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CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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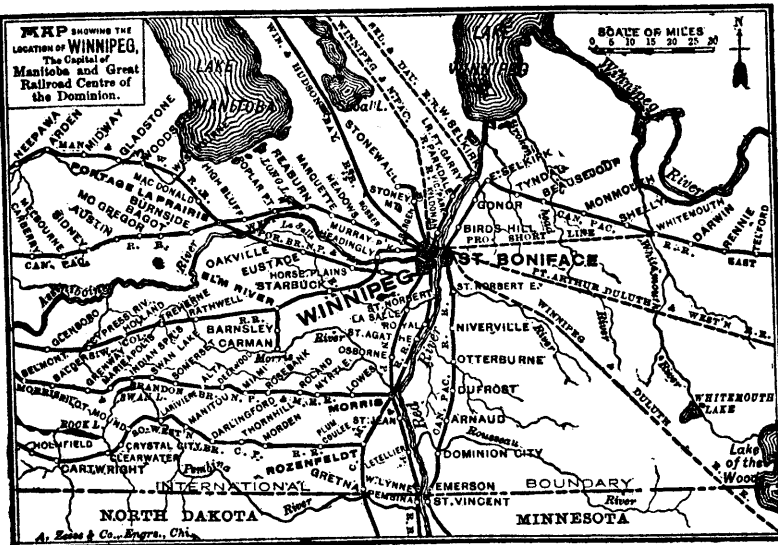
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THE MANITOBAN.

★ MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. I.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 1

Notes and Comments.



AS is indicated by the name of our new monthly paper, we intend from the start to be a Manitoba and Northwest Magazine. We have faith in the unbounded prosperity of our country for the future as in the past, and believe that any province with two thousand farmers who can produce 24,000,000 bushels of wheat for export, as the returns for 1891 show, cannot be too much placed before the eyes of the world. Believing that we can do our little share towards diverting attention, not only to the country, but to Winnipeg, the "Bull's Eye" of the Dominion, we ask for a liberal share of that patronage which is characteristic of the people and the nation to whom we have the proud honor to belong. Believing also that an independent paper is better able to be of service to its country than one strictly devoted and tied down to party lines and rules, we as such, will be able to exercise that freedom which is as free and untrammelled as the virgin soil of

our beautiful prairie. As we intend this paper to find a place in every home throughout Manitoba, we will with the help of our readers endeavor to place before them items of interest more especially relating to our own country, believing that they will appreciate our efforts in this direction. Several original articles, written especially for this paper will, appear from month to month, and from time to time as occasion may demand new features will be added. We do not claim to be infallible, nor yet perfection, but we will try and do our utmost to benefit our readers, always keeping before us the maxim "our country first, the world afterwards."

* * *

ONCE again old Father Time has nearly completed his round, and as we glance back over the year now fast drawing to a close, we can see the swathes of grain laid low by the reaper. Some have gone down in their infancy, some in their youth, some in their prime of manhood and others in their old age. None have been spared. The sickle of the reaper is keen and sharp and before his deadly thrust all have to succumb,

from the beggar on the street to the king on the throne. What an army has gone forth to swell those in the great beyond! As we for a moment contemplate the uncertainty of human life, we are compelled to ask ourselves how does it fare with those who have gone before; what certainty have we that another year will not find us among them: and as we reason within ourselves we resolve that with the beginning of a new year we will turn over a new leaf. But, alas, for human weakness, we are barely entered on our journey when we relapse back to our former condition. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." If we would stand, that we may not fall, we must seek strength and guidance from Him who rules the universe, and guides the hand of time. Let us, then, resolve to seek more than earthly aid, and show by our actions and our lives that during the year 1892 we will endeavor to "hold fast, fight the battle of life, acquit ourselves like men and be strong."

* * *

CHRISTMAS will soon be with us and with it the usual greetings and family re-unions: and in our joy and gladness let us not forget the poor, but remember the motto "it is more blessed to give than to receive." What a source of pleasure it ought to be to bring a little comfort and good cheer to some poor family. Nor let us forget the little children. Down through the coming years they will recall little acts of kindness, however small, which they may receive at your hands. Dear reader, see if you can-

not make at least one soul glad. Remember the saviour whose birth we celebrate has said "blessed is he that giveth to the poor for it shall return to him four-fold," and "verily I say unto you, that a cup of cold water given in my name to a disciple shall not loose its reward." Let us then in our feasting and merriment not forget others who are cold and hungry. We are all children of the King, and will have to pass through the same gates to reach the eternal city.

* * *

WE advise all visitors and others when in Winnipeg to call and see the new emigration offices of the Manitoba Government, near the C. P. R. station. It is almost as good as going to a fair to see the excellent display of grains, &c. Our Government never spent money any better than when they removed the emigration office, and with a practical farmer like the Hon. Thomas Greenway, as minister of agriculture, we can look for everything that can be done to further the agricultural interests of our province.

* * *

It is a very poor man who will not have enough to eat the next year in Manitoba, if we can judge by the way the wheat yield has turned out. Already the C. P. R. have handled 3,000,000 bushels of wheat, and cars are hauling out to the east at the rate of 100,000 bushels per day. What a practical advertisement this is, to the capabilities of our soil, for not only wheat but millions of bushels of other grains can be equally as well

grown, while our vegetables are hard to beat. We have great capabilities within our Prairie Province, and foreign countries are becoming alive to the fact. But not only are these resources ours, but stretching away to the west, where the Rockies seem to break the sky, rolls the same fertile prairie.

* * *

WE believe it is the intention of the Dominion Government to adopt a vigorous emigration policy for the coming year. This is right, and with such men as Geo. H. Campbell at the head, we will soon see a change. Hitherto there has not been that activity displayed in the engagement of proper officials to see after that important part of our wants, but we can now look forward with hope for something different for the future. The Government at Ottawa are fully alive to our wants, and as an instance of their desire to aid us, are helping the Provincial Government to fill our country. This, with the help of the railways, will make a good showing when the next census comes around.

* * *

THE Rev. Canon Pentreath, in a recent sermon, given at the opening of Christ Church, (Anglican) Winnipeg, in speaking of missions and missionaries, said "the only drawback there was to the cause was the need of money, and the only apparent solution to the question was the Christianizing of the money power, and the Christianizing of the men and women who held the money; when this was done, what a different showing there would be for the cause of Christ."

There is a great deal more truth than poetry in the Rev. gentleman's remarks, and to bring this about, *praying* Christians will have their hands full, for if there is any truth in the old saying that "money is the root of all evil," they will have a good deal of it to contend with.

* * *

By the death of Dom Pedro of Brazil, the chances of a monarchy in that country seems to have disappeared. Strange scenes have been enacted there during the past few months and it seems as if we have only to wait for another turn of the political kaleidoscope to see another aspect of the situation. With but the loss of a few lives, Dictator Fonseca was forced to step down and out, and what bid fair to be a bloody revolution was happily averted. But Spanish blood is known for its warmth and wars and rumors of war in almost any part of South America do not arise with much of a surprise.

* * *

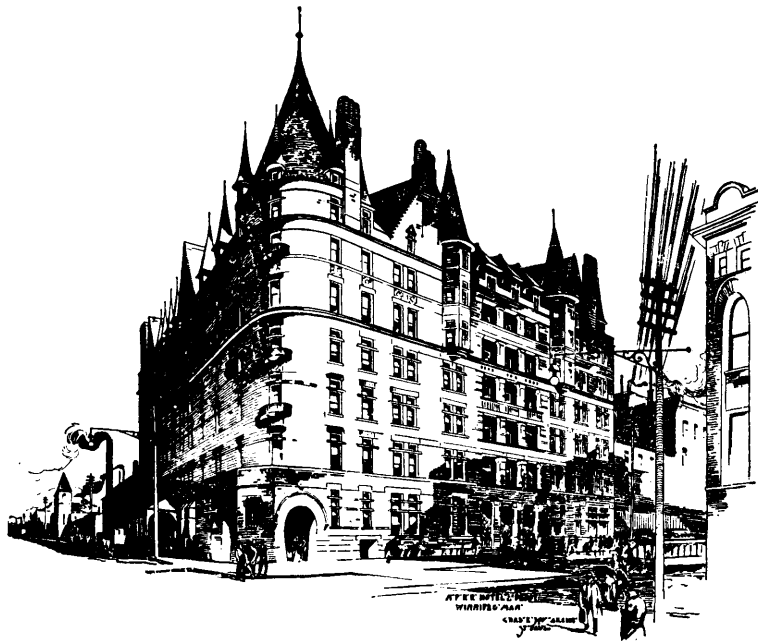
THE great question which is disturbing the minds of the people of Winnipeg is the "Electric Railway" which is the outcome of a strong desire to replace the present one horse system with something more modern. The city council have asked for tenders and have received three substantial offers. While there is a great deal to consider about the different phrases of the question, we trust to soon see the present system replaced by that of electricity, and believe that the city will do all in their power to protect its interests. We have the finest streets in the world for operating

railways of any kind, and as a growing city we need something adequate to the wants of the people.

* * *

WITH winter comes the rest after the heat of the summer. How many of us can remember the delighted evenings of childhood as we sat

of the sunny south with its rain and pestilence. Here Jack Frost reigns supreme and transforms nature into beauty with his breath, while the snow with her mantle of white covers mother earth and hides her nakedness. Manitoba winters are univerrally known, and as the small boy would remark, much respected. We have it very cold,



THE NEW MANITOBA HOTEL.

The Northern Pacific & Manitoba Railway hotel and station which has just been completed is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the Dominion. The Company have spared no pains or expense in fitting it up with all modern improvements, while the furnishings will be equally as fine. The dining-room is a marvellous production of the artists skill, and is said to be even finer than the Windsor in Montreal. Mr. W. Gunning, the well known hotel man of St. Paul, is the manager, and under his care the Manitoba will no doubt prosper. The opening takes place on the evening of December 31st with a grand ball at which time

"Beauty and fashion meet
To chase the hours with flying feet."

before the fire during the long winter evenings. As children of the north-land we enjoy coasting with a sleigh, skating over the ice, or shooting with lightning like rapidity down the toboggan slide, with sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow. What a contrast we present to those who are habitants

it is true, yet on account of the dryness of the atmosphere we do not feel it as much as those do who live where it is less colder and with a damp atmosphere. The true Manitoban *never feels the cold*, the ozone, as it has been called, being the panacea for all our ills.

It seems to be the universal opinion that our next Industrial Exhibition should be held in July in place of September. With this we quite agree, as it is a very pleasant time of the year in which to hold a fair, and it would be in time for the farmers coming on the excursions from the east to see a choice collection of our products, thus preparing them for what they can look for further on; and as the C.P.R. have shown by their efforts in the past that they are willing to help in this direction, we might possibly induce others than farmers to take advantage of the cheap trips, thus reaping the benefit of the summer excursions. Winnipeg wants all the visitors she can get, the more the better, and if it will be an improvement in the right direction, why let us have the summer fair.

* * *

THE MANITOBAN wishes its readers a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

In Bethlehem

IT was night! Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills, as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosophers lamp burned dimly, in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nations in its enlightened shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold and insufficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relations unto heaven undiscovered and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery. It was at this period that two forms of ethereal mould hovered about the land of God's

chosen people. They seemed like sister angels sent to earth on some embassy of love. The one of majestic statue and well formed limb which her snowy drapery hardly concealed in her erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence.

Her right hand was extended in an impressive gesture upward where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion; while on her left, reclined her delicate companion in form and countenance, the contrast of the other, was drooping like a flower moistened by refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eyes scanned them with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending star of Bethlehem, while all heaven sang; "Hark the Herald angels sing glory to the new born King, Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled." Years rolled away and the stranger was seen in Jerusalem.

He was a meek, unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles, that the blind saw, that the dumb spoke, the dead arose, the ocean moderated its chafing tide, the very thunders articulated, "He is the Son of God!" Envy assailed him to death. Slowly and thickly guarded he ascended the hill of Calvary, a heavy cross bent him to the earth. After suffering numerous indignities, he was nailed to the tree and with the sin of mankind upon him he gave up the ghost.

But Faith leaned upon his arm and Hope dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies.



A Bit of Christmas.

“Where are you going to my pretty maid?”
 “To gather some Christmas, Sir,” she said.
 “And what is some ‘Christmas’ my pretty maid?”
 “Holly and mistletoe, Sir,” she said.
 “May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
 “Oh! Yes if you don’t mind the snow, Sir,” she said,

“May I carry your ‘Christmas’ now pretty maid?”
 “Oh! Yes I suppose, Sir,” she smiled and said.
 But he carried the mistletoe over her head,
 And soon like the holly her cheeks were red;
 And as through the village they shyly sped,
 “A fine bit o’ Christmas,” the gossips said.

—G. Weatherly

The Church and Secret Societies.

AT a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Council held in Toronto, as reported by the *Mail*, there was considerable discussion, as to the part which secret societies took in Church work; and as is usual in such debates, some were for, some against, some did not know, while the balance agreed with them all.

The Rev. Dr. Parsons, who took up the cudgel on behalf of the church, was opposed to all secret societies, and said that the church was doing more good than all the secret organizations put together, notwithstanding it was said she was neglecting her work; and if she was not doing all that should be done, it was because her members were not living up to their oath, but was giving that influence and time to the societies which the church was entitled to. He claimed that the benefits arising from secret societies were not denied, but said no benefits had been shown to require it and held that if the means, influence and example given in these organizations by the church members, were devoted to the church, that she would be enabled to increase her work enormously.

On this question we beg to differ with the Rev. Dr.'s views and in doing so we conclude he is not a member of any of the organizations coming under his displeasure. We believe our readers are with us when we say that there are as many Christian active members of fraternal societies as there are not. Ay! and a great many more, for we believe, not only are the benevolent societies founded on the Bible, but they take its teachings as a guide, and any of its members who are guilty of disobeying the laws as laid down by the Ruler of the Universe, are not suffered to remain within its jurisdiction.

The Rev. gentleman says that no bene-

fits have been shown where they require relief such as the societies give. Well all we can say in answer to this is, that he must have been sleeping like Rip Van Winkle, for the past twenty years, or he would know from ordinary observation that not only have the secret societies buried the dead, fed the widow and orphan, but they have given them something tangible to provide against want in the future, as well as something to lay the foundation stone, whereby the children of the future generations may grow up educated and helpful, not only to themselves, but their country. It is an old saying and a true one, "give the devil his due" whatever else he may deserve, and it is true in this case. If we were to take away such order, as the Ancient Order of United Workmen, Foresters, Oddfellows, Masons, etc., what a lot of want and suffering there would be in the land. True, it is that the church is doing a large share towards relieving this distress, but the question arises, is she and could she give that protection to the widows and orphans that the secret societies are doing? We trow not. They are one of God's agencies for relieving mankind, as many of the recipients can testify, and at the final day of reckoning, if we mistake not, it will not only be church members, but those of secret societies as well who will hear it said to them by the Judge on the great white throne: 'I was an hungered, and ye fed me, a stranger, and ye took men in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and ye administered unto me; in prison, and ye visited me; enter into the joy of thy Lord.'

WINTER GARDENING.—When the cold snow of winter covers the ground and not a trace of green can be found, what a contrast it is to have a few flowers blooming in the window, to remind us of summer. If you have none get a few bulbs from the greenhouse and plant them, in a short time you will be delighted with their color and perfume. Try it.

The Latest Born Giant.

SOME writer speculates on what would have happened if the inventive genius of James Watts had been directed to the development of electricity instead of steam. It is a fact more or less well known, that he had constructed an electric machine previous to making a "go" of the steam engine. It may be that steam delayed for 150 years the flowing out of the greater subtler force. But at the rate at which electrical invention is progressing now the younger giant will speedily overtake and pass the other.

It is quite probable that for street railways in a few years there will be no motor used but electricity.

There are in the United States at present 350 electric street railways in place of only three five years ago. The storage battery system, imperfect as it is, has been demonstrated, it is claimed by actual experiment, to be seven per cent. cheaper than horse power. The electric elevator in buildings is so rapidly taking the place of that propelled by steam or water that there are already 1,000 such elevators in use in the country. Printing presses, sewing machines and innumerable light manufacturing establishments use electricity as a motor. The main difficulty to be overcome at present is the source of power to run the dynamos. Edison says he will yet obtain electricity direct from coal. Professor Hall, of Harvard, believes he can do the same. There is yet one source of power, however, that has never yet been utilized as it might be. That is the force of the current of rivers. Niagara will send millions of horse power throughout the whole adjacent region if the signs are to be relied on.

In Germany power has already been transmitted electrically a distance

of over a hundred miles. The currents of ordinary rivers and running streams everywhere have a reserve of power in them sufficient to drive all the machinery needed if only the genius can come who will evolve it from the descending water. That it will be done there is no room for doubt.

We are on the eve of greater mechanical achievements than man has yet dreamed of. The capital invested in electrical appliances amounts already to hundreds of millions of dollars. It will be as much more before the ultimate possibilities of this mysterious giant are wrought out.

A Word to the Ladies.

JANE AYRE says: "I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay, cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good hearted; do not harshly repress sentiment and feelings, excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because, if you showed too much animation some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to devote your life to his inanity."

LOVE is like honesty—much talked about and but little understood.



WAITING.

Weighing the Baby.

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one ;
Nobody weighed the threads of care
For which the woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath ;
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul ;
For here on earth no weight there be
That could avail. God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise
Within so fair and small a thing.

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note !
Be gay and glad ; but don't forget
From baby's eyes look out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

—*Dietetic Gazette.*

Christmas North and South.

(BY W. D. W.)

IN THE NORTH.

Christmas in the Northland :
Blustering breezes blow,
Covering hill and valley
With the fleecy snow.

Snow on field and highway,
Snowdrifts everywhere ;
Merry sleighbells chiming
On the frosty air.

Coasting on the hillside,
Like a flash away ;
Skating on the mill-pond
Oh, what fun have they.

Christmas-trees with presents—
Gifts for everyone :
Christmas in the Northland,
Day of joy and fun !

IN THE SOUTH.

Christmas in the Southland :
Fairest flowers bloom,
Scenting field and garden
With their sweet perfume.
Noisy guns and rockets,
Banging everywhere ;
Roasted pig and pudding :
Dainty Christmas fare !

A Ministering Angel.

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please ;
When pain and anguish wring our brow,
Then none so cheaply pleased as thou !
We've only to submit to take
Hot rhubarb tea and anti ache,
And gizzard oil and ipecac,
And porous plasters on the back,
A flax-seed poultice, catnip tea,
And Quackem's new discovery.
Hot-water bags and sweats beside,
And camphor nasally applied,
And castor oil and vaseline,
And coals with feathers burnt between,
And soothing syrup, paregoric,
Cold-water cloths and drink caloric,
And all the housewife's category,—
'Tis then we see her in her glory,
Needing, to make her bliss complete,
But mustard plasters on our feet.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE BEST KIND OF A POLICY.—At a social party the question was asked, what is religion? Religion, replied one of the party, is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty was the best policy.

WHY HE SHED TEARS.—An ox and a horse were seen hitched up together the other day on Main street. The sleigh was empty, as if they had got rid of their load, and they were quietly standing in a dreamy attitude tied to a telegraph pole awaiting their master, who was probably "seeing a man." The ox was calmly chewing his cud, all oblivious of the teams passing by, doubtless thinking of the green fields now gone and the long winter before him, and wondering, with an abstracted air, when he would be called upon to furnish the Xmas beef, and how much longer the "man" would keep him standing there; while the horse whose feelings were cast in a finer mould, stood with his head behind the pole to hide his face from the passers by. He was sensitive lest other horses should see him brought so low as to work with an ox, and as he thought of the green pastures and fields wherein he had worked in far away Ontario, he shed tears of anguish, while sorrow was upon his brow, as he thought of the long dreary slow tramp home to his stable.



A MORNING MEAL.

A Manitoba Sketch.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBAN).

BY D. W. MCK.

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease.
 The naked negro panting at the line
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best, country ever is at home.

WHATEVER section of this western land the traveller visits, he finds this universal characteristic of the human breast exemplified. The settlers in each section think their part of the province the best. Visit the Portage plains and you are told of large wheat crops for years past, and of miraculous escapes from early frosts. Visit the Wheat City, and its inhabitants will give you glowing accounts of the immense farms in that vicinity, of the hundreds of acres under wheat and of almost incredible yields. In this way some sections of the country situated on the main line of railway, and consequently visited by a great many travellers, become well advertised, while other parts less frequented by the travelling public and inhabited by a modest class of people, remain comparatively unknown to the great outside world.

About eighty miles from Winnipeg, on the Deloraine branch of the C. P. R., is located a district of the latter class. Not only does it possess the characteristics common to so many parts of the province—fertile soil, large acreage under wheat, fabulous yields, hay lands and grazing grounds—but it also possesses a clean record in regard to early frost.

In the vicinity of the town of Morden there is a belt of country about ten or twelve miles in width, extending along the base of the Pembina mountains, where wheat has been grown each season for nearly eighteen years without being caught by frost.

The chief attraction to the traveller in this part of the country, however, is a

beauty of scenery rarely met with in this prairie land. Vast level plains stretch to the eastward as far as the eye can reach; to the west and south the Pembina Mountains elevate their majestic brows to bask in the morning sun. Along the horizon line to the north, bluffs of oak and poplar quiver in the breeze, and during the summer months—

In my raids o'er the prairie,
 Bright flowers bloom strangely fair,
 There's beauty in the clear blue sky,
 There's sweetness in the air.

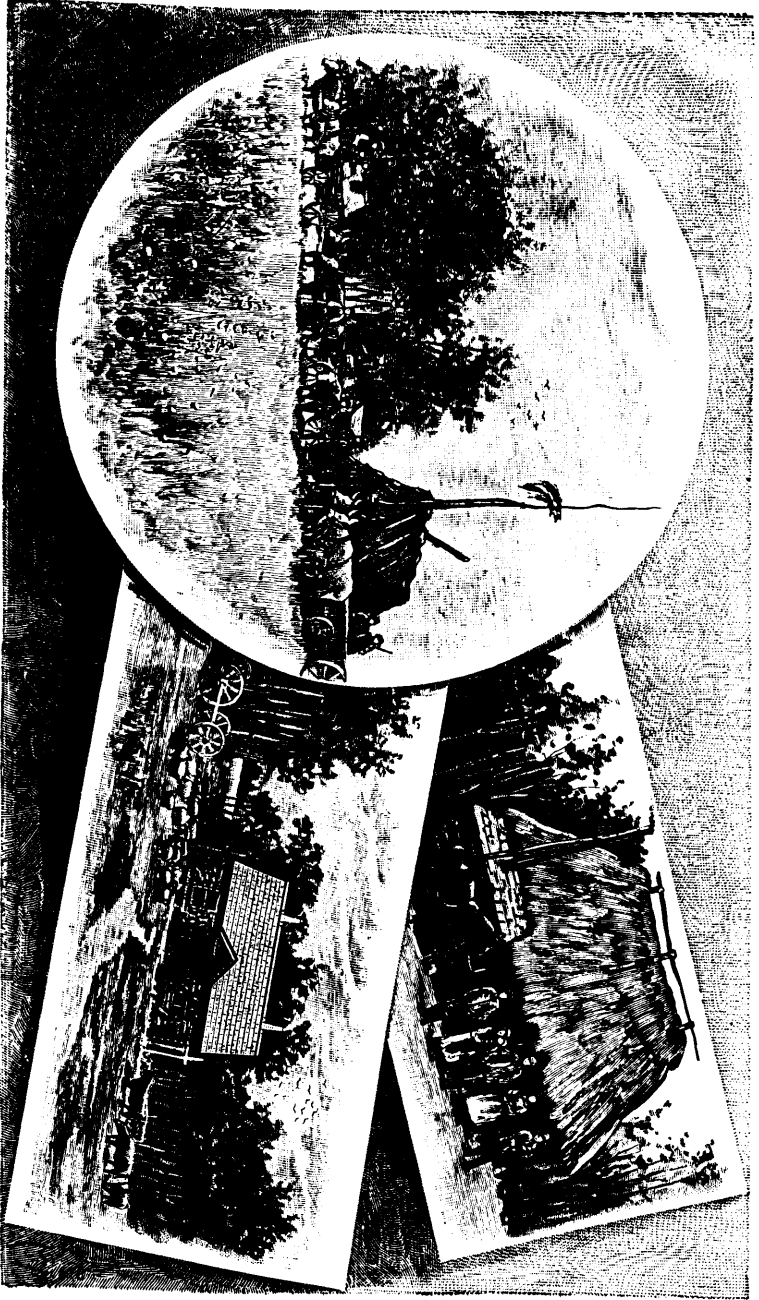
Thus we have at this point the union of flower decked plains, rolling prairie, shady woodlands and lofty hills.

About eighteen miles to the southwest of Morden and up on the mountains the traveller encounters the broad deep valley through which winds the Pembina river, and along whose wooded and unfrequented banks the sportsman may find ample opportunity for the exercise of his favorite pastime, for there

Strange birds in painted plumage gay,
 In hundreds haunt the vale ;
 The antlered deer and graceful hind
 Bound o'er the wooded dale.

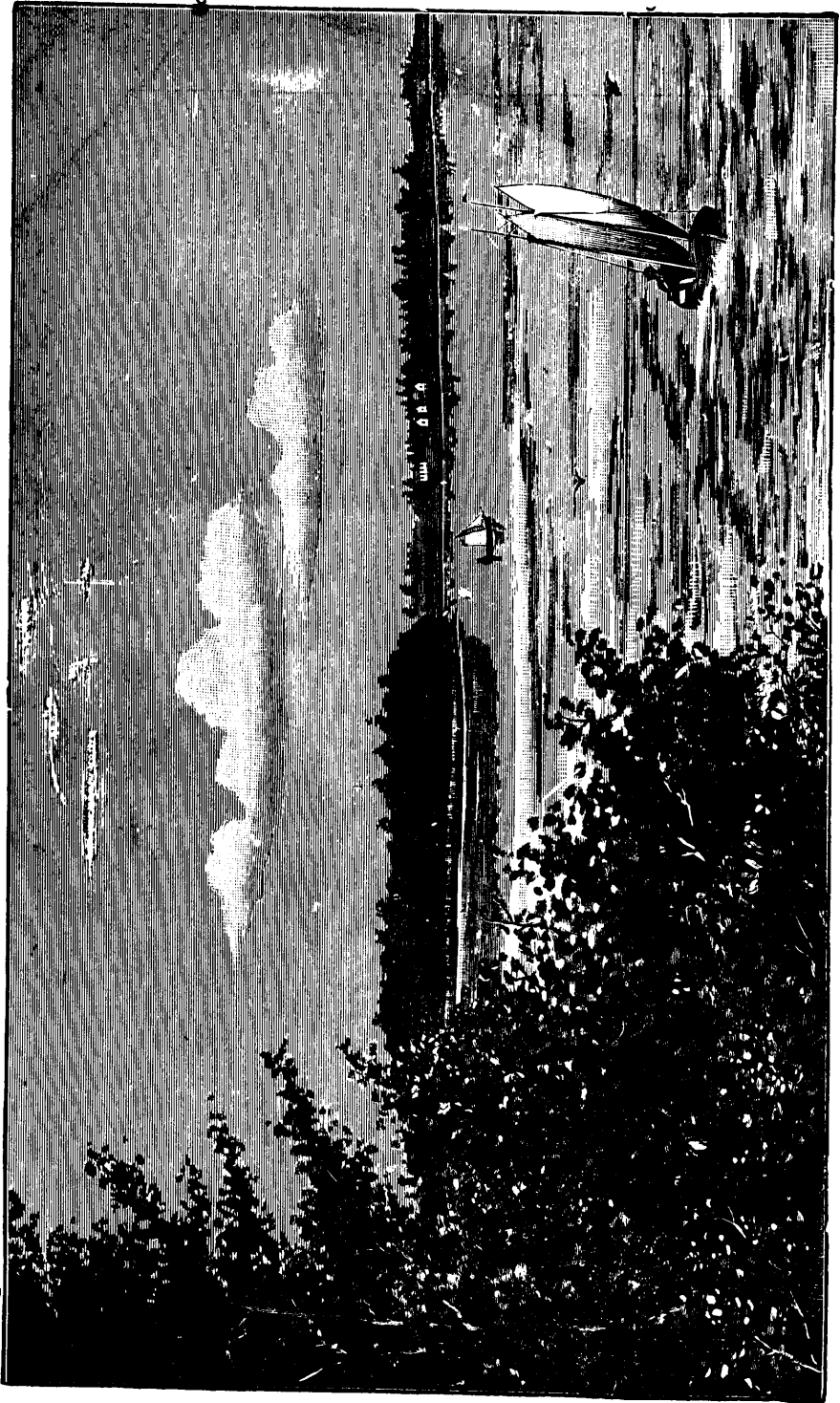
It's bad enough to bite off more than you can chew, but it's worse to try to chew it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—When the C.P.R. have their double track completed between Winnipeg and Port Arthur, what a sense of relief will come to the nervous passenger. She will try and take a nap during the night and give the porter and brakeman a chance to rest. The balance of the passengers will not have their nervous systems disturbed and the newsboy can safely seil his blood curdling stories without the fear of affecting his patron's nerves. There is also another feature which will commend itself to the travelling public. That will be the higher rate of speed which can be attained. Nobody will feel like getting out for a walk, or going out to "see a man." There are several other good features about the double track system which will be an improvement, but the two above mentioned are the most important.



(From Photographs)
PIONEER DWELLINGS ERECTED BY SETTLERS ON THE LAND OF THE MANITOBA & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

1. First arrival on the Land—Temporary Shelter.
2. Log House for First Season, afterwards used as Stable.
3. Good Log House erected during the Winter.



SHOAL LAKE ON LINE OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

Red River Expedition of 1870.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBAN.)

BOTH before and after the Confederation of the eastern provinces, the Governments of Upper and Lower Canada, as well as that of Confederation, repeatedly sent delegates to England to negotiate with the Hudson's Bay Company and Imperial Government for the annexation of Ruperts Land and the North West Territories. The last delegation sent was composed of Sir George E. Cartier and the Hon. William McDougall, who sailed in October, 1868. They succeeded in purchasing the right, title and interest of the Company under a lease given to Prince Rupert in 1670 by Charles II. for trading purposes. The amount paid to the Hudson's Bay Company was \$300,000, it (the Company) to retain one-twentieth of the lands, and certain reservations around each fort or trading place, varying from ten acres around Upper Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, to 50,000 around other forts.

In the Session of 1869 the Parliament of Canada passed an Act to provide for the territorial government of the country, lately acquired from the Company. As soon as it was fully known throughout Ruperts Land, the populated portion of the territory, that Canada was about acquiring possession of the country, great discontent prevailed amongst the French element of the population, as well as a considerable number of the Hudson's Bay servants and employees. The former class feared that under the new order of things their religion and liberties might be interfered with and the latter were dissatisfied because they felt that their individual interests had not been provided for by the directors in London. Their dissatisfaction was intensified when they discovered that in the distribution of the purchase money their claim to participate therein was not recognised.

The French began to hold meetings, and directed by the priests and clergy, formed an organized opposition to Canada taking possession of the country. Col. Dennis, with a staff of surveyors

was sent by Canada, in advance, to lay out the plan of survey best adapted to the territory. On the 11th of October, 1869, a party of surveyors under Mr. Webb were stopped at their work by a party of French half-breeds, headed by Louis Riel. Application was made to Governor McTavish for assistance, but such was not granted by the Hudson's Bay Co. government of Assiniboia.

Hon. William McDougall having been appointed first governor of Manitoba and the Territories started from Ottawa in October, 1869, and reached Pembina with his staff on the 30th of same month. A barrier had been erected by the French half-breeds at River Salle, some nine miles south of Winnipeg, to prevent his reaching Fort Garry, behind which were an armed force of forty French half-breeds, and twenty more under command of Louis Riel stationed at St. Agathe for the purpose of turning the Lieutenant-Governor back should he attempt to enter the province. On the 2nd of November Mr. McDougall was driven out of the Hudson's Bay fort at Pembina and was compelled to retrace his steps to Ottawa.

On the afternoon of 2nd November, Riel and his followers of 100 men, took *peaceable* possession of Fort Garry. What is meant by *peaceable* possession is, that no resistance was offered by the Hudson's Bay Company, which was the recognised and lawful government of the province at the time, they having inside the large stone walls of the Fort thirteen six pounders', guns, Enfield rifles and large quantities of ammunition, provisions and clothing.

After having manned the artillery guns, exchanged their old brown beses for Enfield rifles, enveloped themselves in Hudson's Bay company *chapeaux*, and more than sampled for a week or ten days, Hudson's Bay rum, Riel, with ecclesiastical aid and advice, proceeded to the formation of a provisional government. On the tenth of December following, the rag of the provisional government was unfurled over the walls of Fort Garry, on the same pole on which floated for over one hundred years the grand old Union Jack. The hoisting of the rebel rag, the annexation feeling of the members of the

provisional government publicly proclaimed, and the countenance given the insurrection by the American people, the plundering of the English speaking portion of the population, the persecutions, imprisonment and banishment of Canadians, who were known to be loyal to their Queen, amongst whom was our present Lieut-Governor, the Hon. Dr. Schultz; and lastly, the foul and deliberate murder of Thomas Scott, an Ontario Orangeman, a brave, loyal and patriotic man, for no other known cause than an enthusiastic loyalty to his Queen and country, aroused such a feeling of intense excitement and indignation, the like of which Canada never before experienced, and that to such an extent, that had the Government showed any hesitancy, or the least dilly-dallying in sending a military expedition to Manitoba to punish the insurgents and restore order, their lease of office would not last twenty-four hours. Several of the county councils of Ontario were prepared to raise and equip corps at their own expense, and send them to Red River, should the Government, through Quebec influene show any desire to procrastinate.

The Government of Sir John A. Macdonald fully recognizing the situation, determined on the opening of navigation, to send a military expedition to Red River. General Lindsay arrived in Canada on the 5th of April, 1870, and immediately placed himself in communication with the Governor-General when the number and composition of the force was agreed upon. It was decided to send one battalion of the 60th rifles, a British regiment; one battalion of volunteers from Ontario, and one from Quebec. Each of the three battalions to be composed of about 300 officers and men. Officers were appointed, muster rolls were signed, medical examinations proceeded with, and early in May the volunteer corps were ordered to report to their commanding officer, Lieut. Colonel Jarvis, of the first Ontario Rifles, and Lieut.-Colonel Cassault, of the Quebec Rifles, at the Crystal Palace, in the City of Toronto. The command of the expedition was given to Colonel Garnet Wolsley, a British officer of considerable experience, and although comparatively a young man, had distinguished himself on many a battlefield.

This appointment was well received throughout Canada, and showed the wisdom of General Lindsay, for it is admitted by all military men who had served under him (Wolsley) that no more efficient officer to command Canadian soldiers could be found. He had the happy faculty of treating Canadian volunteers, not as men who enlisted for a shilling a day, but as educated gentlemen, men who prompted by a spirit of loyalty and patriotism, quit their professions for a time, many resigning good positions in banks, law offices and corporations, to join the Red River expedition. Indeed, many who held high commissions in the regular army, and the volunteer force of Canada, were to be found enrolled as privates in the ranks. Col. Wolsley scarcely ever passed an officer or private in the discharge of his duty without a word of encouragement for him. It is hardly necessary to say that an order emanating from such a commanding officer ensured prompt obedience.

The Ontario battalion, reported at Toronto filled to a man, with applications to join from ten times the number required, but the Quebec battalion arrived with about 150 officers and men, or about half the number to complete the battalion. The balance was recruited from Toronto and vicinity. This will account partly for the preponderance of English speaking people in the Quebec battalion.

It was a most difficult thing to procure commissions in this force. It required a good deal of political influence to be appointed an officer of the Red River expedition. In the composition of the force Lieut.-Colonels held commissions as ensigns, and vice versa. The writer being a few days behind the proper time in reporting, and indifferent as to whether he would join the expedition or not, it was rumored that his place would be vacant on the force. When he reported at head quarters in Toronto, on 9th May, there were no less than six officers of high rank waiting to drop into his shoes. The way that some of these gentlemen acted was amusing. After dinner at the American hotel, he was interviewed by them one after the other, and told of the great dangers and difficulties to be surmounted on land and water, and through intermin-

able forests ; that such a difficult and dangerous expedition was never experienced in the military annals of Great Britain, and that Napoleon's crossing the Alps, and his campaign to Moscow were insignificant in comparison ; that according to the most careful calculations derived from previous similar expeditions, if resistance were offered by Riel and his force, only one man out of four was ever expected to return to Ontario again, and that having a wife and family behind, dependent on him, it was not doing them justice to run such a risk. All this disinterested advice was backed up in one case by an offer of \$300, and in another case, \$400, if deponent would return home and allow either of these philanthropic veterans to be sacrificed in his stead. The offer, however, was declined for the following reasons :

1st. That the persons desiring to go, were so much the younger men, and it would be too bad to deprive the world of their philanthropy.

2nd. That as for wife and family, I begged to inform them that my life was very heavily insured.

3rd. That my medical adviser stated to me that if I did not take a change of climate, I would be dead inside of a year, anyway.

These reasons appearing sufficient, negotiations were broken off. The writer was with the expedition through all its dangers and difficulties to Fort Garry, and, although not returning to Ontario, is in the land of the living yet, thanks to Providence and the climate of Manitoba. He has also gone through two military expeditions since, without claiming a pension, or reducing the assets of life insurance companies.

All preliminaries having been arranged and the organization and equipment of the force completed, on the evening of the 13th of May, 1870, regimental orders of the Ontario Rifles were issued for Nos. 1 and 4 companies under command of Capt. Cook and Capt. McMillan, to hold themselves in readiness to embark at the depot of the Northern Railroad at 2 p.m. next day for Collingwood, thence by steamer Chicora to Sault St. Marie.

These companies being selected as the advance guard of the expedition, and

number four being composed mainly of Toronto boys, large crowds assembled at the depot to see them off. While seated in the train the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Toronto went around and presented each officer and man with a pocket edition of the bible. Every man, with only one exception, accepted the gift with deep gratitude and this one I had the misfortune to have in my boat all through the expedition, and have no hesitation in saying that he was the worst conducted man on the force, and it was only fear of being left alone on a lonely island of Rainy Lake with a barrel of hard tack where he might not possibly see the face of a human being for years that compelled subordination on his part. The train moved off amidst enthusiastic cheers and the weeping and tears of wives, mothers, children, sisters, brothers and sweethearts. All along the route to Collingwood people, had gathered at the different stations to cheer the volunteers for Red River as the train glided past. We arrived at Collingwood at 7.30 p.m. and went aboard the Chicora which was in waiting. Here we met Col. Bolton, commissariat officer, who took command of the two companies. The boat was already laden with military stores and provisions, with horses, wagons and laborers, going up to work on the Dawson Road between Prince Arthur's Landing and Shebandowan Lake. At eight o'clock on a beautiful summer May evening the Chicora moved off from the dock amidst the ringing cheers of the loyal people of the town of Collingwood. The evening was calm ; the waters of the Georgian Bay were as smooth as glass ; the moon was at its full, and here and there upon the deck were small crowds of officers and men discussing the probabilities of the 1,300 miles of unknown and unbroken forests, unnavigated and unnavigable rivers, undiscovered lakes and insurmountable cataracts which lay before us. The intervening territory between Lake Superior and Red River was as little known to the people of Canada as were the wilds of Abyssinia to British troops marching on Magdala a few years previous.

So little was known of the Northwest, that in 1867 an application from one

Gingras, of Fort Garry, was made to Col. Dennison to be admitted a cadet to the Military School, Toronto. The Colonel took the application before a class of 12 cadets to find out where Fort Garry was. In this class were two lawyers, three doctors and one school teacher, and the nearest approach to a correct answer was given by the latter who hesitatingly stated that Fort Garry was situated in the Northwest Territory at the base of the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, a young volunteer on board the boat came up to me and asked what time I thought the Chicora would reach Fort Garry. This young man learned to know something of the geography of the country even before he got through making the Dawson Road.

Sunday morning, the 18th of May, was ushered in cloudless, fogless and warm, and found the Chicora about 150 miles from Collingwood, wending her way amongst numerous islands, on the north shore of Manitoulin Island; spring having just set in, the trees were covered with verdure of the richest kind, and everything looked beautiful in the extreme; while a way on the north shore could be seen the Lacloche Mountains, rising about two thousand feet above the water.

Manitoulin Island had lately been surveyed and thrown open for settlement by the Government, therefore, on its shores, little villages were springing into existence. Little Current and Killarney seemed to be the most important, and these appeared to be fishing villages, containing, perhaps not more than 100 population each. Inland five or six miles, were some dozen or two settlers, who had taken up land on the island. These settlers, like other early settlers, found along the Mattawan, Rainy River, Garden River and even in the early settlements of Manitoba, came originally from Huron and Bruce.

We reached Sault St. Marie on Monday, 16th of May, and immediately proceeded to unload the stores at the wharf, on the Canadian side. On looking at the map, it will be seen that the river St. Marie, at this place forms the boundary line between the state of Michigan on the American side and the Dominion of Canada on the other; also connects Lakes

Superior and Huron. The river is navigable, except at this point where there is a canal on the American side about a mile and a half long, and through which all vessels passing from one lake into the other had to go through. On account of the unfriendly feeling existing between Great Britain and the United States over the Trent affair, and the apparent sympathy of Canada for the confederates during the American war, the American Government would not permit Canadian vessels carrying troops, stores or munitions of war to pass through the canal, although indeed, it was urged that during the southern rebellion the Canadian Government had allowed American vessels to transport troops as well as warlike materials through our canals.

The Government of Canada, however, anticipating such an emergency, took the commendable precaution of early in the season sending the Algoma through the canal into Lake Superior with instructions to remain there at anchor on the Canadian side. The wisdom of this arrangement was soon manifest, for when the Chicora arrived at the Sault with troops, she was not permitted by the American authorities to pass through the canal. The sympathy of the American people at the Sault with Riel and the rebellion was so great that they openly boasted of having blocked the expedition at the start, but the writer had the satisfaction of proving to some of them that they knew little of the military history of England, and less of British exploits. Indeed every one believed that this unfriendly act of the American people would have no other alternative than the return of the expedition to Canada, but when they were pointed out the Chicora on the one side of the rapids and the Algoma in Lake Superior on the other side they became terribly exasperated and pronounced it another of Sir John A.'s old tricks. Suffice it to say that although putting us to considerable inconvenience and delay, we set to work next morning to make a military road from the landing to Lake Superior, a distance of about one and a half miles. We pitched camp midway on a nice lawn in front of the old Hudson's Bay Co. fort at the foot of the St. Marie rapids. Next morning at the

sound of the bugle the volunteers paraded and after being served with pickaxes, shovels and wheelbarrows and a pound of hard tack each man, the first hard day's work of the campaign commenced.

(To be continued.)

The Idol of Our Great Western Home.

BY C. M. GORDON.

OUR visitors whether, they come via the Great Lakes, or round the rock girt north shore of Lake Superior, will find Port Arthur fresh, smiling and rosy, always there to open the door and welcome them, and in due course pass them on, and into the front parlor, where sits Winnipeg blythly entertaining her many suitors. Those who come via Duluth, Chicago and St. Paul, find much to interest them on the way, and were our idol less fascinating, interesting and wealthy in nature's blessings than she is, her chances of retaining all her beaux would be considerably reduced. From the west they come too. The passes of the Rocky Mountains are being made to echo with the word Winnipeg, as her many old friends return to their first love.

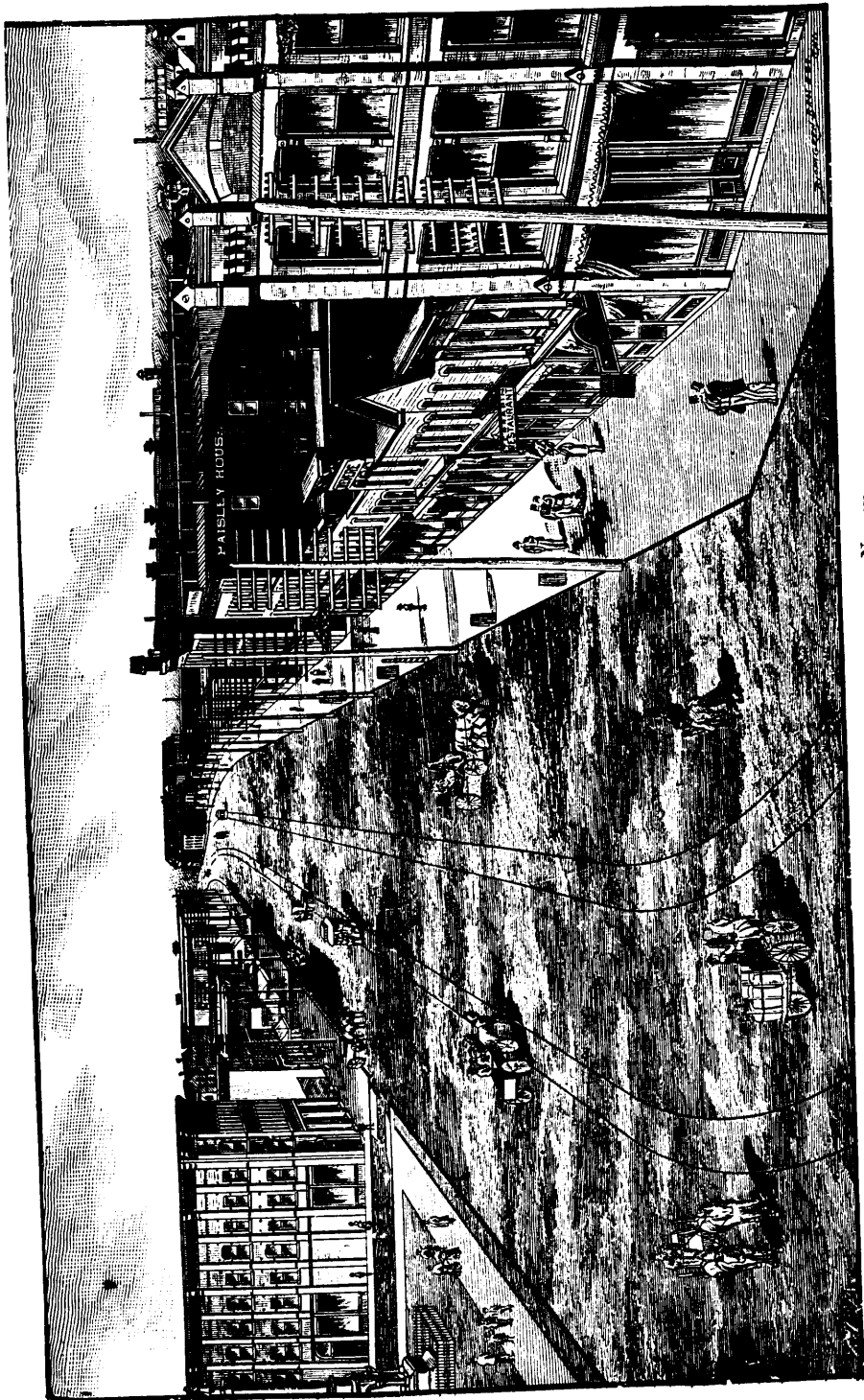
And yet, it is not long since she made her debut, only ten years since the fame of her attractions was noised abroad, and the first carriage drawn by the snorting iron race horses of the age, came galloping up the valley of the Red, and pulled up at her door. Since then the virgin prairie has been made to tremble under the clattering footfalls and the thundering impetuosity of these ebon chargers hurrying with their living burdens, and loads of treasure to the home of this fair damsel. When she took up her abode on the rim of the wide, wide western world, of which she has ever since been and ever will be the champion, she was not without detractors. Sister towns, envious of her growing prestige, spoke unkindly of her. How clamorously they pointed to their own merits, and talked and talked among themselves, and to whoever would listen, about the flatness and nastiness and the impudence of this young thing

that had set up an establishment at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine. But she had come to stay. Her friends and lovers flocked in thousands to her portals, till she was compelled to enlarge her domicile.

She began to appreciate her own greatness and call herself the "Gateway of the Great and Growing Granary of the Golden West," "The Heart City," "The Bull's Eye," etc., etc. In fact she now deems herself the unapproachable but unapproachable in one sense only, for her dozen railways render her approachable from every point of the compass. She is not put out by anything that may now be said of her. She thrives alike on calumny, persecution or praise. Like P. T. Barnum, she "does not care" what they say of her so long as they say something. How majestically she wears her coronet, and how gorgeous the gems that adorn the flashing corselet of Winnipeg.

In so far as she is dependent for her splendor on the development and wealth of the keystone province Manitoba, of which she is the capital, she has attained to it in spite of the dreamy do-nothingness of Canada's immigration department; in spite of the isolation of Manitoba with reference to all Eastern Canada: in spite of the imaginary line drawn across the American continent, shutting her people out from their wealthy, friendly and closest neighbors; in spite of the ridiculous and falacious opinions still tenaciously held by tenderfeet regarding the "strength" of the ozone charged prairie atmosphere. I say that in spite of these and unnamed disadvantages, Winnipeg has, by her innate power and by sheer force of favoring circumstances forged far ahead of all competitors in the race for prominence and power. The favoring circumstances that have in the past supported her, continue to exist and must multiply as the infant empire of which she is the head develops more and more towards a lusy maturity.

Her little sisters and cousins who were somewhat piqued at her in the commencement of her career, have sensibly subsided and some are graceful enough to join in the long and loud refrain of adulation that is now filling the world with her praises. Portage la Prairie long ago made up her mind that to be a suburb of Win-

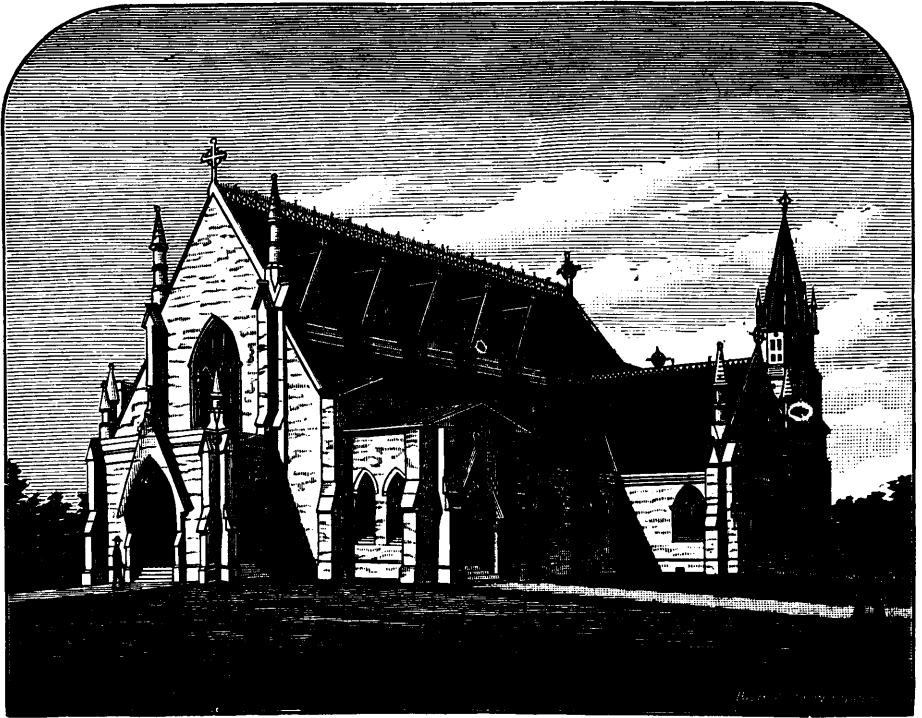


MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, LOOKING NORTH.

Winnipeg was good enough for her. Brandon more ambitious, and withal a lovely sister, had some difficulty in smothering an unworthy jealousy of her noble sister. However she now seems resigned, and even professes to be glad that her stately sister—since she likes that sort of thing—is doing so well. Furthermore in order to show that no hard feelings exist, she regularly accepts the invitation to come and help Winnipeg wrestle with her Christmas turkey.

Winnipeg undertakes to snub our blooming sister that all the clannishness of our united being springs into life and all are ready to do battle for our Champion. Come to the annual Winnipeg bonspiel if you want to see this brood of prairie beauties disporting themselves in harmonious delights.

And now it is of Winnipeg as it is to-day that this article would speak to such readers as may never yet have seen this spreading city of the



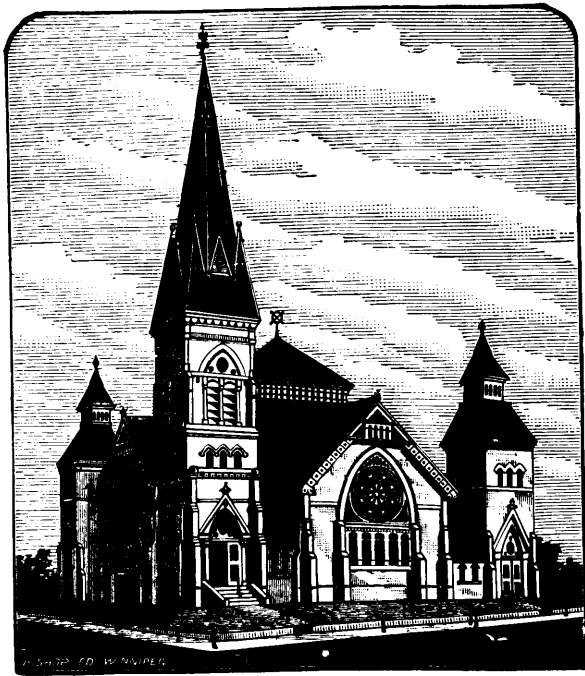
HOLY TRINITY (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

Regina complacently and good naturedly basks in the lustre shed upon her by her big sister and also comes to see her quite often. Calgary, too, the nurseling and gem of the foot hills loves her imposing cousin and never tires of imitating her whom she—in her infant aspirations—hopes some day to approach in influence. But after all, we are all one happy family and blood is thicker than water, and it is when some priggish tenderfoot or a chappie from over the

prairies. The Winnipeg man to day sails skyward with his casual visitor in the elevator to the lofty lookout at the tower of "The Manitoba" and from this dizzy height he discourses of the present grandeur and future certainties of the city of his pride and love. Future possibilities he does not allude to—everything is possible to a Winnipeg man—everything he wants is actually probable. In the bright lexicon of Winnipeg there is no such word as fail. Take a Brandon-

ite's word for it Winnipeg reporters and Winnipeg drummers can no more be shaken off than one's skin, and if you still doubt ask Port Arthur. When nine years ago the boom busted and the world stood agast at the widespread ruin, the irrepressible Winnipeg men stood by their guns and signalled the world, "We're still on deck" and serene and confident as the fellow who told Noah to "Go to pot" with his old ark; it is only a passing shower anyway; they kept right on in business at the old stand.

This and several other streets are also 132 feet wide and you are reminded that the city is laid out on a grand scale. A number of the largest churches are pointed out. The imposing governmental institutions are referred to. The five colleges constituting Manitoba University are proudly discussed. The Clarendon, Leland, Queen's and other palace hotels are indicated. Princess Street, with its block after block of substantial wholesale houses is not overlooked, while the park-like beauty of the residence districts,



KNOX (PRESBYTERIAN) CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

Standing here, on the roof of "The Manitoba Hotel," your Winnipeg friend will point to the blocks of stone and brick mercantile houses that line Main Street for miles. This great artery, 132 feet wide, runs north and south, having six miles of its length within the city, and extends far and beyond in both directions, away among the golden wheat fields. Portage Avenue the next important street stretches away westward towards the Rocky Mountains.

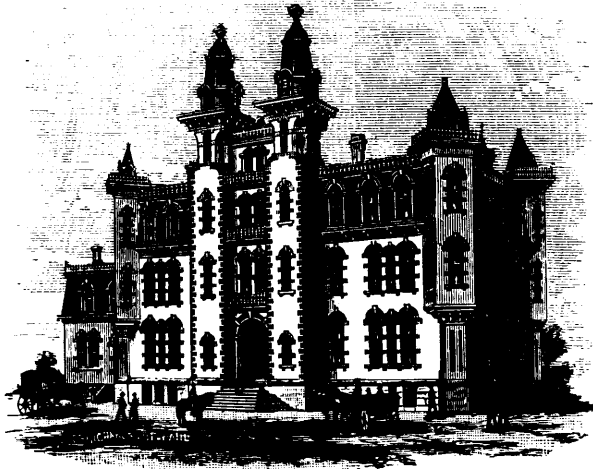
and the translucent and vivifying nature of the atmosphere are an excuse for a fresh outburst of enthusiasm. He will not forget to tell you of the democratic nature of the people of the one-man-as-good-as-another-yes-and-better-too spirit, that pervades the whole town. If you want this exemplified visit Winnipeg on one of her gala days. "All roads lead to Rome," said the Romans, in the days when from her seven hills she ruled the world. All roads lead to Winnipeg, says the western

man to-day, and if you question his statement he at once produces his railroad maps, and a new light from this luminary dawns upon your mind. After standing for an hour on this lofty lookout gazing in wonderment at the wide sun-shiny and breezy paved thoroughfares crowded with street cars, busses, drays, carts, and busy life ; its residences, colleges, churches, theatres, factories, city and governmental buildings, monuments, clubs, permanent exhibition buildings, drives and parks, schools, rivers, depots and railroad yards we descend from our perch and mix with the multitude. We will

Waiting For the Verdict.

BY ANNIE FRAUST.

“THE little cottage opposite is rented, and the new tenant moved in to-day ;” said Amy Hartley, as she sat between her two stalwart brothers at tea time. “Have you seen him, Puss ?” said her brother Harry. “Him ! It is a lady, a young lady ; Oh, such a beauty ! Not like me a bit. She’s got black hair and eyes, and she is tall, and wears a black



MANITOBA COLLEGE (PRESBYTERIAN), WINNIPEG.

have a little refreshment and close our half told story of a city that cannot be adequately dealt with in one short article suitable for this magazine. In closing, let me say, that to know her is to love her, and those who know her best have most faith in her. If you have not seen her gird up your loins and travel and see this municipal maelstrom, that ingulfs everything that comes within a hundred miles of it. Test the warmth of her embrace and her glowing hospitality. You too will be charmed and won, and like the multitudes already flourishing within her limits, will swear by Winnipeg.

dress, she’s got another woman that looks like a servant with her.” “We will call,” said George, looking towards his brother. “Call !” “Yes ; I was able to be useful to her to day. The man who was to come for her trunks at the inn disappointed her, and as I was passing with the cart she asked me to take them for her.” “Took you for a carrier !” cried Harry, flushing. “I explained the mistake when she offered to pay me, and having convinced her that I was a person of some little consequence—son of the wealthiest shipowner in the county, and the head of the dock-yards.” “Well, well,

never mind all that," said George gently. "She thanked me for the slight service I had rendered, and invited me to visit her. We will go together." "No, excuse me. A sailor is poor company for ladies, and I am no gallant."

"Pshaw," cried Amy, "Mrs. Dorking says my brother Harry is the handsomest man in the county."

"Much obliged Mrs. Dorking; hand me the biscuit, Amy." So for the present the conversation dropped.

A few days later George renewed the subject. "You will go with me this evening and be introduced to Miss Brantley, Harry!" "I will go with you, but I have already met the lady."

"How! Where?" "She was strolling out on the beach, and had wandered out to the headland." "The headland! George turned pale." The tide came in strongly and when she turned to come back she found the beach covered and herself on an island. I happened to be passing and ran for Mr. Grant's boat, and so brought her safely ashore. In ten minutes more the cliff upon which she was standing was covered by the sea. She was very glad to be relieved from her dangerous position, and invited me to call upon her."

"Was she not terribly frightened?"

"Not a bit; she hailed me as I passed as calmly as she did you when you performed the office of carrier." "Come, then, we will pass the evening with her."

On reaching the cottage the brothers were admitted by a middle-aged woman who ushered them into the little parlor. A lady was seated near an open window watching the sea, which spread out at some distance from the cottage. She rose as the brothers entered. Hester Brantley was tall, and very erect in her carriage with a fine face, large black eyes and a mass of black hair, parted simply on her forehead, and gathered into a rich knot behind. She wore close mourning, but the material soft and full, fell in graceful folds, which added a new dignity to her figure. She spoke to George first, but extended her hand to Harry, who grasped it with a warm pressure that called a faint flush to her cheeks. "You are very welcome," she said cordially; "pray be seated."

"I hope you have recovered from your fright" said George.

"My fright, Mr. Hartley? where?"

"On the headland."

"Oh I was not frightened. If no one had passed I can swim, so I felt quite safe. I have to thank your brother for the preservation of a suit of clothes from a salt water bath," and the large black eyes flashed upon Harry.

"I have spent many summers on the seashore," she continued, "though never before alone. Since I was last at such a place, I have lost both parents." There was no trembling in her voice, only a deep sadness settled in those wondrous dark eyes. For a moment there was silence and then she spoke again. "There is one grand spot near here," she said, pointing from the window. "What do you call that elevation?" "That is the Lovers' Cliff," said George. "There is a tradition of two hopeless lovers who sprang from it, and their ghosts haunt the spot. You must avoid it at midnight." Hester smiled contemptuously.

"Apart from meeting ghosts, it would be best not to walk there," George said. "It is very high and though the top is level and apparently safe a fall from there would be certain death. When the tide is in it is very high just in that spot, and when it is low, the ground is covered with broken rocks." "I walked there to-day," said Hester. "The rise is so gradual from my door, that, before I was aware that I was above the level of the cottage, I stood upon that grand cliff with the sea rolling far below me and a perpendicular descent beneath my feet, which made me giddy to contemplate. It is a beautiful sight to look off towards the horizon from that point."

George told her of many points of interest in the neighborhood of her new home, and then the conversation glided into general subjects. Hester directed her conversation almost entirely to George; yet at parting it was again to Harry that she extended her hand and it was on him her eye rested as they left the cottage.

The short walk home was taken in perfect silence, and the brothers went to their rooms with only a brief good night. "She shook hands twice with Harry and

only once with me," muttered George, as he closed his door. "Didn't say six words to me all the evening," thought Harry; "I might as well have stayed at home." And what were Hester's thoughts?

He converses well, and he is very handsome; but Captain Hartley saved my life. I may have braved it out, but I fear in those heavy clothes I should have been unable to swim. He saved my life.

Each unconsciously jealous of the other, the brothers did not visit the cottage together again; but there was scarcely a day when one or the other did not see Hester. As Harry was at home on a long leave of absence, his courting was more energetic than his brother's. Whilst George was away all day in the dock yard, Harry and Hester, in a little boat, were visiting all the points of interest within sailing distance, or strolling on Lover's Cliff, talking of the dangers of the deep. Much information and many anecdotes would the intelligent young sailor draw from his own observations and life to interest his fair hearer.

Two months passed away. George Hartley, pacing up and down his own room, thus communes with his own heart: I love her! she is the first woman I have ever loved, and she—she is always cordial, frank and kind, welcomes me with a bright smile and parts with me with a soft sadness. I—I must speak to her. I will, now, this very evening. I am young, my income is ample. I will marry! and then, fancy pictured Hester in the home he would provide for her, and full of bright hope and happy anticipations, he crossed the road to the little cottage. The door stood open, and without knocking, he entered the little parlor. With a quick, gasping breath, clenched teeth and a pallid face, he staggered against the wall, sick with the death-like faintness of despair.

Standing within a few yards of him, were his brother Harry and Hester. Harry's arms encircled the young girl's waist; his eyes looked fondly, proudly into the soft, dark ones raised with passionate love into his face, and when their glance grew too eager, the lovely head drooped into his bosom, and no word of remonstrance rebuked the warm kisses he printed upon her lips.

A low groan broke from George Hartley's lips. Both the lovers looked up. Harry came towards his brother, who with a mighty effort, controlled his emotion and met him. "Are you ill," said Harry. "No; a passing pain; it is over now; I am intruding, I fear," he added, gently; yet may I not claim a brother's confidence?

Harry drew Hester close to his breast, and then, placing her hand in George's, said: "she will be my wife in a few weeks, George," "and my sister." And George bent forward and printed a kiss upon the broad, white forehead. If it was warmer than a brother's caress, Hester was too agitated to notice it.

Before retiring that night, Harry went into his brother's room to pour out his heart. George listened to the list of Hester's perfections, her lover's raptures, until his agony could be controlled no longer. Harry, brother! he cried, pity me! Harry startled by the tone in which the words were uttered, looked earnestly at his brother, then, without a word, he crossed the room and grasped George's hand, and as the manly head fell forward to the place, where an hour before Hester's had rested, and hot tears coursed one another down George's cheeks; that tall broad shouldered sailor, with his great manly heart, stood silent, in deep earnest sympathy for the sorrow he shuddered to think, might have been his own.

"Forgive me," said George, at last; "this is babyish."

"No, no; I know how you must suffer. Oh, George, believe me, I never dreamed of this; I know. How could she help loving you? there; it is over. She is my sister now, and shall be as dear a sister as our own little Amy. Does our father know?" "Yes, I have just told him; he is pleased." "Good night, Harry, may God bless you and your bride," and with a solemn quietness, George turned from his brother, who, awed by his grave blessing, and the consciousness of the effort it must have cost to breathe it, left the room.

Three years of quiet happiness passed over the inmates of the cottage, for on his wedding day, Harry had purchased the house where he had courted his bride,

and there they lived. He had made one long voyage and returned to find a new inmate to his home, a rosy, rollicking boy called George, who screamed with terror at his father's huge black beard, and then amused himself with trying to pull the unsightly object out with his fat white hand. Six months at home, and then the Sea Gull, Captain Hartley sailed out of Liverpool never to return. Harry's parting words to George had been, "You will take care of Hester till I return," and the answer was, "as my own sister."

The Sea Gull had been gone three months, when the fearful news reached the cottage that she had been burned to the waters edge, and every soul on board perished. George heard the news first, and to him it fell to tell Hester. Who can tell the fearful torture of his mind as he wended his way to the cottage? Whole years of spirit life seemed condensed in that few seconds' walk. Hester sprang forward to greet him, but paused as she saw his face. "What is it?" she gasped, panic stricken by his pallid face. "Ill news, sore news, Hester." "What, tell me quick! Harry; is he dead?" George bowed a mute assent, then sprang forward to catch her as she tottered and reeled under the blow.

Time, which softens all woes, brought, if not comfort, at least resignation to the widow. George who had stifled his own love and forced it into submission, now let it spring up in his heart stronger and fiercer for its long quiet.

Day by day it grew, and a year after the day when the news of his brother's loss reached them, he asked Hester to be his wife. "I have loved you from the first, Hester," he said. "Harry knew of my love, and I think, if my brother's spirit hovers near us it will bless our union." "My heart was all Harry's," said Hester. "I can never love again as I loved him, but if you will be content with sincere regard and friendship, and not look for the warm youthful love I gave your brother, I will be your wife." So they were married. Amy, now just stepping from girlhood into womanhood, was rather indignant at what she considered a neglect of her pet brother's memory, but when she saw how happy it made her father and George, she resigned

herself, and finally became quite reconciled. Any lingering ray of resentment was destroyed a year after the marriage, by having her name given to the little girl who came to bless George's union.

It was a clear bright day in the early part of June, and Hester was sitting in her low rocking chair in the parlor of the little cottage, singing to the little Amy. George at his desk near her writing, when Jeanette, the servant, who had been with Hester ever since her birth, came into the parlor. Her face was working with emotion, her form trembling and her voice husky. "Mrs. Hartley! Miss Hester!" "Stand aside," said a clear, manly voice. "I need no introduction to my own wife." "The baby!" cried Jeanette, spring forward just in time to catch the child as it fell from Hester's nerveless arms. Harry's eye fell upon the child, then on his wife, who stood white, erect, almost rigid before him, then on his brother, pallid as his wife and trembling violently. "How, what is this?" he thundered. "Madam is this child yours?" "Yes" said Jeanette. "Oh listen sir, do! Married again! Could you not have waited a little longer?" "Hester, Hester, where is your husband?" George stepped forward to speak. "You! you, my brother, whom I trusted! You shouted Harry. Curses—" "No! No!" cried Hester. "Harry you shall not curse your brother." She laid her hand upon his arm, but shaking her off, he darted from the house. George followed him. Hester called twice, Harry, Harry, and then fell senseless to the floor.

The next morning the mangled corpse of George Hartley was found on the rocks at the foot of Lovers' Cliff.

The story of the sailor's return circulated about the village and Harry Hartley was traced to Liverpool and arrested there just as he was about taking passage for America.

The story of his guilt was canvassed freely and he was taken to the county jail to await the assizes. When told of the finding of his brother's corpse he had fainted; but the flight and the terrible facts of the case made his guilt almost a certainty. The trial came on. Through the long days that it lasted, an agonized group might have been seen in the ante-

room of the court house—Hester, her children, Jeanette, Amy, and the poor father of the murdered man, and the supposed fratricide. The evidence was fearfully strong. The nurse who told of the interview between the two brothers, the neighbor who had seen them both take the path to the Cliff, the position of the corpse, which must have fallen from that terrible height, the flight of the murderer, all were confirmation of the prisoner's guilt.

It was the third day of the trial. The evidence against the prisoner had all been given in, and the counsel arose for the defence. He spoke of the love that had always existed between the brothers, and that, on coming home and finding his wife married again, the prisoners only impulse had been to flee and never return. His words fell on doubting ears. Witnesses for the defense were called. None answered. The judge turned to give the charge to the jury, when shrill childish voice was heard above the hum of the court.

"Oh let me in; please let me in; I know all about it! I saw it all; I did indeed!"

"Admit that child," said the judge, and the prisoner raised his head, while Amy sprang from Hester's side to the door to listen.

Harry, who had been pale, immovable from the first, now looked up with a faint flush. If any one had seen all, he would be declared innocent. The jury caught the hopeful look and exchanged significant glances.

The usual questions were put to this new witness, a girl of about fourteen, but she appeared frightened and stupid.

"Let the child tell the story her own way," said the judge, seeing the eagerness and fear quivering in her face. "Now, child, speak."

"Oh, if you please, sir, I was on the Cliff, awaiting for somebody to say good-bye 'cause I was going to Liverpool the next day, when I saw Mr. Harry Hartley come upon the Oliff. I was awful scared, because I thought it was his ghost, being as he was dead, and I kept quiet; and pretty soon Mr. George he came, too. As soon as Mr. Harry saw Mr. George, he screamed out: don't come near me; for God's sake do not tempt me to become a Cain.

These's the very words, sir; I remember them exactly; then he turned and run away. Well, Mr. George—he walked up and down, a-talking to himself quite loud." "What did he say?" Once he said, it was Harry she called, not me; not me! she loves him only. And after awhile he said; Hester, I will come between you and happiness no longer and then—then he jumped right off the Cliff. I saw him, and I ran home." "Why did you not come here before?" "Please, sir, I was in Liverpool and I did not know about it 'till day before yesterday. I came as quick as I could."

The most rigid cross-examination could not make the girl vary the story one jot. The jury retired, and the verdict was given, "Not Guilty! Amy heard the words ringing through the court house. Saved, Hester, saved, she sobbed. Hester never moved. Her eyes glaring forward, her hands clenched, she seemed deaf to every voice, until Hester, my wife! fell upon her ear. Then with a loud cry, she sprang to her feet, and was clasped in Harry's arms. "Forgive me," she sobbed. "I do; I do; my letters went wrong and poor George always loved you, my wife!"

Harry's story was soon told. He had remained until the last upon the burning ship, and then, lashed to a spar, had flung himself into the water. Picked up by a vessel the next day, he had been carried to China, where he remained, waiting for an opportunity to return home in a good position on a vessel.

He had written often to Hester, but the letters had never reached her. When he found her married again, he had gone to Liverpool, maddened, only thinking to leave England for ever.

The news of his brother's death had stunned him, and the trial coming on almost immediately after, he had not seen Hester until his acquittal.

THE study of bee culture is of no earthly use to a man who has the hives.—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

A WELCOME RELIEF.—Sea Captain: "There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we shall all be dead!" Seasick Passenger: "Thank Heaven!"—*New York Weekly,*

Humorous Tit-Bits.

JAGSON says that it puzzles him to think that a standing advertisement must run all the time.—*Elmira Gazette.*

FIVE things are essential to success in life. One is a good wife; the four others are money.—*Richmond Recorder.*

SHE: "What a beautiful red that rose is? He: "Yes—it's probably blushing at the price they ask for it."—*Vermont Watchman.*

BURGLAR; "Where do you keep your money?" Biggs: "Er, it's in the pocket of my wife's dress." Burglar (to pal): "Come on, Pete, we ain't no Stanley explorin' expedition."—*N. Y. Herald.*

TELEPHONIC—"Is this 257? Oh, doctor, husband wants to go down to business, but I told him this weather is only fit for beasts! Won't you come over and persuade him to stay indoors?"—*Yale Record.*

MAGISTRATE: "What's the charge in this case?" Counsel: "Impersonating an officer, your Honor." "What did the prisoner do?" "He steals a handful of peanuts every time he passes my client's stand."—*Brooklyn Life.*

AN OBJECT LESSON.—"You young scoundrel, said the father seizing his disobedient son by the neck, "I'll show you how you ought to treat your mother!" And he gave him several bangs on the ears, and then shook him till his hair began to fall out.—*Philadelphia Times.*

PARSON: "How is your husband today, Mrs. Hodge?"

Mrs. Hodge: "Bad, sir; awful bad. He can't sleep a wink o' nights. Would your mind steppin' down to-night and preachin' a bit of sermon to him, sir? That'll send him to sleep if anything will. Your sermons are so soothing, sir."

THE BOOK AGENT; "Sir, I have here a work of unusual excellence, which I should like you to examine."

"No use; I can't read."

"Ah, but your children—"

"Haven't any! Nothing in the house but a cat."

"Possibly you would like to buy something to throw at the cat."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

A BLIND MAN who plays upon an accordion is perambulating the steets of Windsor, England. His affliction attracted the attention of the Queen, who gave him a gratuity. He now bears upon his breast a placard with the inscription: "Blind from inflammation assisted by Her Majesty the Queen."—*Ex*

WHO PAID FOR THE STONE.—The following inscription is copied from a tombstone now standing in the Methodist Protestant burying ground in Avondale, Ohio:—

Ann E.

Wife of Jeremiah Walters.

Died November 16, 1868, aged 68 years,
5 months.

She was a true and faithful wife to each
of the following persons:—

Enoch Francis,

John Sherman,

Wm. Hassen,

J. Walters.

—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

LEGRAND who was both an actor and an author, but a man of short and disagreeable figure, after playing some tragic part in which he had been ill-received, came forward to the footlights and addressed the house thus: "In short, ladies and gentlemen, you must see that it is easier for you to accustom yourselves to my figure than for me to change it."

Winter Travel in the Arctic Circle.

A TRIP MADE ON THE UPPER YUCON.

(By K. N. L. McDonald)

TO most readers of travel it is well known that within the Arctic Circle the winter months are very dreary, owing to the want of sunlight, especially as the days draw near to their shortest period; at which time, for about a month, the sun is not visible; while in summer, when the days are at their longest, Old Sol shines continuously day and night for about the same time. Notwithstanding the short days and extreme cold experienced, a good deal of winter travel is accomplished, and that with dog sleighs and snow shoes. This is owing to the fact of the absence of horses in that part of

the country, and in fact the nature of the country is such that it is altogether unsuited for them, so that in winter travellers are confined solely to the use of dogs, and in summer time to boats—York or inland boats of the style of the McKinnaw build. As some of my readers would perhaps like to hear of a winter trip, I will briefly describe to you one that I figured in.

I received a pressing invitation one winter from a tribe of Indians living on the Upper Youcon, to pay them a visit, and I promised to comply with their request. After making the necessary preparations, I engaged a man and we set out on snowshoes with one train of dogs to haul our provisions and travelling gear. We travelled through a country partly wooded and partly swamp and muskeg. On the ninth day we were pleased to see in the distance the curling smoke from the camp fires of our friends rising in the still air. As we had run short of provisions the evening before, we hurried on with the pleasing prospect of a good meal and a good rest. We were welcomed by all, from the youngest to the oldest, and were made guests in the chief's lodge. While dropping our travelling clothes it was noticeable that the usual alacrity in preparing a meal for guests was wanting, and we were told to our regret that provisions were scarce, the whole tribe at that time depending for a mouthful on the precarious chance of rabbit snaring, as rabbits were anything but plentiful and the weather very severe. However, the best that the poor people had was placed at our disposal according to the usual hospitable custom of all Indian tribes from their southern to their northern limits. In the course of the evening it was decided that the camp should be broken up and a move made in a direction where moose were said to be plentiful, and where it was hoped the hunters would meet with success.

The following morning, camp was struck, the hunters set out in advance to beat a track for the women who brought up the rear with the children and all the "household goods." The men after travelling six or seven miles marked the place where the camp for the night was to be pitched, and then breaking up into small parties started in search of game. For

five consecutive days we accompanied our friends on the march and as no game other than an occasional rabbit was secured, it was trying to witness the sufferings of the women and children. Dogs, starved to death from hunger and cold, marked our line of travel, as the bleached bones of animals show the route across the deserts of the east.

The sixth day happening on Sunday, notwithstanding the emaciated condition of the party, the day was observed by all as one of rest, not one hunter leaving the camp in search of food; morning and evening religious services were conducted, and all made it a point to attend. It was a long day and it was edifying to note that not a murmur came from one of the party, even though some of the women had to boil parts of their deer-skin lodges to quiet their little ones. During the night a wind arose and long before the day broke, the hunters were scouring the country after the moose, the noblest game of that region. Their efforts were crowned with success and anxiety and want gave place to joy and plenty. Shortly after I set out on my return and was accompanied for some distance by three young men of the tribe. About 100 miles from the fort, the weather became very severe and my dogs after their long enforced fasting were very weak and made but slow progress, eventually giving out altogether. Seeing this, I made camp, tore up one of my blankets as coverings for them and fed them with all the provisions I had, with the hope of getting them home. The next morning an early start was made, but we had not proceeded far, when two of them fell down and refused to rise. They were unharnessed and myself and man took their place in drawing the sled along, with the help of the remaining dog, who was still game. But it was so cold we made little progress and we finally decided on leaving our sled and baggage. We accordingly made a good camp, put everything safely away in the sled and hung it on a tree out of the reach of wolves. In the meantime the two dogs I had left behind, staggered into camp, threw themselves in the warm ashes beside the fire, and there they lay moaning piteously. About midnight we made a start and as we stepped out of camp the two dogs made an attempt

to rise, but failing, set up a despairing howl. I could not help them and there they remained where they soon froze to death. My feelings, as I turned and left them, may be better imagined than described. Continuing on our way we reached the fort at 10 p. m., having stopped twice to refresh ourselves with water. We travelled the 70 miles in 20 hours, on snowshoes, with the thermometer at 65° below zero and without a mouthful to eat. But this old travellers are prepared to do at any time and do not take credit to themselves for having accomplished anything extraordinary.

The Story of the "Moonlight Sonata"

HOW BEETHOVEN COMPOSED IT.

"WE all know the story of that night when Beethoven, despairing, with the world against him, beggarly poor, wandered with his friend by the River Rhine, and expressed how completely hopeless had grown his life. "No one understands or cares for me," he cried—"I have genius and am treated as an outcast. I have a heart and none to love. I hate myself, I hate the world, and I wish it were all over, and forever."

Then we see him, as they leave the river side and pass down the narrow street, suddenly pause and stand still, listening to the faint notes of a worn piano that strike on the night air from an invisible source. He recognizes in the music a part from his own symphony in F., played with wonderful feeling and expression, and immediately the man is changed; himself, his cares and the world are for the time alike forgotten—lost in the soul of the musician and artist.

He hurries forward, followed by his friend, until he is opposite the mean dwelling from whence the sounds proceed, then turning he simply says, "Follow me!" and without even knocking, lifts the latch and enters. The room before them is plain to shabbiness. In one cor-

ner stands an old harpischord, and seated by it is the slender form of a girl, with long, golden hair falling over her shoulders. Off to one side, near a rough board table on which a candle is dimly burning, is seated a pale young man, making shoes. Both start as the master and his friend enter, not knowing what to make of the intrusion. Beethoven is first to speak. "Pardon me"—he says. "I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

After some further conversation during which he learns that the girl is blind, we see him at the instrument and his hands wandering over the keys in an improvisation that might have thrilled the hearts of emperors. On, on he plays, lost in his theme, until the candle burns low, goes out, and the room is unlit save by the moonlight that streams in through the window, and falls in a silver flood over the calm, inspired face of the composer, and white keys of the instrument. What a tableau it must have presented, in that chill, dark room, when their souls listened, silent and awed, to the strains of passionate tenderness and gradations of melody that fell from the master's fingers. We can almost see the blind girl with her form bent forward, her sightless orbs wide open, lips apart, and breath abated, drinking in the music whose like the world, perchance, has never since heard. Beethoven at length pauses, his head droops on his breast, his hands rest on his knees and his mind becomes lost in meditation. The young shoemaker goes forward, touches him reverently and asks: "Wonderful man, who and what are you?" Beethoven does not reply at first, but on the question being repeated, smiles, and turning to the piano plays the opening bar from his symphony in F.

From the lips of brother and sister—for such they are—breaks the cry "Beethoven!" and covering his hands with kisses they beg him to play once more.

Turning again to the piano he looks out at the sky and stars a moment and says: "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight." Then commences the opening bars of that weird, beautiful composition, known to the world as the "Moonlight Sonata."