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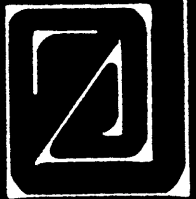


MANITOBA

F. X. LEPMER, Comptroller, Ottawa, Ont.

— AND —

NORTH WEST



ILLUSTRATED



QUARTERLY



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE BISHOP ENGRAVING & PRINTING COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG

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Preface.

IN presenting the first number of the **MANITOBA AND NORTH WEST ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY** to the public, the Publishers can advance no better claim for attention than the words of the Marquis of Lorne, in his famous Winnipeg speech: "To be ignorant of the North West is to be ignorant of the greater portion of our country."

The object of this **QUARTERLY** is to present in a pleasing and reliable form, the main features of the country, and to make its resources known to the outside world. It has its faults as well as its merits, and the publishers ask only for the patronage and support of those interested in the welfare of the North West, and they on their part guarantee that neither trouble, expense, nor talent will be spared to make the **QUARTERLY** a success and a credit to the people of this "The Greater Canada." In wishing our readers a Merry Christmas we hope that it will not be considered out of place to congratulate them on the fact that in conception and artistic and literary work, this paper is purely Manitoban.

Notices.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Any sketches and MSS. sent to this paper are at the artist's and author's own risk, and the publishers do not hold themselves liable to pay for or return them unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

One column \$50, Half column \$30, Quarter column \$16, one Eighth column \$10, Card \$5. Special arrangements for large spaces and extended periods.

PRICE.

The price of the MANITOBA AND NORTH WEST ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY is 30 cents a number or \$1.00 a year. The price of four copies purchased at one time is ONE DOLLAR.

OUR COMPETITIONS.

No. 1.

We desire to obtain sketches from every part of the North West and Manitoba, and with that end in view offer prizes as follows:—

A first prize of TEN DOLLARS will be awarded for the best sketch, and a second prize of FIVE DOLLARS for the second best sketch sent before February 1st, 1884, under the conditions given below.

PRIZE COMPETITION RULES.

1. The competition is open to all amateurs residing in Manitoba and the North West.
2. A competitor may select his own subject providing it be on some subject or view obtained from the North West or Manitoba.
3. The sketches to be in any way medium whatever, but preference will be given to pen and ink work.
4. The size of the sketch to be 8x12 inches.
5. All sketches to become the property of the proprietors of "The Manitoba and North West Illustrated Quarterly."
6. The decision of the judge to be final.
7. The prize sketches to be published in the next number of the "Quarterly," along with the names of the sketchers, unless it is found impossible to do so.
8. No name to be attached to the sketch in any way, but some private mark or *nom de plume*. A second letter containing a *fac simile* of the private mark or *nom de plume* together with the real name of the sender, should accompany the drawing. This will not be opened until after the prize has been awarded.

All sketches and communications on this subject should be addressed to the editor of the
MANITOBA AND NORTH WEST ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY,
20 POST OFFICE STREET,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Manitoba and North West Illustrated Quarterly.

It is said that the pioneer fares worse than those who follow in his footsteps; that he endures all the hardships and uncertainties of a new condition of things, while his successors reap the reward of his labors. This may be true, yet pioneer projects are often rewarded with great success and, at any rate, without them there could be neither enterprise nor progress. It is in this spirit that we enter on the publication of the MANITOBA AND NORTH WEST ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY, determined to give it a fair trial and desirous of making the picturesque features of our new country better known to ourselves as well as to the people of Eastern Canada and the Old Land. Our readers can assist in this greatly by rolling up a large subscription list, which, we are sure, they will do with little difficulty by showing this number to their friends here, and sending copies away to others at a distance. We count upon their cordial co-operation, and for our part, will use every endeavor to make this publication worthy of its name and our developing country.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON, who was Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories from 1821 to 1857, tells how he traveled the whole way from Montreal to Fort Garry in canoes. His account, which appears on another page, will be most interesting especially to the passenger on the railway who feels annoyed if he does not reach Montreal in four days.

It is evident that the spread of a national sentiment in the Dominion (by which we do not imply separation from the Mother Country, but rather the growth of a spirit binding one Province to another and the whole to the Parent Land) is to be from Manitoba, the most central Province, to the sea on east, north and west. This arises from natural causes. Being settled almost in a decade by people from every Province of Canada, and from almost every nation of the earth, it is impossible for it to sink

into the narrow provincialism of the older Provinces, which is greater in an inverse ratio to their size and progress. Another reason is the rapidity with which the railway systems of the great North West are being completed. The Province was in its infancy ten years ago and was reached in canoes or wagons. To-day it has communication with the Eastern Provinces and the United States by two well traveled ways, and in two years will have railway communication with the Pacific, and perhaps in one or two years more with Hudson's Bay—the air line route to Europe. In its infancy Manitoba will form a centre of travel from east to west, and south to north, a centre of communication in the heart of North America, and that before the minds of the people will have been narrowed by the meannesses of provincial life. Add to these the educating influence of a well-conducted and independent press growing up with the Province in its infancy, and the acknowledged claims of public schools, whose financial prosperity was secured by grants of land when the territory was changed into a province, and we find everything to encourage the healthy growth of a national spirit, such as we see rising around us every day.

WHEN the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company relinquished their claim on these fertile plains of the North West they received, besides a somewhat substantial sum of money, one-twentieth part of all the land. This provision for the benefit of the Stockholders of the Company, large as it seems now, was still exceeded by the educational endowment secured by the wise reservation of one-eighteenth of all the land for school purposes. It is not our purpose to account for such a liberal endowment, nor to estimate the value of such tracts of land—1,280 acres for each township of six miles square—nor to conjecture the disposition to be made of it by wise men in the future. The price of the two square miles at ten dollars per acre (when our next boom comes) will furnish quite an income for a school or two in each township, if too large a proportion be not diverted to the support of universities, colleges and high schools. There is no doubt that the best endowment for educational or religious enterprises is the spontaneous and continuous liberality of the people for whose benefit the work is done. Such an endowment is twice blessed, and no state aid that does not seem to come from the people will be half so much prized or do half so much good. The fact remains, however, that is the land, the most substantial endowment possible to be given to a doubtless ungrateful posterity.

To describe the school system, school laws and schools of Manitoba would be to describe the same things as they exist in Ontario. The variations are slight, and are mostly caused by the difference of circumstances, such as lack of wealth and sparse population. It could not well be otherwise, since Manitoba has been largely an exodus from Ontario. The Public Schools are supported by local taxation, with a small legislative grant based on average attendance. The control of these schools is in the hands of a Board of Education divided into two Sections, Protestant and Catholic, for the management of the schools of each denomination, but they unite in all matters of common interest. Each Section, for instance, controls its own school fund, but they join in the management of the University of Manitoba, which is simply an examining body, conferring degrees on the basis of a common examination for students from the different denominational colleges. Each Section has its own Superintendent of Education, inspectors, schools and teachers.

THE multiplication of schools in the Province has been very rapid in the past ten years. Encouragement and advice have been freely given, and grants of money in proportion to ability. Men of great activity and perseverance have done nobly in the cause of education and have left an impress on the System which will long be a credit to its promoters. Collegiate Departments have been established as a link between the public schools and the university. In these provision is made for matriculation in arts, as well as for the special departments of law, medicine and surveying, not forgetting the all-important matter of a course for teachers of the higher grades. The Normal Department has not been in operation sufficiently long to pronounce on its necessity or its merits. The training of teachers is of vital necessity in any system of schools. But the supply of trained teachers from the normal schools of the

other provinces and the United States has been so great that there has been a danger of neglecting candidates for the profession who are obtaining their literary training in our own schools, and who must go abroad for the professional course or else go stumbling along after the fashion some people think the best way to learn to teach. Doubtless the normal schools are destined, as in all countries, to form a very important factor in the educational power of our land. Of the University it is scarcely within our province to speak. As before stated it is simply an examining and degree-conferring body, which has already quite a list of alumni. With the much to be hoped for absence of sectarian bigotry, the University may safely be expected to grow into an institution of which every Manitoban, native or adopted, will be as proud as the Athenian of his classic halls.

THE sum of the matter is this—no settler need fear in coming to this land that his family will be among an ignorant, uncultivated race, or that his children will lapse into barbarism for lack of educational facilities. If he does not find a school house ahead of him where he settles, it will certainly not be far behind him. In saying that the better classes are those who settle here we are only paying a sort of advance compliment to him who may read this across the great Atlantic.

WITHOUT the annual visit to the seaside, many think they could not exist, and their imaginations picture life on the prairie as one of endless monotony. But the people of Winnipeg and other prairie cities are not troubled with such ideas. Manitoba and the North West are well supplied with summer resorts second to none in the world for beauty and beautiful surroundings. Five hours' journey away from Winnipeg is the beautiful Lake of the Woods, unsurpassed in beauty anywhere. One hour's journey away is Lake Manitoba, almost as large as Lake Ontario. Every few miles there lie lakes and streams of surpassing beauty. Not as far away as Toronto is from the seaside lie the Rocky Mountains, whose summit has been girded by a Canadian Railway line, and on whose slopes lie mountain scenes which for waterfalls, bounding streams, sheltered valleys, mountain lakes and snow-capped peaks, surpass even the far-famed Alps in beauty and grandeur; and beyond the Rockies, but a step farther, lies the Pacific with its balmy breezes. If colder and more bracing winds are desired in the dog days there is Hudson's Bay, which soon will be but an astronomical day's journey away. But if these resorts are too far away there is comfort in the fact that the summer days of Manitoba are pleasant and the nights so cool that there is no loss of sleep, while the atmosphere is always fresh and invigorating.

FROM an architectural standpoint, Winnipeg is something after the style of the boastful boy, who directs attention to himself, although for what reason no one can tell. It has made much parade, much talk, and thrown not a little dust in the eyes of the civilized world. We say we are getting a big city now; we have public buildings, court houses and all the trappings of a large and influential city. Yet, it is a fact, that we have hardly a public building that would do credit to the smallest town in a remote corner of America. The city hall stood—actually stood—for a few days without props, and then proved to be so unsteady that it was taken down. Surely such things get talked about, and bring discredit upon us. Of the private residences, and business houses, we say nothing. Many of these are extremely handsome and architectural successes. Were the public edifices as good, there would be no need of criticism. Architects claim to be severely handicapped; their designs are mutilated, and their ideas altered to suit the arbitrary plans of these who build with a view to present requirements, rather than beauty or stability. Let us look round the town and see some of the principal public buildings. First, there is the new Grace Church, with its hideous cupola, pudding-shaped dome and music hall decoration, standing out in a most prominent position in all its ugliness,—a mighty specimen of all that is unsymmetrical and vulgar, although the inside is one of the finest audience halls to be found anywhere. Manitoba College with its heavy pagoda-like turrets stands like a doll's house out on the prairie. Our Lieutenant-Governor, is furnished with a new residence, that looks like a jail without a room large enough for a reception. This was erected by the Dominion Government and they certainly ought to set a better example. The fire halls are built without foundations, and their walls crack. Those who like squatty buildings may look with pleasure at new Trinity. Why were the walls made so low, giving it a squashed out appearance? A foot or two in height would have added to its design, and made it a success. Now, apologists will answer, that critics must not be too severe as the city is young; but that is no excuse for repudiating all that has been learnt in the Eastern Provinces, and the old countries of the world. A merchant may as well argue, "you can't expect

me to read, I only came from Ontario last week." A handsome, or at least a respectable building can be erected at the same cost as a poor one, and in many instances at less cost than in working out some new fangled notion, that defies all rules of form and beggars description. Many of the structures claim to be "original designs." They certainly are original, but one fails to see the design. There are no natural beauties at Winnipeg, therefore the citizens should make their city replace the deficiency by making every public building—which is meant to last any time—a pleasure to the public eye, and remember that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. To our mind, spires, minarets and pinacles will always be applicable with the greatest advantage in helping out the appearance of a city which has natural flatness to overcome, whilst the effect of the brilliant sunshine of Manitoba, would heighten the beauty, and add new charms and grace to the city.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HON. J. C. AIKINS.

The Hon. James Cox Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Manitoba, is of Irish descent. He is the eldest son of the late James Aikins, Esquire, and was born in Peel County on March 30th, 1823. He was educated at Victoria College, Cobourg. He entered public life at an early age, being but thirty-one years of age when elected to represent his native country in the Canada Assembly, which he held from 1854 to the general election in 1861, when he was defeated. He was the Member for the Home Division in the Legislative Council of Canada from 1862 until the Union. He was called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation in May, 1867, sworn a member of the Privy Council on December 9th, 1869, and occupied the office of Secretary of State. As such he framed and carried through Parliament the Public Lands Act of 1872, and subsequently organized the Dominion Land Bureau, now the Department of the Interior. He was the first minister of the Interior, holding the office from May, 1870, to the resignation of the Macdonald Government in 1873. He was appointed Secretary of State a second time on October 19th, 1878. On May 23rd, 1882, he retired from the office of Secretary of State, and on the expiration of the term of office of the Hon. J. E. Cauchon as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Manitoba, on December 2nd, was appointed to that office, which he still holds with great acceptance. He is Major of the 3rd Battalion Peel Militia, Chairman of the Manitoba and North West Loan Company, and Vice-President of the National Investment Company.

OLD FORT GARRY.

Our supplement depicts several views of the old Fort, and will serve as a memento of a spot which will always remain in the history of Winnipeg. The unrelenting hand of modern progress has seen fit to demolish its walls and run a street through its quadrangle; now the auctioneer's hammer has knocked down the few remaining bricks. In a short time all will be gone; the old Fort will remain only on paper and in the minds of old timers. There are few old curiosities in the North West, and much as we would like to have had seen some historic feature left, we must bow to circumstances and only hope that in losing this link of the past we shall gain an equivalent in the shape of fine buildings.

We hope at another time to give a history of the old Fort and shall be glad if the public would assist us with hints, facts and pictures of whatever kind they can that would further this object.

FALLS OF THE WINNIPEG.

The Winnipeg River is beautiful in the extreme. Its rapids and falls, which can be seen from the railway near the town of Rat Portage, are well worthy a visit. They furnish water-power sufficient to cut all the timber and grind all the corn that the North West can produce for many years.

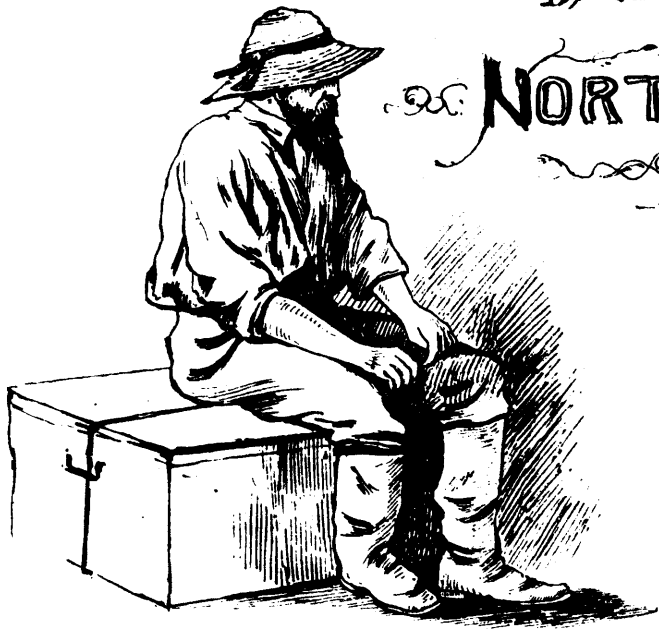
RANCHE SCENE.

During the summer months the cattle ascend to the high levels on the mountains where they luxuriate on the tender grass, but on the first snowfall seek the sheltered valleys, finding food nearly all the year through. Our Illustration gives a glimpse of the Cochrane Ranche, in the Bow River district, after the first snowfall.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

We give two sketches of a series intended to illustrate the line of the C. P. R. through the Rocky Mountains.

CHARACTER Sketches of the NORTH WEST.



A. Seller.



A. Mountain
Prospector



A. Trapper



A. Ranchman



A. Mountaineer.



A. Stranger



The Camp Cook



A. Cowboy



Peep in the Rockies

Travelers' Tales.

RAMBLES IN THE ROCKIES.



the writer, a wanderer in search of the picturesque.

After a lengthened sojourn in a flat country, no matter how great its charms, the traveler sighs for fields and pastures new; his thoughts wander instinctively from the dead level of the prairie, to the snow clad peaks and rocky heights of the mountains. These thoughts inspire him with resolution—resolution begets action. And so it is with mixed feelings of pleasure and enthusiasm we pack our little bags and get "on board," the train bound for that western point "Calgary"—or as it is more commonly called "the end of the track." Our party consists of a capitalist seeking good investments, a prospector, being full of experiences, dearly bought, in the the mines of California and British Columbia, and

"Already we hear the tread of pioneers, of nations, yet to be
The first low wash of waves, where soon shall roll a human sea."

The journey from Winnipeg to the western limit of the line occupied two days and a half, a distance of 840 miles, passed over while reclining leisurely in the cushioned chairs of a Pullman car. Only a few months ago the same journey would have cost weeks of unremitting toil and endless labor and was withal fraught with dangers innumerable. The first portion of the journey through Manitoba and parts of Assinibca is very different to the latter stages. At Moose Jaw Creek we leave the undulating prairie with its smiling homesteads far behind us, and take in exchange a dreary uncultivated waste, a desert over which the buffalo once roamed in thousands, and which formed for centuries a happy hunting ground for the Indian. These things have almost ceased to be! The track of the buffalo, must give place to the trail of the emigrant, the war whoop of the Indian to the hum of the mill wheel, and the wild orgies of the camp fire to the peaceful pleasures of a settler's hearth.

Speeding over the newly constructed iron road, the "fire fiend," as the Indians call the engine, hurries on, now skirting the shores of some briny lake, now dashing over level plains, now slackening speed and crawling over creeks and rivulets; its deep-sounding whistle, startling the antelope and disturbing vast broods of wild duck and geese, finds its echoes far away in the deep ravines and deserted camps of the lone land. We are now in the heart of the country of the Blackfeet; bands of the warriors of the tribe may still be seen bounding over the hills, in search of the long lost buffalo, and failing the buffalo, a sight of a Cree camp and horses. The engine stops at some lonely water tank (the only approach to civilization for hundreds of miles,) and is immediately surrounded by a delighted crowd of braves and squaws. The most inquisitive inspects the "Fire Devil" with a solemnity worthy of a better cause. His curiosity being at last satisfied, a burst of laughter follows, and the savage comes to shake hands with the white men on board, generally managing to fill up any interval that may occur with a display of his powers in the hunting field which he does by means of gestures and expressions, rarely ever failing to make the traveler fully comprehend all the details of a hunt, from starting point to death. The train again moves on, and you see the poor heathen watching it depart, his superstitious mind filled with perplexing thoughts and he retires to his wigwam, there to discuss with the other braves this new innovation of the white man, and wonder what will be his next intrigue to drive his brother the red man, off the face of the country he loves so well.

By this time the passengers are getting anxious. One after another disappears to the steps of the car, returning with "no, not yet" upon his lips. We are within a hundred miles of Calgary and should catch the first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains. A haze hangs over the landscape and fears are entertained that we are to be deprived of this sight of sights. The train rolls on—the sun is sinking—the whole scene seems to wait, when suddenly the clouds lift, and gradually peak after peak of the mountains shoot from the mist, till at last the whole of the snow-clad sierras lie stretched out before us, bathed in the golden light of the setting sun—a sight never to be forgotten—never to be portrayed either by pencil or pen, a sight so noble and majestic, that the eye cannot grasp it to the full, much less the most eloquent tongue describe it. And here lay the range in included glory—"An immense plain stretched from my feet to the mountain," says Captain Butler, "a plain so vast, that every object of the hill and wood and lake, lay dwarfed into one continuous level, and at the back of this level, beyond the pines and the lakes and the river courses, rose the giant range, solid, impassable, silent—a mighty barrier rising midst an immense land, standing sentinel over the plains and prairies of America, over the measureless solitudes of the great Lone Land."

The sun now fast sinking with its sad glow, the scene suddenly burst forth into greater magnificence; the sparkling peaks assume ever varying aspects, now glistening in dazzling brightness, now being chilled and assuming fantastic shapes as the

sun sets behind them, these peaks, "these culminating monarchs of the Rocky Mountains, stand out and their weird forms seem to frown upon us as we near them; the sun sinks slowly behind the range and darkness begins to fall on the immense plain, but aloft still, on the topmost edge of the pure white of the jagged crest line it glows for an instant, in "many-colored silver, and the lonely peaks grow dark and dim."

As we return to the cars we can not help regarding the belief of the Red Man, as no stretch of fancy which made him place his paradise beyond these golden peaks. "The mountain of the setting sun," "The bridge of the world;" thus he has named them, and beyond them the soul first catches a glimpse of that mystical world, where the tents are pitched midst everlasting verdure and countless herds, and the music of ceaseless streams.

Nearing Calgary the train winds gracefully down the incline, and the sight of the dark green trees along the banks of the Bow River brought us once more to earth, for we had seen nothing but a dreary plain for nearly two days. Crossing the bridge, we caught sight of the river and noted the deep clear blue of its waters. Alighting from the train we entered the canvas town and were at once struck with the splendid situation it enjoyed. Surrounded by hills and with the Bow River winding its course in the valley, the site is one of the finest in British North America, and the town must have a great future before it. But we had something else to do than wander about, we had our first experiences of roughing it in a western city. In the innocence of our hearts we had fancied hotel accommodation here, *although we knew what to expect in the mountains. We soon found that travelers brought their own beds in the shape of a pair of blankets. So we laid in our stock of these, and finding a bedroom in a deserted tent, listened for some time to the clang of Ranchmen's spurs and the songs of the Cowboys in the neighboring saloons, and before long fell into a sound sleep with the ground for our beds, and our bags and boots for our pillows.

In the morning after an open-air toilet we breakfasted at the Continental Hotel, a small tent with a very large sign board, and an exceedingly dirty cook and kitchen; yet the "hotel" did a good business. No sooner was the bench clear of one set of guests, than a relay took the vacant places. We thought at the time that the food lacked quality rather than quantity, but after a few days in the mountains we would gladly have exchanged our own "cuisine" for that of the Continental Hotel. While the more experienced of our party went in search of a vehicle and horses to take us on our first stage on the mountain trail to Morleyville, I took a leisurely look round the town site. Hundreds of tents of all shades, sizes and conditions were scattered about: droves of horses and cattle trotted past, hard driven by reckless Cowboys—with costumes more useful than elegant, and language more forcible than polite; around had squatted in pleasant confusion, lawyers and barbers, saloon keepers and loungers, speculators and camp followers in endless variety, here a negro with a rifle gallery, and there a Chinaman with his laundry. In fact, representatives from all countries and every clime, had made their temporary abodes under the shades of the mountains in the hopes of soon "realizing" or at the least, of settling comfortably in this embryo city of the far west.

A strange noise and yelling brought us to the store of the Hudson's Bay Company, where we found another class of squatters. A band of Indians from the Sarcee camp had come down in all their glory of war paint and bangles to charm away the hours, and to draw what presents they could from the chief factor, and others so inclined.

By this time our steed and conveyance came round, and such a steed and such a conveyance never started on a journey, save the journey to Morley. But to hesitate was to lose the best part of the day, so having lightened our luggage and put on board a stock of provisions, a shovel, a tent, and a pick-axe, with a jerk at the reins, several whacks from a stick the whole machine moved on to the immense delight of some horsey gents, who laid bets freely against our ever reaching our journey's end. It was a solemn cavalcade and slow, but, by means of a little coaxing and much patience, we came to the ford of the Bow River. Applying Wolsey's well known lines to our rig, we thought, weary and old with service we were left to the mercy of a rude stream; but fortune favored us, we crossed the river and after viewing the horses and sounding the wheels, proceeded towards the well known mission of Morley.

From the ford of the Bow River west of Calgary we commenced our up-hill work, sometimes ascending beautiful slopes, and at others descending rugged declivities, now managing to trot pretty briskly along some level plot, and then having to dismount and put our shoulders to the wheel to help the conveyance over a huge boulder. As we gradually gain height after height the landscape becomes grander and grander. A halt is made at noon on the summit of a hill overlooking the Cochrane Ranche. Far below us are the pleasant pastures of the Bow country, and rising tier above tier stand the Rockies. Here is afforded a practical view of the quick change that has been effected, the countless herds of buffalo that once blackened the slopes of the mountains, the plains and the valleys, are being replaced by Herefords and other breeds of domestic cattle. The mountains still afford good sport for the rifle, and the lakes and streams swarm with trout. One specimen, a kind of mountain salmon, ranges from five to thirty pounds in weight.

The evening had far advanced, and the moon had risen when we sighted the

*Since this visit things have changed; there are now one or two good hotels and affairs generally are more settled.

welcome glimmer of the lights at McDougall's mountain house. After a good meal and a chat with other travelers and drovers around the cheerful fire we retired to rest, to sleep for the last time for a while under a roof.

Next morning brought a better team, a stronger wagon and a beautiful clear sky, so with light hearts we commenced our second stage to Padmore—named after one Padmore who squatted in the place with his solitary store some three years ago.

It will perhaps be as well to describe here in as few words as possible, the ascent of the mountains. Roughly speaking, a line drawn through the base of the Rockies would be 600 miles in length, therefore it is not (as might be supposed) necessary to ascend them at any angle of 45°. After toiling upwards for some time you enter a level patch, called a park, sometimes several miles in length. This traversed, you again wend your way up another hill and again enter a park, and so on to the summit.

The first part of the journey is comparatively easy work, a fair road in places having been cut by the wagons to the different contractor's camps working from the end of the track to the summit. But once leave this trodden path and difficulties not to be realized till undertaken present themselves—climbing and cutting and chopping and hacking your way through the forest and creeping along creeks and precipices sometimes at the rate of barely three miles a day.

These parks always make capital camping grounds, being furnished with wood for fuel, and are lovely spots into the bargain, surrounded on all sides by gigantic rocks towering perpendicularly to the height of from four to six thousand feet, and here and there you catch a glimpse of some higher peak pointing to the sky and capped with eternal snow. See one of these views at evening long after the sun has left your camp and you sit in darkness wrapped in your rugs around the camp fire. The red glow of the setting sun still rests upon some lonely pinnacle, and lingering long, remains, till piece by piece, the shadow rises towards the summit and the light vanishes, leaving the snow-tipped point still standing out impassive, cold and gray. See it again with the cold silvery light of the moon, as it comes stealing o'er the scene—calm and peaceful, adding new charms to the already fantastic forms and weird landscapes, leading the mind on to strange thoughts till the shriek of an eagle or the howling of the wolves in the valleys below, bring one back to the camp fire, the boiling kettle and the pipe of peace.

Midway between Morley and Padmore are the Kananaskas Falls on the Bow River, which although little known at the present time must, soon have the eyes of thousands of travelers gazing upon them. The line of the C.P.R. runs within a few yards and crosses the river in sight of the rapids just above them, from the windows of the cars travelers will be able to see the waters as they take a sudden turn, leap into the deep and dark ravine below. These falls have the advantage of being planted in the centre of some of the wildest of mountain scenery. A beautiful rainbow spanned the waters when the writer saw them, harmonizing sweetly with the white foam, the green woods, and the somber rocks.

In fact the Bow River, throughout its entire course flows through some of the loveliest spots in Canada, passing through forests of elm, oak, pine, birch, tamarac and fir, creeping along under the shadows of mighty precipices, babbling over pebbly bottoms or dashing headlong over some steep rock, being studded with isles not less fertile and beautiful than its banks. The splendid blue waters of the Bow must find their rival for color only in the far off Danube.

Many a traveler along the lines of the other Pacific Roads, disappointed with the poor views obtained, has said "there are no Rocky Mountains." This remark can never be said of those who will travel the Canadian Pacific. The train will pass through some of the finest mountain scenery in the world, and passengers will be able to dismount at almost any point they choose and revel in illimitable possibilities of scenery and adventure, each turn bringing them new peeps of magnificent vistas of the Rockies. The time is not far distant when the rail will be completed and connection made between the two oceans. And will the Canadian Pacific Railroad be the highway across which the fabrics and products of Asia shall be carried to the Eastern as well as the Western sides of the Atlantic.

FROM MONTREAL TO FORT GARRY IN 1841.

EXTRACTED FROM "ROUND THE WORLD," BY SIR G. SIMPSON.

Our departure excited more than ordinary interest; and accordingly, on the morning of the 4th May, many friends of my fellow travelers and myself came out to an early breakfast in order to witness our start for the wilderness. By nine o'clock, our two canoes were floating in front of the house, on the Lachine Canal, constructed to avoid the famous rapids of St. Louis. The crews, thirteen men to the one vessel and fourteen to the other, consisted partly of Canadians, but principally of Iroquois from the opposite village of Caughnawaga, the whole being under the charge of my old faithful follower Morin. To do credit to the concern in the eyes of the strangers, the *voyageurs* had been kept as sober as *voyageurs* could be kept on such an occasion, and each one had been supplied with a feather for his cap. This was all very fine; but the poor fellows were sadly disappointed that a north-wester, which was blowing, prevented the hoisting of our flags.

When all was ready, the passengers embarked, the centre of each canoe being appropriated to their accommodation. At ten minutes before eleven, the

men struck up one of their hereditary ditties, and off we went amid the cheers of our assembled friends.

As the wind was high, the waves of the St. Lawrence rather resembled those of the sea than of a river, while, borne on the biting gale, the snow drifted heavily in our faces. At St. Anne's rapids, on the Ottawa, we neither sang our evening hymn nor bribed the lady patroness with shirts, caps, &c., for a propitious journey:—but proceeded.

In the Lake of the Two Mountains we found our heavy canoes, now three days out from Lachine, still wind bound; and after bidding them good-bye, with our lighter craft and stronger crews, we reached the Hudson's Bay Company's Establishment about half-past six. On approaching the land, we were saluted by the one cannon of the fort, while Mr. MacTavish waited on the wharf to give us a hearty welcome. After being resuscitated by warm fires and an excellent supper, we resumed our bedding on the floor.

Being trammelled by a roof, we indulged ourselves to the unusually late hour of half-past two, and even then we lost a little time in searching for our men. In consequence of the height of the water, the forests along the bank appeared to grow out of the Lake. At the foot of the Long Sault, a succession of rapids about twelve miles in length, we breakfasted. Soon afterwards we reached the Lock of Carillon, the first of a series of artificial works, erected by government to avoid the rapids in question; passing through the whole without delay or expense.

By one in the afternoon, while attempting to pass close under the falls of the Rideau, we were swept into the middle of the river by the violence of the current, our gunwales being covered by the foam that floated on the water.

Through a wide and smooth reach of the stream we came in an hour to the Chaudière rapids, forming the lowest of a series of impediments which extends upwards to the Lake of the same name. Up to Chaudière Lake the canoes were sent perfectly light by water, while the baggage and passengers were conveyed on wheels to the prettily situated village of Aylmer. Here the bull-frogs, gathering new vigor from the light of our fires, serenaded us all night, to our infinite annoyance.

Soon after sunrise, we made a portage round Les Chutes des Chats into the rapids which terminate the lake of the same name. In the course of the day, we had heavy work with a succession of difficult portages, breakfasting on the first and meeting on the second my trusty half breed guide, Bernard. The last of the series, the Grand Calumet, we were obliged to leave for next morning's amusement: though it was only half a mile distant.

It was six in the morning before we left the Grand Calumet behind us; and thence we proceeded without further impediment to Fort Coulonge, distant about two hundred and ten miles from Montreal.

After making portages at several rapids, and among them the justly admired Culle Butte, we encamped for the night at the entrance of the Lac des Allumettes.

In the course of this day and the next we made several portages, reaching, about five in the afternoon, the point at which the Matawa flows into the Ottawa. We were here to leave the magnificent stream, on which we had accomplished nearly four hundred miles.

At one of the rapids below Matawa, the heavy canoes which came up a few days after ourselves, lost a valuable chest of medicines,—one of the very few accidents which could be imputed to the carelessness of a *voyageur* during the long course of my experience.

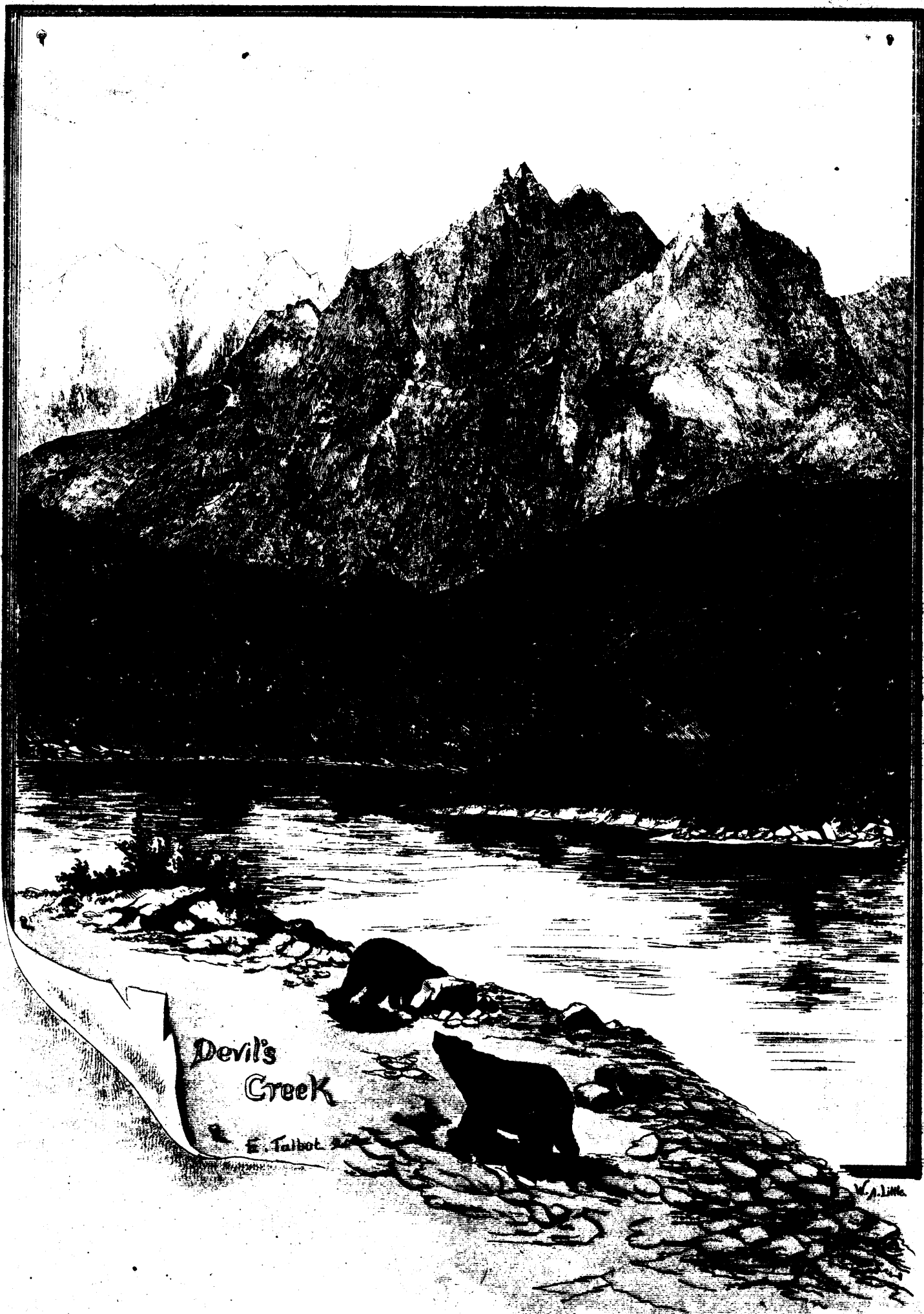
To return to our voyage up the Matawa, I could not help remarking the influence of the state of the weather on a traveler's estimate of scenery. Under our sunny sky, the winding banks, wooded in every bay and on every point, down to the water's edge, were charmingly doubled, as it were, in the smooth and transparent stream; but Captain Back, under the horrors of a heavy shower described this as the most dismal spot on the face of the earth, as a fit residence only for the demon of despair.

Next day we made eleven portages, crossing the height of land and reaching a feeder of Lake Nipissing.

We had now got fairly into the region of the fur traders, and we here discovered the traces of Beaver in the pieces of willow, which had been barked by this extraordinary animal. To make the day's work with our eleven portages still harder, we did not encamp till after ten at night, while the closing divisions of our toil consisted of a swamp of about three quarters of a mile in length, the track being, on the whole, the wettest and heaviest on our journey. Our resting place was bad, the ground damp, the water muddy, the frogs obstreperous, and the snakes familiar. In spite of all these trifles, fatigue was as good as an opiate; and in sound sleep we soon forgot the troubles of the day. We reached Lake Nipissing at daybreak. In less than half an hour our progress was arrested by a field of ice, so we were obliged to pitch our tents and resign ourselves to our fate.

Making way next morning we breakfasted on the portage between Lake Nipissing and its outlet, French River. On this stream we saw a few savages. Here we ran our first rapids, and in the afternoon we made a portage at the Recollet Falls. Encamping for the night within a short distance of Lake

(Continued on Page 10.)





(Concluded from Page 7.)

Huron, we heard for the first time, our little friend the whip-poor-will, a sure harbinger of fine weather. Next morning we descended to Lake Huron through some remarkable rapids, which, in form and breadth bear a close resemblance to canals cut in the solid rock. In one of these we were nearly snagged, after a fashion unknown on the Mississippi. While running down in gallant style we perceived, by the dim twilight, a tree bridging the narrow current, and so as to form a complete barrier. The paddles were immediately backed; and a few blows from an axe quickly cleared our passage. Before sun rise we entered Lake Huron having now before us, with the single exception of the Sault Sainte Marie, seven or eight hundred miles of still water to the head of Lake Superior.

Next day being our thirteenth from Lachine, we reached the Sault Sainte Marie after five in the afternoon. Here we heard that the ice in Lake Superior was as firm and solid as in the winter. We however pushed forward, encamped at Point aux Pins, about nine miles distant, without having seen the enemy. Next morning however after having proceeded six or eight miles we were compelled to stop at a landing called Gross Cap, for we discovered as far as the eye could reach, the Lake was clad in its wintry garb.

After two days delay, a trapper who was proceeding to the Sault Sainte Marie with some natives in a canoe, informed us that there was open water for a little distance to the westward. We started at 3 a. m. and after a hard day's work accomplished about thirty miles.

After a week's hard toil on Lake Superior we reached Michipicoton at four in the afternoon, the good folks at the fort having been prevented by the mist from knowing anything of our approach, till the familiar song of the *voyageurs* struck their ears.

For a great distance to the westward of Michipicoton, the northern shore of Lake Superior, consists of rugged mountains of bare rock, with a few scattered trees of stunted growth. During the next two days we made beautiful progress, calling at the Pic, which is prettily situated at the mouth of the river of the same name. About two in the afternoon we gladly stepped ashore at Fort William, situate near the mouth of the Kaministaquoia River. At Fort William we exchanged our two canoes for three small vessels of the same kind, inasmuch as the waters would be much shallower, and the navigation more intricate.

As the navigation for the first fifty miles was much obstructed by rapids and shallows, we were to be accompanied to that distance by a fourth canoe, as a tender. Early in the forenoon of the next day we reached the mountain portage formed by the Kakabeka Falls; falls inferior alone in volume to Niagara, but having a decided advantage over its rival in height of fall and mildness of scenery. Compared with the adamantine deserts of Lake Superior, the Kaministaquoia presents a perfect paradise.

Next day the 30th, we crossed the Dog Portage, about two miles in length. Early in the morning on Monday the last day of May, we crossed the height of land between Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, consisting of three considerable portages, the Prairie, the Milieu and the Savanne.

At the farther end of the Savanne we descended the little river Embarras and on the 1st of June after passing through the beautiful Lake of a Thousand Lakes came to French Portage, the most troublesome of the whole journey. In the morning we passed down a small river and through Sturgeon Lake into the Maligne, a stream abounding in sharp stones and short portages,—and hence through Lac la Croix to the Macan. On the morrow, towards noon, we made a short portage from the Macan to a muddy stream, falling into Lac la Pluie, and arrived at Fort Francis.

The river which empties Lac la Pluie into the Lake of the Woods, is, in more than one respect, decidedly the finest stream on the whole route. From Fort Francis downwards, a stretch of nearly one hundred miles, it is not interrupted by a single impediment, while yet the current is not strong enough materially to retard an ascending traveler.

In spite of contrary winds we got next day within fifteen miles of the further end of the Lake of the Woods; though the shores of this sheet are more rocky than those of Lac la Pluie, yet they are fertile. Before sun rise we reached Rat Portage situated at the head of the magnificent stream which empties the Lake of the Woods into the Winnipeg River. After an amphibious course of two days and a half, about noon on Tuesday the 8th of the month we reached Fort Alexander, distant about a mile and a half from Lake Winnipeg.

Next morning we entered on the grand traverse leading to the mouth of Red River, and about seven in the evening we arrived at the Lower Fort of the Red River settlement, having previously passed a large Village of Indians settled as agriculturists.

Next afternoon we reached Fort Garry, twenty-three miles higher up the river.

Thus we had accomplished in safety our long voyage of about two thousand miles. During our thirty-eight days, rain had fallen only on parts of six, and though immediately on leaving Montreal we had encountered piercing winds and chilly nights, yet we soon had in general, as delightful a temperature as we could wish.

LADIES' COLUMN.

A great deal is written and spoken now-a-days on the subject of dress,—an ever interesting theme to the feminine mind, but essayists and lecturers on hygiene will labor in vain, until they can succeed in converting the masculine part of the community. For as women dress to please men, it follows that it is they who guide both taste and fashion, from the renowned Mr. Worth, to the humblest artisan, who admires the gaudy feather on his wife's Sunday bonnet. But it is not our present object to write a "philosophy of clothes," or enter on a discussion as to the merits of the crinoline or the evil effects of tight lacing.

Red seems to be the prevailing color for jackets and mantles, making the streets look gayer than usual. Some of them are tight fitting, like the old-fashioned jackets, while others more nearly approach the Dolman in shape. But they all have one characteristic, in common they are long. Worth is making jackets and mantles of all manner and shapes, but they all fit very closely at the back and reach nearly to the bottom of the dress. The tight fitting seal-skins, with a turn-down collar are very becoming, but they are not so popular as of old, when a sealskin jacket was the height of every woman's ambition.

That delightful article of dress, the Jersey, has passed through a great many phases since it first came out. Over and over again it has been proclaimed out of fashion, but it only dives below the surface for a moment, and then comes up again with a slight change of style and a fine new name, and it finds itself as popular as ever. The fact is, there is something far too comfortable about the Jersey for it to be willingly let die. It fits so perfectly without contracting us in any direction. Indeed one cannot help wondering that the "National Dress Society" have not laid more stress upon its advantages. The New Comer is a striking instance of the survival of the fittest. It is warmer than its predecessors, being double breasted, and has two rows of bright gilt buttons.

Weddings are getting more and more expensive every day. Now a day has dawned for the groomsman, and those long-suffering creatures are about to be rewarded at last! At a recent wedding in Boston, each of the groomsmen received a scarf pin in the form of a "Fleur-de-lis" in whole pearls with stems of brilliants, while at another wedding, in the same city the "ushers" were presented with pins made of a square block of old gold, with a fly, cut from a large Sapphire in the middle.

Our Bachelor's balls have been a great success, so far. The dancing seems to have very much improved. After all there is nothing more beautiful than dancing, and no prettier sight than a room full of people, all young, and all dancing well. As for the people who can't dance, and yet will try, and by shuffling, jumping and hopping spoil the enjoyment of every person they dance with, or collide against, I am not at all clear whether these spoil sports ought not to be stopped by Act of Parliament. There are many visions in Dante's "Purgatory" which are far from entrancing, but I have my doubts as to whether they would not all be surpassed by having to dance on for ever with a partner who was a bad steerer.

"VANITY."

THE WINNIPEG ROWING CLUB.

A little knot of muscular young men were assembled in an office in this city one evening about a year ago. They all were members of the old Argonaut Rowing Club of Toronto, and their present meeting was for the purpose of forming themselves into a similar club and to enjoy an occasional tug at the oar on the Red River, as in days gone by they had done on old Toronto Bay. The intention at this time was to form an exclusive club of Argonaut men and retaining the old name. It was too evident however that such an arrangement would exclude a large number of the best oarsmen in Winnipeg, and the question arose whether it would not be better to take more liberal grounds, and establish a club open to all comers. This view was embraced and so hotly forced upon the others by some of the more enthusiastic amongst those present, that a motion was finally carried, to call another meeting and make it open to all. The next meeting there was an excellent attendance, fully forty being present, and the Winnipeg Rowing Club was established. So much interest was evinced in the undertaking that its success was assured. Mr. George Galt was chosen captain of the club, an energetic committee was appointed under him, and it was determined that every effort should be made in preparation for the summer season. Shortly afterwards a contract was let for the erection of a boat house, and two four oared practice boats, and a four oared racing shell was ordered. In due course the boats arrived, and one fine Saturday afternoon in early spring a scrub race on the Red River was witnessed by a crowd of spectators. Similar races were advertised to follow and immediately the membership increased so rapidly that the list soon showed more than two hundred names. A series of scrub races occurred during the summer and astonishing as may appear no difficulty was found in getting as many as eight good crews into training. The officers of the company are, Hon. John Norquay, Patron; J. Renwick, President; J. McDonald, 1st Vice-President; J. S. Dennis, 2nd Vice-President; W. Harder, 3rd Vice-President and G. F. Galt, Captain.

CLIMATE.

As previously pointed out, the alleged extreme severity of our winters has been made the great point of attack on this province. The figures given in another portion of this report showing the average yields of the various cereals each year since 1876 are alone sufficient to dissipate any idea which may have existed as to Arctic severity. Instead of a Manitoba winter being the dismal hibernating period that its enemies would have it believed, it is a period of rest for nature and of jollity for the people, that is intensely enjoyable rather than tiresome and dreary. In no less favored clime can be seen such winter skies, such brilliant moonlight. No where else can the same bracing, invigorating atmosphere be breathed. That the thermometer often goes very low is undoubted, but such is the dryness of the atmosphere, that fifty below zero here is felt no more than zero in the humid climate of England, or ten below in eastern Canada. Cases of frostbite are often adduced as evidence of the undue severity of our winters. Official connection with the Winnipeg General Hospital, to which a number of these cases are admitted, has afforded me excellent opportunity of studying their causes, and has convinced me that while a few cases occur among men of temperate habits, owing to long continued exposure, loss of way, or other causes, over ninety per cent. of the total number of cases occur to persons under the influence of intoxicating liquors. Instead of winter causing a suspension of work here, as is popularly supposed at the east building operations are carried on all winter; pile driving is kept up without intermission. The large Canadian Pacific Railway depot in Winnipeg was almost entirely built during the past winter. On the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, west track was ironed at the average rate of two miles a day until well on in January, and tracklaying was only suspended for nine weeks during the entire winter. South of the 49th parallel in the United States, blizzards and other winter storms are more frequent and severe, snow-blockades are more common, and stock perish in large numbers, while here they thrive through the winter. On the other hand, the summers while hot, do not produce the deadly effect so often witnessed further south, such for instance as New York City, where in a single day in July last, seventy-two children died from the effects of heat. Tornadoes, which are endemic to a belt in the Western American States, scattering death to human beings and destruction to property and crops, having never occurred here.—From report of the Department of Agriculture and Statistics of the Province of Manitoba.

COAL.

Important discoveries in this direction are being made daily. A mine is now being opened south of Moose Jaw. The samples shown are of excellent quality. Coal from these mines will be sold at Moose Jaw for six dollars a ton.

A seven foot seam extending over a large area has been reported from the Turtle Mountains. Samples that have been brought to Winnipeg and tested give excellent results. An experienced miner who conducts the boring operations, asserts that this coal can be brought to the surface for seventy-five cents a ton. The haul per the C. P. R. south division to Winnipeg will be over two hundred miles. Allowing two dollars for freight, this coal ought to be sold in Winnipeg with a fair margin of profit at \$4.00 a ton. This is the most easterly exposure of coal yet reported.

The Medicine Hat mine is receiving a thorough overhauling and the new blood infused into the directorate will send the work of development forward with a bound. The sales made by this company must prove highly gratifying and speaks well for the quality of the coal. There is no doubt that stove manufacturers will turn their attention to constructing stoves of a pattern better suited for burning the coal of the North West Territory, than those now in the market.

Application is made for a charter to construct a railway from Medicine Hat to the Galt mine on the Belly River. The public are promised that the work will be commenced next season and pushed on rapidly to completion. There seems to be no question about the fact of the Belly River coal being the best yet discovered, and quite equal to the Bituminous coal of Ohio for steam purposes.

The Land Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. have sent a party with drilling machinery to test the seams on the Crow Foot Creek. The coal found at this point is heavier and brighter than that of the mines of the East, and if the seam turns out as well in quantity as quality there is nothing left to be desired.

The experiment of using the Cascade Anthracite Coal from the Rocky Mountains in a locomotive at Winnipeg has not been as great a success as was looked for. The coal is not to be thought any the less of however as it is a well known fact that hard coal does not give as satisfactory a result in getting up steam in locomotives as the soft. Those who have tested the coal in base burners for heating purposes are loud in its praises.

Altogether, the discoveries made this season are such as must for ever set at rest the doubts of sceptics as to the future fuel supply of the vast prairies, and there is every indication that before another year goes past that we will be independent of our neighbors for our fuel supply.

LITERARY REVIEW.

"RECREATIONS" by Rev. E. A. Stafford, A. B., Winnipeg. Published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto, price, 50 cents.

Rev. Mr. Stafford, pastor of Grace Church, is the first Winnipegger to enter into the field of poetry and gives us a handsome little volume, entitled: "Recreations," containing several graphic poems. The first entitled 'Homeward,' describes the return of a wanderer to the home of his youth, and pictures the many familiar spots which had almost lost their identity in the changes of the crowding years. Amongst these is the following well known to every school boy and lover.

And yonder stands a group of beauteous trees,
With seats arranged between, whose tempting ease,
In grateful shade, almost compelled to yield
The dusty laborer who trudged afield.
Here boys with pocket-knives had left their mark,
In lines that deeply scarred the tender bark,—
Here friendship wrote its record in a name,
And love, in striking symbols, told its flame;
Here dates of birth were cut, and age, and height,
And pictures false to life,—strange shapes, to fright
The youthful artist, bubbling o'er with glee,
If e'er again he chanced his work to see!
Here triumphs wrote their mark, and here defeat,
Here proof of pledges made, and times to meet,
For noble deeds, or scapegrace plans, were read:
Or how some boyish enterprise had sped:
The youthful history of half an age
In varying signs, o'er ran this circling page.

Throughout the poem the writer often moralizes sententiously.

All outward things are colored by our mind,—
Forgiving love will make a foe seem kind,
And helpful grace to every fault is blind.
A point of difficulty aided o'er,
Less hateful grows the man you shunned before,—
Who pours out mercies learns to love the poor,—
The wallowing coarseness of a native boor
Appears not quite so rude with kindness shown;
The man who loves, makes all mankind his own!
One Berkley taught, no outward world exists,
But all within. We rise above his mists;
But still our world takes fashion from our thought,
To all we view is some addition brought,
From temper, prejudice, or vain desire,
And what we will we censure or admire:
Hence multitudes applaud by leaders taught;
And few commend but only where they ought,—
Hence innocence is judged and suffers wrong,
By those who headlong rush with senseless throng!

Those selections convey a poor idea of the merits of the poems which well deserve a careful perusal.

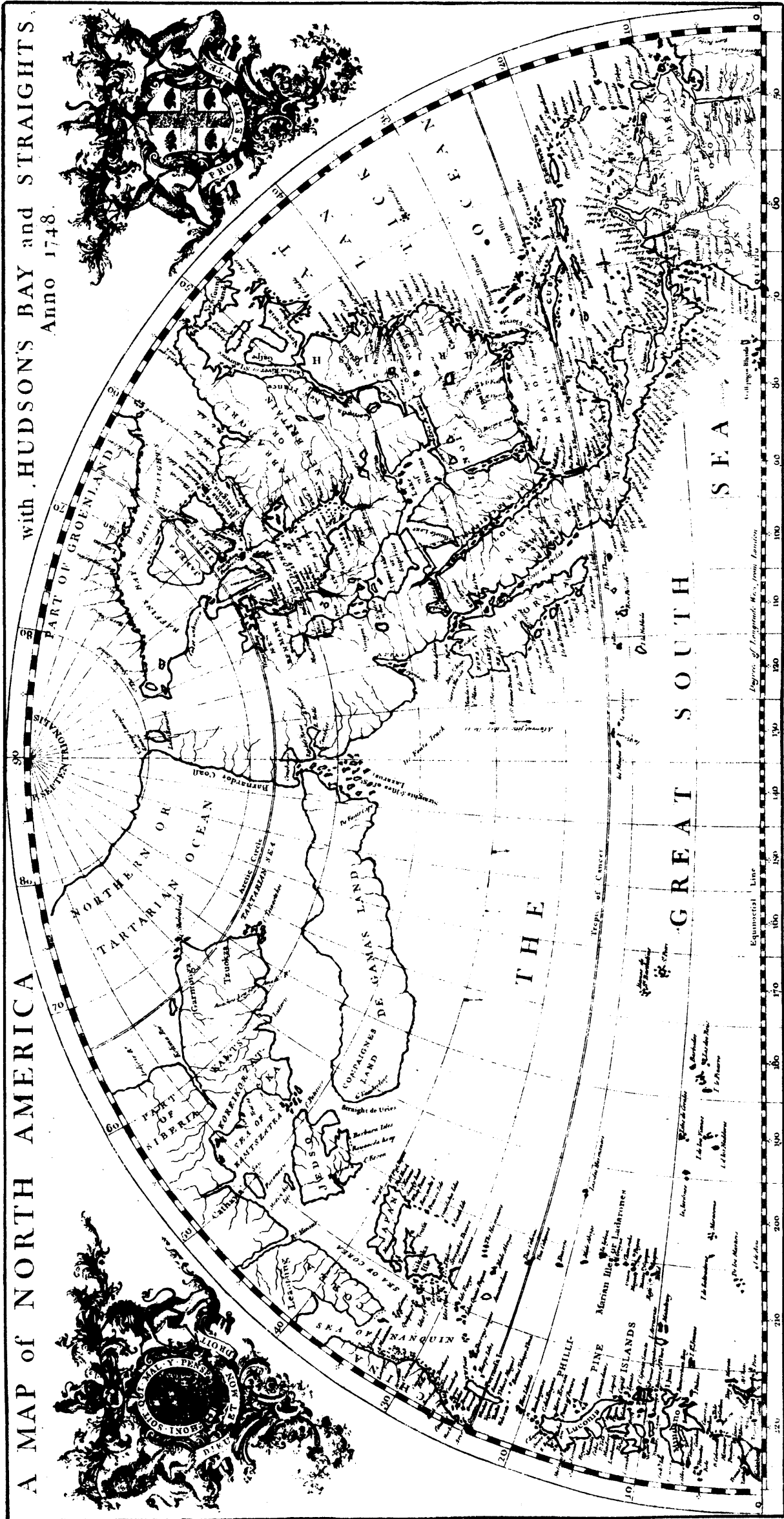
PORT OF WINNIPEG.

Total value and duty of goods, imported and entered for consumption during the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1883.

GOODS IMPORTED.	
Dutiable Goods	\$5,572,904
Free Goods (Foreign)	1,332,734
Total	\$6,905,638
GOODS ENTERED FOR CONSUMPTION.	
Dutiable Goods	\$5,569,445
Free Goods (Foreign).....	1,332,734
Total	\$6,902,179
Duty Collected	\$1,624,507.68
Canadian Free Goods.....	\$11,621,583

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.			
	Dutiable Goods.	Value of Imports.	Entered for Consumption.
Quarter ending 30th Sept., 1882.....	\$2,227,583		\$2,220,943
" " " 1883	770,140		775,242
Difference.....	\$1,457,443		1,445,701
	Free Goods.	Duty.	
Quarter ending 30th Sept., 1882.....	\$1,022,183		\$553,056.70
" " " 1883.....	87,921		200,417.31
Difference	\$934,262		352,639.39
CANADIAN FREE GOODS.			
Quarter ending 30th Sept., 1882.....	\$1,328,464		
" " " 1883	199,564		
Difference	\$1,128,900		

With reference to the above statement it should be pointed out that it does not in any way furnish data for a statement of the trade this year as compared with last. The opening of the Port Arthur route has entirely diverted the trade of this country, by far the larger part of the goods imported this season coming that way and not being shown in the Custom House returns as they would have done had they come through the United States. Owing to this cause there can be little doubt that it will be many years yet before the yearly Customs' returns will equal last years. This is especially true of the summer and fall trade, but as the water route will not be available for spring importations the Customs returns will be increased in precisely that ratio.



AN INTERESTING OLD MAP.

The knowledge of the Geography of the North West, is not the most accurate even now, but somewhat better than it was a hundred and thirty-five years ago, as shown on the above Map, an exact reproduction of one in the possession of Mr. E. K. Beeston, of the Hudson's Bay Company. It would be difficult to find a place for the Rocky Mountains except in the

bed of the Mississippi River, while Winnipeg the great City of the North West seems to have risen from the waters of Illinois Lake, now known as Lake Michigan. It will be a pleasurable occupation about Christmas time to find the latitude and longitude of cities in our present maps, and locate them by this guide on the one of 1748.



HON. J. C. AIKINS,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA



Winnipeg Rowing Club on the Red River

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

There is an impression both in the eastern limits of this continent and also in the old country, that because Winnipeg has sprung into existence, on ground which ten years ago was either open prairie, or at the best a collection of shanties, the inhabitants are of necessity rough pioneers, not versed in the arts or polished in the manners and customs of the civilized world. A greater mistake never prevailed, and we have only to point to our numerous and flourishing societies to prove the assertion false.



MR. H. F. PRINCE—AS CODDLE.
"If that be true—then I'm a ruined man!"

Of all the amateur efforts, the different Dramatic Societies may be said to be most popular, an announcement of a performance always being followed by a rush for tickets and a full house. These successful dramatic efforts may be said to date from 1870, when the officers and others quartered at Fort Osborne, "strutted their weary hours on the stage," to the immense satisfaction of delighted audiences; these were the palmy days when neither trouble or expense was studied, so long as a play was put on the boards in correct costumes and with the proper mountings. These were the days when Mr. Samuel Bedson distinguished himself as an actor.



"Take a Card."

Although there is no regular dramatic club in existence, yet at any time amateurs enough can club together for a good performance. Among the most successful plays may be mentioned: "Our trip to Brandon," an original sketch performed by the St. George's Snow Shoe Club, a society which annually gives a performance for the benefit of some deserving charity. "The Widows Bewitched," an operetta by Virginia Gabriel, "Box and Cox," and last not least, Buckstones comedy of "Married Life," which attracted so large an audience to the Opera House and which is of so recent date and so fresh in the memory that it would be superfluous to enter into details.

To remunerate the different "distinguished amateurs" would be a work of some length and difficulty, therefore it would be wiser not to begin.

CATTLE RANCHES.

Sufficient snow has not yet fallen to interfere with cattle grazing in the country west of Regina.

Several bands of stock will winter in the neighborhood of Maple Creek. The experiment was tried last year and the results were highly satisfactory, cattle and horses finding ample grazing in the river bottoms throughout the whole winter.

The favorite ground for winter grazing is in the neighborhood and south of Fort McLeod. The Chinook winds from the Pacific sweeping up the boundary, Kootenay and Crow's Nest Passes soon disperse any snow that falls. They also exert a powerful influence during the summer by drying the standing grass turning it into nutritious hay for winter's feed.

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS.



Some folks are born with golden spoons in their mouths, and live in mansions in their own parks; others not so fortunate, have to live in villa residences, but the majority of us are of mean birth, or fortune, and are compelled to live in streets. These last only will be able to realize the truth of the following remarks.

Next door neighbors may be a convenience sometimes, but as a rule they make a convenience of you. Next door neighbors know more about your private affairs than you do yourself; they make a special study of them, and consequently take a greater interest in your welfare, but the greatest in your downfalls. For instance—if the collector calls half a dozen times for the rent, next door knows all about it, and if the bailiff should be making a profession visit and stays in your house for a time, next door knows it too, and tells the whole row of the trifling circumstance. Next door knows how many loaves are taken in, and how far you are in arrears with the milkman. Next door hears the family prayers being conducted, the singing of the evening hymn, and the family squabble which perhaps may follow. Next door hears everything, repeats everything, you know they know everything and repeat everything, everybody knows it. Hatred springs up in your breast; this is what they like. If you possess a servant she immediately chums in with the one next door, and the whole of the secrets of your castle become common property. In your careful way you turn your jacket and put on a fresh trimming, next door smiles over the curtain as you make your first steps out of doors in it. Next door borrows your buckets and brooms and never return them, till they are worn out. Next door considers your garden and back yard, a receptacle for all his rubbish, and throws it there. He sticks pieces of broken glass along his wall to prevent you leaning on it, and hoists up a big boarding to stop your looking over. He pulls the creeping plants and fruit trees through the railings and trains them up his wall. When you remonstrate, the boys next door make faces at you over the wall and throw stones at your windows.



Next door sets fire to his chimney and smothers your house with smoke and dirt, and the fire engine comes round and squirts water through your windows and soils the curtains. The postman leaves your letters from poor relations next door, and they smilingly return them, making you believe they have read them and wonder you don't send a trifle! Next door is always musical and the weakness is generally in the form of a harmonium or cornet. Once I remember an old gentleman whose sole remaining joy was a harp, which he twanged from dewy morn till chilly eve; but this man was a musician, at least he said so.

If you give a party, or a dance, next door looks on and gives one on a larger and grander scale on the following week. If you have a convivial bachelor party some day when your wife's away, next door informs her of the fact as soon as she returns. This creates distrust and spoils the conjugal felicity which once reigned. Next door paints the outside of his house in gay colors, because he knows it will cause you to paint yours, and put you to expense. He digs up his drains and puts down gas pipes, simply because he knows you will fall into them, when returning from a meeting of your Lodge. He knocks nails in his walls because the concussion chips off the plaster on your side and shakes the crockery.

If you make your wife a present of a new jacket, next door gives his a far handsomer one, and a bonnet to match, this will create jealousy and will cause your wife to make remarks on the generosity of the man next door. This is not pleasant, or dignified. Next door keeps a dog that howls through the night, and a cat that invites all the cats of the neighborhood into your garden and treats you to a serenade,—and scratches your flower beds.

All these things and many others equally spiteful does your next door neighbor do. The only remedy left is to emigrate bag and baggage to some far off land or coral reef, and there set up your camp where there is a chance of leading a quiet and peaceful life, where a next door is unknown.

QUILL PEN—

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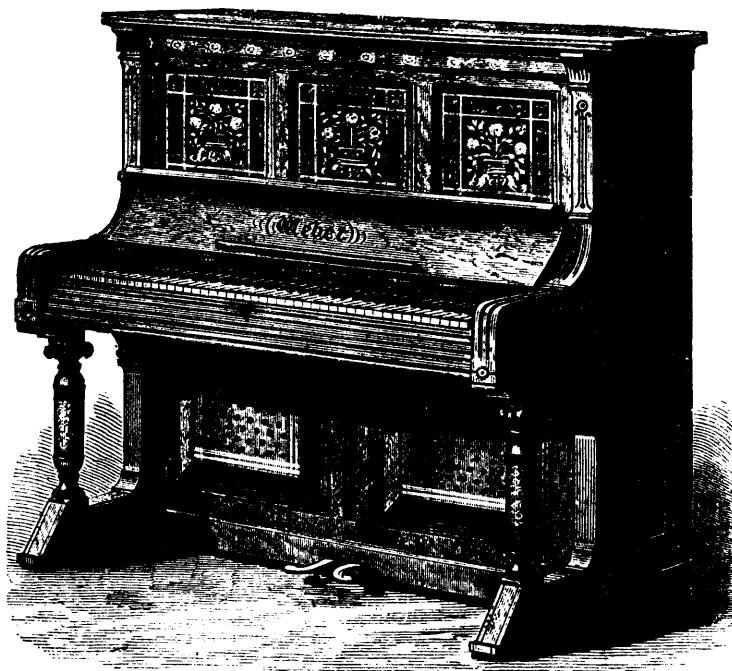
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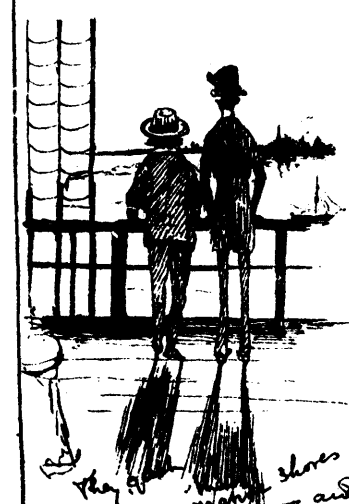
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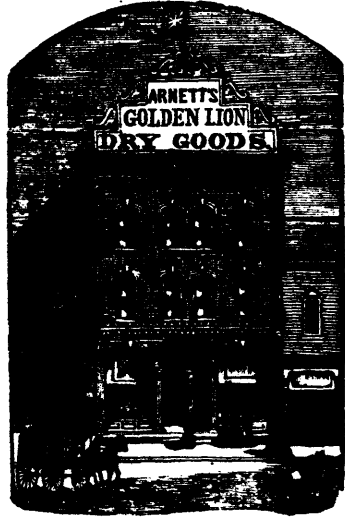
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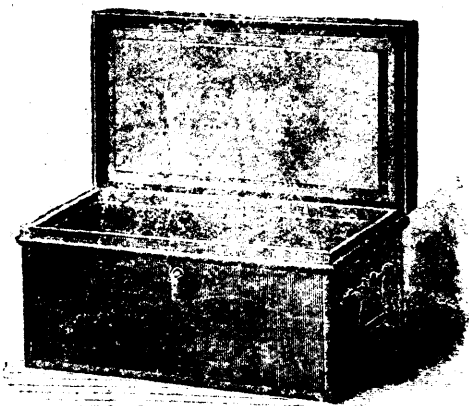
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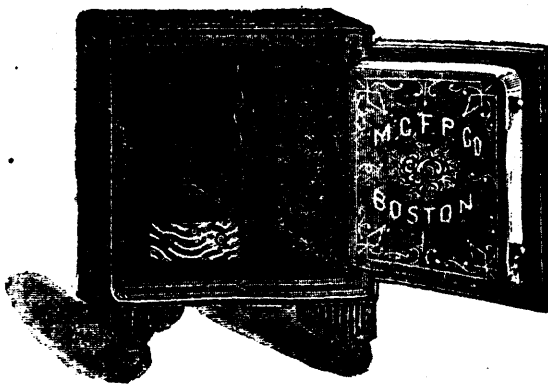
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