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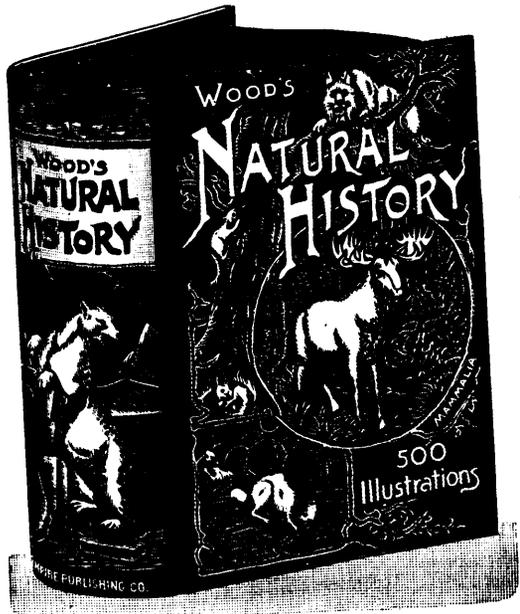
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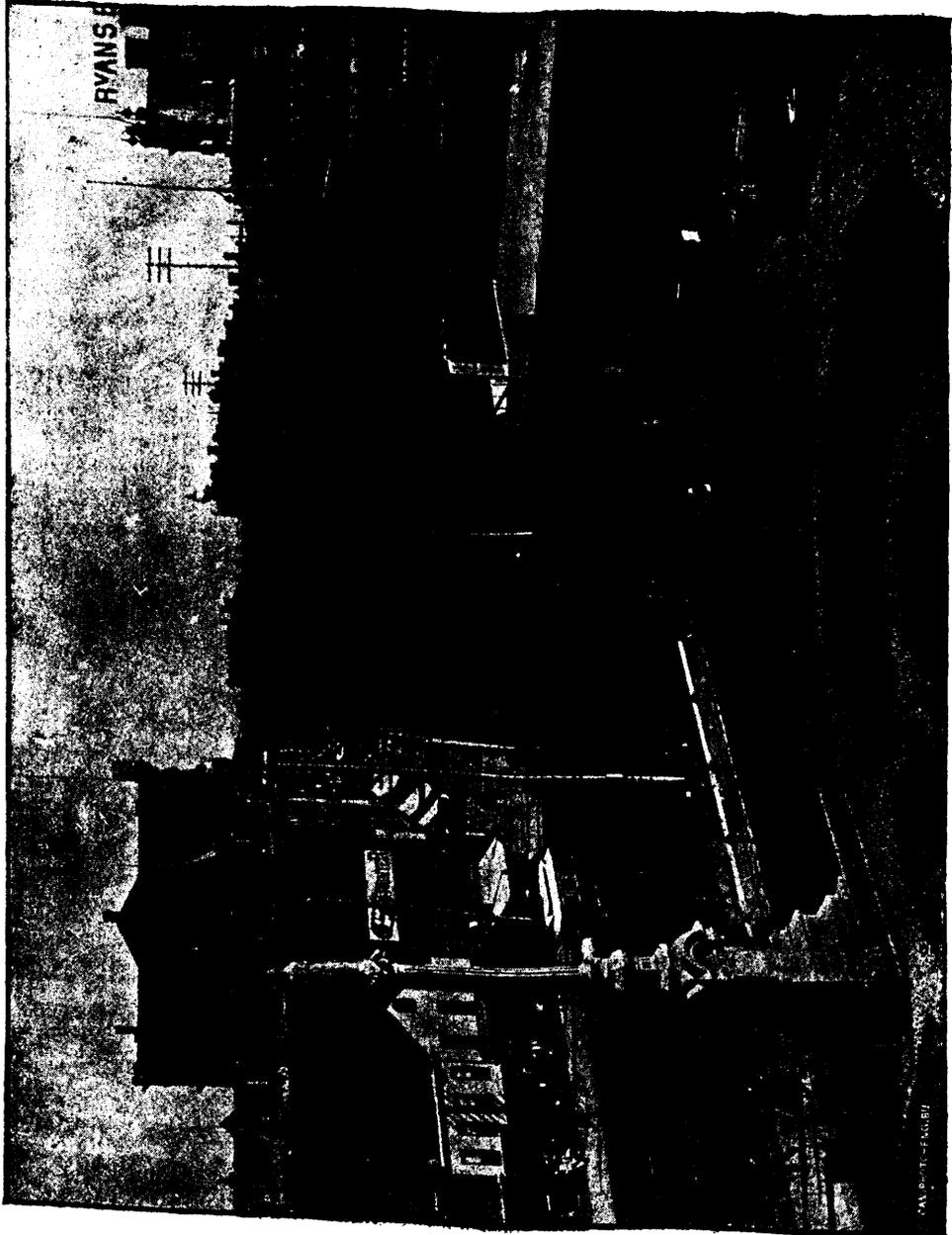
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MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

PAUL BENTON - FAG BUI

The Manitoban.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. II.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, MARCH, 1893.

No. 3.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WHEN Manitoba became a Province, she received a credit of \$500,000; for her government and legislature \$30,000 per annum; she received 80 cents per head upon an estimated population of 17,000 people, \$13,600; she received 5 per cent. per annum on the sum of \$551,447 being the amount of the public debt for which she was liable for annually, \$27,572.

So she receives, for the support of her government and legislature \$50,000; 80 cents per head upon an estimated population of 15,000 souls, \$120,000; annual indemnity for her public lands \$100,000; 5 per cent. on the sum of \$4,062,500, the amount of the public debt for which she is nowhere liable, on a population of 125,000 souls, \$203,125; her total subsidy being \$473,125, or an increase of \$301,953.

"Hurrah for Manitoba."

* * *

THE discussion which has taken place in regard to Manitoba's attitude at the World's Fair, has proved the best advertisement for this country we could

have. There is no doubt that we will receive a large share of attention this coming season, and we trust that it may be the means of increasing immigration in a corresponding measure.

* * *

AS IF following up the views of the *Manitoban*, Brandon has set about the Temperance question in earnest. We shall watch their progress with interest as we are more convinced, the longer we think of it, that the control of the liquor by the state is the first step towards reforming the evils that now exist.

* * *

GLADSTONE'S Home Rule Bill for Ireland which has been so long and anxiously looked forward to does not appear to meet with as great favor as was expected. Evidently the Irish are divided among themselves as a large number of them are said to be opposed to the measures advocated and threaten rebellion.

* * *

THE agitation in favor of tax reform will go on as long as there are taxes to pay. Even in Caesar's time they had their grievances and until Bellamy's dream is realized or the millenium comes some one will be dissatisfied.

There is no doubt but there is room for improvement in the present system, but like the fable of the old man and his ass somebody will object to the mode of procedure, and have some other method by which they would further improve it.

* * *

A GREAT wave of tariff reform is sweeping over the country and we would not be surprised to see many of the old landmarks of the National Policy swept away. It is felt by a great many that the protection of the past few years has served its purpose and that the time has come for modifications of the tariff. Protection has outgrown its usefulness and needs to be replaced with something which will place trade on a basis fair to all and dissolve the combines which have of late years taken a stronghold to the detriment of the country.

* * *

We had hoped some steps would have been taken during the sitting of the legislature to extend and operate the present line of the Hudson's Bay Railway. This is a road that would prove of great benefit to the settlers and why it should be allowed to remain in its unfinished state, is a problem to the average Manitoban. This and the improvement of the Red River are subjects which have been threshed out year after year but so far with no result. It seems strange that in a free country the wants and wishes of the people who would be benefited are so wantonly disregarded by both the Federal and Local governments.

* * *

THE "grand old man" is evidently determined to give to Ireland the privilege of Home Rule. That considerable trouble will at all events accrue from it, is evident by the way loyal Irishmen in America and the north of Ireland are contributing their

assertions through the press. The Irish of the North are determined in the action they will take should the Bill pass, of which there seems to be very little room left for doubt from the stand of prominent politicians in the House of Commons and House of Lords.

In the event of Home Rule being given to Ireland, Scotland will be the next to apply for it, followed by Wales and then as a matter of course, Canada will want more freedom in her laws and mode of government.

* * *

THE Panama Canal scandals still continue to crop up. Further developments are appearing and it is clear that more trouble is apprehended. That such a hero of canals, as Ferdinand de Lesseps, should be toiling in prison is indeed lamentable, and it is to be regretted that he could not aim at something higher than such gigantic swindling. That his experience will be echoed the world over and teach a lesson to thousands, that these corrupt practices will not be allowed to pass unpunished in the present advancement of civilization, is truly affirmed by the opinions of the press in all parts of the world. Not a paper, however humble, has allowed the revelations made in the history of the Panama Canal to pass unnoticed, and the name of Lesseps will be handed down from generation to generation.

* * *

THOSE who have been witnesses of the efforts made here to give expression in the young, to that spirit of patriotism so general among the older members of the community, by means of flags, patriotic songs, etc., will appreciate the efforts now being made in some parts of England, as are shown by the subjoined

description of an effort in that direction made by the Earl of Meath :—

The Earl of Meath is possessed of the fear that love of country is growing cold in the breasts of the rising generation, and he has offered £50 to the London School Board as a nucleus of a fund for placing a Union Jack in each school. The best behaved boy or girl during the day is on the following morning to carry this symbol of Britain's glory round the school, the whole of the children singing meanwhile the moving strains of "Rule Britannia," and other spirit-stirring ballads. There are already a good many offers of assistance for this scheme ; but, on the other hand, there are at least two energetic protests against it. One is from the Peace Society, the other is from some social union, which embraces the opportunity for a few disloyal utterances, and urges that the children will be encouraged to worship "patriotic fetishes."

* * *

THE law for prohibiting the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors in the province caused considerable discussion in the local legislature on March 1st, '93. It was contended by the opposition that the government had it in their power to stop the *sale* of intoxicating liquors but not the manufacture of the same, while the government proclaimed that they did not feel certain that they had power to stop the sale, and they positively declared that power to stop the manufacture, they had not, and a motion was drawn up, to be forwarded to the Dominion parliament praying for them to have a stop put to the manufacture of all intoxicating liquors. When it came to the point of voting on the motion, 39 votes for it and 1 against;

the one against being Mr. Martin, the member for Morris.

That we shall see prohibition before long is an acknowledged fact, as the people of this province do not intend to let any government put them off on the subject and it is evident they will not be satisfied till the sale of the accursed stuff is stopped, which considering that two-thirds of the people voted for it, should certainly be granted them. We do not contend that the people were led to believe at the election the local legislature could grant or they could not, as we heard assertions made on both sides.

* * *

THE poor reductions made by the Dominion Government on the Tariff has caused universal protestations by all parties, irrespective of politics. After all the talk about the sweeping reductions to be made, it is indeed a disappointing feature to only have the duty knocked off coal oil barrels, and 12½ per cent. off binding twine. The duty taken off coal oil barrels is not in any way going to benefit the retail consumer, only the manufacturer, who appears to be receiving most of the attention in the way of financial help and they are certainly to be pitied, as they generally are, by the Dominion government. For the information of our readers we will say that coal oil at the original cost is about 7c. per gallon, and we leave the reader to make wild speculations as to who gets the profit, when it is sold to us at 45 and 50 cents per gallon ; the retailer protests he does not get it ; and after the duty is paid it does not cost 12 cents per gallon.

That our farmers are all disappointed at the further profit given to the Combines of Twine Manufacturers, is positively asserted on all sides. It will not as in

the coal case, benefit the consumer, and even if it was possible for it to do so; what would it amount to? An average farmer will use say between two and three hundred pounds for a harvest, thus only effecting a saving of about \$2.50. But he is not allowed to have this much. No! it is the manufacturer who is going to secure all the benefit; and they seem to be getting more determined than ever to "kill the goose that lays the eggs."

* * *

It is with regret that we record the news of the death of the Right Rev. Jno. Horden, D.D., Bishop of Moosonee.

He was an indefatigable worker, being able to accomplish so much personally. He translated and printed a large portion of the Bible and prayer book in the Cree language, but not having appliances he was compelled to have other portions printed in England. Through his efforts and those of his clergy, there are now missions in the principal parts of the Diocese, and in many districts, the Indians are all Christians. He will be much missed by his clergy and people. He had resigned his see, and will be succeeded by the Rev. J. A. Newnham, at present working in the same field. We take the following from some remarks of Archdeacon Verant; "Our good bishop has been taken from us. He died on the 12th inst. without a word of farewell to anyone, and no word of love to the dear ones in England. He suffered a great deal, but he was always bright and cheerful. No one believed he was in imminent danger, and when the end came, we were greatly stunned by the blow. I was sent for at once, and came without delay, and on Saturday the 21st of January, it was my sad duty to lay in their last resting place the mortal remains of our good friend and bishop. This was

more trying than I can tell, but it was the last service I could render to the man with whom I had labored for thirty-seven years. He will be greatly missed in the Diocese. I pray that God may give as good a man to fill his place."

* * *

OUR Yankee cousins are evidently bent on reform and should they continue to improve we can look forward with some hope to the day when the almighty dollar will not be searched for with a lantern, and their social condition will rise above the level of self.

Three years ago the Chicago aldermen passed an ordinance that women should not wear Mother Hubbards on the streets, now the Minnesota legislature propose to forbid the manufacture and wearing of crinolines, and has forbidden the smoking of cigarettes by young or old, while the New York legislature threatens to fix the price at which coal will be sold. If to this they would add a proper observance of the Sabbath, the suppression of prize-fights, and a strict marriage law, they would earn the gratitude of all right thinking men and women.

* * *

SENATOR BOULTON of the United States calls attention to the fact that the absorption of the Sandwich Islands by that country would afford a possible means of controlling Canada's South Sea and Australian trade. This is, without doubt, a sober truth. That these Islands have a large export and import trade is not to be disputed. Just such products and wares as we can best afford to send them are those that are the most acceptable by them, and command tempting prices. For instance mill-stuffs and food-products of every variety. The amount of trade in flour, grain and hay between the ports

of San Francisco and the Hawaiian port of Honolulu is quite beyond the comprehension of the far distant Canadian. We have not the necessary figures at hand but we know personally, that certain classes of food-stuffs are much higher in price in America, than in the port of Vancouver. Provided that everything else be equal, as, for instance, necessary reductions in or the absolute abolition of the Island tariff, we might, without question, successfully compete with, even to the extent of wholly exterminating the trade of our energetic territory-acquiring neighbors to the south of the line.

Obviously it is not to Canada's interest to permit this little sugar-kingdom in the Pacific to ally itself to our greatest of trade rivals. We must, therefore, earnestly espouse the apparently righteous cause of the heiress-apparent, the Princess Kainlani. Fortunately her sympathies are with those of her English friends, and naturally opposed to the action of her aunt, the present queen. Right here it would be just as well to state that although the Princess has recently come to America with the purpose and intent to appeal to the American people in behalf of her throne and country-people, it does not signify that she and her queen relative are not at least in sympathy with each other. The latter does not invite American protection and yield her throne up to that nation because of personal motives, but because on the spur of the moment she thought it purely a necessity. No doubt she would again accept the crown with alacrity. This would of course fully re-instate the heiress-apparent. There can, therefore, be no schism between the deposed queen and her niece. But the question now arises could the queen "Lily of the Sky," retain her much enthralled regal seat without

the desired interference of some greater power?

We cannot advocate the total absorption of Hawaii by the Americans; therefore we may contrive to allow them the establishment of a fair and honorable protectorate. Thereby resorting to the usual methods, perhaps, we might establish proper treaty relations, or, what is even better, do away entirely with our much berated tariff and carry on a remunerative free-trade.

The Princess Kainlani is of interest to the people of Manitoba also, because of the fact that her guardian, Mr. Theophilus Davies, a successful English gentleman and former resident of Honolulu, is an extensive property owner in Winnipeg. We call to mind the handsome new building which stands temptingly vacant just opposite the Grain Exchange.

Mr. Davies, at the request of the father King Kalakana, and the present deposed Queen Lilinokalian, took the child, then about eleven years of age, to England for the purpose of educating her and further preparing her to properly fill the position of dignity and responsibility to which she was destined.

She is now eighteen years of age and is described as tall and handsome. Her future has ever been a bone of contention among the native adherents to the old form of government, and it is said, was one of the immediate incentives to anger on the part of her aunt during the present difficulty. It had been determined that, contrary to the wishes of a large number of her would-be American advisers, she should marry a certain English peer. This caused at once, some suppressed ill-feeling, which, eventually becoming increased by the addition of other circumstances, made itself loudly apparent in revolt.

CHICAGO and the managers of the Exposition there, are evidently leaving no stone unturned to gather from the uttermost parts of the earth all that can interest the archæologist; but it seems to us that in bringing to a Columbian celebration the proofs that to Norway and not to Spain belongs the credit of the earliest discovery of this continent, the managers have shown somewhat of questionable taste, without indeed it is a deep laid plot to destroy the evidences that Columbus after all was only using the information which was well known to Norsemen many, many years before. The following is the descriptive extract to which we have alluded:—

According to the Copenhagen correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, the Flaot-book which is to be taken to the Chicago Exhibition by an American man-of-war, treats of the Norwegian legends of the Kings, mixed with Icelandic legends. It consists of two volumes, written on parchment with illuminated initial letters. It is believed to have been written between 1370 and 1380, more than 100 years before the discovery of America. The authors are two Icelandic priests, Magnus Thorhallsen and Jan Thodarfen, who lived on the island Flato in the Brede fiord in western Iceland. The most interesting thing in the book just now is the legend by Olaf Trygvason, of Erik, and his son Leif the Happy, the first discoverer of America, Erik steered westwards from Iceland, and discovered Greenland; his son Leif returned to Iceland and voyaged to Norway, where Olaf Trygvason persuaded him to become a Christian. Leif then went to Greenland to introduce Christianity there; but during his voyage was driven southwards, and in the year 1000 discovered "Vinland," thus discovering

America about 500 years before Columbus reached its coast. Dr. Gudmundsson, of the Copenhagen University, will accompany the book to Chicago at the cost of the American Government. The book will be placed in a special building watched day and night by soldiers.

* * *

To find an English Church clergyman advocating a scheme for the union of all Protestant churches is so great a novelty that we have deemed it wise in the interests of our readers to copy a recent letter from Dean Carmichael to the *Toronto Mail*; and we believe that if his suggestions are practicable, much will be effected by their adoption, more especially in the smaller towns of Manitoba and the Northwest, where four ill-kept and badly paid ministers of different denominations divide the paying power of a population which is really often only equal to the fair support of one clergyman.

To the Editor of the Mail:

Sir,—The question of organic Church union seems to be making slow yet steady headway amongst thoughtful Christian people connected with the leading Protestant churches. Of course there are all kinds of misconceptions on the subject, the strangest and the most popular being, that the Church of England has moved in the matter with the object before it of "absorbing" all other Protestant Churches into its communion. As I have taken the warmest interest in this movement from the first moment of its inception at the Provincial Synod of the Church of England held in Montreal, 1880, I would ask space for my views on this question of "absorption," etc.

1. As far as I know my own mind, and those of my brethren, our vision of the future relates not to the Church of England in Canada, or to the Presbyterian Church in Canada, or to the United Anglican Presbyterian Methodist Church in Canada, but to the absorption of all three Churches into one which would naturally be called "The Canadian Church," or "The Church in Canada." Of course there would be absorption, but the Church of England would undergo the

process just as much as the other contracting Churches—in other words, there would be no longer a Church of England, or a Presbyterian Church, or a Methodist Church in Canada. Such names would no longer exist, save in memory. Then, so far from absorption being the main characteristic of the United Church, the very reverse would be the case. A freer Church would not exist on the face of the earth, the essentials of its unity being the Word of God, the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, as a statement of Christian faith, the two sacraments—Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the historic episcopate, locally adapted to the varying needs of the nations. Outside of these proposed essentials the fullest freedom would exist. All existing forms of worship and methods of service could remain as they are; not one change would necessarily have to be made in any denominational institution, save where the exercise of the work of the episcopate demanded change, as in the case of confirmation, and even then, so long as the Episcopal act would be performed, the service connected therewith would probably vary.

2.—I do not see that, even supposing such a Church should decide to be governed by bishops, the form of government would give reality to the assertion that the Church of England had "absorbed" the other Churches. For the Church of England in Canada would have ceased to exist; the dreaded ecclesiastical sponge would nowhere be found within the bounds of the wide Dominion. The ruling episcopate would certainly have derived its historic succession from England, but that fact would no more make "the Church in Canada" the Church of England than the derived succession of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States makes that Church aught else than what it is—the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

3.—In the Lambeth articles relating to the subject of "Reunion" the idea of absorption seems wholly absent, for the articles are offered as "a basis on which approach might be, under God's blessing, made towards reunion," and the report of the American House Bishops' emphatically stated that the (Episcopal) Church did not seek to absorb other communions, but to co-operate with them on the basis of a common faith and order, to discountenance schism, and to heal the wounds on the "Body of Christ," and that it was prepared to make all reasonable concessions "on all things of human ordering and of human choice."

Allow me to say a few words on another popular misconception. There is no doubt that the one obstacle to reunion that would dwarf all others is that of the government of the united Church, the very phrase "government by bishops" being most unpopular with many, but even here I am not hopeless; I believe in the inestimable value of time as an influencing power on the most unpopular subjects and phrases, and, above all, time used by God. Writing as a member of the Church of England, my allegiance to that Church does not blind my eyes to the traditional feelings of others, and I can easily understand how those reared and trained outside the Episcopal form of Canadian Church government, and knowing but little of its inner life, would regard the adoption of that form as the virtual surrender of the key to the whole position. But is this really correct? Would it not be more correct to say that if the coming United Church accepted episcopacy, it would be governed, not by bishops alone, but by a free synod composed of bishops, priests, deacons, and the laity, each order having a veto power on all acts of legislation. Under such circumstances it would scarcely be correct to style the government of such a Church "government by bishops," as if they alone governed. The bishops would certainly be the chief spiritual officers of the Church, administering such spiritual acts as have ever appertained to the office of a bishop, but, legislatively, the bishops as an order would have no rights beyond those which the clergy as an order, or the laity as an order, would possess. Such a synod would rule through the united wills of the three orders that constituted it, and not by the will of any one order.

So much on the subject of "Misconceptions," and now a few words on the general subject. The first movement in this matter came from the Provincial Synod in Canada in the year 1880. The upshot of the movement was a meeting of authorized delegates from the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Church of England Churches, held in Toronto a few years after. I will never forget that meeting as long as I live; I regard it as the greatest privilege of my life to have been allowed to attend it, for, for the first time since the days of a consummated reformation, parted children of the one mother, met, consulted together, and separated after free discussion, without one word being said that, weighed in the balances of the highest Christian ideal, would have been counted unworthy of the Church of Christ in its purest and most spiritual days.

Now, why should not such a meeting be held again? The Church of England practically called the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches to that ever-to-be-remembered meeting. Why should not the Presbyterian Church call the Methodist Church and the Church of England together to another meeting of the same description? Surely the cause is well worth the brotherly summons. "Though it tarry," I for one "wait for it," in the earnest hope that we may meet again face to face, and make one other step towards that unity for which our Master prayed, and whose absence is the Church's sorest humiliation and shame.

Yours, etc.,

JAS. CARMICHAEL,

Dean of Montreal.

St. George's Rectory, Montreal, Feb. 10.

IMMIGRATION TO MANITOBA.

The Outlook for the Present Year.

IF THE work of immigration was ever a success it should be so this year. No time or reasonable expense has been spared by the local government to make this year a crowning one on all the past.

That thousands are turning their attention to Manitoba scarcely needs to be repeated, and the influx of settlers, laborers, &c. this year will without doubt be enormous. Enormous—yes, already parties are arriving from the East and the old country, and in the course of a month, eager men looking for land, etc., will be pouring into the province from all sides. Wherever the Manitoban turns his eyes he will see our fair province attracting more attention than any other country under the sun.

Talk to any real estate man, and he is preparing for, and expecting a busier year than he ever had before. Speaking recently to one of these gentlemen he remarked, "I expect to handle and sell more farms and Winnipeg real estate this year, than any two years put together in the past."

That our land will go up in value this year is certain. Building lots in all our cities and towns, and farm properties

will without doubt see a considerable advance during the present year. Some good sales of property were made last spring, but they will be as a "drop in the bucket" compared to some transactions that will soon take place.

Then another gigantic scheme, and I might say a grand one, is, our building at the World's Fair. That splendid results will be achieved through this enterprise cannot be doubted for a minute, although some of the papers of the day are trying to make it appear, that it will be a total loss to the province of about \$66,000. But these same gentlemen will "sing another tune" before long. We could not make our building or "peanut stand" (a rather large and expensive one though) as the *Free Press* was pleased to call it, too attractive.

Representatives from every country in the world, will see Manitoba this year in Chicago and if we had had a building the size of the one erected for the Dominion of Canada—what would these visitors have to say about Manitoba. Why, had anyone asked them, "Well, and what did you think of Manitoba's exhibit?"—what must have been the answer. A thousand chances to one, it would have been something like this, "Manitoba's exhibit! why I never knew an exhibit from that country was in the place" And what a laughing stock we should have made of ourselves. Whereas now the premier has secured land and a building almost facing the main entrance, and a large majority of the visitors to the Fair will be able to see the wonderful resources of Manitoba.

Now just a few words on the prospect for the coming crop. Old settlers tell us, that when we have a severe winter and lots of snow, it is generally followed by a bountiful harvest. And what about the acreage under crop?

Last year on account of the unfavorable spring, there was a decrease of almost 40,000 acres, on the crop of '91. And what will it be this year? A tremendous amount of fall plowing was done, and an unprecedented quantity of breaking and summer-fallow, and I should not be surprised, if this year we have a crop of 40,000,000 bushels of wheat or

say a total of 70,000,000 including all kinds of grain.

That Manitoba offers inducements to the agricultural class, which no other country can offer goes without contradiction. We have the soil to grow wheat that cannot be equalled on the face of the earth, and all we need is men to grow it. Let every man who has made a success of farming induce one friend to leave the hard competition of the East, and try Manitoba where he will soon have a good home, free from paying high rents, taxes, and rates, and by having to keep up his appearance on account of the manners and customs of social life.

Manitoba enjoys the most perfect freedom in this respect, and we do not want to fall into the ways of cant of the East.

—EUCLID

"THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK."

AS RELATED BY D. L. MOODY.

THE return of Mr. D. L. Moody to his home and schools at Northfield after one of his long evangelistic campaigns, is always an event of interest in Northfield. His latest return was an ovation, for he came as one snatched from the jaws of death. After an absence of fourteen months in Europe and the Orient. Mr. Moody, accompanied by his oldest son, with Major-General O. O. Howard and other friends, sailed from England, November 22nd, 1892, on the steamer Spree, with seven hundred passengers. When three days out the Spree broke her shaft, tearing a hole in the side of the vessel, which rapidly filled with water and began to sink. She seemed to be kept afloat by a special providence, as she drifted helplessly and hopelessly a thousand miles from land, when the steamer Huron, guided by her signals of distress, that flamed all through the nights, found the helpless vessel and towed her into the port of Queenstown. From thence, by the Cunarden Etruria, Mr. Moody and

his company sailed December 4th, landed in New York on Saturday, December 10th, and straightway came to Northfield. On Sunday morning, following the night of his arrival at Northfield, Mr. Moody told the story of the disaster and rescue of the Spree, the church being crowded in anticipation of his coming. "My last day in London," said he, "was a pleasant one, a day of promise it might have been called, for the sun shone out brightly after weeks of those dark, foggy days so common in London. A company of friends gathered at the station to see me off, and I suggested that they sing my favorite song, "Then shall my heart keep singing," but they said they did not feel like singing that just then! I was the only one in the little group who seemed to feel like singing. I could not sing with my voice, but deep down in my heart I sang, for I was going home to meet my loved ones. You land people have not, perhaps, a very clear idea of what those great Atlantic steamers are like. I embarked on the Spree, a vessel about four hundred and ninety feet long, with seven hundred passengers on board, representing Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Russia, Hungary, and other countries, besides our own. There were many from all parts of our own country returning from trips of business and pleasure; there were persons of all ages and both sexes—old fathers going over to America to spend their last days with their sons who had gone before to build up homes in this land of promise—men and women in middle life, and many children, some of the brightest and most beautiful I have ever seen. When about three days on our voyage, I remember, I was lying on my couch—as I generally do at sea—congratulating myself on my good fortune and feeling very thankful to God. I considered myself a very fortunate man, for in all my extensive travels by land and sea I had never been in any accident of a serious nature. I thought of how my wife and children had escaped the cholera, and the quarantine at New York. The steamer that sailed before theirs, and the one that followed after, both had cholera on board and were detained in quarantine, while the one that bore my beloved ones, being a swifter sailer reached

New York and landed her passengers before either of the other two had arrived. While engaged with these grateful thoughts I was startled by a terrible crash and shock as if the vessel had been driven on a rock. I did not at first feel much anxiety, perhaps I was too ill to think much about it. But my son jumped from his berth, and rushed on deck. He was back again in a few moments, exclaiming that the shaft was broken and the vessel sinking. I did not at first believe it could be so bad, but concluded to dress and go on deck. The report was only too true. The captain told the affrighted passengers, who had rushed on deck, that there was no danger, and some of the second cabin passengers returned to their berths, only to be driven out again by the inrushing water, leaving everything behind them.

"The officers and crew did all they could to save the vessel. But it was soon found that the pumps were useless, for the water poured into the ship too rapidly to be controlled. There was nothing more in the power of man to do. We were utterly, absolutely helpless. We could only stand still on the poor, drifting, sinking ship, and look into our watery graves. All this time, unknown to the passengers, the officers were making preparations for the last resort. The life-boats were all put in readiness, provisions prepared, life-preservers in hand, the officers armed with revolvers to enforce their orders, and the question was evidently being debated in their minds whether to launch the boats at once or wait. The sea was so heavy, that the boats could hardly have lived in it. Two of the passengers had loaded revolvers ready to blow out their brains if the vessel should go down, preferring death by bullet to death by drowning. At noon the captain told us he thought that he had the water under control, and was in hopes of drifting in the way of some passing vessel. The ship's bow was now high in the air, while the stern seemed to settle more and more. The sea was very rough and the ship rolled from side to side with fearful lurches. If she had pitched violently but once, the bulkheads must have burst and the end come. The captain tried to keep up hope by telling us we should probably drift in the way of

a ship by three o'clock that Saturday afternoon, but the night closed upon us without sign of a sail. That was an awful night, the darkest in all our lives. Seven hundred men, women and children waiting for the doom that was settling upon us. No one dared to sleep. We were all together in the saloon of the first cabin—Jews, Protestants, Catholics and sceptics—although I doubt if at that time there were any sceptics among us. The agony and suspense were too great for words. With blanched faces and trembling hearts the passengers looked at each other, as if trying to read what no one dared to speak. Rockets flamed into the sky, but there was no answer. We were drifting out of the track of the great steamers. Every hour seemed to increase the danger of our situation. Sunday morning dawned without help or hope. Up to that time no suggestion of religious services had been made. To have done that would have almost certainly produced a panic. In the awful suspense and dread that prevailed, a word about religion would have suggested the most terrible things to the poor souls. It was necessary to divert their minds, if possible, or they would break under the strain. But as that second night came on we held a prayer meeting with the concurrence of the captain. Everybody attended, and I think everybody prayed, sceptics and all. Surely the cries of the dear little children were heard in Heaven. With one arm clasping a pillar to steady myself on the reeling vessel, I tried to read the ninety-first psalm, and we prayed that God would still the raging of the sea and bring us to the desired haven. It was a new psalm to me from that hour. The eleventh verse touched me very deeply. It was like a voice of Divine assurance, and it seemed a very real thing, as I read: 'He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.' Surely he did it! I read also from the one hundred-and-seventh psalm, verses 20 to 31. One lady thought that these words must have been written for the occasion, and afterwards asked to see the book for herself. I was passing through a new experience. I had thought myself superior to the fear of death. I had often preached on the subject and urged

Christians to realize this victory of faith. During our civil war I had been under fire without fear. I was in Chicago during the great cholera epidemic and went around with the doctors, visiting the sick and the dying. Where they could go to look after the bodies of men, I said I could go to look after their souls. I remember a case of smallpox, where the flesh had literally dropped away from the backbone, yet I went to the bedside of that poor sufferer again and again with Bible and prayer for Jesus' sake. In all this I had no fear of death. But on the sinking ship it was different. There was no cloud between my soul and my Saviour. I knew my sins had been put away, and that if I died there it would only be to wake up in heaven. That was all settled long ago. But my thoughts went out to my loved ones at home—my wife and children, anxiously waiting for my coming—my friends on both sides of the sea—the schools and all the interests so dear to me—and realized that perhaps the next hour would separate me forever from all these, so far as this world was concerned. I confess it almost broke me down. *It was the darkest hour of my life!* I could not endure it, I must have relief, and relief came in prayer. God heard my cry and enabled me to say from the depth of my soul: 'Thy will be done.' It was all settled. Sweet peace came to my heart. Let it be Northfield or heaven! It made no difference now! I went to bed and almost immediately fell asleep, and never slept more soundly in all my life. Out of the depths I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me and delivered me from all my fears. I can no more doubt that God gave answer to my prayer for relief than I can doubt my own existence. About three o'clock at night I was aroused from my sleep by the voice of my son. 'Come on deck, father,' he said. I followed him and he pointed towards a far-off light, rising and sinking on the sea. It was a messenger of deliverance to us. It proved to be the light of the steamer Lake Huron, whose lookout had seen our flaming signals of distress, and supposed it was a vessel in flames. O, the joy of that moment when those seven hundred despairing passengers be-

held the approaching ship! Who can ever forget it! But now the question is, can this small steamer tow the helpless Spree a thousand miles to Queenstown? Every movement was watched with intensest anxiety and prayer. It was a brave and perilous undertaking. The two vessels were at last connected by two great cables. If a storm arose these would snap like thread, and we would be left to our fate. But I had no fear. God would finish the work he had begun. The waves were calmed—the cables held—the steamer moved in the wake of the Huron. There were storms all around us, but they came not nigh our broken ship. Seven days after the accident, by the good hand of God upon us, we were able to hold a joyous thanksgiving service in the harbor of Queenstown—just one week ago to-day, as I stand here among the friends and neighbours I love so well. The rescuing ship that God sent to us in our distress had just sufficient power to tow our vessel and just enough coal to take her into port! There was nothing to spare! Less would have been insufficient. Her captain also is a man of prayer, and besought God's help to enable them to accomplish their dangerous and difficult task. God answered the united prayers of the distressed voyagers and brought them to their desired haven. The nervous strain of those eight days and nights of suspense was something fearful. It was more than anyone could long endure without help. The minds of several passengers gave way under the strain, and they had to be put under restraint. A young Austrian who had left his betrothed in Vienna, leaped overboard in despair, and was drowned before our eyes, in spite of all we could do. It was a most pathetic sight to see a young mother, with two beautiful children, sitting in dumb anguish during the first forty-eight hours, never taking her eyes off her little ones, and if the ship had gone down I have no doubt she would have gathered them to her bosom and gone down with them in her arms. There was a Russian Jew, who had taken passage without the knowledge of his relatives at home. It was pitiful to see his distress, as he confessed his sin, beat his breast, and denounced himself as the Jonah of the

company. Kneeling upon the deck, with tears streaming out of his eyes, he cried to Jehovah not to visit the punishment of his sins upon all these unfortunate people."

In the course of his narrative Mr. Moody related a number of interesting incidents to show how they had to try to divert over-strained minds of the people from the one brooding thought that oppressed them. He said he told them nearly all the stories he knew during those long days and nights, and, strange as it may seem, laughter and merriment were often heard around his table. It was a hard thing to do, but one must learn to bear the burdens of others on such occasions.—*New York Observer.*

FROM
THE NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER
TO
FORT MACLEOD.

A Trip Across the Prairie.

(For the Manitoban.)

BY G. E. D. ELLIOTT.

WE were camped on the banks of the North Saskatchewan; here the land sloped gradually to meet the waters of that mighty stream; scattered about were clumps of bushes burdened with saskatoon-berries, goose-berries and cherries; birds were lazily flying from one to the other chirping on their way, filling the air with low sweet music.

The sun slowly sinking to meet the horizon, cast its rays among the fast ripening grass, making it appear as a reality of silver threads and gold; all nature seemed hushed, drinking, as it were, pure essence of God's beauty, beauty far beyond man's descriptive pen.

"I say, Bill, going to get 'grub-pile' to-night," asked Dick "I can't stand Saskatchewan scenery for supper." It was impossible for him to appreciate anything short of a good square meal.

Bill rose slowly, picked up a pail and proceeded towards the river, returning

with it full of water in one hand, while he dragged along a small dry log. In short time a good fire was burning, and the water commenced simmering as it surged from side to side of the pail, reaching the hot metal above its cooling depths; soon the fumes of "Chicago chicken" *Armour's best*, mingled with that of boiling corn, rose, these, together with a forty miles ride, acted on our appetites like a grind stone on a dull knife.

"*Grab a root, boys,*" from the cook brought forward three hungry looking mortals from the midst of bundles of bedding and saddles, each man meant business, not a sound broke the stillness of the air, except the click of knives against tin plates and the chirping of the birds.

Our menu not being very lengthy, plates were soon washed and thrown upon the grass to dry, except Dick's, it is so natural to think of him as a good stayer, he was almost forgotten, but then, poor fellow, the fault is not his, he was born that way: hereditary, so to speak.

Our party consisting of four, were pulling our freight to pastures new, leaving this the North Saskatchewan district for Southern Alberta, travelling across the country by way of Sounding Lake, thence to the Blackfoot crossing of the Bow River, then on to Fort Macleod, a distance, the way we came, of about three hundred and ninety miles.

Sun-up found us well on our way, each man mounted on a pretty good cayuse and leading another, who without any difficulty carried in a pack all his master's worldly possessions.

We were soon in the Sand Hills south of Battle River; leaving these travelling was good, till within five miles of what was then known as Bird's Ranch, here it became alkali, reaching the Ranch we turned out for noon, no one being at home we lunched on pretty much the same goods as yesterday.

Soon little clouds of smoke could be seen ascending from the mouth of the whole outfit, resembling somewhat the craters of miniature volcano's, finally Dick laid aside his pipe, and asking Hawk if he had seen that bluff over Bird's shack.

Yes—he replied—the one along the ridge you mean?

No, to the west of that on the other side of the coulee; well about six years ago, shortly after the Police struck north, old Dutch, a partner of mine then, and I, were near passing in our chips in a little poker game of life.

We were trying to make Battle River that night, and had ridden to the top of that butte, to take in the lay of the land, knowing it was alkali and an ugly place to strike in the early part of spring; we had no sooner reached the top, then what should be coming up on the other side but the "dog gondest" outfit of *reds* you ever saw, almost as naked as the day they were born, and dead on the war-path, I don't know to this day what tribe they belonged to, but one glance was enough to show they were not peacefully inclined towards us. Before we could throw ourselves from the saddle a bullet from them went singing through the air, in less time than you could "scorch-a-feather," old Dutch had planked two ones into them, branding one, and causing the other to drop from his cayuse and start on a gallop for his "happy hunting grounds."

We thought that a few good shots would send them to the "*right about*", not so, however, they tried every possible means to get at us, but could not make it work. After we had emptied two more saddles they saw that they were not in it, so wheeled their cayuses and were off like the wind, herding along the three fallen braves ponies with them.

Our ponies were soon caught, they were used to this kind of work. Old Dutch paid a visit to the three good Indians helping himself to whatever little they had in his way, and at the same time made it a certainty that they would not walk in their sleep.

I had remained on watch to see if any of our native friends showed signs of returning, finding that they did not, I was not long catching up to Dutch, then steadying our cayuses into a long loup, we were not long in reaching the old Hudson Bay Fort on Battle River.

My partner had a pretty close call, one of the bullets passed through the crown of his hat. This was the only thing that bothered Dutch for it was a new buckskin hat, purchased at a good stiff price. You

should have heard him curse his hard luck for not having had his old one on.

Time had passed quicker than we thought while listening to Dick. Packs and saddles were soon on, and we went shuffling on our way; during the afternoon we passed through a mixed country, the first ten miles were of very little account, rocky and dry sandy soil with thin grass; after this it assumed a more healthy appearance, good hay lands and small lakes looming up now and again, showed us water was plentiful. About seven p. m. found us camped beside what would be in the spring a good sized creek; now water could only be found in the deep holes in its bed. These had been washed out after many years wear, and now were natural reservoirs of themselves.

Hawk managed to secure three good sized ducks. They were good, and I don't suppose a person living in one of our large eastern cities, where every imaginable dish in or out of season could be served up, would have gone to rest better satisfied inwardly, and with the world in general, than we did.

After enjoying a little smoke the ponies were picketed and we made down our little beds, crawled into them, and with heavens canopy for a roof, the view of the undulating prairie before us, the prolonged howl of the coyote, mingled with the sweet music of the mosquitoes, we were soon lost in oblivion.

Sun-up again found us on the move. The boys were very quiet that morning, even Dick had not passed a remark. Finally Hawk broke loose into a song, he was a powerful singer, sure to put life into any body, but he mixed his notes regardless of the fact that such things were in existence, producing a sound like a heavy down pour of rain on a tin roof. Notwithstanding all this he managed to put life into the outfit, he even did more—three antelopes, who were grazing away off to our right, were attracted or fascinated, I am not sure which, came on the dead run towards us.

Bill suggested we would own the smallest, so throwing ourselves from the saddle each stood ready to fire should the others miss. On they came, death awaiting one of the bunch, Dick fired, missed, followed

by Bill, then Hawk with the same luck; you may think it fell to my lot to kill, not so, for I was always a good-hearted fellow and did not wish to make the boys feel bad, especially as I was the poorest shot in the outfit.

The fact is, we were all too sure of hitting, and none fired at the proper time. There is only one time to fire, when a bunch of this kind come up. They as a rule halt when close enough to satisfy their curiosity; this they indulge for a short time, and then off they go like a streak of greased lightning. Your chance is when they halt; miss it, and they invariably leave you as they came, only you are poorer by a cartridge or two.

We arrived, shortly after this, to a small fresh water slough surrounded by plenty of good grass. This just suited us down to the ground, so packs and saddles were soon scattered around, and Dick, who was cook for the day, standing in their midst looking for the grub sack.

It did not take him long to cook dinner and less time for us to eat it. One would never imagine, judging from the look of perfect content on our faces, that we regretted in the least the loss of those deer steaks Dick was going to serve up for that meal.

"What kind of a place is Macleod," Dick asked Hawk; "pretty good?"

"Yes," he replied, "*purty* good, plenty of whites, lots of money and *forty rod* or *red eye* galore. You should see her boom when the spring round-up is over, and a whole *mob* of *cow-punchers* come in to blow themselves, then new men are always coming in from down south, these are sure to meet some old true friend, who has preceded them. Two things you can always find in Macleod, a game of *draw* or *stud* on, someone always ready to either take a drink or set'em up, give you a stake or rob you of the last cent you have, but it's a good place, some of the best of men live there, but we'll never make Haunted Coulee to night, if we remain here "chewing the rag" all day; that's got to be our home to-night, for, if I remember rightly, this is the last water we'll see till we strike he Coulee."

Shortly after starting I asked Dick how

this particular coulee got the name of being haunted.

"I am not quite sure," he replied, "but you will find all reds agree that it is, and the majority of whites, who have travelled this way, are pretty much of the same mind.

It is claimed by the Crees, that the spirits of a party of Blackfeet, who were massacred by them at this place, still continue to remain there, giving as a reason that the distance from there to the Blackfeet happy hunting grounds, is too great to make on foot, consequently they remain continually on the lookout for horses to carry them to their own sweet fields of rest."

Dick's statement had aroused our curiosity, so our cayuses were urged on a little quicker than usual, for we decided to have a look about before turning in for the night.

We reached there about 4.30 p.m. Then after picketing our ponies, we proceeded under his guidance to where the supposed fight took place, when about half a mile from camp Dick informed us that we must now be in the vicinity, though which side of the coulee he could not say, while Hawk and I were trying to find some trace of the fallen braves, the other two climbed the side to the north, and a loud helloa from Bill gave us to understand they had been successful in finding something. We were not long in reaching them and found Bill engaged examining a skull in which a flint arrowhead was still sticking. The blood of this Indian must have been good, for standing a short distance off one would think, judging from the bright stain on the bleached bone, that it was only a matter of few days since the deed was committed, instead of which it must have been a matter of ten or fifteen years.

Further search resulted in finding numerous arrowheads, bones and skulls, at this one of the boys remarked, that for once Dick was able to produce the necessary papers to back up his story.

Curiosity being fully satisfied we returned to camp. Bill packing along the skull with the arrowhead sticking in it, the remainder, with the exception of Dick, contenting ourselves with smaller bones and an arrow-

head each. Supper over, the cayuses were hobbled and picketed, so should the spirits try and make off with our ponies, they would loose considerable time removing the hobbles, which had been made for the occasion out of "*Gunny Sacks.*"

All hands were good and tired, so rolling out our bedding, we crawled in, and in less time than a kid can slide down a banister, we were over the hills and far away.

I believe a grasshopper taking up a squatters claim on Hawk's nose, was the means of arousing him. Opening his eyes the first glance was in the direction of the horses, not seeing them he gave us a chill and rousing like a cold shower bath, by yelling: "Roll out, you fellows, the horses are all gone and we're plum set afoot." Sure enough, not an object was to be seen except one the size of a man's hand above the level of the pass. This was one of the cayuses in the distance all of ten miles away, and before we had got far he disappeared from sight. Two of us managed to trace and catch up to them after walking about two hours and a half. Then securing one each, the remainder were led back to camp. Great was the rejoicing on our return, for you can perhaps imagine the situation, seventy-five miles from nowhere and set-afoot.

It seems strange that every outfit, who have used that part for a camping place over night, should all experience the same trouble with their stock. The Marquis of Lorne's escort met with the same trouble, so have "C," "D" and "K" Division N. W. M. Police; these being the only parties I know of, who have ever made this trip.

There was but a short ride before us today so we took our time and examined the country as we passed along. Good grass was plentiful, and the two coulees we crossed, were both blessed with a stream of running water.

We could see the timber belt, which runs along the north side of Sounding Lake, and on reaching it could hear the heavy bum-boom of its waters, although the lake was all of five miles away. From this sound the lake derives its name.

Reaching the bush a short halt was made for lunch, then we again struck the

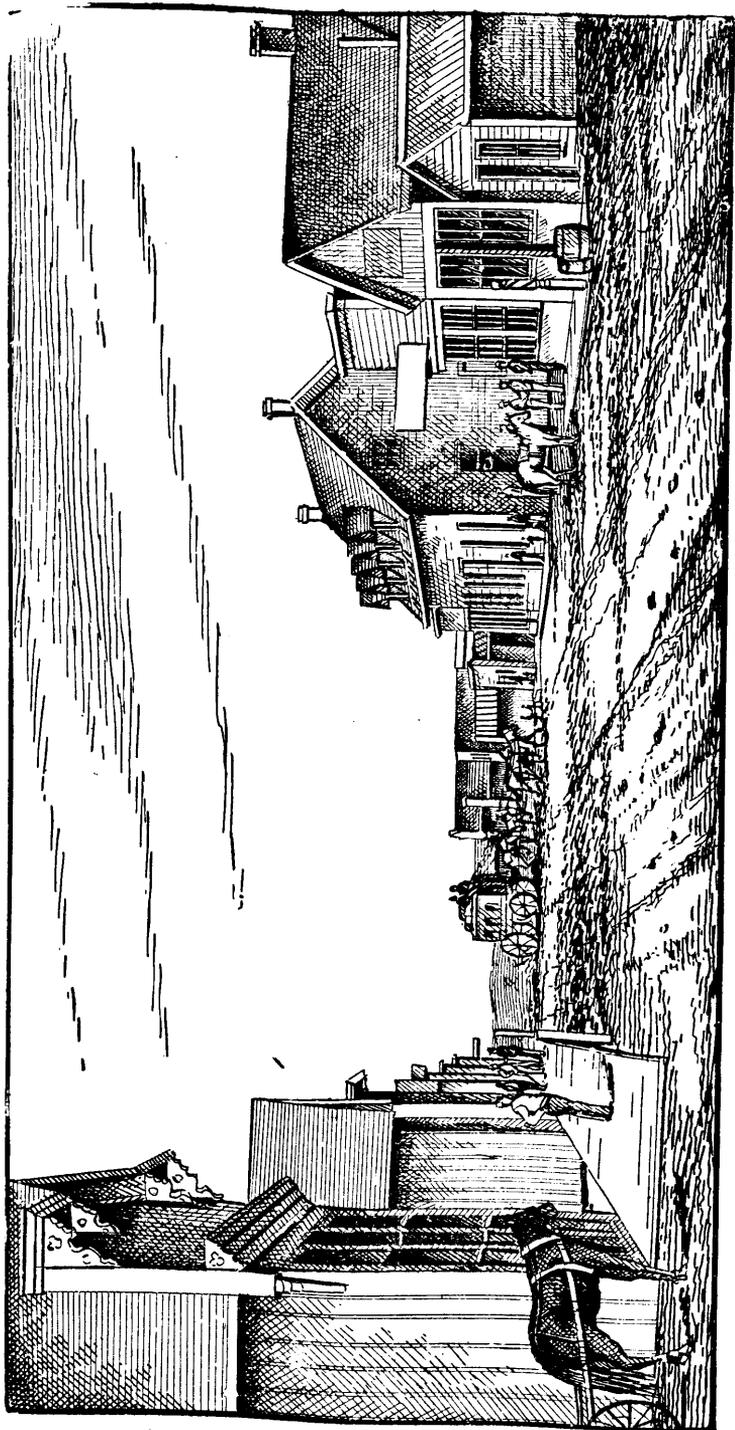
trail. What a change from the plains for we were now riding through bush, and unable to see more than fifty yards to the right or left, and as for looking ahead such a thing was out of the question, for the trail was as crooked as a sinner's life, and as narrow as the way to heaven. It certainly led us to a perfect paradise. Here it was impossible to travel out of a walk owing to the hanging bough and fallen trees. Needless to say the time passed quickly, for here game was in abundance. This is always interesting to any who travel the plains.

The first seen were five jumping deer; these presented a fine picture as they stood gazing in wonder at the sight of strangers in a strange land; a shout from one of the boys completely rattled them; then after jumping up and down for a few seconds were off like a flash. From this habit they derive the name; when taken by surprise, shouted or fired at, loose all presence of mind and commence jumping up and down at a great rate without making any headway. A good hunter, armed with a repeating rifle, coming upon a bunch of these deer can down two or three easily before they make good their escape.

It surprised all to see the number of prairie chicken, surpassing anything of the kind we had ever seen before. Rabbits were plentiful and could be seen skipping off in all directions, scared out of their skin, almost, at the sight of such an outfit.

Three good springs were passed, tall heavy trees were plentiful, while the numbers of fallen ones would keep a good sized settlement in fire-wood for years to come.

Suddenly we emerged from among the trees in full view of the lake, which was indeed a grand sight to our eyes. The eastern end was fringed with brush and tall poplars, to south as far as the eye could reach lay heavy hay lands, dotted with numerous sloughs. The western end was hilly and apparently covered with low brush and tall trees; the country to the north did not appear so good, small alkali spots loomed up in many parts of it. Here a good sized creek could be seen winding its way through the undulating plains. Overhead flocks of game birds were flying in all directions, seeking



FORT McLEOD.

new feeding places, showing us that they, like most mortals in this land, were looking for the very best, and would not be content even then. The smaller sounds of the birds were lost in the continual bum-boom, bum-boom of the lake, which was a large body of water about fifteen miles long by six wide. A grand place laid before us, here a western settler could find everything necessary, except one; wood, water, good soil, grass, and game in over-abundance, and this backed by a good climate, what more could a man wish for. The exception that's all—woman.

"Well, boys," said Dick, "guess we'd better git a move on, we'll camp down by the smallest slough, it's fed from a spring close by, and grass is just as good here as anywhere. Probably we had better remain here a day or two, for we have a hard country to ride through after leaving this, and a good rest will do the ponies good, and a good rest will do the ponies good, give 'em a chance to pick up a bit."

Shortly after we had unpacked, one of the boys picking up a gun remarked that it would be as well to wait supper till his return, for he intended bringing in ducks enough for four. True to his word he soon returned, packing along six good sized birds. These were dressed in about the same length of time as a snowball would last on a red hot stone.

Hawk, who was cook for the day, excelled himself; he had never been known to put up such a meal before, and I do not suppose he has ever done anything like it since, but then, as he remarked at that time, he only gave us a touch of high life.

We had quite a lengthy bill of fare, stewed duck flavoured with wild sage and onions, slap Jacks, dough-gods, chinee stew, and topped off with a cigarette, "La Frenchman."

The cayuses were securely picketed, a good bright fire started, we all seated ourselves and enjoyed a few good day dreams, of building castles in the air, then one by one we crawled into the beds, and amid croaking frogs, buzzing of mosquitos, quacking of ducks and geese, yelping and howling of coyotes we managed to find peace in sleep.

The usual r-o-l-l o-u-t from Hawk was the cause of three boots flying in his

direction. There was no rush to be up this morning so we laid there till the sun had almost burnt holes in the blankets.

Shortly after breakfast all, except Dick, started out to roam round and explore a little. He remarked it would be all right could he ride, but walking did not agree with his delicate constitution. It was too far to walk to the western end of the lake. So we had to content ourselves by roaming through the woods east and north-east of it. After travelling about a mile we caught sight of three red deer, fine majestic looking fellows they were. A slight breeze blowing in their direction gave them the scent, and they had bunched up, looking like one deer with three heads. We were enjoying a good look at them when Hawk who has a good deal of the antelope nature in him, wanted to get a better view raised himself to a sitting position. The result was the leader sent him a snort of defiance and was off like a flash. Our chief object in coming out had been to obtain meat, but one of these would have been far too much for us, so we resisted the temptation to shoot.

Shortly after this Bill pulled away from us, and soon a shot from his rifle followed by a shout gave us to understand something had fallen. Between running and walking we were not long coming up to him; he had just risen from the ground from cutting the throat of a fine black-tail deer, the result of the shot we had heard.

After admiring the fallen and speculating as to his weight, about which none could agree, Hawk proceeded to trim off one of the fallen trees, while Bill and I cleaned him. This finished, a start was made in the direction of the camp, which we soon sighted, and could see that Dick had not been idle, for he had erected a brush tepee, and as he was not to be seen we decided that in all probability he was enjoying a good sleep underneath it.

Picking our steps cautiously we were soon along side, sure enough he was sound asleep as though it were two o'clock in the morning. This was a golden opportunity we could not pass, so quietly proceeded to prop up the dead deer and thrust its head through the foliage of the tepee till within a few inches of his face.

Bill then placed a rifle close to his side. This done we all laid down to quietly await the result. Hawk, impatient as usual, pulled a long blade of grass and commenced tickling him under the nose; this was more than our American cousin could stand, especially as Hawk thrust it up one of his nostrils. After giving something between a snore, a sneeze and a cough, he slowly opened his eyes, gazed a moment at the head, sprang to his feet and grasping up the rifle while on the move and would have discharged it into the dead deer's head had not the precaution been taken to withdraw the cartridge. A loud laugh from us told him that for once we managed to get one off at his expense, but he vowed by the *great horn spoon* to be even up before the end of the trip.

(To be continued).

THE HAIDAS, THEIR ARTS AND MYTHS.

(For the Manitoban).

BY E. A. B.

(Continued.)

HERE is the story of the Creator Raven minus the verbose details attached by the Indians. It was supposed to have been a minor god, the follower of a chief god—the god of darkness,—who was driven out of heaven with all his satellites for rebelling against the wishes of the other chief god—the god who loves light. After living many thousand years in some indefinite region where all was woe and misery, the god of darkness commanded one of his minions to assume the form of a raven, and fly to the happy hunting grounds to ascertain what was transpiring there. The minor god did as commanded, but failed to gain admittance to his former abode. He then decided not to return to the infernal region, and took up his abode in the great abyss of space between the sea and sky. At this time the earth was covered with water, and the raven flew about over the mighty deep without a haven of rest or refuge. Finally he grew angry at his desolate lot and in his wrath violently struck the water with his wings

until it flew up in great clouds about him, and in its fall became transformed into tiny rocks, which grew larger and larger, extending in all directions, eventually becoming the present group of islands on which the Haidas live. Having accomplished so much, the raven desired company, and collecting together two mounds of clam shells he, by his godly power, converted them into two human beings, a man and a woman, whom he compelled to be his slaves. He subsequently took



CAPTAIN JOHN IRVING.

Captain John Irving, whose picture appears herewith, is one of the best known men on the Pacific coast, and a leading citizen of the capital city of British Columbia. He comes from a family of navigators, and has "followed the sea" from early manhood. He has been identified with steamboat enterprises on the west coast for many years, and success has invariably attended his undertakings, due no doubt to his native shrewdness and business acumen. The Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, a concern which controls a number of steamboats and does the bulk of the British Columbia Coast carrying trade, is the result of his push and enterprise. In his capacity as manager of the company, he has had scope to display his business abilities, and he has done so with honor to himself, and to the satisfaction of the shareholders.

Socially Captain John Irving is a kind, warm-hearted gentleman, whether on land or at sea, and memories of his generous hospitality are cherished by many people in all parts of the continent.

It is through the Captain's kindness and knowledge of the Pacific coast, that we have been enabled to give the account of the Haidas to the readers of the MANITOBAN.

the woman to be his wife, but drove her off because she bore him no children. He then betook himself to heaven for the purpose of stealing a heavenly woman for his bride. All the inhabitants of heaven, being gods, were able to transform themselves into birds and animals. The raven on gaining admittance to heaven, espied a party of bears sporting in the woods, and knowing them to be children of a great chief, he turned himself into an eagle and captured one of them and flew off with it, at the same time appropriating the celestial sun and fire stick. He was discovered and pursued, and in his hasty flight let the child fall into the sea near the raven's newly made home. When the child fell unto the sea he called aloud for help, and immediately immense shoals of little fishes came and carried it to the shore on their backs. This species of fish is very numerous around Rose spit, a projection of Graham Island, and their forms are indented in the blue clay of that district. The natives will tell you that those indentations have remained in the clay since the time when the fishes bore the abducted child ashore. It transpired that the raven had mistaken the sex of the child he stole, who turned out to be a male, and who grew to be very powerful and a famous hunter. He took the raven's female slave to wife, much to the chagrin of the raven, who disowned them and sent them away. They wandered many miles, and were on the verge of starvation, when they fortunately discovered a whale stranded on the beach. The man encircled the whale with rocks to prevent it escaping, and, curious to relate, that circle of rocks may be seen to-day at low tide. The wanderers feasted on the flesh of the whale for weeks, and it came to pass that a daughter was born to them. This daughter grew to be a most lovely woman, but her parents were sorrowful because no husband could be found for her. The raven's male slave endeavored to woo her, but his suit was indignantly spurned. He became enraged at his treatment, and discovering where the raven had concealed the sun and fire stick, stolen from heaven, he broke open the strong box, in which they were kept, and kicked the luminary into atoms. The fragments flew into the sky; the

largest piece became the sun, a smaller piece the moon, and the chips became stars scattered upon the face of the heavens, and thus the ancient Haidas believed the solar system of their country was created. Fearing the wrath of the raven the slave fled in dismay, but he was determined to secure a wife, and the happy thought struck him of imitating the exploit of the raven and seek a wife among the daughters of heaven. He made a bow, and one moonlight night shot an arrow into the moon, where it remained. A second arrow he shot into the notch of the first, and a third into the notch of the second, and so he continued to do until the arrows reached from the moon to the earth. Up this ladder of arrows he climbed, and passed through the moon into heaven. There he saw a beautiful woman bathing in a crystal lake. As she emerged from the water, he seized her and dropped into the sea. The raven happened to be flying about during the descent of the slave, and noticing the commotion, waited to discover the cause. When he found what a prize the slave had obtained he took the heavenly maid for himself, and turned the slave into a wandering spirit. From the two families thus established, the race of the Haidas was supposed to have sprung. It is interesting to note, that the heaven born chief was allowed to marry an earthly slave, but the earth born slave was not permitted to have a heaven born woman for his wife. This principle is adhered to among the tribes at the present day. A chief may marry a female slave, whilst a male slave is not allowed to marry a free born woman, thus following the supposed laws of the Creator Raven.

In studying the legendary stories of the deities worshipped by the pagan Haidas, we find some phantasmagorical conceptions of the savage mind. The Haidas believed in the transmigration of souls and in a purgatory. They had two principal gods—the god of light and the god of darkness, which bore the same relation as the Christian god and the devil. They had also numerous other gods of good and evil tendencies. They attributed fevers to the god whom they supposed lived in the sun, and who visited pestilences on them when they gave him

offence by some unbecoming act. When this god was angry with them they endeavored to propitiate him by throwing some portion of their food, principally salmon, into the sea for the purpose of gaining the influence of the god of the sea whom they believed was more powerful than the god of the sun, and could counteract the latter's influence over them. When the Haidas camped near a beach, before they began to erect their tents or cook their food, they would invariably take some dry halibut and berries and cast it into the fire to propitiate the god of the earth and to secure his protection from danger during the night. The god of the earth did not require this food for himself, but carried it to the friends of those encamped who had died within the past year. They were not to manifest a penurious spirit in this rite, else they would all die within the next twelve months. The god of the clouds was another deity, which inspired the ancient Haidas with dread and awe. On days when the atmosphere was heavy and the clouds were hanging low down, the Indians thought the cloud god was out searching for a meal, and any one caught out on such a day was bound to die within a short time to furnish a dish for this cruel and cannibal-like god. This god had a novel way of securing his victims. When he got near enough to a man, he seized his spirit and carried it on high, and in a short while the body had to go in search of his spirit and so fell into the power of the god.

The Haidas did not fear the two great gods so much as they did the minor ones, for they believed the former were too great and dignified to care for them while on earth, but were busy preparing habitations for them to live in after passing from this earth. The two supreme gods were worshipped, but not feared, and none of the old Indians now living can give a definite answer respecting the powers ascribed to them. If they wished relief from trouble they would evoke the aid of the god of light; and if they wished to bring an eternal curse on their enemies, they would pray and offer sacrifices of fish to the god of darkness. Their supplications were addressed to the chief gods through the god of the sun or the god of

the earth, but their sacrifices were almost always made to the minor deities in order to secure their good offices as mediators. Ordinarily most of their religious rites and ceremonies had reference only to the earth and sea gods.

Here is an idea of what a heathen Indian thinks of the future state of life in the happy hunting grounds: When a Haida was about to die he saw a canoe full of his bye-gone friends coming with the tide to bid him welcome to the spirit land. They were supposed to have been sent by the god of death, and the dying man rejoiced to know that after a period passed in the city of death (purgatory) he would with his friends be permitted to enter the happy hunting grounds. His visionary friends called to him and bade him come into the land of great and wonderful things, into the land of plenty, rest and peace. "The birds of our country," they cried, "will bring you delicious berries, the dogs of our city will furnish you with bear skins, your house will be made of beautiful cedar, gloriously adorned with inset shells. You will be a great chief attended by many slaves, and the hair seals will provide you with all the kinds of fish there are in the sea. Come now, for the tide is at ebb and we must depart." As the messengers float back on the ebbing tide, the spirit of the called one takes its flight, and in due course the body is buried with much show and ceremony. The soul had to remain in the city of the dead for a year to undergo a process of purification previous to its admittance to the happy hunting grounds. At the end of that period, the soul assumed the form of its earthly body and passed into its eternal abode, capable of all the pleasures and functions of the human body, but in an infinitely higher and finer degree.

When a bad Indian died his soul was supposed to meet a pretty sad fate. (1) His soul was tortured in the region of the clouds and had to witness the cloud god feasting on its dead body. (2) The soul was so near the earth, that it had a consuming desire to return among friends. (3) It even had a dread of being conducted to the infernal regions. Sometimes permission was granted to souls to return from the clouds and revisit the earth. On such

occasions, they could only be seen by the Saaga (medicine man), who described them as being represented by the figure of a man destitute of clothing. These returned souls were regarded as wicked and extremely dangerous visitants, and it was the medicine man's duty to prevent them from entering any of the houses. When the Saaga announced that a certain soul had descended from the clouds, the Indians would not dare to leave their houses, because the sight of the soul would cause sickness and trouble, and its touch death. It also sometimes happened that souls in the domain of death could not be purified sufficiently in twelve months, and it became necessary that these less sanctified souls should return to earth and become regenerated. Accordingly they were reborn at the first opportunity. The Saaga would enter the house and inspect the newly born babe, and his attending spirits would announce to him whether or not the child was the soul of one of the family's deceased friends. The lives of such transmigrated souls were to be such as would subject them to retribution for the short-comings of their past lives, and thus the purgation of souls had to be carried on in successive migrations until they became fitted for the happy hunting grounds. The Haidas also thought that some souls were too depraved and wicked to be taken from the clouds to the infernal regions, and they were also sent back to the earth; but were not permitted to re-enter mankind. They were re-born in the bodies of animals and fish and were compelled to undergo great torture. The black bear was the most powerful creature that such a soul could inhabit, and the mouse was the smallest one. It was from this circumstance that the Indians wore an amulet of bears' teeth about their necks, hoping thereby to ward off the danger from the wicked soul in the bear's body. Storms and bad weather, when they caused the people trouble and a scarcity of food, were attributed to an abundance of wicked souls in the vicinity. Quarrelsome persons were supposed to be possessed of the souls of wicked relatives.

The opportunity of visiting the Indian villages on the north coast of British Columbia, is a most pleasant feature of

the "tour" established by the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company. Side by side are to be found the relics of barbarism and the newer and higher civilization, instituted by the Christian missionaries. The comparison furnishes a remarkably favorable commentary on the work of the devoted ministers of the gospel, who have gone into the wilderness to preach glad tidings to the heathen. Comfortable frame houses, neat churches, brass bands, pine bridges, and other practical adjuncts of civilized communities, have in several places taken the place of cedar-bark huts, tom-toms and the fiendish and superstitious rites of the medicine man.

The trip up the north coast with its plethora of grand mountain and marine scenery, combined with the oft described journey across the mountains by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is one of the most enjoyable that can possibly be found on the Continent of America. One returns from it improved both mentally and physically, and invariably with the determination to repeat it.

Recent press despatches have announced the fact that the Canada Pacific Navigation Company, have decided to place a regular line of steamers in the north coast service this year—it has hitherto been remittant—so that tourists will have improved facilities for making the trip.

A "FIRST OF APRIL" OUTING.

IT WAS the closing days of March. A wandering "chinook" had spent its vacation amid the hills and plains of Idaho, Montana and Dakota, making all nature lovely—rolling up earth's winding sheet and spreading a beautiful emerald robe, veneered with silver threads, in its place. Homeward bound it turned northward along the valley of the Red River of the North, where

"Out and in its course is winding,
The links of it's long red chain
Through the dusky depths of pine-land,
And gusty leagues of plain."

Halting for a breathing spell at the "Heart

of the Dominion, it sped westward along the beautiful Assiniboine, "with a rollicking, madcap, galloping chase," and old Boreas, who had held undisputed sway since last November over the fertile "Portage plains," quietly and sulkily slunk away northward.

"And not a moment stopped or stayed he," till behind the Riding Mountains and around the tangled woods to the north of Lake Manitoba he halted and "nursed his wrath to keep it warm," and awaited an opportunity for revenge.

The dirt-laden snow had all disappeared filling the sloughs and streams to overflowing with a discolored fluid. For many days the industrious farmers had been seeding. Here and there a venturesome gopher, a harmless creature, with his beautiful striped coat, would be seen standing erect viewing the passer-by, and scamping merrily off to his burrow at his too near approach. Along the road and across the newly harrowed fields an occasional eddy of wind would whirl up dust, leaves and dried grass, increasing in speed and size till, like a huge hour glass, it would break and dissolve on the distant horizon in a dense dust cloud. Anon a mirage so common here would convert the whole plain into a beautiful lake or suspend it inverted in the sky. But hark!

"Is it the clang of the wild geese,
Or is it the Indian's yell
That gives to the voice of the chinook wind,
The sound of the far off bell,"

Yes, all day, and all night, the air is vocal with the musical "clang of the wild geese," mingled with the sharp rapid swish-swash of the Mallard's army. Northward to the marshy stretches, and adjacent wheat fields south of Lake Manitoba they were speeding, there to rest and feed, and await till winter had crept still further northward.

How I longed to hie away to those northern wheatfields and

"Send high in air the death hail
Where the wild goose wings his flight."

Out on the plains right in the midst of the best feeding grounds lived a particular friend of mine, friend H. with his "new-made bride," a very particular friend of the partner of my joys and sorrows.

So on the morning of March 31st, a soft balmy air blowing from the south, meekly and innocently approaching the queen of my heart and home, I suggested that as the long winter was over, would not she and the children like a drive around town? Why yes, she would be delighted. "And say! could you not drive us out to friend H's and we could stay all night? We could just as well as not!" After slightly demurring, so as not to show that to be the very thing I was planning, I consented.

So procuring the use of a friend's pony and buggy, I surreptitiously secreted under the foot rugs and horse blanket my trusty "No. 12," and a bag of carefully prepared ammunition. Away we sped right merrily. The afternoon was waning as we neared the end of a sixteen-mile journey in time to locate the feeding grounds and see the lake ward flight of large numbers of grey geese and clouds of ducks.

Friend H. was busy seeding and we quickly made arrangements that before daylight, while the teams were feeding, we would set the decoys, fix our blinds, and make our bag before breakfast. In the meantime to try the guns and cartridges and to "get our hand in," we took a short run before dark and bagged a pair of magnificent mallards that rose from some stubble before us, others, where the chances were just as good getting away apparently unhurt.

The evening passed pleasantly in conversation and song. Our host and his beautiful young wife making our visit delightful indeed. At length seeking repose we dream all night long of the "honk, honk" of Anser Canadensis and the merrier "whink, whink" of Anser Polais, and the still more delightful "thud" which tells of an effective shot. Precisely at 4.30 the little alarm clock, which was muffled under my pillow, gave its warning whi-r-r-r. Quickly and quietly dressing, I descended lamp in hand, and tapped gently at H's door, but he was already dressing and eager for the coming sport.

Opening the door, we are greeted by a huge snowdrift. Old Boreas had taken revenge at last and was blowing a young blizzard, but the temperature being high the falling snow was now soft and clinging.

Fully eight inches had fallen, and earlier in the night it had been colder and the snow had then formed huge drifts.

H. with the consistency of a keen sport, said, "Well, it is too stormy to work—not fit for man or beast to be out, so we will just hitch up Bob (his best horse) to the old buggy, and go and have a hunt any way. Dear knows where we will find the game, the storm will terribly demoralize them, but we may get a good shot or two after all," I heartily agreed of course.

Daylight was just showing in the East when with Bob well blanketed and ourselves well wrapped, having taken a cold lunch, and leaving our spouses in the land of dreams, we made our way through the drifted lane and eastward along the section line towards a stretch of low lands which might have offered some open water for our feathered friends.

The wind which had lulled before daylight, now settled down to a steady blow from the northwest. Snow began to fall heavily and swirl in blinding clouds before the wind.

Occasionally we could hear the wild discordant cries of the geese, and anon duck our heads from the rapid passing of a flock of mallards driven with the wind. But as the light increased we began to take toll, digging the fallen birds out of the soft snow.

Following the line of flight, we at length came to the "camping ground," a small surface pond or lake, half a mile or so in extent, which from the discordant cries and the occasional glimpses we got between the drifting clouds, we concluded to be literally "covered with game." Posting ourselves in the neighborhood, in good cover, we soon bagged some fine ducks, which neared us in their circling flight, and by judiciously imitating the cry of the goose, some lone disconsolate wanderer separated from his mates, would circle too close for his own good, but greatly to our delight and to the increase of our pile. Thus a goodly number of ducks and a few fine geese fell to our lot. All of a sudden the whole population of the lake, with unearthly cries, arose and flew over our heads towards Lake Manitoba. Bang, bang we go as fast as we can load and fire

till our guns are hot, the air is clear and not a bird falls. So much for promiscuously firing at the mass without picking your bird. Satisfied that there must be one or more wounded geese who would give out at the first halting place, we followed them, and after a couple of miles facing the storm we came upon a few small flocks, which when they take wing, leave a wounded comrade, which we secured after a blood warming chase.

To our left we could hear the deep booming "honk" of some large Canadians, but they could not be seen. Making a circuit we espied them in the water in a shallow slough, so we resolved to "stalk" them with no more cover than the snowy banks. We had about 100 yards to creep on hands and knees, and about 25 to crawl flat on the ground in the snowy weeds. This only brought us within about 90 or 100 yards when they took flight and rose but four barrels spoke out, B. B. chilled shot had the effect of dropping one fine fellow in the middle of the pond where some deep grass held him anchored that he could not drift shoreward. Casting lots who should play do, it fell to H. who stripped and waded in waist deep in the icy waters and secured him. And well was he worth it for he tipped the scale at sixteen pounds.

Making homeward in a westward direction we found, about six miles from home, the ducks making lakeward in the teeth of the storm, creeping along the ground in broken flocks taking a north-east course, to which direction the wind had now turned. Securing Bob in the shelter of a deserted shanty whose floor had been removed, and in the cellar of which he refused to stand, we each secured a bundle of old straw and placed ourselves about a 100 yards apart in the line of flight, using the straw covered with snow for a partial blind. Lying down flat on the north side of the little ridge thus formed. Here in a short while we secured some half a dozen each before the flight ended.

Moving homeward about two miles, we found a field of old oat stooks in which a number of birds were feeding. Tying Bob to the road fence, H. who was

getting very cold, circled round to drive them while I crept up a depression to the edge of the grain patch, where I took cover and waited. As H. approached the game, a fine mallard drake flashed before him from behind a stook, and he "downed" it, at which, of course, every bird took wing in all directions, a fine flock of geese passed over my cover from which I was only able to drop one. While securing this from the top of the bank where it fell, I spied what appeared through the drifting storm, a flock of geese, sitting on the snow about four hundred yards from me on the bank of the same depression in which I then was. Awaiting H's arrival, I showed them to him, "Yes they are large grey geese, some with their heads under their wings fast asleep." A point of bank projected about 50 yards this side of them. Now if we could keep behind that, we could get a good shot and get two each, all right! So we proceeded to "stalk." Keeping in a stooping position, we had not proceeded far till we found we must lower our bodies or be seen. So unloading our guns and plugging our muzzles with grass we crept through the slushy snow and snowy grass, often using our heads for snow plows in order to escape detection. It is hard to judge distances in a storm, which we had learned many times already that same day, and when we reached the point and took a sly peep through the increasing storm, we judged it to be fully 100 yards yet, to where we could dimly see some half dozen forms quietly sitting. So according to a preconceived plan we would rise together, rush as far as possible before they arose, then fire. We cleared our guns of snow, reloaded, and waiting for an extra blinding whirl, we rose and rushed forward. As we ran nothing could be seen thirty yards away, so forward we plunged until about thirty yards forward we found ourselves waist deep in a bank of snow. At that instant the air cleared and we sighted our game, four barrels belched forth their contents of B. B. chilled. Suffice it to say we gathered no game, the seats and wheel tops of a mowing machine and a horse rake almost covered with snow, well spattered with shotmarks,

attested the correctness of our hurried aim.

Thoroughly drenched and disgusted, we donned our fur coats, carefully tucked in the wet blankets, and with the buggy well filled with the choicest birds, we slowly wended our way home through over a foot of snow, where a warm dinner and a warmer welcome made us happy once more. Next day we were none the worse for our "First of April" outing.

PATIENCE PAYS.

If you want a good appetite, don't worry. If you want a healthy body, don't worry. If you want things to go right in your homes or business, don't worry. Nervousness is the bane of the race. It is not confined to the women by any means, but extends to the men as well. What good does fretting do? It only increases with indulgence, like anger, or appetite, or love, or any other human impulse. It deranges one's temper, excites unpleasant feelings towards everybody, and confuses the mind. It affects the whole person, unfits one for the proper completion of the work whose trifling interruption or disturbance started the fretful fit. Suppose these things go wrong to-day, the to-morrows are coming in which to try again, and the thing is not worth clouding your own spirit and those around you, injuring yourself and them physically for such a trifle. Strive to cultivate a spirit of patience, both for your own good and the good of those about you. You will never regret the step, for it will not only add to your own happiness, but the example of your conduct will affect those with whom you associate, and in whom you are interested. Suppose somebody makes a mistake, suppose you are crossed, or a trifling accident occurs; to fly into a fretful mood will not mend matters, but help to hinder the attainment of what you wish. Then, when a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regrets over it, and no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense, and contentment is the only true happiness of life. A pleasant disposition and good work will make the whole surroundings ring with cheerfulness.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

OUR CHECKER DEPARTMENT.

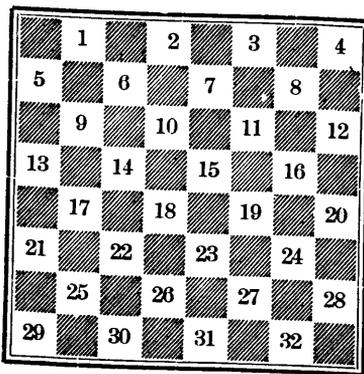
CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY

[All Communications for this Department should be addressed to Ed. Kelly, 454 Main Street, Winnipeg.]

Games and positions from any grades of players are respectfully solicited for this department. If the checker players will interest themselves by forwarding a few original games and positions for publication we will be able to make this department better than any other published in Canada.

Reference Board for Beginners,

BLACK



WHITE

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.

SOLUTION TO POSITION.

Black on 1, 5, 11, 14, 18, 20 King 30.

White on 13, 21, 24, 27, 28, 32, King 7.

Black to play and win as follows :

30-26	32-23	12-16	19-16	
7-16	26-12	9-5	14-18	7-11
18-23	A-23-24	16-11	21-17	17-14
27-9	5-14	24-19	18-23	23-27
20-27	13-9	11-7	16-12	B wins.

A

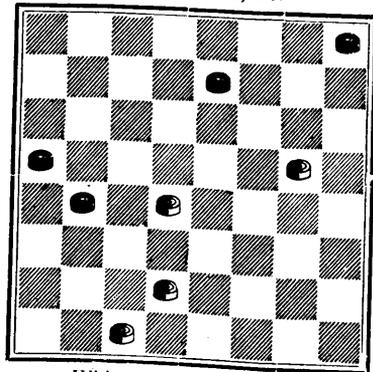
9-6	28-24	17-10	6-12
1-10	16-11	11-15	24-19
21-17	24-19	10-6	2-6
12-16	10-14	15-24	19-15

B. wins

PROBLEM No. 8.

An end game from the second double corner, played between E. Kelly and Harry Norman.

Black on 4, 7, 13, 17.



White on 16, 18, 26, 30.

Black to play and white to win.

GAME No. 18. Irregular.

Played in a recent match between E. Kelly and Mr. Muirhead.

KELLY'S MOVE.

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

GAME No. 19. Centre.

By the late Mr John Swan, Leslie.

11-15	24-8	16-20	23-19	3-8	14-10
23-19	4-11	30-23	10-17	16-7	12-16
8-11	17-14	9-13(1)	23-14	2-11	21-14
22-17	11-15	32-28	1-6	23-18	11-15
15-18	28-24	+6-10	26-23	8-12	
19-15	12-16	24-19	7-11	27-23	
10-19	26-23	15-24	19-16	6-9	Drawn.

(1).

21-14	22-6	23-18	19-16	12-8
(a) 2-6	1-17	7-10	3-8	11-15
26-22	25-21	21-17	16-12	18-11
6-10	17-22	5-9	8-11	9-14

Drawn.

(a) The following also appears to be a draw:—

20-24	31-24	6-10	25-21	6-10
27-20	1-6	29-25	2-6	
18-27	25-22	10-17	21-14	Drawn.

CHECKER NEWS.

A match of twelve games for the championship of Manitoba and a medal, has just been concluded between E. Kelly, champion of Canada, and Mr. Muirhead late of Carleton Place, Ontario, with the following result: Kelly 9; Muirhead 2; Drawn 1.

LITERARY NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Eclectic Magazine* for March is duly to hand and contains as usual the cream of foreign literature. Consisting as it does of the best articles by the world's most famous writers, it cannot but please the most fastidious. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York city. Subscription \$5.00 per year or sent on trial 3 months for \$1.00.

OF the many magazines which stand in the front rank, perhaps none have forged ahead as rapidly as the *Cosmopolitan*. This excellent magazine is a regular library of literature and is illustrated in the highest style of the engraver's art. The number for this month is extremely interesting. The publishers deserve the highest praise for their efforts in supplying such a magazine for the low price of \$3.00 per year. If our readers would like to subscribe, we will give them the MANITOBAN and the COSMOPOLITAN both for one year for \$3.10. This is a great offer, do not miss it.

THE GREAT DIVIDE comes to us for March full of interesting articles fully illustrated. This paper is one of the best monthlies published and at the low price of subscription, should be in every home. To those who wish to read of the wild and woolly west its former struggles and conflicts, as told by the cowboys and miners, we would say, send for a sample copy. Published by the GREAT DIVIDE PUBLISHING CO., Denver, Col.—subscriptions \$1.00 per year including 16 gem stones suitable for mounting or given with the MANITOBAN for \$1.75.

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS, that prince of weekly papers, comes to us each week full of fun and humor. It is a paper for young and old, and delights every one who reads it. Send \$1.50 and secure it and the MANITOBAN for one year. Price of paper alone \$1.00 per year.

OF the many magazines published, perhaps none appeal so strongly to the taste of Western people as the LITERARY NORTHWEST published at St Paul by the D. D. Merrill Co. The March number which is to hand, presents a varied table of contents, and is fully illustrated. Of the many interesting articles, the following are the most interesting: "The secrets of the Magic Art;" "The Beginning of Civilization in Minnesota;" "The Travels of a Soul;" "Mount Vernon on the Potomac;" "The Education of the Eye;" "Long,

Long Ago." This in addition to several poems, etc., complete a capital number. The whole is printed on book paper and is the equal of any New York magazine. We advise our readers to obtain this excellent magazine which is published so near home, and see for themselves. Subscription \$2.00 per year, single copies 20c.

THE FAST PRESS published at Toronto, the organ of the Free Trade movement, has made its appearance. It consists of 48 columns of plate and miscellaneous reading matter, with a few editorials thrown in by way of change. It is attractively gotten up, and with more original matter and editorials, would compare favorably with other weeklies. It is published in the interests of free trade as laid down by Dalton McCarthy, and will, no doubt, prove an effective means for that eminent leader to bring about the desired ends.

PUBLISHERS NOTES.

HON. JNO. WANNAMAKER, Philadelphia's Merchant King is responsible for the following—viz.:

"I would as soon think of pulling down my sign and doing without my clerks, as trying to do without advertising."

THE MANITOBAN reaches a large number of people, who are wondering which store to go to. See that your place of business has a space in its columns then.

THE circulation of THE MANITOBAN is twice as great as it was this time last year, and it will double itself this year.

SEND along that renewal and pay up those arrears. We want to go to the World's Fair, and cannot if we have not the "needful."

LOOK at the big offer we are making to new subscribers. Give THE MANITOBAN a trial, and we are satisfied you will continue to take it.

WE have made arrangements with some good writers for highly interesting articles for next months issue. Look out for it and be sure and induce a friend to subscribe.

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A Splendid Opportunity For Investors.

There are now offered at Private Sale the following large properties in the City of Winnipeg.

Whole Parish Lots in Winnipeg, numbered 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, according to the Dominion Government Survey of the Parish of St. John. These Lots each have extensive water frontages, and are exceptionally well situated for manufacturing or subdivision purposes.

Lots 1 to 10, being the whole of Block 10, Subdivision of Lot 35, D. G. S., St John, and situated one Block West of Main St., between Flora and Stella Sts.

The South half (Lots 1 to 5) of Block 21, on Sutherland St., near C. P. Railway Track. Four and a half acres on McPhillips St. near the Exhibition Grounds, having upon it a brick house stabling, and an excellent flowing well.

Sixteen acres in the Outer Part of Lots 37, 38, and 39, D. G. S., St. John, in sight of the Exhibition Grounds. Very suitable for division into villa lots.

Ten 20-acre Plots, improved, bordering upon the City. These are suited for market gardens or for sub-division into villa lots.

That valuable Property, comprising all the Main Street frontage between Notre Dame and Water Sts., next to the Manitoba Hotel. This property, from its extensive frontage on Main, Water and Notre Dame Sts., is particularly desirable as an investment.

Four Lots, between Notre Dame and Water Sts., opposite the Manitoba Hotel Dining Room

Eight Lots, between Notre Dame and Water Sts., opposite the Northern Pacific Passenger Depot.

112½ feet on Notre Dame Street, near the Red River.

112½ feet on Water Street, near the Red River.

One half of the River frontage of Lot 2, St. John, at foot of Notre Dame Street.

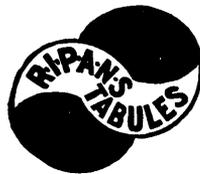
Twelve 20-acre Plots, unimproved, between the Hudson Bay Railway Track and the Main Line of the C. P. R., near the City.

Country Property, improved and unimproved; River Lots and Town Lots in Selkirk. Headingly and Westbourne.

Further information may be obtained by addressing: THE REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE, Corner Main and Water Sts., opposite Manitoba Hotel, Winnipeg, Man.

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