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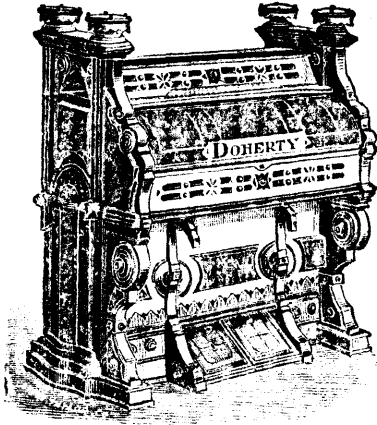
**The**  
**MANITOBA.**  
**A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,**  
**AND**  
**REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.**

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# THE MANITOBAN.

A Monthly Magazine and Review of Current Events.

VOL. II. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, JANUARY, 1893. No. 1.

## Notes and Comments.

WHEN a bushel of wheat is not worth any more money in the same market than a couple of dozen of hen's eggs which has recently been the case in the west, it is time for the farmers to consider whether the supply of wheat should not be checked. To grow all one kind of grain and depend on that alone is to act more foolish than wise. Spring will soon be with us again and we take this opportunity of advising our farmers not to "carry all their eggs in one basket." We often wonder why we do not raise more pork in Manitoba than we do. Why should our merchants have to depend on Chicago markets for pork when we can raise as good if not better at home. With the low price of grain and the high price for pork which has existed the past few years, we see a splendid chance for any enterprising farmer to feed his frosted or inferior grain and thus turn it into pork which always finds a ready market.

\* \* \*

A GREAT deal has been said and written in the public press, in re-

ference to the Manitoba exhibit at the World's Fair. Some have deprecated Premier Greenway's action in making a special Manitoba exhibit by calling it a "side show." While we would have preferred seeing Manitoba's exhibits along with those of the sister provinces, yet we admire the Hon. Mr. Greenway's plan in adopting this way of calling attention to our Northwest. There is no question that such an exhibit will not only add a great deal towards the attractions of the fair, but it will be the means of directing special attention to Manitoba. Of course the other provinces will be jealous, but we can't help that, if they happen to have a young and pretty sister, it is not our fault. We trust all Manitobans will assist our premier in his worthy attempts to have our country represented as it should be.

\* \* \*

WE are pleased to see our city council moving in the matter of the Assiniboine water power, and trust that the efforts which are being put forth this time, will bring forth fruit. With the co-operation of Portage la Prairie and Brandon,

who also recognize in such a scheme the value to the country at large, we can look forward with more certainty to the completion of the work. As far as the navigation of the Assiniboine is concerned, we doubt whether it will ever again be used for that purpose, the water being so low during the summer, that it would be impossible for boats to run. Even if they should with the circuitous route they would have to go as compared with the air line of the C. P. R. or N. P. Railway, we very much question if enough freight could be procured to make sufficient ballast to run them. In these days of rapid transit, unless there is direct communication, such as by canal or other straight water route, boats would not make expenses. To the City of Winnipeg such an undertaking would mean an increase, not only in the population but in the value of property. Factories would rear their chimneys to the sky, busy industries would hum with the voice of thousands of workmen, and our city would grow wealthy and great. Our iron and mica mines to the north would be developed, the coal-oil fields would be drained, coal mines would be robbed of their black diamonds, while farmers would work and engage in almost every kind of labor assisted by electricity, that greatest of all chained giants. With such future prospects which can only be realized as we obtain the power to generate it, we welcome any means which will hasten the enterprise.

\* \* \*

A GREAT many plans have been

discussed and numberless measures have been adopted by the temperance workers for doing away with intemperance, but all to little or no purpose. As this question is one which has considerable interest for our readers, we herewith give the plan adopted in Sweden, whereby the state controls the profits and places the traffic in the hands of a company. Says *Farm and Home*:

"The Swedish plan is to allow no private person to make a profit for himself out of the retail sales of liquor, but to have such profits go straight to the community for public uses, especially for education to teach young and old the evils of the drink habit. Instead of granting licenses to numerous favored individuals, this plan proposes to turn over the entire business to a company that shall give a proper guaranty to retain no profits above 5 per cent. on the actual capital. In the quarter of a century during which the Gothenburg licensing company has operated this plan in the Swedish town which has given it its name, neither director nor shareholder has made a farthing of profit. The gains go directly to the public treasury for the common good, and the individual is deprived of one of the strongest and subtlest motives for increasing the sales."

The scheme thus means a license for one concern only, the number of whose bar rooms shall be suitably refined, and whose purpose is to sell as little, rather than as much, liquor as possible, and that only of pure quality. The bar-rooms should be plain and clean, but with nothing to attract loafers and with stringent

regulations against sales to minors, or on holidays, Sundays, or after a certain hour at night. The profits should be devoted to temperance work and education, and to such charitable or other purposes for the general welfare as are not now supported by taxation. Thus the profits from the liquor evil would be used to reduce that evil to the smallest proportions consistent with human weakness. Restricting the use of the profits to objects of this class, would largely avoid the danger of fostering liquor selling for the profits to the public treasury that might reduce taxes by a like amount.

This plan at once divorces rum from politics. It largely decreases the consumption of liquor. It mitigates the evil to the smallest possible degree, and has it under such control that it can be stamped out entirely when public sentiment is ready for the change. Until that time the profits of this necessary evil are made to serve the community in works of charitable, social and economic value. This profit is enormous, even when every inclination to extend the business is thus taken away. Gothenburg with its 50,000 inhabitants, has in 13 years had at its disposal for such objects nearly \$4,000,000, which would have gone under the regime of private profits to distillers and private venders."

From this we have a practical proof of what the profits are able to do, and as if realizing this, the State of South Carolina has recently enacted, what is termed a novel piece of legislation. It abolishes

the private traffic in liquors, and creates a so-called "dispensary" system to take its place. The traffic is henceforth to be conducted wholly by the public authorities and all the profits, not the amount over five per cent. as in Sweden, are to go to the counties and municipalities. The act to take effect on the 1st July next. If it proves a success, the South Carolina people, will wish they had made it take effect on the 4th of July instead. Should there be as much liquor consumed under the new act as usual, we can expect to hear of taxes being very low there, as the profits would go a long way towards paying them. It will in this manner be a regular income tax as it were, with this difference—self imposed—we watch for results.

\* \* \*

MR. VAN HORNE in a recently expressed opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith cannot be accused of "adding the last straw" so much as of giving the last kick to the learned, fluent, but erratic and dyspeptic Doctor, whose utterances every one reads with pleasure as literary compositions, but with a creeping feeling that the authors liver has gone wrong, dyspepsia rampant, and that much learning has indeed made him mad. Sir John Macdonald in his clever polished way called him and those who thought with him a party by name of Smith; and at a time when he approved of Sir John's course he did more harm than good by his support; and now he has so nearly wrecked the reputation of the Grits, and their leaders, Laurier and Mills, hasten to disavow state-



ments made by him regarding the Liberal party in Canada. Still more recently he has fallen foul of Van Horne on the C. P. R. and Canadian prospects generally, and the following is the Montreal Gazette's report of the great Railway President's summing-up :-

"The New York Times publishes an interview with Mr. Goldwin Smith on Canadian matters, in the course of which he mentions that he was in Washington when the McKinley Bill was going through Congress, and in daily intercourse with those engaged in its discussion. The confession is not surprising, as it is fairly well understood that the clauses of the McKinley Bill which particularly affected Canada did not lose any of their force by the efforts of certain Canadians and so-called Canadians who at the time visited or corresponded with United States public men.

Mr. Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose road just now is coming in for considerable hostile attention on the part of the same statesmen who made things uncomfortable for Canada by the McKinley Bill, naturally watches the trend of discussion of public affairs over the way. Yesterday he thus delivered himself in reply to a question as to what he thought of the Professor's interview :-

Oh, poor Goldwin Smith ? Yes, I have seen what he says in the New York Times. There isn't much in it that's new. I am quite prepared to believe that he was in Washington, as he says, when the McKinley Bill was going through Congress. It was stated at the time that

several prominent persons from Canada were there to give information as to how the Canadian people could best be touched by the provisions of the act.

To Mr. Smith's prodigious intellect the public doubtless appears as an infant class ; otherwise he would hardly say that the McKinley Bill was not in any way shaped with a view to harassing or coercing Canada. Everybody who reads the newspapers knows better and the bill speaks for itself. Hit the farmers, and the farmers' wives, said the prominent persons from Canada, tax their butter and eggs and potatoes, and they will fall on their knees.

But the kind of men who go abroad with such suggestions against their neighbours—the kind the world knows as sneaks—are quite incapable of understanding that real men and women resent anything like coercion, even if resenting it costs them something. I am surprised that those among the law-makers at Washington who were actuated by a desire for political union did not see that if the people of Canada were worth having—if they were fit to become citizens of the United States, they would have too much spirit to be won in such a way.

The recollection of an interview with Mr. Smith, published in a New York journal a year or so ago, suggests that he may be able to give some information about a paragraph in a letter I received last month, written from Washington by an American gentleman of high standing, in which he says, with reference

to a report that a certain action hostile to the Canadian Pacific Railway was contemplated:—I learn the further astounding fact that the President has been urged to do this not only by certain Americans but by certain prominent persons in Canada.

Does this not remind you of the butter and eggs? Hit the Canadian Pacific Railway, say our sneaks, and you hit Canada. But so long as the people of Canada continue to travel by the Canadian Pacific it doesn't matter much whether the advice of the sneaks is followed or not.

Because Mr. Smith is able to use the language of prophecy, he mistakes himself for a prophet. The success of the Canadian Pacific company has had much to do with proving him to be an imitation prophet; in shewing that his cloak is made of nothing but common writing paper, and he will never forgive the company for being successful.

It would not be worth while to pay any attention to him, were it not that some people in the United States think he amounts to something in Canada and that he has some influence here. His gilding is worn off, and most people here have come to see his true colour. There may be a certain rhythm in the jingle of his fool's bells, but it is only sound after all and can't do much harm. Laughed out of England, and frozen out of the United States, he found refuge in Canada, where he took up a position on her hearthstone, and has ever since been spitting and hissing at all who approach with fuel for her fire.

Some day some man will step on him.

Then Mr. Van Horne subsided."

A Picture in Grip showing the burly President sitting in the prone figure of Goldwin will now be in Order.

\* \* \*

TIME has not and will not dim but brighten the lustre of Sir John A. Macdonald's great services to Canada and the Empire, and we are constantly meeting, from the most unexpected source, tributes to his statesmanship, patriotism and great abilities. We subjoin one such from a hard-headed English manufacturers' journal, wherein sentiment is seldom found, and even distinguished men rarely praised:—

"The recent erection of a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral to the greatest of our Colonial Prime Ministers, Sir John Macdonald, brings forcibly to our notice the importance of Canada, and her probable bearing on the commercial future of the world. We cannot refrain from a passing allusion to the happy inspiration which chose St. Paul's for such a purpose. It is pre-eminently the cathedral of commercial men, and so long as this country depends mainly on her own splendid possessions for the maintenance of her commercial supremacy, it is good that she should remember the great men who are building up her empire, and enshrine them in the memories of those who stay at home and enjoy the fruits of their labours.

For many reasons Canada may be regarded as the fairest jewel in the crown, and it is probable that she

will some day be regarded as the *geographical centre of the world*. It is well-known that the seat of empire is ever moving westward, just as by some strange coincidence our great cities almost invariably extend their building operations to the west; and it cannot be supposed that Great Britain will always remain the financial and commercial centre. She will console herself by knowing that she hands over the reins of empire to one or other of her children, and not to an alien; for even if the United States should succeed her, the Anglo-Saxon race will still predominate.

Without venturing to predict that Canada will eventually take the lead instead of the United States, there is no doubt that her geographical position is superior, and that her importance as a link between the old world and the new is unrivalled. Already there can be no question that for Europeans the best route across the Continent of America is by the Canadian Pacific Railway, instead of through the States, but before long it is probable that a considerable improvement will be made by the extension of railway communication to the furthest point of the coast of Labrador, thus diminishing very considerably the time of transit, and also curtailing the sea voyage. It will probably not be very long before the journey from Liverpool to Quebec will be accomplished in five days.

The great advantages of climate which Canada possesses, in spite of extreme cold, is another item to be considered in gauging the probabil-

ities of the future, her latitude being the same as that of Great Britain; while the enormous dimensions of the United States, and the likelihood of all kinds of conflicting interests springing up, make it difficult to believe that she will always retain the unity of which she is so proud. One more point, too, is worthy of thought, and that is the greater skill that Canada has shown in the pacification of the Indians. In the States these native tribes have either remained hostile, or else they have been obliterated. In Canada, on the contrary, they have developed into civilized members of the community. Of course, we cannot pretend that in the future the position of the Indians will affect the commercial question one way or the other, but the success with which Canada has conciliated them shows her to have a capacity for government which, we venture to think, is not equally possessed by the States. No doubt this is the result of her retaining her connection with the Mother Country, and consequently all our constitutional traditions of gradual development, instead of rushing into an unknown sea of political experiments, like her more powerful neighbour. And we believe no statesman could have done more to cherish the old traditions than Sir John Macdonald.

To Canada, as a field of enterprise, we specially call the attention of our readers. Here, at least, we have an advantage over our Yankee competitors, by being able to produce more cheaply, and we ought to lose no opportunity of pushing British goods in the Canadian market."

## A Trip up North.

By J. J. Lambert, Illinois.

WHEN a boy in "merry England" I often asked where Santa Claus' home was and I was invariably told "Away up North," and I was shown his picture in which the round-faced old saint was represented as being well wrapped in furs and was told he was dressed that way the whole year round.

Now "up north" suggests to every boy and girl a land of ice and snow and frozen noses and ears, but north and south are only relative terms after all. When I was in southwestern Georgia, a short distance from the Florida line, the southern people, especially the colored people, asked me a great many questions about "the north." "Do the cows have feathers on them in winter?" "Do the apples grow underground like peanuts?" "Do Yankees build their houses on wheels that when winter comes the houses can be shoved up close together, and tunnels dug under the snow from one house to the other?" That was during the war, twenty-eight years ago, and the minister of the African M. E. church of Jacksonville told me a few days ago that when he talked of going to Illinois several years after the war closed, his neighbors told him he would freeze to death, for it was a common thing to see an Illinois Yankee running around with one arm, the other having been frozen off. You will say we are wiser than that now but let me tell you confidentially that one of the school teachers of Jacksonville told my daughter last August, that people's ears dropped off in Manitoba on account of the intense cold; and what are your ideas of Canada, anyway? I'll warrant they're just about as odd as the southern idea of "the north" is.

But I am going to forget about

Santa Claus and his home. He lives "up north." I had lived at Montreal and Santa lived further north than that. So it is plain if I visited the jolly old saint at his home I must go further north too. To make a long story short as the story books say, I was advised by an old visitor of mine, Mr. Malaria, on last October, to visit the north land. I had heard of Manitoba (now don't pronounce it Manitobaw for that isn't the correct way) and as some of the boys of the men who were boys when I was a boy, had gone there ten years ago, so I went to Manitoba first. In order to get there I went right up the Mississippi river not on a steamboat but on a C. B. & Q. train to Minneapolis. Do you know what state that is in? There I took a seat in a car of the Great Northwestern, railroad which took me through Minnesota and North Dakota to Winnipeg. Do you know where that is? It is nearly five hundred miles north of Minneapolis. No wonder people's ears drop off with the cold, you say. Yet I saw no earless people. The sun was shining brightly; the air had a peculiar exhilarating effect, and you feel like moving, walking, going somewhere. In obedience to the impulse I walked up Main street, "up" in Winnipeg is south; for the Red River runs north to Hudson's Bay. The street follows a bend of the river and has therefore a crook in it, but the crook does not mar it very much. I walked nearly two miles up the street, past old Fort Garry, across the bridge over the Assiniboine river, and the street on either side, and several parallel streets were lined with fine brick and stone blocks, three to five stories high. Electric and horse cars traverse the city in every direction, and the streets and also the public and private buildings are illuminated by electricity. But I must not detain you in Winnipeg further than to know that it contains over

35,000 people and that an immense amount of business is transacted there. Steam boats ply the rivers; a number of railroads centre from all directions, manufactories and shops employ thousands of workmen. Yet on the Christian Sabbath all the busy hum of machinery, the rumble of street cars, the rush of the steam boats is hushed. Not a shop, store, place of business or amusement is open.

Take a look at the vegetables, at the grocery store fronts. You never saw anything like them in Bunker Hill. Beauty of Hebron potatoes so large that you can't put five of them into a peck measure; ruta бага turnips that two of them won't go into a half bushel measure; cauliflowers weighing ten pounds.

But our time is up and we take our seats in the car and start for the West over the Canadian Pacific Railway. What a railway that is to be sure, reaching from Halifax on the Atlantic ocean to Vancouver on the Pacific, 3750 miles, there connecting with a line of swift steamers for China, Japan and Australia.

Away we go for the West. What do you expect to see? A barren waste? Then you will be disappointed. See the stubble fields miles and miles in extent. Stacks of grain, hundreds of them, as far as you can see. Snug farm houses, big barns, teams plowing, steam engines threshing out the golden grain.

With a shriek of the whistle and a clang of the bell we run into a little town, clean and neat, because new, none of them over two years old you know. What immense elevators they build. So we pass Portage la Prairie and other towns of 200 to 1,000 inhabitants and stop at Brandon, a town of 4,000 people, at the unusual hour of 20.05, which means five minutes past eight at night.

We are now fairly started across the great Canadian plains, and before twenty-four o'clock we will be

past the boundary of Manitoba and rushing across the prairies of the territory of Assiniboia. It's night of course, and all we can see as we enter and depart from the towns are the glittering electric lights that vie in brilliancy with the bright stars that sparkle like diamonds in that bright northern sky. So we pass Virden, Moosomin, Broadview, Qu'Appelle and other places, and at 5.23 we pull up at Regina, the capital of the northwest territories. Here we found fine buildings, both public and private. Some of the buildings were built by the government and are very fine. There, is the headquarters of the mounted police, a body of men very closely resembling cavalry. Detachments of these men are found in all the towns of importance in the northwest, their main duty being to keep a sharp eye on the Indians, of whom there are many, and arrest criminals, of whom there are few.

I had a delightful visit in Regina as I stayed there a day and a night, and "took in" the sights of the town. If you boys and girls of Bunker Hill ever go up to that country and expect to find a wilderness you will be pleasantly disappointed. If you expect to find a half-starved, ignorant lot of people you will be very much disappointed. The people are well fed, well dressed, intelligent, educated, moral. They have good schools, good churches, good newspapers, good roads, good bridges. True the country is not as thickly settled as Macoupin county and the towns are futher apart, but new farms are being opened up, new buildings erected, new railroads built, and a few months is sufficient to entirely change the appearance of a locality. There we go again, westward ho! Fifty miles or so and we stop for a cup of coffee at the pretty little town of Moose Jaw. There I saw as pretty a flower garden as one would wish to see, a perfect rainbow.

Night came on apace and but little could be seen, so I laid down and slept, dreaming of Jacksonville, that somehow some Winnipeg buildings had strayed into. At day break I awoke and watched the sun part his curtains of crimson and gold and smile brightly on the earth. An abrupt curve in the road in order to get around a lake brought into full view the snowy crests of the Rocky mountains. How near they look. Yet they were fully sixty miles away. In a few minutes our train spun over a bridge, past a free-stone quarry and into the town of Calgary in the territory of Alberta. From here we go by another R.R. the Calgary and Edmonton to Edmonton on the Saskatchewan river, two hundred miles farther north.

Now in answer to your supposed questions let me say that the country I traversed is just north of North Dakota and Montana. The province of Manitoba and the territory of Assiniboia are mostly prairie. Very similar to Dakota, though it is said more timber grows there. The Dakota blizzard is unknown. Yes, it is a cold country, but the air is so pure and dry that cold is not felt like it is in our damp climate.

Wheat and oats grow luxuriantly and ripen in perfection, and all vegetables attain a size that is little short of marvelous. Just think of digging 550 bushels of marketable potatoes from a single acre of land.

Then Alberta raises large herds of cattle, horses and sheep, which are never fed or sheltered all year round. The western part of Alberta is formed of the Rocky mountains and Foot hills which are densely wooded with pine, spruce, poplar, cedar, cotton-wood, and other timber and contains mines of the finest anthracite and bituminous coal in the world. In addition there is found copper, lead, goldsand, silver and petrolum. The rivers Elbow, Bow, Red Deer and Saskatchewan rise in the Rocky mountains and

the water is beautifully clear and cold; the smaller streams that rise in the Foot-hills, also contain water as pure as running water can be, which with numbers of lakes, little and big, are well stocked with fish. Coal crops out of the river banks and can be had for digging and hauling. Fine farming land can be bought of the railroad company for three dollars an acre, or the government will give any man, or a woman who is at the head of a family, or any boy over eighteen years of age, 160 acres, on condition that five acres be broken the first year, ten the second year, and build a hospitable house and take up his or her residence the third year in it, living on the place six months in each year for three years, then a deed is given.

The government will not sell any land, nor give more than 160 acres to one person. There are no taxes to pay except a school tax, municipal taxes in the towns and incorporated villages. The public school system is most excellent, great care being exercised in the selection of teachers, and strict attention being paid to the inculcation of good morals.

The government? O, yes, the government is not quite like ours, though you would live there for years and never know the difference. The form of government is essentially the same; the difference is in the administration. Judges, magistrates, constables, sheriffs and officers of that kind, are not elected by the people; like postmasters they are appointed, but unlike postmasters in the United States, they cannot be removed except they neglect their duties. Whatever the party in power may be or whether one party is defeated by another every year or not makes no difference to the postmasters and other offices I have named; if they are faithful in the discharge of their duties they cannot be disturbed; so the "spoils of office" cut no figure in local elections.

Everybody does not vote in that country. It is only those who pay taxes to a certain amount, either as freeholder or renter. Women who own property in their own right, whether married or single, vote on matters affecting the expenditure of money. A restricted suffrage prevents the cities ruling the country through the "bummer vote" and it acts as a stimulant to the acquisition of property. That is what the people up there say. To people who are not politicians there are no differences between this country and that worth noting.

An observing person would notice some difference between the habits and manners of the people there and those of some parts of this country. Apart from the beautiful Sabbath observance that stops business and football and baseball, I heard less profanity in one week there than I hear in a half a day in Jacksonville. The people habitually converse in a low tone of voice that seems quackerish, and they move much more leisurely on the streets, and with far less noise than with us. The people are mostly Canadians and English and Scotch; quiet, orderly, peaceable people they are, the soul of honor and hospitality. They instinctively dislike the speculator and encourage by every means the small farmer and mechanic in the founding of permanent homes. The people are contented, happy prosperous. Malarious, lung, throat and rheumatic affections are unknown. The complexions of the people are as clear as their streams and their smiles are as bright as their skins.

There are Indians there, Sioux and Crees, mostly, but they are as quiet and orderly as the whites. They have good reservations, many of them fine farms. The government has built large industrial schools where the Indian boys and girls are taught not only the common branches of education but carpen-

tering, blacksmithing, harness making and farming, and the girls housekeeping, the care of cows and poultry, sewing and nursing. The boys and girls at these schools are just like other boys and girls, dress the same and play the same and are proud of their scholarship. The girls are in great demand as house maids.

Now I must stop or the editor will think I want to fill up his paper. O, yes! I had forgotten Santa Claus. While up there I asked a little boy at the hotel where Santa Claus lived, and he said, "Up North" so I had to return without a glimpse of the old fellow's home, as I was as far north as a railroad would take me. Jacksonville, Ill.

[ED.—The above is from a marked copy of the *Macoupin County Advance*, published at Bunker Hill, Illinois, containing an account of a trip through our Canadian Northwest, which we publish in full. From it our readers will see that we have not such a bad country after all. To croakers and grumblers who sigh after Uncle Sam's domains and are continually belittling their country and its institutions, we ask them to give it their careful perusal.]

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### To Our Readers.

With this issue, THE MANITOBAN commences another year. May it be a prosperous one. But in order to help us build up the only Northwest Canadian magazine, we ask our friends to aid us by subscribing and getting their friends to subscribe. We also solicit contribution from the early settlers and others who can help us make our magazine readable. It is our desire to record all note-worthy incidents which is connected with the early history of this country and any manuscript bearing on this will be thankfully received. There are surely enough

of intelligent people in our Northwest, to help us in our task, and as the saying goes "you push the button and we'll do the rest." So send along your contribution friends, both in subscriptions and manuscript, and aid us in building up a home magazine, which we trust will in time be a credit to our country. We do not get any grants nor do we ask any bonus, all we ask is the recognition that any paper deserves, whose aim and object is for the advancement of the country. But as it takes money to run a paper, we ask your help kind reader, and assistance.

### *Silver Heights and its Master.*

(For "The Manitoban.")

**F**IVE or six miles to the west of the junction of Main Street and Portage Avenue, in the City of Winnipeg, is situated the well-known property of Sir Donald Smith, known as Silver Heights. The house was built in the old Red River days, and standing as it did on a fine elevation, at a point where the Portage road approached close to the bank of the Assiniboine, it was well known to every traveller.

A few days ago this landmark of the past, was accidentally destroyed by fire, and the history of the dwelling and its distinguished owner are naturally called to mind. Many a prominent visitor has obtained shelter beneath the roof of the old chateau, placed generously by the proprietor at the disposal of those who have come to visit our Manitoba prairies. Each visit of a Governor-general, found the hospitable door wide open, even when the owner was thousands of miles away. A private spur line of railway has in later years connected Silver Heights with the city, to be used when the proprietor or his guests required to avoid the muddy depths of the St. James road.

Years ago the writer remembers Sir Donald saying: "The soil of the prairies renders good roads impossible, the railway must be our resource." Here was an example:

In 1871, the writer well remembers meeting Sir Donald Smith, then as Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, having his residence in the west wing of the large dwelling within the walls of Fort Garry. The building stood south of the gate, which yet remains of Fort Garry, and nestled in the trees, still to be seen. In the larger part of the dwelling, lived Governor Archibald, the first and perhaps most genial governor, Manitoba has had. Like "two kings of Brentford on one throne," as Cooper puts it, did the Canadian representative and the Hudson's Bay Company dignitary dwell beneath one roof. In those old days the Company's officer seemed rather the greater potentate of the two.

Sir Donald, then plain "Donald A.," had come to Red River settlement for the first time in 1870. The disturbed condition of the country, and the fracas caused by Louis Riel, had led to his appointment as Canadian Commissioner. Donald Smith, connected with several of the old Nor'wester families, whose names had become famous in the fur trade, had spent much of his life in the wilds of Labrador. It was a marvel to see a man so inexperienced, sent to settle a rebellion, whose roots covered the land from Red River to the Rocky Mountains. The choice, however, proved an excellent one, Donald Smith commanded the instant respect of the people of Red River. Eye witnesses have told the writer of the scene on the memorable 19th of January, 1870, when for five long hours he stood before the mass meeting of the people of Red River, in the open air, with the thermometer at 20 degrees below zero. On that day, Donald made his debut in Red



River settlement. How well fitted he was to mediate, may be gathered from the following extract of his speech: "Though personally unknown to you, I am as much interested in the welfare of this country as others. On both sides I have a number of relations in this land, (cheers)—not merely Scotch cousins, but blood relations. Besides that, my wife and her children, are natives of Rupert's Land." Sir Donald was always a man of peace.

It was not surprising, after the experiences of the rebellion, that Donald A. Smith should have been elected as the member for Winnipeg, in the first Local House of Manitoba, and should afterwards have been sent as M.P. to Ottawa, from the metropolitan constituency of Manitoba. His affable manners, his generous hospitality, and his thorough identification with the interests of Manitoba, led the Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company to be a most useful mediator, in reconciling the "old" and the "new," as they struggled for pre-eminence in the early days of Manitoba. Such a man is fitted, both by nature and circumstance, to be of service to his fellow men.

For years, Sir Donald was accustomed to spend a portion of his time at Silver Heights, and many an old resident of Winnipeg can bear testimony to his kindness and genial hospitality. The writer recalls one night especially spent at Silver Heights. The other guests were gone, and until the wee sma' hours the conversation ran upon old scenes and old days. Then Sir Donald seemed at his best, and the fur trading times were talked over till the warning clock sent us off to bed to dream of bears and buffaloes, of wild Indians and daring hunters, of Arctic travellers, and Hudson's Bay Company traders.

The memory of those picturesque times is fading away. Oh, for the

pen of a Washington Irving, to picture the scenes of a history of more than two hundred years to depict a romance almost unequalled! To Sir Donald Smith, the old time stories were specially grateful, and the old house, now gone up in smoke, cuts another link, binding us to the past.

For several years past a herd of Highland cattle have been kept, to wander about the precincts of Silver Heights, and these have lent an air of wild romance to the neighborhood. This effect was heightened by the presence of some of the buffalo crones, taken from the Stony Mountain herd. The memory of the traders of the plains, was brought back again by the descendants of the monarchs of the prairie.

With melancholy thoughts, the writer a few days after the burning of Silver Heights building, drove out to see the ruin. The destruction has been complete. On the left the beautiful garden from which it was the pride of the gardener, to bring by the aid of glass and other devices, the strawberries and products of a warmer clime lay undisturbed, but the building both the original part as we knew at first, and the later addition had all been swept away.

As we looked on the scene, we thought of the other residence still standing a short distance toward the city, the home of the well-known Half-Breed leader, James McKay. James McKay, a swift runner, a daring leader, a trusted political guide, and man of dominant influence among the Half-Breeds twenty years ago, has passed away, and his house gone into the hands of strangers. What havoc death and disaster make on earthly things!

As we gazed on Silver Heights, the thought came of other ruins. Some of those more intimate with Quebec City and its environs, may have looked upon the ruins beyond Charlesbourg of the Chateau Bigot,

the reminder of scenes so graphically depicted in Kisby's story "Le Chien D'Or." But what a black past they recall! For other is the history brought up by the sight of the blackened ruins of Silver Heights. The olden days of the Company, or the later times when it has so often stood as the home of vice royalty, have much that is beautiful to recall to us. No saddening or disgraceful episode, darkens the picture of memory, as we bring back the Silver Heights of the past.

That the master of Silver Heights has become one of Canada's magnates in the last decade, is a source of gladness to many an old friend. The small fortune gathered on the bleak shores of Labrador, served as a starting point for rude investments in the west. No doubt the acquisition from the Dutch bondholders of the railway, down the Minnesota side of the Red River Valley, at a low rate, was the source of enormous profit to Sir Donald Smith and his colleagues. But it will be chiefly as one of the builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that the master of Silver Heights, and the aforesaid Labrador trader will leave his mark in Canadian history.

It is perhaps the most pleasing feature of Sir Donald's great success, that he bears his blushing honors with meekness. Though now Chancellor of McGill University, and one of Canada's millionaires, he still remembers his old friends, and is most pleased in having a tete-a-tete over olden times and old scenes. He has a kindly feeling for Red River and its people, and no one will more miss, for its old associations and pleasant memories, his residence so unexpectedly destroyed, than will the master of Silver Heights himself, though Montreal rather than Winnipeg may be looked on as his home.

GEORGE BRYCE.

## The Sunday Side

The world has many a joy to give,  
 Many a token of balm and bliss,  
 Of refuge and rest for the troubled breast  
 We blindly miss.  
 And in darkness and dullness we grope along,  
 Lamenting ever the light denied,  
 That would soon shine in did we once begin  
 To walk through life on the Sunday side.

The week-day trouble and week-day toil,  
 Like a dark miasma obscure the way,  
 And the gods we love, as we daily prove,  
 Are gods of clay.

But better things we may hope to reach,  
 If we follow the steps of a better guide,  
 For the life is vain that does not contain  
 A little bit of the Sunday side.

The houses we build may far excel  
 The costly palaces of the East,  
 And jewels most rare and blossoms fair  
 May grace the feast,  
 But it is not home in the sweetest sense,  
 If the doors and windows so long and wide,  
 And the hearts that within their fancies spin,  
 Open not out on the Sunday side.

For 'tis all a folly and all a waste  
 To spend our lives, as it were, for naught,  
 The good to shun, and to have not one  
 Uplifting thought.  
 And where'er in the world 'tis our lot to dwell,  
 In rustic cottage, or halls of pride,  
 There's a chance, I'm sure, for us all to  
 secure  
 A little bit of the Sunday side.

*Josephine Pollard in the January Ladies' Home Journal.*

## He Wanted Information.

Visitor at the World's Fair, 1893, entering the Manitoba building and addressing one of the attendants, "I say, can you tell me where Canada is! Is it in Manitoba?"

Polite attendant—"Certainly sir, step right in and see the products. Take a few of these pamphlets with you on immigration and crop reports and you will be posted. Its a great country sir, a great country."



HOMESTEAD NEAR RAPID CITY.

## The Church of England and the Temperance Question.

THOSE who deeply deplore the unfortunate utterances of the bishop on the temperance question, hoped that their evil effect might have been minimized by allowing them to be forgotten. This however, is apparently not to be the case, for a Headingly ex-captain of R. A., who professes "to voice the sentiments of nine out of every ten educated Englishmen out here," calls attention to them in a commendatory letter, published in the *Free Press* of the 20th inst, which calls, I think, for some comment while the subject is yet fresh in the minds of our readers.

Mr. Mulock's motion and speech, in the Synod, as given in the *Free Press* report are as follows:

"Mr. Mulock then moved, seconded by Canon Pentreath, the motion postponed from last year, that this Synod deplores the evils of intemperance, and believes that in the interests of Christianity, and the common welfare, every effort should be made to bring about the total suppression of the liquor traffic. Mr. Mulock first spoke of the resolution as affecting the education of the young. He did not know of any other evangelical body in the Dominion that had not passed a resolution on this subject. He spoke of the sweeping vote of three to one at the recent elections, in favour of prohibition, and the influence of this vote in the East. Another point was the desire of the Indians as expressed in missionary conference for the removal of the temptations of the liquor traffic."

The Rev. J. Garton, who must be a very recent arrival, or he would have known that the question had been brought before the people of the Province in a most practical way and their decision by a vote of three to one recorded, offered an amendment to the following effect:

"Mr. Garton then moved that the last clause be struck out and the following substituted: 'That every effort should be made to bring before our people the temperance question, and urge upon them its importance.'"

And Canon Pentreath, in supporting Mr. Mulock's motion, is reported as follows: "Canon Pentreath supported Mr. Mulock's motion. He referred to the recent plebiscite, which showed that out of 19,000 electors who voted, 14,000 wanted prohibition. The church here, he said, was behind that in the Motherland, where the bishop of London was one of the strongest prohibitionists. He mentioned the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, and told of a great meeting of the total abstinence section of the Church of England Temperance Society, which he had attended. He believed that prohibition could prohibit seventy-five per cent. of the drunkenness of this province. He mentioned the town of Gladstone, saying that nine-tenths of the people there were total abstainers."

So much opposition was offered to the Garton amendment, that it was withdrawn and the following substituted by Rev. Joseph Page:

"That all the words after intemperance be struck out and the following be inserted in lieu thereof: And is of the opinion that organized temperance work should be undertaken by the church as a whole. It is therefore requested that His Lordship, the Bishop, will appoint a committee to draw up a constitution for a diocesan temperance association of the lines of the C.E.T.S., and to form parochial branches of the same."

The question, in its amended form, was then fairly before the Synod; and the following expressions of opinion, which the bishop quoted in approval before his final squelching of the Mulock and Pentreath motion, were given by

Rev. J. W. Matheson and Rev. F. W. Webber, the former explaining, that he opposed the motion, because "he could not call it wrong to indulge in moderation, in what had passed the lips of his Lord and Master.

"What God hath cleansed, we should not call common or unclean." And the latter being opposed to the motion as committing the Synod to the principle of prohibition, adding to the catalogue of sins, which they should leave to the devil to do, and putting a stumbling block in the way of the young. The motion would put "Thou shalt not touch liquor," in the same category with "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," etc. The Lord in an age of great drunkenness, was charged with being a wine-bibber and a glutton; while the method of John the Baptist, under the old dispensation, was one to force men into righteousness."

The bishop is reported as saying, "he had his own opinion, and did not care what other bodies or other people thought. He could not take his stand on the side of Mr. Mulock; owing to the intemperate language in use by that side, his position might be (mis)understood. His opinions were exactly those of Mr. Webber and Mr. J. W. Matheson. It had to be shown first, that it was right to restrict the drinking of what might be, in excess, intoxicating. He considered it impossible to exaggerate the evils of drunkenness. While the evils of drunkenness were continually condemned in the Bible, there was not a single sentence pointing to the restriction of wine, when not taken to excess. He had never been able to support or join the Church of England Temperance Society, on account of the action of that section, which went in for total abstinence. He considered it *allowable* to be a total abstainer, but that was not the

highest ideal. He was perfectly persuaded that the Lord Jesus Christ did not abstain. While John the Baptist abstained, the Lord Jesus Christ was marked out as eating and drinking. He considered the passing of a legislation act as interfering with the rightful liberty of the subject. He felt a delicacy in standing on a platform and taking part with those whom he knew would express opinions, often in regard to Scripture, which he believed perfectly untenable. He thought it better to follow the example of the dear Lord, than that of John the Baptist; hence he did not abstain, though he was temperate. He considered that no law was likely to be carried out, which did not commend itself to the conscience of a great many persons."

Rev. C. Williams took the ground that "as to the position of other bodies, they did not believe in in apostolical succession, but were churchmen, going to give up the doctrine for nothing?"

What bearing Apostolical succession could possibly have had on the best way of remedying the evils of intemperance, which a number of clerical and lay gentlemen were then discussing, it is difficult for any one, who had not the opportunity of hearing the Rev. Mr. Williams explain himself, to understand; and it is almost equally difficult to understand how the wine made and used by our Blessed Saviour, setting aside altogether the question as to whether the newly created wine of the feast at Cana was fermented or not, can have any reference to the forty-rod whiskey, the evil effects of which have called forth the condemnation of every Protestant church assembly except the Anglican, from the Atlantic to the Pacific?

Mulock and Pentreath's motion was as has often been done before, shunted, if we may use a railroad

expression, off to a side track, although there were fifteen clergymen out of forty, and fourteen laymen out of thirty, who supported it; where it will remain till outraged public opinion and the prayers of the widowed and fatherless, rescue and revive it.

Meantime, a consideration of the question would not be complete without endeavouring to take into account the immediate effect of the attitude of the bishop, in influencing the decision of the Synod on this momentous question; and this may be classified, we think, in three heads:

1. On the Indians of the diocese.—We notice that an octogenarian Indian clergyman, stated the liquor traffic to have caused the ruin of his tribe; and one of the delegates from St. Peter's Indian Parish, in his simple straightforward way, likened the removing of the evil to the clearing of a forest. "You do not," he said, "commence at the tops of the trees, but at the root." Octogenarian Indian Clergyman and Indian Delegate, you may now go back to your tribe and your parish, and tell them on the authority of the bishop, that the Dominion Government, in enforcing prohibition upon the Indian Reserves, is interfering with the liberty of the subject; and that he has no faith anyway in prohibition; and that when you wish to eradicate an evil, or get rid of a tree, don't strike at the root; and we can only trust that we may not hear of the whiskey trade of Selkirk and other points near reserves, receiving a fresh impetus.

2. On the friends and relatives of the drunkard.—The prayers of those who watch and wait for the coming of a law, which will restore to them the drunken father or dissipated son must still be made with the piteous addition, "Oh Lord, how long?"

3. On the public generally.—A

province, by an enormous majority, declares at the polls its desire for Prohibitive Legislation. Every Protestant Church Assembly except the Anglican, says "Amen" to the decision of the people; and the Synod of the Anglican Church, although the expressions of opinion were so nearly equal, as to fully justify the bishop in abstaining from interference, alone bars the onward party of the movement for the removal of the cancer from our social midst. The effect cannot but be bad; almost as bad as bad can be.

To do the bishop justice, he is slow in forming his opinions; it seems to have taken him over a quarter of a century to find out, as this time he expresses to the Synod, that the life of a missionary in the interior, is full of care and hardship; and could we wait long enough, we might hope that in the years to come, his views might again change on the temperance question; and should that desirable time ever come, with it will also come bitter regret at having, on a momentous occasion, given the weight of his high position against the cause, advocated by every other Protestant church in Canada.

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### *A Trip to Mica Mountains.*

*By D. C. McARTHUR.*

#### PART I.

LAST summer I was spending my vacation at a saw mill, on the north-eastern arm of Lake Manitoba. Not two miles from the mill is the mouth of Fairford river and it is through this river that the combined overflow of Lake Winnipegosis and Lake Manitoba finds its outlet into Lake St. Martin. The river is twelve miles long and is almost a continuous series of rapids, and for the first three miles it rushes over the solid bed-rock.

I had often heard the Indians and others tell about a strange part of the country, less than two days journey from the mill, which abounded in steep hills, full of caverns, and containing vast deposits of minerals, of unknown nature. Accordingly I was filled with an ardent desire to examine this mysterious region and forthwith began to enquire for a suitable guide. One day an Indian came to me and said: "I heard you wanted a man to take you to the strange mountains. But I am the best guide. My father who de-deceased, was the best guide, but he is dead. I know more than all the Indians. I taught school three years at Sandy Bay. I can amuse you. I can tell plenty of war stories and ghost stories." I swallowed the hook baited so cleverly with "stories," and a bargain was immediately concluded, although the mill hands assured me that he was an inveterate sponger and a bland cajoler, an accomplished liar, a dexterous thief, etc. The Indian name of my sombre friend was, Na-tisa-ka-gook, (chip-munk on a stump), but he was better known in the Fairford settlement as "Old Jake the sponger," and he can speak better English than any other Indian whom I have known.

At 5.10 a.m. on the 22nd day of August, 1892, all was ready and we started down the river. Jake sat in the stern of the canoe. "Now," said he. "I'll steer and you've got to shove her nose from the rocks." I immediately had a violent attack of the qualms, because I had never been in a birch canoe before. Then there came a confused vision of foaming water and flying boulders and we were at the foot of the first rapid. The next hour was occupied in shooting rapids and dodging boulders; then the river broadened into a marsh and soon Lake St. Martin "burst on our view, and myriad wavelets glistening in the morning sun." The wind, though in our

favor was light and as we paddled along, Jake was the first to speak. "Boy," said he, "I'm going to call you Nitchie, that means friend, and you must call me Swapsah, that means warrior. Now, Nitch, I allus have some snack about this time of day." I gave him some bannock and then he told me some facts in connection with the history of his tribe. It seems that his great-great-grandfather had led the first band of Ojibways from Lake Superior to Fairford. The Ojibways drove out the Sioux, who then occupied the surrounding country, and consequently there has been a "bitter feud" between these two tribes ever since. The Muskago Indians, who afterwards settled quietly among them, were introduced from the Nelson River district by the Hudson's Bay Company. Jake then told me about a raid in which he took an active part, but it would have to be "spiced" before the public would appreciate it.

"Shall I sing you a war-song. Nitch," said he. "All right, Jake—I mean Swaps—sing away." He placed his paddle in the canoe. Then swaying gently from side to side he trilled out the first verse, "Hi-yah, hi-yah, hi-yah, hi-yah"—at times, bringing in the plaintive refrain, "Yi-i-si, yi-i-i," etc. The other verses were identically the same as the first; this musical exudation being accompanied by the music of his hunting knife tapped against the paddle blade. After ten minutes of this infliction, I remarked that I would like to hear the rest some other day and that as the wind was increasing a sheet would probably assist us on our way a little faster. Old Jake got excited. "Nitch, that cloth too small. I can paddle fast, fast. But I can't swim, Nitch." Notwithstanding his urgent appeals, the sheet was rigged out on two paddles and "the frail barque bounded forward, urged madly over the foaming billows by the ever

freshing gale." The motion was very exhilarating. Suddenly a rattling against the bottom of the canoe was heard, the bounding motion ceased, and the next moment we were gliding swiftly and smoothly along in a vast expanse of water as white as milk. This startling phenomenon is easily explained. Lake St. Martin is on an average not more than eight feet deep and the long water weeds, just touching the surface, detained the foam, of which great quantities are cast up by the waves. Moreover there were hundreds of balls of fluffy foam tumbling and skating along beside the canoe, adding to the scene the excitement of a race. For nearly an hour we plowed this snowy flood, then as we turned sharply past a reedy point, Sandy Bay, our destination, hove in sight. Around the bay was a line of Indian houses, but the village was at that time completely deserted, being used for the purpose of hibernation only. When we were close to the shore we jumped out into the water and lifting the canoe over the foam-covered boulders, deposited it safely upon the gravelly beach. We immediately began to prepare our mid-day repast upon the top of the steep embankment that overlooked the beach. This ice-reared rampart was formed of huge boulders and was about fifteen feet high. As I showed Jake the provisions, viz., flour and bacon, he expressed in eloquent and violent language his entire disapproval of the "grub" which I had furnished, contrasting it very unfavorably with the biscuits and canned fruits that he had enjoyed while guiding a party of government geologists. I explained that when people are spending their own money they generally try to be economical. But Jake vowed that he was going to have something more to his taste and disappeared from view, returning presently with his handkerchief full of potatoes. The esculent tubers

were extracted from a neighboring potato patch, which had been planted by the Indians before leaving for their summer fishing grounds. He evidently upheld the theory that there should be no property in the sense of things to which the possessors have the exclusive right. Upon questioning him concerning this application of ethical truth, he gave me to understand that he grasped these problems much more readily in the concrete than in the abstract.

After dinner we concealed the canoe in some rushes and started off in a northerly direction. We had not proceeded a mile before we came to what was undoubtedly the bed of a shallow river which emptied at one time into Lake St. Martin. Right across the widest part stretched a colossal beaver dam. "By Jove, Nitch," exclaimed Jake, "But this is the biggest beaver dam I have seen." It was 250 feet long, 23 feet wide and (at one time) 7 feet high; moreover, instead of running up stream, it zig-zagged irregularly across. This grass-grown river bed led directly to Mica Lake. The afternoon was very hot and we looked for water, but could find none. Signs of game became very frequent as we travelled onward, especially moose tracks, and once we caught sight of a family of bears, feeding on the red currants that grew in immense quantities under the tamaracs. "Are you a good shot, Swaps?" I enquired. "Ah, yes, boy; I can shoot splendid," he answered. "But I'm so 'customed shooting bear, I don't have to shoot him by sight, I allus shoot him by smell." And then he chuckled for eight minutes over this aboriginal joke of his. At sun-down, having gone several miles out of our course in an unsuccessful search for water, we dug a small hole in the centre of a dried up swamp. The hole quickly filled up with muddy water, which we strained through a folded



cloth, and made into tea. But the tea was simply nauseous. So we swallowed large quantities of eye-berries and skunkberries, which grew about us in "elegant profusion, loading the dewy air with their delicate perfume," etc. As night drew on, we made a large fire, and prepared for rest. Just as I was going to "roll myself up in my blanket," Jake grabbed his gun, and whispered excitedly: "Lie town, lie town." I immediately assumed a horizontal posture, my feverish imagination conjuring up dread visions of bears, lynx, Sioux and other reptiles, which were wont so often to disturb the noctial slumbers of "Three-fingered Dick, the terror of the Texan plains." "Too bad, its gone," said Jake, disappointedly laying down his gun. "What's gone, Swaps?" "Lie town, is gone," he replied, "that's white owl, you know, when you cook him he's num-num." I was disgusted. Jake and I were sick that night and it was day-break before we got to sleep. Early next morning, we started in search of water. After two hour's hard tramping, we found some water and plenty of it. Right before us was a vast muskeg, stretching as far as Mica Lake, five miles away. Around by the side of the lake were the hills that we were going to explore. "The beautiful scene spread itself before our entranced vision, like a magnificent panorama." Englishman would like shoot here," remarked Jake, as we surveyed the animated scene before us. He was right, anybody would for that matter. The ponds and marshes were filled with thousands of ducks of every size. Dignified cranes stalked about, towering far above the snipes and bitterns. Timid swans and geese flew up on every side, and far away in one corner of the muskeg three moose were trotting lazily along, while the air around us was filled with hordes of voracious mosquitos, clamouring lustily for blood.

## PART II.

After camping here for more than half an hour, in order to thoroughly refresh ourselves, we started to cross the muskeg, and it is one of the most extensive and treacherous in Manitoba. I will confess that I was filled with a certain sense of alarm and apprehension upon beholding for the first time the yielding sod roll off in heavy undulations at every foot-fall, shaking the down from trembling bullrushes fifteen feet away, but the feeling soon wore off for I had implicit confidence in my guide, whom I knew would not risk his life; no, not for all the tobacco and flour in Fairford. Hitherto the long grass and burnt timber had rendered our journey both slow and toilsome, but we would keep up quite a rapid pace over the thin tough sod of short rushes that covered a great part of the surface of the muskeg, which presented the appearance of complex network enclosing a vast number of small lakelets, not one being more than a hundred yards across. The Indian, his eyes steadily fixed on the ground, followed the track of a moose, which led us with unerring precision through that intricate maze of marsh and muskeg until we reached the other side. While crossing over, a striking phenomenon occurred which is worth recording. About nine o'clock the breeze dropped into a calm and marsh flies began to ascend from their haunts in the reeds and rushes, rising in swaying columns to the height of 60 or 100 feet. Upon the slightest breath of wind however, they descended to the ground, shortly afterwards rising in countless millions, until as with rolling banks of vapour the entire landscape was blotted from our view. Our line of march for the next two miles was through a forest of lofty spruce trees. Nothing could be more impressive than the total silence that everywhere prevailed under the sombre

shadows of the ever-greens; no voice of bird or beast or insect broke the stillness of the air and even our foot-falls were rendered noiseless by the thick carpet of springy moss which covered the ground and climbed ambitiously for two or three feet up the tree trunks. About twelve o'clock we arrived at Mica Lake and found that it was an exceedingly shallow sheet of water, about four miles across, with a circular outline, and faced along its northeastern shore by a series of low, yellow cliffs. Directly in the centre of the lake a large boulder rested, lifting its shining apex some 35 to 40 feet above the surface of the water, while surrounding its base there clustered a score of smaller boulders. The sea-gulls, which were represented by eight or nine species, seemed to be the only living creatures visible, but Jake informed me that in the early morning great number of swans and pelicans could be seen here. Soon the spicy odor of frying bacon mingled with the fragrant fumes of boiling tea, ascended in the spreading branches of the venerable birch under which we were reclining.

I asked the Indian why he threw a stone out into the lake immediately after reaching its shore. "Well Nitch,—fact is—I dawn't know much about it," he replied with some embarrassment, "but all the Indians give something; skins or tobacco something. When they not got nothing like me they chuck them a stone." "Yes I know, but why do they do so." "You see Nitch, its jes' this way, when these wendigos—you say gawsts—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they wou't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you," I suggested as we re-

shouldered our packs. "Dont't you think, that if you hit them rather hard you would drive them away?" But Jake shook his head and marched on in silence. After a while he remarked with the tone of one who has meditated deeply on what he is saying. "Boy, there's plenty things I dawn't know, but I would like you to tell me, how do you say con-stit-chew-shinal, and where is Javlon Island? I think it is at Africa or Asia or near there." I replied that he had answered the questions, as well as I myself could have possibly done, at which he was immensely delighted and informed me that he always took prizes when he went to school.

Presently we arrived at the first of the low steep hills, which compose an area of about 15 square miles. At one time the entire surface of the country had been clothed with a dense growth of thrifty birch trees, but a recent fire had killed every one of them, and when the delicate rootlets, which held them in the shallow soil of decomposed rock, were dry and brittle, they were overturned by the wind, and now lay piled one on the other in bewildering confusion, making it not only difficult but rather dangerous to travel in that region. The hills were composed of gypsum throughout and were pierced by holes and caverns in every direction, some of which were filled with ice, and others with water; very often these caves descended for fifteen or twenty feet in a perpendicular direction, or nearly so, and then taking a sharp turn would reappear in the bottom of a ravine some distance away. Into one of these holes the direct rays of the sun entered, and through the limpid water there could be seen capacious caverns extending under the hill, while the alabaster walls were lined with clusters of glittering crystals. Indian hunters upon viewing this phenomenon had brought back the

report, and three or four expeditions had gone to this place in the expectation of finding silver ore, but they discovered nothing but gypsum and "mica," as they called the cleavable gypsum crystals.

Upon the surface of the hills were strewn, in great profusion granite and limestone boulders, the latter being of a rich yellow color and clayey texture and containing a great variety of fossils. There was also a small percentage of ordinary Lake Manitoba limestone boulders. After wandering about for a few hours Jake called my attention to the fact that "We got to make tracks, if we want to git to the lake to camp to-night." We accordingly made tracks, but darkness had already fallen, before we reached the lake shore, and Jake insisted that we should camp beside the bleached skeleton of an abandoned Red River cart. He evidently derived a certain sense of security from the presence of that ancient vehicle, and I suggested that if any wendigos were to come to terrify us from their rightful stamping grounds, we would turn one of the wheels, a couple of creates from which being enough to cow any ordinarily constituted spook. In preparing supper we had some difficulty about the water, as the lake was without an outlet, the action of the wind during the afternoon had disturbed the fine sediment, which in the form of impalpable dust was now suspended in the water. There was comfort, however, in knowing that the extraneous material in this case was strictly mineral. After the meal, Jake began to show symptoms of profound meditation, for twenty minutes he sat gazing earnestly into the campfire, and then with grave deliberation, uttered the following words: "Boy—I know some strarge, strange things—about these mountains.—I dawn't tell nawbody much—queer things.—I hunted here

long ago—to kill bear—it was nearly winter—the leaves were coming off the trees—I heard a strange noise—'Too-too-too'—very loud—jes' like a whistle of the mill—it came from a hole in the ground.—I tell you, boy, that noise came from under the earth—in the waters under the earth—don't you remember the first comman'ment, about animals under the earth?—Some Indians heard the noise after—I tell you, even wise people dawn't understan' everything."

There followed a great deal more in the same strain, and as I crawled under the cart for the night, I noticed that the framework was rather loose. I never fully realized the looseness of the framework, until I suddenly woke up with 325 pounds of timbers (in a much looser condition) on top of me. Jake laughed heartily over my misfortune, but his unseemly cacklings ceased, when we discovered that our provisions, utensils, and the gun had disappeared. I have no doubt that the disaster of the cart was in some way connected with the disappearance of these goods. Old Jake was frantic upon perceiving the loss of his gun, which had been his faithful companion for more than 35 years, and without which he could neither earn a livelihood nor purchase another; and even before daylight he had discovered the track of the thief, and had ascertained that he was an Indian, and alone. The chase which followed was short, sharp and decisive. The maurauder in order to throw us off the scent, had made for that part of the country, which was most difficult of access by reason of fallen trees, but the best moose hunter in Fairford was on his trail, hungry for breakfast, and thirsting for revenge, presenting to the world the most active and energetic spectacle that human circumstances can well produce; the spectacle of an Indian fully aware

that his chances for breakfast are in direct ratio to his activity. Jake rushed ahead, traversing huge piles of fallen trees, leaping chasms, and dashing through brushwood at a pace that was truly wonderful, and I was half a mile behind when he reached the cave, into which the fugitive had fled. We had a short consultation, and it was decided that Jake should make a smoke at the mouth of the cave, while I watched the other end, which was at the top of the hill, and about 70 yards distant. I had my baggage with me, also about 30 feet of stout cord, to form a noose at one end was the work of a moment, and to throw the loop over the narrow aperture, making the other end fast to a log, took even less time. Soon the smoke poured out in a dense brown stream, and after a few minutes. a black head appeared indistinctly visible in the smoke. I jerked the line the noose slipped tightly around his neck, but the next instant it was snatched forcibly from my hands, and snapped in two, while a dull leaden thud betokened the sudden arrival of something at the bottom of the hole. I immediately hurried off to the ravine where Jake was, and while I was shouting to him, an Indian rushed out of the smoke, violently colliding with him, and they both fell to the ground together. The stranger was the first to rise, and he soon disappeared in the bushes. My guide was quite unhurt and the first thing he did was to secure the gun and the other things which were left a short distance within the cave. When I again told him what had happened, he was sure that it was a bear I had trapped. We shortly found that this was the case, and Jake came with a cart the next week and secured the meat. Upon returning to the lake shore, I was fortunate enough to come across a vertical section of rock, the decomposed face having been cracked off by the

preceding winter's frost; it showed that the gypsum had been deposited in mounds, as well as horizontally, and that there was a regular stratification in either case. The region that I have described contains nearly every variety of gypsum, the most valuable and most abundant being alabaster.

The journey homeward was one of continual interest throughout, the most enjoyable feature being a moonlight sail on Lake St. Martin. I parted with Jake at the mouth of Fairford river, taking a short cut through the timber to the mill.—*Manitoba College Journal:*

### A Remarkable Engineering Feat, and a Romance Connected with it.

(For "The Manitoban.")

THE data furnished us; out of which we were to make a romance, were the existence of certain subterranean streams of water in the mountains of Mariposa county, California. These miniature rivers disappeared in the neighboring foot-hills, to flow beneath the surface of the arid plains of the San Joaquin, miles and miles, no one knows how far; and finally to empty—no one knows just where.

We were a party of engineers, fresh from college; our hides scarcely tough enough, as yet, to withstand the wintry blasts of a frigid existence in this cold, unwelcome world, we were in for adventure, however, whatever the flavor of it might be. Our instructions were to carry transit and level into, make a careful survey of the country, map it out, sit down and think about it for a while, descend to the valley below, and report the result of our labours to the owners of certain vast tracts of land in that vicinity. They wanted water, and we were commissioned to find it. There was an abundance of it in the

mountains ; but as I have already informed you, only there. Before reaching the plains, it had sunk into oblivion, as it were, becoming thenceforth subterranean ; entirely lost to view, wholly estranged from the sunny surface of the sun-burnt desert above. The thirsty farmers well knew of the existence of these streams, but their exact locality was not easy to find. This then was the task before us.

We set out one day in June, fully equipped with all the comforts necessary to luxuriant campers life. It was a beautiful spot, that in which we had pitched our tent. There, on the grassy slopes of the Mariposa, beneath the leaf-laden bows of majestic acorn-oaks ; the giant sequoia close besides ; there, amid the wilderness of ferns and blossoming underbrush, the rocky borders of the romantic creek on the one hand, the rugged hills on the other, sat we down to dream. Aye, dream is the word. No work could have been half so pleasurable. No toil so light, as was our daily labour of scrambling over these rugged sun-bleached hills, peering here and there, into every nook and crevice ; in hopes of finding some strange hole, some mystic sink, wherein the sought-for quantities of water might be expected to leave its picturesque way on the surface of the ground, for a more dark and dismal down below. Not over a half mile below us, the stream became no more ; not, however, to disappear into a gigantic hole, as one might expect, but to gradually, for the last quarter of a mile, soak in little by little, as though some freak of nature had replaced the ancient solid rocky bed with one of sponge or sponge-like matter. Beyond this, the water vanished from sight. The pathway of the stream still remained, and extended on out of the hills, across the plains many miles further, until it finally kissed the

ripple of the San Joaquin. This pathway, or gulch, was put into requisition during the winter months, when the rain-falls became so heavy as to completely choke up the under-ground tunnel, and render the surface conductor necessary. Our duty was to locate the precise spot where the stream disappeared ; if possible, trace its course, and thus find a suitable place to dig an outlet in the plains below.

This gradual sinking of the water over a long stretch of gravelly bed, would have discouraged the ordinary mind into concluding that there really was no under-ground stream, in the usual acceptance of the word. That, more probably, the water becoming dispersed, spread itself about, over a larger territory, thus losing its defined limits, and becoming mere seepage below. One of our adventurous spirits, however, suggested that we strike a point just below the finish ; dig a vertical shaft ; and, in plain words, explore.

Tearing ourselves away from the peaceful repose of noon-day camp life, where, buried in the friendly shade of a mass of mighty breaks, some of us had busied our minds with anything but scientific thoughts, we shouldered arms and instruments, and sallied forth to the chosen spot. The first turn of the spade found for us naught but poor success. The water was just beneath the surface, and apparently diminished in flow, showing that it had indeed spread about and lost its right to the title of stream. This was, however, peculiar only to this particular spot. We went a little farther down. For many feet, we found no trace whatever, of the wandering rivulet. Down, down, down, fifty feet beneath the surface. The bottom of our pit had passed through a number of changes, from gravel to rock, from rock to gravel. We had now found a layer of rock, which seemed determined to resist our efforts for a

trifle longer than its brethren we had already conquered. Blast after blast was put in, the cruelly crumbled sandstone quickly hoisted to the surface, and cast upon the pile of waste at the mouth of the opening. It might be just as well to remark here, that we, each and every one, had had a touch of the gold fever. We were not noticeably enthusiastic, to be sure. We knew that, in early days, the locality had been quite productive; and that, in all probability it still yielded much of the wonted precious soil. We oft and anon turned our eyes curiously upon the heavily laden buckets, as they ascended from the shaft. Just at this point, one of the more enthusiastic, went down to the bottom of the pit, and falling upon his knees peered closely at the rock, which had just been torn asunder by a heavy blast of giant powder. A shout of joy greeted us. We were told to descend the ladder and do likewise. It was not gold, however, that he had found. It was the eagerly sought for subterranean river. The indication of its presence was honest enough. By bending the head close to the rock, one could distinctly hear the rumbling of the waters. We were not far distant. Another blast or two would decide. We set to work with a vim that was astounding.

Boom! boom! The powerful cartridges rent the brittle stone into a thousand minute pieces. Crash. All hands ran to the edge of the opening. A loud rushing, roaring sound, as of a gigantic fall, accompanied the last explosion. The thin layer of remaining rock had been broken through, and the gurgling, rushing stream beneath exposed to view. It was a magnificent sight; this mystic river. I was the first to descend. The opening was a large one. I passed through, using the rugged edges of tough stone as a ladder. Darkness,

darkness. Nothing but darkness, and a frothing gushing river flowing out of and again into it. Only for a moment to permit the sun to smile upon it, and then as though ashamed of its own mighty self to rush headlong once more into the impenetrable darkness beyond.

Here, then, we had found our subterranean river. All that was necessary now, was to carefully explore its tunnel; map out its course; measure its length and flow; and locate some suitable place for an outlet in the valley, where, excellent use could and would be made of it, by parched and eager land-owners. So far, we had met with trifling, if any, difficulties. Our wits must now be put to their severest test. This underground stream very nearly filled its tunnel. It would be impossible to go down it in a boat; nor was it feasible to wade, or climb along the rocks. We held a consultation, forthwith. Verily, the only course, would be to tap the plains by sinking just such a shaft as we had then completed. We divided our little party into two. I was sent in charge of that division, which was to dig for the sunken channel in the prairie. Again we hurled bag and baggage, rod and gun; and, lastly, and more reverentially, transit and level into the cumbersome vehicles which had borne us into the mountains, and whose heavy iron tires had been well nigh rusted through with the heavy dew. Again, we rumbled over those time-worn pathways of the old pioneer miners make; whose gravelly surface crumbled musically a welcome at each advancing step of the sprightly little mountain mustangs. Once more we sallied forth from the rounded foot-hills, out upon the vast wilderness of scorching desert.

Our destination was the farmhouse of a not very prosperous, but exceedingly hopeful rancher; whose only want seemed to be that

of a proper supply of water, with which to irrigate a large and promising young grove of orange and lemon trees. We pulled up beneath the shade of some gigantic eucalyptus that overtopped the pretty little cottage of clapboard and shingle before us. The usual peaked-roofed barn behind; the prosaic but friendly pump and mill close beside, a few ill-watered and withering fruit trees; a flowering shrub or two about the house, and along the line of badly constructed rail fence. It was a familiar sight, this the home of the typical Pacific rancher. Little of the luxuriant, much less the artistic and beautiful. But we all anticipated the comforts of a wisely appointed interior, and were not to be disappointed. Tired and dusty, we climbed to the ground, and hastened to call the hostess. What a dream of loveliness then stood before us, clad in the snowiest of snow-white muslin that contrasted beautifully with her fresh, young roseate complexion, and showed a figure excelling far in grace and attractiveness that of the mythical beauties of the ancients.

Such was the daughter of John Hammersly, on whose property we had determined to seek for the lost Mariposa. Our welcome, need we say, was cordial; our dinner delicious; our apartments wealthy in the possession of all that was cleanly and cosy. And so we there established ourselves for the time being; and naught but happiness, content, there reigned. The work progressed slowly. A few explanatory details. First, we ran a line—a mathematical one of course—from the encampment in the mountains straight to Hammersly's farmhouse. Next we chose a promising spot on this line, and began our digging. The initial shaft was run down vertically, to the depth of about thirty feet. From this point a horizontal "drift" was dug to a point about seventy-five feet on

each side of the initial shaft. This latter, of course, could be extended to an indefinite distance, thus covering considerable ground, and permitting a thorough exploration of the country.

Miss Hammersly and I became quite intimate. She was an active girl, passionately fond of out-of-door sport, a skillful rider, and not by any means, a bad rifle shot. I found myself frequently devoting my time to improving her acquaintance.

Our acquirements, our tastes were in sympathy. We soon found exceeding content and pleasure in each other's company; such as, we felt, could be obtained under no other circumstances. This was indeed getting to be a dangerous condition of things. My duties called me constantly to the transit, her's to the affairs of the house. We began to feel it a nuisance to be thus separated by such common-place trivialities. Could life be so prosaic? Were my irksome duties to draw me ever at the most pleasurable point of our intercourse from the only object, I adored. Yes, it had gotten to that, I adored her.

*(Concluded in our next issue.)*

### **Publishers Notes.**

Read our premium offer on another page of Wood's Natural History. This is undoubtedly one of the finest standard works on Mammalia ever published. We can recommend it to our readers with confidence and all interested in natural history should procure a copy for their library. As this work sells ordinarily at \$6.00 our readers can see at what a reduction we offer them this beautiful work.

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Wanted contributions relating to the early history of Manitoba and the Northwest, Indian legends, stories of the early pioneers and tales of adventure. Let us hear from you reader.

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We have to apologize to our readers for the lateness of this issue, but will promise to have it out on time after this month, considerably improved.