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# THE MANITOBAN.

A Monthly Magazine and Review of Current Events.

VOL. I. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, DECEMBER, 1892. No. 12.

## Notes and Comments.

THE season of 1892 has been a most prosperous one. Then let each one, as we enter upon the New Year, give thanks to Him, who maketh all things good. When we turn over the new leaf for 1893, let us try and make it a record, of which we will all be proud; and above all let us keep it bright and clean, so that the Recording Angel will at its close, exclaim "well done." Did you ever, dear reader, stop a moment to think of the dying year? Of the many memories and incidents which is interwoven with its history, to be handed down through the coming ages; of the many homes which have been made happy, and how many have been made desolate. Time is a ruthless monster and waits for no man. Eternity is near, and the present is the only time we have any promise of. As we think of the old year passing away, it seems like parting with an old friend forever. May the coming one bring still brighter memories.

\* \* \*

It is a matter for congratulation

that Governmental matters at Ottawa have at last assumed definite shape, and with a probability of stability and permanency, which augurs well for the part our country is to play in the changed conditions which have been created by the overthrow of McKinleyism in the United States, and the advent of a political regime in that country, which at least professes honesty of purpose and fair play to its neighbors. The administration of Sir John Abbott was a successful if not a brilliant one; and although there were not wanting those who attributed the twenty odd majority which the last general election gave him, to the respect and regret for the great chieftain, who had so long led the Conservative party, yet the bye-elections which followed, giving to him a majority of sixty-five, showed conclusively that Canadians believe their interests safer in the hands of Liberal Conservatives, than in those of a party either wholly without a platform, or with one so slippery, rolling and uncertain, that it resembled more the barked basswood poles which form the slippery temporary cordu-

roy crossing of some quagmire, than the oak planks of a real platform. Sir John Abbott bravely stuck to his post till the highest medical authorities in Britain insisted on his retirement; and then came a condition of affairs which has had no precedent in Canada. A distinguished jurist, pressed to leave the bench of his native Province by friends, who believed that at a critical political time he could render important service to his country in political life, with a return afterwards to the judicial life for which all his habits, training and liking fitted him, finds himself in a position where he MUST become Prime Minister of Canada; and we are bound to believe with the greatest possible reluctance patriotically consents, and having consented, leaves behind the hope of that quiet life he looked forward to, and addresses himself to the work of forming a ministry, a short review of which we shall give, as showing the wisdom of his choosing, and how utterly unjust is the assertion persistently spread by his opponents, that his religious views would bias his selection of the men to form the Privy Council of Canada. The following is the official list of the new ministers:

First Minister, Minister of Justice and Attorney General—Sir John Thompson.

Minister of Trade and Commerce—Hon. Mackenzie Bowell.

Postmaster General—Sir Adolph P. Caron.

Secretary of State—Hon. John Costigan.

Minister of Finance—Hon. George E. Foster.

Minister of Marine and Fisheries—Hon. Charles H. Tupper.

Minister of Railways and Canals—Hon. John G. Haggart.

Minister of Public Works—Hon. J. A. Ouimet.

Minister of Militia and Defence—Hon. J. C. Patterson.

Minister of the Interior—Hon. T. M. Daly.

Minister of Agriculture—Hon. A. R. Angers.

President of the Privy Council—Hon. W. B. Ives.

Without portfolio—Hon. Frank Smith.

Without portfolio—Hon. John Carling.

Solicitor General of Canada—Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C.

Controller of Customs—Mr. N. Clarke Wallace.

Controller of Inland Revenue—Mr. J. F. Wood.

It will be seen that, with the Premier, they number seventeen, of whom 14 form the Cabinet, and of these only twelve have portfolios. They are all native Canadians but two, Hon. M. Bowell and Hon. Frank Smith. Of the Ministers, three only are French-Canadians, out of the seventeen; four are Orangemen, and among these first in the list after Sir John the III himself, is the honoured name of Mackenzie Bowell, always the staunch friend of Manitoba and the Northwest; and with our trusty Daly of the number, there is little to fear from the Bug-bear of French domination which the "Basswood" party so persistently holds up before our eyes.

None of the new men whom Sir John has added to the Cabinet, are new to political life. Clarke Wallace has been in the House fourteen years, and has been a power there

during that time ; he was chairman of the Anti-Combined Committee, and is Grand Master of Sovereign Grand Orange Lodge of British North America.

Mr. Wood is a barrister of distinction, Q. C. of both the Dominion and the Province of Ontario, and has been chairman of several important standing committees of the House of Commons.

Mr. Ives, who is the son-in-law of the late Hon. John Henry Pope, has been in the House since the seventies, and has shown on many occasions marked ability, is a powerful speaker, and possesses a knowledge of the Dominion rarely surpassed.

Hon. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Angers is an able and scholarly gentleman, who has been in local and Dominion Parliamentary life since Confederation, and brings to his new duties one of the ablest minds in the Province of Quebec.

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., is also an old parliamentarian, a lawyer of high distinction ; and his representation of a district of Montreal largely Protestant, is an evidence that where he is known best he is trusted equally by Catholics and Protestants alike.

And so the new ministry with its new leader stands ; and the first drop of sorrow in the cup of the "Basswood" party, is their losing the Kent election the other day, a draught which is likely to be followed by still more bitter potions when the electorate are again called upon to choose between a bridge of oak and the slippery make-shift of

a party without a platform, led by a Frenchman and a Catholic, and made up of the disgruntled pessimists of past incompetency and present inefficiency.

\* \* \*

WE have received a recently published pamphlet bearing upon its saffron colored cover the title, "Closest Trade Relations Between the United States and Canada," in comparatively small letters, and a large representation of the pudgy features of the author, who presents his readers gratis with his autograph beneath—Erastus Wiman. We had supposed that with the complete overthrow of his political friends in the United States 'Erastus' had received his quietus ; but "Ras" bobs up again serenely, and this time with the following quotation, also on the cover, from one of his own speeches :

"The election of Mr. Cleveland will indicate that, sooner or later, the shackles will fall from trade, as completely as by the election of Lincoln the chains dropped from the slave. How Canada shall profit by an event of almost equal beneficence, she must herself determine." Also of which might deceive the unwary into believing that Mr. Wiman had all along been a devoted admirer of Democratic principles, instead of the devoted adherent he has always been of the party who close their canals to us and tried to McKinley us into annexation.

"Erastus" we are afraid is shifty, like the Irishman's flea, when you put your hand on him, he isn't there ; and we would attempt to

throw down the saffron pamphlet in disgust, did it not suggest the enquiry as to why Wiman, who left Canada when a boy, who has no part nor parcel in our national life, who has no material interest in Canada, should be so concerned about our future. The answer comes speedily: Wiman was a junior partner in a mercantile agency, that gives no status in New York; Wiman was born in Canada; why not assume to speak for the whole of Canada, a la the three Tailors of Tooley Street speaking for the people of England; and Wiman did it, and it brought grist to his mercantile agency, and to his Staten Island schemes. The Fenian press of the United States quoted Wiman, who was a self-expatriated patriot, like themselves, who had showered upon Canada blessings, in the form of a telegraph monopoly; when our own Montreal and Hamilton telegraph companies had fought each other to a draw, a la Kilkenny cats. Was he not, like themselves, an enemy of Britain, etc., etc. ?

Something different to this, however, had to be furnished to a more intelligent class of Americans, and so we find their cupidity tempted by the following description of the land lying north of the boundary line:

"Here is room for future millions  
 " that must from Europe come this  
 " way. The United States have  
 " already exhausted their arable  
 " soil, and a land hunger has set in  
 " that only Canada can be appeased.  
 " Canada must be relied upon as  
 " the future granary from whence

" must be drawn the future food  
 " supply of the world."

This is all quite true, Rastus; and more's the pity you did not use the fact for a worthier purpose than the "veiled treason" that is disclosed in your lying assumption that either we do not know what our country is worth, or that, knowing it, our free will as to what to do with it is any way bound. That you are billious, Rastus, over the result of the last Presidential election, is suggested by the bile-colored cover of your pamphlet. *You* keep your adopted side of the line, Ras; *we* will keep ours; and when you praise our country or praise us, we are reminded of the plan of the anaconda, that of slaving over with the mucus of its forked tongue prior to swallowing its crushed victim. We are not yet crushed by your friends Hitt, McKinley and company, and till we are we want neither your praise nor your advice, when we know that both have one common end—annexation.

This is the way Rastus puts it:

"How miserable seems the subterfuge that binds within narrow bonds this huge Sampson of strength and power, this sleeping giant of the world; this vigorous forceful home of a section of the Anglo-Saxon race. What possibilities abroad has this land of raw material, of cheap food products, of abundant water power, of a brave and patient people, and enormous distributive facilities."

\* \* \*

AMERICAN Politics have an interest to us only in proportion to the nearness or remoteness of the Presidential election, at which time

the British Lion is so accustomed to have his tail twisted that he has come to consider it a matter of course, which if it pleases his brother Jonathan is all right, as it does not hurt him; and heretofore generally the Canadian Beaver had escaped; but not so this time, for Mr. Harrison has threatened to plant so heavy a foot on his tail that he might be inclined to dive under, were it not for the reflection that after all Mr. Harrison is only spreading his arms like the jelly fish in the hope of catching some votes, and making capital for his party at the next Presidential election. Such means as this might be justified by the ends sought for by the average ward politician; but for the first magistrate of a great nation to threaten an abrogation of binding privileges, which are of far more use to the Western States and the Northern ones on the Atlantic Seaboard than to Canadians, is to put himself in a position so contemptible, that even chagrin at his recent defeat does not justify it. Canadians can afford to leave him to the outraged opinions of the Chambers of Commerce of the Western and North Atlantic States for an expression upon a national discourtesy and proposed outrage. As a pleasant contrast to the impotent rage of the outgoing President, we have the full text of Mr. Cleveland's recent utterances in New York; and no one, we think, can read these without being convinced of the true greatness of Mr. Cleveland's character, and predicting for him a career remarkable for an integrity of purpose which will

be swerved neither by the influence of political friends nor the menage of political foes:

\* \* \*

SHOULD there exist any doubts in the minds of skeptics as to our climate, that of the year now passing away, should dispel all such fallacies. In no country in the world has there been such a glorious climate, as that which Manitobans have enjoyed. Flowers bloomed in the gardens, while tender plants and vegetables were untouched by frost up to the 1st of November. The weather since has been all that could be desired, and building operations are being continued the same as in the summer time. Think of this intending settlers.

\* \* \*

WE take pleasure in presenting to our readers THE MANITOBAN in holiday attire, and with a table of contents, which should be read by every person interested in the Northwest. We ask for your continued support dear reader, and trust you may live, and that THE MANITOBAN will live to see a great many more Christmas-tides.

\* \* \*

THE MANITOBAN wishes its readers and friends a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

SHE—"We want one to make up a party at whist. Will you be my partner?" He (with empressment)—"Only too delighted, Miss Fairweather, and if it's long whist, the longer the better."

Little Jimmie was but a few years old when there was a wedding in the family. The aged grandmother kept her seat during the ceremony. In telling about it afterwards, Jim said, "We all stood up and got married 'cept grandma!"



"AND PLEASE MAKE SANTA CLAUS FILL MY STOCKING."

## Review and Recollections of the Poet Whittier.

To the Editor of "The Manitoban."

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

Winnipeg, Dec. 15, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,—You again ask me for your readers, why on the last anniversary of the Poet Whittier's birthday, I requested that the bells of St. Boniface might be rung in his honor? I am afraid that my answer to the question will weary both you and them, but since you have repeated the request, I will endeavor to explain. The Red River Voyageur was published in 1859, a year before I first saw the Red River, and its beauty impressed me as I fancy it has every one who has read it, and often as it has been published in Manitoba, it will I think, bear repeating by you :

Out and in the river is winding,  
The links of its long, red chain,  
Through belts of dusky plue-land  
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath  
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,  
The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
Of the wild Assiniboines.

Drearly blows the north-wind  
From the land of ice and snow ;  
The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,  
The Angel of Shadow gives warning,  
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?  
Is it the Indians yell,  
That lends to the voice of the north-wind  
The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace ;  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
That call from their turrets twain.  
To the boatman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain.

Even, so on our mortal journey  
The bitter north-winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching,  
And our hearts faint at the oar ?

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells, of the Holy City.  
The chimes of eternal peace.

It is little wonder that, in this then far-off land where everything was new and strange to me, I eagerly watched when first descending the winding stream for the "Turrets Twain," which then formed so picturesque a feature of the St. Boniface side of the Red River as the church was then unburnt, the bells were there, and near by were the weary toilers at the long oars of the four-ton York boats. That some tale of travel had furnished him with the threads to weave into his beautiful thought was evident, and it may have been the report of Honorable Mr. Taylor, our United States Consul, who with a distinguished party of American gentlemen had visited the Red River Settlement a little before that time. Certain it is that Northern matters engaged the attention of both Whittier and his poet sister, whose touching tribute to Lady Franklin in less widely known than it should be, and was written after McClintock had brought back from a cairn the evidences of the hero's peaceful death on shipboard sometime before his companions had started on their last forlorn and fatal march toward Great Slave Lake.

Fold thy hands, thy work is over ;  
Cool thy watching eyes with tears ;  
Let thy poor heart, over-wearied,  
Rest alike from hopes and fears.

Hopes, that saw with sleepless vision  
One sad picture fading slow ;  
Fears, that followed, vague and nameless  
Lifting back the veils of snow.

For thy brave one, for thy lost one,  
Truest heart of woman, weep,  
Owning still the love that granted  
Unto thy beloved sleep.

Not for him that hour of terror  
 When, the long ice-battle o'er,  
 In the sunless day his comrades  
 Deathward trod the Polar shore.

Spared the cruel cold and famine,  
 Spared the fainting heart's despair,  
 What but that could mercy grant him?  
 What but that has been thy prayer?

Dear to thee that last memorial  
 From the cairn beside the sea;  
 Evermore the month of roses  
 Shall be sacred time to thee.

Sad it is the mournful yew-tree  
 O'er his slumbers may not wave;  
 Sad it is the English daisy  
 May not blossom on his grave.

But his tomb shall storm and winter  
 Shape and fashion year by year,  
 Pile his mighty mausoleum,  
 Block by block, and tier on tier.

Guardian of its gleaming portals,  
 Shall his stainless honor be,  
 While thy love, a sweet immortal,  
 Hovers o'er the winter sea.

As full of womanly tenderness,  
 as Lord Tennyson, who married a  
 niece of Franklin's, is of manlier  
 tribute to the dead hero in his in-  
 scription for the Cenotaph in West-  
 minister Abbey:

Not here! The white north hath thy bones,  
 and thou,  
 Heroic sailor soul,  
 Art passing on thine happier voyage now,  
 Toward no earthly Pole.

Whittier's poem created an in-  
 terest in the Poet who was then en-  
 gaged in his great fight for the  
 Abolition of Slavery, and from 1832  
 to 1865 it was *une bataille a la out-  
 rance*. This gentle Quaker soul,  
 who excused himself by saying that,

"No common wrong provoked our zeal,  
 The silken gauntlet which is thrown  
 In such a cause rings like steel."

fought with no gloves at all,  
 and dealt blows with a force  
 and directness, which must have de-  
 lighted his friend Garrison, who  
 held that, "it is a waste of polite-  
 ness to be courteous to the Devil."  
 He fought like a Paladin, and if in  
 the hot haste of battle he was some-  
 times unjust to Englishmen, we can  
 excuse him, for the value he placed

on his heritage of English ancestral  
 glory.

"Englishmen, in hope and creed,  
 In blood and tongue our brothers,  
 We too are heirs of Runnymede  
 And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed  
 Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water" in one rill,  
 Through centuries of story  
 Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
 We share with you its good and ill,  
 The shadow and the glory.

We bowed the heart, if not the knee,  
 To England's Queen, God bless her,  
 We praised you when *your* slaves went free,  
 We seek to unchain ours, will ye  
 Join hands with the oppressor?

No hand was joined to the op-  
 pressor, however, and the cause for  
 which Whittier had so long, so  
 earnestly and so powerfully fought  
 was to be left to the cruel arbitra-  
 ment of a long and bloody war, with  
 that final end in 1865 which the  
 poet records in a pean of praise, a  
 psalm of joy and gratitude, scarcely  
 ever equalled, I think, in our Anglo-  
 Saxon tongue.

It is done.  
 Clang of bell and roar of gun,  
 Send the tidings up and down.  
 How the bellies rock and reel.  
 How the great guns, peal on peal,  
 Fling the joy from town to town.

Ring, O bells.  
 Every stroke exalting tolls,  
 Of the burial hour of crime  
 Loud and long that all may hear,  
 Ring for every listening ear  
 Of eternity and time.

Let us kneel:  
 God's own voice is in that peal,  
 And this spot is holy ground.  
 Lord, forgive us. What are we,  
 That our eyes this glory see,  
 That our ears have heard the sound.

For the Lord  
 On the whirlwind is abroad;  
 In the earthquake He has spoken;  
 He has smitten with His thunder  
 The iron walls asunder,  
 And the gates of brass are broken.

Loud and long  
 Lift the old exalting song;  
 Sing with Miriam by the sea,  
 He has cast the mighty down  
 Horse and rider sink and drown;  
 "He hath triumphed gloriously."

Did we dare,  
 In our agony of prayer,  
 Ask for more than he has done?  
 When was ever His right hand  
 Over any time or land  
 Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,  
 Ancient myth and song and tale,  
 In this wonder of our days,  
 When the cruel rod of war  
 Blossoms white with righteous law,  
 And the wrath of man is praise.

Blotted out.  
 All within and all about  
 Shall a fresher life begin;  
 Freer breathe the universe  
 As it rolls its heavy curse  
 On the dead and buried sin.

It is done.  
 In the circuit of the sun  
 Shall the sound thereof go forbid:  
 It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
 I shall give the dumb a voice,  
 It shall belt with joy the earth.

Ring and swing,  
 Bells of joy. On morning's wing  
 Send the song of praise abroad  
 With ax sound of broken chains  
 Tell the nations that He reigns,  
 Who alone is Lord and God.

It seemed for a time that Whittier's life-work was done, but all forms of oppression, every act of injustice, found in him the ready sympathizer and the formidable antagonist. Though he knew less of the Indians of his country, as it readily evinced by a comparison of some of his poems with those of Longfellow, yet he was always found on the side of the weak against the strong; and I have a letter of his to me on this subject the quaint thee's and thou's of which make it all the more attractive, and which is one of my valued treasures. For many years before he 'crossed the bar' Whittier expected, and if he did not wish for death, at least thought, as in the closing verse of the "Red River Voyageur," that,

Happy is he who heareth  
 The signal of his release,  
 In the bells of the Holy City,  
 The chimes of eternal peace.

And we can scarcely doubt that so long ago as 1882 the wish was almost constantly present, for in that year was published:

"When on my day of life the night is falling,  
 And in the winds from unsunned places  
 blown,  
 I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
 My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so  
 pleasant,  
 Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
 O Lord Divine, O Helper ever present,  
 Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near when all else is from me drifting—  
 Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade  
 and shine,  
 And kindly face to my own uplifting  
 The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! let Thy Spirit  
 Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
 Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
 And both forgiven through thy abounding  
 grace.

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
 Un'to my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many man-  
 sions,  
 Some sheltering shade where sin and  
 striving cease,  
 And flows forever through Heaven's green  
 expansions.  
 The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music around me stealing  
 I fain would learn the Holy song,  
 And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing  
 The life for which I long.

I warned you Mr. Editor, that I would weary you, and this lengthy preface to my answer to your question as to why the St. Boniface bells were rung proves it.

In December last I was very ill, hemorrhage, with great loss of blood had left me very weak and listless, when something my wife was reading, reminded me that the day was Whittier's birthday, and the memory of his noble life, his earnest piety, and faith and the calm assurance which he himself, expresses as,

"And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar,  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

made me wish to send some telegraphic reminder, that he was remembered and valued in this far-off land. I was, however, too weak for the effort, and it occurred to me that the ringing of the bells of St. Boniface, the bells he had made so memorable, would be a graceful tribute to him on his birthday anniversary. The unfailling courtesy of His Grace, the Archbishop, and his own respect for the poet caused the bells to be rung, and an account of the occurrence transmitted to Mr. Whittier, by our respected U.S. Consul, brought in return the following beautiful letter from the poet to His Grace; possibly the last, certainly among the last, the great poet ever wrote:

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., 3 mo. 5, 1892.

To Archbishop Tache:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—During my illness from the prevailing epidemic, which confined me nearly the whole winter, and from which I am but very slowly recovering, a letter from the U. S. Consul at Winnipeg informed me of thy pleasant recognition of my little poem, "The Red River Voyageur" (written nearly forty years ago), by the ringing of "The Bells of St. Boniface" on the eve of my late anniversary.

I was at the time quite unable to respond, but I feel that I should be wanting in due appreciation of such a marked compliment, if I did not, even at this late hour, express to thee my heartfelt thanks. I have reached an age when literary success and manifestations of popular favor have ceased to satisfy one, upon whom the solemnity of life's sunset is resting; but such a delicate, and beautiful tribute has deeply moved me. I shall never forget it. I shall hear the Bells of Saint Boniface sounding across the Continent, and awakening a feeling of gratitude for thy generous act. With renewed thanks, and the prayer that our Heavenly Father may continue to make thee largely instrumental in His service, I am,

Gratefully and respectfully, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I am Sir, Faithfully yours,

JOHN SCHULTZ.

## A Christmas Eve in Manitoba.

For "The Manitoba."

JIM Wilson and I had been in an insurance office in Liverpool, England, for a number of years. We were always cronies, and after office hours never much apart. We had somehow—I can never say how—but both of us had fallen deeply in love with two girls, who were sisters, with a view to marriage. We had been saving up, but the low salaries we got made such a consummation of our courtship well nigh impossible, nor did any better prospects loom up. After Jim and I, and "the girls," as we called them in our chat, talked the mother over, but we never seemed to be any nearer our object of marriage. It was at this juncture in our history that some pamphlets with regards to Manitoba fell into Jim's hands. He read them and talked about their contents to me and "the girls," to myself especially. I soon fell a victim to his views, and 'ere long it was a settled point, that we would emigrate to Manitoba. Circumstances were such, in the cases of "the girls," that something would have to be done 'ere long for them as they would be homeless.

It was in July we arrived in Winnipeg, that is Jim and myself, we having decided "the girls" should follow on in a month or two, when we had got things ready for their coming. We found that our views on various matters had to undergo revision; our plans were a little changed, but in the main point of our purposes, were the same. The two lots of land that Jim and myself were going to homestead were some 150 miles away from Winnipeg, by a branch line, and about five miles from a small town on the line of railway. We found that instead of having one home between us we would need to each have one

on his own lot of 160 acres, and spend a certain number of months for three years on the land, and do certain improvements, in the way of tilling the land, and putting up buildings, before he could have his free grant from the government. A guide, whose business it was to show us our lots—they were adjoining—told us how we might build each a shanty, that would be right on the boundary, and while fulfilling the requirements of the law, it would be practically our house, and would serve our purpose just then. For a month or two we were busy putting up the shanty of logs and making a dugout stable. Then we found plenty of employment harvesting and threshing. Meanwhile, we decided that "the girls" might better rest until the early spring, than roughing it with us in our log shanty for the winter. We had our plans made to spend the winter hauling logs for building better houses, and being well advised, invested in a yoke of oxen. 'Ere we knew it Xmas was coming on apace, and as the snow had been on the ground early in December, we did quite a lot of work in logging before Xmas. We had been wondering how we would spend Xmas out on the prairie—it was so different to what we had been used to in Liverpool. The day before Xmas, Jim, who always looked after the larder, discovered that there were several things we needed from the store, in order that we might, anyway have enough to eat for our Xmas-tide. He therefore, undertook to walk out to the town some five or six miles, while I stayed home to prepare fire-wood and other things for Xmas day. We also expected letters and papers from the Old Country—and these would add to our joy on the Xmas-tide. Before Jim had got into the town, a terrific snow storm—a perfect blizzard—had come on. It blew the snow everywhere and anywhere, and as the

evening further advanced, it got rougher and colder, until at last I was forced to the conclusion that it would be impossible for Jim to get home. I prepared supper as usual, but to me it was a tasteless meal, I was so used to have Jim sit on the opposite side of our little table, that with his absence, and the thought of last Xmas eve in Liverpool, I was somewhat lonesome and sad. Night came on apace, the wind loudly howled; once or twice I tried to look out but the dense darkness and drifting snow with intense cold, made it impossible to do aught else, but stay by the stove that was fairly red and roaring. I did nothing that night but sit and watch the fire burning in the stove. Never was mortal gladder to see the light of Xmas morning than I. The storm seemed to have lost its fury, but it was still intensely cold, and the snow was falling. I went out to see if there was any sign of Jim. I climbed a mound near by to get a better view, but could see nothing. Just as I was going down to the stable to give the oxen something to eat on the Xmas morning, a dark object caught my eye. "It is a man," I said aloud, and instantly the thought flashed in my mind "it is Jim," there he lay, more than half buried in snow—frozen stiff and dead. I was horrified—and terror took hold of me. I could not see what I was to do, if I let him stay there he would be buried before I could get help. I wept like a child, and then got a long pole and stuck it on end to mark the place where my frozen, dead chum lay. I then started off with all speed to Sandy Scott's shanty, about three miles away. Sandy and his sister Janet lived together. My task was a difficult one, the drifts of snow were many and deep—and though the snow had ceased to fall, I was exhausted by the time I got to Sandy's. To my utter astonishment, there stood Jim

at the door of the shanty, shouting "A Merry Xmas to you old boy," and there was Sandy, and Janet smiling over his shoulders, but I literally fell on Jim's neck and cried aloud. They all looked confused, and I, exhausted, with my hard trip, and the trouble of the night preceeding, with the awful experience and discovery of that morning, was all unstrung, and there was Jim looking on in amused astonishment, and I thinking I had left him frozen and dead in the snow. In a little while I got out my story, it was their turn then to be in blank dismay. In a short while Sandy had his team ready, Janet would come, as my story had unnerved her, and she would not stay alone just then.

We got to our shanty, there was the pole as I had left it, and there, now completely covered with snow was the dead man, whom I in my fright and terror had thought was Jim. I went into the shanty with Janet while Sandy and Jim put the poor unfortunate on the sled. But who was he, Sandy did not know him, and he knew everybody for miles and miles around. A pocket book soon gave us a clue, and more. Here were two letters addressed, one each to Jim and myself, they were written by "the girls," and here was the name "Isaac Thunlow." Jim and I looked at each other in blank astonishment. Was it a dream. Isaac Thunlow was one of the chief clerks in the office where Jim and I worked for years. He had a dispute with one of the chiefs and being dismissed, he got our addresses, and quite unexpectedly came out to Manitoba.

The balance of the story is briefly told, the poor fellow had come out on the train and had sought his way to us, but the dreadful storm was too much for him, though he was so near our shanty.

Years have gone now, "the girls" are with us. Jim and myself have

lived to bless the day we came to "rough it" in a shanty for the winter. The log house has disappeared, and Jim has his own buildings and home, and family, and I have mine. Every Xmas Eve we talk of that dreadful night. Every spring we get flower seeds to sow on the grave, at the head of which is a stone with the name of Isaac Thunlow on it.

### How the "Express" was Saved.

(For "The Manitoban.")

YOU call that boy bright! You'r correct sir. He's the brightest boy in all Manitoba, and he's got the bravest rosiest-checked girl for a sweet-heart, I know of. Sit down, and I'll tell you the circumstances.

Would you believe it, I was on the point of discharging him. Aye, turning him out with a shilling, sir, and a sound thrashing in the bargain. But now I wouldn't part with him for all the world.

I was very angry that day. Edward had annoyed me some by repeatedly begging permission to go skating. Go skating, sir! Just think of it! In these rustling times of enterprise and toil, to while away the better portion of an hour during the busiest part of the day on the ice. Why the proposition was preposterous, absurd. I strenuously objected, and delivered a certain lecture in the bargain.

The boy stood there sir, just where your chair stands, the picture of intense disappointment. The long dark lashes drooped over the black eyes, and the blood mounted indignantly to his cheeks. A perfect picture of health and youthful vigor. He's a fine looking boy, sir; and will make a handsome man. His beauty did much to appease my anger, and, indeed, I think, that it, irrespective of the gigantic service

he has just rendered the company, would have saved him his position. Now I've promotion in view—poor reward for such a brilliant deed. But we'll see to that, sir! We'll see to that.

The morning of which I speak was very stormy. I have never, in all my experience as station agent on this road, met with such terrible weather. The wind blew in frightful gusts, that howled, and moaned, as it cut its way through the telegraph wires on the office roof, in a manner that was distressing to hear. The falling snow was remarkably dense. It was impossible to see many rods ahead. It was exceedingly provoking to the railway men. All the plows were out in full force, doing their best to battle with the heavy fall. Trains could scarcely be run, the track was so slippery. Sand on the rails was resorted to; but its abundant use even, was of no consequence. However, such obstacles in the way of uninterrupted traffic were not rare, and our people had long since learned to conquer them.

My own immediate concern was as to the safety of the telegraph line. I frequently turned to the instrument, and put it to test; always meeting with good results. The wires were pulling through manfully, and nothing in the way of a mishap could be anticipated. But such was the will of God.

To return to Edward. The boy stood there some minutes. Then all at once he turned towards me, and his handsome eyes searched my face eloquently, as though in outspoken inquiry as to whether I had seen fit to change my mind, and permit him to go skating after all. He had not time to plead further. We were interrupted by the opening of the office door, and the appearance of one of the road's employees, a flagman, whose usual station was but a short distance up the track, near the draw-bridge.

The door was closed with a heavy bang, shutting out the unwelcome blasts of chilly air, which made us both shiver to the very marrow. John, for such we called him, was very much excited. He had been running hard, and it was some time before he recovered his breath. Finally he spoke, almost shouted. "Quick sir, send a dispatch down the road! No time to lose! The express is due in a few minutes, and the draw is broken! We can't shut it! It's impossible to flag the train. The engineer can't see far enough, on account of the weather." Naturally, I reached toward my instrument, only hesitating long enough to cry out to Edward, who had jumped through the door, and put off into the falling sleet with a speed that was indeed startling, if not surprising. He did not heed me, and I gave the matter no further thought but proceeded at once to telegraph to a certain place up the road, where I knew the train to be scheduled to stop. The instrument would not work! What could be wrong. I hastily glanced over the office connections, but could find nothing out of order there.

The line was evidently down. I called John's attention to it with a despairing cry. The old man turned as white as the snow on his bull-skin overcoat, and turning about, he too put through the open doorway. I was left alone to reflect. Absolutely nothing could be done. The express was without doubt doomed. I pictured to myself the result. The horror of the scene flashed through my mind. There were probably two hundred on board, and all soon to be hurled to destruction, not, to be sure, in a watery grave, but what was much the same thing, crushed to death on the thick ice below the bridge.

As I stood there, half stupified, another thought occurred to me. Could it be that she, Mary, my Mary, my beloved, my betrothed

was on board? I thrust my hand into the inside pocket of my coat, drew forth a letter, quickly emptied it of its contents, and read. She had written me to expect her sometime during the week, I had forgotten the date. But what of that? She was much given to practical joking. What if she had determined on giving me a surprise by presenting herself a day too soon. The letter afforded a little relief, therefore, and I put it away tremblingly. Oh God! was there nothing could be done? Nothing! nothing within the hands of human ingenuity. True, Providence might favor us, and by clearing the weather permit the usual signals to be seen. I brightened at the thought, and decided on donning my overcoat and leaving the neighborhood with all speed. I feared lest I should in some way witness the horrible disaster. My office was much too near the bridge for comfort's sake. I fancied hearing the dreadful yells of the wounded, and my head throbbed most painfully, I became aware of a sudden faintness coming over me. I could not find strength enough to put my coat on. Suddenly I heard the shrill shriek of the train whistle. I reeled and grasped a chair. I would have swooned, but for the sudden return of John. He was dragging the boy Edward remorselessly along by the collar.

"Come along you rascal. Come along now. I'll teach you to keep your ears open next time; and when your told to stop running, you'll stop. I was here, sir, a few minutes ago, when he put out through the door. I was sure he heard you call. He say's so, the impudent scamp. I've a mind to cuff your ears—so, and so. I found him on the ice. I overheard your orders the other day, that he should not go down there during office hours.—"

"But the express, John?" I broke in impatiently. The express? What has——?"

"Saved sir! Sound as ever! Standing over on the other side of the river safe and sound. And this lad here—just look at him. He's a lunatic sir, if ever there was one. I found him just so down on the ice. Get up you ragamuffin, or I'll——"

"Hold!" I cried, stepping between them. "Don't strike John! Listen."

The boy was on his knees praying.

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name——"

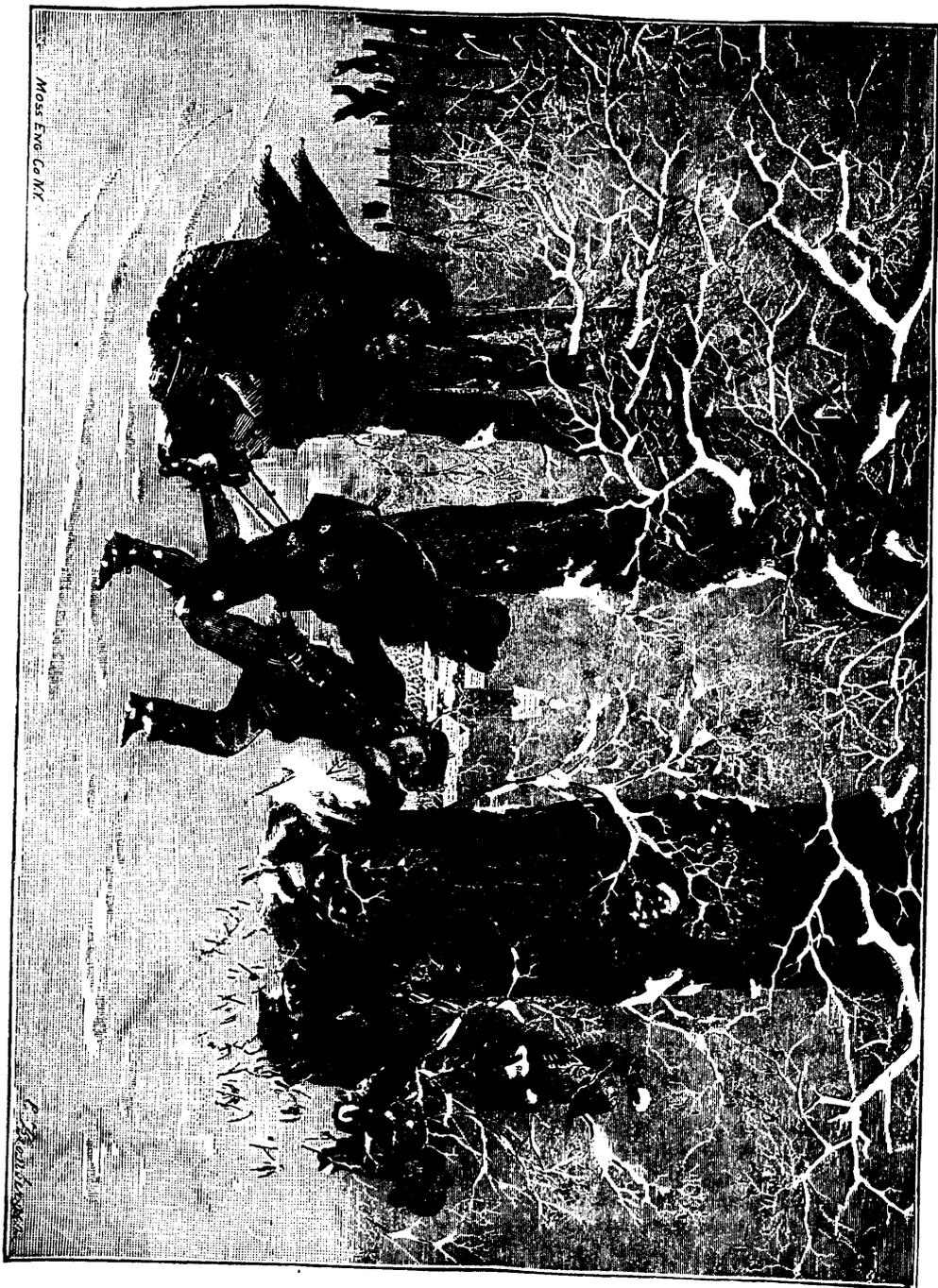
I placed my hand upon his head, and turned his face upwards. His great fine eyes were full of tears.

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven—Oh sir, it was Bess, my Bess. The sweetest creature in all this world, and the brightest, truest lass, that ever was born. She saved the express! You see it was just this way." He had dried his eyes by this time, and a sort of wild glory illuminated his face. "I had an engagement with her," he continued "a half hour ago. She lives up the rail-road at——Ha, ha, it was a good joke after all. You wouldn't permit me to go skating. The fact is, sir, it weren't the skating I cared for. We boys get plenty of that in the evening, after supper. Sometime ago, Bess and I laid a telegraph line along the ice from here to her home. It weren't much of a job. Poles weren't necessary you know. The ice was good enough support and insulator to boot. Now you understand. It weren't but a few minute's work to call her to the line. Another minute to telegraph that the bridge was broken—She put for the station, and told the engineer.

There you have it, sir, honor bright.

GEO. A. ALDRICH,

Nov. 28th, '92.



Moss Eng Co NY

CHRISTMAS DAY IN YE OLDEN TIMES.

## Fur Trading in the Northwest.

AN OLD TIMER'S STORY.

(For "The Manitoban.")

WE were sitting around the good old fashioned Christmas fire place, talking of the olden time, when our friend, the trader, leaned back in his large easy chair, and related the following :

I once joined a trading party going to the far north. It was away back in the sixties, when every pound of goods was carried to the Northwest in Red River boats, and a long slow trip it was. We left here late in the fall, and winter had well set in, when we arrived at our distributing point. From there we took a few goods suitable to the Indian trade and made trips to the different Indian camps in the vicinity, exchanging our goods for furs. Trading was bad that year, the fur catch had not been good, game was scarce, and the buffalo upon which every one there depended for provision, had gone south, and the Indians were starving and robbing the traders every chance they could get. We had had poor luck and began to despair, of making anything out of our trip, when one day I heard of a camp of Indians several days journey to the north, who had a lot of good furs, and by a judicious use of some Hudson Bay rum, I bribed my informant into telling me where it was situated. I learned from him, that several traders had been there during the winter, and exchanged their goods for the furs, but, after doing so, the Indians robbed them of the pelts and turned them adrift to starve or reach the settlement the best way they could. Nothing daunted, I resolved to have these furs, and not get robbed either. So, I selected four of my best husky dogs, loaded a sleigh with such

goods as I thought would be suitable, hired a big strong Half-Breed as guide, and started off. The Indians were camped on Green Lake, and after several days travelling, we one night saw their camp fires, some miles away. Our provisions consisted of a lump of pemican about as large as a cocoanut, and I knew that if the Indians succeeded in robbing us, we would starve before we got back to camp. They welcomed us, but I could see by their actions they had it in for me. Long connection with the Indians had taught me something of their character, and I could speak their language freely, and I was not afraid of them if I got a fair show. We traded in the chief tent, some twenty bucks setting around the fire; the trade lasted nearly all night, and when my stock of goods was exhausted, and I had received in return a good pile of furs, the chief spoke to my interpreter (I had not allowed them to know that I understood their language.) Tell the *moonias* (white trader,) he said "it is customary when a trade is concluded, for the trader to treat." This was all right, and I filled a small tea kettle with rum, out of a two gallon keg I carried, and which I was using as a seat. The rum was passed around to the twenty Indians, and they signified their appreciation of it, by giving vent to ear splittling yells. This wasn't enough for them. Tell the *moonias*, the chief said, to fill it again." "No," I replied, through my Half-Breed. "I have followed the custom by giving you a treat; "now if you want any more rum, you must pay for it." The chief was silent for a while—then he spoke up. "Ask the *moonias* whether would he give it to us or have it taken from him." I replied as before. Every Indian in the tent then got up and filed out, each carrying his gun. They assembled at the door of the tent and began their war dance, and I never

heard such yelling as I did that night, it was simply infernal; they were continually firing off their guns, and I feared every moment that a stray shot would come my way.

I was sitting still on the keg at the back of the tent, and opposite the door, and near the fire. Presently the horde of robbers filed into the tent, took their places silently, and every man of them loaded his gun in my sight, with ball; they then stood each gun up against the tent pole, within easy reach. When everything was silent, the chief again spoke through Pierre. "Ask him," and he repeated his previous question. I gave an answer as before. Each Indian then reached out to grasp his gun. I saw my time for action had come; quick as thought, I whipped out my revolver, already loosened for an emergency, and drew on them. "Now," I said, "the first man that touches a gun, I will shoot dead." "If you want more rum I will sell it to you for some of your furs." They were cowered. Soon the chief picked out a bundle of furs, tossed them over to me, and said, "fill the kettle again." I did so, and the rum passed around, amid the same yelling accompaniment. Still their thirst was not satisfied, and he passed over more furs, and got another kettleful of rum, emptying the keg in fact. The liquor was strong, and began to affect them. This was my time to act. Stooping to the fire under pretence of lighting my pipe, I managed before getting it going, to disturb the burning sticks, so that the fire died down, leaving the tent in semi-darkness. My Half-Breed was close beside me, and I carefully whispered directions to him to slip out of the tent unobserved, harness the dogs and bring them around quietly to the back of the tent. He managed to get out without observation, and soon nudged me from behind to indicate

he was ready. Carefully drawing my bowie knife, I cut a slit in the skin of the tent behind me, and observing the utmost caution pushed out the furs that I had gained in the rum trade (the others were already loaded on the sleigh.) Soon Pierre nudged me again that everything was ready for a start. Now was the critical time. Stooping again to light my pipe, I managed to again disturb the fire so that it gave less light. The Indians were making a great noise and I hoped to escape unobserved as Pierre had. Drawing myself up, I started silently for the door expecting every moment to have a bullet in my back. I got out, but hardly had the tent door dropped behind me, when their yells told me my flight was discovered. I shouted to Pierre, and we started for the lake as fast as men and dogs could go. We had about fifty yards the start of them. They could not overtake us, owing to their half drunken state, and the bullets they sent after us did no harm, though many of them came uncomfortably close. They soon ceased pursuing us, and we made for the tree where our pemican was hid, and finally reached our camp, half starved, but with as fine a pack of furs as I ever saw.

### *Early Transportation by the Red River.*

TO those who are accustomed to the present cut rates on imports and exports, the following letter from the proprietors of the early steamboat line on the Red River, to a firm at Fort Garry, will be interesting as showing the difference which thirty years make in the rate of freight. The place mentioned as Georgetown was a small village at the head of navigation on the Minnesota side of the Red River. From this letter it will be seen that if the exports price equalled the import price, a bushel of wheat

would cost about \$3.25 to transport to Minneapolis or St. Paul:

“North-Western Express Company,  
St. Paul Office, Jan. 31st, 1862.

FORT GARRY.

Gentlemen,—I received your favor of the 16th inst., last evening. We have concluded to make rates for the season of 1862 as below:

St. Paul to Fort Garry. Ordinary merchandise in lots of 2,000 lbs., and upwards, £1 Sterling per 100 lbs. Less than 2,000 lbs., £5 per 100 lbs.

We make the principal rate one Pound, which will settle any difference about the value of Pounds in Federal currency. Last year we rated the Pound at \$4.80, but the drafts we received during the season only netted us an average of \$4.74; taking that basis we reduce our rates on large lots 26 cents and on small \$1.00 per 100 lbs.

Passengers from Fort Garry to St. Paul, \$30.00; Fort Garry to St. Paul and return, \$50.00. Our new boat, the “International,” will be down about the 15th of May; she will make regular fortnightly trips, will be two days running from Georgetown to Fort Garry, she will remain two days at Fort Garry, making the return trip to Georgetown in three days and remaining there until next regular for departure.

She will run until the end of October, going through to Georgetown or Fort Abercrombie every trip and connecting with four-horse post-coaches.

We have expended a large amount of money to open this route, and have reduced our rates to the lowest possible amount, and we feel that we are justly entitled to the whole patronage of the settlement.

Another, and perhaps the most important reason why the settlers should prefer our mode of transportation to flat boats is, that the steamboat will be engaged in the service of the United States, con-

vey her mails, and our Government will protect her against the threatened depredations of Indians; as evidence of this, a company of troops are now stationed at Georgetown to protect the boat and her property and for any other losses you are aware our company is fully responsible.

Our rate and shipping directions from England will remain the same as for the season of 1861.

Mason and Slidell having been given up there will of course be no war with England and transportation will go on as usual.

Yours truly,

J. C. BURBANK.

### *Annexation of Canada.*

*To the Editor of “The Manitoban.”*

DEAR SIR:

AN old and valued friend of mine, Mr. Marcoe, a St. Paul lawyer, recently sent me a pamphlet which, from an American point of view, has so much of interest regarding the future of our great Canadian country that I would like you to quote parts of it, which seem to me to be specially applicable to the conditions which obtain on our side of the line.

The reasons which have called from him what seems to me an impartial review of the state of the case, are given in a quotation with which he heads his pamphlet; and I feel sure that had he known as much of “Labby” as we do on this side of the line, he would have done what the St. Louis negro is said to have done, when a jackass kicked him, simply “considered where it came from,” and found in that reflection a reason why he should pass it by in silence. The quotation is as follows:

“On December 30th, 1891, *Truth*, Mr. Henry Laboucher’s paper, published an article on Canada’s Future, drawn out by the troubles in the Province of Quebec, which resulted in the ousting from office of Mr. Mercier, the Prime Minister of Quebec, and the members of his cabinet.

*Truth* says, that “It is the manifest destiny of the Dominion to become a new United States or to become attached to the great republic.

The change is inevitable, and the sooner it occurs the better. \* \* \* \* Such a course would relieve Great Britain of the necessity of trans-atlantic squabbles in which she has no concern. It would, moreover, give the Canadians energy and enterprise, which no mere colonists can possess. \* \* \*  
\* \* \* Canada once free, Australia would soon follow. Indeed, it is quite possible, that Australia will be the first to sever the bonds by which she is attached to Great Britain. The talk of Australian loyalty to the British Crown, is all buncombe."

Mr. Marco meets Mr. Labouchere's statement with a question which shows in it both the ability of a lawyer in stating a case, and the evidence of the Western American disposition to call a spade a spade, and not an agricultural implement; and thank God he will hear in all Canada west of Ontario but one answer to the question, which he states as follows:

"Do the Canadian people wish to be a nation, self-sustaining, self-respecting, independent, in the fullness of manhood and national autonomy; making their own laws; managing their own affairs; or do they aspire to nothing more than to be an inferior part of some other nation: content to lose their name and their institutions; to have their history, their traditions and all their national characteristics wiped out of existence; forgotten, and the people themselves merged into another nationality; who would receive them only as an integral part of the great whole, in which their voice would scarcely be heard?"

Plain words these for Canadians, to whom far-off pastures may seem green; and it seems to me that it makes the word "Annexation," as far as we are concerned, a misnomer. Call it rather Canadian Annihilation, and the word better expresses the condition which would obtain when five millions of Canadians hauled down the Union Jack and joined fortunes with the eight million Negroes of the United States, in making up the citizenship of the republic. It is however, Mr. Marco's views and not my own that I have asked space for; and he follows his question with this apt illustration:

"Let us use a little illustration, and suppose the case of two neighboring farmers, located on lands equal in fertility, and endowed with similar advantages of every kind. What would we think if one of them should go to his neighbor and say, my friend, I believe I am lacking in the energy, manhood and intelligence required to cultivate my farm successfully, and I have

concluded to place myself, my family, my property and all my resources at your disposal and under your control. To think of such a thing would cause the hot blush of shame to rush to our face, as we considered the degradation of the poor faint-hearted, weak-minded fellow who thus acknowledged his incapacity to take care of himself. We would look upon him with feelings of combined pity and contempt. Yet is not this precisely what Canada would do if she should burn up her national flags, pull down her national institutions, and hat in hand, humbly ask to be received as a lackey in the household of another nation. You may say this term lackey is an uncalled for and unbecoming expression; then let us say, the Cinderella, or at best, the youngest and least influential member of the family. For Canadians must not for a moment suppose, that if they should enter the republic of the United States, that they could exert any particular influence upon the thought, the legislation, or the institutions of the republic. On the contrary, owing to the comparative smallness of the population of Canada, her people would be merged, and submerged, into the vast majority to which they would have submitted, just as the little stream empties itself into the great river, and is no more seen or thought of. So the people of Canada, upon entering the republic of the United States, would have to abandon all of their national aspirations, their prejudices, and their plans for the future. Instead of building up a great empire they would only be dependent commonwealths of secondary importance. Instead of leading, they would follow."

#### AGAIN MR. MARCO ASKS A QUESTION:

"When Canadians speak of annexation to the United States, do they fully understand what it means? Do they realize the true condition of the people with whom they propose to unite? I can hardly think so.

A little reflection upon the political economy of the United States, and a few moments consideration of the financial condition of the people, cannot fail to throw a great deal of light upon this subject.

At first sight, the impression made upon the observer is a most brilliant and a most pleasing one, which cannot fail to fill the mind with admiration.

The magnificence of the public buildings; the immensity of the mills and factories; the enormous development of the railway systems; the rapid growth of the cities; the great increase in population; the immensity of the exports of the country; all these suggest the idea of enormous wealth; of fortunes easily made and rapidly accumulated.

As far as they go, these impressions are correct. But let us look a little below the

surface. Let us consider how this great wealth is distributed. What is the condition of the vast majority of the people? How they as individuals, and as families prosper. Then perhaps the face of the observer, which at first indicated only the highest admiration at the brilliant scene before him, will give place to an expression of pain, as he comes into closer contact with the realities of the situation.

Do Canadians generally know, that among the storekeepers and tradesmen, who during the past twenty years have gone into business for themselves, no less than ninety-five out of every one hundred have failed in business? Are you aware that the vast majority of those who ten years ago managed their own business, are now working for small wages in the employ of others? Do you know, that in many districts where ten retail shopkeepers made a comfortable living, reared their families in prosperity, and laid up money for their old age and for their children, that now only one of these shops is in existence, and that the proprietors of the other nine are either in the employ of the one survivor at wages so small that in spite of their best efforts they cannot keep out of debt, and that in many cases they lose their homes, or are entirely without steady employment?

Do you know that of the immense amounts received for exports from the country, the farmers and other producers usually receive so small a portion of the profits that they cannot pay the interest on their mortgages; and many a poor hard working fellow sinks deeper and deeper in the mire of debt, until in many cases his hopes are gone and he entirely loses heart and courage?"

The author then goes into statistics of much interest, but too long to quote, and follows them by an allusion to the land hunger, for which the Public Domains of the United States, outside of their great central desert, has now only scraps wrested from Indian Reservations to satisfy:

"Many more quotations could be made from statistics and other sources, but the facts are well known to all who have taken the pains to study the question for themselves.

The increase in the United States of an unsettled and dangerous element, consisting of the unemployed, is going on at an alarming rate. When the Indian lands in the Oklahoma country were thrown open to white settlement, the number of people who went there to seek homes, has been estimated as high as 200,000, and similar scenes have since then been witnessed several times. This is an appalling fact, 200,000 restless adventurers of poor home seekers.

It was a formidable army. If that number of men had been, under trained leaders, hurled upon the country with hostile intent, they could have inaugurated a terrible civil war. Why such a state of affairs should exist in so rich a country as the United States, I will consider more fully a little further on, and the causes can be easily found. That this condition of things does exist is well known to all who are familiar with the facts of the case. As to the advantages enjoyed in the United States, there are none which Canada does not possess in common with her, except the single one of national independence.

The soil, the climate, the mines, the fisheries, the location of Canada are in all respects equal to those of the United States.

Canada possesses one advantage which should put her in the first rank among the nations of the earth.

*It is this:* She is in a position to profit by the experience of all other nations. Should she now set out upon the work of building up a great people, she could so plan her line of action, as to avoid the fatal errors into which other nations have fallen."

Mr. Marco is an American, who loves his country, but sees her social and political pitfalls; and although my esteemed friend seems to think of us as ripe fruit, anxious to drop into Uncle Sam's lap, we can assure him that Canada is a coy maiden who loves her ma, and believes that even if she were willing, serious objections would be found when her cousin came (as he certainly would have to) to ask papa's consent; and hence, while we do not quite see the danger Mr. Marco seems to feel to be imminent, we are none the less grateful to him for his closing warning:

"I love my country and believe there is no land more blessed by a bountiful Providence, but I am not one of these who are entirely satisfied that the experience of a youngster of ten summers is necessarily more valuable than that of his grandfather.

I do not wish to see my native land grow up like a garden full of weeds, where the baser plants choke to death the homely virtues of the fireside, and destroy the happiness and independence of domestic life.

I see the faults of my country and I have boldly pointed them out, as a warning to others lest they should rush headlong into the same errors, and not find it out until it is too late.

I have not advanced a single idle theory, nor toyed with a hobby. I have appealed to facts which cannot be contradicted, and my teacher has been the history of mankind, from which I have selected as illustrations, examples too well known to be questioned.

Will Canadians read the writing on the wall, and stop before they take the fatal plunge?

Will they profit by the lessons to be learned from the fate of other nations? Or will they be blinded by the glittering surface which hides the whirling chasm of waters beneath it?

It is to be hoped that leaders will arise who will steer them clear of the shoals which surround them, and not turn their country over to the horde of rapacious speculators who would flood the land if annexation were accomplished."

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

W. G. FONESCA.

ADVICE TO WOOERS. — Agree with the girl's father in politics, and the mother in religion. If you have a rival, keep an eye on him. If he is a widower, keep two eyes on him. Don't put too much stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some special purpose in inflicting upon the severest punishment known to a married man. Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait until the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that might cause a coolness at the beginning. If on the occasion of your first call the girl upon whom you have set your young affections looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. In cold weather finish saying "good night" in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for asthma, bronchitis and neuralgia to help you to worry the girl to death after she is married.

\* \* \*

A YOUNG MAN'S CAPITAL. — The man who has the goodwill and the good nature of the men among whom he lives, of the society in which he dwells, is like a craft that has the wind astern, and is helped thereby. Where a man is believed to be seeking his own, to be selfish — meanly

selfish, craftily selfish, untruthfully selfish, unfaithfully selfish — everybody is his enemy, and everybody says — "I like to give him a clip; I like to see him stumble; I like to know that he has gone down." And for a man to try to go through a great community that feel so towards him, is like trying to beat in the teeth of the wind. It makes his way zigzag, long, and laborious. Your prosperity in life largely depends upon the goodwill and confidence and sympathy of those with whom you deal. Truth, honesty, fidelity, and purity win confidence. And there is this capital for a young man. — *H. Ward Beecher.*

\* \* \*

*She is Fooling Thee. Oh!  
Trust Her Not.*

(SONG).

Were you ever on a river,  
In the New Canadian West,  
Where the maples shade the waters,  
And the flowers bloom the best;  
Where the sky is blue and cloudless,  
And the birds in thousands sing;  
Where the blossoms are the sweetest,  
In the Manitoba Spring?

I have wandered by such river,  
I have seen such flowers bloom;  
I have revelled in the verdure,  
Only Manitobans know;  
And the song-birds were the sweetest;  
And the river fair to see;  
For I met beneath the maples,  
The dearest one to me.

Now 'tis winter and the mercury,  
Is twenty-five below;  
And the river of the summer,  
Wears a shroud of ice and snow.  
The leaves have left the maples;  
All the birds have gone away;  
And my love she loves another,  
At least 'tis so they say.

*L'envoi.*

Changing as the weather changes,  
From the cold to summer heat,  
Is a woman's fickle favors,  
And her constancy a cheat;  
Yet in spring beneath the maples,  
Knowing this you'll likely see,  
I'll be wandering 'neath the maples,  
If she only beckons me.

LA TOUCHE TUPPER.



ON THE WAY TO CHURCH CHRISTMAS MORNING.

*A Christmas Skating Incident.**(For "The Manitoban.")*

BY F. OSMAN MABER.

THE morning of Christmas, 1891, broke bright and clear. The peal of merry bells boldly burst upon the buoyant air. Old Santa had paid his yearly visit and left peace and joy behind. Everywhere pleasure, happiness and contentment ruled side by side with their blissful brides.

About ten o'clock, almost as soon as breakfast was completed, I determined to make a call upon a female acquaintance very near and very dear to me, in the hope that I might persuade her to skate in my company upon the river. The ice was smooth and thick, the air was warm, and nothing but delight could be experienced.

I found her perfectly willing, and soon we were gliding arm in arm over the ice. Mile after mile was spanned without a thought of anything but ourselves. I, an accepted lover, was perfectly happy in the presence of my beloved and adored sweetheart.

After some considerable time, we adopted different methods of skating. First one and then the other of us glided backwards. While thus, we, without warning, came suddenly upon an open space in the river. Our impetus was such we could not stop. Splash! plunge! a gigantic whirlpool! and we disappeared beneath the icy water. For a moment all was blank.

But, behold, there appeared a country of untold beauty. A brilliant light was shed all around us. Our skates had disappeared, as had also our former garments. We were robed in spotless raiments. Far and near we perceived beauty, beauty, but silence reigned supreme over the whole: not a person was in sight.

We gazed at each other in blank astonishment and surprise, and and truly we might well do so.

Everywhere the ground was paved with gold; buildings glittered with the most precious of jewels; and in the distance verdant hills were seen arising far into the glowing atmosphere. Neither heat nor cold was experienced, but a lukewarm feeling of comfort came fleecingly over us.

"In Paradise," we both murmured with the same breath, "this is Paradise; and yonder lies the road to the Golden City."

"But why," we further exclaimed, "why this strange silence. We are surely not alone in this glorious region."

"No, my children," said an unknown voice, in tones like the chime of a silver bell, "you are not alone; glance you upward and behold."

We looked and beheld above us, band after band of shining creatures, cleaving the air with the swiftness of the wind. We gazed and gazed and still gazed, and then turned to each other with astonishment.

"Take these pinions, my children," the voice further continued, "flee ye to the Golden City and enter into the praise of the Lord."

We immediately felt ourselves lifted upward by our wings and borne along in the direction of the overhead throngs, whom we heard chanting, as we drew nearer, the words of praise "Glory to God on High, and on earth, peace and goodwill towards men." Their songs floating on the breeze filled our hearts with joy. We longed to join in the celestial chorus and praise the Lord our God, who on this very day, midst scoffs and sneers, had saved the world from their sins. At length we reached the gates of the Holy City. Company upon company were cleaving the air outside the impenetrable walls. Within we noticed buoyant forms that floated on high, chanting the

exhilarating music of Heaven. A noble river flowed through the midst of the city. Upon its banks groves of the Tree of Life were growing, laden with delicious fruit. Massive buildings, inconceivable in their beauty reared their stately edifices to the sky. Precious jewels glittered in abundance. The wealth of the whole place seemed infinite, and yet, to crown all, perfect peace reigned within those polished walls.

Our attention, however, was drawn from the observation of the city itself, to something that was going on without its gates. A young couple, in appearance something like ourselves, had approached with the intention of entering. Being met by a godly old patriarch, they petitioned for entrance.

"Have you your passport, dear brethren," he kindly asked.

"No," we heard the young couple reply, undoubtedly somewhat surprised at the question.

"It will then be impossible to enter," the old man sternly remarked, his voice now harsh and hard. "Return ye for it ere the time be too late."

A sudden consternation filled the hearts of my love and myself at this incident; we ourselves had not the passport for admittance.

The worthy patriarch approached us with a smile, and in a gentle voice queried.

"Do you wish to enter children."

We were about to answer, when, Lo, the Heavenly City vanished; the angels disappeared the old patriarch was seen no more, and we found ourselves lying upon the ice, with an anxious crowd bending over us.

We had been drowning, and this beautiful picture had been wholly of the imagination. The only peculiarity was that we had both seen and heard alike, but perhaps this was accounted for by the fact that when sinking we had been locked in one another's arms.

## The Stage.

(For "The Manitoban.")

BY SAMUEL MOORE, B.A.

### FIRST RISE OF DRAMA.

THE theatre is an historic institution dating back to the primitive days of social activity in Greece. The drama of the Greeks which is the oldest arose in pre-historic times and was connected with the religious worship of the people. The Grecian divinities were the recipients of gratitude and veneration and this was represented in some form of dramatic poetry.

Theatrical performances were a constituent part of their religious festivals. There were four yearly festivals to Bacchus at which theatrical exhibitions were performed. At these festivals music and dancing formed the basis of their political and religious life. Some of the dramatic pieces contained snatches of moral teaching, as Medes by Euripides and Prometheus Vincetus by Aeschylus. In so far as the plays portrayed the nobler sentiments of human character in the same degree was the moral influence good. The Romans copied much from the Greeks in the way of dramatic art and representation, but they did not attain to the same excellence as their masters. And so far as the moral influence was concerned it was scarcely good as that of the Greeks. The French stage was modelled very closely after both the Roman and Grecian, and the Unities, time, place and action were rigidly observed. The English drama is the Greek drama in an English dress without the religious element of Greeks.

The dramatic learning of the ancient classics was transferred by the Renaissance to England where it revived and was fostered by the

university wits, Marlowe, Peele, Nash, etc.

The English drama like the Greek drama was divided into two parts, viz., comedy and tragedy, and both are well represented in our dramatic writings.

The drama is connected with action, and many of the theatrical pieces reflect the times in which they were written, such as the writings of the great English dramatist and poet, William Shakespeare, which contain many historical references.

#### INFLUENCES OF DRAMA.

Dramatic performances may be defined as a systematic representation of life and the object of which is to give instruction and pleasure to the audience.

The function of the English drama is to give pleasure to individuals who have different tastes.

In ancient time and in the middle ages dramatic art was closely associated with religious instruction, and it cannot be doubted but that many sublime lessons in morality were taught the people by such theatrical representations as to the miracle and mystery plays of the middle ages, which explained many scriptural stories and biographical sketches of character to the plebian classes.

At the present time the drama is an entertainment for the purpose of giving pleasure, when the piece is ethically pure, moral lessons are often inculcated.

It is natural for individuals to mimic, human gesture and speech, "the early lessons in language are caught not taught;" children acquire the accents and gestures of their intimate associates very readily.

All this shows us clearly that if the stage was properly conducted, it might become productive of much good to the community, but owing to the present bad management the majority of our orthodox, think-

ers would be inclined to say that the influences of the stage have an immoral tendency.

It is said that many of the dramatic pieces presented nowadays, contain little moral teaching, and in some cases the plays are morally impure.

Again, clouds of suspicion hang over the moral characters of many actors and actresses. If such is the true state of dramatic affairs, little moral fruit can be gathered from such public instructors; it is also said that the style of dress of the performers does not produce a hearty moral tone, or influence on the audience. Moreover, from the stand-point of political economy, it is different to class actors and actresses, with those who are truly productive laborers.

The influence of theatres in creating a desire to reach literature of a certain class is very great, the stage exercises a great influence educationally, but its moral influence on the frequenters is not ethically praise-worthy.

If our nineteenth century stage would present master-pieces in literature, having a high moral tone, like the plays of Shakespeare, then it would be performing a noble educational work. It would revive many latent and slumbering emotions, in the souls of the people, emotions which would have a civilizing, and refining influence, it would moreover, I believe, create a refined taste for good reading, which would impart a charm to social intercourse.

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We want everyone interested in this country to subscribe for and advertise in THE MANITOBAN. We also want to hear from the early settlers, and shall be pleased to hear at any time from them and receive manuscripts on matter relating to the early days of this Province. Hunters, traders, officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and, travellers, in THE MANITOBAN you have a magazine which wants to hear from you. Send along your literary contributions and we will do the rest.



THE FIRST VENTURE.

## The Culture of Fish

(For "The Manitoban.")

BY LA TOUCHE TUPPER.

**D**AY by day, month by month, year by year there are men in the workshops, in the laboratories, on the waters and in the fields studying experimenting inventing for the benefit of mankind. Never has the world seen such a time of almost universal peace with its consequent blessings. The present era stands pre-eminently the era of invention. Steam and electricity have rendered the settlement of the interior of America, Australia and Africa possible. Medical science has, with the absence of wars, lowered the death rate of the human family so that the increase of the population of the world is now enormous. To meet the increase and feed the hungry mouths new lands are being sought for the production of food. improved methods of feeding stock and economy of food production are eagerly sought. Millions of acres of fruit trees are being planted, the waters of every sea are searched for fish food, and more and more are our fresh waters called upon to supply the ever increasing want. Fish culture though practiced in a desultory and crude manner in some European countries, and in China for years, never advanced until forced on the notice of the governments of United States and Canada by the work of three gentlemen whose names follow. The first organization in the United States was in 1871, Professor Baird being chairman. So impressed was the Government by his report, that in 1872 they appropriated \$15,000 "for the introduction of shad into the waters of the Pacific States, the Gulf States and of the Mississippi Valley, and of salmon, whitefish and other useful food fishes into the

waters of the United States to which they are best adapted. From this beginning the work has increased so much that now the Commission plant yearly over 200,000,000 fry in the United States, while many States have separate Commissions, notably those bordering on the great lakes such as Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, etc. As an instance Michigan planted in 1890:

Whitefish .....	109,700,000
Brook trout .....	2,578,000
Pickeral .....	44,340,000
Carp .....	5,798
Loch Levin trout .....	30,000
Swiss trout .....	17,360
Schoodic salmon .....	44,888
Brown trout .....	60,000
California trout .....	16,000

This alone by one state in addition to the work of the United States Commission. Canada has thirteen hatcheries in operation and as vigorous a policy as regards fish culture should, and doubtless will obtain here as they had across the lines. We have long led the United States in the protection of our fish and the present completeness of our work regarding fish culture, is largely attributed to the life-long work of Mr. Wilmot, and others in Canada. Indeed it is practically recognized by the fact that some of the most successful hatcheries in the United States are managed by superintendents who had spent their younger years in the New Castle Hatchery, the parent institution of Canada, and there fitted for the important positions they now occupy.

Aqua culture, or fish culture, is a new science which "has sprung out of modern enquiry in response to our necessities," (Michigan Fish Commission) and is one of the most useful as well as beneficial sciences undertaken during the last fifty years. It is but in its infancy, it is true, but it is "getting a big boy now," and is advancing with rapid strides, simply for the reason that some men gave their life's work to

it—by repeated representations year after year—got grudgingly at first and far too sparingly even yet, that assistance from the Governments of their countries, so essential to the development of the work in the interest of the commonwealth. The three men who stand above all others in this connection, are in the United States, Prof. Baird and Seth Green, and in Canada, Samuel Wilmot.

The demand for fish food is constantly on the increase, even more in proportion than the population, and to meet it on our great lakes an entire change of modes of fishing has been inaugurated instead of the Mackinaw boats and small gangs of gill nets—and gill nets alone—each man owning his own boat and in some cases two or three. The business is now in the hands of capitalists, one proprietor alone in Lake Huron fishing seventy-five miles of gill nets! The pound net, a deadlier device than the gill net, is largely used, and the gill net fishing is now carried on by steam vessels. Not only for home consumption are the enormous quantities caught, but for South, East and West; to inland cities and towns are they sent, not salted or dried and smoked as formerly, but in a more attractive form, which partly accounts for the increased consumption, and the increased price to the fishermen, I was going to say, but I will say companies. The fish are now either packed fresh in fish cars in ice, each having a capacity of about two tons, or they are frozen and held in refrigerators for future orders. The drain on the lakes has been enormous, and the inevitable result was taking place, viz., depletion, until the hatcheries commenced to replace artificially the artificial drainage. At first there was no greater enemy of the hatchery than the fishermen. They wanted a "free leg," and no close season—like those who killed the buffalo, they wanted to kill,

slay, and sell. Let those who come after look out for themselves! Fish got scarce before they thought they would, and now the cry from all the fishermen is give us hatcheries, and more hatcheries. Hatcheries and protection must go hand in hand.

The soil gives to the farmer its return for cultivation, but he must cultivate it and he alone has the right to the crop. The waters belong to the commonwealth and will return more than one hundredfold the cost of cultivation, but being common property can only be cultivated by the commonwealth, therefore it is fit and proper for the Government to increase this source of wealth, comfort and even luxury to the fullest extent for the benefit of the people. Not only should this be done on the great lakes, such as Winnipeg, Lake of the Woods, Manitoba, Winnipegosis, and the great eastern lakes, but over our prairie country there are hundreds, nay thousands, of streams and lakes which can be stocked with some variety of fish to the pleasure, profit and comfort of the settler. Artificial propagation has successfully solved the question of restoring the losses caused by constant overfishing, no matter whether the overfishing is in a trout stream a yard wide or in a lake like Huron. It has also in many a stream and lake placed fishes never known there before. In such states as Minnesota, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Michigan, and Wisconsin, the work of stocking and restocking is being increased yearly, and its value is day by day becoming more apparent.

To fully carry out the work so as to get the greatest benefit, all must not be left to the employees of the hatchery; the people must do their share, and without their assistance and co-operation it is but uphill work.

The hatcheries should be visited by the public as much as possible. All streams and lakes near, should

be closely observed, the temperature taken in the warm months, the sources noted, the depth, width and nature of shores, fish at present there, etc. Such information if sent to the officer in charge of the nearest hatchery, with an application for suitable fry will be attended to and the information thankfully received. Different waters vary greatly in their characters and conditions, and fishes vary very much in their habits: therefore the successful stocking of waters requires much intelligent thought and experience. The planting must be followed by care and protection, and the repayment is pleasure of the use of your rod and a delicious addition to the table generally, at a time of year the farmer just relishes some change from bacon and salt meats. I trust the sportsmen and farmers over our great West will take an interest in this work, both for their own pleasure and profit, as well as to add one more attraction to the many we have to offer to the stranger from other lands; the trouble will be small in comparison with the benefit to be derived. Let them inform their representatives in Parliament that the work is a necessity and should be fostered, and to use their influence to that end, and thus benefit not only themselves but the country.

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### *A Letter From Home.*

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BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

**D**ON'T write to my mother. She's had so much trouble already. Don't write to her. I shall be better soon.

This had been her cry from the very first hour of her illness. But two weeks had gone by, and, although the best medical advice had been called in, there was no perceptible improvement in her condition.

Mrs. Dalrymple began to grow uneasy. She waylaid the family physician, one morning, as he came down stairs.

"I want you to tell me about Miss Ballard, doctor," she said. "Do you find her any better, this morning?"

The physician shook his head.

"I see no improvement, alas!" he said. "Her case seems beyond the reach of medical skill."

"Why, doctor, you alarm me," cried the lady. "I had no idea it was as bad as that. Poor dear little girl."

Major Lennox, Mrs. Dalrymple's brother, was sitting in the hall, engaged in the arrangement of some fishing-tackle; but he dropped his hooks and lines, listened with intense interest, while the conversation went on.

"Surly, doctor," continued the lady, "you don't think there's danger?"

"It is hard to tell, Mr. Dalrymple, But I don't like these low fevers, that stand at one point so long, as this does. Tell me something about the young person."

"Come in and sit down, doctor, and I'll tell you everything. She's been with us just two months; 'Charle's governess,' we call her," nodding towards her brother. "I'll tell you why. I advertised for a nursery-governess, and, immediately after, was called away to the wedding of a friend. On my return, to my great surprise, I found Flossie and Ted settled down at their books, and Miss Ballard acting as governess. Charlie had engaged her without waiting to consult me. He could not help it, he said; she looked so young and friendless; and he was in a terrible flurry for fear she might not suit us. But she did. We found her a perfect treasure—the sweetest, most obliging little soul; and the children just adore her."

"Yes, yes; I dare say," interrupted the doctor, the least bit impati-

ently. "But about the girl herself? Has she had trouble?"

"She is very reticent, poor little thing. But Mr. Dalrymple knows something about her."

"Ah?" said the doctor, interrogatively.

"Yes. Her father was sent out to Canton, some time ago, by the firm of Briggs and Bonifant, and perished on his homeward voyage, when the steamer Halifax was burned. His family was left unprovided for, and the daughter was forced to do what she could."

"Yes," said the physician. "I understand now. She's homesick, poor thing. You should have sent for her mother a week ago."

"I wanted to, doctor. But 'don't write to mother; I shall be better soon,' has been her cry from the first.

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to write, in spite of her."

"I'll write this very day, if you think best," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

The physician went his way, and the kind-hearted lady, greatly distressed at what she had heard, went in search of her husband, to ask his advice.

In the meantime, in her hushed and darkened chamber, the young governess lay, her slender hands clasped, her eyes closed, her pretty golden hair falling about her pale face. Her past life all seemed to come back to her. The happy day, when news came that her father was on his way home; he had already sailed, and would soon be with them once more. Her mother's grateful joy; little Janie's delight; and her own happiness. The glad busy days of preparation, when their beautiful home was made ready to receive and welcome their loved one; the joyful hope and expectation; and then, in the very midst of their sunshine and happiness, that awful, awful news. The Halifax had been burned at sea, and all on board had perished!

Everything had seemed like night after that. There had been

no more brightness or sunshine; no more hope, no gladness, no comfort.

A mortgage had swept away their beautiful home; and her mother, left poor and broken-hearted, had gone, with little Janie and herself, to live in two comfortless rooms; and even then they had found it almost impossible to make both ends meet. Such work as they could do was scarce, and paid for but poorly; and, through the dreary winter days and stormy nights, the widow and her children—accustomed, in days gone by, affluence and even luxury—were insufficiently clad, and even scantily fed.

Rosalie could not stand this. So, when the spring opened, she went out as a nursery-governess, leaving her mother and little Janie alone in their comfortless lodging.

"I'll earn enough, mamma dear, to put us a little ahead, and then I'll come back to you," she had said, at parting.

But, before her first quarter was over, she had fallen ill.

The days and nights were very tedious, as she lay there in that darkened room; and her head and heart both ached with a cruel ceaseless pain. Oh, for a sight of her mother's dear loving face—for just one touch of her tender hand.

The poor girl's very soul went out in weary longing. But she would not yield.

"No, no; they shall not write to her," she said. "Dear mother has had trouble enough. I shall be better soon."

She knew, poor child, that her mother's resources all told were not sufficient to pay the expenses of the journey. Yet she was too proud to tell her employers so.

"I shall be better soon," she had said, from day to day.

But this morning found her weaker than ever, and the pain in both heart and head so cruel.

"What if I should die, and never

see mamma and Janie again?" she thought.

The mere suggestion brought the tears to her eyes, in a hot blinding rush. But there was a tap at the door, and she winked them away.

The housemaid entered with a letter.

"Please, miss, a letter," she said.

"Oh, a letter from home!" cried the invalid, recognizing the handwriting of the address.

She put forth her weak trembling hand, as she spoke, and took the precious missive. She pressed it to her lips. If she could not have mother herself, this was the next best thing. She tore open the envelope with quivering fingers.

"Oh Rosie" the letter began, "how shall I tell you, darling? God has been good to us, my dear. He has changed the night of our sorrow into the morning of gladness and rejoicing."

The letter fluttered from Rosalie's trembling hand. She could read no more.

"Oh thank heavens," she cried, "my father lives! My father lives!"

With the cry on her lips, she fainted away; and when Mrs. Dalrymple came running up, followed by her anxious brother, the letter was on the carpet and the nursery-governess lay white and still, as if dead.

"It was a letter from home, madam," began the housemaid.

"And it has killed her," cried the lady.

But she was wrong. It was the letter from home, and the blessed news it brought, that saved Rosalie's life.

In a little while she recovered consciousness, to find that it was not all a dream, but a blessed reality. Her father had escaped from the burning steamer, and was safe at home with her mother. More than that. He was possessed of means sufficient to buy back their beautiful home.

"What's up?" demanded the doctor, when he entered his patient's room, the next morning. "You look like another person."

"I'm happy doctor; that's all," answered Rosalie, simply.

"And happiness is better than medicine my dear," he replied.

"You'll be on your feet in a week."

And so she was. At the end of the next week, Mr. Ballard came for her, and she went home, leaving Flossie and Ted inconsolable.

Major Lennox, in the meantime, had been called to join his command, while his governess was yet in the early stages of convalescence. The hardest trial of his life, perhaps, was being obliged to leave her without bidding her good-bye. There was no help for it, however.

He put a little cluster of sweet white violets and purple heliotrope in his sister's hand, and said:

"Give these to my little governess, and say good-bye for me."

He had been ordered on frontier service, and two years elapsed before he returned. But he had not been under his sister's roof an hour, before he asked concerning his governess.

"Oh, Yes, indeed; we hear from her every now and then," answered Mrs. Dalrymple, brightly. "She came down to see the children once."

But there's no need of her being a nursery-governess now, you know. Mr. Ballard is a partner with Briggs and Bonifant, and bids fair to become a millionaire."

"Where do they live?" inquired the impatient soldier.

"Oh, they've got their old home back; a lovely place, down at White Plains."

The very next morning, bright and early, down to White Plains went Major Lennox.

"I'm afraid you have quite forgotten me, Miss Ballard," he began, when Rosalie entered the handsome parlor, where he sat waiting.

"Oh, no indeed, I haven't," she

cried, her eyes brightening and a lovely color blooming in her cheeks.

"My friends were not so numerous, in my adversity, that I should forget a single one."

The major took her hand.

"I'm a plain man, as all soldiers are," he said. "Let me tell you at once, Miss Baliard, that I fell in love with you the first time we ever met. But I was suddenly called away. I know, of course, that you care nothing for me now. But—but do you think you can learn? Knowing that I have loved you more and more every day and hour since we parted, don't you think you can, in time give me something in return?"

He stood, the brave soldier, trembling before her. She looked up at him, her eyes brimming.

"You befriended me when I came to you in my trouble," she said softly. "I have never forgotten that; and—and"

Her voice broke and faltered. She took from her bosom a little perfumed sachet.

"Do you remember these?" she said, opening it and exhibiting a cluster of pressed flowers, white violets and purple heliotrope.

For a moment he was puzzled. Then his eyes suddenly lit up.

"Can they be my poor flowers?" he cried.

"I have kept them ever since that morning," she replied.

The next day Mrs. Dalrymple, entering the nursery, said:

"Flossie, Ted; come hear, my darlings. You never could guess what I have to tell you. It is such news! Listen now, my dears. Uncle Charlie is going to marry his governess, and make her your aunt. What do you think of that?"

If you have not yet subscribed for THE MANITOBAN, do so at once. We want every one 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.

## Tennyson's Relation to His Era.

(For "The Manitoban.")

D. W. MCKERCHAR, B.A.

FOR every effect there must be a cause. Great events never happen by chance; neither do great men rise to eminence by mere accident. They find themselves surrounded by circumstances requiring great actions and forced onward by the ideas and necessities of their times, they move forward to fill the positions for which they are fitted. Abler men than Martin Luther may have lived and died, leaving no other record of their existence than that of the marble slabs above their graves. Abler men than Oliver Cromwell may live among us to-day, but the time is not in need of their special type of genius. So also

Many are poets who have never penned Their inspirations, and perchance the best; Many are poets without name.

For they too, must come to the front as the need for them arises.

Change and progress is the natural condition of human affairs, but this progress is at times suppressed or kept under check by some disturbing force. Then, like pent-up waters which has burst its barriers, it rushes on with irresistible force. During those periods of remarkable progress, which succeeded a period of suppression, we invariably find a representative poet who gives form to the spirit of his time. He provides words for the unuttered thoughts of those around him.

After the wars of Edward III with France, resulting in the fusion of the Saxons and Normans into one people, with a common language, there came one of those periods of rapid advancement in the history of England. New ideas were everywhere stirring throughout the

country. When the time was ripe, Chaucer appeared to give utterance to its sentiments.

The stream of progress dammed up during the middle ages by the Roman Pontiffs, broke through the dam at the time of the Reformation. The scientific discoveries of Copernicus, long kept out of sight, were brought to light by Kepler and Galileo. The discovery of America and the publications of America, Vespucci's account of his voyages, had aroused a passion for foreign travel. The use of the printing press had created a desire for books. With this general movement of rapid change there came that remarkable outburst of English Literature known as the Elizabethan Era.

With the rise of an oppressed people at the time of the Stuarts, the clogged wheels of national and social development, took a fresh start. John Milton came forward to represent the new era.

Again, after the French Revolution had spent its force, people once more settled down to the peaceful occupations of social advancement, and then began the remarkable period of investigation, thought and scientific discovery which still continues. At its commencement there was no poet of eminence to crystallize the nebulous atmosphere of great thought and lofty sentiment which floated about. Byron, Keats and Shelley were dead, and Wordsworth had completed his literary career. The nation was ready and waiting for the poet to represent the era when Tennyson began writing.

He found himself surrounded by a class of readers calling for tenderness, deep thought and fine workmanship, and not for the passionate outbursts of a Byron or the uncultivated rural scenes of a Wordsworth. Fortunately for Tennyson, he was suited to the times and times to his genius. He seems to have at once caught the ruling spirit of the age.

His social rank, together with his early training at an old university, and his philosophic learning brought his mind into harmony with the minds of those around him. Few, indeed, are the special characteristics of modern thought, which are not dealt with in his poems. He sympathized with almost every political, religious and social movement of the age, and his sympathies found expression in his verse.

His first poems were written during the political lull which preceded the Reform Agitation and are consequently lacking in soul although exquisite in form and finish. With the outbreak of the Reform Agitation, which stirred England to its centre, the poet took up a new source of inspiration and began to write on social and political questions. This source of inspiration followed to the end. Its effects are most plainly seen in "Love Thy Land," "You Ask Me Why," and in the "Idyls of the King."

The complicated social problems of the day find expression in such poems as "Enoch Arden," "Locksley Hall," "Maud," "Lady Vere de Vere," and "The Princess." In those pieces we find the poet discussing in a masterly manner the effects of heredity, the moral aspect of polygamy, woman's true sphere and many more of the burning questions of the times. Here, too, the late Laureate gives expression to the aimless unrest which still permeates all classes of society.

The publication of Darwin's theory of the origin of species brought scientific enquirers to a crisis. Society was at once divided into two hostile camps. Tennyson shows evident signs of his sympathies being on the scientific side of the controversy. He also absorbed much of the thought and feeling in religious matters, stirred up throughout England by the Tractarian movement at Oxford. These

scientific and religious movements inspired much of the materials of "In Memoriam," "The Two Voices," and "The Vision of Sin." In these works we find that subtle blending of faith and doubt so characteristic of this poet. In them too he gives them an accurate translation of the spiritual questionings of the times. Even in reviving old themes and ancient styles he adapts them to the spirit of the age. In "The Gardener's Daughter," "Audley Court," and "The Golden Year," the form is that of the Dorian period of Grecian Literature but the feeling, color and thought, are thoroughly English and that, too, the highest of the day.

In order to represent the beliefs and opinions of the era with proper effect, the poet carefully analyzed human character as seen in the world around him. The scenes in which his characters are placed are also the cultivated moral scenes of modern England. His great attachment to and love for English landscape are plainly shown by such poems as "The May Queen," "The Lotus Eaters," "The Miller's Daughter," and "The Palace of Arts."

Other facts are numerous which plainly indicate Tennyson to be the poet of his era, but sufficient has been said to show that "He is as truly the glass of fashion and the mould of form" of the Victorian age, as Spencer was of the Elizabethian Court, Milton of the Protectorate, or Pope of the reign of Anne.

HE HAD ALL THE SYMPTOMS. --  
 "Well, ma, how do you like your new lodger?" said Miss Gilchrist to her mother upon her return from the coast, where she had been residing for a week. "He seems a nice enough young fellow," was the reply; "but I am almost certain he is a married man." "A married man!"

repeated the young lady, in astonished tones. "Whatever makes you think that, ma?" "Why," was the reply, "if he's not a married man it's very queer, because he has all the symptoms. He can hardly find anything — collar, necktie, or walking-stick — until I have to go and search them out for him."

### Our Checker Department.

CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY.

[All Communications for this Department must be addressed to Ed. Kelly, 451 Main Street, Winnipeg.]

#### \*Reference Board for Beginners.

BLACK

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

WHITE

At the commencement of a game the black men occupy the squares numbered from 1 to 12, and the white men those numbering from 21 to 32. Place the men on the board and play over the games in this department, and in a short time you will consider yourself a first-class player. Black always move first.

#### Solution to Position No. 5.

Black 17, 21, King on 18.

White 30, Kings on 10, 14, 23.

White to play, and win as follows:

14-9 26-23 14-23 23-26 26-30

18-27 27-18 29-25 25-29 (white wins)

30-26 10-14 9-14 14-18

21-25a 25-29 17-21 29-25

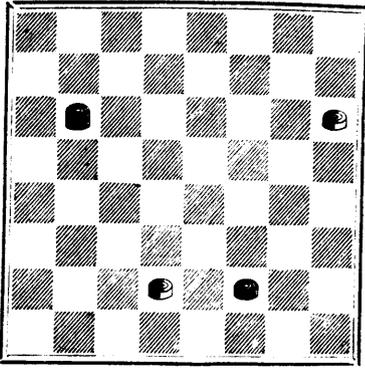
a27-31 9-13 31-22 10-14 (white wins)

#### \*Position No. 6.

A PRIZE PROBLEM.

BY C. T. DAVIS, OF MINNEAPOLIS.

Black on 2, 7; King 9.



White on 12, 26.

Black to play and win.

\* For the first correct solution received, to the above position we will give one year's subscription to THE MANITOBAN free.

**Game No. 16, Cross.**

Played between Ed. Kelly, Winnipeg, and Harry Norman, Kildonan.

**NORMAN'S MOVE.**

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

\*Only move to draw.

The World's Fair checker tournament will not be held. The committee have decided that not enough of the players have shown sufficient interest in the tournament to insure its success, but a World's Checker Congress will be held, however, under the auspices of the World's Congress auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition of which the Hon. C. C. Bonney is president, who has duly appointed a committee for holding the checker congress of which Mr. Harvey L. Hopkins is chairman. In this congress will be presented papers by leading exponents of the game on many topics or branches including the following: Historical, political, nomenclature, reminiscences, famous games, notable problems, literature, rules of the

game, notable matches, the move, importance of and how obtained, checkers columns in newspapers as a means of promoting the game and how it should be conducted, miscellaneous.

These papers will be copied into the book of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition, and will become a recognized authority on the game, which will, for the first time, place this game before the public where it already stands with checker experts and devotees. The congress will be held soon after August 15th, 1893.

N.B.—We have to apologize to readers of our checker column in October number for a few typographical errors in the figures.

**Literary Notes and Reviews.**

*Grip* has issued thirteen almanacs during as many years and his fourteenth reached us to-day. The first one was a good one for thirteen years ago and they have kept on getting better ever since, '93 being handsomer and funnier than any of its predecessors. A very handsome cover, printed in two colors from an original design, contains thirty-two pages of illustrated aphorisms which are guaranteed to knock out the worst case of blues on record. The large cartoon, which as usual, occupies two pages, illustrates Columbus discovering the mossback politicians of this part of America. This gives the artist a splendid opportunity to work in the leading men of both parties, and has done full justice to the occasion. Some of the best talent of Canada and the United States have contributed sketches, and the number is easily worth two or three times the price (10 cents,) which is asked.

\* \* \*  
The *Eclectic* magazine for December, contains the usual cream of literature, gleaned from the foreign magazines, and in a regular library of articles gives the reader a table of contents, which ought to satisfy the most fastidious. Among the numerous articles in the Xmas number are "The Boyhood and Youth of Columbus," by Richard Davey; "Cholera and our Protection against it," by Dr. Earnest Hart; "Society in China," by Charles Edwards; "Our Molton Globe," by Alfred R. Wallace; and an excellent article on "The Genius of Tennyson," from the Academy in which the writer asserts, that the greatest poetic artist

of the English-speaking race has passed away; and that he was never greater than when he spoke for the nation with something like the authority of one conscious of the nation's reverence and trust. This article awakens all the more interest as there is considerable speculation at the present time as to who shall be his successor. Sir Robert Ball tells about the recent "Heat Wave," and P. W. Roose talks about "The Fancies Concerning the Future State." Numerous other articles by well known writers, complete, one of the best numbers issued, a copy of which everyone should read. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York. Subscription, \$5.00 per year, 45c per copy, or given with THE MANITOBA for \$5.00 a year.

\* \* \*

The December number of *The Cosmopolitan* is promptly to hand and contains many articles richly illustrated. Among the numerous subjects which go to make up this capital number is an article by the well known Canadian writer and journalist, Geo. Stewart, on "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," which is very interesting and in which is given the best likeness of the late poet we have seen for some time. "Arthur Hornblow" tells of "French Journalists and Journalism," and relates the history of the French press with their ups and downs. "A Day with Chivalry" by John B. Osborne recalls ye olden times, while Prof. A. Hermann, the celebrated magician, in an interesting article on "Light on the Black Art," shows up spiritualists and their spirit rappings as well as other tricks, which will not stand the scrutiny of the author. W. D. Howells continues his "Traveller from Atruria," and M. M. O'Leary tells about Duck Shooting in Australia. The illustrations are superb while the general contents are equal to any magazine published. Subscription price \$3.00 per year, or clubbed with THE MANITOBA for \$3.25. Published by the Cosmopolitan Pub. Co.'y, New York.

\* \* \*

We have received from the Publishers of *The Youth's Companion* its announcements for 1893. They promise an unusually brilliant volume. Among other notable features is a series of articles entitled, "Your Work in Life," written by persons experienced in the different trades and professions and designed to help young men and women in choosing what to do.

Another series, entitled, "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw," narrates deeds of personal heroism seen by United States Generals and War Correspondents. There is also a series of articles entitled, "Odd Housekeeping," which will be of much interest to ladies. Some new sea stories are contributed by William Clark Russell, the famous novelist, and several articles on India by Sir Edwin Arnold. Special correspondents will write

of the World's Fair, how to go, and what to see in a given time.

Gen. Lew Wallace narrates the origin and growth of his famous novel, "Ben Hur," while Frank R. Stockton tells the history of "Rudder Grange." There will be eleven serial stories this year, besides more than one hundred stories by the most successful short writers, also many stirring tales of adventure.

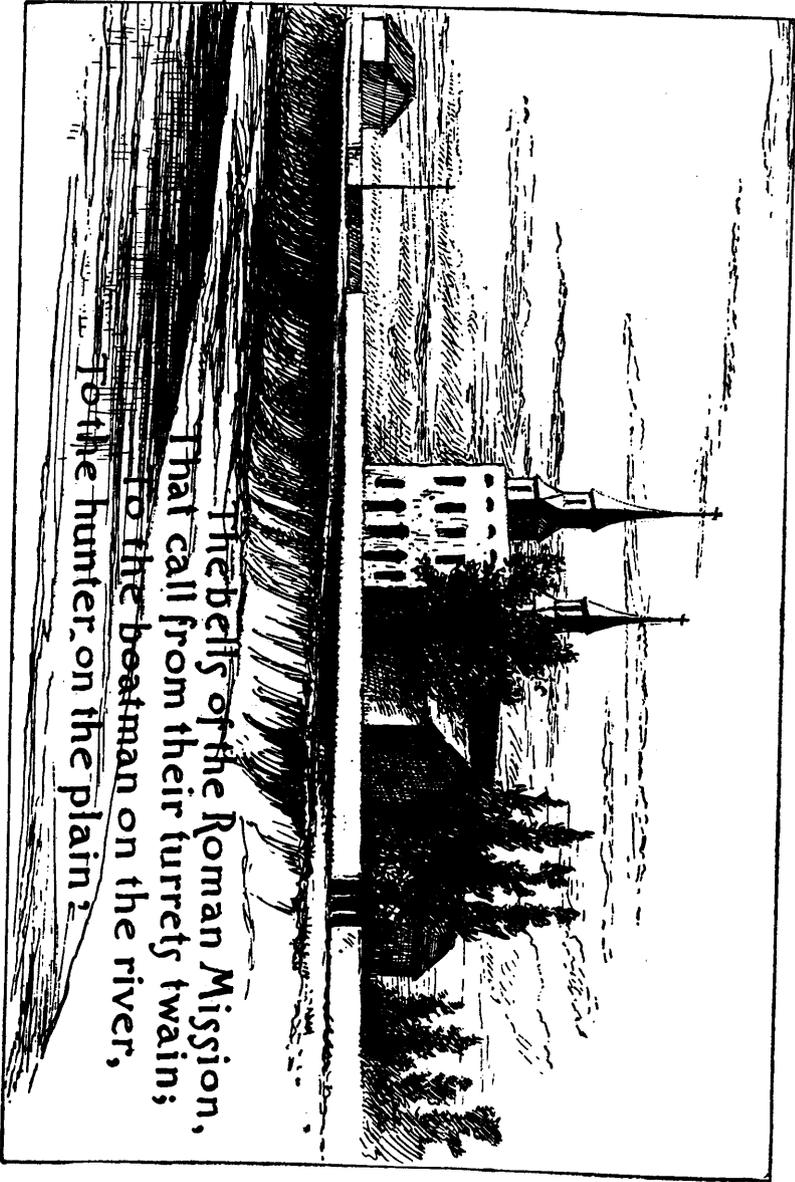
The *Companion* aims to be a favorite in every family, and its circulation of nearly six hundred thousand copies a week testifies how widely it is appreciated. New subscribers sent now will receive the paper to January 1892, free, including the double holiday numbers, \$1.75 a year. Boston, Mass.

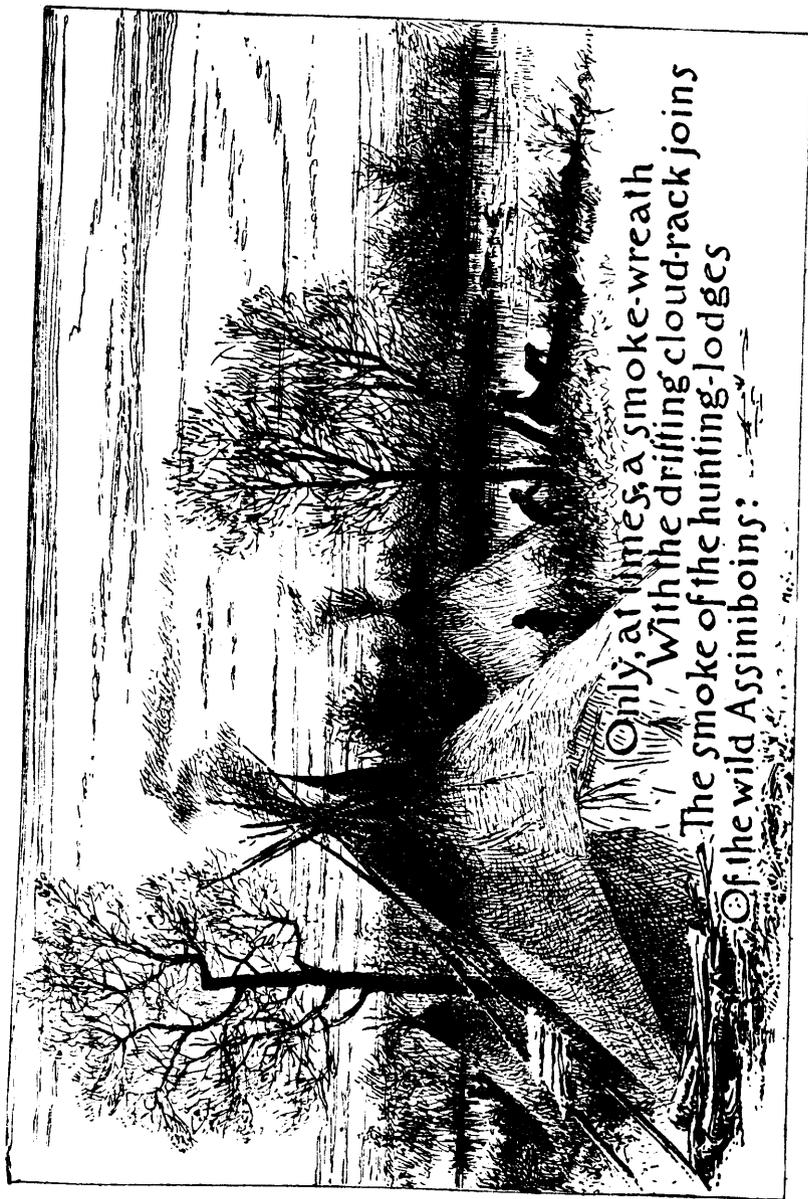
\* \* \*

One of our brightest exchanges is the *Scottish Canadian*, published by Imrie & Graham, Toronto. This purely Scotch paper in character should be found in every home where congregate "John Tamson's bairns," & all who love their native land with its thistle and heather. Send in your subscriptions for 1893 to Imrie & Graham, Printers and Publishers, Toronto, Ont. Subscription, \$1.50 per year, or given with THE MANITOBA for \$2.00 per year.

\* \* \*

We have received from Messrs. Ferguson & Co., of this city, a charming little booklet entitled "The Red River Voyageur," by John G. Whittier, which is fully illustrated from drawings made for the purpose and which represent in a life like manner the thoughts of the poem. The frontispiece contains an excellent likeness of the late poet, while each page recalls to us the scenes as described by a Washington Irving or Fenimore Cooper. In them we see events of the early days of the Red River Settlement depicted "through belts of dusky pine-land and dusty leagues of plain." As shown in the accompanying engraving, the Indian tepee once a familiar scene, recalls past events to the old timers when it was a familiar sight to see "the smoke of the hunting lodges of the wild Assiniboines." Of the bells of St. Boniface "that call from their Turrets train," there has been a good deal said and written, but to Ferguson & Co.'y we are indebted for the illustration, here presented showing the old mission, since destroyed by fire, in which the bells, immortalized by Whittier formerly hung. The entire work is one of art and reflect great credit on the enterprising publishers. No better souvenir for a Christmas present could be procured than one of these illustrated booklets, and as the supply is limited and not likely to be duplicated, we would advise all who are interested in the scenes and times, as described in the poem, to obtain a copy at once. Price \$1-00. For sale by Ferguson & Co., booksellers and stationers, Winnipeg, Man.





# MAX KROLIK,

IMPORTER OF

Jewelry, \* Watches,  
Diamonds,

(Offers the Greatest Chance ever put  
before the Public.

As I am about to devote my time exclusively to my Real Estate  
and other business interests, I will continue until January  
15th, 1893,

To Close out my Large, Well-Selected and  
Brand New Stock of

## Fine Jewelry

IN ROLLED PLATE AND SOLID GOLD,

WALTHAM WATCHES,  
HIGHEST GRADES.

### NEW HAVEN AND FRENCH CLOCKS

SILVERWARE AND OTHER THOUSANDS OF  
ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR

### XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

# Hundreds of Winnipeg's

Most prominent and best-known Citizens attend our Nightly Mammoth Auction Sales and obtain the Finest Diamond Set Goods at even ridiculous figures. Never before in the history of this City were BRAND NEW GOODS offered by A JOBBER to the Public in general at LESS THAN ONE HALF their original manufacturers' prices.

## PRIVATE SALE

DURING THE DAY.

CALL AND CONVINCe YOURSELVES OF THE TRUTH OF OUR STATEMENTS.

*Dealers of Manitoba, Northwest Territories and British Columbia, now is your time to replemish your Stock for Little Money.*

### DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND OUR AUCTION SALES

CONDUCTED BY R. R. KEITH,

EVERY EVENING UNTIL JANUARY 15th, 1893.

# MAX KROLIK,

\* 508 MAIN STREET. \*

NEXT DOOR TO BIG BOSTON.

The December number of the *Dominion Illustrated* is to hand and presents a varied table of contents. More space is devoted in this issue to articles on Western Canada, among which are two splendid contributions fully illustrated, on "The Queen's Highway in the West," by H. J. Woodside, of Portage la Prairie, and the other "Portage la Prairie" presumably from the pen of the same writer. Several good illustrations of the town of Portage la Prairie are given, also a threshing scene near the same place. The Lake of the Woods Milling Co., at Keewatin, is well depicted and the towns of Rat Portage, Norman and Keewatin, receive a fair share of attention. We are pleased to see the *Dominion Illustrated* turning their attention to the Golden West, and we hope their effort will be fully appreciated. J. Castell Hopkins contributes an excellent article on "Canada and American Aggression." F. Clifford Smith relates "A Christmas Adventure." F. Blake Crofton continues "Scraps and Snaps," while "Newfoundland and its Capital," receives a share of attention at the hands of C. Winter, and Beatrice Glen Moore tells an interesting story "How Remi was Satisfied," the scenes of which are laid in Lower Canada near the St. Lawrence. A supplement, in a well executed engraving of the Lieut. Governor of Quebec, is also given with this excellent number, a copy of which everyone interested in Canada should obtain. Published by the Sibaston Litho. Pub. Co., Montreal. Subscription, \$1.50 per year.

\* \* \*

A copy of the Christmas number of "*Saturday Night*," issued by the Sheppard Pub. Co., of Toronto, has been received, and to say that it is superb would but half express what it is. As a Canadian work, it reflects credit on the publishers and will at once establish beyond a doubt, that Canadians can come to the front in literature and hold their own with any other country. The number before us is one of the finest we have ever seen, and compares favorably with London and New York publications of a similar kind. Editor Sheppard certainly deserves the thanks of the public, in presenting to Canadians such a work of art. Some of the best writers on the continent contribute to its pages, the article of which are finely illustrated. No one should be without a copy, as the beautiful colored supplement entitled, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," is worth alone the price of the paper, and is well worth framing. Be sure and see it and we know you will want one. Price 50c, for sale by all newsdealers. Published by the Sheppard Publishing Co., Toronto. Ltd.

\* \* \*

*Castorologia*—"Or the History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver" is the title of a book, recently issued by Horace T. Martin, F. Z. S., of Montreal. This

valuable work, which forms an excellent addition to the library, represents a large amount of scientific research on the part of the author, and presents to us a complete monograph, clearly and concisely written. Mr. Martin has divided his book into divisions, stating in each the various relations, story and traditions, which have been handed down for generations, and which form interesting features of the work; while there may appear too many paragraphs, abruptly terminated, yet had Mr. Martin enlarged on them in narrative style, it would have required several hundred pages to have related in full, what is otherwise intended as a monograph. The illustrations which were executed in Montreal, by Deabrats & Co., represent to what perfection engraving is done in Canada. The book as a whole is finely gotten up and is a credit, not only to the publishers but to the young and rising author, who has rendered such science to the cause of Natural History. Every one should possess a copy which should receive the patronage and support of every Canadian. For a Xmas present, it would be most appropriate. For sale by Ferguson and Co., Stationers, Winnipeg.

\* \* \*

The *Colonist*, a monthly magazine published at Winnipeg in the interests of Manitoba and the Northwest, is exceptionally good for December. Several timely articles full of useful information are given, also a capital illustration of a scene in British Columbia. Subscription, \$1.00 per year. Published by Bailey & Co., Winnipeg, Man.

\* \* \*

Two famous preachers have written striking articles soon to be printed in *The Ladies' Home Journal*; one by Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., on "Are Society Women Insincere?" and the other by Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D., on "Are Women more Religious than Men?"

† \* †

*The Carberry Express*, a weekly Conservative paper published at Carberry, starts out with a good prospectus. An original cartoon adorns the first page each week, while the general make up is newsy and to the point. We wish the new venture success.

### Miscellaneous.

If you want to make Christmas day bright and happy and see your little ones dance with joy, get old Santa Claus to go to Miss Maycock's and see her big display of dolls and Christmas novelties. She has one of the largest stocks ever seen in Winnipeg and you will be surprised how far your money will go when making your purchases there. Everything is imported direct, and consists of the latest designs in toys from Wonderland,

See her adv't and be sure and call, even if you do not buy anything.

\* \* \*

When out shopping for presents, call at Walsh's and take your father or brother home a good warm overcoat and cap, so they can be comfortable when Jack Frost is making it lively. He can supply you with just what you want, and at a very reasonable price. Just drop in when you go by and see, and we are sure you will make some one happy with a present. Remember it is more blessed to give than to receive. This is why Walsh is giving such bargains. Read his adv't on the 1st page inside cover.

\* \* \*

Patronize those who advertise with us and when getting your Xmas presents, call on Max Krolik and see his splendid stock of jewellery which he is clearing out at cost. If you want to obtain a beautiful present to give away, he will give you what you want at half-price, which is a big consideration these hard times. See his advt. on another page and give him a call.

\* \* \*

Several beautiful callenders are making their way around among the customers of several merchants, of which, perhaps, the nicest we have yet seen, is the one issued by the E. & C. Gurney Co., of this city.

\* \* \*

We regret that an excellent contribution by Rev. Dr. Bryce, on Silver Heights, and its master, has been unavoidably crowded out this issue, but it will form one of the features of the January number.

† † †

Our readers will confer a favor if they will mention THE MANITOBA, when answering advertisements.

### Publishers' Note.

WITH this number, THE MANITOBA completes its first volume and in the year now fast drawing to a close, we hope that we have added not a little to the literature of the country. Like all new publications we are not as perfect as those who have attained their present standing by years of experience, but we trust our readers will overlook any short comings we may have been guilty of and help us while we try and do better for the future. THE MANITOBA is a distinctive Manitoba publication, and as such appeals to the people of this Province to give it that liberal support, which it so richly deserves. During the coming year we intend adding several new features, and hope to make THE MANITOBA so readable that every home in the country will possess a copy. To those

who are living here and have friends abroad, we would say the best thing they can get to send them is a year's subscription to this Magazine. Support home industry and talent, keep out the cheap American magazines that are flooding our country, and read something which will educate your family and teach them to love their country. Our motto is "Manitoba First," and "Canada for the Canadians." To those who have so freely patronized us during the past year we give our thanks, and trust that in the future we may continue to enjoy that confidence and patronage which has been so generously bestowed on us in the past. To the press of Canada and the United States we wish to express our thanks for the many kind notices given and words spoken of us, and hope that in the future we will still merit their approval. In conclusion, we wish our readers and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy and prosperous New Year.

\* \* \*

What is home without music; the poet says:

"Music hath charms to fill the savage breast."

Reader if you have a home and have no music, begin the New Year by buying one of the Celebrated Dominion Pianos as advertised on the back of cover. They are noted for their durability and tone, and we guarantee they will suit you. Although not so old established, perhaps as other makes, they have forged to the front, and take the prizes wherever exhibited. Buy only the best, and you will save money, for a poor investment is worse than none at all. If there is no agent near you write to the factory, Bowmanville, Ont., for one of their handsome illustrated catalogues, mentioning this paper, and you will receive one free by return mail.

\* \* \*

#### READ OUR OFFERS.

For One Year.

THE MANITOBA & Cosmopolitan Magazine	\$3.25
" " Eclectic Magazine	5.00
" " English Illustrated Mag.	2.20
" " Dominion Illustrated	2.75
" " Canada	1.25
" " Weekly Empire & Prem.	1.50
" " Weekly Tribune & Prem.	1.50
" " Detroit Wky. Free Press	1.50

\* \* \*

Begin the New Year by subscribing for THE MANITOBA. If you are already a subscriber read it to your friends.

\* \* \*

¶ Advertisers who wish to reach the people of this great Northwest should patronize the MANITOBA. Its circulation is rapidly increasing. Remember THE MANITOBA 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.

\* \* \*

To the energetic boy or girl who wishes to possess a copy of that wonderful work, "Wood's Natural History," we will help them to get one *absolutely free*. How to do it. Send us in six new subscribers and \$6.00, and we will send it free as a premium. See advertisement offers on another page.

\* \* \*

Read our premium advertised and secure it for a New Year's gift. It is very choice and we can commend it as worth much more than the money we ask. Order early, do not put it off.

\* \* \*

Wanted, contributions relating to the early days of Manitoba, historic events and tales, rebellion notes, and anything which will be of interest.

\* \* \*

We will give a year's subscription of THE MANITOBAN to the person sending in the first correct solution of any of the problems in our checker department.

\* \* \*

THE Montreal *Witness*, which is to move into its own building next spring, will be by far the best equipped newspaper in a mechanical point of view in Canada. Its immense Hoe quadruple machine will be capable of turning out 60,000 eight-page or 30,000 twelve or sixteen-page papers an hour, printed complete on both sides, cut, pasted, and counted in piles of fifty. This will be one-third faster than any other press in Canada. In addition, its matter will be set on the Mergenthaler Linotype, which gives a new, clear-face of type every issue, and its form will be compact and beautiful. The *Witness*, although old and reliable, is up to the front in respect of enterprise, and its readers expect and are not satisfied with anything but the best. The price of the *Daily Witness* is three dollars a year, of the *Weekly Witness* one dollar, and the *Northern Messenger*, published from the same house, is thirty cents. Agents wanted in every town, village and P.O. Specimen copies will be sent free to any of our readers, on application to the publishers, John McDougall & Son, Montreal.

The subscribers of THE MANITOBAN can have it and the Montreal *Daily Witness* for \$3.00 to the end of 1893, and the *Weekly Witness* for \$1.50, and the *Northern Messenger* with either of them twenty-five cents extra. This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a first-class paper at a low price, and should be taken advantage of by our readers. Old subscribers count the same as new. Send in your orders early. Address THE MANITOBAN, Drawer 1371, Winnipeg, Man.

## British Agricultural Depression and Manitoba.

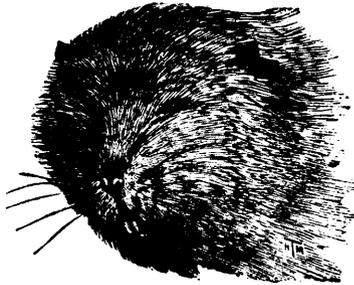
Following up the subject of our editorial last week, this letter, which appears in the *Brantford Expositor*, is of interest:—

SIR.—Your leader this morning on the farming situation in the United Kingdom is timely. No doubt the true solution of the difficulty for British farmers lies in lower rents. This is unfortunate for landlords, and whilst they are to be pitied, it must be remembered that they are in much the same position as those who invest money in stocks and shares which afterwards depreciate in value. The economic forces by which the world is moved have changed, and are constantly changing. Steam and electricity have, as regards markets, brought the prairie farmers of Western Canada and the United States of America practically to our own doors. It costs little more to ship grain and cattle from those distant markets to London or Liverpool than it does to send them from the interior of England to the same markets. In connection with this it must be borne in mind that the farmers of those western lands have a magnificent climate to aid them in their work, and rates and taxes are exceedingly low. In many parts of Manitoba, for instance, rates and taxes are not more than £2 to £3 per annum on 160 acres of land.

I find in Great Britain and Ireland that some people endeavor to find comfort in the belief that ere long the United States will cease to export grain and cattle, requiring them for home consumption. It is possible, even probable, that before the end of the century the United States will export less grain and fewer cattle than to-day, but that in itself will not materially help the British farmer, because other countries are rapidly coming to the front as exporters of agricultural produce. Take Western Canada as an example. Last year Manitoba alone produced some 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, and from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 bushels of other cereals—in all, nearly 40,000,000 bushels. The area under wheat has doubled within four years. Less than ten years since Manitoba did not export anything. The Province covers an area of 76,000,000 acres, and only 1,300,000 are yet cultivated, so that the production of wheat and the rearing of cattle out there are only yet in their infancy. Some two years since Manitoba began to export cattle, and I believe nearly 4,000 head were exported last year, and the increase in live stock is even greater than in the production of grain. What is true of Manitoba is probably true to some extent of other countries; and old-country farmers, if they are wise will note these facts and bear them in mind in making arrangements for the future.—

I am, etc., A. J. McMILLAN.

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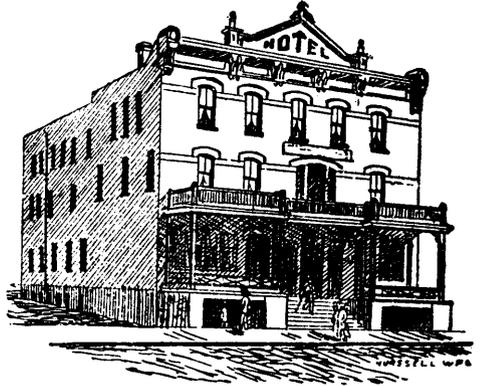
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## Fish Laws of Manitoba and N. W. T.

**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.