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The  
New West Era

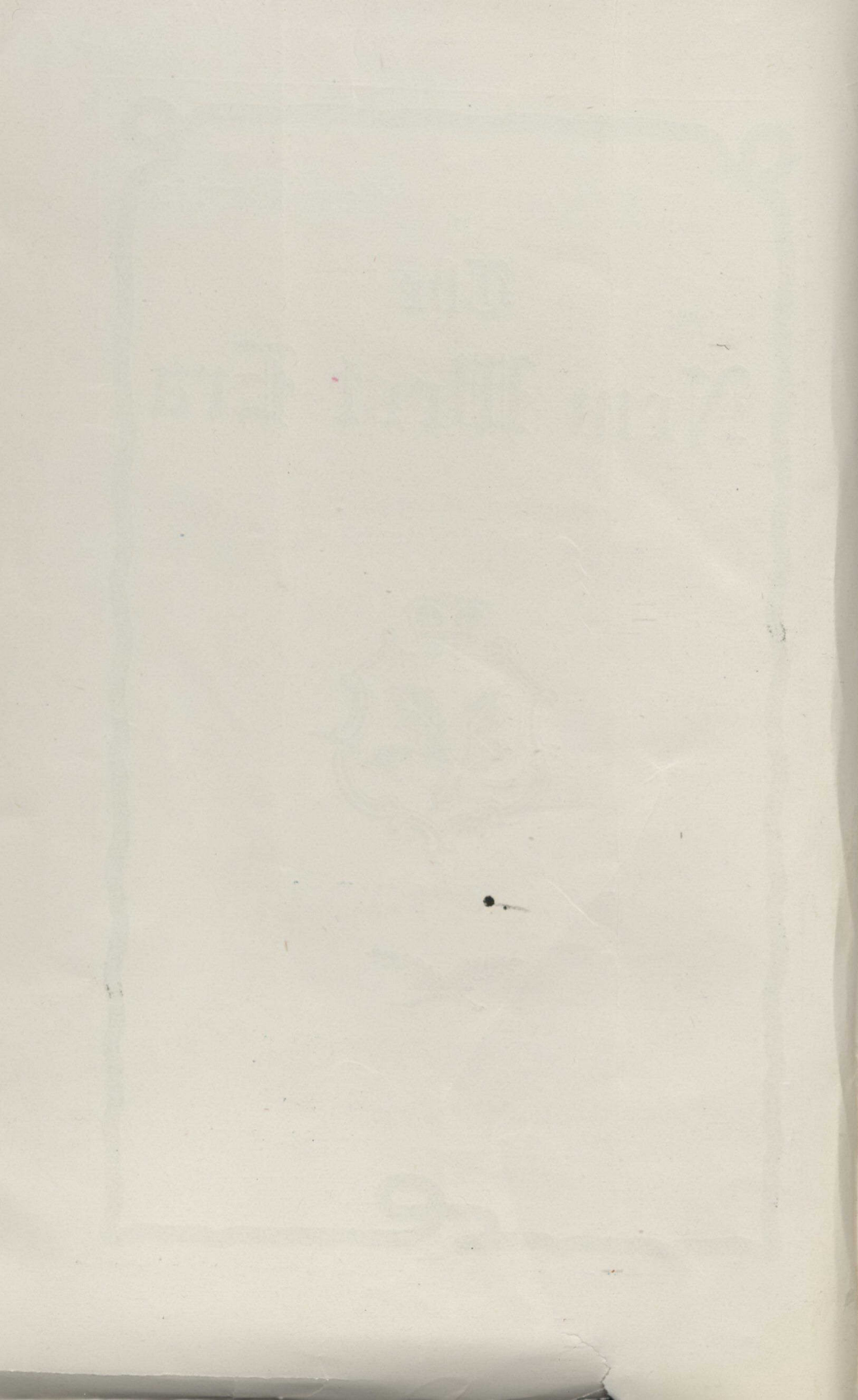
An Illustrated Monthly Devoted  
to Canada North-West



MAY 1904



A. M. MERTON,  
Editor and Publisher,  
MAPLE CREEK, N-W.T.



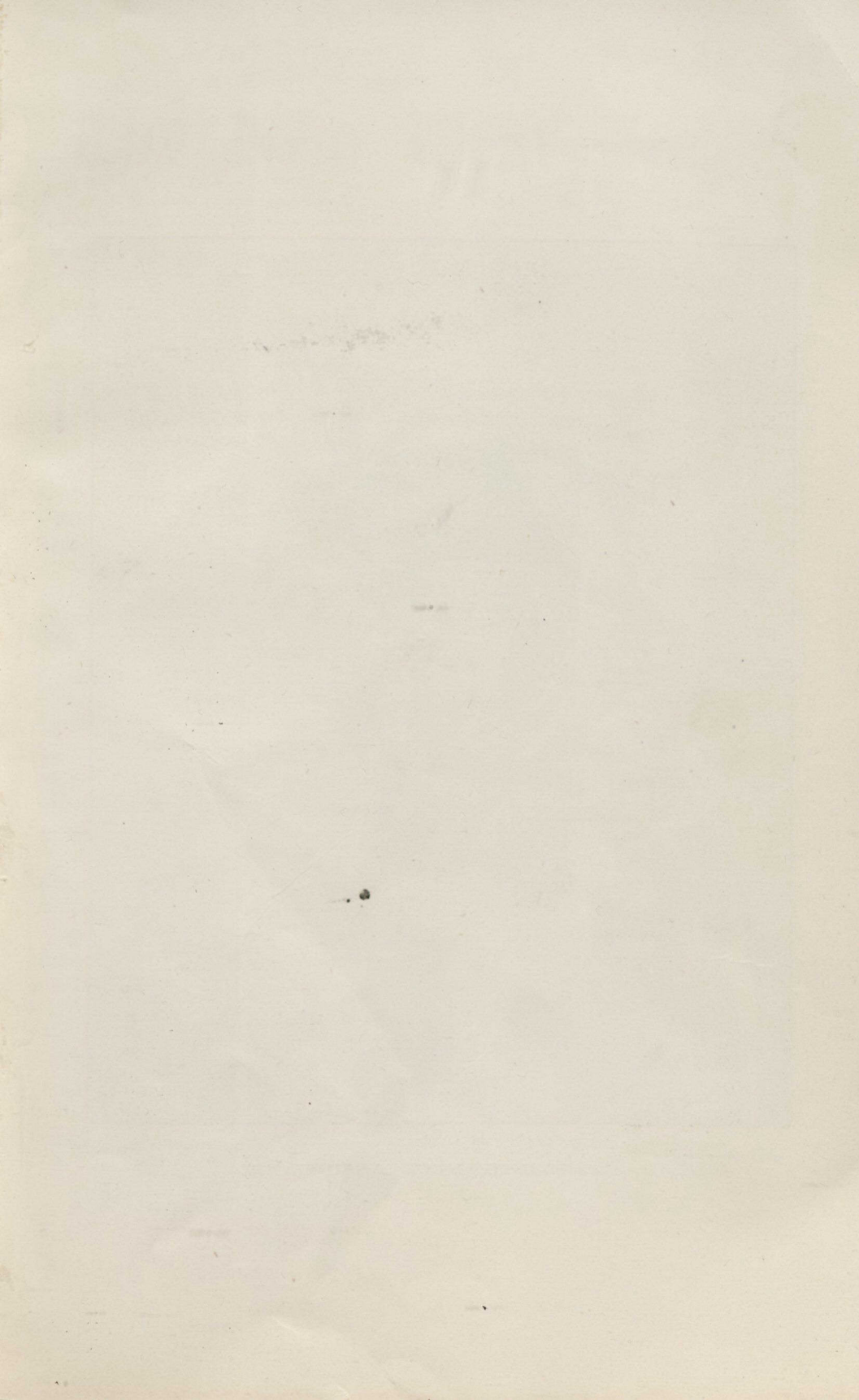




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CREE INDIAN OF ASSINIBOIA.

# The New West Era.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO NORTH-WEST CANADA

VOL. 1:

MAY 1904

No. 1.

## THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

BY A. M. MERTON.

**I**F you will take down your atlas from the shelf whereon it has rested in dust-covered oblivion, mayhap since your early school days, you will probably find, when you look for the North-West Territories, that the region referred to is designated by an immense tract of land almost unbroken by evidences of civilization of any kind, and when we turn to a description of the country, the information is so vague and unsatisfactory generally that we toss aside the book in disgust, and well we may, for the atlases of fifteen years ago contain but limited information in regard to the North-West Territories of that time and give not a hint of the development of the present day.

These elevated plains of the great North-West were formerly inhabited by the Indians, the bear, the moose, the prairie wolf or coyote, the little gopher, the horned owl, the eagle—king of birds, and many other varieties of beast and fowl, but few, deplorably few white beings of the human family—and these were the intrepid trappers in

pursuit of their calling and occasional squads of of the North-West Mounted Police.

That was the condition in the former period while the transformation to be observed to-day is truly astonishing.

The wild creatures of the former time have almost disappeared from view and the busy prairie towns with surrounding ranches dot the landscape in every direction.

The Indians are still in evidence but they have become so nearly civilized that they are no longer a menace to the whites and in many instances are industrial factors in the land, all-be-it many of them still cling to the picturesque garb of earlier times as is shown in the frontis-piece of this number, it being a reproduction from a recent photograph of a genuine XXth Century Indian—quite harmless and quite decidedly aboriginal, at the same time.

The development of the great North-West, only begun a few years ago, is noticeable throughout every part of the wide Dominion; but in the newer portions has been

so marked as to become a matter of most favorable comment by writers and public speakers.

The North-West Territories are divided into districts, viz: Alberta, Assiniboia, Athabasca, Saskatchewan with representative, but not responsible government. In addition to these partially settled and organized districts, the following divisions have also been made in the unsettled region: Franklin, Keewatin, Mackenzie, Ungava and Yukon.

The total population of the North-West Territory in 1901 was 211,649; its area being 2,497,427 square miles.

The Legislative Power and Local Government consists of an assembly of thirty-one members chosen by ballot on a very liberal franchise based on residence and household qualifications, Indians being excluded. It elects its own speaker, has a duration of four years unless sooner dissolved, and meets once every year.

Members do not require a property qualification and are paid a small indemnity. The Legislative

powers are defined by a Dominion Act and are as nearly as practicable, those of provincial assemblies. Municipal institutions have been established in towns and rural districts in imitation of the Ontario system.

The gold discoveries in the Yukon have rendered it necessary to provide a simple system of government for that region.

A commissioner, a council—partly elective, and judges, are appointed by the Dominion Government under authority given by the Parliament of Canada. The population of the Yukon is 27,000.

Settlers to the North-West Territories from all points find well developed means for travel in the great Canadian Pacific Railway, which crosses the continent from Montreal on the east to Vancouver on the west, with numerous branches extending to many towns which would not otherwise be enabled to receive the impetus that immigration is giving to the country—and they are pouring into the country by the thousand, rapidly changing the general appearance of same



and in a more substantial manner than could ordinarily be expected.

And who can blame them—for the “Mecca” for the consumptive is here, as well as for the sound individual; in this land of almost perpetual sunshine—the hope for success in business, long deferred in the east, is here for those who will strive; the opportunity to rise unhampered in the industrial world is awaiting those who honestly endeavor; and this is the land for the stock-man in very truth, for the horse of the North-West Territory stands without a peer in the market-to-day; the cattle which roam the plains in immense herds apparently ownerless, almost care for themselves. At the “round-ups” however, ownership is established by the brands upon them; and herds of 1,000 or more are frequently the property of one prosperous rancher.

In the western part of the North-West Territory, throughout Alberta and a portion of Assiniboia, irrigation on a large scale is being established and as a consequence vegetables, flowers and trees of almost every known species of the

temperate zone, flourish in abundance during the summer season.

And more, very much more, could be said in giving a description of this new country, but space forbids; the foregoing however, is of vital interest to those who are looking in the direction of the North-West Territory, for health, for wealth, for homes and comforts generally; for the settler is enabled to accumulate in a very short time, that for which years of hard labor, or a lifetime must be given in the older portions of the country.

The writer is not booming land and can truthfully say that no individual irons are “warming in the fire,” but, having located in this sunny and healthful country—where bitterly cold winters are the exception rather than the rule—we feel that it is a good thing and needs passing along.

Yes, come to the North-West Territory, where homesteads for the settler are still to be had in good locations, and where labor of every description is greatly in demand—and last, but not least, where the dollar circulates so freely that the easterner at first opens his eyes in astonishment.



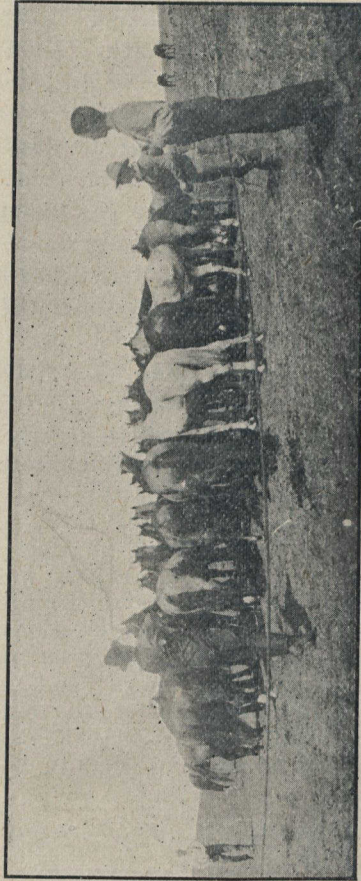


PHOTO BY FLEMING

ROPING HORSES.



## MISSIPOWISTIC.

BY CHARLES MAIR.

WRITTEN AT THE GRAND RAPIDS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

**H**ERE, in this howling torrent, ends  
 The rushing river, named  
     By savage man  
     Saskatchewan—  
 In dark tradition famed.  
 His source, Creation's dread abyss,  
     Or in the glacier's cell;  
     His way, the sweep  
     Of canyons deep,  
 And clefts and chasms fell.  
 And forth from many a mountain's side  
     He leaps with laughter grim;  
     Their spurs are slit,  
     Their walls are split,  
 To make a path for him.  
 And down into the plain he raves  
     With dusky torrent cold,  
     And lines his bed  
     With treasure shred  
 From unknown reefs of gold.  
 And, monster-like, devours his shores,  
     Or, writhing through the plain,  
     Casts up the while  
     Full many an isle,  
 And swallows them again.  
 For though, betimes, he seems to sink  
     Amidst his prairies pale,  
     He swells with pride  
     In summer-tide  
 When low-born rivers fail.  
 And knits tradition to his shores  
     Of savage fights and fame,  
     When poaching Cree  
     The Blackfoot free  
 With magic arms o'ercame.  
 Of Wapiti and Spanish horse,  
     And of the bison horde,  
     A transverse stream,  
     As in a dream,  
 Which flowed at every ford.

## THE NEW ERA

And of the whites who first espied  
 His course, their toils and cares;  
     Of brave Varennes,  
     The boast of men,  
 And prince of voyageurs!  
 Of ancient settlement and farm  
     Ere France his wantons pressed;  
     Ere royal mind  
     For lust resigned  
 The Empire of the West.  
 Of him who once his waters churned—  
     The bluff fur-trader king—  
     Mackenzie bold,  
     Renowned of old  
 For his far wandering.  
 Of later days, when to his shores  
     The dauntless Franklin came;  
     Ere Science lost,  
     In Arctic frost,  
 The life, the lofty aim.  
 Or of the old "Bois-brule" town,  
     Whose huts of log and earth  
     Rang, winter-long,  
     With jest and song,  
 And wild plain-hunters' mirth.  
 And of the nearer, darker day,  
     Which saw their offspring leap  
     To arms, and wake,  
     With frenzied shake,  
 Dull justice from her sleep.  
 Or, turning to the future, dreams  
     On time, and prophecies  
     The human tide  
     When, by his side,  
 Great cities shall arise.  
 The sordid tide, the weltering sea,  
     Of lusts and cares and strife;  
     The dreaded things  
     The worldling brings—  
 The rush and roar of life.  
 And onward tears his torrent still,  
     A hundred leagues withdrawn,  
     Beyond the capes  
     And silvan shapes  
 And wilds of chimabaun.

Down through the silent forest land,  
     Beyond the endless marge  
         Of swale and brake,  
         And lingering lake,  
 Beyond the "Demicharge."  
 Till at the Landing-place he lifts  
     His crest of foam, and, quick  
         As lightning, leaps  
         Adown the steeps  
 Of Missipowistic!  
 Whilst o'er him wheels the osprey's wing—  
     And, in the tamrac glades  
         Near-by the bear  
         And Mooswa share  
 Their matchless mossy shades.  
 Whilst echoes of the huskies' yells  
     From yonder woods are flung  
         At midnight dim,  
         A chorus grim,  
 As if by demons sung!  
 But, see! Here comes a birch canoe!  
     Two wiry forms it bears,  
         In quaintest guise,  
         With wrinkled eyes—  
 Two smoke-dried voyageurs!  
 "We'll take you down! Embarquez donc—  
     Embarquez donc, monsieur!  
         We'll steer you through  
         The channel true,"  
 Cries each old voyager.  
 "Nay, look ye, men—those walls of foam  
     Yon swirling 'cellars' fell!"  
         "Fear not to pass,  
         Thou Moniyas!  
 We know this torrent well."  
 "I've roamed this river from my youth—  
     I know its every fork."  
         "And I have made,"  
         The other said,  
 "Full many a trip to York."  
 Soho! I'll go! The Rapids call!  
     With hamper at my wing  
         We sally down  
         Their foaming crown  
 Like arrow from the string—

## THE NEW ERA

Into the yeast of waters wild,  
 Where winds and eddies rave !  
     Into the fume  
     And raging spume  
 And tempest of the wave !

Past rocky points, with bays between,  
 Where pelicans, bright hued,  
     Are flushed to flight  
     With birds like night—  
 The cormorant's impish brood !

And madly now our frail craft leaps  
     Adown the billows' strife,  
     And cleaves their crests  
     And seething breasts  
 As 'twere a thing of life.

As dips the pandion for his prey  
     So dips our bark amain.  
     We sink and soar,  
     And sink and soar,  
 And sink and soar again !

Till, following the foaming fall  
     Of one long, throbbing wave,  
     Enrapt we glide,  
     And seem to slide  
 Down, down into its grave!

"O break! O break! sweet balm, soft air!"  
     No, no, we mount! we rise !  
     Once more the dash  
     And deafening clash  
 Of billows flout the skies.

Till, swept o'er many a whirling swell,  
     The final surge is past,  
     And, like the strife  
     Of human life,  
 We reach calm floods at last.

Now, thanks, ye grim old voyageurs!  
     No man has flinched in fear--  
     Yet in earth's round  
     I've seldom found  
 This life and death so near.

Thanks, thanks to you, good men and true!  
     Here we shall rest awhile,  
     And toast the bold  
     Coreurs of old  
 Upon the prisoners' Isle.



FRED. W. DOWNER,  
HENDERSON-DOWNER HOTEL SYSTEM,  
LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA.

## IN SLAVERY DAYS.

BY M. L. BYRN.

I WAS spending a short season with an old friend on a cotton plantation, down in Dixie, in the olden time before the "war for the Union," and had a glorious time of it, riding around, taking it easy, and once in a while taking a stroll with the proprietor and owner of the land and the "inky heads" besides, through the cotton fields where the "hands" were at work gathering the fleecy white crop peculiar to the "Sunny South."

Going up to the "white folks' house" at one time, after our morning's tramp he was accosted by the cook, who said to him: "Massa, not got much for breakfast this mornin' sar—ole George been stealin' de chickens agin I recon, for de aint no whar round—so I'm gwine to give you fried bacon and biscuits—de best I can do, massa."

The man looked at me sorrowfully, for he knew from actual experience that I was wonderfully fond of "fried chicken," as he had often seen it rapidly disappear when I appeared at the table. So he only said:

"Well, Sasan, do the best you can, and I'll attend to old George after breakfast."

He then told me something about old George's "peculiar fail-

ing." Says he: "My dear sir, that nigger would run a risk of being hung for a good square meal of fried chicken. I've tried all kinds of plans to break him, but it's no use. We can never tell when we can depend on having a chicken for breakfast, as long as we keep him around: I'm sorry to offer you such a lean breakfast, but can't help it this morning."

After our breakfast of fried bacon and biscuits was disposed of, we went out into the piazza to rest for a while, and then he called up old George to see what more could be done, when the following confab took place—each one trying to get the best of the argument.

"George, what am I to do with you anyhow? Susan tells me the chickens are all gone again—and of course you stole them—you have been doing this thing long enough—I've tried every way to cure you of it, but it does you no good, chickens you will steal and I cannot even have one for a friend who calls to see me. One of two things now I must and will do—I must shoot this stealing propensity out of you and finish you up at once, or I must sell you and send you down South to work on a sugar plantation; I am sorry to do it—

you are a good hand to drive the carriage, attend to the horses and all that, but I can't stand this any longer; your promises are not to be taken for anything—you are a bad chicken thief—now what am I to do with you?"

The darkey rolled up the whites of his eyes and looked very sorrowful—he loved his master, even if he did love fried chicken, and he did not relish either horn of the dilemma he was poked with, did not want the shooting arrangement, and had a horror of being sent "away down South" to work on a negro plantation; he was a gentleman negro—lived among the white folks, drove the carriage for his master and mistress, and he was in a bad fix. Finally, he says to his master, in a persuasive kind of way, "Say Master, can't we argy this little matter, and cum to some fair understandin'; I think, Massa, you am kinder hard on ole George. Will you listen to me and promise not to get mad, 'cause you hab gib me sum good big thrashings with the ole black tan about this same business, cause you always git into a passion. Now you see, you am mistaken altogether about dis business—it is not stealing." The Master looked at me and then at old George with utter amazement; but finally said to him, "George don't say I am hard on you any more; go ahead with your argument, you would make a good law-

yer. I reckon I better send you to town, and let you study law for a while, and save me from lawyers' bills hereafter."

"Well Massa, you know when a man's standing is at stake he must be on hand all de while. Now you see how dis ting is; you say to me, 'You am my nigger, I am your property!' Massa am I correck or not?"

"Yes, and a poor piece of property you are, too; no matter, go ahead."

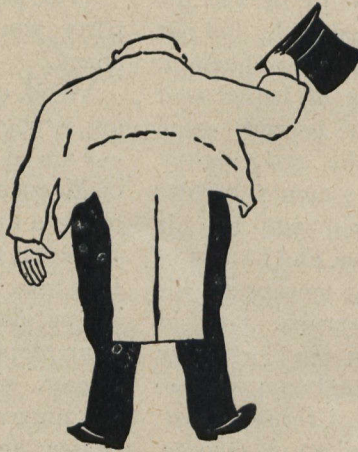
"Well, den, Massa see how you are wrong in accusing de innocent—I am de nigger sar—one piece of Massa's property! Well den, de chicken am 'nother piece of your property, too sar, an' all I do, sar, is to take one piece of you property an' put dat into 'nother piece of your property—de chicken into de nigger, sar, an' de chicken and de nigger all belong to you, Massa; and when I put de chicken in de nigger, sar, it am no stealing, but putting one into de other—just like de hoss an' de corn, dey belong to you. Massa, do you call it stealing corn when de hoss eats Massa's corn? No, sar. And can you say nigger steal when he eats Massa's chicken? You am wrong, sar.

"Say, George, your mistress wants to take a ride down the river road; go and bring out the horses."

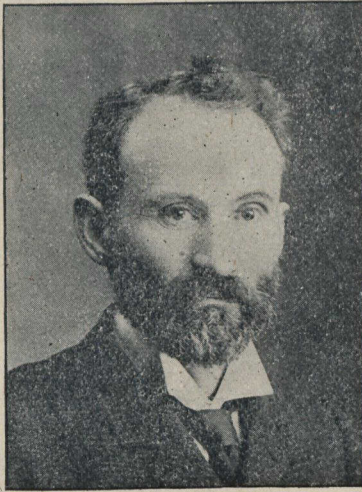
The owner was the court I was the jury, George was the lawyer, and he gained his case, sure as

you live, for the master said to me, "that boy (about fifty years old) is too much for me in an argument. I reckon I won't shoot him, and I won't sell him, neither, if he does

eat chickens." And when I left the plantation to go home George was in good and regular standing with the "Old Folks at Home."







MAYOR JOHN DIXON,  
MAPLE CREEK, ASSA.

## IN PEACEFUL CLIME.

BY C. LEONARD.

THE autumnal sun descending  
Behind yon hill's broad crest;  
Shines bright across the valley,  
Gleams on the river's breast,  
And, as the twilight closes,  
The last beam lingering, falls  
On the little Mission grave-yard  
With its cross so black and tall,  
And the rows of grassy hillocks  
That, beneath its holy shade,  
Mark where the half-breed children  
In their last long sleep are laid.  
They touch with Midas' fingers  
The cross that marks each mound;  
Bathe in a flood of radiance bright  
That spot of sacred ground.  
Then, tardily receding  
In waves of lessening light,  
Reluctant, leave the valley  
And scale the distant height;  
Flash 'gainst the advancing darkness  
One last, glorious, golden ray,  
Slow seek the farther western ridge  
And faltering—die—away.

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Now, as the darkness falling  
Enfolds each hill and dell,  
Peals from its tiny turret

The little Mission bell—  
Echoing down the valley  
Upon the chill night's air  
It sends its brazen bidding  
For the evening Angelus prayer.

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At once the gloom is broken  
Where the altar candles bright,  
Pour through the chapel windows  
A flood of mellow light;  
Then presently steals faintly  
Adown the valley's ways  
The sound of voices lifted  
In the Benediction's praise.  
They cease: the chapel darkens;  
The night's shade grows more deep;  
More loud the river's murmur  
Between its banks so steep.  
In softer strain the night-wind  
Chides the current's troubled breast  
And as their voices mingle  
The Mission sinks to rest.

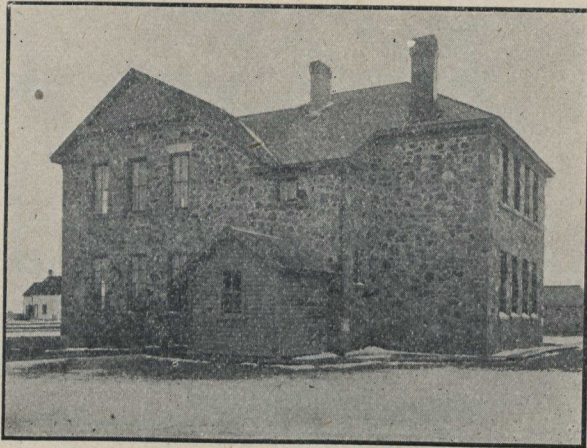


# THE NEW WEST ERA SCHOOLS IN N-W. CANADA.



## MAPLE CREEK.\*

BY C. E. BROWN.



IT was in 1887 that the residents of Maple Creek made their first definite step towards securing educational advantages for the rising generation. In response to a petition duly presented by three prospective rate-payers, the Lieut-Governor erected the Maple Creek School district No. 80, the communication announcing the fact being addressed to the Rev. C. Teeter.

At the regular organization meeting which followed, W. R. Abbott as Returning Officer, presided and Rev. Teeter acted as secretary. The first Board of Trustees included Messrs. James

Hastie, chairman, William Nicol and W. J. Lawrence. As a school site the new board chose lot 12 in block 2. The building which was to be used as a school house was built of logs and erected largely by voluntary contribution as appears from the following extract from the minute book: "Resolved, that the building erected on the lot chosen as a school site by voluntary contribution for a public hall, school house and church, be taken by the Trustees of this School District from the committee appointed to erect said building on the condition named by them, that the Trustee Board assume an indebtedness of

\* Other articles on North-West Schools will follow.

\$308.10 remaining on the building.”

It is interesting to note that Mr. W. R. Abbott was the first assessor and that the value of all property in the district as reported on the roll was \$50,000. Next came the matter of engaging a teacher, after the usual sifting of applications and exchanging of rapid fire messages by wire, the lot fell upon Miss Sadie J. McDermid of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Thus, were school affairs in the village inaugurated.

As years rolled along and ranchers with growing families to educate moved into town, for at least part of the year, the school began to outgrow its accomodation. As a measure of relief, the Board secured the use of the entire ground floor of the next log building to the north and here the primary department was soon installed under the management of Miss Edmison whose name still pervades the educational and social atmosphere of Maple Creek.

In the meantime, preparations were made for the erection of a new building that would provide accomodation for many years to come. In 1895, the substantial, four-roomed stone structure shown in the engraving made its appearance on a site quite out of the village and the old building passed

into the hands of the carpenter who by a judicious insertion of partitions, windows and doorways, produced the dwelling now occupied by J. C. Auger.

Since then, a number of teachers have held sway over the youth of the village among others being Mr. A. H. Ball, B. A., at present I. P. S. in Eastern Assiniboia. During these years, the natural growth in school population has been to some extent offset by the erection of school districts in the neighboring communities. Since Maple Creek dropped the humble name of village and assumed that of town with its wider responsibilities and powers, the two rooms have become quite inadequate for the work to be done. An increase in the accomodation and in the staff has been planned for in the near future. The present teachers Mr. C. E. Brown and Mrs. J. H. Bulmer by able and conscientious work have earned for themselves the good will and confidence of both pupils and parents.

The present Trustee Board, Messrs. Jno Harvey, G. H. Hustler, R. G. Williamson, Wm. Pollock and George Reid are bent upon improving the appearance of the square upon which the school is built and give the whole an air of beauty that will react with telling effect upon the nascent men and women within.

## THE LOST JOY.

BY RALPH IRON.

ALL day, where the sunlight played on the sea-shore. Life sat.

All day the soft wind played with her hair, and the young face looked out across the water. She was waiting—she was waiting; but she could not tell for what.

All day the waves ran up and up on the sand, and ran back again, and the pink shells rolled. Life sat waiting; all day, with the sunlight in her eyes, she sat there, till, grown weary, she laid her head on her knee and fell asleep, waiting still.

Then a keel grated on the sand, and then a step was on the shore—Life woke and heard it. A hand was laid upon her, and a great shudder passed through her. She looked up and saw over her the strange, wide eyes of Love—and Life now knew for whom she had sat there waiting.

And Love drew Life up to him.

And of that meeting was born a thing rare and beautiful—Joy, First-Joy was it called. The sunlight when it shines upon the merry water is not so glad; the rosebuds, when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss are not so ruddy. Its tiny pulses beat quick. It was so warm, so soft! It never spoke,

but it laughed and played in the sunshine; and Love and Life rejoiced exceedingly. Neither whispered it to the other, but deep in its own heart each said, "It shall be ours forever."

Then there came a time—was it after weeks? was it after months? (Love and Life do not measure time)—when the thing was not as it had been.

Still it played; still it laughed; still it stained its mouth with purple berries; but sometimes the little hands hung weary, and the little eyes looked out heavily across the water.

And Life and Love dared not look into each other's eyes, dared not say, "What ails our darling?" Each heart whispered to itself, "It is nothing, it is nothing, to-morrow it will laugh out clear." But to-morrow and to-morrow came. They journeyed on, and the child played beside them, but heavily, more heavily.

One day Life and Love lay down to sleep; and when they awoke, it was gone; only near them, on the grass, sat a little stranger with wide-open eyes, very soft and sad. Neither noticed it; but they walked apart, weeping bitterly, "Oh, our Joy! our lost Joy! shall we see you no more forever?"

The little soft and sad-eyed stranger slipped a hand into one hand of each, and drew them closer, and Life and Love walked on with it between them. And when Life looked down in anguish, she saw her tears reflected in its soft eyes; and when Love, mad with pain, cried out. "I am weary, I am weary! I can journey no further. The light is all behind, the dark is all before," a little rosy finger pointed where sunlight lay upon the hillsides. Always its large eyes were sad and thoughtful; always the little brave mouth was smiling quietly.

And when on the sharp stones Life cut her feet, he wiped the blood upon his garments, and kissed the wounded feet with his little lips. When in the desert Love lay down faint (for Love itself grows faint), he ran over the hot sand with his little naked feet, and even there in the desert found water in the holes in the rocks to moisten Love's lips with. He was no burden—he never weighted them; he only helped them forward on their journey.

When they came to the dark ravine where the icicles hang from the rocks—Life and Love must pass through strange drear places—there where all is cold, and the snow lies thick, he took their freezing hands and held them against his beating little heart, and warmed them—and softly he drew them on and on.

And when they came beyond, into a land of sunshine and flowers, strangely the great eyes lit up, and dimples broke out upon the face. Brightly laughing, it ran over the soft grass; gathered honey from the hollow tree, and brought it to them on the palm of its hand; carried them water in the leaves of the lily, and gathered flowers and wreathed them round their heads softly laughing all the while. He touched them as their Joy had touched them, but his fingers clung more tenderly.

So they wandered on, through dark lands and the light, always with that little brave smiling one between them. Sometimes they remembered that first radiant Joy, and whispered to themselves, "Oh! could we but find him also."

At last they came to where Reflection sits; that strange old woman, who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future.

And Life and Love cried out, "O wise one! tell us: when first we met, a lovely radiant thing belonged to us—gladness without a tear, sunshine without a shade. Oh! how did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?"

And she, the wise old woman, answered, "To have it back, will you give up that which walks beside you now?"

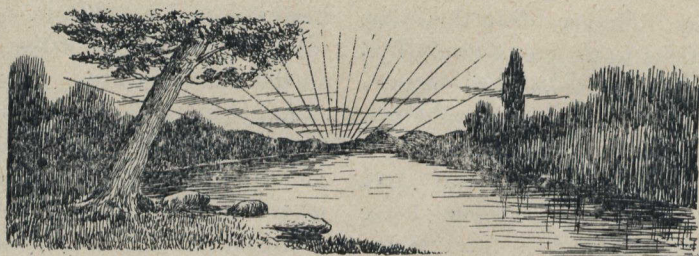
And in agony Love and Life cried, "No!"

"Give up this!" said Life. "When the thorns have pierced me, who will suck the poison out? When my head throbs, who will lay his tiny hands upon it and still the beating? In the cold and the dark, who will warm my freezing heart?"

And Love cried out "Better let me die! Without Joy I can live; but without this I cannot. Let me rather die, not lose it!"

And the wise old woman answered, "O fools and blind! What you once had is that which you have now! When Love and Life first meet, a radiant thing is born, with-

out a shade. When the roads begin to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard, and the nights cold and long—then it begins to change. Love and Life will not see it, will not know it—till one day they start up suddenly, crying, 'O God! O God! we have lost it! Where is it?' They do not understand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert and the frost, and the snow. They do not know that, what walks beside them still is the Joy grown older. The grave, sweet, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts—its name is Sympathy; it is the Perfect Love."





## GOOD NIGHT.

BY A. M. MERTON.



Good night—God's blessings on thee, gentle heart,  
Let dreams of peace and plenty come to thee;  
May no foul vision from the world apart  
Disturb thy slumbers—God is watching thee.



A bright and cloudless day awaiteth thee  
After the turmoil of the troubled hours;  
Lift up to light above thy drooping head,  
After the rain and darkness, cometh flowers.



“He chasteneth whom He loveth”—this we see,  
But poorly bear the burden God doth give.  
Oh, doubter on the weary road to heaven  
Look up, whilst God is near, can'st thou not live?



But now—good night, dear friend, again good night;  
If morning finds our paths diverging still,  
Look up and thank Him for the gladsome light;  
And mould thy thoughts and actions to His will.



## JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY A. M. MERTON.

AT the present time all eyes are turned to the Orient where warfare and strife for supremacy are holding forth for the whole world, otherwise, to comment upon; and indeed many predict that the role of passive observer will not be maintained by all observers with equal fortitude and that other Powers will "take a hand" in the conflict ere the matter is settled.

The state of affairs would be vastly augmented and the present "mole hill" likely assume mountainous dimensions if such should indeed occur, as the ability to sustain an absolute neutrality as to events occurring from day to day where one's interest is so surely aroused as at present is only too well illustrated by the sudden outbursts of enthusiasm if perchance a representative of the present aggressive "Japs" but looms upon our horizon, for, clannish as are the Christian nations of the world, the narrowness and bigotry of the policy pursued by Russia in the treatment of her subjects have so aroused the people of the Anglo-Saxon race, that almost to a unit sympathy is given to Japan—a heathen nation—enlightened by contact with Christian nations,

tis true, but still enrolled upon the lists of idol worshipping and idolatrous people.

Should we suddenly find ourselves transported to the Islands of Japan, what should we find as to conditions generally, and what features would be most likely to arouse our interest?

It is said, and with authority, that Japan is one of the most densely populated countries on the globe and travellers to that sunny land assure us that one has only to climb toward the summit of one of her numerous mountains to prove it by actually witnessing the congestion of crowded humanity in the valleys below, for it is not an unusual sight to see a dozen districts and separate villages within a radius of ten miles thus making it something less than a mile from one to another.

Children swarm the verandahs and roll like little pigs in the wealth of verdure the Island affords, while insects of various kinds play hide and seek upon them; for Japan is truly the home of the festive flea, the mosquito, the gnat; while centipedes, cicadas and ants exist everywhere.

Dragon flies are numerous and beautifully colored. Bees are

common—the only poisonous snake is the mamushi, confined to a few localities but the bed-bug (that pest of many portions of western continent), is absent.

Of the butterfly it is said that one hundred and forty seven varieties exist with probably from fifteen to twenty times as many moths.

The Japanese, as a people, are much attached to their baths and even among the lowest classes it is quite customary to indulge in a bath at such places as are provided, at the return of each evening hour,—no particular attention is given to privacy and the bathing hour, consequently becomes the hour for the exchange of gossip; cleanliness, however, is attained

and we are told that “cleanliness is next to Godliness.”

The people are rather undersized when compared with the tall and well built specimens of our western prairies; are Mongoloid rather than Mongolian as the race is now supposed to be of mixed blood and several elements are noticable in their physiognomy which would easily lead one to believe this theory.

The Japanese call their Emperor “Son of Heaven” and assert that the first of their line came to their country with 80,000 followers.

The court has always worn the hair uncut, as in Korea,

The people of southern Japan approach nearly to the Malay type; while north of Tokio the common people have broad faces and large eyes and are altogether less Mongoloid.

The mass of people are easy-going, indifferent and submissive. In the country, while the family as elsewhere, formed the original unit, the next unit was the five-householder guild, which had to act on all questions affecting their relations with their superiors. Then followed the village community with its headman, an hereditary office until 1700 A. D., thereafter in many places elective. The trades had also their guilds for mutual action and friendly assistance and these combinations extend to every department of life; indeed a Japa-



JAPANESE MERCHANTS

nese is scarcely ever to be treated with as an individual; he is always in a clique.

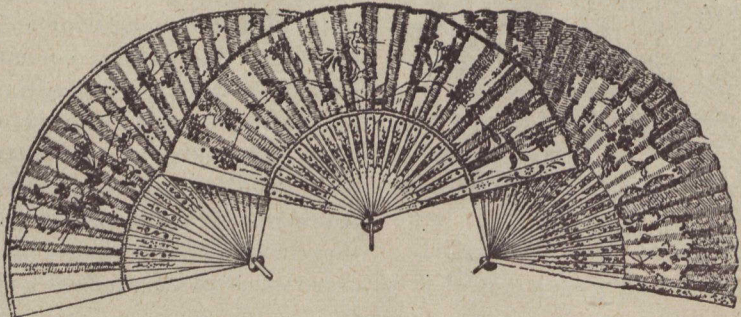
Adoption though forbidden by law if excuted just before death, is so common that one seldom finds a family of brothers all bearing the same name and a school class-list is always undergoing change from this cause.

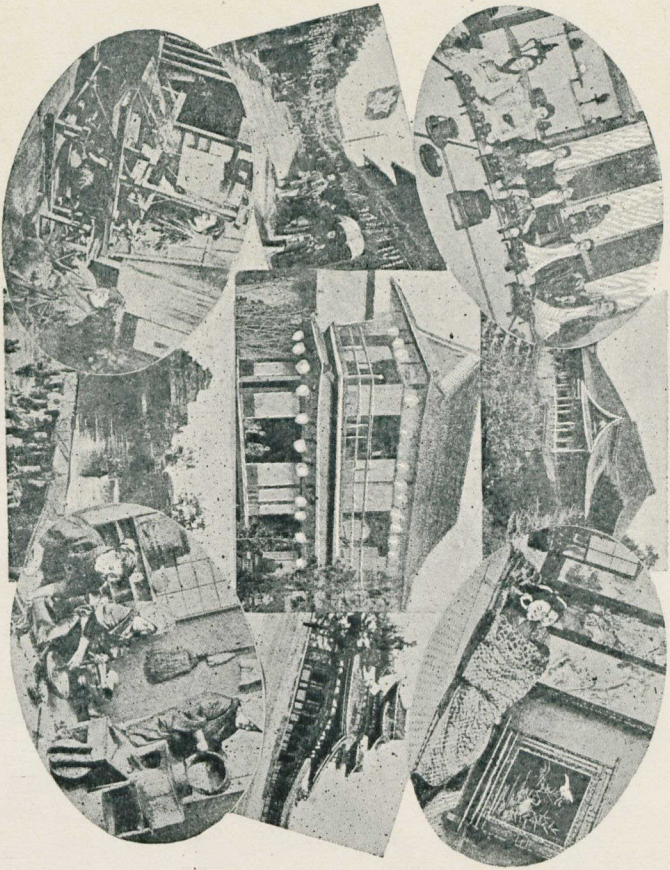
Education in Japan is nominally compulsory and certainly wide-spread. Even among the lowest class of laborers the ability to read and write is generally found; indeed the people as a whole may be referred to as a literary folk and in the cities at least, are diligent readers of the daily newspapers. As to their schools, they have elementary, middle and normal, crowned by the Imperial University in Tokio. There are also agricultural, technical and commercial colleges in the capital and the provinces; a musical conservatory lately annexed to the higher Normal schools, a ladies institute and similar institutions of truly meritorious equipment, which fact will be a genuine surprise to many who read this article, as, we people of the Christian lands are only too prone to regard our "yellow brethern" of the Orient with condescending interest, as we pity their unenlight-

ened condition, but with the additional information now coming to us we need for a surety to change such attitude to a thoroughly respectful one, and there is just a hint faintly wafted hither that we had better look well to our own laurels, lest the "little yellow man" "turn the tables."

The religion of Japan must take us backward however, in the scale of progress as she is still enrolled among the heathen nations, but strange to relate, she is also very tolerant of almost any and every creed or doctrine that invades her domain and 'tis said that it is not an unusual occurrence in Japan to find several shrines to as many different deities within a small inclosure, or, if in the open air, within plain sight of each other.

But why should we regard this as of unfavorable trend? To the writer it seems indeed as though God in his wonderful wisdom were bringing about this very chaos to illustrate to their benighted souls the futility of it all and then to let the glorious light of His own true religion shine into hearts made ready and anxious to accept Him. Yes, and the time seems almost here, for education and spiritual enlightenment go hand in hand.





SCENES IN JAPAN

- DINING
- STREET SCENE
- WEAVING
- SLEEPING
- HEATHEN TEMPLE
- RESIDENCES
- COOKING



**The New West Era.**AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED  
TO NORTH-WEST CANADA

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

**A. M. MERTON**

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

MAPLE CREEK, N.W.T.

**MAY 1904****EDITORIAL.**

**T**HE NEW WEST ERA is intended as a literary publication wherein many contributors of ability in this great North-West will be able to give publication to their work, which is so often crowded out in the East when presented, because of the over-zealous workers in the profession of letters, whose work must of necessity be catered to by Eastern publishers.

We have many capable and able writers scattered throughout this great western land from whom we should be much pleased to receive contributions.

This is truly a New West Era and we have an ambition to make it known to people in general.

The pages of THE NEW WEST ERA will be free from the polluted material so often found and as literature distributed broadcast throughout the length and breadth of newly settled countries.

It will cater to the thinking class of our land, and if by so doing its growth and subscription list make leisurely progress, then may we hope and pray that better thinkers be developed as the country settles and that a class of literature that appeals to the intellect rather than the sensuous may win the day as it deserves to do.

The illustrations of THE NEW WEST ERA will be "up-to-date" in every way and be a feature worth considering, as many of them are made especially for us at considerable expense, which we gladly bear, however, in order to give our patrons the best there is to be had for their money.

The magazine will not be confined to Maple Creek by any means, even if it is published at that point, as our issue for May will consist of at least 2,000 copies, which will be sent to subscribers and others at all points in the North-West Territories, as well as to various other places in creation.

The May number contains a "write up" of Maple Creek as one of its features in connection with many illustrations of her enterprising merchants, etc.

The June number will entertain its readers with the "write up" of another town—the July number of another, etc., for we wish the great North-West to know whereof it stands and be able to know what is

transpiring in towns around and about as well as in ones own.

We believe that emulation brought about by the wish not to be out-done by our neighbors, is legitimate and healthful and leads to a steady improvement in morals—methods, and men.

To live and enjoy life there must be ZEST or the effort fails and the impulse dies. What better sauce for tasteless common-places than the wish for improvement? What better inducement to right living than right thinking?

Our contributors are those who have learned to think and we appreciate them, as we hope our readers may appreciate them, for sterling worth alone.

We do not mean to boast, but have always been sufficiently conceited to think we know a good thing when we see it and so we pass it along; for selfishness and conceit are sometimes as separable as many other things in life which are usually referred to as inseparable.

Our best efforts and many heart-throbs have been stretched forth in unison with this great broad land—the New West, and as she rises or falls, so do our spirits move.

But she will not fall, for prosperity and plenty seem actually dancing in the atmosphere of these elevated plains; and health, wealth and happiness are a joyful trio.

\* \* \*

Scarcely a day passes at this season of the year, in which there are not welcomed many new-comers from across the international boundary line who have come to settle in the great North-West.

The Government is glad indeed to welcome them and to see that they receive fair treatment in every particular and to further such efforts have a regularly appointed staff of immigration agents at stated points.

An amusing incident in connection with a newly arrived settler at Lethbridge recently, is really worth the telling.

As is generally known, the genial and well-known countenance of Chas. Mair, author and poet, is the one at that point to first encounter the new-comer and question him or be questioned by him as the occasion may develop, for Mr. Mair, besides being a literary man, is immigration agent for that district and in the regular performance of his duties one night, met at the rail-road station the aforesaid new-comer. All went well—in fact so very well pleased was the new-comer that he expressed unstinted approval when later he conversed with one of Lethbridge's well known citizens, whom he told that Canadian towns were all right in every way and that he was very much pleased indeed to have been received and welcomed by the Mayor of the city, who, of course,



was supposed to be acting officially and to have extended to him the hearty welcome of the whole city together with the "keys thereof" as the saying goes.

The citizen was somewhat mystified at the new departure and consulted the Mayor as to the innovation pro and con, and was somewhat puzzled when his Worship denied any knowledge of such an event.

The whole thing was explained

however when he happened to think of the immigration agent by name, as Mr. Mair pronounces his name as though spelled "Mayor" hence the mistake.

The poem entitled Missipowistic, published in this issue, is one of Mr. Mair's and the meaning of the Indian word is "The Fall of the Saskatchewan."

It is worth reading as it gives a beautiful description of a beautiful stream.



JAMES STERNS,  
THE JASPER HOTEL, MAPLE CREEK

## CHILDREN'S PAGE.\*

"WHERE DID YOU COME FROM BABY DEAR?"  
BY CORA LAPHAM HAZARD.



Bennie Smithers' papa found him in a hollow stump.

All curled up just like a kitten in the coo-test hump;

Bennie Smithers brags about it, that is how I know;

Bennie Smithers' father told him, so, of course, it's so.

Nettie Mason was a fairy (my, but now she's fat),

Wouldn't hardly b'lieve to see her, such a thing as that.

But her mamma told us 'bout it (was the kind that sings)

'Course it's so, her mamma said so, says she saved the wings,

'Didn't dast to let us see them, said she would some day;

'Fraid the wings would fly to Nettie, and she'd fly away.

Norah Flynn was in a cabbage boughten for a stew.

Norah Flynn's own mother said it, "Shure thin, it is throe."

Didn't 'spect to find a baby (couldn't b'lieve her eyes)

In the middle of a cabbage—must have been a s'prise.

Who you s'pose 'twas came from heaven? Why, that dreadful Joe;

Come to think, it's not so s'prising that they let him go.

'Rastus, was in a melon, so says Mammy Lou;

She's the very one that found him, so, you see, it's true.

Once there was a stork went flying, that's when he found me,  
All a-sleeping in a lily, 'way off on the sea.

Close up to his neck I cuddled, then how we did fly.

'Course, I 'member all about it—first we went up high,

Where the shiny stars are scattered over all the night,

And I wasn't any scarted, not the leastest mite.

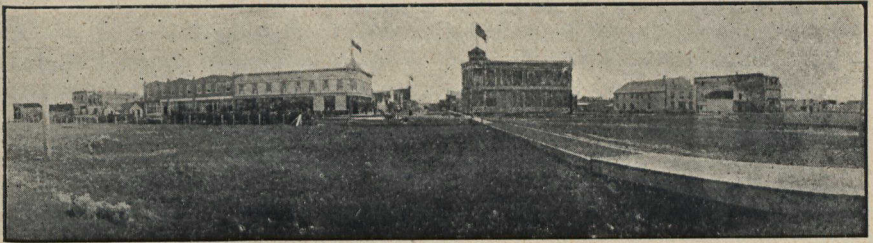
When we flew low near the houses, I began to fear

He would take me to a stranger and not to mamma dear;

But my really-truly mamma soon he brought me to.

What if he had got mistaken an' given me to you?

\* This Department will be enlarged.



## MAPLE CREEK, N-W.T.

THE traveler on the Overland Express from East to West passes through many towns and villages, but when he reaches Maple Creek he is always to be seen taking a second look at the town for it is one of the most attractive places on the C. P. R., between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Its splendid business houses and hotels facing the railroad are an indication of a prosperous people and a thrifty community.

Then, there in the distance, back of the town are to be seen the Cypress Hills, which are indisputably the finest ranching region in the world, and upon their ranges can be found thousands and thousands of cattle, sheep and horses. The hills are broken into slopes and coulees, which are attractive to the cattle, for they abound with shelter and water which are necessary for the cattle and horses that obtain sustenance in the range-lands of that region.

To the north, east and west for miles and miles the ranges expand and everywhere are to be seen herds of cattle, horses and sheep whose owners are accounted the bone and sinew of the land.

These ranges are abundantly supplied with grass and water, and ordinarily the cattle run upon them all the year 'round without having to be fed at the coralls.

It is not only a stock country, but during the past few years many of the settlers have tried agriculture with more than ordinary success. There are more ranchers turning their attention to mixed farming every year. There are no better opportunities anywhere for the mixed farmer than are to be found adjacent to Maple Creek. Hay, wheat and oats will find ready market. Vegetables are sought for during the gardening season, and the market prices are much better than in the Eastern country towns. It is not our intention to enter into details or say so

much about Maple Creek, that you will take it to be a padded yarn or a boom anecdote, for it is not intended as such.

To the traveler who passes through we could say our town has a population of 1,000 and he would say—"Oh, I thought it much larger." However the population falls considerably short of a thousand,

The illustrations on these pages are evidence sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical that we have what promises to be a beautiful town when proper public improvements are developed.

Our Hotels, The Hotel Cypress, The Commercial, The Maple Leaf and The Jasper House are all up-to-date and the traveling public



PHOTO BY FLEMING

THE HOTEL, CYPRESS

but it is gradually growing, and the new buildings erected during the past year, and those now under course of construction are indications as to the stability of Maple Creek.

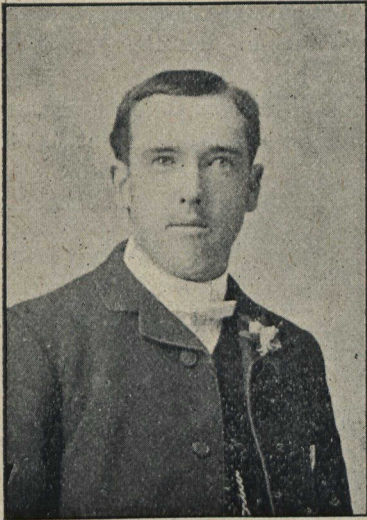
after once visiting Maple Creek are always sure to come again.

The Hotel Cypress of the Henderson-Downer System, is considered the best hotel in Assiniboia after a test of three years. It caters

only to first-class traveling and commercial men, and its cuisine is without question, the best. Mr. J. B. McCulla is the genial "Mine Host," but Mr. F. W. Downer

general public and has already established so enviable a reputation that it is now doubling its capacity and adding other improvements.

The Jasper House is the latest to enter the field of public places, and as an Inn, promises to keep business interesting in Maple Creek. Mr. James Sterns is the owner of this hostlery and W. J. Harmer is the manager. The building is large, airy, well lighted and in every respect a model hotel. The Commercial public will find the accommodations first-class. A potrait of Mr. Sterns, the progressive proprietor is published in this number.

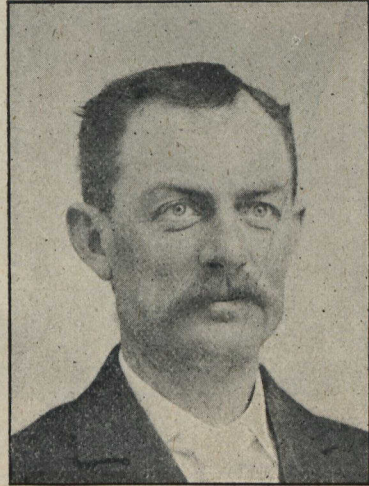


J. O. BEESLEY, COUNCILLOR

whose potrait appears elsewhere, spends a good deal of his time at this Maple Creek establishment and superintends the general character of the hotel, leaving the details to his manager, Mr. McCulla whose ability is unquestioned.

The Commercial Hotel is also under the Henderson-Downer management, with N. L. Robson as local manager. It is a dollar house and has a large patronage.

The Maple Leaf Hotel has only been opened for business during the past year and is catering to the



H. A. GREELEY, M. L. A.

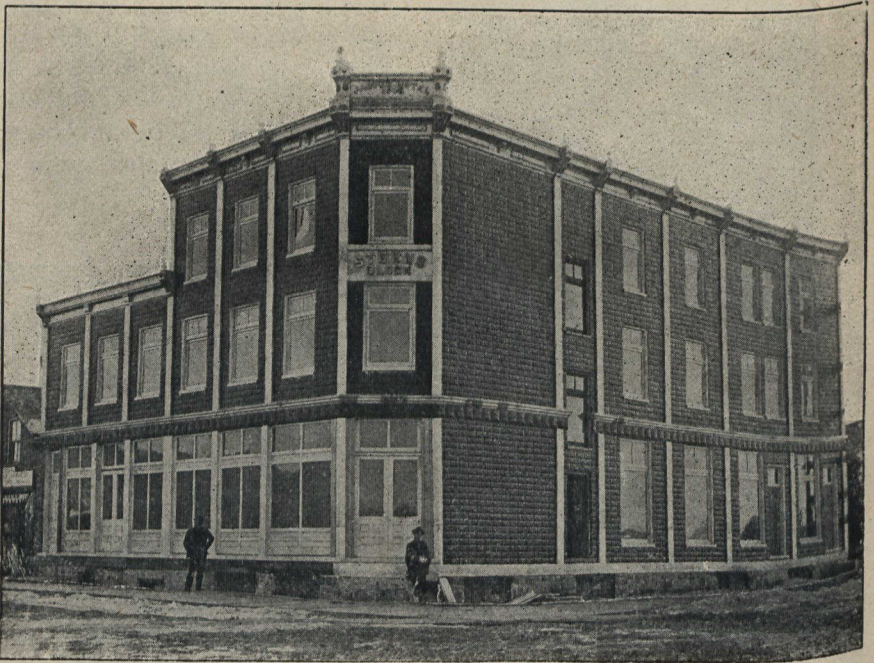
As a trading centre, Maple Creek can compete with any place

in the North-West. Of general stores there are several and their stocks are very large.

Dixon Bros., celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of their establishment as merchants in Maple Creek, this year. They were early on the ground as general merchants and have ever kept pace with the growth of the town and always try to keep one step in

Postmaster since 1893, and, is at present, Mayor of Maple Creek. He is also a prominent Mason being a District Deputy Grand Master for this Territory, etc. There is no firm with a higher business integrity in the North-West than Dixon Bros., of Maple Creek.

Williamson & Fleming, whose business establishment is shown



THE JASPER HOTEL.

advance. They expect to build a large addition to the handsome business block shown in this write-up. Mr. John Dixon, the senior member of the firm has also been

in this number are also large general merchants. Their two large store rooms, each of two stories are filled with merchandise, hardware and machinery, making an im-

in use stock. They are not so old as some of the firms of town, but their business is large and growing, and to say that you buy at Wil-

places in town. It is now conducted by the estate of the late Thomas Cooil, who was one of the widely-known business men of

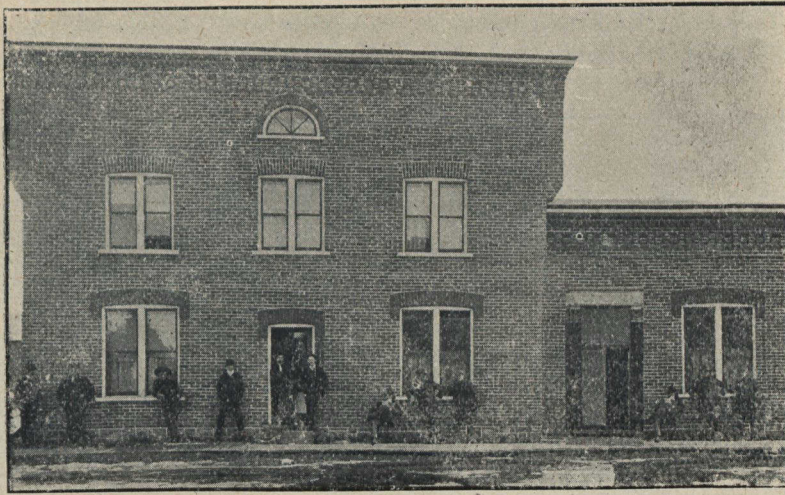


PHOTO BY FLEMING

THE MAPLE LEAF HOTEL.

liamson & Fleming's is a sure sign of prosperity.

Coolil's Busy Store, is not a misnomer. It means just what it says. It is one of the busiest

Maple Creek. The sons, John and Thomas, conduct the business for the estate and their large stock of general merchandise is always up-to-date, and courteous treatment is always meted out to all customers.

Chevalier & Pollock, is the name of an enterprising firm of general merchants. They have quite recently moved into the handsome store room of the Parsons' block, and have one of the finest store rooms in the N.W.T. They occupy two floors with their general stock. Although they are the youngest of the quartette of general stores in Maple Creek, they



J. M. LANG'S SADDLERY

are not by any means behind the times in enterprise and business courtesy.

Messrs. Bennett & Hulme are progressive hardware merchants and tin-smiths, and their immense line is constantly increasing as the

your business.

The Medical Hall, is one of the neatest and most completely equipped drug stores in the North-West. Mr. F. C. Wilson, a capable and progressive pharmacist, is the manager, and the trade of the



PHOTO BY FLEMING

MERCHANTS BANK

demands of the district grow. Their contracts for tin and sheet iron work and furnace building extend to nearby towns and all over the district for many miles in every direction. With a capable force of workmen they are ready for

establishment is constantly growing under his able and painstaking management. A large line of sundries, books and stationery are also carried by this house, a picture of whose plate-glass front appears in this number.



Massonat's Jewelry Store is a gem. It occupies the handsome corner room in the Parsons' block, which is shown elsewhere. His fixtures are up-to-date and a surprise to all who visit our progressive town. His stock of watches, jewelry, and silverware is large, and he also sells gramophones

the sum of \$17,930.12 during the year, which illustrates that there is some business doing in this town. There were ninety-four homestead enteries, and prospects are that there will be as many more this year, as the farming lands are becoming more widely known to the people seeking homes in a



PHOTO BY FLEMING

## DIXON BROS., MERCHANTS

and musical instruments.

"Uncle John" English, the collector of Customs and Dominion Land Agent, also has his office in the handsome new Parsons' block. Maple Creek is a Port of Entry, and Mr. English is one of the most capable of government officers. The business of this office reached

climate such as we have here.

Albert Towe is another enterprising young man who is located in this new block. He makes a specialty of the mail order business and expects to make this town a distributing point for several well known firms, whose goods will be sold through him.



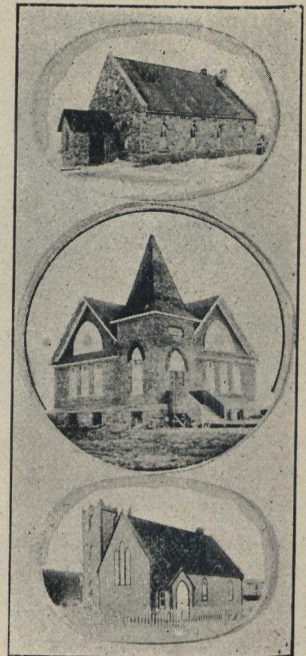
PHOTOS BY FLEMING

## DRUG STORE.

W. H. Smith, the Grocer, has one of the finest grocery stores in Western Assiniboia. His line is large, clean and complete and his store room, as will be seen by the picture elsewhere, is large, well lighted and airy. Mr. Smith is enterprising and progressive—is pushing business generally and is a hustler in the grocery line.

Messrs. Fauquier & Fallas are the leading meat market people. Their place of business is a credit to the town and their trade is not entirely local as they supply many points east and west of this place. Their aim is to please by furnishing the best the market affords.

Charles Stearns has a tailoring establishment in this building, and has the reputation of doing the



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
METHODIST CHURCH  
CHURCH OF ENGLAND



modish tailoring of the North-West. With an experienced corps of workmen he is able to attend to your clothing needs, as his stock is always up-to-date and stylish.

Arthur Burnett B. A., B. C. L.,

is the local barrister, with a suite of offices on the second floor of the Parsons' block, which was recently completed. We show \*his photo elsewhere dressed in a fur coat which had to be worn when he



HARTLEY'S TONSORIAL PARLOR.

lived in Montreal where the mercury goes down to 52 degrees below. In this land of sunshine, it is only used when driving in mid-winter. Mr. Burnett is an accommodating gentleman and any business entrusted to his care will be carefully attended.

Bridge Hartley has the leading tonsorial parlor, equipped with two chairs, only one of which is shown in the cut produced elsewhere. It is a splendid picture of "Bridge"

ness man, has all kinds of business in his line. His advertisement of saddles elsewhere in this issue shows a specialty, but he is prepared to manufacture to order all kinds of harness and horse equipment, and handles a line of trunks, valises and tents, all of which are sold at purchasable prices. The cut of the front of his building does not do his establishment justice, as it is much more pretentious.



PHOTO BY FLEMING

COIL'S BUSY STORE

as he is familiarly called. He is a leading foot-ball and lacrosse player and has a reputation extending from Neepawa to Medicine Hat as a hustler.

J. M. Lang, the saddler and har-

Renand & Dunn are popular liverymen as well as draymen, and a most accommodating firm. Their rigs are good and the visiting land-seekers or immigrant will be accorded satisfactory service and



PHOTO BY FLEMING  
ARTHUR BURNETT, B.A., B.C.L.

treatment when he patronizes this enterprising firm facing Harder street just in the rear of Williamson & Fleming's emporium.

J. O. Beesley & Co., are the leading news dealers and supply all the leading periodicals, as well as handling a line of confectionery. A cut of their premises is shown in this write-up. One of Mr. Beesley is also produced as he is one of the councillors of the town.

W. F. Lawrence's manufacturing establishment is one of the leading places of business in town. He manufactures sash, doors, blinds, counters, shelving, office fixtures, and special work; also carries a large line of furniture, carpets, rugs, builder's hardware, paints and oils. His business extends to many near-by towns from which he receives orders. An undertaking department in charge of Mr. Geo. Hawkins is also in connection.

M. M. Fleming buys and sells furs as well as doing a general dray business. All correspondence will receive prompt attention. He often has big bargains in furs and hides.



HUSTLER'S SHOE STORE

George H. Hustler is the exclusive boot and shoe man of town. His stock is large and varied enough to suit all. A speciality of fine shoes for ladies and children is a feature of his

establishment, but he can supply foot-wear for the cow-boy as well. A large line of rubber foot-wear can also be found at Mr. Hustler's. Repairing is also done.

George E. Fleming is the local photographer, and our illustrations

ery store, and is one of the pushing young men of the community.

The Merchants Bank here is under the management of Mr. E. W. McMullen. Mr. Frank Adolphe and Mr. C. P. Evans complete the local business staff.



PHOTO BY FLEMING

WILLIAMSON & FLEMING,  
GENERAL MERCHANTS

show his ability far better than we can write it. He furnishes groups of photos of local scenes which are of interest and we take pleasure in commending him to those who seek pictures of this character.

Frank Irvine conducts the Cypress Block Fruit and Confection-

J. C. Auger is a flour and feed merchant and is building a handsome business house.

The North-West Mounted Police have barracks adjacent to the town. Capt. Deane and Inspector Starnes are the commanding officers for this district, which covers Medicine Hat and Swift Current,

with stations at these places, as well as at several interior points.

About June 1st, a Cottage Hospital will be opened to the public, which is a useful and needful adjunct to all progressive towns, but which is not sufficiently advanced to illustrate at this time.

We have a number of artisans of every calling. G. E. Thompson an efficient builder is just putting

the finishing touches to the Jasper House, which is a credit to his mechanical ability.

We have a growing, prosperous town and the best country on the face of the earth surrounding it, which offers advantages to the rancher or mixed farmer. Any business man in this write-up will gladly give intending settlers further information if asked for.



PHOTO BY FLEMING

W. H. SMITH, GROCER.

## The Dominion Exposition.



THE second Dominion of Canada Exhibition is to take place this year in Winnipeg, the capital city of the Prairie Province of Manitoba, and already large and extensive preparations are being made for the celebration, in a fitting manner, of such an important an epoch-making event. It was felt to be extremely gratifying by the members of the Board of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association to be able to announce that the Dominion Government had made a liberal grant of \$50,000., for the holding of this exhibition during the present summer, and that the City had with commendable promptitude decided to support this important project by assuming all the expenses of enlarging the buildings.

Winnipeg will be the centre to which all eyes will be turned from all parts of the Dominion and from neighbors across the boundary line. It is impossible to estimate the important bearing which the holding of this Exhibition will have upon the future development of the

Canadian West and the whole country will be benefited by the manner in which such an event will display to the West the resources of Western Manufacturers making them thoroughly acquainted with the goods required for their own use and consumption. It will also enable the Eastern Manufacturer to become acquainted with the wonderful possibilities of the West. The Dominion, therefore as a whole will be benefited in the bringing together of the East and West by the great All-Canadian Exhibition.

Business men all over the Dominion recognize the importance which attaches to this Exhibition and all classes are uniting to make it an event of which all alike shall be proud.

During the past few seasons immigrants have flocked into Canada from all parts of the civilized world and indications, even before the exhibition was announced, were and still are, that the flow of settlers this year will be greater than ever before. The President of the



Association has said that from an immigration point of view the Exhibition will be simply splendid in its results. With regard to the trade between the East and West it will secure the closest relationship between the people of this vast agricultural district, the province of British Columbia and, the Pacific generally and the older provinces of the East.

The Canadian West with its rapidly extending needs is a large field in which the United States goods have been in active competition with goods made in Canada. In order that the Eastern Manufacturer should secure this trade they need to study the requirements of the West and its people and place their goods before the attention of the West generally. It is felt that this opportunity will be amply provided at the Dominion Exhibition.

Sir William Van Horne said that he believed the Dominion Exhibition to be held at Winnipeg would be worth vastly more than its cost.

The history of the Winnipeg Industrial has been one of steady growth and progress since its first inception, nearly 14 years ago, and the many thousands which it now draws together to Manitoba's Fair Capital each summer, are a lasting tribute to the enterprise and foresight of the few men who saw and realized the powerful good this

Exhibition would be to the Canadian North West.

In its comparatively early days there were many difficulties to be surmounted and overcome and the energetic business men who took the matter in hand and carried the same to a successful issue have now made the Exhibition one to be looked upon as the greatest and most powerful immigration agent in securing the settlement and development of this vast western country.

It was on the 19th day of June 1890 during the term of John Christian Schultz as Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba that the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association came into being, but the Exhibition was not held until the ninth of September 1891 at which the show of Live Stock was more than creditable; the horses, cattle, sheep and swine being equal to anything which was then raised in the Eastern Provinces.

The next Exhibition was a greater success and was described by the local press as "highly creditable to a young country like this." It was a great object lesson, illustrating strikingly the wonderful development of Manitoba and the North-West. The general evidence of thrift and intelligence as indicated by the dress, conversation, and bearing of the people, were most noticeable. There was truly a marvellous display of live stock and a heavy increase in the show of field

grains, the samples of wheat and other cereals doing honor to the Province that has wrested the trophy of pre-eminence in competition with all the world for wheat growing. The parade of prize winning live stock was a capital feature.

The first decade in the history of the Industrial Exhibition came to a close in 1900, which year was made memorable by the visit of His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Minto to the Exhibition. The visit of their Excellencies and the keen interest shown by them in the work of the Association was a source of great gratification to the whole community.

The following figures show the abnormal increase during the first eleven years of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition:

Admissions 1891, \$5,140.70;  
1903, \$34,370.80. Entry Fees

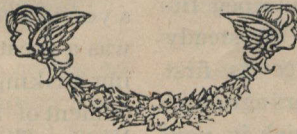
1891, \$1,015.50; 1903 \$5,297.25.  
Payment in prizes 1891, \$7,789.50;  
1903, 20,972.60.

Last year, 1903 the prizes and attractions totalled up to the enormous sum of \$50,000.00 and the gate admissions were greater than ever before, being over 110,000.

This year the Prizes and Attractions will total the enormous sum of \$100,000. and the Exhibition instead of being held for five days will continue for two weeks.

Thus the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition has risen from little things to be quite a power on the American continent and it is safe to predict that the Dominion Exhibition this year will surpass anything that has yet been seen in the North-West and the prophecy of the President seems likely to come true that Winnipeg will soon have the greatest Exhibition in Canada.

H. L. D.

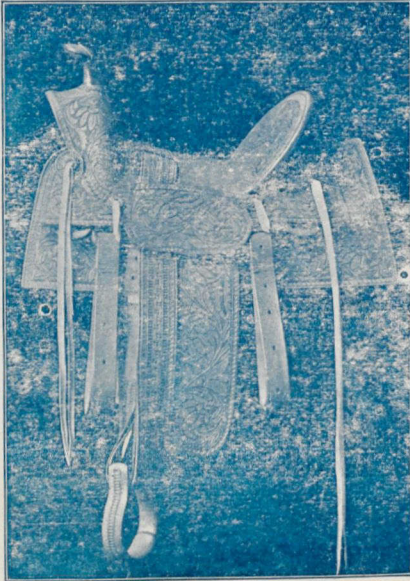




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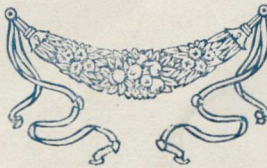
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