed reproachfully at the severely sober face of my partner, and informed him there was no creek there. "Yes says he," as Samantha's partner would say, "there is a crik in my back." This rather discouraged us, and we were about deciding to return and leave the creek to find itself, when a settler hove in sight. We hailed him with joy. Did he know where "Cram Creek" was? Of course he did! "Its over there about five chains," and he pointed out over the reeds to the south-west. This was glad news. Now, we knew that five chains usually equalled about one hundred and ten yards.



MAKING HIMSELF COMFORTABLE.

eminence near from which to get our bearings, and find the exact location of the creek. We were surrounded by hundreds of acres of tall reeds, and they were too thick to see through, so my partner humped his back leap-frog fashion, and I climbed up on it. This partner is somewhat a joker; partly because he is, and partly because as he says, he was a little weak in the knees, or I was too heavy, his knees suddenly flapped forward; I wasn't looking for anything like this; I was looking for the creek, so over I went, sprawling among the reeds. After digging the mud out of my nose, I

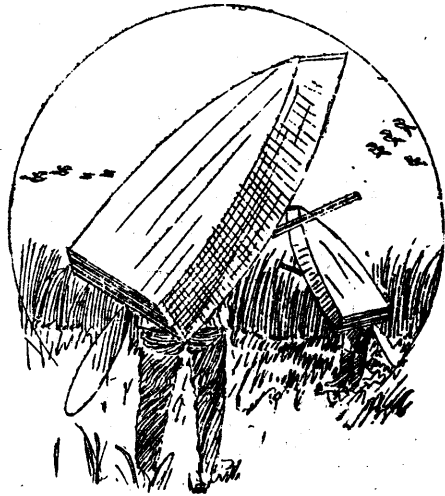


A SLIGHT MISHAP.

Pshaw! that wasn't far; our hopes returned at once. "Can we carry the boat and traps that far?" my partner asked. Carry it! of course, two like it. Alright you go ahead with that end, and I will take this. So we did, and started. The machine must have got water-logged, for in ten steps it weighed one hundred pounds, another five, and it weighed one hundred and ninety-nine, and every step after that, added about one hundred pounds more to its weight, and when she began to weigh about half a ton we dropped to the ground under the burden. "This won't do," ex-

claimed my partner, when his breath returned. "I'll tell you; we will carry the guns and game to the creek first, then return for the boat." This was an idea fit for the great brain from which it emanated; and I gladly agreed. So we shouldered the traps and began to plough through the reeds towards the creek. Now, that creek has no current, yet it must have kept on running just the same, for after we had struggled along about two hundred yards there was no more sign of it than when we started. The traps, too, were very heavy; it is astonishing how much a gun and a few ducks will weigh, when they get a real good chance. We must find that creek; and leaving the loads we set out singly in parallel lines, a few rods apart, thinking it could not now be very far away. Well, I tramped and stumbled on, the reeds every moment getting taller, and at every step I took, showers of a small green insect fell off the stalks, till I was covered with them, and they got down my back and in my ears and made discomfort generally; but no creek. Presently I decided this was not the direction, and I retraced my steps, emerging from the marsh at the same time as my partner, who had been equally successful. "Bad cess to that creek, where is it anyway!" My partner heaved two or three sighs and said, "let us try it again," so we did, and after a season of mud and marsh we found the long-lost creek; it had got mixed up with a lot of reeds and muskrat houses, and could not find the way out. Then we had to make a trip in with the traps, and after that, a tug of war with the boat. We uncoupled and doubled her and started, and by dint of pulling, pushing, lifting and stumbling we managed to get her half way, and that over the best part of the road. We had a time getting from there, my back aches now at the thought of it. The reeds were over ten feet

high, and thick and strong; last year's crop had not been burned off but lay in a tangled mass on the ground about three feet high, and the only way we could make any progress, was, first tramp down the reeds then stand one on each side, grasp the boat well back, pulling her closely forward about a yard at a time. It was terribly hard work. Talk about Stanley's trip through the African forest! My partner said, "he never before experienced what a good time Stanley had." It came to an end, however, and

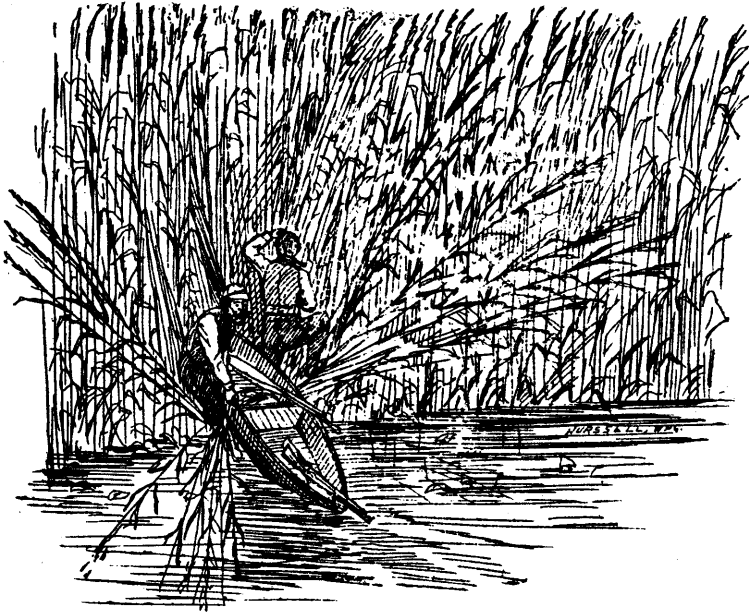


MAKING A PORTAGE.

"She" floated at last on the bosom of the creek. When we got in to paddle away, she wouldn't move; was stuck fast in the mud, and no amount of coaxing, pushing and wriggling would free her. I proposed throwing my partner overboard to lighten the load, as his avoirdupois was liberally ballasted; but he objected, and as he is bigger and stronger than I, his objection held. However, he obligingly got out, when he found he couldn't do anything else, and pushed us clear of the mud, (he wore rubber boots to the thighs). Ouce in deep water, we had a real good time among the ducks; they had been interested

observers of the fun we had with the boat, and remained too near for their own safety, and we knocked over a number of canvas-backs, mallards, pintails, wild geese, teal, etc., and bagged them all except the canvas-backs and mallards; these would always fall among the reeds where neither the dogs or ourselves could find them. We had no dogs. It is a remarkable thing in duck-shooting that one cannot manage to bring home the best he shoots; it is

one of his brilliant moments suggested, that we return to the slough from which we came, and let the creek hunt for us. As usual, I fell in with this idea, and we "pulled for the shore." After pulling the boat through a sea of mud we landed. Just fancy jumping out of the boat into eighteen inches of mire, and trying to drag her on to *terra firma*. Terra Firma! Terra Firma is more like it! "She" was stuck, and the harder we lifted, the deeper we



A LA STANLEY.

the same thing in fishing. After about an hour of good sport, we began to think of moving on, and coast about for the outlet, but I'm blessed if there was one. The creek we had gone to such trouble to find, wasn't the creek at all, but just an ordinary slough. The thing was so shaped that there seemed to be a dozen outlets, but after paddling around to each of them a wall of reeds would confront us, hinting plainly "not this way misters." Here was "a go," or, to be correct, here was "no go." My partner in

sank; and we seriously thought of going down, and coming home on the C.P.R. line by way of China. But, we got her nose out at last. Oh dear! have we to drag that old thing back those four hundred yards, through that mass of tall and tangled reeds. The very thought made our muscles ache; the reeds were tall and strong, and the longer we looked at them, the taller and more formidable they appeared; while the boat, the cause of so much vexation, began to assume the proportions of a steamboat—a

large one. No use fretting, the day was getting on, and we must be doing ditto. So, by dint of pulling and pushing and lifting, we stumbled wearily and slowly on, foot by foot till we got about half way, where the reeds dwindled to grass; but it was weary, weary work. We were tired out and played out and hungry, and would have sold the whole outfit, including my partner, for a good square meal. For, in addition to our other misfortunes we had left the lunch in the buggy, and it was near night, and not a bite to eat since early morning. Trouble gave us another fling, for rain began to fall. This roused my partner, and he sweetly said, "what's the matter with each of us taking a half of the boat and using it for an umbrella." Great head! We did so, and "let it rain." My partner is a queer chap, and a born hunter. No matter how tired he is, the sight of a bird cutting the air within range would stir him up, down would go everything, off would go his gun, and in nine times out of ten, down the bird would tumble, and strike the ground with that delightful thud that tells of a good shot. While we were snugly ensconced under our shelter we described a flock of ducks coming from over my partner's left shoulder; as they neared us they took fright and turned. Just at that moment, my partner, was sitting with his head down and thinking there was "no place like home" under certain circumstances; he seemed to divine the birds were coming; he looked up and saw them; he was the hunter again; grasping his gun he turned quickly to fire; but alas! more trouble; he struck the paddle which supported his shelter, and down tumbled the boat over his ears. 'Twas enough to make a dog laugh, I laughed of course, I could not help it. We finished the *portage* tolerably easy, striking the slough about where we

expected to. We made good time on the home stretch, walked two miles, when we landed, to where our rig had been in waiting for us at the creek—the genuine creek—for hours, and right glad we were to come in contact with the lunch basket. So ended that trip; what mattered it that we were stiff and sore for days, I verily believe we would undertake it again to-morrow.

BOAB the Hunter.

Medicinal Roots of Manitoba.

IT is not generally known perhaps, outside the few special dealers, that we have in Manitoba a medical plant, the root of which, when properly cleaned or dried, commands a considerable price in the markets of the east, and a paying price here, to those who first undertake to gather it. The ordinary English name of this plant is the "snake root," and it has been used by physicians during the whole of the present century.

Like the sarsaparilla root which we also have in this country, it is a root which spreads in many directions from the centre, sending shoots up at each joint through two or three inches of soil, which betray its locality to those who search for it. This is found, principally on the slopes of our gravelly ridges, especially where there is small timber or shrubs, to protect the tendrils that are sent up from the root. We regret to say, that search for it, having been so far confined to Indians and Half-Breeds, localities, where once it was plentiful, now afford none at all: and it is due of course to this wasteful method of gathering it. If they were content to take three quarters or seven-eighths of any plant, leaving a portion, it would rapidly spread again, and the production would be perennial. Unfortunately it is as difficult to persuade a native to leave a part of anything for its re-

production, as it is to persuade a white lover of the *fungi* to forego a single one, out of a neat little mushroom patch. In addition to the "snake root," we have the inner bark of a wild plum tree, the *prunus virginians*, and the Indians often use this as a decoction to decrease the cough of consumptive patients. It has not however the medical strength which the plant possesses in the middle states, and consequently is not exported from here. We have also where heavy woods are found, the *ginseng*, but whether the Chinese, who are the sole users of it, owing to the belief that it produces long life, have ceased to have that faith in it, or whether the large production of it in Minnesota and Wisconsin has affected the price, certain it is that it is now no longer gathered for export from this province.

A Journey to the Youcan.

WRITTEN THIRTY YEARS AGO.

THE packet from the far north, brought in 1862 the following interesting and valuable communication, from the Rev. W. W. Kirby, who shortly before left the Red River settlement on a missionary tour to the far north:

"As you are interested in the spread of the gospel among the Aborigines of the country, a few remarks therefore, may not be out of place or unwelcome to you, upon a journey I have just made to the Youcan, with short descriptive sketches of the character and habits of the Indian tribes of that part of the country. Should incidents apparently trifling in themselves be noticed, it will not be without design, for in savage life they often prove the truest indices to character, and help us to understand much that we might otherwise fail to comprehend.

I left home on the 2nd of May,

in a canoe paddled by a couple of Indians, belonging to my mission here. We followed the ice down the noble Mackenzie, staying a while with the Indians wherever we met them, and remained three or four days at each of the forts along the route. On the 11th of June I left the zone, in which my life had hitherto been passed, and entered the genial arctic one. Then however, it was pleasant enough. The immense masses of ice piled on each side of the river sufficiently cooled the atmosphere, as to make travelling enjoyable, while the sun shed upon us the comfort of light nearly the whole twenty-four hours. And as we advanced further northward he did not leave us at all. Frequently did I see him describe a complete circle in the heavens.

Between Point Separation and Pool's River we met several parties of Esquimaux, all of whom from their thievish propensities gave us a great deal of trouble, and very glad we were to escape out of their hands without loss or injury. They are a fine looking race of people, and from their general habits and appearance I imagine them to be much more intelligent than the Indians. And if proof were wanting I think we have it in a little girl, who was brought up from the coast, little more than three years ago, and who now speaks and reads the English language with considerable accuracy. The men are tall, active, and remarkably strong, many of them having a profusion of whiskers and beard. The women are rather short, but comparatively fair, and possess very regular and by no means badly formed features. The females have a very singular practice of periodically cutting the hair from the crown of their husband's head (leaving a bare place precisely like the tonsure of a Roman Catholic priest) and fastening the spoil to their own, wear it in bunches on each side of their

face, and a third on the top of their head, something in the manner of the Japanese who recently visited the United States. This custom, as you will imagine, by no means improved either their figure or appearance, and as they advance in life, the bundles must become to them uncomfortably large. A very benevolent old lady was most urgent for me to partake of a slice of blubber, but I need hardly say that a sense of taste caused me firmly but respectfully to decline accepting her hospitality. Both sexes are inveterate smokers. Their pipes they manufacture themselves, and are made principally of copper, in shape, the bowl is very like a reel used for cotton, and the hole through the centre of it is as large as the aperture of the pipes for holding the tobacco. This they fill, and when lighted will not allow a single whiff to escape, but in the most unsmoker like manner swallow it all, with-holding respiration until the pipe is finished. The effect of this upon their nervous system is extremely great and often do they fall on the ground exhausted, and for a few minutes tremble like an aspen leaf. The heavy beards of the men and the fair complexions of all astonished my Indians greatly, and in their surprise called them "Manooli Conde," like white people. They were all exceedingly well dressed in deer-skin clothing, with the hair outside, which being new and nicely ornamented with white fur, gave them a clean and very comfortable appearance. Their little Kiyachs were beautifully made, and all the men were well armed with deadly looking knives, spears and arrows, all of their own manufacture. The Indians are much afraid of them, and so afraid of my safety were two different parties, that I saw on my way down that a man from each of them who could speak a little Eskimos, volunteered to ac-

company me without fee or reward, and invaluable did I find their services. Poor fellows, they will never see this, but I cannot refrain from paying them here my tribute of gratitude and thanks.

At Peel's river, I met with a large number of Loucheux Indians, all of whom received me most cordially, and listened as attentively to the glad tidings of salvation that I brought unto them. As these were a part of the great family who reach to the Youcan and beyond. I need not dwell upon them here as their habits will be included in a general description that I will give of the whole by and by. I may, however, remark that from their longer associations with the whites many of the darker traits that belong to their brethren, or the Youcan, apply, if at all, in a much milder form to the Indians there at Lapienes house.

I left my canoe and Indians, as well as those who had accompanied me at the fort, and taking two others who knew the way, walked over the Rocky Mountains to Lapienes house. This part of the journey fatigued me exceedingly, not so much from the distance (which was only from seventy five to one hundred miles) as from the badness of the walking, intense heat of the sun, and myriads of the most voracious musquitos that I have ever met with in the country. The former, I think would justly defy competition. There were several rivers to ford, which from the melty snows and recent rains were just at their height. Fortunately they were neither very deep nor wide, or my altitude and strength would have been serious impediment to my getting over them.

At Lapienes house I was delighted to meet Mr. Jones, who was my companion on travel from Red River to Fort Simpson. He had come up in charge of the Youcan boat, and at once kindly granted

me a passage down with him. I had fortunately a bundle of Canadian newspapers in my carpet bag, some of them containing some speeches on educational subjects by his venerable grandfather, the bishop of Toronto. Five days of drifting and rowing down the rapid current of the Porcupine River brought us to its confluence with the Youcan on the banks, of which about three miles above the junction the fort is placed. My friend, Mr. Lockart was in charge, and all who knew the kindness of his heart need not be told of the cordial reception that I met with from him. Another hearty grasp was from the energetic naturalist, Mr. R. Keunicott, who came into the district with me, and passed the greater part of his first winter at Fort Simpson. He delighted me with the assurance that he had met with a vast field and that his efforts had been crowned with much success, especially in the collection of eggs; many rare, and some hitherto unknown ones having been obtained by him, so that the cause of science in that department will be greatly benefitted by his labors. Among many others I noticed the eggs of parent birds of the American Widjeon, the black duck, canvas back duck, spiril duck, (*bucephale abeola*), small black beak duck, (*eulix affinis*). The waxwiny (*ampeliganulus*), the Kentucky warbler, the trumpeter swan, the duck hawk (*falco anatum*), and two species of juncoes. With the exception of the waxwiny, however, there are few that have not been obtained in other parts of the district by the persevering zeal of Mr. Ross, the gentleman in charge, and it, I have since learned, nested numerously in the vicinity of my out-station at Bear Lake.

On my arrival at the Youcan, there were about five hundred Indians present, all of whom were astonished but agreeably glad to

see a missionary among them. They are naturally a fierce, turbulent and cruel race; approximating more nearly to the Plain tribes than to the quiet Chipewyans of the Mackenzie valley. They commence somewhere about the sixty-five degrees of N. C., and stretch westward from the Mackenzie to Behring's Straits. They were formerly very numerous, but wars both among themselves, and with the Esquimaux have sadly diminished them. They are, however, still a strong and powerful people. They are divided into many petty tribes, each having its own chief as the *Ta-tlit-Kutchin* (Peel's River Indians, *Ta-Kuth-Kuthin*, Lapiene's House Indians, *Kutch a Kutchin*, (youcan Indians) *Touchon-tay Kutchin*, (wooded country Indians) and many others. But the general appearance, dress customs, and habits of all are pretty much the same, and all go under the general names of *Kutchin* (the people,) and *Loucheux* (squinters). The former is their own appellation, while the latter was given to them by the whites. There is, however, another division among them of a more interesting and important character than that of the tribes just mentioned. Irrespective of tribe, they are divided into three classes, termed respectively *Chit-sa*, *Nat-sa* and *Tanges-at-sa*, faintly representing the aristocracy, the middle classes, and the poorer orders of civilized nations, the former being the most wealthy, and the latter the poorest. In one respect, however, they greatly differ, it being the rule for a man not to marry in his own, but to take a wife from either of the other classes. A *Chit-sa* gentleman will marry a *Tanges-at-sa* peasant without the least feeling *infra dig*. The offspring in every case belong to the class of the mother. This arrangement has had a most beneficial effect in allaying the deadly feuds formerly so frequent among them.

I witnessed one this summer, but it was far from being of a disastrous nature. The weapons used were neither the native bow nor imported gun, but the unruly tongue, and even it was used in the least objectionable way. A chief, whose tribe was in disgrace for a murder, committed the summer before, met the chief of the tribe to which the victim belonged, and in the presence of all commenced a brilliant oration in favor of him and his people, which he freely deplored as his own and his people's inferiority. At once, in the most gallant way, the offended chief in a speech rather warm, refused the compliments so freely offered and returned them all with interest upon his antagonist. This lasted for an hour or two, when the offender by a skillful piece of tactics, confessed himself so thoroughly beaten that he should never be able to open his lips again in the presence of his generous conqueror. Harmony of course was the inevitable result.

The dress of all is pretty much the same. It consists of a tunic or shirt, reaching to the knees, and very much ornamented with beads Hyaqua shells from the Columbia. The trousers and shoes are attached and ornamented with beads and shell similar to the tunics. The dress of the women is the same as that of the men, with the exception of the tunic being round instead of pointed in the front.

The beads above mentioned constitute the Indians wealth. They are strung up in lengths, in yards and fathoms, and form a regular currency among them. A fathom being the standard and equivalent to the made beaver of the company. Some tribes, especially the *Kutch-a-Kutehin* are essentially brasers, and instead of hunting themselves, they purchase their furs from different tribes, among whom they regularly make excursions. Often the medicine-men and the chiefs have more

beads than they can carry abroad with them, and when this happens the Company's stores are converted into banking establishments where the deposits are invested for safe keeping. The women are much fewer in number and live a much shorter time than the men. The latter arises from their early marriages, harsh treatment they receive and laborious work which they have daily to perform. While the former is caused I fear by the cruel acts of infanticide which to female children have been so sadly prevalent among them. Praiseworthy efforts have been made by the Company's officers to prevent it, but the anguished and hardened mothers have replied that they did it to prevent the children from experiencing the hardships they endure.

The men much reminded me of plain tribes with their "birds and feathers, nose jewels of tin and necklaces of brass," and plentiful supply of paint which was almost the first time I had seen it used in the district. Instead of the nose jewels being of tin they were composed of the Hyaqua shells which gave the expression of the face a singular appearance. The women did not use much paint, its absence was atoned for by tattooing, which appeared universal among them. This singular custom seems to be one of the most widely differed practices of savage life and was not known among the ancients "as it or something like it seems to be forbidden to the Jews, "ye shall not print any marks upon you." Lev. xix, 28.

Polygamy as in almost all other barbarous nations is very prevalent among them, and is often the source of much domestic unhappiness among them. The New Zealander multiplies his wives for show, but the object of the *Kutchin* is to have a greater number of poor creatures whom he can use as beasts of burden for hauling his wood, carrying his

meat and performing the drudgery of his camp. They marry young, but no countship precedes, nor does any ceremony attend the union. All that is requisite is the sanction of the mother of the girl, and often is it a matter of negotiation between her and the suitor when the girl is in her childhood. The father has no voice in the matter whatever, nor any other of the girl's relatives.

The tribes frequenting Peel's River bury their dead on stages, the corpse being securely enclosed in a rude coffin made of hollowed trees. About the Youcan they were formerly burnt, the ashes collected, placed in a bag and suspended on the top of a painted pole. Nightly wailings follow for a time, when the nearest relative makes a feast, invites his friends, and for a week or so the dead dance is performed and a funeral dirge sung after which all grief for the deceased is ended. I witnessed their dance at the Fort, and have been told by others that the dead song is full of wild and plaintive strains, far superior to the music of any other tribes in the country.

Altars and rites of religion they had none, and before the traders went away there, not even an idea of a God to be worshiped. Medicine men they have in whose powers they place implicit faith, and whose aid they dearly purchased in seasons of sickness or distress. They were emphatically a people "without God in the world." Knowing their prejudices I commenced my labors among them with much fear and trembling, but earnestly looking to God for help and strength, and cannot doubt that both were granted. For before I left, the medicine men openly renounced their craft, polygamists freely offered to give up their wives, murderers confessed their crimes, and mothers told of deeds of infanticide that sickened one to hear. Then all earnestly sought for pardon and

grace. It was a goodly sight to see that vast numbers on bended knees worshipping the God of their salvation and learning daily to syllable the name of Jesus. Since my return I have read a glowing picture of savage life when left to its native woods and streams, and heartily as I feel that I could be a friend of him who is in truth the friend of the aborigines, yet sadly do I feel that between theory and fact there is often a gaping discrepancy. To draw a picture of savage life is one thing, to see "the heathen in all his darkness" is another. To speak of the Indian roaming through his native woods, now skimming o'er the glassy lake, or floating down the silent current, may be to show the poetry of his life; but there is the sterner chapter of reality to place over against it. From that chapter the above remarks have been gathered, they present the heathen as they are in themselves. For twenty years have not yet elapsed since the white man planted his foot in the Youcan valley, and since he has been there his influence has been to improve and not to contaminate. And if a testimony be valuable, more from the cause to which it is given than from the source whence it proceeds, most heartily do I bear mine to the humane and considerate treatment that the Indians of the Mackenzie River district receive from the officers of the Company. In many instances that I could mention the officer is more like the parent of a large family of adult children than what his position represents. The undoubted fact is that the whole tendency of heathenism is to brutalize and debase, while it remains with civilization and the Gospel to elevate and to bless.

Should you desire, I shall be happy next season to give you a few of the Indian legends as well as some accounts of the geology and fauna of my journey. The Flora I

do not sufficiently understand to say anything about. Although from the great variety of plants that I saw, there must have been many interesting to botanists. When at Red River I read a paper by Mr. Barnston, on the growth of the onion on the banks of the Porcupine River, and I have much pleasure in being able to confirm his statements that it is not the real onion, but the chive that grows in such abundance there.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

W. W. KIRBY.

Friendship in Marriage.

THE majority of young people, says the *Scottish American* do not know—because they are not trained to think seriously of the matter—how to choose and live with each other. Hasty courtships and the keen competition in the matrimonial market give no opportunities for the making of friendships, without which marriages are rarely successful.

We may discover faults, we must oft times be disappointed in those we love, our idols are quickly shattered, but if men and woman were united more often by the sympathetic bond of friendship there would be less said about marriage as a failure.

It is essential, it might almost be said, that in order to be her husband's friend, a wife, should be his equal in intellect, and that she should have some worthy occupation. A man must respect and honor a woman whose life is not merely bound about by narrow femininities, but she need not necessarily be "superior" in any way. To be a good housewife she must needs have intellect, and of that no man need be afraid if he does not marry his wife with the intention of treating her as a mere toy.

We woman (writes a correspon-

dent) have greatly erred in these latter days in having made no attempt to teach men to honor us. We must make ideals for ourselves, even if we fall short of them, and men will strive, for the sake of winning us, to attain to them. "Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus," and if we flinch not, but keep to a certain standard, man will surely strive to follow and reach us there. Again, I say, it is for woman to make the ideal life, and we have much yet to conquer ere we may hope to set the world right.

Odd Burial Customs.

THE Mohammedans always, whether in their own country or one of adoption, bury without coffin or casket of any kind.

During the time of the old Roman Empire the dead bodies of all except suicides were burned.

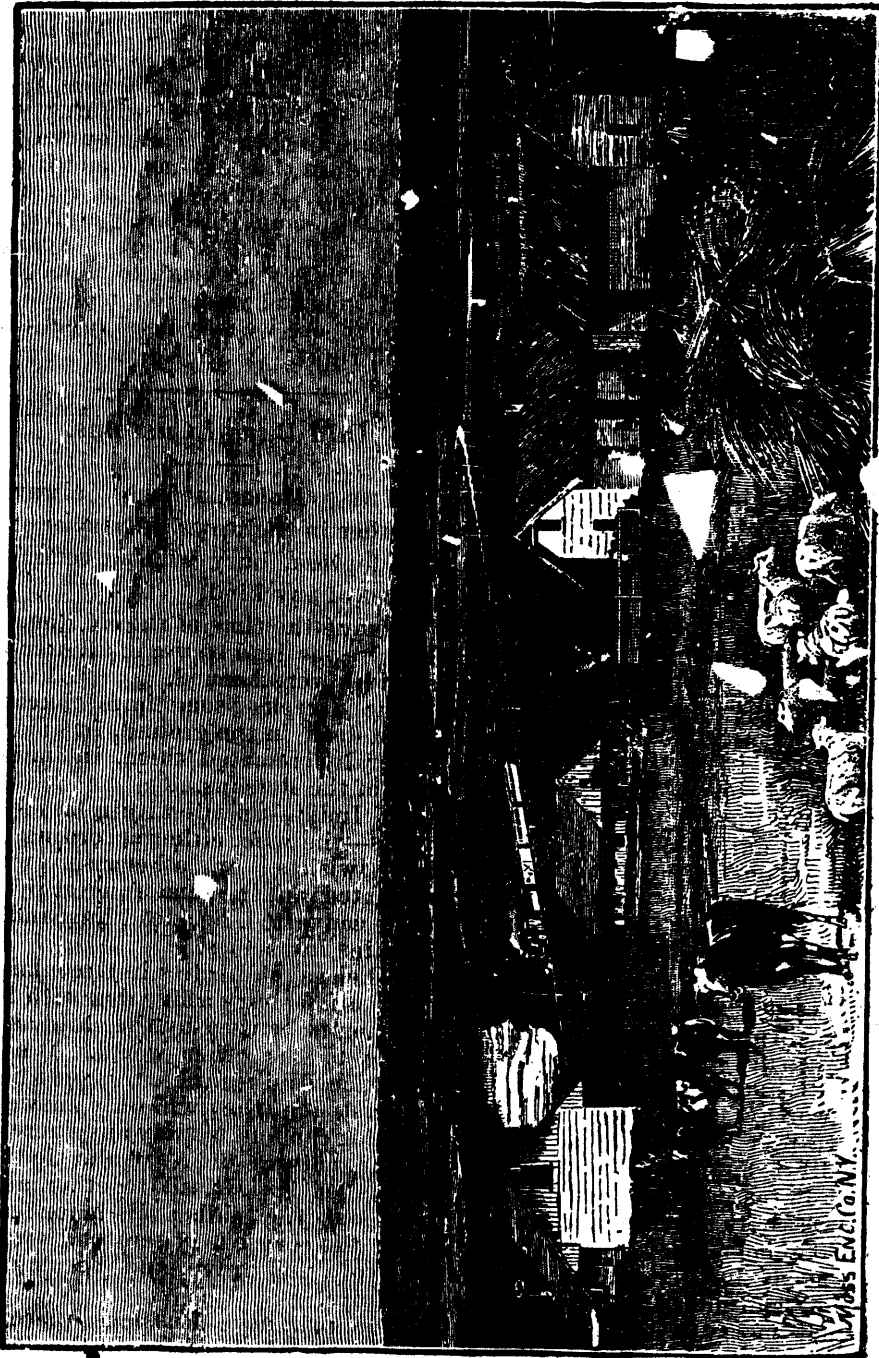
The Greeks sometimes buried their dead in the ground, but more generally cremated them, in imitation of the Romans.

In India—up till within last few years—the wife, either according to her wishes or otherwise, was cremated on the same funeral pyre that converted her dead husband's remains into ashes.

When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a live dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When questioned in regard to this peculiar superstition, they will only answer, "A dog can find his way anywhere."

The natives of Australia tie the hands of their dead together and pull out the nails; this is for fear that the corpse may scratch its way out of the grave and become a vampire.

The primitive Russians place a certificate of character in the dead person's hands, which is to be given to St. Peter at the gates of Heaven.



FARM NEAR RAPID CITY ON THE LINE OF M. & N. W. R.

Mass Eng. Co. N.Y.

H: Knows Now What a Woman Does.

The guileless man who asked this foolish question got this answer from a woman. Having kept a statistical account for one year, she gave the result as follows :

"Number of lunches put up, 1,157 ; meals ordered, 963 ; desserts made, 172 ; lamps filled 328 ; rooms dusted, 2,259 ; times dressed children, 788 ; visits received, 897 ; visits paid, 167 ; books read, 88 ; papers read, 553 ; stories read about, 234 ; games played, 329 ; church services attended, 125 ; articles mended, 1236 ; articles of clothing made, 120 ; fancy articles made, 56 ; letters written, 426 ; hours in music, 20½ ; hours in Sunday-school work, 208 ; hours in gardening, 49 ; sick days, 44 ; amusements attended, 10.

"Besides the above I nursed twenty children through measles, twice cleaned every nook and corner of my house, put up 75 jars of pickles and preserves, made seven trips to the dentists, dyed Easter eggs, polished silver and spent seven days in helping nurse a friend who was ill, besides the thousand and one duties too small to be mentioned, yet taking time to perform."

Now we hope that man is satisfied ; if not he can try it himself. — *Washington Star.*

Autumn Leaves.

"PROBABLY not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their colour in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old-fashioned idea is that all this red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the colouring of leaves would necessitate along and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, those causes are these : The green matter in the tissue

of a leaf is composed of two colours, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the fall, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red ; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. The difference in colour is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall and the other should turn yellow ; or why one branch of a tree should be highly coloured and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer, as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have the brightest colours."

The Well-bred Girl in Society.

A feature of ball-room life, which, in the eyes of debutantes and chaperone alike, calls aloud for redress, is in order of discussion here, writes Mrs. Burton Harrison in an interesting article on "The Well-Bred Girl in Society" in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*. One hears everywhere the complaint that a woman, old or young, may not stir from her seat to get supper, or to avoid a draught, or to change places for a better point of view, without being annexed to the arm of some member of the selecting sex, for whom she must wait, or whistle, to use the ancient, pungent phrase. Hard as this unwritten law is to the elders, who see themselves doomed to dependence on callow youths, the age, it may be, of their sons, for the privilege of crossing a crowded bit of parquet floor, it is doubly so to the girls who must wait the pleasure of these sultans of the hour to rise from the seats into which their

healthy activity has been enchained. If they might only fraternize with each other, cross the ball-room hand in hand, go into supper likewise, and, better than all, dance together, without proclaiming themselves wall flowers, what a merry set our debutantes would be. Untrammelled by absurd necessity, the girls who now sit, often grave and spiritless, beside their protectors, would then take flight, chirping and chattering like a flock of birds. As it is, who has not seen the unnatural spectacle of these young creatures holding back from conversation with each other, bravely suppressing yawns, waiting and gazing with sad eyes upon the pageant of a dance which they are not bidden to join because the men are not so plentiful as the women. During a recent season of revelry in New York, it was no uncommon incident for girls whose carriages had been ordered late, to be seen retiring to the dressing-room to wait, because partners were not forthcoming for the cotillon. Young fellows, forced by the nature of their employment to keep early hours, make no pretence to keep up with the mad rush of society after midnight. The oldesters, who have danced down the generations, with a limited supply of very youthful supporters of the salutatory art, carry the burden of the ball.

An Idyl of the War.

(For "The Manitoban.")

Within a gloomy convent cell
A woman, strangely sad did dwell,
Her stately mien and classic face
Betokened both patrician race,
And when she spoke it almost seemed
As though the air with music teemed ;
And oft-times strangers would stop still
When wandering by the convent hill,
To listen to her heav'nly notes,
Like melody from angels throats,
So weird and sweet ; so full of tears,
A voice that one so seldom hears,
But if once heard is ne'er forgot,
It had strange charms—I know not what.

Good Sister Agnes—'twas her name,
Was loved by all who ever came
Within her presence, for it seemed
As though the light of heaven beamed
From her sweet sad, angelic face,
That did all earthly thoughts displace.
She seemed but waiting for the day,
When her chaste soul should wing away.
She seemed so weary of this life,
With all its bitterness and strife,
So anxious for the time to come
When she should gain her heavenly home.

Once in a sunny southern land,
Her grand old country home did stand.
Green were the meadows and the hills,
Clear were the rivulets and rills,

Sweet were the lanes and fertile fields,
With odors which the warm South yields,
And everywhere was peace and life,
And freedom from the world's base strife.
Here did the gentle Agnes dwell,
And though this bright land doth excel
In women fair and full of grace,
In beauty of both form and face.
By those who knew her it was said
There ne'er had lived more fair a maid.

And blessed was she with friends and wealth
With name, with youth and health,
And life seemed one long cloudless day,
Bright as a sunny morn' of May.
A host of lovers sought her hand,
Her charms were known throughout the land ;
But in her early youth she gave
Her virgin heart unto her brave
Young cousin Alfred, whose estates
Lay just beyond her great stone gates.
And had she searched the wide world over
She could have found no nobler lover.
It seemed as though the angels smiled
Upon this favored fortunes child.

Alas! her bright dreams could not last ;
One winter morn the fatal blast
Of civil war rang through the land,
Demanding all to join the band
Of gallant men who wished to save
Their happy homes and nation brave.
Ah! they were times of woe and tears,
Of stifled sighs and heartfelt prayers,
Of sad farewells and aching hearts,
Of terror which a war imparts.
Hushed was the song and merry jest,
Forth went the sons their steel to test,
To save their country or to die ;
Their deeds are told in history.

Sad was the parting of our twain,
Crushed were their hearts with grief and pain,
But he was calm and undismayed,
While Agnes wildly wept and prayed.

Two long unhappy years had passed,
And still the cruel war did last ;
Few of the soldiers could come home,
And many too would never come,
For death was busy on the field,
They fought and died, but would not yield.
And Alfred, with his soul of fire,
And sturdy frame that did not tire,
(Although his heart for Agnes yearned)
Through all these months had not returned.
Then came the news one mild spring day
To Agnes, while she knelt to pray,
Of Alfred's legion on its way,
To reach and seize a fort that lay
Not many miles south of her home,
And through this vale the troops must come,
And she would see him face to face,
Would feel his kiss in fond embrace,
Would listen to his oft-told tale
Of love for her, and would not fail
To make him tell her many times

As walked they through the fragrant limes,
Of all the battles he had fought,
Of thrilling scenes with danger frought.
To her this happiness did seem
A strange unreal heav'nly dream.

Most swiftly do the hours glide
When love's desire is gratified,
But when it waits in doubt and fear
Each hour seems an endless year.
But now at last the day has come,
The day for Alfred to come home;
And Agnes dressed herself in white,
The self-same dress she wore that night
She said "farewell"—the dress he loved,
And sat and watched and never moved.

But strange to tell, the hours rolled on,
Until the day had almost gone,
And yet she waited sick with fear,
At times she fancied she would hear
The distant sounds of heavy guns,
Of rushing steeds, of fifes and drums.
And visions came of wounded men,
Of blood and carnage on the fen,
Of womens wails and broken hearts,
Of lasting grief that ne'er departs.
So passed the day until sunset,
And Agnes with her pale cheeks wet
With anxious tears, went towards the gate,
The evening dove sang to his mate.
She knew not why her heart beat so,
Nor why she felt this sense of woe.
The gates flew ope! and soldiers stood,
Bearing a bier of rough hewn wood,
And on it lay a form of grey,
Whose soul had fled and left but clay!

A single glance told Agnes all,
A shriek! a moan, a heavy fall!
And then for weeks her reason fled,
While fever on her frail form fed.
But those who wish to do not die,
And she was saved her faith to try;
But when she left her suffering bed,
Her young life seemed crushed and dead.
So to the Holy Church she went,
It seemed by guardian angels sent;
And there remained until her soul
Fled from the earth to reach its goal.

JOEL ST. JOHN.

A Song of Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Of yore,
In the youth of the nation,
When the harvest had yielded its store
There was feast and oblation.
Or when danger had lifted its hand,
From the lips of the living
There rang through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

Our home was a wilderness then
With the flood to enfold it;
To-day with its millions of men,

We rejoice to behold it.
From the sea to the surge of the sea,
We have all for a treasure;
We are blest in the promised To-be
In a manifold measure.

War flaunts not a red pennon now,
For the olive is regal;
Like birds that are twin, on one bough
Sit the dove and the eagle.
The clash of the conflict that cleft
We in sorrow remember.
But the fire of the great feud has left
In the ash scarce an ember.

For the fruit of the time of our toil;
For whate'er we have fought for;
Whether born of the brain or the soil
Be the meed we have sought for;
For the gifts we have had from His hand
Who is Lord of all living,
Let there ring through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

CLINTON SCOLLARD in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

Rain Ghosts.

Like spectral armies of the dead,
Southward up the river Red,
Rush the phantoms of the rain.
Cloudy, misty, fitful train.

Heads cloud-turbaned in mid air,
Vapor cloaks these soldiers wear;
And the hurried tread of feet
Water-dusts the river-street.

On they go, these soldiers frail,
Borne upon the whistling gale;
Like the creatures of the mind
Born to perish on the wind.

Iota North.

Literary Notes and Reviews.

OF the many magazines received, the "Eclectic" is a favorite. It is a digest of all the excellent articles, which appear in foreign magazines. To read the *Eclectic* is to get the gist of all the good things going. That is why this magazine is so popular. In the October number several scientific articles appeared, of which, "Mars" by Sir Robert Ball, F. R. S., is particularly interesting, especially as there has been a good deal of speculation lately concerning this planet. Frederick Greenwood tells about "Imagination in Dreams"; E. B. Lanin reviews the "Cholera and Cleanliness in Russia," and Prof. Goldwin Smith writes on the "Contest for the Presidency." Archibald Forbes tells of the "French Empire and the German War;" Richard Edgecumbe, describes

vividly. the "First Ascent of Mont Blanc," and John W. Thale in an able article deals with the "Last Century." The subscription price of the *Eclectic* is \$5.00 per year, but in order to give it a trial, we notice the Publisher offers to send it for three months for \$1.00. Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 eighth Street, New York.

* * *

The November number of the *Cosmopolitan*, which is promptly to hand, is as usual teeming with excellent articles on notable subjects of the day. The frontispiece contains a full length portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and is perhaps one of the best pictures of the grand old man that we have ever seen. Of the contents which go to make up this excellent magazine, the following will give our readers an idea of the treat which lies between the covers: "Japan Revisited," by Sir Edwin Arnold; "A Cosmopolitan Language," by M. Y. Holyoake; "The City of Hamburg," by Murat Halstead; "A Recent Visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden," by William H. Riding; "Art Schools of Paris," by Lucy H. Hooper; "Education for the Common People in the South," by Geo. W. Cable; "A War Correspondent at the Fall of Constantinople," by Archibald Forbes; "Growth of Great Cities," by Lewis M. Haupt; "Aerial Navigation," by John P. Holland; "Social Struggles," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; "Bird Courtship," by John Burroughs; "Two Studies of the South," by Brander Matthews, a traveller from Altruna, by W. D. Howells, and several poems and stories by noted authors, the whole forming a regular library of reading matter, and worth three times the subscription price of \$3.00 per year. Published by Cosmopolitan Publishing Company, Fifth Ave., Broadway, and 25th Street, New York. See our clubbing offer on another page.

* * *

We have had the pleasure of perusing an excellent little work, entitled "Round the Empire," by Geo. R. Parkin, M. A., and although intended for the use of schools in England, it would not be out of place on the library table. The author, by this work, endeavors to teach the English boys and girls something about the Great Empire of which Britain is a part. In its pages the pupil is led through the British possessions step by step, learning on the way all that can be taught in its brief compass, about the resources and advantages of the colonies. In such a work as this Mr. Parkin has happily hit on a plan, whereby the future emigrant will have some knowledge of the country on which "the sun never sets." By its aid the middle and lower classes especially, will be educated as to the geographical position of the different countries over which Victoria rules, and in this effort the author

deserves the thanks of his country. The book is written in an entertaining style throughout, and cannot fail to instruct and please, both scholar and teacher. The portion devoted to Canada is especially instructing, and in the near future we can look forward to see immigrants from the mother country not coming out ignorant as to their destination, but with a full knowledge of the country and its ability to support them and their families. The book contains several beautiful illustrations, with a preface by the Earl of Roseberry, and is a step in advance of the old line of school books. Evidently Lord Roseberry, who guides the foreign affairs is deeply interested or he would not have taken the trouble to write a preface. We hope this excellent little book will be universally adopted for the purpose it is intended and great good will be done thereby.

* * *

Of all the magazines which we read, none appeal so strongly for sympathy and support as our own Canadian magazine *The Dominion Illustrated*. It is strictly a magazine for Canadians, about Canadians, and for Canadians, with enough articles on other subjects, thrown in, to make it interesting. In making up your list of papers for the coming year do not forget *The Dominion Illustrated*, which is doing such yeoman service towards our country. We learn that it is their intention to bring out a Christmas number shortly, which will outrival any former ones yet issued, and when they say so, you can depend in its being so. It will be a large work, comprising many literary articles by prominent Canadians, fully illustrated and supplemented by three large colored works of art, one of which—"The Rise and Fall of a Canadian Politician," is bound to make a great hit. Its very low price of \$1.50 per year should place it in every home in Canada. Published by the Sabiston Litho and Publishing Company, Montreal & Toronto.

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Castorologia or the *History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver*, by Horace T. Martin, F. Z. S., of Montreal, is the latest addition to the library shelves of Canada. In this work the author has carefully related the manners and customs of the fast-becoming extinct "beaver." Various traditions and tales are related about the animal, which stands side by side with the maple leaf as one of the emblems of Canada. In speaking of the weird traditions, the author recounts how that "when the world became ready for the introduction of man, the Indian philosophy solved the problem, in a way that was curious and masterly. The animals were said to have been endowed with speech, and seemed to have used the gift even as wicked mortals

often do, accordingly, the great *Manitou* would frequently be vexed, and his wrath caused him at times to slay the evil-doer. Then by a beautiful adaptation of the idea of the transmigration of spirits, man came forth as the spirit of the departed animal, and bore henceforth a likeness in the character to the animal from which he sprang. The *Amikonos*, a 'People of the Beaver,' an Algonquin tribe of Lake Huron, claimed descent from the carcass of the great original beaver, or father of the beavers; and the beaver was one of the eight clans of the Iroquois." The description of the manners and customs, as well as of their haunts are vividly given, and much which has been hitherto in the dark regarding these industrious animals has been unearthed and brought to light. Mr. Martin is a thorough master of the subject which he has so cleverly handled, and such a work as this should be read, not only by every Canadian, but every American. The book is handsomely gotten up, and is fully illustrated, one of the scenes being a view of Winnipeg, near old Fort Garry in 1866. Space forbids us reviewing at greater length this excellent product of a Canadian, but we guarantee all who procure a book and read its pages will be amply repaid for their trouble. In this work Mr. Martin can say with "Hiathawa."

"Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions;
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams, . . .
I should answer, I should tell you,
'From the forest and the prairie,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Decotahs,
I repeat them as I heard them,
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician the sweet singer.'
'Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you
'In the birds' nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver.' "

* * *
Saturday Night's Christmas number, which will shortly appear, is said by competent authorities to be the finest ever issued in Canada. No pains has been spared to make it a success, and in bringing out such a paper the publishers deserve the thanks and support of every Canadian. The engravings were specially prepared, also the letter press for this number, and no pains have been spared by the publishers to give to the Canadian, people a genuine Christmas treat. In order to be sure of securing a copy, give your order now to your newsdealer, and you will be more than satisfied.

* * *
The *English Illustrated Magazine* for October, contains and excellent portrait of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the famous composer.

The entire number is profusely illustrated, and contains a number of excellent articles on leading topics. Of the contents which go to make up this capital number, are: "Some Musical Conductors," by Joseph Bennett; "Sally Dows," by Bret Harte; "A Friend of the Commune," by Gilbert Parker; "Clipper Ships," by Herbert Russell; "A Summer among the Dovecotes," by Alfred Watkins; "Golf & Golfing," by Horace Hutchinson, while "Beards and no Beards" by Cuthbert Hadden, will prove very interesting. Published by MacMillan & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Publishers Notes.

WHEN you read about "Christmas Numbers," do not forget the *MANITOBAN*," and when you make up your list of papers and magazines for the coming year, do not leave it off your list. It is the only literary magazine published west of Toronto, and as such, should receive your support. We are all working for the good of the country and ourselves, and anything which will help the country will naturally help us;

TO ADVERTISERS.

Who want to reach the best class of customers, by making themselves known in the advertising columns of "The Manitoban," they will find it a paying investment. In order to give advertisers a chance to get a good advertisement at moderate prices, we have made special low rates for our

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

And would ask them to not fail in taking advantage of it. Our advertising agent, Mr. J. J. Roberts, will be happy to hear from anyone interested, as what is profitable should be looked after. Get our rates and be convinced.

Coal is dear and wood is dear, but an advertisement placed in "The Manitoban" is cheap. Remember this when placing your contracts for another year. A trial will convince you.

An unparalleled offer—The "Manitoban" and the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, both for one year, for only \$3.25. As the *Cosmopolitan* magazine alone is \$3.00, this is giving "The Manitoban" for only 25 cents per year.

* * *
READ OUR OFFERS.

	For One Year.
THE MANITOBAN & <i>Cosmopolitan</i> Magazine	\$3.25
" " " <i>Eclectic</i> Magazine	5.00
" " " <i>English Illustrated</i> Mag.	2.20
" " " <i>Dominion Illustrated</i> M	2.75
" " " <i>Canada</i>	1.25
" " " <i>Weekly Empire & Prem.</i>	1.80
" " " <i>Weekly Tribune & Prem.</i>	1.50

We want agents in every town in Manitoba and the Northwest to work for us this winter. To good live energetic men we will pay liberally. If you have nothing to do, dear reader, send us your name and address on a postal card, and you will learn how to make enough money to buy that Christmas present, you have been wishing to get for so long. We want active agents all over the country to work for us. Write at once so you can work during the Xmas holidays. Address, THE MANITOBAN, Drawer 1371, Winnipeg, Man.

* * *
Before subscribing for your papers for another year drop us a postal card and get our club rates with all the leading papers. We can save you from 25 to 50 per cent. Make a note of this.

* * *
Advertisers who wish to reach the people of this great Northwest should patronize the MANITOBAN. Its circulation is rapidly increasing. Remember THE MANITOBAN is the only literary magazine published west of the Great Lakes and covers the largest field of any paper of its kind in Canada. Try it and be convinced.

* * *
If you have not yet subscribed for THE MANITOBAN, do so at once. We want every one to be interested in the building up of the only literary magazine in this great western country. Reader we want your support, subscribe for THE MANITOBAN and help it along.

* * *
The new management of the *Canadian Queen* makes the following liberal offers to advertise their high-class *Ladies' Journal*, which will be made more attractive than ever. To the person sending the largest list of words constructed from the letters contained in „Excelsior,” will be given absolutely free of expense, one Mason & Risch fine toned, high grade Upright Piano. To the two next largest lists one Lady's Gold Watch each. To each of the next five largest lists one Sewing Machine (value \$40.00). To each of the next ten largest lists one beautiful Five o'clock Tea Set, and to each of the next ten largest lists one imported Opera Glass. In addition to this offer, they will give a special prize to the first list received each day. Send at once Ten Cents for a sample copy of the *Queen*, containing rules. The *Queen* Publishing Co., (Ltd.), Toronto, Canada.

* * *
Miscellaneous.

CATCH, THEN, O CATCH THE TRANSIENT HOUR.

WHEN dear old Sam Johnson wrote or uttered those words hours were hardly as valuable as minutes are now, and minutes as

seconds. Split seconds were unheard of, and instead of the fast express the people of those days had only the lumbering stage coach to travel by, and it could be driven or ridden after and caught. Now a second may mean your missing the train; may mean the loss of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, or may mean life or death. Any way you take it, seconds mean money, and, therefore, the purchase of a Dueber-Hampden Special Railway watch for \$50, or a New Railway for \$40, or a John C. Dueber for \$30, each seventeen-jewelled, in a fourteen-carat goldfilled case guaranteed for 25 years, is a positive act of economy. Send to F. S. Taggart & Co., the special selling agents and importers, 89 King Street West, Toronto, for one and you'll bless the day you read this paper. Remember that the Dueber-Hampden has for years held its own against the most determined efforts and unscrupulous tricks of the combine people, to displace it from popular favor.

* * *
MAUD—"What a beautiful new gown Jane is wearing. Did she bring it from abroad?"
Clara—"No; it's her last season's dress. The dressmaker turned it inside out, and now she says it is from the other side."

E. BURLING,

MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN

Harness, Saddles, Collars, Bridles,
Whips, Trunks, Valises, Robes,
Blankets, Beels, Etc. Etc.

Repairing done Neatly. All Work Warranted.
The Celebrated Uncle Sam's Harness
Oil always on hand.

281 James Street, - WINNIPEG.

Fish Laws of Manitoba and N. W. T.

WHITEFISH cannot be caught between October 5 and November 10; pickerel, April 15 and May 15; Sturgeon, May 1 and June 15; Speckled Trout, (*salvelinus fontinalis*), not between October 1 and January 1. Indians can fish during close season for domestic consumption only, but not for barter or sale. Net fishing of any kind is prohibited in public water except under leases or licences. The size of nets is regulated so as to prevent the killing of young fish. Nets cannot be set or seines used so as to bar channels or bays. A general weekly "close" time is provided in addition to special close seasons. The use of explosive or poisonous substances for catching or killing fish is illegal. Whitefish shall not be taken for making oil or feeding domestic animals. Whitefish gill nets must be at least five inches in the mesh, extension measure. Catching or killing the young of any fish is prohibited. Netting speckled trout is illegal. Placing sawdust or other deleterious substances in the water is prohibited under a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars. Milldams must be provided with efficient fish passes. Models or drawings will be furnished by the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa on application. Under authority of the Fisheries Act, total prohibition of fishing for stated periods may be made in special cases.