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# THE MANITOBAN.

★ MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

VOL. I.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, APRIL, 1892.

No. 5

## Notes and Comments.



NEVER in the history of the country has the prospects looked so bright and encouraging for the future as they do at present. Thousands of settlers are coming in, like the Israelites of old, taking possession of the land. Soon the prairie with its untilled soil will be teeming with millions, and the smoke of a thousand villages and towns will guide the traveller on his way. The magnitude of our crops and the great capabilities of our soil is attracting attention throughout the world, and ere long Canada with her noble heritage will be the equal of any nation on earth.

\* \* \*

THAT Manitoba is not the worst place to live in, is practically demonstrated every day by the return of people who formerly lived here, but sought to better their fortunes in another clime. "There is no place like Manitoba after all," is the general comment of these experienced travellers. Manitoba offers to the indus-

trious and thrifty a home, and competency, but to the loafer and idler she turns a *cold*, a very cold shoulder. Her people are anxious to get along and will extend the right hand of fellowship, to those who will come in and partake of her bounties.

\* \* \*

A LARGE number of Dakota farmers are abandoning their farms and moving to Manitoba, which is putting the cause of annexation on the other foot. Should these do well, we can look to the United States for a large share of our immigration, for between the political strifes, combines, trusts and exorbitant interest charges they can hardly be said to own their own soul.

\* \* \*

THE C.P.R. Land Department has been kept unusually busy this spring owing to the demand for farm lands. So far several thousand acres in excess of previous years have been disposed of, and the rush is not yet near over. Should the demand continue, it will not be very long ere all the choice lands will have been disposed of. As the people are aware of this, is, perhaps, one reason for the great sales now being made.

WE would strongly urge every new arrival, whether he is going to take up land or not, to call on Mr. Alex. Smith, the Provincial Government immigration agent, near the C.P.R. station, and see his fine selection of grains, grasses and other products of Manitoba. A visit to his office will amply repay any person interested in Manitoba and its progress.

\* \* \*

BEAUTIFY your homes, now that spring has come. Procure from the florist some seeds; sow them in boxes and pots and you will be delighted during the summer with their beauty and perfume. In addition to their beauty they remind you of the country and the green fields, and serve to refresh you during the very hot days of summer.

\* \* \*

NEARLY all Temperance effort is converging towards straight Prohibition, and a combined attempt is evident to strike straight at the root of the monster evil of this and other lands; and it is a hopeful sign that "society people," as they are called, are gradually yielding to public sentiment and excluding spirituous liquors from their festive gatherings. The Churches, too, are almost an unit in denouncing the system, and at the annual Church gatherings of last year in this Province, all but one of the Protestant bodies, passed resolutions calculated to aid temperance workers in their efforts. It is to be regretted that we have still individual instances of clergymen, who may be seen openly using spirituous liquors, but the number is small indeed, and the example

thus set cannot be very widely extended. That the Prohibition movement is a live earnest one in this Province, no one who reads the names of the delegates to the Prohibition Conference, published in another part of this magazine, can doubt, and we are much mistaken if they do not make their efforts felt.

\* \* \*

THERE seems to be a good deal of determined opposition on the part of the Winnipeg Street Railway, against the bill now before the local Legislature, incorporating the Winnipeg Electric Street Railway Company. There must be a good deal in Railway's or the opposition would not be so strong. We sincerely hope that the Legislators will not be guided by the case which two or three able lawyers make out, but will accede to the wish of the city and allow the bill to pass. Should there be anything wrong about the "vested rights" that we hear so much about, being in danger, the courts can settle it afterwards. What the Legislators have to do with, is to accede to the unanimous wish of the City Council, and leave the pros and cons to be fought out afterwards.

\* \* \*

It is said that nothing is surer than death and taxes, but it is seldom we see them go hand in hand as they did in Toronto the other day, when Mr. H. E. Clark, M.P.P., who was on the floor of the House speaking against the passage of a bill to amend the Assessment Act, suddenly ceased, and sitting down in his seat expired. With blanched faces the members

hastily gathered around him but life was extinct. Tenderly they carried the lifeless form from the Chamber, and when the speaker resumed the chair, silence deep as death filled the Legislative Hall. With a tremor in his voice Hon. Oliver Mowat moved the adjournment of the debate, and immediately after the adjournment of the house, when all sorrowfully departed. How very forcibly we are reminded time and again, that in the midst of life we are in death.

\* \* \*

GRADED taxation, the principle upon which we have insisted from time to time as the only reasonable scheme of providing community expenses, has, says the *Canadian Churchman*: been accepted by legislation in Australia. Those who are able to spare most, who have the largest margin over their *needs*, are required to pay expenses in a proportionately large ratio—not a mere percentage. It is the only way to keep the balance between poor strugglers and fortunate possessors."

The question has involved considerable discussion not only in Winnipeg ~~but in Toronto~~ as well, where they are endeavoring to secure an amendment to the Act, through the Legislature, regulating the assessment and collecting of taxes. As there is much to be said on both sides, it will probably be like the free trade question, pretty well threshed out before anything is adopted.

\* \* \*

THE apostle of Prohibition, Joe Hess, is with us, and with the help of the Temperance people is endeavoring

to mitigate the evil of intemperance in Winnipeg. We wish him success in his work, and hope his labors will bring forth the fruit they so richly deserve. But as we remarked some time ago, unless the Churches take hold of the matter and demand that temperance reform go hand in hand with Church fellowship, we cannot hope for any great success. The trouble is there are too many Sunday temperance people, who doff their principles like their religion on and off the first day of the week. The almighty dollar has got to be looked after by hook or by crook, and is obtained without any very great qualms of conscience. We have temperance people, and temperance people, that is so called temperance people, who can give a good deal in the way of advice, but when asked to do something practical, cannot put their principles into practice. How many there are who will preach reform, and advocate temperance until they are hoarse, but if asked to give practical assistance to any temperance paper, or to assist in the means of carrying out their plans have some excuse for refusing. How about the saloon keeper, the hotel man, and the brewer. Who ever knew them to refuse aid to anything which was likely to benefit them; as Mr. Hess aptly puts it "they—the saloon keeper—get there with a hustle, for they know if they don't some one else will." Let us have some practical benefit accrue from the work which has been done by Mr. Hess, and have done with jealousy, avarice and bigotry. As Mr. Hess is engaged in a glorious work, we trust that the temperance people, and all those inter-

ested in temperance work will see that the financial part is all right, and not leave the matter of paying the expenses to a few, as is generally the case.

\* \* \*

"EASTER-MORN" has come once more, reminding us of the resurrection of our Saviour, Jesus the Christ. Lent with its fasting is over, and soon its observers will be again of the world worldly. Speaking of Lent we cannot help but refrain from asking, how many are there who truly and religiously observe it as they are supposed to? Should not Christians live as godly during the rest of the year as they endeavor to do during this period of fasting? Would it not be better to observe, and have a watchful care over our habits and mode of living, for the three hundred and sixty-five days as well as for the forty? And are not people who have been restrained for a period apt to rush to the extreme when liberated? These are questions which suggest themselves to the thinking mind, and must be answered by each one for themselves.

\* \* \*

PRISON reforms seem to occupy considerable attention among our neighbors across the line, and the discussion does not come too soon. There is hardly a day passes by, but we hear of some gross breach of discipline committed within the walls of an American asylum, or prison. In this enlightened age of the nineteenth century, men and women are realizing the fact that the unfortunates who occupy a prison cell, are none the less our brothers and sisters

than the innocent babe, helpless in its cradle. The days of cruelty and oppression are gone, and with it comes peace, gentleness, and love. While the law must be carried out and a rigid discipline enforced, there is a right way and a wrong way in enforcing these duties, and it is against the latter that we protest. A little kindness, tempered with patience and love, is a good remedy to give anyone inclined to be unruly. Human nature, although naturally inclined towards the animal part, is possessed with the higher and nobler gift, that of a human soul, and it is for the preserving of this that we should exercise the utmost discretion. We, in Canada, have not much reason to complain of the manner in which our prison officials perform their duties, which is perhaps accounted for by the fact that among Canadians are more God fearing, moral living men and women than those who live under the stars and stripes.

\* \* \*

REPRESENTATION by population has long been regarded as the only true way in which those having equal interests could be represented. While in new countries, where the settlements are sparsely settled, it may not appear just that centres of population, covering a small area, should have larger representation, it will, all things being equal, be seen that the more people there are, the more wants they have, and as cities generally seek legislation for their own interests on the line of municipal reform, they as a general rule do not demand anything inimical to the interests of the country. After the taking of the last census we see that some of the lower

provinces will be deprived of a few of their members, while that of Manitoba will be increased; the same rule, therefore, applying to the Dominion House will be equally as applicable to the Local Legislatures. The new redistribution bill now going through the Local House, aims at this principle, that of representation by population, which will be much more satisfactory to the municipalities concerned. And in the future, should immigration continue to pour in as it has this spring, it will be necessary to again revise the electoral districts, and that before very long.

\* \* \*

GREAT preparations are being made by Chicago for the coming World's Fair. The four corners of the earth are being searched for interesting relics, and specimens, and the amount of curios which will be got together will rival even the tales of the Arabian nights. Aladdin and his wonderful lamp appear to be not a fairy tale, but a reality, when we read of the wonderful things being secured for exhibition. What the average Yankee cannot obtain he will invent, and like Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad," it will be something wonderful how many genuine skulls Christopher Columbus was possessed of, and the number of mummies said to be King Pharaoh's of Egypt. Visitors who may see the wonderful fair need not be surprised when they view the only and original articles owned by famous people through the past centuries. No doubt Noah's Ark will be there perfectly intact, while the Egyptian chariots which went through the Red Sea will be none the worse

for their accident. It was a pity that the home of Columbus could not have been secured as well, but as it happened to be about six stories high, and still standing, they could not very well move it, having attempted the job for some time and gave it up. As we said before, the World's Fair will be great show, and to those who take the trip it will be as full of interest and novelty as was the voyage of Sinbad the Sailor.

\* \* \*

THE railway strike is over and all is quiet along the lines. What a series of tumults and evils arise from out of disputes between employer and employee. Obstinacy and a vulgar independence of what is termed "principles," combine to keep the strife brewing until serious results follow. Trade is demoralized, business is stagnated, and the people must be the innocent sufferers because of the petty differences and disputes between corporations without any soul, and their employees who have. It is a solemn affair the breaking of an agreement between parties who should act in good faith, one towards the other. On the other hand the employees should endeavor as far as possible, to protect their employers interests, for what is his interests is theirs. In this age of the world there are so many organizations among the trades and labor classes, that they would dictate to everybody opposed to them, and like other parties of different organizations, they have oftentimes unscrupulous leaders who would lead them into the Slough of Despond as pictured by Bunyon, and leave them there to shift

for themselves, having lined their own pockets by the transaction. We believe it is the duty of the Government, to appoint arbitrators for the purpose of adjusting difficulties between the employers and employed, thus obviating the necessity of "going on strike," to the detriment of the country, as well as the families of those who have to be supported. Strikes are nothing more as a general rule, than a fight between Capital versus Labor in which capital generally comes off victorious. Men are not mere machines to be started and stopped without any reason for so doing. We believe in the principal of paying a man for what he is worth to the party who employs him, and treat him accordingly. With railways there is too much of the pruning business, with no questions asked. This is not right, employees have a right to defend themselves and their good name, as have the corporations with their interests, both are alike dear to those concerned.

\* \* \*

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been going on and various schemes have been promulgated, for the bringing about of closer trade relations with the United States, but so far we are no nearer the solution of the question than before. It seems to be a problematical puzzle to our rulers, and to their minds, is like an algebraic question in dealing with an unknown quantity. But while the questions relating to free trade are being argued, would it not be as well to have several articles which are absolutely needed, placed on the free list at once.

The balance could follow according to the demands of the people—that is when the consumer actually needed it, for after all he is the one who pays the duty. That we will eventually have closer trade relations with the Americans is not doubted, but as to the exact basis on which they will be made has yet to be determined. Gilbert Seaman, of Nova Scotia, in writing to an American paper puts the question tersely when he says: "I believe in having closer trade relations between the United States and Canada. We, with a population of less than 5,000,000, cannot afford anything but the best and most friendly understanding with the sixty million people in the South. Do not understand me to mean legislative union. This will not be entertained by us while we have the present connection with our glorious Queen Victoria and her family, and which must not be weakened. We have our fisheries, the bait question, and the freedom of our harbors and railroads to offer your people, and which they want, and could offer in exchange for a free trade to a certain extent." In addition to this Mr. Seaman might add our mines and mineral deposits, and the great areas of undiscovered wealth which lie to the north of us, stretching from the lakes to the Pacific, and north to the Arctic circle.

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THE MANITOBAN is desirous to secure all the information extant about the early days of our country. We want contributors from all over the country to write on any subject of interest. Let us hear from you.

## The Waterways of the Northwest.

(For the Manitoban.)

BY H. N. RUTTAN, C.E.

THE three chief rivers of North America, east of the Rocky mountains, are:

- (1) The Mississippi, drainage area 1,244,000 square miles.
- (2) The St. Lawrence, drainage area 510,000 square miles.
- (3) The Nelson, drainage area 480,000 square miles.

It is proposed at present to consider the two last named in connection with the facilities which they afford for the transportation of the surplus grain of the Northwest to the seaboard and to Europe.

Chicago may be taken as the principal head of navigation on the St. Lawrence and Winnipeg on the Nelson route.

The railway haul from the great wheat producing area of the continent, to Chicago, may be stated at 1,000 miles, and to Winnipeg at 200 miles.

The distance from Chicago to the head of ocean navigation at Montreal is 1,260 miles, and from Winnipeg to the head of ocean navigation at York is 660 miles.

Montreal is distance from Liverpool 3,225 miles and from York to Liverpool is 2,966 miles.

	Inland Navigation.	Ocean Navigation.	Total miles.
Chicago to Liverpool..	1,260	3,225	4,485
Winnipeg to Liverpool..	660	2,966	3,626

The total distance from the centre of the wheat area to Liverpool is: Via Chicago 5,485 miles; via Winnipeg 3,826 miles. The saving in distance by the Nelson route being 1,659 miles, made up as follows: Railway, 800 miles; inland navigation, 600 miles; ocean navigation, 259 miles; total, 1,659 miles.

In view of the above facts it is certainly worth while to look carefully into the practical questions affecting the navigation of the Nelson route, and if the difficulties are such as can be readily overcome, the early adoption of that route for the great bulk of the export and import trade of central North America is assured.

It is not considered necessary here to

answer the statement, that is always made when the Hudson's Bay route is mentioned, "That it is impossible to navigate Hudson's straits." It should, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, be sufficient that one of the most practical officers of the navy, Captain, now Admiral Markham, after a personal examination, has reported strongly in favor of the contention that the navigation of Hudson's straits is commercially practicable.

In Hudson's Bay, between the straits and the mouth of the Nelson, there are no difficulties as Dr. Bell says, in speaking of the bay, "It is open all the year round."

Lake Winnipeg, at the bottom of a basin which, during the glacial period, had its outlet to the south, now receives the drainage from an area extending from the head waters of the Mississippi and the height of land west of Lake Superior to the summit of the Rocky Mountains; and from the watershed of the Missouri to those of the Athabaska and Churchill Rivers. This immense drainage area of some 480,000 square miles, had its outlet through the Nelson River into Hudson's Bay.

A short distance to the east of the Nelson and close to it is the Hayes River. The Hayes rises about 28 miles from the Nelson at the outlet of Lake Winnipeg, and empties into Hudson's Bay six miles from the mouth of the Nelson. The Hayes drains a large district to the east and north of Lake Winnipeg.

The mouth of the Red River is, according to the Government maps, 710 feet above sea level.

Both the Nelson and the Hayes offer practicable routes to the sea from Lake Winnipeg.

Enough is known about the Nelson to make it certain that, by the improvement of the channel, construction of ship canals, or ship railways, ocean steamers may be brought into Lake Winnipeg and possibly into the mouth of the Red River. While there is not sufficient data to enable an estimate of the cost of the necessary work to be made, there appear to be fewer and less serious obstacles in the way than on the St. Lawrence route from Chicago.



The Hayes River offers an alternative route between Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay. This is the old Hudson's Bay Co. boat route which has been used, as the chief avenue of the company's European trade, from the earliest times to the present day. From what is known of the Hayes, there appears to be no difficulty in the way of canalizing that river for inland boats of 9 feet draught.

The following summary of a description of the Hayes route is compiled from Dr. Bell's report, Geological survey of Canada, 1878.

Norway House to Echimamish, 28 miles, by Nelson River, which is about a mile wide and full of islands, shores low but not swampy. Sea River falls, a chute of about 4 feet occur at 17 miles from Norway House, boats run down.

Echimamish to Painted Stone, 25 miles. Two dams with a rise of about one foot each are passed in this interval. The Painted Stone forms the watershed of the channel, the water running both ways from it. It is 28 yards in width. Boats are hauled over it.

Painted Stone to Robinson Portage 18 miles. The White Water River joins the eastern Echimamish seven miles from Painted Stone. The Robinson Portage is 1,315 yards in length. The difference in level, between the upper and lower ends of this portage, is 45 feet.

Robinson portage to Wapinapis 34 miles. Two rapids occur between seven and fourteen miles from Robinson portage. Wapinapis portage is 24 yards in length. The river falls by a chute at this point six feet.

Oxford or Holey Lake, 30 miles. Oxford Lake to Knee Lake, 11 miles. Knee Lake, 40 miles.

Jack River, Knee to Swampy Lake, 10 miles. Jack River has considerable descent in the lower half of its length, the rapids being over ledges of Laurentian gneiss.

Swampy Lake, 10 miles. The last lake on the route. From Swampy Lake the river is called High River, as far as the junction of the Fox River, where it becomes the Steel River to its confluence with the Shamattawa, from which point to the sea it is called the Hayes River.

From Swampy Lake, 19 miles, the river flows through a labyrinth of islands. A great number of islands occur in this distance, all of which can be run by boats. Bed of river and islands mostly gneiss. At end of this stretch clay banks first make their appearance on both sides and continue all the way to the sea.

Labyrinth of islands to Brassy Hill, 5 miles.

Brassy Hill to the Rock, 13 miles. Several rapids and chutes over ledges of gneiss occur in this distance.

From the Rock to the sea no more rapids occur.

The Rock to Fox River, 39 miles.

Fox River to Shamattawa, 29 miles. Steel River, width about 3 chains. Clay banks average height of 70 feet.

Shamattawa River to York Factory, 50 miles.

Norway House to York Factory, 361 miles.

It is to be regretted that there is no data as to the volume of the Hayes; it is not likely, however, that there would be any difficulty in procuring the necessary quantity of water for lockage.

The average dates of the opening and closing of the Hayes River, for 50 years, on the authority of Mr. Wood, Government meteorological observer, York Factory, are opening 20th May and closing 23rd November.

Dr. Bell says; "In regard to the bay itself there is no data for the opening or closing of navigation because the bay is open all the year round, like the ocean in corresponding latitudes."

Temperature:—The following is from the Meteorological Department, Toronto.

Mean average temperature at York Factory is about:

May .....	35
June .....	55
July .....	66
August .....	57
September .....	44
October .....	25

Mr. C.N. Bell in *Our Northern Waters*, says: "It will be understood that the readings at York are taken at the fort, which is on tide water, and has been described as most exposed."

"The fact of the water in the rivers rushing down before the ice is broken up

at the lower levels, proves that the climate, inland is more genial."

Lake Winnipeg is navigable from Norway House to the mouth of the Red River and the latter stream can at a moderate expenditure be made navigable from its mouth to the city of Winnipeg.

The following table shows a comparison in detail between the Nelson and St. Lawrence routes, from the great wheat area to Liverpool. The dates for the St. Lawrence are on the authority of Mr. Corthell.

From wheat area to Liverpool :—

	Miles.	Time in hours.	No. of days route open.	Cost per ton.
Via Chicago ....	5,488	414	275	\$8.97
Via Winnipeg...	3,826	287	170	4 00

The rates used in the above statement of list are :

Railway rate per ton, mile.....	005
Lake " " " .....	0015
Canal " " " .....	003
Ocean " " " .....	0005

Present western rates are higher than the above, but in making the comparison it is of course necessary to use the same rate for both

The rates of speed from which time in hours is computed are: Rail, including stops, miles per hour, 15; Canal and river, 10; Lakes and ocean, 15.

By reducing the time and distances to the equivalent number of round trips which can be made in a season from Chicago and Winnipeg to Liverpool; it is found that from Chicago seven and one-half round trips are possible and from Winnipeg eight round trips are possible.

That the Hudson's strait may not open at the same time as the inland navigation, or that they may not be open as long each season which is taking the worst possible view of the case, does not materially affect the value of the route, because it will in any event be necessary to elevate the grain at the ocean terminus. The straits are open a sufficient length of time for all practical purposes. The Dominion Government and the Winnipeg & Hudson's Bay Railway Co. have demonstrated that fact in the interest, and to the satisfaction of the latter, and the railway, which has been commenced, will be in operation to York or Churchill it is expected, in a year or two.

It is certain that within the next de-

cade the quantity of wheat for export from the Canadian Northwest and the adjoining states of the Union, will reach 200 000,000 bushels.

This wheat can be delivered at Winnipeg with an average rail haul of about 200 miles, as against 1,000 miles to Chicago, the difference in favor of Winnipeg being equivalent to a saving of 12 cents per bushel or in round figures \$24,000,000; add to this a saving of \$1 per ton to Liverpool via the Hudson's Bay route, and the outgoing freight alone, shows a saving of \$30,000,000 per annum in favor of that route.

By applying the above rates to the distances of the St. Lawrence route via Port Arthur or Duluth, it will be found that the Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay route is much superior in point of time, distance and cost; in fact that it is the natural outlet and highway from Western North America to Europe.

As to whether the Nelson or Hayes route is the most favorable, or which is the best point on the Bay for an ocean terminus, it is not intended to express an opinion.

The object of this article will be attained if it has thrown any light upon the subject which will show the practicability and great importance of the Hudson's Bay route.

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## The Shadow of a Wrong.

BY ALI WAL NORTH.

(For the Manitoban.)

"I KNOW you will like him, dear; every one likes Bertie." The speaker was a lady of middle age and anyone within range of her voice could not fail to detect the maternal love and pride with which she pronounced the name of her son. Her listener made no answer to the remark, her silence being hardly noticed by her companion who continued reading the letter which had just arrived by the mail from India and was being perused at the breakfast table at the Towers. "Poor Gracie! all her dreams of being all in all

to Mrs. B. had been suddenly scattered with a jerk and she could hardly conceal her chagrin when Mrs. B. closed her letter and began filling her cup with coffee that emitted an aroma that would have tempted the most fastidious. Gracie Somerset was the daughter of a lieutenant in the army who had accompanied his regiment to India, but like many of his predecessors a somewhat unwise exposure to the sun's rays, together with an Indian climate, had proved too much for his health and he had been invalided home. His only child, whose mother had not lived long enough to be much more than an indistinct memory to her daughter, had, as so often happens to the children of army officers, been placed at school, with two estimable ladies, both unmarried; of which the younger of the two had a character that exerted a most wholesome influence on the pupils at Park House. Without being a rone minded or a "blue-stocking" she contrived to instill into the girls all the essentials of a lady with an almost manly education in principals and behaviour, and nothing put her so much out of temper as the manner and affections of a manby-panby young miss. Gracie had been very fortunate in having the guidance of so staunch a friend, as after her school career had closed her future seemed to be vague in the extreme for Lieutenant Somerset's income was decidedly limited and teaching was not at all Gracie's forte.

The calmness of school life was interrupted rather suddenly by a visit from her father who had made up his mind to join some expedition into the African interior, the climate he said would be an improvement on India, and the only obstacle, namely the care of Gracie, had been removed by the most hearty and generous offer on the part of Mrs. B. to have Gracie stay with her on a visit that was to be unlimited. Mrs. B. had been the child, girl and woman friend of Lieutenant Somerset's mother and being a widow with a son who had been away from home on some government appointment, the loneliness of the Towers would be broken and Gracie left in good hands should anything happen to her father. When she came to the Towers

it was with no idea of snaring a husband in the future owner, for she had been accustomed to the idea of supporting herself "some day" and was far too sensible to start with the notion that marriage was the end and aim of every girl rich or poor. The great charm to the young girl's mind was that she was going to the love and kindness of a woman whose praises she remembered often hearing from her father, and she was more than eager to devote her life to supplying the place of a daughter to so esteemed a friend; but there was to be no third party in the arrangement, because this must necessarily decrease from her indispensableness, to one she wanted to love as she might have done her own mother. And now when she had been little more than a few months at the Towers, and she and Mrs. B. had been so happy in each other's society, she felt herself suddenly, without warning of any kind, slipping into the, to her mind, unenviable position of the third party—a sort of nondescript—very galling to one of Gracie's disposition. She had certainly no right to express her disapprobation, for she had met with nothing but kindness since her arrival, and it required some self-restraint, to prevent her replies being an index to her feelings, when Mrs. B. with pardonable pride dilated at great length on her son's perfections. I am afraid Gracie's disposition had rather a large spice of jealousy in it, which she was herself hardly aware of. There was nothing for it, but to make the best of what seemed to her, a very disagreeable state of affairs, and it seemed there would not be much time for anticipation, for tide and train being favorable, Bertie B. would arrive some time the next week. After the first day Gracie had well nigh got over, what she felt conscious was ingratitude to the kind friend Mrs. B. had proved herself to be, and could join her hostess in the hundred and one little preparations so dear to a mother's heart.

The week was drawing to a close, and as more to help the time, pass than in search of enjoyment, Mrs. B. had gone out for a drive leaving Gracie to lie down to drive away, if possible, that most feminine of indispositions, a bad headache. Reading being preferable to

thinking she had gone to the library, a tiny little room curtained off from the large drawing room, and was standing in shadow undecided what to choose, when she was rather taken aback by an energetic pair of hands being laid on both shoulders preparatory to turning her round to receive a greeting entirely unexpected or desired. The one word "Mother," expressing so much of affection, would have been highly satisfactory had the lady before him ever stood in that relationship towards him, as it was, it is difficult to say which looked the most uncomfortable. To a certain extent, she had the advantage because he and his arrival had been the one theme of conversation. It is hardly necessary to say the owner of the voice and hands, was Mrs. B's son Bertie, and in spite of the disfavor Gracie was inclined to view him with, she could not but allow that the remark she had heard so often from his mother, "Everyone likes Bertie," had more than the natural tie of affection to prompt it. A figure tall, rather thin, with a face that had been described as kind, with dark hair and eyes, the latter being the chief attraction, is a face that would not be considered good looking but suggested to anyone in trouble that the owner was the very person to confide in and seek advice from. It must not be supposed that Gracie had the chance to take a sort of inventory all at once, on the contrary she was rather the most awkward of the two, which she endeavored to hide by an assumption of dignity she did not feel, and reply in suitable terms to his enquiry of "Where's mother?" He could not ask her in plain English "Who are you?" but it cannot be denied his manner conveyed the question his politeness forbade his putting, and it was with mutual relief that the sound of carriage wheels put an end to an interview they were both glad to terminate. Gracie's good sense prompted her not to run the risk of finding herself out in the cold as she mentally phrased it, by remaining during the first interview between mother and son, and the sound of the dinner bell shortly afterwards afforded a good reason for her joining the others in the drawing room.

The introduction could not be very for-

mal after the experience of the afternoon, and conversation became general till dinner was announced. The evening passed as such evenings do with much questioning on the part of the former absentee on the general doings and movements on the part of the various families in the neighborhood.

The next day matters seemed to slip into their old routine and Gracie had no cause to feel herself neglected. It is not necessary to follow our friends through every detail of their lives at the Towers, as a matter of course the two younger members were thrown much together and it was with more than satisfaction that Mrs. B. noticed her son's evident admiration of Gracie's singing. Not much of a performer on the piano, her singing was her strong point. As she had said to some school companion in the old days at Park House: "I know I have brown hair, dark eyes, and an ordinary face, but my redeeming point is my voice."

She had said truly; her singing was worth listening to, it was an enjoyment to her to sing, and she was at her best when at music, and Bertie's admiration was accepted rather for the song than the singer.

Perhaps it was her perfect indifference that made her attractive in Bertie's eyes, for had she appeared anxious for his attention, it would have been difficult to separate her from the type of adventurers scheming to procure for herself house, home and husband by one lucky venture. As it was she was so sincere in her evident preference for Mrs. B's society, that her son felt he must win and work for her favor and not take it as a matter of course. That he was passionately devoted to his mother was a circumstance more than likely to win for him a certain liking, tho' she always maintained a degree of rather proud reserve that kept him at a distance, and he was conscious of a considerable shock to his self-love when it became an undeniable fact, that his mother's affection for the daughter of Lieut. Somerset was as nothing compared to his own.

That he would have no difficulty in winning the consent of his parent, he knew, but that was the end, for

the lady had given him absolutely no assurance that any closer tie to the inmates of the Towers than that now existing was at all desired. However, on the principle that "Faint heart never won fair lady" he determined to ask Gracie to be his wife at the first opportunity. This came sooner than he had hoped for. Mrs. B. had as clear an insight into the state of affairs as the most matrimonial mamma ever had, and she was quite sincere in her reply to her young friend's offer to accompany her on a visit to some cottage where sickness had broken out, that she would "rather go alone."

This arrangement left the young people entirely to their own resources, and Bertie was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity. Perhaps it would have been better if he had waited until their acquaintance had ripened into friendship, but his argument was that living under the same roof and being constantly in each others society, must in itself produce a greater degree of intimacy than usually falls to the lot of a young person, who cares for another and is anxious for that other to care for him or her in return. Be that as it may, Bertie's proposal met with a refusal given so calmly that it left little doubt that it was genuine, and bitter indeed was his disappointment.

"Don't say anything now," he pleaded, "I see now I have done wrong in speaking to you so soon; I don't ask you to forget what I have said, but think how dearly I care for you and try and teach yourself to like me ever so little."

"That is just it Mr. Herbert," for so she had always addressed him. "I do like you a *little*," laying emphasis on the last word, "and that very little allows me such small room for doubt as to my answer. You see," she continued, "you have all the disadvantages and I the advantages, for your offer would resolve itself into a business speculation for me; see how I should benefit myself by accepting you; your mother is the dearest friend I have ever known, you have money and position and I have never been allowed to feel that I have a smaller share of kith and kin than others before or since you came back, and I cannot be true to myself and my own ideas of honor and right if I do you the wrong of marrying you without affection,

let alone any warmer feeling. Then your mother, might I not forfeit her friendship if, as is only likely, she has other plans for her son? No, I am very sorry this has happened. We should neither of us be happy, I, because my self-respect would have vanished, and you, I have no doubt, would in a little while discover some flaw in your investment," she added half jestingly, "you are very good and kind so please forgive me for being honest with you."

"At any rate," said poor Bertie, "you will let things go on as they were, before I interrupted them."

Her reply was not distinct enough for him to catch, and he could not exactly ask her to repeat what she had said as she was leaving the room when he made the last remark.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## From Western Ontario to Manitoba.

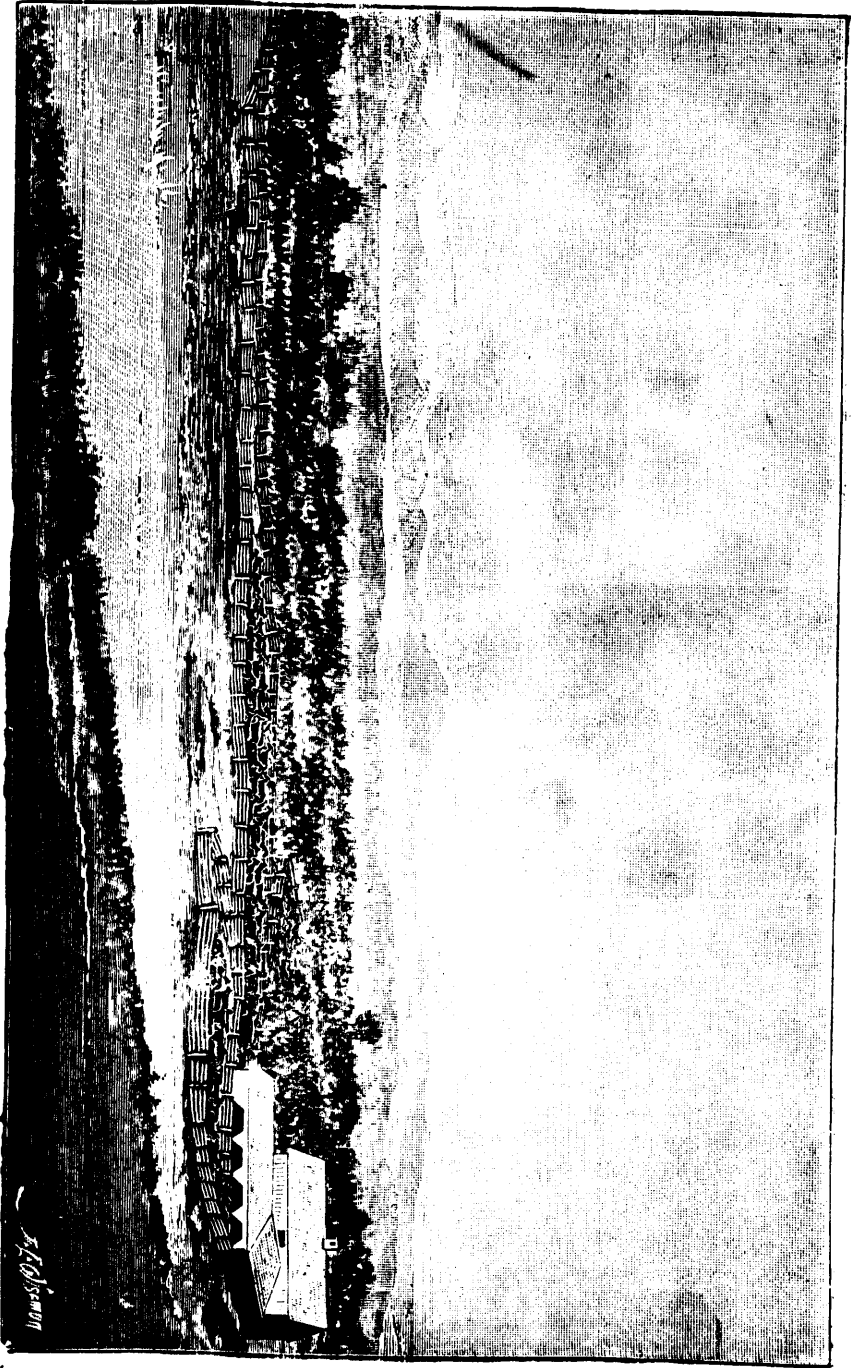
A TRIP IN 1867.

By K.

*(For the Manitoban.)*

IN the spring of 1867 the writer with his wife and a romping two and a half-year old son, accompanied a brother-in-law, his wife and a three year old son to "Red River," now Manitoba. Many and numerous were the remarks from relatives and friends on their being acquainted with our determination to proceed to this land of distances, a land, up to that date, almost worse than unknown. The most vague and unreliable knowledge was all that could be obtained. It was supposed to be inhabited by the wildest of roaming Indians, who took the greatest pleasure in raising the scalp on the top of any white man's head. Leaving Western Ontario on the 6th April of the year above mentioned, we boarded the Great Western train for Detroit, having there to wait a number of hours to make "close connection for Chicago." At Chicago we took train for La Cross, Wisconsin, on the Mississippi, at which place we arrived without anything

STOCK RANGHE IN THE TERRITORIES, WESTERN CANADA.



special. Here we took passage by steam-boat for St. Paul. This part of our journey being very beautiful was greatly enjoyed.

Raft after raft of boards were met of enormous size on which houses were built for the accommodation of the raftsmen. On arriving at St. Paul we again took train for St. Cloud. Here we began to be bothered with "yarn" told by American "agents" to the detriment of our Northwest.

We were now at the end of the railway, the jumping off place as it were. How or in what way we were to proceed on (yet several hundreds of miles) our journey was a puzzle. Having no conveyance of our own and not sufficient means to purchase, we were compelled to take what I might call pot-luck. Now we found we had started too early. The old Red River carts which periodically went from Fort Garry to St. Paul and St. Cloud for supplies (merchandise) had not and would not arrive for some time. These carts were our only expectation whereby we might procure passages for our small families over the wilds of Minnesota and Dakota. For this reason we were compelled to lay up for some time awaiting their arrival.

Dr. J. C. Schultz, now our honored Lieutenant-Governor, had arrived from Fort Garry with some six or seven carts which were in camp at Sauk Center, some sixty miles west of St. Cloud. Having seen the Doctor in St. Cloud, we arranged for the passage of our wives and children. We men were to "foot it" and foot it we did. The doctor was the first whiteman we ever saw with moccasins on.

We took the noted western stage from St. Cloud to Sauk Center, and on arriving, a native, the first we ever saw, with a "Red River" cart and pony was in waiting to convey our wives and children to the camp. The ladies thought the whole outfit so ludicrously comical that they utterly refused to be conveyed out of town by it and it returned without us. To camp next morning we walked and were detained there a number of days in a sad plight on account of rain. Bed and bedding, everything were wet, but there was no escaping from it. At last the time came

when we were to start on our overland journey. We wondered if the wolves would feast on the ponies before many days, they were so very poor. Our wives mounted the carts with a doubtful meaning laugh and we were away.

That night we camped on the open prairie, without fire, the ground being damp and cold. Early next morning we started. After going about a mile we noticed one cart had not started; the pony had balked. We waited their return to assist, but go he would not. After all our driving pony had been exhausted the native driver said to me "h-ho-hold on b-bi-Bill while I g-get a r-r-rope." A rope was got and tied to the pony's tail, and then to my great amusement, to the cart. The collar was taken off the pony's neck, the cart saddle left on to keep up the cart shafts or trams. The pony was told to g-go and go he did, drawing the loaded cart by his tail. How I wondered. Noon came and he had to be untied to hunt for his dinner. We hear "w-we-we'll w-we'll hitch up" Hitch up was obeyed but go this same pony would not. All of a sudden he bolted with his load, straight for a lake near by. The writer caught hold of the hind part of the cart, when on the run and twisting, turned the pony away from the lake. When he found he could not get to the lake he stopped and stood as determined as a post. The rope and tail was again brought into use, the collar removed when away he went.

Thus we slowly progressed, but this "tail" is nearing its end. In crossing a small but muddy creek nearly all the hair pulled out of his tail, thus freeing himself from the cart. Of course the driver did not know w-what t-to do. Finally the pony was properly hitched to the cart and left alone to his own sweet will. This he did not appreciate. Finding himself alone he quietly started to follow. We waited until he was near by. We then moved on, he still following and caused us no more trouble. We men began to find our feet very sore travelling through so much water and mud. Bridges were a thing unknown. Crossing creeks and rivers as best we could was no child's play in early spring. We did not whine or regret as many others have done under

less trying circumstances. On arriving at Fort Abercrombie, a trading post in Minnesota, we were informed that the Sioux Indians were on the war path and strongly advised not to proceed, our party being too small for defence. We also learned that a long train of wagons were expected in a few days going our way as far as Georgetown on the Red river, so we concluded to wait. A company of American mounted soldiers were sent out to look for Indians while we were there it having been reported they were around by the mail driver who accompanied by two men with a pony and cart had just arrived from Pembina. They reported they were attacked by Indians one of whom they killed. After scouring the country the soldiers returned, but of course saw no Indians. Here was our first sight of buffalo dried meat of which we did not take kindly to. After some three days of waiting the train of wagons arrived and we all moved on. At night a corral or circle was formed with the wagons and carts in which all horses were secured for the night. A number of teamsters were told off as guard but nothing special occurred until the next day at noon when a most ridiculous hub-hub and stampede of the Indian fearing Yankee began. At a distance could be seen something, what it was the unpracticed eye could not tell. Our native drivers said it was hunters who were driving loose animals. This they knew by the actions or movements visible. The American teamsters imagining them to be Indians were jumping on their horses preparing to leave goods and wagons and have a little "Bull's Run" all to themselves. In the mean time it turned out as our drivers had said, after which a good deal of chaffing was indulged in. Once more a start was made, on we went passing desolate houses, caused by the Minnesota massacre, always keeping the Indians before our minds. We never sleep without our guns by our side, and carried them wherever we went. On arriving at Georgetown we crossed over by means of a ferry boat to the west side of the Red River. The ferryman was a comical little man with a pair of buck skin pants, about five sizes too large, and stretched at the knees before and behind out of all proportions. Methinks I can see

those crooked pants yet. Here the train of wagons left us, after which time we always carried a white flag on a pole tied to a cart as a flag of truce to the Indians. The mud and water through which we tramped I can never forget. At Georgetown I tasted my first pemican, the looks of which I thought worse than the taste, but how our little boys *did* enjoy it and how our wives turned up their noses and scolded them for eating it. It is to this day amusing to number their dislikes to the "horrid stuff" especially when I know how well they liked it in after years.

After many serious, as well as laughable incidents, we arrived at Pembina in complete health; crossing over the line we were once more on British soil, when we felt at home again, and pleased to think our journey was near o'er. Our trip from the time we left Ontario until we arrived at Fort Garry, (now Winnipeg,) occupied seventy-two days which is just about the time it now takes to travel around the world. We met, during our journey, eleven hundred and eighty eight carts all bound for St. Paul or St. Cloud for merchandise. These carts have since all disappeared and like other ancient articles their usefulness is gone. And what a change, instead of the squeaking cart as it winds in and out, slowly making its way over the prairie trail, we have the iron horse flying over the bands of steel which circle the globe in all directions.

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### Our Temperance Leaders.

**N**AMES and addresses of delegates to the Prohibition League Convention, held in Winnipeg, January 18-20th, 1892:

- Rev. Joseph Hogg, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg.
- Rev. Alfred Andrews, President Methodist Conference, Virden.
- Rev. W. J. Hall, pastor Presbyterian Church and Grand Chief Templar, I.O.G.T., Stonewall.
- Rev. W. A. Vrooman, pastor Methodist church, Melita.
- Rev. C. A. Edwards, pastor Methodist church, Sidney.
- Rev. H. Kenner, pastor Methodist church, Glenboro.



Rev. R. G. McBeth, pastor Augustine church, Fort Rouge.  
 Rev. Dr. Bryce, Professor Manitoba College, Winnipeg.  
 Rev. J. Semmens, Secretary Methodist Conference, Winnipeg.  
 Rev. A. Grant, pastor First Baptist Church, Winnipeg.  
 Rev. Canon Pentreath, pastor Christ Church, Winnipeg.  
 Mr. W. R. Mulock, Q.C., representing Dominion Alliance, Winnipeg.  
 Mr. George Hague, representing Dominion Alliance, Winnipeg.  
 Mr. T. J. McCrossan, B.A., representing Y.M. Prohibition Club, Winnipeg.  
 Mr. E. A. Davis, representing Y.M. Prohibition Club, Winnipeg.  
 Dr. A. McDiarmid, Grand Councillor R.T. of T., Winnipeg.  
 Dr. A. Fleming, Calvary Congregational Church, Brandon.  
 Mr. H. H. Clay, Grand Secretary Patrons of Industry, Rapid City.  
 Mr. J. Diehl, representing R.T. of T., Cypress River.  
 Mr. H. H. Elsey, representing R. T. of T., Carman.  
 Mr. George Vaughan, representing R.T. of T., Plum Creek.  
 Mr. J. C. Brown, representing R. T. of T., Holland.  
 Mr. William Western, representing R.T. of T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. J. C. Spence, representing R.T. of T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. W. Clingan, representing R.T. of T., Virden.  
 Mr. E. Taylor, representing R.T. of T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. T. J. White, representing Fort Garry Lodge, I.O.G.T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. J. K. Wilson, Grand Secretary I.O.G.T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. C. M. D. McKinnon, Lake Dauphin.  
 Mr. W. F. Waddell, Whitemouth.  
 Mr. S. G. Matheson, representing St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg.  
 Mrs. Kriger, representing Methodist Church, Souris.  
 Mr. J. S. McAdam, representing R. T. of T., Treherne.  
 Rev. J. Douglas, pastor Presbyterian Church, Starbuck.  
 Miss A. M. Rowe, representing R.T. of T., Portage la Prairie.  
 Mr. J. B. Draper, representing R.T. of T., Portage la Prairie.  
 Mr. John A. Locke, representing Y.M. Prohibition Club, Winnipeg.  
 Mr. J. A. Davies, representing R. T. of T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. D. D. Aitken, representing R.T. of T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. J. Lothrup, representing R.T. of T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. T. B. Robinson, Grand Secretary R. T. of T., Winnipeg.  
 Miss Tyndall, representing R.T. of T., Winnipeg.

Mrs. Buchanan, Secretary W.C.T.U., Winnipeg.  
 Mrs. Gordon, Secretary W.C.T.U., Portage la Prairie.  
 Mrs. Vaughan, representing R.T. of T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. Dykes, representing Dominion Alliance, Winnipeg.  
 Mr. C. B. Julius, representing Icelandic I.O.G.T. Lodge, Winnipeg.  
 Mrs. Benson, representing Icelandic I.O.G.T. Lodge, Winnipeg.  
 Mrs. Brooks, representing W.C.T.U., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. T. L. Kierman, representing I.O.G.T., Balmoral.  
 Mr. Thomas Nixon, sr., representing I.O.G.T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. George Lenton, representing I.O.G.T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. G. N. G. Holliday, representing I.O.C.T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. A. G. Morgan, representing I.O.G.T., Winnipeg.  
 Mr. James Leatherland, Gospel Temperance Union, Winnipeg.

Besides the foregoing delegates the following ladies and gentlemen attended as visitors: Mrs. Dr. McDiarmid, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Cowan and Miss Sparks, Rev. A. C. Crews, Rev. John Hogg, Mr. James Buchanan, Mr. J. S. Barbour, Mr. J. W. Lamb and Mr. J. B. Sparks, all of Winnipeg Mr. Joseph F. Hess, Clarendon, New York; Mr. Melvin, Hamilton, Ont, and Mr. Clarke, Medicine Hat, N.W.T.

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### The Late Dr. Lane.

BY D. W. M'KERCHAR, M.A.

(For the *Manitoban*.)

LESS than five week ago many of your readers were charmed with the eloquence and elevated by the practical wisdom of one whose death we have since been called upon to mourn. How little did any of those who heard the Rev. Dr. Lane, in Zion church, a few weeks ago, suppose that they were listening to his exalted philosophy and sound advice for the last time? But alas! that voice is stilled forever and its sweet accents shall never charm our souls again and "the strains of glorious music suddenly ceased, our souls feel an aching void, a painful longing, to catch once more those harmonious sounds."

Rev. Bidwell Lane, D.D., was a Canadian by birth, being a son of the late Joseph Lane, of Prescott, Ontario. He received his education in his native province, being graduated from Albert College, Belleville, in 1866, and entered the ministry at the age of twenty-four. His extraordinary talents were at once recognized and he was soon called upon to take charge of the congregation in the town where he had received his education. After five years spent as a pastor in Belleville, he removed to Napanee and thence to the Canadian capital. By this time his abilities as a preacher had become known beyond the bounds of his native land and he was called to a wider sphere of labor in Covington, Kentucky, where he remained for over three years, after which he was called to Central Church, New York. After six years arduous labor in the American metropolis, failing health compelled the Dr. to seek rest and retirement. With this purpose in view his congregation granted two years leave of absence. A farm about four miles from the town of Morden was selected as the place for retirement, as it was considered that on a Manitoba farm, entire seclusion and rest could be obtained. The distinguished divine's abilities were too well known, however, to be allowed to lie dormant, and before many weeks had passed away, after his arrival in the province, he was prevailed on to occupy the pulpit of the Morden Methodist church and there he preached his first Manitoba sermon. Ere long, requests to preach and lecture poured in from all parts of the province and everywhere he went he made a large circle of warm friends and a much larger circle of ardent admirers, not only among people of his own special sect or set, but among all classes.

In this city his popularity was such that the largest churches could not accommodate those who desired to benefit by his soul-stirring eloquence and far-seeing wisdom. And no wonder, for in these days of monotonous sermonizing and mediocre pulpit oratory, it was inspiring to hear such a gifted speaker as the Rev. Dr. Lane.

He was one of those gifted men whom Providence occasionally sets before the

world to show the height to which the Almighty can exalt the human intellect and the extent to which He makes use of human agencies.

That which attracted the admiration of all who heard him, was that oblivion of self which was always conspicuous, and the all important place which he assigned to the topic under consideration and its effects in bringing his hearers nearer to the Saviour whom he loved so well. The tone of his voice, the gesture, the countenance, the whole manner indicated honesty, sincerity, manliness and intense earnestness on the part of the speaker and so carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers. His enunciation was always deliberate and distinct and his pronunciation accurate; consequently nothing was lost. His noble and philosophic thoughts were invariably couched in language carefully chosen. Every word was simple, but expressive and that every place was assigned to each, which made it most emphatic and effective. Every sentence was a gem of thought, intelligible to a child, and at the same time containing food for the meditations of the most mature minds and of the best trained intellects. Every sermon consisted of a close chain of reasoning, which represented the generous thoughts of a soul which disdained any thought which was not noble. His philosophy never consisted of abstract propositions and general reflections, but rather an application of these to particular circumstances in actual life. His illustrations were rarely in the form of similies, but almost always in the form of metaphores, expressed with the utmost possible conciseness. His favorite figures of speech were interrogation and sarcasm and both were used with great effect. His sarcasm, though powerful, was tempered with a slight and pleasing touch of humor which rendered it unoffensive without diminishing the effectiveness.

In these days when so many preachers court popularity by selecting secular themes for their pulpit discourses, it is well worth remembering that this popular preacher always dealt with simple gospel truths, borrowed his noblest images from the inspired Word and never descended to flippancy or levity. Now that he has

gone from us, we long for the music of his melodious voice to vibrate in our ears once more, but alas! such a blessed privilege will never again be ours.

"'Tis o'er; that lamp is quench'd in endless night,  
Which nature kindled at her purest flame."

No, 'tis not quench'd; the spark eternal lives,  
And it shall blaze along the track of time,  
While we, who joyed beneath the radiant beam,  
Shall mix unheeded with our kindred clay."

## Beatrice Cameron,

Or, Poetry the Happy Medium.

In Two Books.

BY F. OSMAN MABER.

(For the *Manitoban*.)

Book One—Chapter I. The Proposal.

ON the banks of the Red River, at the junction of the Assiniboine with its mother stream, is situated the prosperous little city of Winnipeg, destined ere long to be the metropolis of a hundred railroads, and the market-city for the produce of the Great Western World. It is then, in this City of the Glorious Future, that the events and incidents here narrated peeped for an instant into the vision of the sojourners on this terrestrial sphere.

Beatrice Cameron was a perfect specimen of a Canadian coquette, full of wild impulsive affections for a short time, and then of the reverse for a much longer period. Her carriage was most graceful, and her head was adorned with a crown of lovely jet black hair, hanging in clusters down her back, and curling and recurling in tiny ringlets round her fair forehead. But her eyes! How shall I describe her eyes? Bewitching they were in the extreme, so much so, that he who once looked into them felt himself irresistibly in her power. But notwithstanding so much grace and beauty her mind was extremely blank—more because she neglected to cultivate it, than for want of opportunity—her fingers could touch the keys of a piano with marvellous lightness, but she hardly ever thought it necessary to write her name correctly; she could chat of operas, balls, parties,

and all the flip flaps so necessary to the existence of a young lady; but no time was spent in the company of the world's great masterpieces. She might sometimes do a little fancy work with the needle, but it was beneath her dignity to attach a button, or stitch a rend in her dress. So much for the visible and invisible powers of this maiden.

Aware that she was wooed by many a young man, she took advantage of it by periodically honoring a fresh young gentleman with her esteemed society. This was her first season in the circle of the "Select Fifty" and she had at present but thirteen suitors for her hand; all of whom seemed equally unsuccessful in their endeavours to reach that most blissful and blessed of states, the bond of holy matrimony.

The reason for this may not be far to seek. Although Beatrice delighted a little in what is termed "harmless flirtation" she was far too sensible to bind herself to the foolish moths who fluttered about her brilliant light. Perhaps the name given her is unjust; perhaps unreasonable, absurd; and we might with justice dispense with it. Who knows but what she might prove herself a dutiful, honorable, and loving woman? Ay, who knows? but the answer we leave to the future. At present we will acquit ourselves to impound, propound and expound on the graces and character of the flatterers about her.

They belonged, in the majority, to that class of well known individuals sailing under the distinguished cognomen of "dudes." They each and every one sported a cane with a head of enormous dimensions, which by constant application to the mouth had widened that hypermetrical cavity till this most salient feature of the face reached from ear to ear. To proceed farther, a spy-glass, inserted before one eye—merely for optical illusion—by the aid of which they could glare with ever-increasing intensity at the fair forms which ranged for a moment before their vision; adorned their illustrious countenances.

Their dress of unusual magnificence, the chief point of difference between it and the covering of honest folk being that the purchase price therefor was unpaid; and

a large paste diamond glared conspicuously from their neck-tie. But the collar! This indispensable instrument of torture always reached to the organs for the retention of sound; and instead of being the usual white starched article resembled the starry firmament on a clear night, being covered with small, but nevertheless, distinctly visible planets. The most delicate hands were covered with a perfectly fitting pair of gloves; and a light "Christie" adorned the crown of their head. The "down" situated a little to the north of an elegant set of false teeth, must indeed have passed a most miserable existence, for it was twisted and dragged and curled, till it writhed with agony and vexation.

Last, but by no means the least thing noticeable was their voice. The most grammatical language was uttered in the most ungrammatical manner; in other words, grammar was an unknown requisite in their code. When they wished to make themselves understood—by no means an easy task—they performed this most painful of operations by doing so while in the act of swallowing a goodly sized plum, kept in reserve in the beforementioned cavity until the proper moment, which explains the great eloquence so praiseworthy in this class and their perfect pronunciation.

Miss Cameron's parents were a very respectable couple, and really tried to break the growing disposition to flirt so apparent in their daughter, but so far their efforts had been uncrowned by success. The mother was a woman of tender sympathies, and had early tried to instruct her daughter in the paths of duty, but had singularly failed, chiefly owing to her sickly constitution, which rendered it impossible to enforce her commands when disobeyed. Her father was of a joyous temperament, except at long intervals, when he was somewhat indicted to the liquor habit, and was then subject to violent exhibitions of temper; but at other times he was most agreeable. Some years previous to the birth of his daughter Beatrice he had fought in the Rebellion, and many were the thrilling episodes with which he delighted the ears of his enchanted audiences. With such a charming host, and still more charming

"daughter of the host" is it any wonder that the home of the Camerons was constantly thronged with visitors.

A grand ball and dinner was the programme at the Camerons' one memorable evening in June. Invitations had been sent to a large circle of friends, and a great gathering was expected. Soon after nine the carriages began to crowd to the doors to discharge their living burthens, continuing till the large, handsome, airy rooms were filled to overflowing. Beatrice was there in her glorious beauty, causing her many admirers to gasp for breath at the excess of their rapture, and long for the possession of such a priceless gem. Indeed, she had never before looked so beautiful, so charming; her dress was composed of a fine white silk, trimmed with the richest of lace, which contrasted strikingly with her brunette complexion, setting it off to the best advantage. She wore no jewellery save a necklace of small white pearls, but a cream rose adorned her raven tresses.

"Mr. Vane Helmore," announces the footman, ushering in that gentleman. Beatrice, turning, flushed with pleasure on perceiving the new-comer, and with outstretched hand advanced to meet him, hardly conforming thereby to the stern rules of etiquette.

"Oh, Mr. Helmore, this is indeed a pleasurable surprise! how delighted I am to see you. Who would have thought that papa's friend was the gentleman who saved my life? However can I thank you for your heroic action? But what made you disappear so suddenly the moment I opened my eyes, leaving me no time to thank you, or even to ask your name?"

"That was the very reason, Miss Cameron. I performed nothing that anybody would hesitate to do, and so I deserve no thanks. Excuse me, I hope your injuries were not serious, and that you are at present quite recovered."

"Oh, yes, thank you. I suffered from nothing but a sore ankle, which healed almost immediately, thanks to your brave assistance. I escaped with that petty sprain, whereas I might have lost my life. You say anyone would have acted as you, nevertheless no one did so, and I must again express my heartfelt gratitude, with

perhaps the wish that I may some day perform a like service for you, or one equal in extent."

"I hope so," he answered sincerely, glancing into her shining orbs, "It is very probable that I may give you such an opportunity before many months pass over your head."

Yes, we are bound to confess it, Vane Helmore had fallen before the graces of the mighty, the charms of the all-powerful Beatrice. Another, but how different to her many other admirers!

He was a man of stately form, medium height, and of about twenty-four years of age. His head was set firmly upon his shoulders, with a face one might well look into and trust. His eyes were blue, and possessed a soft, calm appearance such as might gaze with pity, or burn with stern authority at a moment's notice. He was tidy in appearance, rather less to attract attention than the contrary; and wore no ornament save a gold watch and chain, insufficient to secure much observation. A Yankee by birth, he possessed all the characteristics of that noble nation—calm in danger, authoritative to command—possessing a cool tenacity of purpose; he united with these a tender and feeling heart, such is but rarely met with in members of the sterner sex. At the early age of seven he had been deprived of his father, and in consequence his training devolved entirely upon the mother, with the result that his mind was fixed with the steadfast belief that woman was born to be the sunshine of a man's existence, and whatever tended to lower or degrade their level was to be despised. Contrary to Beatrice, he was acquainted with the world's history and with the thoughts and aims of our noble writers. Upright and honest in the extreme, he placed confidence in his fellow men till they proved themselves unworthy of it; when instead of calling to his assistance that hypocritical imp of Satan "Revenge" he exerted himself to restore the fallen to the paths of honor and integrity.

Three years previous to the opening of our story, Mr. Cameron, while on a visit to Chicago, had met the young man, and notwithstanding the great difference in their ages they had become firm friends. Vane was a rising young architect, with

high hopes and expectations for the future, and had succeeded in building up a fine business when Mr. Cameron arrived. The plans of the Cameron house in Winnipeg had been projected by him; and that gentleman never found cause to repent his decision in the choice of his young friend.

When leaving for the north he tendered Vane an earnest invitation to visit him as soon as the house was complete, and had since that time seconded it by many a kind letter.

Vane at last found opportunity to visit our fair city, on the request to attend the ball before mentioned, and spend a few weeks with them. Arriving at Winnipeg the day before the ball he had barely stepped off the cars when a young lady was seen to slip and fall before an approaching train.

The lady might well have extricated herself from her precarious position in time to escape, but by some strange misfortune her foot had caught between the double rails—the so-called man-trap—noticeable near every side branch from the main line of the road, and being unable to release it lay waiting for the doom which seemed fast impending. The engineer discovered her at last and turned on all breaks, but too late; the fate of poor Beatrice—for it was she—seemed inevitable. But no! Rushing to the spot, Vane with very little ceremony wrenched her foot from the vice which held it, and raised her from the rails only in time, for the next moment the front wheels of the locomotive passed over the spot where she had lain, and the gigantic frame of the iron horse quivered and came to a standstill.

A great crowd had gathered and pressed around to obtain a glimpse of the hero, but he, raising the young lady in his arms, who was now in a dead faint, bore her into a drug store near by, away from the gaze of the inquisitive crowd, and placed her in charge of a physician, fortunately present at the time, who promised to give her proper attendance and conduct her safely to her home.

Seeing that Beatrice had now opened her eyes, he raised his hat and departed, wishing to escape the profusion of thanks as inevitable as her fate seemed a few moments before, and not desiring to make

himself conspicuous in a strange city. You can imagine then the surprise and pleasure of Beatrice on finding in her father's old friend the saviour of her life.

Well; to return to the ball. At this juncture Mr. Cameron himself was seen approaching, and in a few moments joined them.

"Why how are you, Vane? I hope your trip was enjoyable, no accident or such like?"

Oh, no, thank you, I spent a most pleasant time on the way hither, and am delighted with the scenery of your fair country. Indeed it was magnificent, almost equal to that of my own land."

"Yankee all over, my boy, Yankee all over. Well I must confess I am not greatly surprised; it is but natural one should think his home the fairest land upon earth."

"Papa," put in Beatrice at this point, "did you know that it was Mr. Helmore who saved my life yesterday morning. I was greatly surprised to discover that the designer of this grand old house was the pre-serv-er of my life?"

"No! was it?" exclaimed Mr. Cameron, with much surprise, bless you, my boy; bless you, grasping his hand again and shaking it warmly, one more debt I owe you, Vane, my life, my hope, my most precious jewel, and believe me I will never forget your heroic conduct. I hope you will stay with us a few weeks if only that we may enjoy your company and shew our appreciation of your action.

"But," after a moment, "come, Beatrice, introduce him to your friends and see that he enjoys himself, and, mind," with a sly glance at each, "I shall hold you responsible for him, as I must be off to attend to the dinner, the hour for which is fast approaching."

"There is little fear of my not passing an enjoyable time while with you, think there is Miss Cameron," asked Vane, as her father departed.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, with a coquettish toss of the head. "However, I will try to obey my father's injunction."

It is unnecessary here to enter any further into the details of the dinner and ball, save to say that it was a great success, as our intention in this short history was

to relate the manner in which poetry was used as the happy medium of uniting two loving hearts, and transforming a coquette into a true and faithful woman.

As we have before mentioned, Beatrice possessed all the virtuous qualities so noticeable in the band of noble matrons that has blessed the Anglo-Saxon race with their presence since the days of the good King Alfred, who, it is said, endowed them with the privileges which enabled them to save the nation from destruction in future times.

Next day, after the guests had all departed, with the exception of Vane, that young gentleman was known to be engaged in very earnest conversation with his kind host and friend.

Breaking in upon them, let us slip behind the screen yonder and act the part of eavesdropper, which though perhaps not so desirable a position as might be, can be excused with the thought that Hannibal, the greatest general the world has yet seen, often made use of this method of obtaining information, and we have reason to believe that the benefits resulting therefrom justified the means. Perhaps it may be so in this instance, but we will leave that to the decision of our readers.

"Yes, Vane," Mr. Cameron was heard to remark, "I certainly should like to do something to shew my gratitude for the preservation of the life of my daughter, my one and only child. Why my heart almost ceases to beat when I think of the awful peril from which she escaped, and all is owing to your heroism. Are you perfectly sure there is no matter on which I can render you assistance?"

"You exaggerate my small service, Mr. Cameron," Vane answered, "I can assure you my action was neither brave nor heroic, but merely the act of any gentleman. As to your kind query, I might say that I have a confession to make. Although I have known Miss Beatrice for but two days, I nevertheless have learned to love her with a love of the most ardent intensity, my heart burns with its earnestness, and I long to claim her for my bride, my true wife for all time; but being as you are well aware a Yankee by birth, and thinking some other choice might have been made for her, and

the two parties to be interested being almost strangers to each other, it occurred to me that it would be but honest and honorable on my part to first acquaint you with my intentions instead of after the bride had been fought for and won—which I sincerely trust will soon be—as is the custom usually adopted, but in this instance the circumstances are so different that my action, I hope, is justifiable. Of course, there is the possibility of my failure to win her love, but I well remember the old saying "No Work, No Pay," which would revise to "No Endeavor, No Love," and setting this before me as my guide, follow the straight path to the goal."

"My boy" said Mr. Cameron, warmly, "this indeed gives me pleasure. Believe me, there is no one with whom I would better trust the welfare of my daughter. I admire your frankness, my dear Vane, and trust me, you will lose nothing by it. I am growing old, my boy, growing old, and my only wish is to see Beatrice settled in life, but up to the present time my wish has seemed far from realization, owing to the character of those foolish fops who linger about her. Why, I would sooner know that she died in the gutter, with only the starry heavens to cover her head, than that she should unite her fortunes with one of those fools. Yes, fools, the whole amount of wisdom if gathered together would not fill the cavity containing the brains of a poor mouse, much less a human skull. I have spoken to Beatrice on several occasions about the matter, but she is a self-willed girl—my own fault for not carefully training her in infancy—and has determined to keep them fluttering in her train, leading them by the nose with a string, so to speak."

"Now, Vane, this is the secret difficulty which you will have to encounter. She has made the vow not to give herself to any man without the most gigantic exertions on his part; in other words she will not passively surrender to the man she loves—whoever he may happen to be—without great perseverance being shewn by him."

Vane thanked the old gentleman for his kindness, and spoke of his intentions for the future, after which the conversation drifted to other channels, which are of little importance to us, so we will leave

our hiding place and once more boldly face the gaze of the world.

From that moment Vane spent much of his time in the company of the fair Beatrice. For three weeks they wandered about the city to all the fashionable places of resort, and amused themselves to their heart's content. Vane grew to love her more and more, and strange to say Beatrice to return the compliment, although as yet unaware of it. Day by day fresh seeds were sown in the garden of her heart, taking deeper root as the noble qualities of her companion successfully burst forth. His oratorical power was grand, and he possessed the peculiar advantage of holding Beatrice spell-bound with many a tale of Indian raids, of Spanish bravery and American wit. Well read himself, he daily taught her more and more the necessity of literature, and he rested in the hope that she might one day be a wise and careful student. But more of this anon.

At the end of three weeks a visit to Elm Park was planned, and a most enjoyable day was expected. Reaching there early in the afternoon by way of the electric cars, they proceeded to search the surrounding country in search of botanical specimens, science in which Beatrice had within the past two days become enamoured, thus clearly proving the growing inclination to obtain knowledge. But very few specimens were gathered that day, for scarcely had they reached what is known as the great tree, when Vane seated her upon a log and taking a position beside her, proceeded to tell of his great love.

Now we have already remarked on the coquettish views of Beatrice, delighted as she did to see men tremble and fall before her. This time, however, she met her match, her equal, her co-ordinate. Vane was hardly the man to bow before her, simply and solely for her amusement and petty wiles, especially as he had been warned beforehand of the danger. So soon as she uttered the words which rejected him, notwithstanding they expressed gratitude to him as her saviour, he changed the subject altogether, having another plan in view, which will appear hereafter, thereby depriving her coquette of her expected pleasure.

Conducting her to her home in almost absolute silence, broken only by her attempts to awaken him to his usual brilliancy of speech, he early absented himself from her company on reaching the city.

Next morning on sitting down to breakfast she found on the plate a letter, which she instantly recognized to be in the handwriting of Mr. Helmore.

Perceiving his absence, and concluding that the letter contained the old, old story, with a prayer for hope, she hastened through her breakfast, and retired to her room there to peruse her note.

Imagine her feelings when instead of the expected prayer she read the following:

To Miss Beatrice Cameron,  
Winnipeg.

Miss Cameron:—

I am departing for Brandon this morning and leave the following for your earnest consideration. Your father is acquainted with the business I go to transact, and will give you my address if you so desire.

YOURS TRULY,  
VANE HELMORE.

Three weeks ago I fought for you  
When you were pointed out to me  
As a lover of coquetry  
Because I thought you pure and true.

But still the scorner would persist  
In saying you were one of those,  
With kindly look who always chose  
To lead poor fellows by the wrist.

I longed to know the truth of this,  
And with anxious footsteps sought  
The friendship now so dearly bought—  
The very opposite of bliss.

It was not long before you tried  
To draw me in your deadly net,  
That oft hath been so surely set  
To catch the victim of your pride.

Did I say pride? Yes surely so,  
For pride and coquetry are one—  
And you had thought "I have now run  
Once more to death a stupid beau."

Two weeks have passed, your fancy pleased,  
You tell your victim you have now  
Another fool who'll to you bow:  
Till two more weeks have come and ceased.

The words you use to mark his fate  
Are hardly apt for one so fair;  
But with sarcasm you declare  
That love has been o'er-powered by hate.

To me this poor excuse was brought,  
And one that I can hardly hold;  
If I may make myself so bold,  
I should have said "A sinful thought."

From this day out no more we meet,  
Or recognize each other's voice,  
For if I ever have the choice,  
I shall escape with flying feet.

I bear no other feeling than  
The son of a good man's estate,  
And know I enter by the gate  
Of blunder to the field of man.

My trust in woman as the beam,  
Or rather, as the sun of light,  
That shineth out upon the night,  
In rushing down the maddening stream.

O maiden, maiden, steer your course,  
To brighter realms of peace and love,  
And trust in Him who reigns above—  
Not in the slave of Dean Swift's Horse.

Devote your time to study well  
The many climes of joyful life,  
And learn to be a goodly wife,  
And free from that infernal Hell

Whose fiery gleams scorch man and maid,  
When borne by sin to his foul dale,  
Where every hill and every vale  
Are clothed in red and dingy shade.

And now good-bye, O maid, for aye,  
For know I bear you no ill-will,  
But trust that you will strive to kill  
Your coquetry from out this day.

(To be Continued.)

## Choose.

BY MADALENE LANG.

Bad Luck stands in dolorous mood,  
Condemns the world for ingratitude;  
Says that it owes him meat and wines,  
And looks for their coming, while he whines.

With hands in pocket, and pipe half out,  
He looks what he is—a spiritless lout—  
Who casts his eyes in the distance dim,  
And waits for the mountain to come to him!

Bad Luck reckons without his host,  
And will miss forever his buttered toast.  
While his voice keeps ringing that helpless note,  
He will see it go down some happier throat.

Good Luck speeds by, whistling a tune;  
Accepts his life as a grateful boon;  
His strong, rude muscles are brown and bare,  
And shows what their owner can do and dare.

With sleeves rolled up, comes he down the road,  
His shoulders ready for any load;  
And king of a wide domain is he,  
Nor afraid of the gaunt wolf—Poverty.

Bad Luck is a fellow one hates to meet;  
His inert moanings cloud the street;  
But Good Luck sweetens the air we draw—  
Renews our faith in the well-known law.

That "God helps him who helps himself,"  
Who lays his grievance on the shelf,  
Nor stops o'er a humble task to flout it,  
But braces up, and sets about it.

And thus one winneth respect and bread,  
While the other gets scorn and a crust instead;  
And Bad Luck storms at the world's ill handle,  
And damns the light from Good Luck's candle!

—The Great Divide.



## Only a Tramp.

"Only a tramp!" said the "star," as he found,  
 At dim early dawn, a man lying dead,  
 His face pinched and wan, eyes set with a stare,  
 "Died of starvation," the coroner said.  
 Somebody's darling and somebody's son;  
 Somebody rocked him, a baby, to sleep;  
 Childhood and manhood forever are done;  
 Now there is no one who careth to weep.

Once he was young and ambitious, perchance;  
 Sought, like the rest, for both riches and place;  
 Perchance might the world have honored his  
 name;  
 Now there is no one who knoweth his face.  
 But what careth Dives, pausing to gaze—  
 "A wretched dead vagrant under the lamp."  
 Honors are his, wealth and fame are secure,  
 Besides, that dead body's—only a tramp.

Somewhere there there may be a woman who  
 waits;  
 She once was a bride—now wretched alone.  
 Somewhere are children, too old for their years;  
 "We're cold and we're hungry," runneth  
 their moan.

Is it their fault if their young foreheads wear  
 Blighting of hunger and poverty's stamp?  
 White were their souls as your darlings can be;  
 Are they to blame if their father's a tramp?

Perchance to your door last evening he came,  
 Asked for a crumb, and to warm him, a  
 breath;  
 Coldly you shut all the comfort within—  
 Without there was naught but hunger and  
 death.

And so laid him down; the chill, creeping on,  
 Stiffened his limbs, in his hair left a damp.  
 Life's warfare is done, all chances are gone,  
 Whether used or abused—only a tramp!

No mourners for him—nor children nor wife;  
 On lips pale and cold no kisses are pressed;  
 A pine coffin only, nor flower nor wreath  
 Tells of our love as we lay him to rest.  
 Lay him down softly, and make him a bed  
 In earth's kindly bosom, under the sod;  
 Life's been a failure, and we can but trust  
 His body to earth—his soul unto God.

Meanwhile, I bethink me, if Jesus were here,  
 To wonder, as oft, in Galilee old,  
 No roof for his head, though foxes have holes,  
 Who sometimes was hungry, sometimes was  
 cold—  
 Should come to our door and ask for his bread,  
 Foot-sore and shabby, with poverty's stamp,  
 Would we bid welcome to warmth and to cheer,  
 Or, shutting the door, say, "Only a tramp."

—Margaret Stewart Sibley.

## Red River Expedition of 1870.

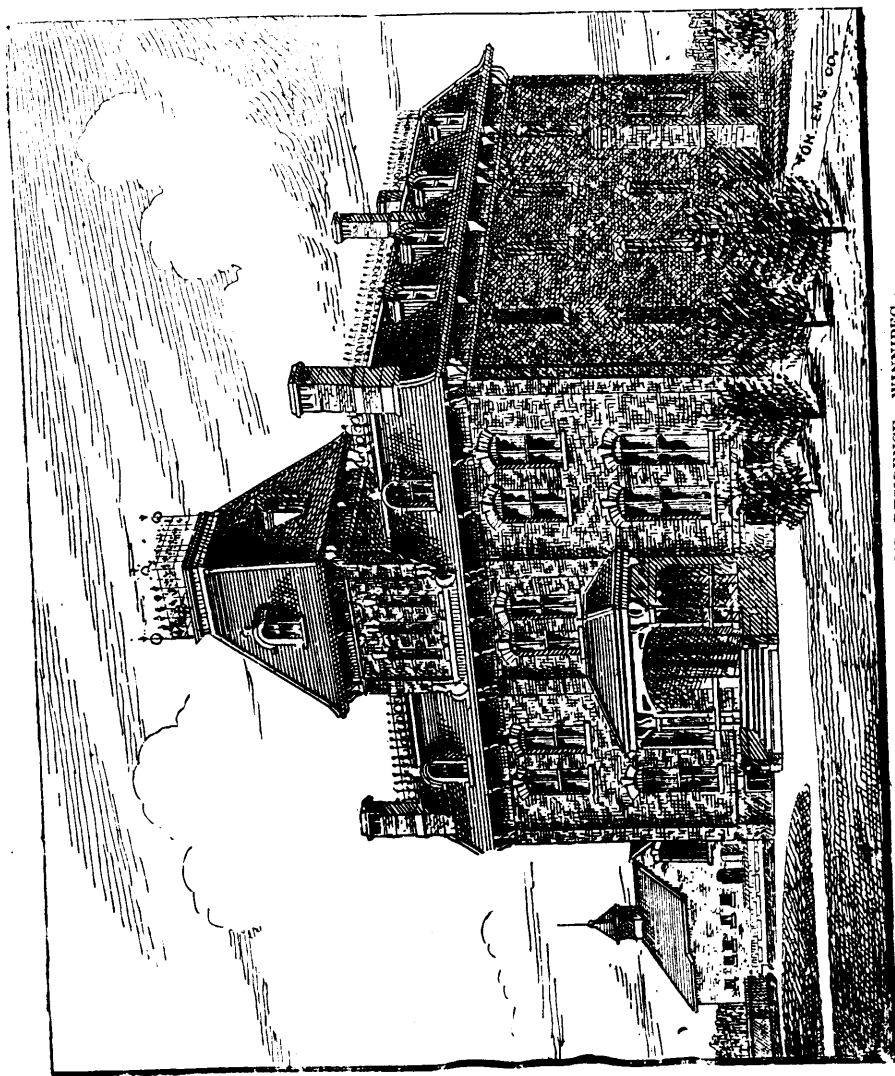
(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBAN.)

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Continued from February number.)

MCNEILL'S Landing on the east-  
 ern shore of Shebandowan  
 Lake and forty six miles by  
 road from Thunder Bay, may be said to  
 have been the real starting point of the  
 expedition. Here the boats of the expedi-  
 tion were loaded and first brought into  
 use. The last boat left the landing on  
 the fourth of August, and the first brigade  
 that started must have been well on  
 towards Fort Francis. New orders were  
 issued by Col. Wolseley forming each  
 company of the three battalions into a  
 brigade of five boats each, each boat  
 containing eight men, two voyageurs, an  
 officer or non-commissioned officer and a  
 coxswain, who was to have entire man-  
 agement. Each boat when leaving She-  
 bandowan Lake contained 8 barrels of  
 pork, weighing 1400 lbs.; 6 barrels of  
 biscuit, weighing 532 lbs.; 8 barrel of  
 flour, weighing 789 lbs.; 2 barrels of  
 sugar, weighing 220 lbs.; 2 bags of beans,  
 weighing 192 lbs; 2 boxes of condensed  
 potatoes, 112 lbs; 3 tins of black tea, 60  
 lbs; 1 tin of pepper, 1 lb; 1 can of  
 mosquito oil, 2 lb.; 10 empty bags, 10  
 lbs; 2 boxes ammunition, 100 lbs; 1 arm  
 chest, 90 lbs; 2 large axes, 1 pick-axe, 1  
 shovel, 1 spade, 2 hatchets, 6 portage  
 straps, 7 rowlocks, 8 oars, 1 tarpaulin, 1  
 baler, 2 Flanders kettles, 2 frying pans, 2  
 pairs sails, 2 spare oars, 1 lamp, 6 thim-  
 bles for setting poles, 1 dipper for baling  
 boat, 2 cans paint, 5 lbs. of assorted nails,  
 1 double tin oil can, 1 tin with pitch, 60-  
 fathoms tow line, 1 box carpenter's tools  
 for each 5 boats and plank necessary for  
 repairs.

To prevent supplies being sent to wrong  
 places, the stores were divided into three  
 classes, marked X, Y, Z. Those marked  
 Z were to be taken with the force when  
 it left Fort Francis, those marked Y to  
 be left at Fort Francis and those marked  
 X to be left at Fort William. Detach-  
 ments were to be posted temporarily at  
 various portages along the route to



LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, WINNIPEG.

facilitate the transport of stores to Fort Francis. When a brigade arrived at a portage and deposited its cargoes, the instructions were to return again across the lake to the nearest portage in the rear, and again load each boat with three tons of stores or fifteen tons for each brigade and return to the portage which they left. After reaching Kasha-bowie Portage this return trip was considered unnecessary on account of some information received by the commanding officer that the expedition would be "one of peace," the Bishop of St. Boniface being at Ottawa urging on the Government the necessity of granting a general amnesty to Riel and his followers, who were interested in the murder of Scott.

The following are a few of the orders issued, and to be observed after starting from Shebandowan Lake :

(a.) As a rule the reveille will sound at 3 a. m. every morning, and the boats will start as soon after that as possible, the men to have some hot tea before starting. The boats of each brigade must keep as near together as possible, the captain with his bugler being in the leading boat, the senior subaltern and a sergeant in the rear boat.

(b.) A halt of one hour to be made at 8 a. m. for breakfast and another halt of an hour at 1 p. m. for dinner. Officers commanding companies may of course depart a little from these hours for meals, but under no circumstances is more than an hour to be allowed for each meal. They will always halt for the night at least one full hour before dark, so that there may be ample time to establish the camp for the night. When on the move it is not advisable to pitch tents except when it rains.

(c.) Officers commanding detachments from the time of their embarkation at Shebandowan will keep a journal of their route, entering the exact hour they start each morning, the hours they halt for meals and start again, the time they reach their halting place for the night, giving the name of the place, the state of the weather, whether they used oars or sails during the day, and all irregularities committed by the men to be recorded.

The expedition from Shebandowan Lake must have been spread over a distance of at least one hundred and fifty miles, so that it is impossible for one writer to give a true record of the sayings and doings of other than the brigade with which he was connected.

After having embarked at Shebandowan Lake on the evening of Sunday, 24th July, we rowed along the north shore of the lake. Night came on but we could

not find a suitable camping place, the shores being swampy and full of bullrushes for miles. We kept on rowing until 12 o'clock at night we discovered some tall willows ahead of us; at this time it commenced to rain heavily, and thunder and lightning set in. We pulled ashore, and each man found a bush of green willows, into which he threw himself rolled up in his waterproof sheet, and rested the best way he could for the night. Early next morning the bugle sounded, at three a. m., took to the boat, and at eight o'clock found a good camping place where we made a fire, had some hot black tea and hardtack for breakfast, and reached Kashabowie Portage about 10 o'clock p. m. Here we met Captain Mac-Lene's and Captain Scott's companies, which had arrived the previous day.

As soon as the boats were unloaded we commenced to carry the cargoes over the Portage, which, to our astonishment, we found to be 1,850 yards in length, or a little over a mile. This being the first portage, here it was arranged the division of labor amongst the men. It was agreed that each man in the boat should carry a barrel of pork, a barrel of hard-tack, a barrel of flour, a bag of beans, and that the weaker men of the crew and officers should carry the smaller packages of ammunition, tea and sundry other things. Here we first found the use of the portage straps. These were large strips of upper leather, about ten feet long, four inches wide in the middle, and tapering to a point at both ends. The portage strap was tied round the ends of the barrel between the hoops, and the package was then raised horizontally on a man's back, the wide portion of the leather band was placed on the forehead, and in a stooping posture each man trusted off with his load across the portage.

The pork barrels were made of heavy oak staves, about an inch and a half in thickness, which with the pork and brine must have weighed over two hundred pounds, a pretty heavy load to carry a mile and a quarter. This carrying of heavy loads tried the mettle of our men to the utmost. It did not take long to distinguish the muscle and endurance of the man brought up to manual labor and on the farm, from the school master, book-

keeper and the bank clerk. In passing through the bush, oft-times the load struck against a tree, when load and man came to grief. Indeed, I have many a time seen such a calamity occur on the brow of a steep hill, when barrel and man rolled alternately over each other until they reached the base. Such a spectacle could not help provoking the risibilities of the most sober and taciturn, but there was no little danger in indulging freely in too much laughter if the party in distress happened to be stronger than the on-looker. It was at the west end of Kashabowie portage that the writer was following Major McLeod, who was groaning under a barrel of hard-tack, when the end of the barrel struck the stump of a tree and sent the Major and his load into an entanglement, which if assistance had not been quickly forthcoming in all probability the bench of the North-West Territories would have been deprived of one of its ornaments. Seeing that he was Brigade Major of the Red River Expedition, it would have been dangerous, particularly in subordinates, to indulge in too much fun at his expense.

After the stores had all been transferred to the west end of the portage the different crews returned and doubled-up for the purpose of taking over the boats. They were pulled out of the water, placed on stringers, and drawn by the aid of several men, on each side, to steady her, while a goodly number pulled on the tow-line. It took 24 hours on this portage to carry across the stores and boats.

On Tuesday morning at 4 a.m., loaded one boat and rowed out on Kashabowie Lake, after a few hours, the wind being favorable, we put up sails and steered northwest, entered a narrow pass or straight about eight or ten feet wide into a smaller lake. The water was so shallow that all hands had to get out and haul the boat with its load along through rushes and mud. We arrived at the Height of Land portage at 12.30 in the afternoon. The boats being numbered there was one of unusual size, under the control of Major McLeod, and as her number was 100, she was afterwards known throughout the expedition as the "old hundred." She was steered to the wrong place on the portage, and it was some

time ere her crew discovered the proper landing place. The Height of Land portage was 1850 yards long, and is situated between Kashabowie Lake and Lac de Mille Lac. It is 1000 feet above the level of Lake Superior, and is the highest point of land between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean. Up to this point it was up hill and up stream, but after crossing the portage we had the current with us all the way to the mouth of Red River. Half way across this portage might be observed, in the space of 100 yards, the water running in two opposite directions, one portion emptying itself through the mighty St. Lawrence to the Atlantic, and the western through Rainy River and Winnipeg, into Lake Winnipeg, and thence through the Nelson into the Hudson's Bay. It took our brigade eighteen hours to carry across this portage 45 barrels of pork, 36 barrels of flour, 46 barrels of hard tack, 16 chests of tea, 5 barrels of sugar, 5 arm chests, 6 boxes of potatoes, 9 bags of beans, 10 boxes of ammunition, six large boats with all the other paraphernalia belonging to a company or brigade. After passing this portage it was found a great relief to us all to know that we would have no more rowing or tugging up stream although, indeed, we discovered afterwards, that there was far more danger in running rapids than in surmounting them. After moving out from the Height of Land we put up sail and steered due west amongst countless multitudes of islands, which Lac de Mille Lac contains. The scenery was grand, and it was delightful to perceive such a large number of boats under sail gliding over the smooth waters of the picturesque lake. After several hours we steered northwest, and must have touched the northern shore or near where Savanne on the C. P. R. now stands. Here we camped or rather bivouacked for the night, and the rising sun next morning found our brigade wending its way westward until towards noon, we entered Baril Bay, which is an arm of Lac de Mille Lac, when the brigade bugle sounded the landing for dinner. We reached Bruile Portage at 8.30 p.m. On either side of the narrow approach to the portage could be seen some pine, maple and some cedar trees. This

portage is a short one and in the space of a few hours the stores and boats were transported across and we rested for the night. At 3.15 a. m. the following morning we launched our boats on Windigoestigan Lake, and the wind being favorable we set sail and made excellent time. Our route lay in a southwesterly direction towards the American boundary line, from which we calculated we were some 60 miles distant. We reached French River, a narrow serpentine stream, filled with rocks and rapids to such an extent that the men were compelled to get out of the boats, and sometimes up to their necks in water, had to remove some boulders to make the river at all navigable. Arrived at French Portage at 11 o'clock a. m., where we found Nos. 6 and 7 companies of the 1st Ontario Rifles under command of Captain Scott and Captain McDonald. This portage is about 800 yards in length but very precipitous in places. There we rested the afternoon, our men being completely tired out, and their clothes being nearly worn into tatters. The companies ahead of us at the portage had an opportunity to get out of the way. On this portage, or in close proximity, there is a beautiful waterfall about 60 feet in height, the water falling almost perpendicularly. It was to overcome this obstacle that the boats and stores had to be portaged. On account of the difficulty of finding a suitable camping place the tents were pitched on the slope of a hill, and next morning when reveillie sounded, at 3 a. m., most of the men had rolled out of their tents, under the curtains, and were to be seen wrapped in their blankets and water proof sheets, sleeping soundly at the base of the hill. The writer was the only occupant of a tent, the other two officers having rolled out during the night and were found sound asleep some 20 yards from the tent. After a tin cup of hot black tea and one-half a hard-tack each man, we embarked on Lake Francis and thence on Kaogarricak or Picerel Lake, which is over  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles long. The waters of this lake are very smooth and some of the crews having fishing tackle, very large picerel were taken, which were enjoyed heartily at dinner that day. After dinner we again started and reached

Pine Portage at 3 o'clock, p. m., on 2nd August, where we found encamped No. 6 and 7 companies, which had preceded us, together with No. 5 under command of Captain Herkimer. Here, also, we met Major Wainwright, Rev. Stuart Patterson, chaplain, and Quartermaster Armstrong, staff officers of the Ontario Batt., and like many of the privates were almost unrecognizable, being dressed in red tuques, flannel shirts and red drawers, the rest of their habiliments could be found hanging on thorny brambles, between Shebandowan Lake and west end of Pine Portage. One of the members of No. 4 Company remarked, that, by the look of things, if the expedition ever succeeded in reaching Fort Garry, some of their clothing would be pitiable to look at, while others would wear only a smile. Constant sitting in the boats and rowing soon wore large holes in their pants, which being patched with canvas from empty bags in which beans were carried, gave them a motly appearance. Leading an amphibious life, the soldiers of the first expedition were well nicknamed by Col. Wolsley as his "canvas backed ducks."

From Pine Portage, we passed down Dore Lake across Deux Rievère Portage into Surgeon River and down Sturgeon Lake into Loon Lake and Tanner's Lake, thence across Island Portage, noted for its rocks, and large quantities of mica, into Lake la Croix, thence into Nemenkan Lake, which appeared to be the most eastern arm of Rainy Lake. Here we were visited by some Indians from a reserve situated on the northern shore of the lake, and a more repulsive, filthy, uninviting type of humanity could not be conceived. Men and women alike, appeared to be half starved, squalid, and only covered by a few rags, half way down the body. Their practices were of the most abominable nature, enough to sicken the stomach of a white man. They brought some blueberries for sale and some fish, which they refused to exchange for money, as the latter seemed to be unknown amongst them, but they would have no hesitation in accepting pork, tobacco or black tea in payment. This tribe subsisted chiefly by fishing, as it appeared immense quantities were to be

found in the lakes and rivers between Rainy Lake and French River.

The physical aspect of the country between the Height of Land and Rainy Lake is uninviting. It may be described as hills, rocks, rivers, rapids, islands and lakes, stunted poplars, birch and spruce whose roots seemed to clutch the rocks to keep themselves from being toppled over by the first strong breeze. Nemukan Lake is about 40 miles in length from east to west and about 5 miles broad. On its western shore is Bear Portage, the last one between Shebandowan Lake and Fort Francis. After crossing the portage we spent some time in repairing the boats before embarking on Rainy Lake. Having transferred our stores, placed the craft in proper position, on the morning of the 11th of August, at 7 a.m., we put up sail and found ourselves proceeding at the rate of about ten miles an hour over the smooth surface of Rainy Lake. The day was clear, sun bright and warm, and the idea of in a day or two reaching Fort Francis, the half-way house of the Red River route, filled the men with the greatest enthusiasm. Here we began to forget the toils and labors of the expedition for the time being in the anxiety to reach Fort Francis, the end of the first section of the expeditionary force.

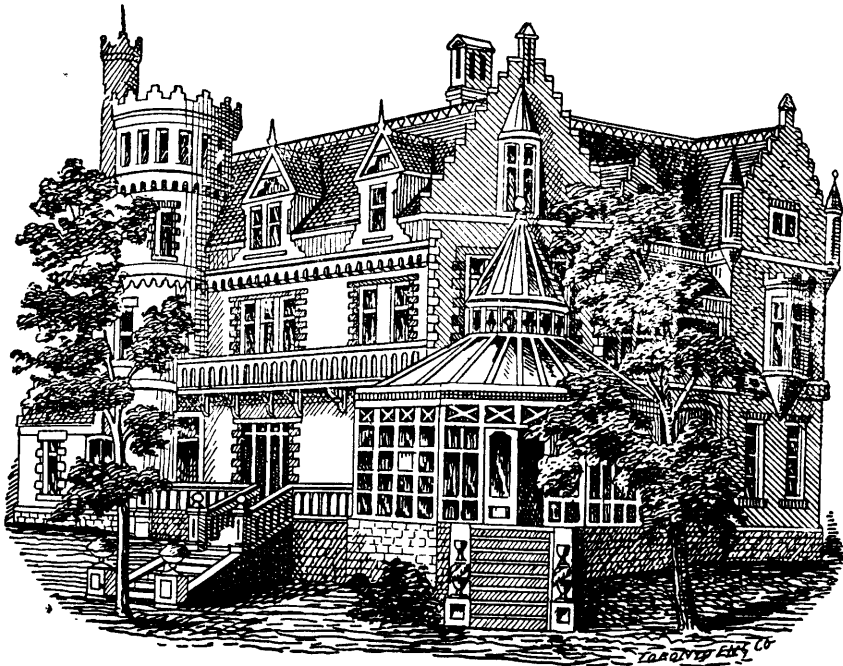
Towards evening the sky appeared cloudy, and a large black cloud perceptible on the southern horizon, it was deemed advisable to land and pitch tents for the night. The only available landing place was a solitary island in the midst of the lake. After having pitched tents and lit camp fires, we were visited by some Indians from the Rainy River reserve, who seemed excited and made signs of encircling the neck, which none of us could understand, but shortly afterwards learned that it meant that the place was infested by rattle snakes, which were coiled up amongst rocks and briars. Those who had camp beds remained in the tents, but those who had not took to the boats, and lay on coils of ropes and on anything else available for the night. Towards twelve o'clock the rain poured down in torrents, and the writer had no other covering but a waterproof sheet spread across the bow of the boat. The boats were lashed together

and the sentries being tired out went to sleep; the waves arose and the boats became loosed from their moorings, and daylight found the brigade half a mile out on the lake. The men were aroused from their uncomfortable sleep, they manned their boats, rowed ashore, prepared breakfast of salt pork, hard tack and black tea, and started again on their tiresome journey westward toward Fort Francis, where we arrived at sun down on 12th August. Here for the first time since we left Prince Arthur's Landing, we had fresh milk, fresh bread and fresh meat for supper. Such a change of food was very desirable, seeing that *en route* our daily meals were cooked and eaten hastily, our table being the nearest rock, and our table requisites and cutlery being a knife, fork, tin cup and tin plate, and these not always washed clean. Fort Francis is an outer post of the Hudson's Bay Co., situated on the right bank of Rainy River, at its source at Rainy Lake. At this place the banks of the river are high and steep, and the beautiful falls in full view. There is an Indian burying ground with the graves above the surface, and covered over with lumber, and a small hole about 6 inches square in the end of each grave, so as to allow the exit of the spirit of the deceased to its happy hunting grounds. A garrison of number seven company of the 1st Ontario Rifles, under Captain Scott, was left for the protection of the hospital, bakery and stores established there, and to ensure that the communication between the forces should not be cut off by hostile Indians or half-breeds as the case might be. Altho' the Indians up to this point were proved to be friendly, there is no saying what they might do if at all in communication with, or under the influence of Riel or his gang, or the Roman Catholic missionaries who were placed over them. There were large quantities of flour, pork, tobacco and tea stored at that point and if allowed to remain unprotected it would not take a great deal of moral suasion to induce hungry and half-starved Indians to make a raid on them.

The distance from Shebandowan Lake to Fort Francis, in a straight line, was reckoned at about 208 miles, but owing

to the detours made by the expedition, another 100 miles can safely be added, making the distance traversed 308 miles in 17 days, or on an average of a little over 18 miles a day. In this distance there were 17 portages, aggregating nearly four miles, or an average of one portage for each day, over which boats and stores had to be carried or hauled for an average distance of 400 yards. No wonder that our men were tired and

chronometer had been invented, and Mary had had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past five o'clock, a.m. Matthew says it was the dawn; Mark says it was at the sunrising; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for the gardener. What



THE LATE HON. A. G. B. BANNATYNE'S RESIDENCE, WINNIPEG.

weary, and with good fresh food for the evening meal, and a fine night's rest, the bugler forgot to sound the reveille until the sun was 30° above the horizon on the following morning.

(To be Continued.)

### The First Easter Morn.

Another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight, writes Dr. Talmage in the *April Ladies' Home Journal*. If the

does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysteric outcry; she could not see to the other end. Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead; neither can we see to the other end of our own grave. Oh! if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

## Publisher's Notes.

NEXT month we expect to present to our readers THE MANITOBAN in a new dress from type specially ordered for us.

\* \* \*

WE have made arrangements whereby we can offer to our readers the *Medical Adviser*, a monthly journal of health and home topics, absolutely free for one year. This offer is open to all who subscribe for THE MANITOBAN after this date. Do not miss this opportunity of securing two good papers at the price of one. Send along your subscription friends; \$1.00 secures both papers for a year.

\* \* \*

OUR readers will do well to read what our advertisers have to say in this issue, and when answering any advertisements they will confer a favor if they mention THE MANITOBAN. Those in want of first-class articles will do well to watch our advertising pages in future.

\* \* \*

It is a genuine surprise all around that THE MANITOBAN is so rapidly forging ahead to the front rank. To an appreciative public we owe our thanks, and we trust to be able to give to our patrons a better paper each issue. To those who have taken an active interest in our behalf we extend our hearty thanks, and ask all who are interested in building up this great Northwest to help us along. We are all alike, anxious for our country to shine among the nations of the earth, and if each one will do a little, ever so little, we can accomplish great results.

\* \* \*

We wish to thank the St. Paul "*Dispatch*" for a copy of their Souvenir, "The history of the City of St. Paul." It is a work of art, and is a credit to the *Dispatch*, being a marvel of neatness, and proves their

ability to execute first-class work. Being printed on the finest of book paper, and bound in cloth and gold, it is a valuable reference for any library.

## Literary Notes and Reviews.

The *Youth's Companion* came to us last week in a new Easter cover which for excellence and neatness is a work of art. This paper is a great favorite with the young folks and delights weekly five hundred thousand readers. Published by *Youth's Companion* at Boston, Mass. \$1.75 per year.

The *Toronto Truth* comes to us weekly and is always bright and interesting. It is a large thirty-six page paper filled to overflowing with good reading matter which embraces all departments of the home. Every family should possess a copy. Published by the Wilson Publishing Company, subscription \$3.00 per year.

To those who desire to learn something in reference to the geography and character of the Western States they could not do better than read the *Northwest Magazine*. This enterprising monthly spares no money or pains in getting out a first-class paper and is therefore one of the leading magazines of the west. Printed on fine paper and profusely illustrated it presents a capital appearance. Published by E. V. Smalley at St. Paul, Minn. Price \$2 per year, single copies 20c.

The *Literary Digest* comprises one of the best literary periodicals ever published, coming as it does each week filled with a compendium of the contemporaneous thought of the world it is a welcome guest. Among the subjects which it treats of are Reviews of Political and Social events. Questions relating to Education, Literature, Art, Science, Philosophy and Religion. The burning questions of the day are weekly discussed by well-known writers and matters of importance are dealt with at length in a forcible manner. Published weekly by the Funk Wagnalls Company, New York and 11 Richmond St., Toronto, at \$3 per year.

The *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* for April which we have received is a pleasant surprise to us. It abounds in excellence and elegance and is a decided improvement over the previous numbers. The publishers evidently are bound to spare no pains in making this a high class magazine and we wish them all the success they deserve. In giving us such a magazine they show us what Canadians can do and which reflects credit on home talent. The literary contributions and illustrations are many and varied and cannot help but interest all lovers of good reading. An excellent cut of a group of Winnipeg curlers is given with an interesting article on curling. A beautiful pictorial supplement is given away with each number. Published by the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal, at the low price of \$1.50 per year.



Among the many magazines we receive the *English Illustrated* is always a welcome visitor. Each month is replete with interesting articles fully illustrated and from which we can glean a good deal of information. Of the contents which go to make up the March number are "The Queen's Riviera Residence," "The Late Charles Spurgeon" by Rev. H. R. Harris, "Athletic Sports at Oxford and Cambridge" by M. Shearman and R. W. Turner, "The Royal News" by official permission, "Among the Western Song Men" by S. Baring Gould, "Nona Vincent" by Henry James, "Yost" by Mary Gaunt, and numerous other first-class articles. Published by MacMillan & Co., New York, at \$1.75 per year. See clubbing offer with THE MANITOBAN on another page.

Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of the famous British statesman, in the first of her articles, "Hints From a Mother's Life," gives much valuable advice in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*, which comes promptly to its hundreds of thousands of readers in a dainty Easter cover of pink. The magazine opens with a full page illustration by W. Hamilton Gibson of an exquisite poem by Eugene Field, entitled "The Singing in God's Acre." Mrs. Reginald de Koven, daughter of Senator Farwell, follows with a timely article on "Social Life in Chicago." Ethel Mackenzie McKenna contributes a sketch, with portrait, of Miss Helen Gladstone, and Miss Bradley the second of her interesting papers on "The Queens of Westminster Abbey." Frederick Dolman writes of a visit to Fanny Kemble, the woman whom more than half a century ago was known the world over as poet, actress, dramatist and critic, and who now in her English home is spending her declining days almost by the world forgot tea. Grace Greenwood writes of "When I was a Girl"; Ella Wheeler Wilcox of "The Girl Who Brags," and Wolstan Dixey of "Mistaken Literary Success." Mrs. Beecher continues her reminiscences of her gifted husband, and Dr. Talmage, Mrs. Bottome, Robert J. Burdette and Ruth Ashmore write of Easter. Foster Coates talks to boys about training birds and animals; H. H. Battles of "Flowers in Our Homes," and Palmer Cox gives a page of his imitable Brownies. Mrs. Mallon has several illustrated Easter fashion articles, and Eben Rexford an unusual amount of floral matter. The serial story, "A Brief Prelude," is brought to an effective ending, and Maude Haywood contributes a special illustrated article on the "Baltimore Society of Decorative Art." This Easter number, with new cover, new features, admirable illustrations, and attractive supplement, is worth many times its moderate price ten cents. Published by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, for ten cents per number and one dollar per year.

To the scientific mind and to those who love a glimpse into articles which abound in the richness of intellectual research the *Electric Magazine* will be a welcome visitor. It presents to its readers the most masterly discussions on Science, Philosophy, Literature, History and Criticism, the freshest and liveliest

sketches in Biography, Adventure and Travel; the most brilliant poems and short stories and the latest studies in current politics and social life. The ablest writers of the day contribute to its pages. All who desire to keep abreast of the intellectual progress of the age should subscribe for it. Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eight St. New York; \$5 per year. Trial subscription 3 months \$1.

*The Delineator* for April, 1892, is replete with novelties in every department of fashion, and illustrated by from two to three hundred carefully executed engravings. While supplying also the usual articles on dainty Fancy-Work, such as Drawn-Work, Knitting, Lace-Making and Poker-Work, it continues the series on "Physical Culture," and "Child Life," each of them illustrated as required by the text. Articles of the various series now current in the magazine will be found in their regular places, besides these one on Crocheting, and one on Tatting. Don't fail to secure a copy of the April number. It will please you. The subscription price of the magazine is \$1 a year. Single copy 15 cents. Send orders direct to *The Delineator* Publishing Company of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

The *Cosmopolitan* magazine for April is an interesting number, being replete with interesting articles from the pen of well-known writers and abounding in illustrations. In fact there are so many good things that one hardly knows where to begin to review it. "The Home of Columbus" by Murat Halstead describes the place where the ancient mariner passed his boyhood days. "The Rustic Dance" by Irving Bacheller will recall to the rural swain the good old times enjoyed in tripping the "light fantastic toe." "A Romance of Old Shoes" by Elsie Anderson De Wolfe gives us an insight into the different kinds of foot gear worn in France during the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. "Torpedoes in Coast Defence" by A. M. D'Armit, of the Engineer Corps, U.S.A., deals in an able manner on torpedoes as a means of defence. "The Squid" a living opal by Ernest Ingersoll in which the writer describes this species of cuttle fish, is told in a very interesting manner. "Homes of the Renaissance" by Wallace Wood describes to us many beautiful homes. "The Crew of a Trans-Atlantic Liner" by William H. Redeing gives us a glimpse into the interior of some of the floating palaces. "The Rancho of Heavenly Rest," by Forbes Haermans, and "Princess Ratazaouff," a Russian story by C. M. Rodgerski are two very interesting stories complete in this number. "The Theatre of To-Day" by Cora Maynard. "Count Leon Tolstoi" by Madame Dovidoff. "Marriage of German-American Women to German Noblemen" by Elizabeth Von Wedel. "Two English Men of Letters." "Social Problems" together with numerous poems go to make up a regular library of reading matter. Published by the *Cosmopolitan* Publishing Company, New York, at the very low price of \$3 per year.

OUR CHECKER DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Ed. Kelly, 454 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. Harry Norman has sent us the following play on position No. 1 showing a forced draw and proving Robertson's Guide to be correct.

POSITION No. 1.

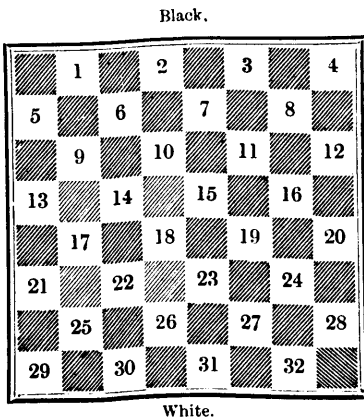
Black men on 1, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 22.

White men on 15, 18, 20, 24, 27, 29, 31.

Black to play and white to draw as follows.

22-26	28 32	31-26	26-23	17-22
31-22	24 19	19 16	7-2	21-17
13-17	32-27	8 12	14-17	Drawn
22-6	29-25	14-10	2-6	
1-28	27-31	7-14	23-18	
27-24	18-14	16-7	25 21	

REFERENCE BOARD FOR BEGINNERS.



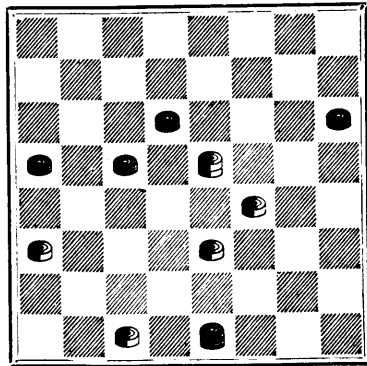
At the commencement of a game the black men occupy the squares numbered from 1 to 12, and the white men those numbering from 21 to 32. Place the men on the board and play over the games in this department, and in a short time you will consider yourself a first-class player. Black always moves first.

POSITION No. 2.

By W. Wright of Galoshies.

Black men on 10, 12, 13, 14, King on 31.  
White men on 19, 21, 23, 30, King on 15.

Black.



White.

Black to play and Draw.

GAME No. 3. CROSS.

By William Wright of Galoshies.

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

\*This forms position No. 2 as above.

GAME No. 4, DOUBLE CORNON.

Played in a friendly match between Harry Norman and Ed. Kelly.

KELLY'S MOVE.

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

The Winnipeg Checker Club Tournament is concluded. E. Kelly taking first prize and John McCulloch takes second. The tournament was inaugurated Dec. 14th, 1891, under the auspices of the Winnipeg Checker and Chess Club, and concluded March 21st, 1892. Ed. Kelly carried off first prize, a handsome silver

cup, valued at \$40, with a score of 55 points out of a possible 72, and a special prize of \$10, which he donated to the club. John McCulloch taking second place with the handsome score of 53½ points. Harry Norman third with 49½ points and other players in rotation as they appear below.

- W. R. Burton, .....4th.
- H. Cameron.....5th.
- Dobie.....6th
- Christie.....7th.
- Thompson.....8th.
- McKay,.....9th.

The prizes in the tournament were as follows :

- 1st prize—Cup, presented by D. McDonald.
- 2nd prize—Silver Medal, presented by E. L. Drewery.
- 3rd prize—Silver Medal, presented by Velie, Carey & Co.
- 4th prize — Etching, presented by Bishop Furniture Co.
- 5th prize—Hand Satchel, by T. Ryan.
- 6th prize — Dressing Case, by J. Robertson.
- 7th prize—100 Cigars, by J. McLaren.
- 8th prize—100 Cigars, by Bryan & Co.
- 9th prize—Hand Satchel, by E. F. Hutchings.

### Musical and Dramatic,

PATTI ROSA and her company are entertaining Winnipeggers this week in "Dolly Varden" and "Imp."

\* \* \*

MAUDE GRANGER is the next attraction at the Princess.

\* \* \*

THE Chicago Ladies' Quartette will sing here on the 21st in Victoria Hall.

\* \* \*

MUSICAL and Dramatic news and items from other towns in the province would be gladly received.

At St. George's Church, Mr. Johnston is rehearsing the cantata of "Belshazzar" to be given in a month or so.

\* \* \*

THE Princess opera house has been thoroughly cleaned up and brightened with paint and papering. Where is the new opera house so mysteriously spoken of a short time since?

\* \* \*

MR. MAWSON, leader of St. Andrew's Church choir, intends giving his choir concert early in May. Mr. Davies, leader of Zion Church choir, is also at work with his singers and will also give a concert about the same time.

\* \* \*

THE Operatic Society will produce the "Pirates of Penzance" at the Princess on April 26, 27 and 28. The chorus is said to be the very strongest the society has ever had, while the soloists are up to former occasions. Following is the cast :

- Major-General ..... Mr. Billman
- Pirate King.....Mr. Ferte
- Frederic .....Mr. Arnold
- Samuel.....Mr. Scott
- Sergeant of Police.....Mr. White
- Mabel .....Miss Mathias
- Edith .....Mrs. Winters
- Kate .....Miss Anderson
- Ruth.....Mrs. Fry

### A Spring Ode.

Spring is here with melting winds  
 And sunny sky ;  
 Redeeming hardships, which have  
 Come to those,  
 Who felt the cold—hard days,  
 As they passed by.

WHEN you have read THE MANITOBAN hand it to a friend and induce him to subscribe. Let us have your influence, dear reader, and we care not for the rest