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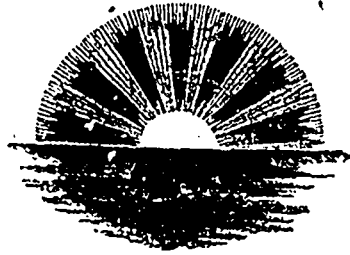
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THE WESTERN SUNBEAM



A Monthly Journal of Art, Science, Literature and General Information.

VOL. I, No. 1.

WINNIPEG, APRIL, 1891.

25 CENTS A YEAR.

A Matrimonial Lesson

“YES, old fellow, I ought to be a happy man,” said Frank Cooley to his bosom friend, Jack Spiggot, as they sat chatting together in the smoking room of the Mistletoe club. “I’ve got just what I wanted—a wife to look after my interests, and to be a sort of gentle check upon my propensity to make money fly; and I’m settled down, and have no cares and anxieties worth making a bother about.”

“I suppose she does perform those duties satisfactorily?” said Jack Spiggot, in rather a meaning tone, which his friend was not slow to note.

“Rather! I’d always heard that no man could marry and keep up a position on £900 a year. Fellows had told me all sorts of yarns about what women want, and what they must and will have. So I went to work carefully, and, after a long look about, found my pearl of great price, and so far as I’ve gone she’s been rather a cheap jewel.”

“Glad to hear it,” remarked Mr. Spiggot. “She certainly dresses as well as any woman I know, and I’m not talking blarney when I tell you that your little Thursday dinners are the most complete affairs of their kind in town. Mind, I’m going to respond for young Francis at the font, and the old Cellini bowl shall go with my blessing.”

“All right! You’re a good fellow, Jack, and I appreciate it. By the way, the missis is hot on a fancy dress ball for some time next month, and I rely on you to bring some good men; none of your stuffed door-deckers, but fellows who can dance, and anybody else you like.”

Whatever Jack Spiggot thought of the sort of economy which considered the giving of a fancy dress ball, among other entertainments, compatible with the position of a young married couple with 900 a year to live on, he said

nothing, and an irresistible elevation of his eyebrows was so slight that his friend did not notice it.

Frank Cooley had spoken the truth when he said that in his search for a wife he had gone to work carefully, and when it was announced that Emily, fifth daughter of the Rev. Job Farthing, had been lucky enough to win the affection of the handsome, well-to-do young London barrister, it was agreed on all sides that the match was an excellent one. The young lady had received the very best training for the duties of a frugal house-wife in that school of adversity which too often lurks behind the picturesque walls of our English rural rectories and vicarages, and she might deem herself especially lucky, inasmuch as her four elder sisters being still unmarried, she had been regarded as a forlorn hope, with a dreary future before her of unbroken devotion to parochial and domestic duties.

But notions of economy and frugality differ very widely, and Mrs. Cooley soon discovered that the rigid parsimony and cheese-paring of an overcrowded country rectory was one thing, and the frugality of a Kensington home owned by a young man who loved the delights and comforts and luxuries of life was very much another thing. So the usual result came about, and the young woman, agreeably disappointed that for the tight curb she had expected was substituted an easy bearing rein, took the bit between her teeth in all the exuberance and gaiety of a newly released prisoner, until it became a frequent subject of wonder among the gossiping neighbors how on earth the Cooleys managed to cut such a dash as they did upon an income the dimensions of which were perfectly well known.

So matters went on for more than a year, and easy-going, good-natured Frank Cooley did not bother himself about what currents and rocks and shoals there might be under the waters

of his life so long as the waves ran with tolerable smoothness, and his household bark sailed bravely on. Now and then, indeed, it occurred to him that the intervals between his Emily’s applications for checks were rather brief, but he ascribed his temporary astonishment to his ignorance of what was right; and moreover, Francis James had been recently added to the family circle, which necessitated the keeping of two extra servants and the purchase of innumerable unconsidered trifles which soon represented a tolerably solid incubus. The Thursday dinners came of regularly, however, with great éclat; some one as a rule dropped into the ordinary daily repast; while Emily, being alone all day, of course, had invariably a guest to lunch; in addition, they went out a good deal, and Emily, not being beauty enough to pass muster unadorned, required the set off of good dressing, so that boxes on the milliner or the bonnet-maker or the furrier arrived with tolerable frequency.

All this was done on £900 a year? Stay—was it?

Jack Spiggot, being an old school fellow and college friend of Frank, enjoyed the privilege of speaking to the latter with the freedom of a brother. He was a senior to Frank by a few years, was also a barrister by profession, although it went no further; lived in comfortable chambers in Jermyn street; had travelled much and seen a great deal of the world, and was, therefore, regarded as an oracle by the young Benedict.

He saw at once that the thing was impossible—or, at any rate, that it could not be possible for long—and an incidental incident made him resolve to presume upon the influence he had over his friend and gently hint a few words of warning to him. So, at the club one afternoon, he said to Frank: “Old fellow, I always speak to you openly and plainly, and you’ve gener-

ally, so far from resenting it, thanked me for it afterward, and so I hope you won't depart from your old rule if I say something upon a rather delicate subject."

"Out with it, Jack. I'm ready," answered Frank.

"It's about your wife."

"About my wife! Great Scott! What about her?"

"Well, do you know that she is in the habit of borrowing money?"

"Emily borrow money? Well, you do amaze me! She has no need to, and she's really so careful and moderate that even from you I feel inclined to question the statement."

"Well, all I can say is that I met her coming out of Darker's, the tailor, in Maddox street yesterday. Everybody knows that Darker is quite as much usurer as tailor, and I don't think you can imagine that she would be at the establishment of a man's tailor for ordinary purposes."

"Oh, my dear fellow, it's a mistake!" said Frank, with a very poor attempt at smiling the matter off. "I know she had to go there—in connection with our fancy dress ball. That's all right."

But Jack Spiggot knew that it was not all right—and more, he knew that his friend knew that it was not all right, for he seemed abstracted during the rest of the interview.

The next day, on his way home, Frank called in at Maddox street and interviewed Mr. Darker. What he learned confirmed all that his friend had suggested. After reflecting on the best course to adopt he decided to be perfectly frank and come to an understanding with his wife at once.

"Emily, my dear," he said to her as soon as they were alone that evening. "I want you to tell me whether you have any bills unpaid and what they are."

A look of suspicion and alarm which did not escape her husband passed over the wife's face; but she quickly recovered her self-possession, and replied:

"Nothing to speak of. Only the week's housekeeping accounts and a few pounds for dressmaking."

"Do you really mean to tell me," said Frank, "that you owe nothing more than that?"

"I have told you so," replied little Mrs. Cooley, sharply. "Don't you believe me? If you don't, please say so."

Frank did not believe her, for he knew that the statement was false, but he could not bring himself to say so. He had hoped that his wife would at once have made a clean breast of her peccadilloes. He was, therefore, pain-

ed at her defiant tone, and at the readiness with which she told him an untruth. For the moment he dropped the subject; but seeing that Emily had not only deceived him, but was evidently resolved to continue the deception, he decided to discover the truth for himself before speaking to her more plainly.

With this view, he called during the next day or two at various millinery and other establishments where he knew that his wife dealt. He also made various investigations at home. A little later he brought out his friend Jack Spiggot and confided to him the result of his discoveries. The pair had a long talk over the business, and Mr. Cooley departed much easier in his mind.

"My dear," said Frank to his wife that evening, "Jack Spiggot is coming to dine with us next Thursday, as it is baby's birthday. He says he must drink his godson's health, so don't forget to have the goblet out which he gave Frank at his christening."

Mrs. Cooley nodded her head, and drew up the newspaper she was reading to hide the sudden flush of color which came to her cheeks.

She left the room very shortly afterward, and while Frank sat smoking below she was running from room to room, searching cupboards and drawers, overhauling bags and reticules and boxes and cases, turning up carpets, peeping under beds—all for a little piece of yellow cardboard upon which was emblazoned the fact that Messrs. Methuselah of the Strand, had advanced the sum of £10 upon a silver goblet.

"Now, what shall I do?" cried the distracted woman, with a strong emphasis on the first word. "Here's a pretty state of things! What could I have done with it? I daren't ask the servants if they have seen such a thing as a pawn-ticket."

Then she sat down looking blankly before her, the very picture of shame and despair.

The next morning, directly her husband had left the house, she went as fast as a hansom could take her to the establishment of Messrs. Methuselah in the Strand. Her awkward position gave her courage to enter boldly, and without any previous reconnoitering, a place into which a year before she would hardly have gone disguised and after dark.

A young Semitic gentleman of the usual type inquired her business in the off-hand fashion peculiar to men of his calling, who, having to deal with customers who to a great extent are at their mercy, accommodate their deportment accordingly.

"About a month ago," said Mrs. Cooley, "I pawned a silver goblet here for £10, but I have, unfortunately, lost the ticket. I am very anxious to have the goblet, and I am willing to pay what is required."

The youth shook his head.

"No ticket, no goblet," he said. "It's against the law. Can't be done. Must produce the ticket. Leastways, if you don't produce it, you must go before a magistrate and make a affidavit that you have lost it and that the harticle belongs to you. Unless you do that, whoever gives the ticket gets the harticle."

Mrs. Cooley's sense of being in a desperate plight alone prevented her from resenting, not only the substance of this speech, but the familiar, almost insolent tone in which it was delivered. She felt that it would be better to make a clean confession to her husband than to publish her trouble by going before a magistrate.

"But if I were to give you references?" began the poor lady, but stopped short when she considered how impossible it was to refer Mr. Methuselah to any of her acquaintances.

"A reference to the Harchbishop of Canterbury wouldn't be no good," said the youth; "but I'll tell you what I can do; I won't give up the harticle until I have communicated with you."

"Very well, that will do," said Mrs. Cooley, clutching at the straw. So she wrote down the address of the green-grocer, and desired the letter to be forwarded there. Then she went out, hopeless and dazed. Suddenly a thought struck her. She hailed a hansom and told the driver to take her to Fleet street.

Now, just about this very time the authorities at Scotland Yard were severely excited as to a daring burglary which had been committed at the town residence of a nobleman with such admirable secrecy and success that not the faintest clue could be obtained as to the whereabouts of the perpetrators, who had decamped with a large and valuable booty of gold and silver plate. Of course, the police were furnished with a complete list of the stolen articles, and in accordance with the usual practice, a sharp watch was kept upon all pawnbroking establishments.

One morning there appeared in the agony columns of two or three of the morning papers the following advertisement:

"Lost, a pawn-ticket, with Messrs. Methuselah & Co., for a silver goblet. Pledged for £10. A handsome reward

will be paid to whosoever will give information leading to the recovery of the above ticket to X. care of—."

It need hardly be said that Mrs. Cooley had inserted the above advertisement in the desperate hope that she had dropped the ticket in the street. Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday morning passed; each day she had called at the address she had given, in the hope that she might gain some information concerning the miserable piece of pasteboard, but without success.

Three courses remained open to her—to say nothing about the goblet to her husband, and to trust to its appearance on the table escaping his memory; to tell him all about it, and to make a final appeal to Messrs. Methuselah. She decided on trying the last course first, and accordingly she went to the shop of Messrs. Methuselah.

The young man recognized her and smiled just as he would have smiled at the reappearance of one of his habitual clients. "I've come again to ask you to let me have the goblet about which I spoke to you the other day, and the ticket for which I have lost."

"The ticket has been presented," replied the young man, "and the cove that presented it has been run in. He has been run in. He's at Bow street now, and the goblet with him."

"But how was that?" asked Mrs. Cooley, agitated so that she could hardly speak.

"Well, he wouldn't give his name, and he couldn't give a satisfactory account of his possession of the cup, so he was took off. I rather think they have an idea it has something to do with this 'ere burglary. But if you go to Bow street they'll let you see him."

"I thought you were going to communicate with me before you parted with the goblet?" said Mrs. Cooley.

"Ow could I? Here was the copper and there was the cove. The law's the law, and it ain't for us to go against it."

Off went Mrs. Cooley to Bow street, mediating as she went over the strange irony of fate which should lead her, the religiously and strictly brought up daughter of a clergyman, and the wife of a well-known barrister, to visit in the same day a pawn-broker's shop and a police station.

Arrived there, she stated her mission to the inspector.

"Well, mum," he said, "we're waiting here for the butler from Lord Penge's house to recognize this goblet as belonging to his master; but if you like to give me your name and address—"

Mrs. Cooley, after a moment's hesitation, wrote down her address. The inspector looked at it, smiled and said:

"It seems all right. But—here comes his lordship's butler. I won't keep you a minute, mum."

He went to a safe, brought out the goblet, and held it up for the inspection of a florid man who had entered.

"Is that one of your's?" he asked.

The butler, after carefully examining it, shook his head and went out.

"Now then, mum," said the inspector, producing a card, "perhaps you can tell me what you know about that gentleman?"

Mrs. Cooley glanced at the piece of pasteboard which the policeman handed to her and her head swam. It was Mr. Frank Cooley's card.

"My husband's card!" she exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning is that the gent who has just given that card presented the ticket for the goblet at Methuselah's. He declined to answer questions as to how he came by it, and he is now detained pending inquiries."

"Oh, let me speak to him, please!" cried Mrs. Cooley.

After a moment's reflection the inspector left the room and returned with Frank Cooley.

"Oh, Frank! Frank!" exclaimed the poor woman, throwing herself into her husband's arms. "This has been such a lesson to me! Such a humiliating lesson! Can you—will you forgive me?"

"Of course I do, my love," replied her husband. "And I do hope it is a lesson."

The goblets duly appeared on the dinner table when Jack Spiggot came the next day, and he very soon divined that affairs were about to take a turn for the better in the little household when Frank Cooley told him that they had decided not to have the fancy dress ball.

.....

A True Ghost Story.

BY J. A. O., WINNIPEG.

Not far from the village of S——, in the township of Darlington, in the Province of Ontario, there lived some time ago a man named Manson, who was of a peculiar turn of mind. He was the tenant of a good farm and was considered by his neighbors a pretty good farmer. Being of a retiring disposition, he seldom mingled with the neighboring farmers, preferring rather to be alone. As a consequence he was very rarely favored with visitors, and when he was, his guests stay were of short duration. He lived thus for

some time, and, as he cared for nobody and nobody cared for him, he was seldom seen.

But one day the news was spread through the neighborhood that Mr. Manson had been found with his throat cut from ear to ear. People were astounded at the intelligence and were at a loss to know who could have done it, or how it happened. But afterwards it was clearly proven that he had committed suicide, the evidence at the inquest fully bearing out this conclusion. A large concourse of people attended the funeral, many out of curiosity, and the remains of Mr. Manson were laid at rest. The premises were then nailed up and were rarely entered after the occurrence, save by those who only out of mere curiosity looked in as they passed that way.

For some time after the sad affair things moved on in the even tenor of their way, until stories of ghosts and other yarns revived the subject. One wag who was evidently bound there should be something "to it" gathered up all the cats and kittens he could find in the district and shut them in the stable where Manson had taken his life. After a few days, when the pangs of hunger began to tell, the cats gave themselves up to wild abandonment and, as can be imagined, a perfect pandemonium reigned. Ghost stories now began to multiply by the dozen. The silent watches of the night were disturbed by the unearthly moanings and blood-curdling yells of the Manson ghost. Some even saw him as they passed by at night. It happened about this time that a venturesome young man, hearing that ghosts could be seen at Manson's stable, decided to investigate. With beating heart he approached the stable and with trembling hands opened the door, when, what to him seemed hundreds of cats came tumbling out in dire confusion. The young fellow was so frightened at this unexpected turn of affairs that he also fled in dire confusion, and never slackened his pace until he had reached the nearest neighbor's house, where he breathlessly related what he had seen and vowed that old Manscu, as he called him, had turned into cats.

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Young lady to Photographer—"I like the picture very well, except the mouth."

Photographer—"Why, Miss, I thought that was immense."

Young lady—"I'd thank you not to speak that way about my mouth."

Photographer, (aside)—"Well, I have put my foot in it."

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OUR BOW.

With this issue the WESTERN SUNBEAM makes its first appearance before the public. There being no Home Journal published in Western Canada, it was felt that such a publication was desirable, hence our entering the field.

It is our aim to place within the homes of Western Canada a good, readable journal at a price within the reach of all. Its columns will be found replete with interesting articles on the various subjects which go to make up a first-class family paper. From time to time it will be enlarged as occasion demands, when new departments of interest will be added.

We start with an issue of ten thousand copies, which we hope to maintain and rapidly increase. When you have read the WESTERN SUNBEAM, kindly show it to your friends and induce them to send their subscriptions along with your own.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

American emigration agents who are working in the Eastern Provinces do not receive as much attention from our people as ours do who are working in their country. According to

accounts from Dakota, the agents who were actively engaged in inducing settlers to emigrate to this side of the line were threatened with tar and feathers and a taste of cold lead if they did not make themselves scarce. This speaks well for the effective work our men are doing but not much for American law and order.

The British Government are building seventy new war-ships, in order to maintain the standard adopted by the Admiralty, which is to have a navy equal to that of any other two nations.

It would seem as if the storm-cloud is again hovering over Europe, as the present friendly attitude of France and Russia is not looked upon with favor by Germany, who, it is said, contemplates placing her navy on the same footing as that of Great Britain

Senator Butterworth, of Massachusetts, who has been for the past twelve years one of the leading lights in political circles at Washington, has resigned to accept the secretaryship of the World's Fair. Why should not Manitoba be represented at the World's Fair as well as British Columbia?

It is said that Baron de Hirsch has a scheme on hand to establish Jewish colonies in Manitoba and the Northwest for his persecuted brethren in Russia. Senator Sanford, of Hamilton, Ont., has been asked to accept the Honorary Secretaryship of the society, who are looking after the Jews in regard to this matter.

If our readers will pardon the presumption, we wish to inform them that we are going to have an early and unusually favorable spring, which will lengthen the growing season at least two weeks over that of late years. This is our first venture at weather prophecy. We struggled against it for a time, but finally yielded to the inexorable law. But if this doesn't carry out right, it's the last time we have anything to do with the weather. It's a pretty risky thing to fool with anyhow.

Now that the emigration season has opened up and that people of all classes and conditions from all parts are coming in, we wish to draw the attention of emigration authorities to the fact that it is not only the number of people that this country wants but the quality as well. We do not desire

to see these fair provinces made the dumping-ground of assisted undesirable settlers who are without means and who are sent from other countries that they may be out of the way. Nor is it advisable to locate whole colonies of the different nationalities by themselves. Past experiences of other countries, and even of our own, have shown that where the emigrants of different nationalities are intermingled, they soon become a good, industrious people amendable to the laws of the country and eager to imitate their neighbors, while if colonized they maintain stubbornly all their foreign manners and customs, even to the languages, thus placing obstacles in the way of advancing them to a higher state of civilization and retrograding the settlement of any vacant lands in the same locality.

One thing which we would like to impress upon the people of this country, is the importance of planting trees and shrubs. There is nothing supplied by nature which so enhances the surroundings of a home as a few trees. On the open prairie a great many places which look barren and desolate, with their nakedness, might be improved beyond recognition, if a little trouble and pains were taken in this direction. Besides the ornamental, there is also the useful part. In winter they serve to break the cold blast which sweeps across the prairie; while in summer they afford a shelter from the heat both to man and beast. If some of our people would spend one quarter the time in planting trees and shrubs that they do in talking politics, we would soon have as attractive homes as could be found anywhere in the Dominion. Now is the time to start; let every one both great and small get to work and plant some trees, even if only a few, and they will reap its benefit in the very near future. There is no labor expended on the farm which will yield better and more lasting results than that put in tree planting. It is not enough to dig holes and dump the trees in anyhow, but have enough loose earth to give them some encouragement. Cut off the same proportion of limbs as the trees have lost roots, and give them as much attention through the summer as you do your grain, and if they don't give you a crop of dollar bills in the fall, they will at least add that much value to your place and make you a prouder and better citizen.

Send in your subscription at once for the WESTERN SUNBEAM.

News Summary.

A company of English cycle mounted infantry propose shortly to take a 100-mile ride in full marching order, that is, equipped with rifle, bayonet, kit, and 100 rounds of ammunition.

At Morewood, Pa., yesterday in a labor riot, the mob was fired on and seven of the participants fell dead, while fifteen were left on the ground wounded. Among our neighbors, "where the people are all sovereigns" there appears to be a growing disposition to hold sway with shot guns.—*Gazette*.

The building and grounds committee of the Columbian Exposition have accepted the design for a tower which is to be built of steel, 1,100 feet high, surmounted by a tall flag-staff. Ten elevators will carry passengers to the top. The tower will be one glow of electric light from base to dome, the very top being illuminated by powerful search lights, which will throw a brilliant glow over the exposition.

A farmer, of Searsbon, Iowa, while digging a well the other day, struck a vein of natural cheese three and one half feet thick, at a depth of eighty-three feet. It was of a beautiful yellow color, and seems to keep in the open air for a long time. The lucky man has been offered \$50,000 for his find (*Once a Week*). If the same man could find another vein of crackers as well, he would not have to board (bored) around any more.

Steps are being taken towards organizing a Young Men's Prohibition Club for the city of Winnipeg. The object of the club is to assist in securing total prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating beverages, to procure the election of municipal and parliamentary candidates who will vote and work for this end, and to disseminate the principles of prohibition generally by the distribution of temperance literature by means of public meetings.

The fight a Valparaiso has knocked some of the romance out of the torpedo boat. One of these destroyers which undertook to blow up the rebel ship Blanco, was smashed to pieces by a broadside from the sloop O'Higgins, the Blanco's attendant, while the attacked ship did the same service for the Florence, which was assisting the torpedo boat. Since the development of the torpedo boat this is the first occasion in which it has been tested in actual warfare, and it has come out worsted. So far as this lesson goes, pluck and skill are still the ruling elements in naval warfare.—*Gazette*.

Mining.

The opening of the Reduction Works at Rat Portage, is being eagerly looked for by those who have claims and are interested in mining. Several thousand ton of ore are ready waiting to be crushed, and until this is done, those interested will have to wait until they know whether there is "millions in it" or not. Meantime the manager of the works is working away, and promises to have all in working operation soon as possible.

A Handy Fire Extinguisher.

Ex-chief McRobie, of the Winnipeg Fire Brigade, has invented a harmless liquid for putting out fires. It was tested the other day before some of the aldermen and C. P. R. and N. P. Ry. officials, with satisfactory results. If it can do all that is claimed for it, Mr. McRobie will deserve the thanks of all householders, and especially the farming community, who are out of the way of the average means for putting out conflagrations.

It is said a factory will be started at once for the manufacture of this new extinguisher, when it will be put on the market for sale.

Spring Remarks.

With the advent of spring, comes the preparations for the seasons work. The careful farmer will have things all in readiness and can begin seeding soon as the ground will permit, while the careless farmer will be hurrying up to the last minute looking for the feet of his seeder used last spring, or some other part of his implements, thus delaying his seeding operations. "A stitch in time saves nine." When through with your implements, see that the parts are carefully put away for another year, and money will be saved. Do not sow more than you can reap or sow all one kind of grain.

The old saying "do not carry your eggs all in one basket," is as true in this respect as it is about the eggs.

Belgium's working men have demanded universal suffrage.

Dr. Koch's lymph for the cure of consumption, has been discarded by the Montreal hospital as a failure. It failed to cure in any case.

A law has passed the Tennessee Legislature, requiring that all school directors shall be able to read and write. The march of civilization seems to be ever onward.—*Montreal Herald*.

Scientific Notes and News.

A tusk 7 feet long and a tooth weighing over 7 lbs., supposed to have been part of a mastodon, have been unearthed at Monson, Iowa.

An electric light company has been started in Jerusalem, and a pleasure steamer is about to be launched to ply between shore resorts on the Sea of Galilee.

Strong boats will also be provided. Dr. Nansen expects to find hitherto undiscovered land in the neighborhood of the Pole, and he expects to have to make a good part of the journey at a temperature as low as from 36 to 40 degrees below zero.

Dr. Nansen purposes starting on his new Polar expedition about the middle of June. He will endeavor to get through Behring Straits to the islands of New Siberia, and he hopes to find in September open water stretching far away towards the north. His crew will include only eight men, and his vessel will be provisioned for five years. But he hopes to reach the Pole within two years. Tents are being taken as part of the equipment, to enable the party to stay on land or ice should the vessel be fatally injured.

Our Country.

Canada has the longest and greatest railroad on earth.

Canada's shipping interests are the third largest of all the nations of the earth.

Canada grows the best wheat of the earth.

Canada ranks highest in morality of all countries on the earth.

Canada has more good land to settle than any country on earth.

Canada has the most law abiding people of any nation on earth.

Canada has less natives illiteracy than any country on earth.

Canada produces better fish than any other country on earth.

Canada is more the land of liberty and freedom than any country on earth.

Canada can poach more American(?) seals than any country on earth.

Prince Napoleon is dead.

The Jewish persecution in Russia is on the increase.

The emigrant-ship "Utopia" collided with the British man-of-war "Anson" in Gibraltar bay, and went down with nearly 600 lives.

A Boy's Mother.

MY mother she's so good to me,
 Ef I was good as I could be,
 I couldn't be as good—no, sir!
 Can't any boy be good as her!



She loves me when I'm glad er mad;
 She loves me when I'm good er bad;
 An', what's a funniest thing, she says
 She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me:
 That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
 Her cryin'—nen I cry; an' nen
 We both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
 My little cloak an' Sunday clothes;
 An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
 She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
 An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
 An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,
 An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.
 —J. W. Riley.

The Miller's Exploit.

It was a lovely November afternoon, in what is called in Germany, as well as England, "All Hallows Summer," when Fritz, the miller, was busying about the mill, and moving carelessly to and fro amongst the piles of sacks that lay by his cabin-door. He had been splitting wood for his Winter's fire, and his cleaving-axe was in his hand.

Suddenly he heard a wild scream, and his blood ran cold; for the voice that pierced his ears was surely that of the little lady from the castle. He rushed to the door.

Flying toward him, with her arms thrown forward and her long hair floating in the wind, was little Ermentrude, and a few yards behind her were three full-grown wolves in hot pursuit.

Fritz dashed forward with the speed of thought. He was just in time. His axe was still grasped in his right hand, and he only just reached the child, and snatched her from the

ground with his left, at the very moment when the wolves were making a fierce spring at her.

In their headlong charge they swept right past, and Fritz, seeing a tree at some little distance in front, made for it, and reached it before the wolves could check their course and turn round again.

Fritz saw at a glance that there must be a fight for life. The wolves were splendid specimens of their breed, and he saw hunger and ferocity gleaming in their eyes. Planting himself with his back to the tree, and his little charge pressed firmly against his left shoulder, he brandished his axe above his head and waited for the attack.

Headlong came on the wolves with their usual impetuosity; but, happily, in turning round they had scattered, and one was before the other. The first that made a spring at the miller received his deathblow right in the centre of his forehead. The miller's nerves were as firm as steel, and he dealt the blow as truly as if he had been cleaving a log of wood for his fire.

But the second wolf was too quick for him. Before he could bring his axe round again the wolf was at his throat. Its teeth grazed his flesh, and fixed themselves in the leathern apron that was tied round his neck. This gave way, and down fell the wolf. Fritz took two steps to one side, to give his arm room to strike, and, with a quick blow, half severed the brute's head from its body.

But he had still to try conclusions with the third, which was the largest and fiercest of the three. When Fritz had first caught up the child the third wolf's headlong speed had carried it far beyond its companions, so that it came to the attack several seconds after both of them had fallen.

But when it did come it came in grim earnest. With a fearful howl, it leaped right at the brave miller's throat. He stepped aside a little, causing it to miss its aim; but as it dropped the brute caught his right hand in its mouth and bit it terribly. It again returned to the charge, and this time managed to get hold of the miller's jerkin with its teeth, where it hung for a second or two, pendulous.

The miller could not strike, and was at a sad disadvantage, because his left hand was firmly holding his precious charge, who never uttered one cry, but clung to his neck with trembling arms.

But he shook himself free from his assailant, which, however, again and again renewed the attack, bounding up time after time, evidently with the

purpose of seizing the miller by the throat and giving him no chance of making a fair blow with his weapon. All the time the brute was howling in a fearful manner, and the stout miller, whose blood was now flowing freely, was beginning to think that his hour was come.

But the thought of the precious charge that he sheltered on his shoulder buoyed up his courage, and, mustering all his strength, he gave a sudden jerk to free himself from the beast, and, running several yards, turned round in a new position. With a savage howl the wolf rushed at him again, open-mouthed; but this time the trusty axe and the true hand did their work, and the red blood spurted into the air from a death-wound between the eyes.

Thus did Fritz slay the three wolves, saving the little lady of the castle from a ghastly death, and her father's noble house from bitter mourning.

The fame of the deed flew far and wide, and the name of Fritz Muller was soon in all men's mouths. Bonfires were lit on every hill in Otto's territory to show the people's joy at the saving of his daughter's life. Men and women came by hundreds from all parts to shake hands with the brave Fritz and congratulate him on his victory.

Nor was the Margrave behind his subjects in his gratitude to the savior of his child. With noble warmth he pressed him to his bosom, peasant though he was, and told him that he had saved two lives—his daughter's and her father's; for, if she had fallen a victim, it would have brought his own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

He at once gave orders for a wolf-stone to be cut and set up on the spot where the deed was done, and for three acres to be measured round it, to be handed over forever to Fritz Muller and his descendants.

—Budget.

Her Baby's Grave.

The keeper of a cemetery in one of the eastern states was at work in the cemetery not long ago, when a poorly dressed and feeble looking gray-haired woman entered the gate and said that she wanted to make arrangements for setting up a small tomb-stone.

"Where is the grave?" asked the sexton.

"I can't tell you just where it is," answered the woman, "But I can go to it."

She led the way to a remote corner where there were few graves, and there,

close to a pine tree and almost hidden under its low-growing branches, was a little, sunken, neglected grave.

"This is it, sir; this is it," said the woman, dropping upon her knees upon the grave, with streaming eyes.

"It's the grave of my little boy, sir; the only child I ever had. I buried him there nineteen years ago. He was only four months and three days old, but he was a dear little fellow, sir, and it almost killed me to give him up."

Wiping her eyes on a corner of her shawl she added:

"I've never been here since the day we buried him, but I knew I could come right to the spot. I've seen it in my mind every day for nineteen years. We lived close to the graveyard, and in the evening of the day he was buried I slipped over here and set out this little pine at the head of the grave, for I'd no money to buy a stone."

"We moved west soon afterward and we've been kept poor all the time, but I've saved, little by little, all these years, and now I want to have his grave fixed up and a little stone put to it—the dear little fellow!"

She laid her wet cheeks down in the rank and tangled grass, and tenderly stroked the sunken clay, and the sexton quietly withdrew, leaving her alone with her dead.—*Youth's Companion*.

Things Worth Knowing.

A tickling in the throat can be cured by placing a pinch of dry, pulverized borax on the tongue and allowing it to slowly dissolve.

Rub your lamp chimneys after washing with dry salt and you will be delighted with the new brilliancy of your lights.

Oil cloth will last twice as long if a layer or two of wadded carpet lining are placed under them.

Branches of Norway spruce broken off and placed in a large vase of water will soon send out feathery pale-green shoots, which give a delightful fragrance to the room.

Kerosene, liberally applied, will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water.

To keep a closet or pantry dry and sweet, place a small box of lime upon one of the shelves. It will absorb all dampness.

The devil doesn't care how solemn a man looks if he forgets to be religious while he is trading horses.—*Ram's Horn*.

The Russian Jews.

The condition of the long persecuted Jewish people, the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, the remnant, of God's chosen people Israel, is attracting a good deal of attention at present from those who believe that the time has arrived in God's "plan of the ages" for them to return to their own land. Their condition at present somewhat resembles that of their forefathers, immediately before their leaving Egypt. For a long time they were wronged and oppressed and their masters wanted to keep them in servitude and would not let them go, but when God's time came for their deliverance, He caused the Egyptians to change their minds and they began urging them to go.

Nearly one-half of the Jews in the world at present, are in Russia, and after enduring persecution in many forms for centuries, the Czar has suddenly changed his mind towards them, and has now issued positive orders that they have to leave his dominions, and that with very short notice; although only a few months ago, when parties of them attempted to leave the country, they were, Pharaoh-like, driven back from the frontier at the point of the bayonet, but when they leave Russia they are not wanted either in Europe or America, principally on account of their poverty, as every country feels that they have enough poor of their own to care for.

A knowledge of these facts has led to a movement in the direction of securing for them their own land for their own use. A memorial was presented on March 5th to the president of the United States, urging him as the head of the nation, to use his influence with the great powers of Europe, to have an international conference called at as early a date as possible, for the purpose of securing for them the possession of Palestine, as was done in the case of Servia and Bulgaria at the treaty of Berlin in 1878. These provinces as well as others were wrested from the Turks and given to their natural owners. The memorial, which is the outcome of a conference, held in Chicago, of Jews and Christians, and is largely signed by influential men in all the principal cities in the United States, urges that Palestine belongs to the Jews, and shews that the conditions of their doing well there now, should they be permitted to return, are very favorable, as the soil is known to be as prolific as any in the world, and of late years, the rains, which have been withheld for centuries, are returning in abundance. It is proposed to indemnify the Sultan

of Turkey for any vested rights that he may have in the country, by funding a portion of the Turkish debt through Jewish capitalists, and it is thought that the well known poverty of the Sultan will dispose him to look favorably on the proposition. The memorial also states that should their country be given to them on some such terms, that the wealthy Jews would see to getting their poorer brethren settled there. A railroad is under construction from Joppa to Jerusalem, and it is in contemplation to extend it to Damascus and the valley of the Euphrates, when it is claimed that it will be an important international route.

Onward and Sunward.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail to win.

What matter I or they!
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said,
And life the sweeter made?

Hail, to the coming singers!
Hail, to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

WHITIER.

Good Thoughts.

Troubles always look big at a distance.

No man lives who does not need a Saviour.

Christ is always close to those who need Him.

Whiskey is not the only thing that intoxicates.

Before you can do much good, you must be good.

There is no heaven except for those who overcome.

Many a man signs his death warrant with his teeth.

The way to love God more, is to trust Him more.

Whatever brings us nearer to God is a blessing to us.

In nothing else can there be such a change as in man.

"Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

The devil agrees with the man who don't believe in revivals.

The devil gets uneasy the moment a man finds out he is a sinner.—*Ram's Horn*.

Send in your subscription at once for the WESTERN SUNBEAM.

Love's Parting.

We stood at the bars as the sun sank low,
Beneath the hills on that summer day;
On my breast lay her soft cheek, white as
snow;
Her breath smelled sweet as the new-
mown hay.

Silently stood—'twas the last embrace,
Long years would pass ere we'd meet
again;
So I wondered not at her palid face,
Or the tears which fell like crystal rain.

Like golden arrows glanced the faint sun-
shine,
'Mid the quiv'ring meshes of her hair;
While she turned her soft brown eyes to mine,
I read the love which was written there.

I see her bathed in the crimson flood,
I see her peacefully standing now,
As I stroked her neck while she chewed her
cud—
I see her yet—that Alderney cow.

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.
A little bit of Patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of Love
Makes a very happy home.

"You will find that luck
Is only pluck
To try things over and over,
Patience and skill,
Courage and will
Are the four leaves of luck's clover."

Dooryards.

Now that the snow has left the
ground bare, the accumulation of the
winters dirt makes its appearance.
An hours' work with a rake, shovel
and wheelbarrow; will make a chang-
ed appearance in the dooryard, besides
being more cleanly and healthful.

Sowing Onion Seed.

Experiments by professor Green at
the Experimental Station confirm the
experience of all successful onion
growers, in showing the importance
of giving onions an early start so that
they may take hold of the soil before
dry, hot weather sets in. Old horti-
cultural writers taught the same
thing a century ago. Onions are a
thing which should be grown more
largely in Manitoba, and this advice
may be useful. The quantity of onions
grown is not large enough for home
consumption, and at the present time
the article is exceedingly scarce in the
Winnipeg market.—*The Commercial*.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like
new by pouring strong ammonia on it
and scrubbing with a scrub-brush,
rinse in clear water.

RISIBILITIES.

A Scotch landlord one fine morning,
noticed a boy up in his best apple tree
filling his pockets with apples. A
little surprised he said, "You little
scamp, come down out of that." The
boy Scotch, who thought a minute,
replied, "Gin' I came doon ye'll lick
me."

Landlord—Well though you deserve
it, I'll not this time, come down.

Boy—Gin i cum doon will ye nae
lick me.

Landlord—No, I'll not, come down!
I tell you.

Boy—Weel, say "as sure as death."

Landlord—Come down I tell you,
can't you believe me.

Boy, thoughtfully—Weel I dinna
ken, but if ye dinna say as sure as
death, I'll nae cum doon the day.

"Mr. Editor—What are your Price
fur notiFoin a curtain young Man to
Keep awa From my Premises? A
Reader."

For scentsational advertisements
like yours it are four dollars a line.—
Kentucky State Journal.

Creditor—Your account has been
standing a long time now, I think it
is time it were settled.

Debtor—Things generally do settle
by standing. I am sorry if my
account is an exception, but if it does
not settle standing suppose you let it
run a while.

"So you took satisfaction out of
your rival at last Joe?"

"Yes! I got on to him yesterday."

"You look awfully bunged up."

Where did the satisfaction come in?"

"Well, you see, I was satisfied I got
licked."—Hatchet.

Patient—"How good of you to
come, doctor! I didn't expect you this
morning."

Doctor—"No; but I was called to
your opposite neighbor, poor Mrs.
Brown, and thought I might as well
kill two birds with one stone."

Mrs. Youngpeople—"Why, Riggie,
what do you mean by eating break-
fast with your trousers turned up?
It isn't raining."

Mr. Youngpeople—"No, dear; but
the coffee looks awfully muddy."

First citizen—Do you think we are
going to have an early spring?

Second citizen—Don't know. Have
been in the country only thirteen
years, ask a new comer.

Notes on All Topics.

March came in like a lamb and
likewise departed—rather sheepish.—
Free Press.

One farmer in Ellis, Kansas, who
owns 360 acres of wheat, applied to
the aid commissioner for seed wheat.
He said he didn't need it, but if it was
going he wanted some.

The oyster is one of the strongest
creatures on earth. The force requir-
ed to open an oyster is more than 1,300
times its weight. They are docile, but
they are all muscle.—*Plaindealer*.

There are 200 women preachers in
the United States who have been or-
dained during the latter part of the
present progressive century. Forty
years ago only one woman had been
ordained as the pioneer of the new
movement.

An Arkansas editor proclaims him-
self as the Messiah. Of course he is
crazy and has been sent to the asylum,
but it is not likely that he will have
the same following that other crazy
cranks have had. There is nobody so
stupid as to believe that the Messiah
will come from Arkansas.—*Duluth
News*.

Much is being said, says the *New
York Ledger*, about the "lot of
woman" and the best way of improv-
ing it. It is our notion that the best
way to improve the lot of woman is
to put a house on it and a good man
in the house. We do not claim this
to be original with us, but we think
it is just as good as if it were.

If a man and wife agree politically
the man's vote represents the opinion
of both; and there is no need of en-
franchising women. If the man and
his wife disagree politically, and each
has the opportunity of voting, there
is no peace in that household. Peace
in the household is worth very much
more to the man, his wife and his
children than mamma's privilege of
voting can possibly be.—*Hamilton
Spectator*.

A woman once consulted a seer re-
garding a way to retain the affection
of her husband, and this was the ad-
vice received:—Get a raw piece of
best surloin steak, about half an inch
thick; rub with a central slice from a
wild onion, salt and pepper; toast over
a bright coal fire on a grid-iron which
is handled only by yourself; never by
your servants; then put a little sweet
butter over the beef. Give him half
a pound of this each morning, and do
not speak while he eats it.—*Ex*.

Subscribe for the Western Sunbeam.

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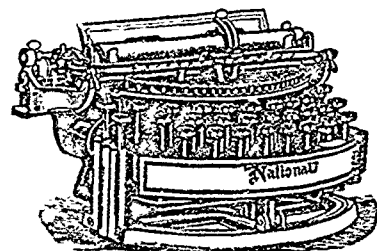
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They are pleasant to take—a boon for children

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But the grandest feature of all is: they cure.

All acute diseases are cured quickly and surely.

Old chronic diseases, pronounced incurable, are cured nearly every time.

Diphtheria, scarlet fever, croup, etc., are cured right up, no matter how bad, and never any after trouble. Medicines for all such diseases should be kept in every house.

Typhoid fever is broken up at once, if medicine is taken early; if not, its course is mild, no delirium or after trouble.

Consumption can be cured unless very far gone, and even then it sometimes cures. Don't waste time on doubtful remedies.

For all female troubles these are the grandest medicines on earth. Untold suffering and valuable lives have been saved by the use of these unsurpassed remedies.

Nervous debility from any cause, and any nervous weakness can be cured by this system.

These are grand medicines for nervousness.

All venereal diseases, even those pronounced incurable, yield to these medicines.

La-grippe, and any troubles arising therefrom, are cured quickly.

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Entrance on Market St.

Consultation and examination FREE.
Also book of
200 pages free, describing the system.

If you write,
please describe symptoms and history
of disease very fully.

Read what the People say:

For a long time I have been troubled with catarrh in the head very bad. I could not smell and could scarcely breath through my nose. Every time I went out in the cold I got worse, a chill went right through me and I suffered very much from cold feet. I was also troubled with torpid liver. I had indigestion and headache, also biliousness and constipation and very much troubled with sore throat—the glands swelling and very sore. I could not get anything to help me till I started on the Histogenetic Medicines. It gives me very much pleasure to say that they are doing me very much good. I have improved in every way. I can breathe through my nostrils freely, as my catarrh is nearly gone. My feet do not bother me nearly so much and I do not get chilled or take any more fresh colds: in fact I am nearly cured of everything. You can publish this testimonial of my improvement if you wish, for I am so very much pleased with the medicines.

WM. WILKIE,
Pense, Assa.

My little boy was very much troubled with vomiting bile and terrible sick spells every week or two, for over two years. I could get nothing to relieve him. The Histogenetic Medicines were strongly recom-

mended, and on the 9th of June I got some. He took the medicines only two weeks and was entirely cured, for he has not had any sickness of any kind since. * * *

MRS. J. H. MCCONNELL,
Winnipeg.

Last winter I received a very severe bruise on my foot. Erysipelas set in and I tried various remedies without receiving any benefit, and the disease kept getting worse. A friend of mine who had used the Histogenetic Medicines, persuaded me to try them. I procured a supply and after using only one week was able to resume my work.

A. C. CURRIE,
Winnipeg.

For two years prior to 1890 I had lumbago so bad that sometimes I could hardly turn myself in bed. I was treated for it by one of the best doctors in Winnipeg, but failed to get any relief. Hearing such good reports of the Histogenetic Medicines, I decided to try them, and after using them for one week was entirely cured, never had a symptom of it since. I think the Histogenetic Medicines are the best medicines made.

* W. MCEWAN,
Winnipeg.

I have suffered from a female trouble for over ten years. Sometimes I was so bad that I could not move around without suffering great pain. I received treatment from several doctors, and tried various other remedies, but my trouble only grew worse. I saw by the papers that the Histogenetic Medicines were recommended so highly that I sent for the book, "The Entire Revolution." This book revived my hopes. I called at Mr. C. F. Bridgman's office, and he told me that my disease was certainly curable, but it would take a little time. Well, I took the medicine, and after a few days began to improve, and in two months was entirely well. I have never felt better in my life.

MRS. A. LEIGHTON,
Winnipeg.

I have been a great sufferer from a female weakness of long standing. I have been treated by several physicians, and also been under treatment in the Toronto General Hospital, but all failed to cure me. I saw a medical book explaining Dr. Jordan's Histogenetic System, and resolved to give it a trial. * * * I took a few weeks' treatment, and am utterly astonished at the result. I am nearly well, and no language can describe how thankful I am that my

life is spared. This testimony is voluntary, and I give it hoping that hundreds of my sex may try the remedies and receive the same marvellous good that I have. They are good to take, and unlike any medicine I ever took before, leave no bad effects.

MRS. J. FAWCETT,
102 John St., Toronto.

This certifies that I have been suffering from kidney complaint and gravel accompanied with severe pain in the back and abdomen and constipation of the bowels. Medicine I took did me so little good that my trouble was soon as bad or worse than ever. I consulted Dr. Rear three weeks ago, and he prescribed Histogenetic Medicines for me. I am getting well very fast, my pain is nearly all gone, and I am getting strong, and hope very soon to be as well as ever. As the medicines build up very rapidly, I have more faith in Histogenetic Medicine than any other, they are good to take and leave no bad effects.

C. H. Wood,
122 Jarvis St., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN.—I now wish to bear my testimony to the magic powers of Histogenetic Medicines in the cure of lung diseases. Three years ago I had a severe attack of intermittent fever, which shook my constitution very seriously, especially my lungs, liver and bronchial tubes. A year ago I took la grippe, which left me in a bad condition. I had a very bad cough and profuse expectoration. Could not sleep for coughing and pain in my lungs. I had night sweats and other evidences of a destructive process going on in my system. All I took and did, including cod liver oil and other consumptive remedies, did me no permanent good. I finally became discouraged, and realized that consumption would soon carry me off unless some unusual treatment was brought into use in my case. I got worse, and still worse, until about the middle of December last, when I noticed an advertisement in the Toronto papers giving the testimonials of a man named Hopcroft having been cured of consumption, also the testimony of another Toronto citizen named Sinclair, cured of bronchitis with Histogenetic Medicines. I consulted Dr. Rear, the medical examiner of the Association. He was positive after a careful examination of my condition that Histogenetic Medicines perseveringly taken, would effect at least an arrest of the disease, and very probably a radical cure. I commenced treatment at once and began to gain rapidly, when unfortunately I took a severe cold, but persevered with the treatment, and was soon better than usual again. I have rapidly improved until my cough, expectoration, pain and night sweats are entirely gone. I have gained more since commencing the treatment than I had lost during my illness (fifteen pounds.) In fact, I weigh five pounds more than I have for years. I am able now to follow my usual employment all day and feel splendid. The action of these beautifully prepared, tasteless, medicines is miraculous and permanent, and they leave no injurious effects. I wish in this testimony to tender my hearty thanks and also those of my now happy wife to the Histogenetic Association for the deep interest they took in my case, which has resulted, through God, in my life being saved when all else failed. I shall gladly answer any enquiries concerning the facts in my case.

Yours truly,

THOS. WILLIAMS,
Feb. 2, 1891. 100 Robert St., Toronto.

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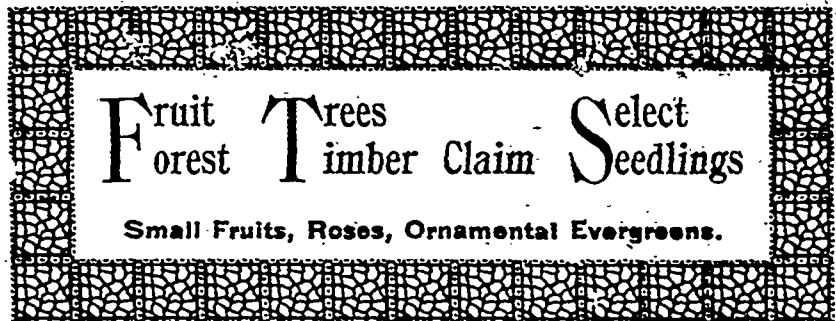
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