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THE MANITOBAN.

★ MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. I.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, JULY, 1892.

No. 8

Notes and Comments.



THE manager of the Dominion Experimental Farm in the north-west territories, in his report to the Minister of Agriculture, says he is satisfied after numerous experiments that smudges or

smoke is of no use in protecting the grain against frost. After repeated tests he finds that the temperature is not much effected and that it is uncertain as to just where the smoke will go when you want it. This has been a subject of much discussion among those interested, and where experiments have been made certain beneficial results were effected. We are of the opinion that for one farmer to start a smoke for protection against frost is useless. We believe a whole neighborhood should act in concert, and by their united efforts such a cloud of smoke would be raised that if there was any efficacy in it, they would prove it beyond a doubt.

WE do not hear very much this season about the rainmakers. They must have gone out of the business since Providence has delegated that portion of the business to Himself.

* * *

AND now comes a remedy for cyclones. An inventive genius has come to the rescue of the country with a cure, if taken when the disease is near at hand, will promptly stop such antics. He purposes to discharge torpedoes in mid-air, and by a series of explosions break the forces which are preparing to sweep down on mother earth. This plan might work very well but it would have to be like a fire escape, always ready.

* * *

The month of July is one fraught with great importance to the people of Manitoba. In this month the people are called upon to decide as to who shall be our rulers for another four years. The Temperance question will be also decided for some time to come, as prohibition or no prohibition will be answered by the ballot box. The Industrial Exhibition as a summer fair will receive its initial trial,

while the growth and advancement of the crops will in a great measure determine what the harvest will be. July will, therefore, be a red letter month, and we can only hope that it will be the month which shall, of all other months, prove the greatest blessing.

* * *

THIS is a season of pic-nics and should be taken advantage of by anyone who is able at all to get out and enjoy nature. The good such an outing does, is not to be judged by a dollar and cents point of view. Money is essential to sustain life, but you cannot take it with you to the next world. To those living in the crowded cities a change of air and scenery broadens the mind, rests the body, infuses energy for more and greater work and opens a higher and nobler ambition. The works of nature breathe into the soul a song of joy and gladness to the great maker of the universe for such handiworks of his glory. A feeling of thankfulness takes the place of restfulness, and a greater resolve is formed to do what is right. The whole moral tone is re-invigorated, for with a restful mind comes wiser thoughts. To the over-worked wife and daughter an outing is especially enjoyable. Being confined to the home with domestic duties, they have but little variation of any kind. Give them and the children a change of air and scenery and they will return better, and able to take up the duties of every day life. It is better to enjoy life as you go along, than to postpone it until some future day when you get sick. If you do this you will die before you reach your aim, and thus

lose all the enjoyment you might have had while living. A few days' time spent in an outing is not lost, for your life is that much lengthened, and many weary hours will be gladdened. In Manitoba where the summers are not so long and where the confinement to indoors is much longer than in warmer countries, a brief holiday near the rocks and streams or among the sweet smelling breezes of the prairie strengthens and invigorates the system and thus prepares it for coming winter.

* * *

IN reviewing events since our last issue, we pause for a momentary consideration of the celebration of our national birthday, the Dominion having reached a quarter of a century of life on the first of July. In Winnipeg, and generally throughout the province, the day was one of rejoicing, and in many places patriotic speeches and songs were the order of the day. The presentation of flags to the school children of Winnipeg by Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, furnished Young Canada in the city with the means of accentuating the undoubted loyalty of the rising generation, and similar presentations by other gentlemen in the country, backed in many cases by stirring and patriotic addresses, left nothing to be desired. Twenty-five years is not much in the history of a nation, but it is our first quarter, and although pessimists in and out of the House of Commons complain that we have fallen short of what was expected, especially in the matter of population, yet we assert that Canada to-day stands first among the nations of the world in present and prospect-

ive wealth and advancement. It needs but a glance at our manufactures, our mines, agriculture, commerce, railways, canals and volume of trade to satisfy anyone that no five millions of people on the face of the earth enjoy the privileges and comforts, nor possess the wealth that we do, in this great and increasingly prosperous Dominion of Canada.

* * *

A great deal has been said and written on the temperance question, and volumes of figures and statistics have been compiled and quoted to prove the evil effects of the liquor traffic, but it is apparently a side issue. People who are good moral living people, as long as they are not immediately brought in contact with its baneful effects, are indifferent as to whether man shall fill a drunkard's grave or swell the asylum list. So long as they are not disturbed they pay their taxes and repose in peace. To the few who are cognizant of the effect of liquor, are delegated the task of reforming the public mind, and teaching the youthful citizens the harm of drink. How many have honestly looked into this great question that is sapping the life out of the young and rising generations of this fair land? Not many we are afraid. And yet when asked if they believe in total prohibition they will say: "Oh! yes, I would like to see prohibition but I do not believe we will ever get it." Of course not, if it depended on them to decide. One of the strong arguments against prohibition is; that it will reduce the revenue of the state and increase the taxation. Even

suppose it does, it would not take the price of many drinks to pay the difference.

One of the best and briefest temperance lectures in print is that contained in a letter now going the rounds of the newspapers, which, on good authority is ascribed to the late W. J. Florence, the popular and witty actor: "My Dear—One gallon of whisky costs about \$3 and contains about 65 15 cent drinks. Now if you must drink, buy a gallon and make your wife bar-keeper. When you are dry give your wife 15 cents for a drink, and when your whiskey is gone she will have, after paying for it, \$6.75 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money should be put away so that when you have become an inebriate, unable to support yourself and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave."

* * *

DAILY the advantage which our great transcontinental line, the C. P. R., is to us in this city and province, becomes more and more apparent. Australians, New Zealanders, gentlemen from Borneo, Java, the Spice Islands, Burmah, India, China and Japan, all register at our hotels, admire our spacious streets, lined as they are with buildings which indicate our belief in our future, and doubtless speak in their homes of the energy which has built up this great city in a couple of decades. When questioned, these gentlemen have but one story—admiration for the magnificent

boats of the C. P. R. which have brought them with safety and speed from the far East, and saved them the horrible broiling of the Red Sea and Suez Canal route, while the scenery so grand and diversified since they left the Pacific coast, the politeness and attention on the C. P. R. cars, have evidently greatly impressed them.

* * *

DURING the Exhibition farmers will have a chance of meeting one another and discussing the various ways and means of obtaining the best results of their labor. What this country wants is more *practical* farming. We have too much of the go-as-you-please system. It would pay the farmer to have a practical instructor for every township or municipality in the province. It would be money well spent, for by it considerable time and money would be gained. It is this loose system of farming which brings a whole neighborhood into bad repute. The anxiety as to how much they can sow, not how much they can reap, seems to be the prevailing idea. Like the monkey who undertook to empty the jar of nuts with both paws, they get left.

This is not a farm paper or an agricultural paper, but as a Manitoba magazine it is interested in everything that pertains to the country, and feels that a word in season may do some little good, even if it is not an agricultural or daily paper. Each year we are forcibly reminded when passing through the country, of the amount of labor and money wantonly wasted. This spring there were thousands of acres of grain still stand-

ing in the shock and stacks not fit for henfeed. Had one half of this quantity been cultivated the year before, the probability is that it would all have been saved. Had frost done the same farmers an equal amount of damage, loud would have been the cry against Providence and great would have been the wail of distress. The country would have been further villified and everything would be wrong. To those who are new arrivals in the country we sound a note of warning. We ask you to not believe all you hear but investigate for yourselves. Ask yourselves the question: If the same labor is expended on farming here that it is in Ontario, whether or not you will be equally as well rewarded—and we are confident of the result. Man as a rule is ambitious to get rich too quickly. He is not contented with small profits and quick returns, but wants the earth at once. He grasps at great things and engages to do in one season what would take him three or four. Remember the fable of the tortoise and the snail, it is not always the swift who win the race.

* * *

THERE is a hitch in the acquisition by the city of the waterworks. With that proverbial absence of soul which characterizes incorporated companies, the company with which the city has to deal want for their imperfect system and questionable pipes, much more than the city is disposed to pay, and this brings up again the whole question of our water supply from a sanitary point of view. We discussed this question at length in a former issue, and we have no reason to

change our opinion as then expressed, which was, in brief, that while Brandon, Portage la Prairie and smaller places along its course remained undrained into the Assiniboine, we might be able to use the muddy and sometimes bad-smelling liquid supplied by the water-works; yet when, as at present, the sewerage of those towns is poured into the Assiniboine, the water supplied to us cannot but be impure, and if used when an epidemic of typhoid or other disease prevails is radically unsafe. We will suppose a case. Small-pox was disseminated at Calgary by the washing of infected clothing at a Chinese laundry there; suppose the laundry to have been at Brandon, and the drains at that town carrying the water of the wash-house to the Assiniboine, where would be the use of disinfecting trains and quarantining passengers if these dread small-pox microbes were to be carried by our water-works to the lips of helpless infancy and vigorous age alike in Winnipeg? No, we want better water than that of the polluted ditch which the Assiniboine becomes when low in the fall; we have an endless supply of pure water in the flowing wells at the back of the city, which are nearer by far and need less piping to the heart of the city than the water-works now situated at Armstrong's Point.

* * *

WE feel called upon to commend the energetic measures which are being taken to prevent the introduction of small-pox into the province; and although many people not on trunk railway lines may think the action of the local government in calling attention of the municipalities to those clauses of the Health Act relating to

vaccination a work of supererogation, yet it is the only way by which we may be fully prepared to meet the dread disease. Of course our chances of escape from small-pox depend very much on the prompt and efficient action of the authorities of the neighboring Territories; but no matter how complete their measures may be, we are still in danger. The long period of incubation of the disease, the tenacity with which its germs retain life, in the creases of a car cushion, in the selvage of a pillow-slip, and anywhere that an infected person or his clothes touch anything but polished metal or wood, there the germs may be retained to fasten on to the clothing, or when dry to be breathed into the lungs of the innocent traveller, who may be, fifteen days later, himself a mass of pimply "infection." spreading in turn the dread disease. While we believe that the danger may be minimized by the active steps likely to be taken, yet it behooves every one who has not been vaccinated for the past six or eight years to have it done again, and the same argument applies with greater force to those who have never been vaccinated at all. Some years ago there was a prejudice against vaccination, because the virus had to be taken from some child, who might have in its blood that which was to be avoided if possible; but these considerations need not now obtain, for the virus is taken under medical supervision from clean kept cows on farms where they are kept for this purpose; and as a word of advise is never amiss, let it be, to see that every man, woman and child in the province is vaccinated, as thus only can we be in a condition of safety. To those who may not have access to it, we may say that the Health Act of the province provides that those who are unable to pay for vaccination shall be supplied at the public cost, in every city, town or municipality in the province.



. CAPTAIN PRICE'S FARM, MOOSOMIN, ASSINIBOIA.

Manitoba Experimental Farm.

— —
BY DIXIE.
— —

WITH the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway into the mineral prairie country of the Canadian North-West, bringing with it thousands of settlers to cultivate the rich virgin soil, it was determined by the Dominion Government to establish an Experimental Farm for the Province of Manitoba, and also one for the Territories, in order that experiments in agriculture, arboriculture, horticulture, stock raising and other branches of farming might be made at the expense of the Government for the benefit of the farmer, and thus be a saving to the latter both of time and of money.

The site chosen for the Manitoba Farm was a section of land (600 acres) within the town limits of Brandon, about one and one quarter miles from the postoffice, on the opposite or north side of the Assiniboine River. The farm is so situated that it can be seen from almost any part of the town proper and is in easy distance from the railway stations, and farmers and visitors to the city are thus enabled to find it without any difficulty, for, Brandon being the centre of the railway system for Western Manitoba, farmers have an opportunity of visiting the farm from all parts of the Province and from the adjoining Territories.

The farm is enclosed by six miles of plain wire fence with rail top, and between four and five miles of avenues run through it. The main avenue is one mile long and runs through the farm from east to west, making a public highway for the farmers in the vicinity. It is a splendid road, well graded and gravelled, and planted with shade trees on either side, and is an excellent pattern for municipalities to follow in making roads throughout the Province. To the south of the main avenue the farm slopes down to the bank of the Assiniboine, and the

land is used chiefly for hay and pasture. A beautiful grove of elms, ash and maples is to the south-western boundary, in the centre of which is a lake; this serves as a picnic ground for the people of Brandon and for visitors from a distance, and is a shady retreat for the cattle pasturing during the hot summer days.

The principal arable land of the farm is to the north of the main avenue, from which two large gates half a mile apart open into a semi-circular avenue connecting them. Entering through the eastern gate the visitor is in the farm proper—that part in which the greater part of the work is done and where the various experiments are made. On each side of the gravelled drive are rows of trees, native maples and spruce, small yet, though casting quite a pleasant shade even now. At the time of writing (July 1st, 1892) the grounds to the right and immediate left of the drive have the appearance of a beautifully tiled floor, the regular oblong plots of green grain, of yellow stubble and of brown-black earth looking like an immense Halma board, the plots being an exact counterpart of each other in everything but color. In a few weeks' time the same ground will appear one mass of golden grain, the yellow and the stubble being hidden by the height of the different grains. A quarter of a mile drive brings the visitor to the superintendent's house, just at the foot of the southern slope, and further to the westward are the dwelling houses of the farm staff and the farm buildings. From the northern curve of this avenue we see the flower garden to the south, and to the north great fenceless fields of green grain sloping to the uplands. A clear spring comes trickling down through a ravine of wild undergrowth and empties into a trough at the side of the avenue, and, as we turn southward again, we get a full view of the western portion of the middle farm, which is laid out in rows of small-fruit bushes and in plots of different grasses. We pass the barn on our way to the uplands, and, arriving

at the top, look around us in amazement. We are on the margin of miles of wheat; as far as eye can reach we see nothing but green grassy grain bowing and bending before the breezes. The horizon bounds our vision, but the rich sea of green mirrors the heavens in perfect shadows of fleeting cloud and sunshine. We are told of the limits of the farm, but to us there seems no limit, and the fact—the growing grain seen from the summit does not all belong to the Government—finds no lodgment in our brain. A different scene greets our eyes as we look to the south. The beautiful valley of the Assiniboine is seen in its early summer verdure; on the other side of the river are those hills and valleys of undulating prairie, running far southward to the Blue Hills of Brandon. The city is here seen from its bright side; the large buildings stand out in relief while the small wooden structures crowd together in one mass, making the ten-year-old city huge and solid in its appearance.

Operations were commenced at the farm on July 1st, 1888, when Mr. S. A. Bedford assumed the position of Superintendent as appointed by the Dominion Government, and to him I am indebted for the information given in these few pages.

Four hundred acres of land lie in the Assiniboine Valley, and a gradual elevation towards the north places the highest upland (of which there are two hundred acres) 150 feet above the lowest point on the bank of the river. Out of the six hundred acres of land in the farm, four hundred are suitable for arable purposes, and the remaining two hundred for pasture and hay. The farm is well watered by the Assiniboine River to the south, by a lake in the centre and by five springs on its northern boundary. The soil varies from stiff clay to a very light sandy loam. About one eighth of the land is protected by small timber and scrub, the balance being open prairie. The variations in protected and unprotected soil, in low and high land and in different grades of soil, give excellent op-

portunities for making many tests in the different cultures, all of which is of great service to the farmers in the various parts of the Province.

In addition to the main and the semi-circular avenues already mentioned, some miles of other roads have been graded and partly gravelled, and already the farm has the appearance of a well-arranged Eastern farm. The roads are all planted on either side with trees—principally native maple, which, with the exception of one, have lived through the long severe winters. The large Bank Barn, on the southern slope, is 100 feet long, with a width of 50 feet, and has a stone foundation ten feet high. All the latest improvements are to be found in this barn, a silo, by which cattle can be fed with green fodder all winter long, being a great help in keeping them in a healthy condition. Mr. Bedford says he finds no difficulty in keeping cattle perfectly warm in the barn, and the roots kept in it through the winter were preserved without injury, even though the farm thermometer (government standard) registered on many occasions lower than forty degrees below zero. The implement buildings and those used for storing grain, are only temporary ones, and will in time be replaced by more substantial structures. In the fall of 1891 importations were made in the following breeds of cattle: Short-horn, Ayreshire, Holstein and Galway. These have enjoyed perfect health during the winter and spring, and at this date are in a thrifty condition. Judging from the milking breeds, the native grass of the Province is well suited for dairying purposes. Since the importation of the cattle there has been considerable increase among them, and the surplus stock will be distributed to the farmers throughout the Province,—probably by means of auction sales at the close of the season.

A number of experiments have been made upon cattle and swine during the past winter for the purpose of ascertaining the comparative feeding values of the farm products generally grown in Manitoba, and although space will

not permit my going into the matter in detail, Mr. Bedford informs me that sufficient data has been obtained to show that the Manitoba farmer need not confine himself to the growing of wheat alone, as is too often the case at present, but that the cultivation of oats, barley, corn, roots and small fruit will prove a source of profit to him.

The work of the farm is intended to be purely experimental (which is not always the case in institutions of a similar nature in the other Provinces), and consequently there is no teaching staff in connection with it, and thus far no young men have been taken to learn farming.

The principal lines of work already taken up by the farm management are included in the following branches :

1. Testing of different varieties of grain and modes of cultivation in connection with them.
2. Testing of imported and native grasses.
3. Testing of fodder and root crops.
4. Testing of fruit and of forest trees.
5. Testing of small fruits.

Perhaps the most important work of the farm has been connected with the endeavour to procure early ripening varieties of wheat. The Province has already a reputation for its Red Fyfe wheat—which no other market in the world can excel in quality, but this variety matures too late for many portions of Manitoba, and if a wheat—in quality equal to the Red Fyfe and possessing in addition early ripening properties—can be produced, the future of Manitoba is doubly assured.

Besides importing and testing nearly all the known varieties of wheat from foreign countries and from every part of the Dominion of Canada, the experimental farms (both of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory) are originating a large number of varieties by cross fertilization, and it is to be hoped that by this means an early ripening wheat of good quality may be found.

A large number of newly-improved varieties of other cereals are also being

tested by the farm every year, and, if found valuable, are distributed to the provincial farmers for their own use,—free, or for a nominal charge, by this means adding greatly to the wealth of the country.

Besides testing a large number of imported grasses, a speciality is made of growing the native grasses under cultivation, and, so far, the results have been highly satisfactory.

Since the opening of the farm over one thousand fruit trees of many varieties have been planted but, with very few exceptions, these have succumbed during the very severe winters of the past two or three years, and Mr. Bedford holds out very little hope for success in raising large fruits; but this is partly compensated for by the splendid results obtained from the cultivation of small fruits:—these yield well, and we are free from nearly all insect pests which are so prevalent in the East; and currant, raspberry and gooseberry bushes are at this date loaded with immature fruit, and the prospect for a heavy crop of strawberries is very promising.

In a country so nearly destitute of trees, considerable attention has naturally been paid to forest-tree culture, and the hardy varieties grown in the East have been tested, and a large number have been imported from Northern countries; but so far very few of the Ontario trees have grown successfully on the farm, and it is found that the chief dependence for shade trees in this Province must be placed in its own native maples and those imported from Northern Russia.

During last spring (1892) over fifty thousand forest trees were distributed by Mr. Bedford to the farmers in the Province—free of charge, as by this means the Superintendent feels that a taste for trees is encouraged among the farmers; and by and by when the trees grow up around the different farms, the bleak appearance of the prairie will be more or less removed.

The farmers are already availing themselves of the experiments of the farm, as is evidenced by the increasing



HARVESTING ON BROWN'S FARM, REGINA, ASSINIBOIA.

number of visitors to the farm during the summer seasons, and by the numerous applications made for varieties of seed grain, grasses, etc., etc.

Owing to the very recent settlement of this country, there is a vast field of work to be accomplished by the Experimental Farms, as very little is known regarding the requirements and capabilities of the soil; and in a country so largely—I may say entirely dependent upon agriculture for its support, there are great opportunities for institutions of this kind accomplishing a grand work; and judging from the practical character of the work undertaken, and from the results already obtained, these farms will prove the agricultural educator of all who take land in this country.

Summer Boarders.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

SCHOOL was over for the day, and Miss Merritt stood by the open window, breathing in the fresh air from the May woods.

All the grimy slates and pencils were in their places; the dog's-eared books piled up; the copy books in the big desk.

Even little Tommy Pepper, the prettiest and worst-behaved boy in the school, had been let off from his diurnal half-hour's detention, under solemn bonds of never offending again in the bent-pin and spitball question, and Miss Merritt was drawing a long sigh of relief, when the door flew open with a jerk, and Irene Evans came in, carrying a bundle of books.

Miss Merritt opened her eyes.

"Why, Irene, I thought you must be sick," said she. "You have not been in school for two days."

Irene was tall and shapely, with large blue eyes, black hair growing low on her brows, and very red cheeks. Her calico gown fitted her badly, and the ribbons on her coarse straw hat were faded in the sun, and spotted by many a shower.

"No," said she, jerking out the words somewhat as she had jerked open the door, "I ain't sick. But I ain't comin' to school any more. Father, he says it's a waste o' time."

"Oh, Irene!"

The girl sat down on one of the hacked and whittled benches and burst into tears.

"If I knew anywhere to run," said she, "I'd run away. Yes, I would. Father don't treat me more'n half decent, and he hain't since mother died. I ain't nothing but a drudge, and I hain't no clothes to wear, and he won't pay me a cent wages, beg and implore as I will. And I'd sort o' set my heart on takin' summer boarders this year, like Ellen Holt did last season, but he says he's hired extra farm hands, an' I've got to cook for 'em for nothin.' Oh, Miss Merritt, what shall I do?"

Miss Merritt smoothed down the black, crinkly hair with a kindly touch, as she stood over the girl's drooping form.

"But, Irene," said she, "if he puts this additional work upon you, he surely should allow you some of the profits."

Irene gave a short laugh.

"Catch him!" said she. "He just won't!"

"Irene," said Miss Merritt, "haven't I always heard that half the farm was yours?"

"It was mother's. He was only mother's second husband, you know, and their farms joined. It's mine by will. But father he don't care nothing about wills."

"Isn't there an old house on the place?"

"Yes," Irene answered. "But it ain't so modern as the one we live in. Father's always talkin' about lettin' it to some o' them Swede farmers up north o' here."

"Is it in tolerable repair?"

"For all I know it is," Irene answered.

"Then why don't you fit it up and go into the boarder business yourself? You're eighteen and past, for all you're so behind in your rule of three and

geography. And you are an excellent cook and a good housekeeper, and you've managed for Mr. Parsons ever since your mother died."

"Me!" gasped Irene, "all alone?"

"I would come and be your first boarder," said Miss Merritt. My present home is too far to walk, now that the warm weather has set in. I must make some change."

"But I ain't got no furniture," said the girl.

"I will lend you a little towards that," said Miss Merritt. "I can take it out in board afterward. Matting for the floors and cheap pine furniture can't cost much. City boarders care more for fresh milk, plenty of fruit and strict cleanliness than they do for style."

Irene's eyes sparkled.

"Two of the Jersey cows are mine," said she. "And there's an early strawberry pasture on the hillside just beyond the old house, and lots o' black-berry tangles all along the river shore. Do you think we could venture, Miss Merritt?"

"I don't know, why not," said the school teacher reflectively.

"What!" roared old Medad Parsons, when the first load of furniture passed under the willows along the road beyond the doorway: "Irene furnishin' up that old ramshackle shell of a house for boarders? Why, we've got boarders here, hain't we? Four of 'em, for hayin' time. An' who's goin' to cook an' wash an' scrub for me, I'd like to know?"

"Not Irene, I guess," said old Mrs. Simmons, who stood by the gate. "Irene's got tired o' the sort o' way you manage matters, Deacon Parsons."

"But, stammered the deacon, "it'll cost me a dollar an' a half a week to get Nancy Nutting here."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Simmons.

"I guess," snarled Parsons, "Irene'll find I've got a word to say on this 'ere question."

But Irene had more spirit than he had given her credit for.

"I've got to have clothes," said she,

"and I've got to earn a little money of my own. And I'm goin' to earn it this way."

"You hain't no business in that house nor on that land," snarled the old man, "unless you rent it of me."

"It's my mother's land, not yours," flashed out Irene.

"And I'm your guarddeen until you're twenty-one!"

"Wall, if you want to take it into the law courts, I'm willin'," said Parsons. "I guess you'll find out I'm right. And what's more, I leased that land last week to Squire Tolland's son. He's a notion to go into the tobacco-raisin' business."

"But," gasped Irene, "I've papered the house and painted it and furnished it! And my city boarders are coming next week."

"I can't help that," chuckled Parsons. "You might a took counsel with me. But look-a here, Irene. I don't want to see ye cornered. You can let your boarders come here to this house. It's a deal comfortabler and more sightly than the other one, and the hay hands can hev them little chambers in the barn loft. That's room for all of 'em."

"And you will allow me for my work?" eagerly questioned Irene.

"I'll allow ye your board and clothes," said the flinty-hearted old man. "An' that's all ye're wuth."

"No," said Irene firmly. "If I am to be your maid-of-all-work, father, I must have a maid-of-all-work's wages."

"Well, ye won't," indifferently spoke Deacon Parsons, as he put his clay pipe on the window-sill.

And as he watched Irene go out of the room, he muttered to himself:

"I guess I've got her this time."

Quietly and silently, like one smitten by a deadly blow, the girl put on her hat and walked quietly up the dusty road to the old farmhouse where her mother had been born.

The windows were all open, the pretty muslin curtains fluttered in the wind, the cinnamon roses were all in bloom.

In the kitchen the carpenter was

putting up the last wooden shelves Miss Merritt was hanging buff linen shades in the parlor window.

Irene stood at the foot of the garden path, dreading to go in and tell her how the deacon had frustrated all their plans by his wily machinations.

Just at that moment there came a quick, elastic tread down the road. It was Harry Tolland himself—the young fellow newly returned from Montreal.

"Irene," he cried gaily, "is it you? Well, what do you think of my new speculation, eh? Halloa! Why, there's some one living in the house! Your father never told me—"

"A woman was planning to take summer boarders," said Irene, in a choked voice. "Women hain't many ways of earnin' a livin', you know."

"Well, she'll have to earn her's some other way," said Tolland lightly. "I've leased this land and I'm going to live in this house. And I want you to live there with me. Don't start so, Irene," passing his arm carelessly around her poor little calico-clad waist. I've always loved you since I was a boy, and I've always looked forward to this time. Will you marry me, Irene? We'll buy the furniture of the boarding-house keeper, if it suits you, dear. I don't want any poor soul to lose money through me, and we'll move right in. Come, dearest, let us go through our own house together!"

For her head had fallen on his shoulder. She had burst into an April storm of smiles and tears.

"Oh," she cried, "it seems as if I must be dreaming! Do you love me, Harry? Do you really care for poor, stupid, insignificant me?"

"I love you, Irene," he answered, simply. "Don't I tell you that I always loved you?"

"Then, Harry," she whispered, "let me tell you a secret. I'm am the boarding-house keeper."

And she confided to his astonished ears the whole story of her adventure.

"And you must let me go on, all the same, Harry!" coaxed she. "Be-

cause you know, dear, we're young people, just beginning the world, and I want to contribute my share. And Miss Merritt has assisted me, and she must be paid. And, oh, Harry, I shall be so proud to do something to help—my husband!"

"For the sake of those two sweet words you shall have your own way, my darling," said young Tolland, exultingly. "But, Irene, what a plucky girl you are, to be sure! Do you know I'm proud of you!"

The city boarders were rather surprised when they arrived, in the purple dusk of a lovely July evening. In all the negotiations nothing had been said about Mr. Tolland.

"I didn't know there was a man of the house," said Mrs. De Poyntz.

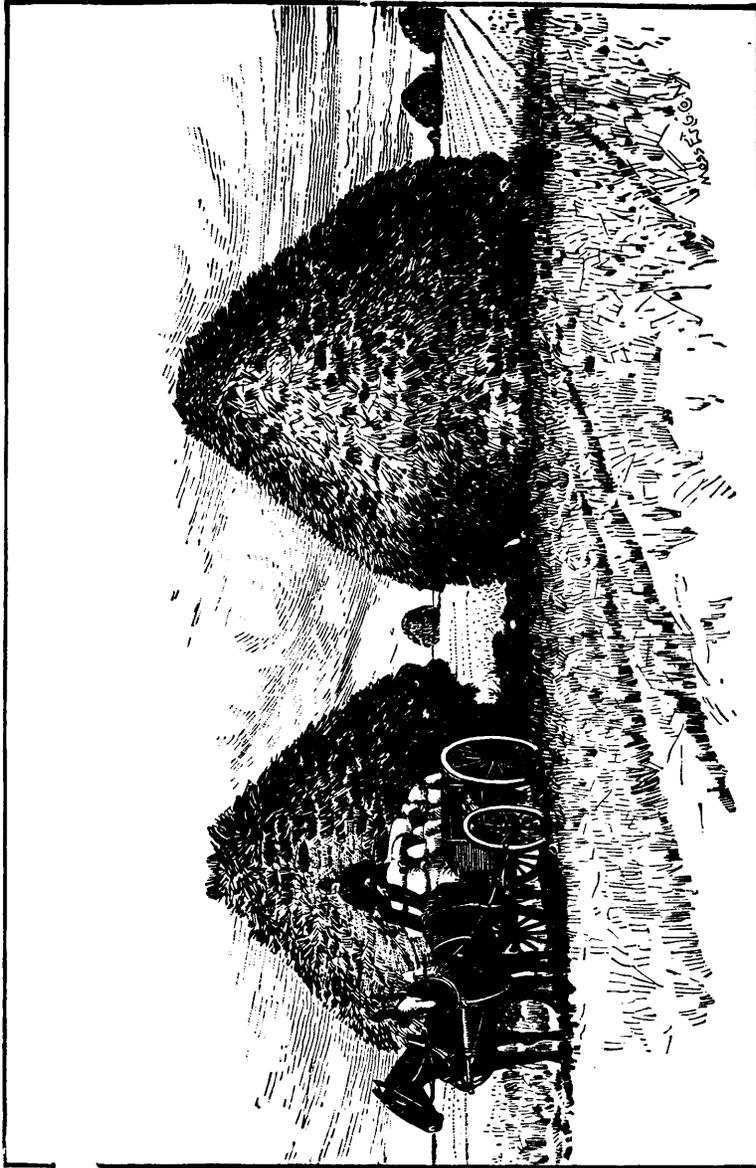
"Why, of course there is!" said Miss Merritt. "Who else would take you for long drives to all the cascades and grottoes and mountain tops? Who would put up the lawn-tennis nets and hang the hammocks? You might have known we couldn't get along without a man about the house!"

"He's very handsome, anyhow," said Miss Graymont. "But how extremely young our host and hostess are!"

"Oh, they'll get over that every day they live!" said Miss Merritt, laughing.

And Deacon Parsons gnashed his teeth in vain. Irene had outgenerated him, after all.

COMFORTING THOUGHTS.—The life of the soul shut in and hidden from the eyes of men, may be most prosperous, most fair, most holy when the outer life and all that appertains to it can only show the wreckage of earth's best hopes. All material things may have been swept away by fierce and destructive whirlwinds, and yet the life, that is to say, the only true life, which is spiritual may show rich treasures, golden grain and abundant harvests, that are stored up to be possessed eternally. The temporal life may have been a failure, but the eternal one upon which we enter at the hour of our birth, may be a long triumphant song.



GRAIN STACKS IN MANITOBA.

Ancient Tombs at St. Andrew's, Manitoba.

IN looking over the files of one of our city papers, we find, early in the seventies, a letter from Honorable Dr. Schultz, our present Lieutenant-Governor, then M.P. for Lisgar, which is, we think, interesting enough to reproduce in this issue.

"Sir:—Permit me through your columns to correct some of the current absurd rumors as to results obtained from excavations recently made for me in the county of Lisgar. Those of your readers who may have had occasion to travel the river road running through that country will doubtless have noticed the circular elevation between it and the Red River, which occurs about three miles below St. Andrew's Rapids. From the river face of this mound the earth has, from time time, fallen, and the bones and ornaments disclosed led to the conjecture that it was used as a place of sepulture for the dead of a race far more ancient than the "Ojibways" and "Crees" who lately, or the Assiniboine branch of the "Dakotas" who formerly occupied this country.

This mound is one of a group of half a dozen in the vicinity which are interesting as being farthest north of any of the works of that curious mound-building race who for purposes of defence, sepulture or worship built the primitive earthworks which are found along the banks of the chief rivers from the gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes. From recent excavations, accidental disclosures, the observations of that careful observer, Hon. Donald Gunn, as well as from excavations made by the Commandant at Fort Pembina last winter, I am disposed to believe the mounds in this country to be all sepulchral in character, and to have been built by a race who came from, or at least bartered with, people of the far south, who possessed the art of making pottery, but had no acquaintance with the metals, a race of medium stature, with crania super-

ior to that of the average Indian of today, and possibly to have been a smaller, weaker branch of the race whose interesting relics of early constructive skill are found in such profusion in Ohio and Wisconsin.

The mounds here have been built near the dwellings of the builders, who employed fire to render them durable; the upper crust of the soil seems to have been removed and on the flattened clay floor an oven shaped roof of the same material has been erected; intense heat being then applied gave consistency to the arched roof and if sprinkled with sand would cause the vitreous appearance the roof and floor shew. The dead, placed in rows, were in a sitting posture with the hands folded, their faces towards some cardinal point of the compass, food in earthen dishes before them, and upon them were hung their ornaments. There is, however, a curious absence of weapons, and the skulls show no signs of violence, though in the neighboring fields stone hatchets and war clubs as well as flint arrowheads have been found. The skeletons shew no peculiarity of stature, but the crania differ widely from the Cree and Ojibway branches of the great Algonquin family found here. The skull now before me is of average Caucasian size, and the well worn teeth shew middle age, as well as the nature of the food. The forehead, though somewhat narrow, is neither low nor receding, orbits well rounded, superciliary ridge low, malar bones only moderately developed, zygomatic arches slight, nasal bones prominent, occiput fairly rounded, and in other peculiarities differing from the typical Indian skull of living races. The ornaments consist of necklaces formed by hollow tubes of the soft stone used by the present Indians for pipes, and shells variously cut and pierced for earrings, some from their size suggesting breast ornaments. These shells are unlike anything found here, and similar ones sent by Hon. Donald Gunn to the Smithsonian Institute were of a kind found only on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The

pottery, made apparently from clay of this country, was confined to simple forms, and the remains of food found in them were the bones of the beaver or some other small animal, and the shells of the present river mollusks. None of this group of mounds seems to have been connected with others, and the surface appearance is the same, with the exception, of course, that on some large trees are growing. Our own Indians have no traditions with regard to them, implements and ornaments are alike strange to them, and the practice of the present and preceding Indians was to dispose of their dead on elevated stages rather than to inter them.

Whence came they then? these quiet sleepers, who with fleshless palms crossed as in mute expectancy might have slept on till the resurrection morn but for the curiosity which disturbed their rest? What has become of this mound-building race, who from the shadow of the Andes to the far north have traversed this continent? No one knows; and if in our efforts to find a solution of the problem in their tombs their spirits feel aggrieved at the desecration, they may find some comfort in the reflection that the graves of millionaires are equally unsafe in this, the day of our later and boasted civilization."

A CHANCE FOR COMPOSERS—In order to stimulate American composition, *The Ladies Home Journal* has just made public an attractive series of liberal prizes for the best original musical composition by composers resident in the United States and Canada. The prizes call for a waltz, a piano composition, a pleasing ballad and a popular song, an anthem and the four best hymn tunes. The competition is open until November 1st, next. The opportunity has an additional attractiveness since the prize competitions will form a part of a series for which Strauss is writing an original waltz, and Charles Gounod and Sir Arthur Sullivan each an original song.

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The Shadow of a Wrong.

BY ALI WAL NORTH.

(For the Manitoban.)

CHAP. V.—Continued.

WHAT passed between mother and son it is not necessary to repeat in detail. Suffice it to say, when Bertie made his appearance at Mrs. Galloway's domicile he was the bearer of a message from his mother to sister Theresa, that as soon as her duties allowed, Mrs. Berkeley would be glad to see her at the Towers. Doctor Fenton was to return by the mid-day train to London, and was busy with minute instructions to sister Theresa, when Bertie was ushered into the same room, and his message had therefore to be delivered in the presence of that personage, much as he, Bertie, would have liked it to have been otherwise, but he had no grounds for supposing Sister Theresa would remain in the room after the Doctor left for one minute, thereby giving an opportunity for any conversation of a private nature, consequently the message was formally delivered and as formally received, with a bend of the head that might mean compliance or otherwise. Mrs. Galloway continued to improve, and on the occasion of Bertie's following visit he was more fortunate. Sister Theresa was off duty, Margaret was able to take her place now for a few hours at a time, and allow the nurse some respite from the arduous care so necessary in such a case. Sister Theresa was resting in a low easy chair, and her meditations—hardly pleasant ones—were interrupted by Bertie's entrance. "Pray, sit still, you look tired enough to be patient instead of nurse," was his first remark. After a silence that was becoming awkward, he continued, "How is Mrs. Galloway?" "Better, and asleep when I left her five minutes

ago," was the quiet reply. "When are you coming up to see my mother?" was Bertie's next query. "After hearing all that unfortunate creature upstairs has had to say in her sane and insane moments, it would only be just, I do not say generous, in you to give us more rational human beings a chance of giving our side of the story," he added rather sternly. "I will come and see your mother before I return to London," Sister Theresa answered. "Why not to-day, unless you feel too tired?" said Bertie more quietly. Perhaps it was the desire to get over an interview that might be painful to herself, if she was treated as she felt she deserved to be, or some tender recollection of the love and kindness that had always been hers at the Towers, that induced Sister Theresa to rise and say: "Very well," and proceed to array herself in the gray bonnet and cloak of her order. It is not surprising that their walk should be a very silent one, neither felt in the humor for conversation; or in the frame of mind to enjoy common-place chit-chat. Sister Theresa felt affected to a degree that surprised her at the sight of the well remembered moss covered walls of the old church where the primitive service was led by the most old-fashioned vicar, who year after year grew more incoherent in the pulpit and more pleased to talk to some patient listener of the time he first received the living from his good friend Lord Somebody (it was difficult to catch who, from the trembling lips), nearly fifty years ago. Another circumstance combined to make Sister Theresa very silent. She felt she was in the position of some wayward child being taken to the scene of its misdoings to say "I'm sorry," and to be forgiven accordingly. Somehow she did not feel any doubt about the forgiveness, for sorry she most certainly was in a general way, but what for? She could not honestly answer the question, because she had not acted hastily, but from her conviction of what was right at that particular time. The sight of her former home put an

end to her cogitations. Would she be shown into the drawing room to wait there till Mrs. Beverley came to her, or was the more friendly plan to be adopted, of leading her at once to wherever her kind friend of the old pleasant times might be occupied. Bertie was pilot and probably anxious to find some one else to take her entertainment off his hands. She could not do better than leave things to take their course. In pursuance of this idea, when she arrived at the door of the Towers she followed him in, accepting his remark, "My mother must be in her own room," as an invitation and tacit permission to go there at once. This was by far the best for all parties concerned. Bertie had fully made up his mind not to be present at an interview that might only just escape being a scene, and tears, he felt sure, would be inevitable, for like most men he had a special dislike to seeing these signs of emotion. Merely saying: "Here is Sister Theresa, mother," with a slight inclination of the head he passed on, leaving the two women, the dearest the earth contained for him, to make their own reconciliation, in which he most ardently longed to be included. Mrs. Beverley's "My dear child! I am glad," was all that passed for the first few minutes. Sister Theresa's bowed head was only too glad to find a resting place on the couch where Bertie's mother had been reclining. To feel the caress of the loving hand, and hear the low murmured "Hush now, hush," soothed and rebuked her at the same time. When a self-reliant nature like Sister Theresa's meets with some interruption to its customary course, it appears to create a more universal disturbance, and either grief or sorrow makes a far more lasting impression than on its more shallow fellow creature. Then, in addition, the profession of nurse until long habit renders it otherwise, is a continual strain on the powers, mental and physical, and it is only the veteran that can lay aside all anxiety with the gray gown and thoroughly enjoy the sleep so necessary to invigorate the faculties

and render them fit to watch over and allay pain in its divers shapes and forms. Sister Theresa felt the greatest comfort and relief from her own tears, and a complete reconciliation was a load lifted from the heart of her, and one she now felt was as much her mother possible, where Nature has ruled an unalterable decree of kith and kin. Presently Mrs. Beverley spoke again: "When you feel composed, dear, will you ring the bell for Simonds, I am sure you must be famished, and I want to have a long talk before you leave." Sister Theresa rose at once, and shortly after Mrs. Beverley's maid, a middle-aged woman who had held that post for quite a number of years, and who was personally esteemed by her mistress, answered the summons. "Bring some sandwiches and sherry up here, Simonds, and tell Mr. Herbert I shall not be down to lunch please; you might light a fire, too, the wind is chilly and cold." Certainly such preparations meant a comfortable afternoon, and Sister Theresa gave herself up to it with a great content. After the refreshment had been partaken of, Mrs. Beverley began the following story while her young friend sat on a low seat at her knee:

"You have learnt indirectly, dear, something of the shadow that has thrown its mantle over our home, and its influence has not been unfelt by you, though to what extent I do not know, therefore justice to all parties renders it necessary that I should speak of matters very painful to me. I was an only child, and as usual in such cases, idolized by both my parents, who were wealthy and gratified my every wish. When I was about sixteen we started on our customary tour, leaving London before the season was well over. My father entered society only for my sake, his tastes were more literary, while any object of antiquity had a peculiar fascination for him. He used often to say his holiday began when ours ended, for my mother liked London and would have short-

ened our absence from it if my father had not been so delighted to get away. In the course of our travels we met Bertie's father, my fate, as it turned out. He was not very young, but good-looking, possessed of means, holding my father's views about London and society generally. He was introduced to us by an old friend of ours, from whom we learnt the facts I have mentioned. Was it surprising that he joined us in our travels instead of pursuing his own, and that before very long I found out that the time he spent away from us felt very dreary and dull to me, while the most tedious discussion over some old relic discovered by my father or himself (which I fervently believe was the bone of some old horse or cow, may be, now dignified by the term 'fossil' or 'specimen,') grew to be as music to me. Do not think I carried my heart on my sleeve. I must have been particularly discreet, for I learnt afterwards that when he asked my parents' sanction to our union, he begged them not to speak to me, as it was not likely I had learned to care for him in so short a time. I need not tell you all particulars of our courtship. How I loved him! He was perfect to me; no idol was more worshipped. Much against my mother's wish, who would have liked the preparations of a gay wedding, we were married at some small town, without any fuss. So long as I could always be with him I was content. We had everything money could get for comfort, and my father was pleased at an arrangement that kept him his daughter, and did not deprive him of a pleasant male companion. Time passed, and my mother was anxious to get back to town, but my husband would not hear of our honeymoon, as he called it, being shortened, and it ended in my parents going home, leaving my husband and myself to continue our travels wherever fancy might lead. Months went by and found us no nearer beginning life as man

and wife in my husband's home. To tell the truth, I wanted to give up our wanderings, but my wishes were put on one side, kindly enough, for my husband loved me sincerely, but his firmness silenced me only for a short time. Again I urged him to give up his travels for awhile, saying I longed to see my mother, and eventually giving my real reason. I had set my heart on my baby being born in my husband's home and under more favorable circumstances than were possible while we were so unsettled. His refusal caused the nearest approach to a quarrel that we had had, but the pained look his face wore had its effect on me and I gave up the point. Then Bertie was born and I was in the seventh heaven, but I wanted to show my little treasure to those that were near and dear to me. My husband was perfection and I should be the happiest of women but for his one craze, as I called it. He seemed determined not to have me at the Towers, as I knew his estate was called. At length fate or ill luck, or whatever it was (I did not think much of Providence in those days), was bringing about the very end I so wanted. My mother was taken ill and we were telegraphed for. My husband had to yield and we left at once for home. I need not weary you with minor details, dear. My mother's health returned and we still stayed on in London. But the season was closing and everyone else was leaving. My father declared Bertie (not my son, "his father," said Mrs. Beverly, mistaking her hearers' start of surprise) had duties devolving upon him as landlord, he ought not to neglect. And a day was settled for us to take possession of our home. I was delighted and pictured to myself all sorts of pleasures we there were to share. "The two Berties and I," as I used jokingly to speak of our trio. My dreams had a rude awakening. From the first my husband had seemed terribly nervous and fidgety about leaving me alone, and in just one day I called him my keeper. "You talk of

things you know nothing of," he answered so sternly that I was angry and left him, going to my room to hug my darling. I soon recovered my temper and went to the room where our little tiff had taken place, but he was not there. I supposed he had gone out. At length the door was pushed roughly open and to my surprise a young looking woman stood before me. "How dare you take my place here," she cried, in a voice that rang like metal, while her eyes glittered like steel. "Your life is poor satisfaction to me or I would take it. I want Bertie. Where is he? If you have done anything to my husband I will—" She was interrupted by my husband's entrance, when a scene occurred that I cannot describe. My idol, that had been so chivalrous to women, fell on that one as if she were an embodiment of evil, and in less time than it takes me to tell he had seized a silk scarf that I had left on the table and bound her firmly in a chair. I was stunned. And when he came to put his arm round me, saying "my poor darling," I tried to stand up to protest against his touching me, when my head reeled and I fainted. When I recovered I was lying in my own bed, my husband standing beside me. "I want to make my confession when you feel better," he said, and for answer I put my arm round his neck and drew his face to my own. I need not repeat all he said. It seems he had been caught by a pretty face he had seen abroad and after a very short acquaintance married the possessor, who had not been his wife more than a few days when he made the unwelcome discovery that she had a most violent temper. But frequent repetition of the attacks which now came on without any cause began to take a more serious form. A medical man had to be called in who pronounced it incipient insanity, and advised her being sent to some asylum. On these grounds my husband proceeded to apply for a divorce through his solicitor, and during a visit from the latter the crazy thing, with the cunning so often found



T. O. DAVIS' FARM, NEAR PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN.

in mad people, listened at keyholes or windows until she gathered the full meaning of what was going to be done. This was the last straw, and if I can use such a term, she went mad on divorce. She could not have been very clear what was to be done, but seemed to think some force from her could stop it. Of course her very behaviour assisted in bringing about what she dreaded. At any rate the divorce was pronounced lawful, and my husband had separate rooms for her, with a male attendant if his strength should be required. But the person who had the most influence over her was a girl about her own age who had been taken in as her maid. Such an appendage must have been a novelty, for she made a companion almost sister of her, and they must have cared much for each other. After awhile they were both transferred to the house you have had cause to remember. The Towers was shut up and we went abroad. Thank God! continued Mrs. Beverly, my love for my dear husband never wavered. He told me he had not the courage to tell me of that dark page in his life because I was young and he did not guess at the deep love I had for him, and perhaps my parents might consider it a barrier to my marrying him. Altogether the safest plan was secrecy until I was his wife. The opportunity had not come for telling me before the poor crazy thing made her escape to her former home. She has done so more than once, but with age she has become much quieter and is not dangerous now. My husband died abroad and I returned to the Towers, determining to devote myself to my son and show all the care and kindness I could to the poor demented creature my dearest husband had confided to my care before he breathed his last in my arms. Need I tell you, Gracie, that you have unknowingly aided me, that your patient and the mad creature are one and the same, and the Margaret you know, her keeper.

CHAPTER VI.

During the recital of the foregoing

narrative Sister Theresa's feelings had been passing through every phase of astonishment, which changed into mortification when it became evident that she had made a mistake all along, that there had been a mutual misunderstanding. It was best to make a clean breast of the matter to Mrs. Beverly, who could easily understand how the mad woman's words had brought about the mistake. But the matter could not be so easily discussed with Bertie, and she hoped most fervently that she could leave without again seeing him. It was time for her to get back to her duties, too, so after bidding adieu to Mrs. Beverly she made her way quietly towards the black house. Mrs. Galloway had been very quiet, had given no trouble, but Margeret was very glad to see Sister Theresa back. The tea was waiting and made as tempting as she could. There seemed a sort of halo round the faithful attendant of so many years unconsciously performing an act of heroism in this devoting the whole of her life to the care and guidance of a wreck, intellectual and physical. What companionship day after day, what true devotion; for remember she had given the best days of her life, when the monotony must have been terribly trying. Sister Theresa would soon be leaving her charge, who was rapidly mending, but the warm admiration she felt for the guardian angel of the black house ennobled her own character and dispelled altogether her first unfavorable impressions of the black house.

(To be Continued.)

Thirty Years Ago.

IT will be interesting to your readers to learn something of the trend of thought and opinion in this country thirty years ago, when the question of its future was engaging the attention of most of the people of the then Red River Settlement.

The trail from Crow Wing to St. Paul had been open for several years; St. Paul enterprise, and the establish-

ment of a United States Frontier Military Post (Abererombie) at the head of the Red River, had created a stage line to the one and the building of a small stern-wheel steamer on the waters of the other. The Pembina Indians had been treated with, and the United States commissioner with his party had come down to Fort Garry, Kildonan, and the Lower Fort: and went back with such glowing accounts of the productiveness of our soil that the American Eagle, which before had only soared westward, turned north, and the Territorial Legislature of Minnesota, of which some of the commissioner's party were members, memorialized Congress practically to take possession, peaceably if possible, but *anyway*, of this favored northern land. The Red Riverites, however, were not to be gobbled just then by them, as will be seen from the stirring words of Venerable Archdeacon Cochrane, with which we close this article. This noble clergyman was a missionary indeed: and many are the tales still told of his indefatigable perseverance in the face of difficulties, building churches, showing his less skillful parishoners how to hold the plow, the saw, the axe, and the plane. The Government of that day, circumscribing their jurisdiction to a radius of fifty miles from Fort Garry, warned him that if he built a church and lived at Portage la Prairie, they would not protect him. But the staunch old broad-shouldered, six-foot member of the Church militant laughed at their warnings, and having faith in powers of protection higher than those which centered in Fort Garry, founded that now flourishing settlement. The following is from the paper published here thirty years ago under the caption of

ARCHDEACON COCHRANE ON ANNEXATION
TO THE UNITED STATES.

Anyone acquainted with this clergyman will readily admit that he is a sterling patriot as well as an indefatigable, self-sacrificing missionary. On reading the "Nor-Wester" in which the Minnesota memorial to Congress

appeared, his ire was kindled and it found expression in pungent sarcasm. "Let the annexation movement go on," said the Archdeacon. "let there be a general show of hands, for or against, and we shall then be able to say how many straight jackets we require." And then passing from sarcasm to argument, he mentioned the overwhelming indebtedness of the United States, their high import duties, etc., as fatal objections, and added: "We can import goods from England by Hudson's Bay and sell at such prices as would soon starve out all the Yankees of the country." No man in the country is more entitled to the appellation of *pater patriae* than the Archdeacon of Assiniboia, and we hope the first time he honors us with a visit, he will address the people in public meeting assembled, on the conditions and prospects of the country. Mr. Cochrane is a stern, unflinching, uncompromising loyalist—and this is saying a great deal in these degenerate times when a compromising, time-serving policy prevails so generally.

The Greyhound of the Allan Fleet.

[As this is the season for travel the following letter which has been sent us for publication may be of interest to intending tourists. — Ed.]

*On board the Allan Steamship
"Parisian."*

To the Editor of THE MANITOBA.

Sir,—It has been an old saying in our Province that "He who has once drank of the waters of the Red River shall return to drink of them again," and it may have been partly this which caused the home-sickness which I felt last week when I prepared to return to them again after three years of absence, sickness and pain. But the doctors—those stern arbiters of an invalid's movements, said No! You are better physically, but you must have a sea voyage to restore shattered nerves, and, taking away sleeplessness, give back the power to write and

read without dizziness and weariness : and so here I am, taking their prescriptions in full salt doses on board the steamship "Parisian," and from time to time jotting down some incidents of the voyage which may be of interest to those of your readers who have never crossed the Atlantic.

Passengers generally take the boats of the Allan line, which are loaded at Montreal, at the old city of Quebec, from a wharf which is just beneath the citadel and a stone's throw from where Montgomery fell in his gallant attempt to surprise and storm the fortalice on its least guarded side—and before I pass on to the vessel herself, let me say a word or two of the fort which crowns the promontory and the city itself. Both are too well known to need much said of them, but the place possesses great interest to those of us from the Northwest, because it is the oldest of Canadian cities, guarding the portals of older and lesser Canada as Winnipeg stands at the threshold of the newer and greater Canada beyond : its history is in the past, as that of Winnipeg is in the future. Jacques Cartier landed on it in 1535 : Champlain built upon it in 1608 : and twelve years afterwards Fort St. Levis was erected. Admiral Kirk captured it in 1629, and three years later it was returned to France at the close of the war. In 1690 they beat off and English attack under Admiral Phipps, and it then was retained by France till its ownership was finally changed by the battle which cost the French and English leaders their lives. British soldiers guarded it till 1870, when its fortifications with the later and costly ones of Levis, were turned over to the Dominion, and it stands now useful to Canada only as a magnificent relic of her past : for warfare in these later days passes by fortresses instead of attacking them, and if their destruction be deemed necessary, it is done where there is sea-room with first-class ironclads, or opposed with arms of precision from behind hastily shoveled earth, which is now found to be better than the most solid granite.

And now what of the ship which lies so gracefully at the foot of the cliff, chafing at her moorings and looking like a hound in leash, her four tapering rakish masts braced with rigging so slender that one wonders that they can stay the heavy spars, till he finds that these are of twisted and tempered iron wire. Graceful she is, with a grace that is given of the builder's need of so shaping her as to cleave the water with a sharp bow which shall at the same time have rapid expansion from the water-line upwards and outwards, so that the crested wave shall be thrown in harmless spray aside when the powerful engines which are driving her 350 miles a day, her usual speed. Sharp as she is forward at the water line, she is more so aft, for that which is known as a "clean run aft" is necessary that the cloven breakers may unite easily again and be lashed into foam by the powerful screw, as if in anger at the resistance which they have dared to make to this "clipper of the sea."

This last and finest ship of the Allan line is 450 feet long, 46 feet wide and 32 feet in depth. She can carry 150 saloon, 69 intermediate and 1000 steerage passengers, and has a crew of 137 all told ; but at this dull season of the year she has only 77 saloon, 50 intermediate and 191 in the steerage, and is laden with 31,000 cheeses, 3,961 boxes of bacon and over 22,000 bushels of wheat, weighing in all 4,200 tons, and causing her to draw 24 and a half feet of water, and she generally accomplishes the voyage in seven-and-a-half to eight-and-a-half days, of which four-and-a-half days only are on the open ocean and out of sight of land. From our ordinary small birch bark canoe which "Like a yellow leaf in autumn" floats the most graceful craft known to man, there is a long stride to this great ship, which has been built to "laugh at all disaster, and with wave and whirlwind wrestle." You have to know her construction of watertight bulkheads, her inner skin of iron, to understand that if her outer wall of steel were beaten in there would stand the

inner lining between her passengers and destruction. You scarcely appreciate her great strength when you enter, for instance, the music and drawing room, where slight pillars support a gorgeously frescoed roof, while around the sides are panels of inlaid Canadian woods, which look thin enough to do duty on a Red River stern wheeler, and you wonder why so frail a sheet of wood can support the massive port windows with their circular framing of burnished brass, till you find that the wood has a backing of annealed iron, and these frail pillars are of tempered steel; and so it is throughout the ship; no doors slam, no windows jingle, no furniture rattles, for all is solid, all is fixed to the steel and wooden deck which underlies the rich carpet, and no motion is apparent anywhere but the slight throb of the powerful engine, which, as you lie in your comfortable berth passing into the slumber which the sea air makes so sweet, you can easily imagine yourself as being borne through the ocean by some beneficent marine monster, the beating of whose great heart the throb of the engine so well simulates.

The two days' run down the river and gulf are pleasant, from the generally smooth water and ever-changing shore views, and it is only when you pass through where the bleak headlands of Newfoundland approach within six miles of the still bleaker coast of Labrador, that you enter upon the Atlantic Ocean; and here your first sight is obtained of the bergs which hover about the entrance of the straits as if waiting for the warmer waters of the gulf to melt their icy hearts. In daylight and at this season they are uninteresting masses of fast thawing ice, suggestive of no danger, but in the moonlight and mist they assume fantastic forms, suggestive of antique shapes and designs, and one we noticed, which has recently upset—for they performed these somersaults when the part below the water line melts away—looked like the war galley of the Ice King himself, with its over-hanging arched prow and hoary

icy sides. I have said that the ships are but four or five days out of sight of land, and the last land you see is a lonely spot where the Dominion Government have built the Belle Isle Lighthouse, the keeper of which solaces his imprisonment with the catching of fish and the rearing of Newfoundland dogs, the much prized puppies of pure breed, he has occasional chances of exchanging with passing steamers for fresh meat to vary his interminable fish diet. And now being in the open ocean, it seems fitting to close this letter and reserve for the next a description of this farthest north, and shortest of present transatlantic routes, if He, in whose hands are the issues of life, and at whose bidding alone the angry waves are stilled, shall permit us to reach the farther shore.

PATRICK NORTHERN.

Beatrice Cameron,

Or, Poetry the Happy Medium.

A Story in Two Books.

(For the Manitoban.)

BY F. OSMAND MABER.

Book 2—Chapter 1—Continued.)

God will relent, and quit thee all thy debt,
Who ever more approves and more accepts.
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who, self-vigorous chooses death as due
Which argues over-just and self-pleased
For self-offence, more than for God offended.

—RAMSON AGONISTES.

THE day of the trial had arrived. James Buxton, alias Charles Wallace was to struggle for his liberty. The whole city was in an uproar. The circulation of counterfeited bills had imposed upon many; all were anxious that the culprit should be punished, all desired his punishment to be as severe as possible.

The court-room was, therefore, crowded. A buzz pervaded the hall. The prisoner stood facing the audience: calm and imperious. No fear was in his eye: no tremor shook his frame. If addressed his answer was given in a steady tone: the tone of a courtier.

And such he undoubtedly was. It was that which made him the more to be feared: the more to be spurned: for what is like the devil with a smooth tongue and charming demeanor!

After the judge and jury had taken their places, the attorney for the prosecution arose.

"Gentlemen," he began, "James Buxton has been arrested upon a charge of counterfeiting and forgery. As you are well aware, gentlemen, the circulation of counterfeit bills during the past twelve months has been enormous. The detectives have labored in vain. A careful search has failed. The exertions of the banks have proved fruitless. Notwithstanding all our endeavors the fraud has continued. Notes have been forged. Cheques have been passed. Many have been ruined; trade is stagnant: the country is in despair. Shall this continue? Will it be endured? Are we so effeminate; No! we have now the culprit, the destroyer of honesty and honor. He is here in our hands. His identity we shall prove. Nay, that is unnecessary; he is known: hundreds will avow it: dozens will declare it: many will swear it. We leave it therefore to your justice to inflict a worthy punishment; a punishment worthy and in accordance with the constitution of the great British Empire."

The first witness to be called was the gentleman in black whom we last saw promenading up the aisle of the church in the company of the aforementioned corpulent constable, the headle, that preserver of the peace. After being duly sworn he proceeded with his evicence.

"Some time ago I noticed in one of our daily papers an advertisement which offered a reward for information which might lead to the arrest of one known as James Buxton, a counterfeiter and forger, who at that time was flooding the market with spurious paper: a description was given of the offender: his features were described; also peculiar marks by which he might be identified. In a moment of absent-mindedness upon the part of

Buxton, I recognized these peculiarities. Thereupon, I immediately interviewed the Chief of Police. With a constable I proceeded to arrest the man. We (the constable and myself) found that he was about to be married that morning; had in fact already departed for the church. But even for marriage we could not leave our prey, besides, we might arrive in time to interrupt the ceremony. We found, however, upon our arrival, that the wedding was almost over. We nevertheless arrested the man, and 'there he is!'" At these last words the witness had proudly held his head aloft, and in a dramatical manner and with a sarcastic smile upon his face had pointed at the counterfeiter; caused perhaps by triumph and the expected reward.

It was useless for Buxton to endeavour to defend himself: it would have been worse than useless, for everybody present now recognized the offender. His false hair and moustache had been removed, and he stood revealed to the court. Still, to all outside appearance, the matter concerned him but little. He amused himself by smiling at the many fairy faces in the midst of the audience, and, we are sorry to relate, captivated many. But they may well be excused, for they then knew not of his deepest villainy. They would soon know better.

The council for the defendant did indeed attempt to mutter something, but very soon gave up in despair: he was fully aware of his inability to assist the prisoner.

At first it did not appear that the trial would be a lengthy one: but now the Prosecuting Attorney brought forward a question of vital importance. It was, whether the marriage with Miss Cameron had actually taken place: whether the ceremony, interrupted as it had been, was lawful, was legal, was right. It was indeed hard that Miss Beatrice should suffer disgrace for the sake of a scoundrel, in whose hands she was helpless! Could not the court free her from her bonds and pronounce the marriage illegal? If not, Beatrice



MR. HULL'S CATTLE AND COWBOYS, NEAR CALGARY, ALBERTA.

was doomed: her fair name would be sullied and lost. She would be spurned as the wife of a counterfeiter and forger. Was there no hope? Must this horrible stain forever rest upon her fair name? Must she be spurned, be pointed at as the wife of a brigand? Could not the Court be prayed to intercede? That was unnecessary: *from the midst of the audience arose a witness!*

This latter was a young lady of shapely form, but stricken with sorrow. No brilliancy sparkled in the eyes which had once been bright: no smile crossed the lips which had once emitted peals of rapturous music. A sadness clouded her countenance: the sadness of despair. The prisoner, when he first noticed her, gave one great start of astonishment, surprise and alarm, then again settled into his old repose.

The lady was requested to take her place in the witness box. This she did.

"Have you any testimony to give?" queried the Attorney for the Crown.

"I have," was the response.

"Then proceed," which she did, after taking the oath in due form.

"Three years ago I first met Mr. Buxton, or, as I then knew him, Francis Wainwright. Within a very short period we became engaged, and were married. My husband was kind and affectionate, and for some time we lived most happily. At the end of about a month, however, I noticed a change. Three or four evil-looking men were continually visiting him at our cottage. He was always in their company. No longer was he the man of a few weeks previous. My presence was a bore to him. I noticed this change with horror: I did my utmost to enliven him. But to no end. He suddenly disappeared, and with him disappeared a young lady of well-known repute in our village, together with the fortune which I had inherited from my father. From that time to this I have not seen him. I returned to my mother upon my husband's disappearance, and with her I have since remained."

"You are undoubtedly surprised at my coming forward to testify thus against the prisoner. Believe me I would not have done so, for no matter how much I have been harmed, Mr. Buxton or Mr. Wainwright is my husband, were it not for the sake of the young lady who has become his present victim. I could not leave this hall without removing the stain from the young lady's name, who I hear is now dangerously ill. Miss Cameron is now free: I am the wife of the prisoner: I have the proof of this: the papers are in my possession. My mother is also present at this assembly, which we entered this morning, not suspecting the result. When I first saw the prisoner I almost fainted, but controlling my unsteadied nerves—which I have taught myself to do by years of agony, I determined to attentively listen to the evidence, and then depart aware of the awful nature of my husband's character. However, when I heard how he had duped one more young lady, my common sympathies urged me to protect her. I have now finished."

The judge, jury and audience were thunderstruck. Such a thing as this had never before come to their notice. The matter was indeed presenting a greatly altered appearance from what had first been expected. Miss Cameron, then, was not the wife of Charles Wallace: the wife of James Buxton; or the wife of any-one else. She was still single: still unmarried: as free as upon the day of her birth. Ah! James Buxton, your crimes have found you out! No more will you run your wild career of crime! your race is run! the goal is reached! Now shall outraged justice demand revenge! Now shall outraged humanity demand retribution!

The poor witness was greatly distressed. It was easy to perceive that she had suffered terribly. The sympathy of all was with her: and she needed it.

James Buxton until this moment had controlled his feelings with remarkable self-will, but now the King of

Hades inspired him. He cursed his poor deluded wife, he cursed the judge, the jury, the spectators, he raved at everything, he swore at, to and by all things created and uncreated, visible and invisible, imaginary and real. Nor would he cease when commanded. Not until he had been bound and gagged did he for one moment stay his execrations.

The evidence was then summed up. The judge addressed the jury in a long harangue. It was not at all necessary for the latter to retire. Their verdict was unanimous. Little fear was there that the individuals of the jury would be without a meal for twenty-four hours, or that they would obtain one by means of the chimney—that is that their victuals would have to be smuggled through the stove-pipe. No! it was not at all necessary. Without retiring, the foreman arose and pronounced the dreaded word "guilty".

A shout of joy arose from the spectators. Indeed we cannot feel surprised at this. The excitement could hardly have been greater in the days of the Rye-house plot. Their foe had been captured. Had they not, therefore, reason to feel delighted? Assuredly so! Of course it is not humane or right to feel joyous and happy at the distress of a fellow-mortal, but Buxton was not a mortal. He was a spirit from the dreaded Stygian Realms, an inhabitant of a region fiery and sulphurous! He was at least dreaded enough to have been such.

The judge then arose "James Buxton" have you aught to say? No! Then I sentence you to fourteen years imprisonment with hard labor in expiation of your crimes.

Another shout of joy arose from the audience, then they dispersed: dispersed to scatter the news. The result of the trial spread like wild-fire: the banks were happy: the detectives sorry—they themselves had not effected the culprit's capture. Merchants were delighted: and so were the newsboys.

"Paper sir, all about the trial. Buxton sentenced," was their cry as they

dashed down the streets poking their papers before the proboscis of every citizen, scraping the long nose of some, scratching the short one of others, displacing the spectacles of the aged and generally annoying all.

(*To be Continued.*)

BEECHER'S AVERSION TO TITLES.—Some have asked me: "Why did Mr. Beecher so persistently decline the title of 'Doctor of Divinity?'" writes Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*.

I know no reason except an utter aversion to such a thing as a title to his name. If others accepted the title it was their right, and in addressing them Mr. Beecher always used it. He used to say that such a prefix as Judge, General or Doctor, designated an individual's duties or calling, and were more of a convenience than anything else, and in some cases were almost a necessity. And "Reverend" for a clergyman might be classed in that category. But, he would laughingly say, the "Reverend Doctor of Divinity" was too much of a good thing to be burdened with. This title was offered him, I cannot now recall how often, but in every instance it was declined. His own views are expressed in a letter of declination of that title, now beside me, and which I copy:

PEEKSKILL, August 21, 1860.

*To the President and Board of
Trustees of Amherst College:*

GENTLEMEN:—I have been duly notified that at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees the title of D.D. was conferred upon me.

It would certainly give me pleasure should any respectable institution bear such a testimony of good will, but that Amherst College, my own mother, should so kindly remember a son, is a peculiar gratification. But all the use of such a title ends with the public expression. If the wish to confer it be accepted, for the rest it would be an incumbrance, and furnish an address by no means agreeable to my taste. I greatly prefer the simplicity of that which my mother uttered over me in the holy hour of infant consecration and baptism.

May I be permitted, without seeming to under-value your kindness or disesteeming the honor meant, to return it to your hands, that I may to the end of my life be, as thus I have been, simply

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned places
blown.

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleas-
ant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting
—Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade
and shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father ! let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned.
And both forgiven through thy abounding
grace.

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many man-
sions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,

And flows forever through Heaven's green ex-
pansions.

The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music around me stealing
I fain would learn the holy song,
And find at last beneath thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

The XIX Century Teacher.

It was Saturday night and a teacher sat
Alone her task pursuing ;
She averaged this and she averaged that,
Of all her class was doing.
She reckoned percentage, so many boys,
And so many girls are counted—
And marked all the tardy and absentees
And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residences wrote in full,
Over many columns and pages ;
Canadian, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages ;
The rate of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation,
And prepared a list of graduates
For the county examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
And her weary heart sank lower,
For some of her pupils had little brains,
And she could furnish no more.

She slept, she dreamed, it seemed she died
And her spirit went to Hades,
And they met her there with a question fair:—
"State what per cent. your grade is."

Ages had slowly rolled away,
Leaving but partial trace,
And the teacher's spirit waked one day
In the old familiar place.
A mound of fossilized school reports
Attracted her observation—
As high as St. James' spire and wide
As almost all creation.

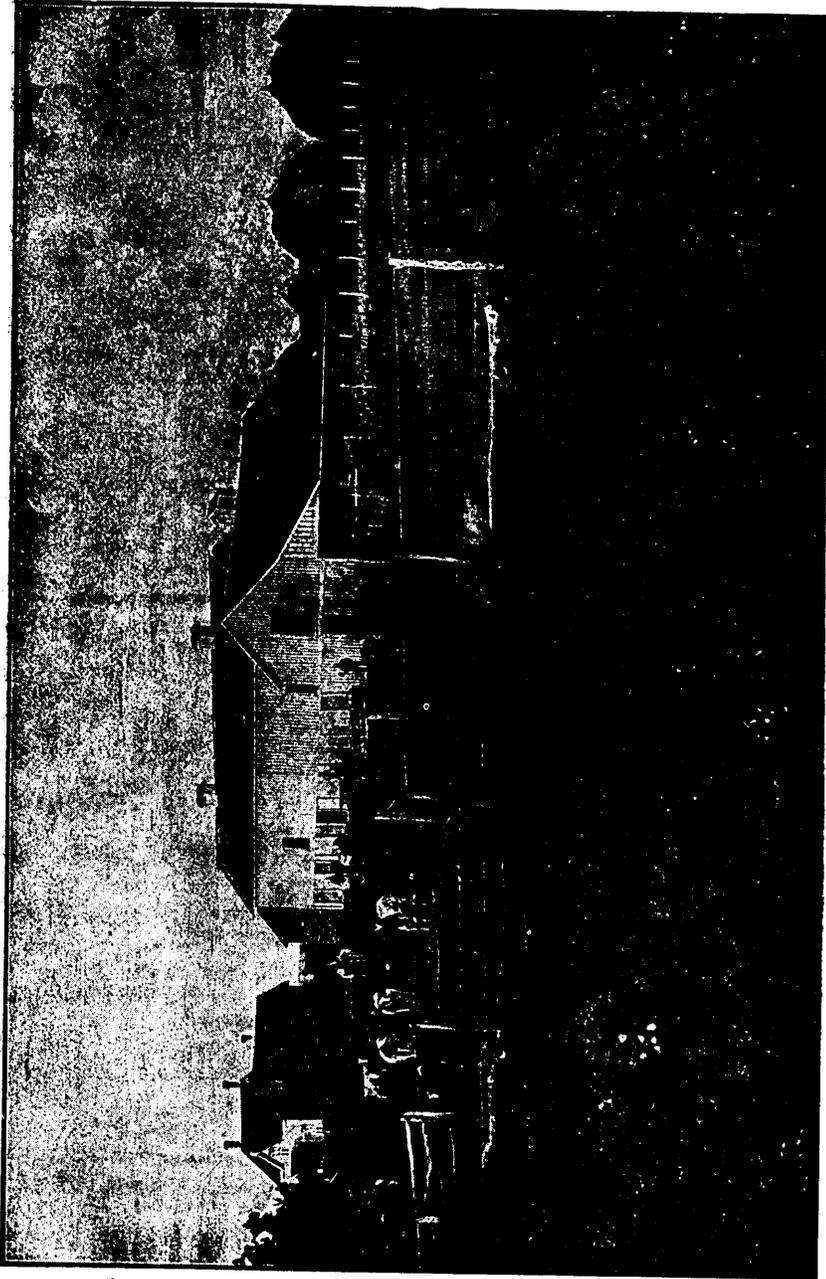
She came to a spot where they buried her
bones,
And the ground was well built over.
But laborers digging threw up a skull,
One planted beneath the clover.
A disciple of Galen, wandering by,
Paused to look at the diggers,
Picked up the skull, looked through the eye,
And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M.D.,
"How easy it is to kill 'em !
Statistics ossified, every fold
Of cerebrum and cerebellum."
"It's a great curiosity, sure," said Pat,
"By the bones you can tell the creature !"
"O, nothing strange," said the doctor, "that
Was a nineteenth century teacher."

The Lord's Prayer in Mohawk.

A correspondent from Manitou has sent us a copy of the Lord's Prayer in the Mohawk tongue taken from the Book of Common Prayer, printed at Hamilton, Ont., in 1842, over 50 years ago. As it may be of interest to our readers, we reproduce it in full.

Shoegwaniha Karouhyakouh teghsiderouh, Wagwaghseanadokeaghdiste ; Sayanertsherah avedaneghte ; Tsin-eaghserah egh neyawane ne oughweatsyake tsioni nityouhtne Karouhyakouk. Takyouh ne keagh weghniserate ne niyadeweghniserake vegwanadarok. Neomi toedagwarighwi-yostea ne tsiniyogwatswatouh tsiniyought ne oekyougha tsitsyakhirigh-wiyosteanis ne waonkhiyatswatea. Neoni toghsa tagwaghsharinet tewa-dadeauakeraghtoeke : Nok toedogwadayakoh tsinoene ni yodaxheah Ikea iese saweank ne kayanestsherah, neoni ne kashatsteghsera, neoni ne oewe-seaghtshera, tsiniyeaheawe neoni tsiniyeaheawe. Amen.



W. STEPHENS' GOPHER CREEK FARM, VIRDEN, MANITOBA.

Publisher's Notes.

We ask all who are interested in the growth and advancement of our country to subscribe for the *Manitoban*.

* * *

Watch for the August number of the *Manitoban*. It will be a capital number, and will contain a choice lot of interesting articles.

* * *

It takes money to get out a paper, and we would ask our subscribers who are in arrears to kindly send us the amount due. The amount is small to you but a great deal to us. Kindly let us hear from you.

* * *

We are pleased to be able to present our readers this month with a double Exhibition number, which we trust will be of interest. We would particularly call their attention to the advertisements, which are specially for this number, and we would ask as a favor when answering any of them, that they mention *The Manitoban*.

* * *

As the *Manitoban* is desirous of securing all the information extant on the country, we shall be pleased to hear from any who can give us the desired information. Historical and scientific articles, interesting events relating to the early days of the country are solicited, and if accepted will be paid for. Let us hear from you reader.

* * *

WE have made a little departure this month in the make-up of THE MANITOBAN on account of the Exhibition, and we trust the contents will be read thoughtfully and carefully. Those wishing to subscribe for THE MANITOBAN can do so by calling at the office of publication, 312 William St., near Princess, or sending it through the mail addressed to "Editor MANITOBAN," P.O. drawer 1371, where it will receive prompt attention.

SPECIAL OFFER.

WE will send THE MANITOBAN to any address in Canada or the United States the balance of this year for forty cents. To Great Britain for 60 cents. This includes the Christmas number.

* * *

WE want active, reliable agents to canvass for us, to whom a liberal commission will be allowed. THE MANITOBAN is just the thing to send to your friends. Remember it is the cheapest magazine published in Canada. It has a large and rapidly increasing circulation and it is here to stay.

* * *

IT is to be hoped that the Industrial Exhibition which takes place this month will be a success. At any rate it will demonstrate as to whether the fall or summer is the best time for holding an exhibition. The tendency of exhibitions the past few years is more in the way of a show and each place vies with another as to who will have the biggest attraction. The Toronto fair is fast developing into a regular hippodrome, until it partakes more of the nature of the circus than of the fair. While we admire the energy and ability displayed by the management in securing big attractions to draw the crowds, we are afraid that the primary object will be lost sight of. We trust the directors of the Winnipeg Exhibition will stick to the principle they started out with and not lose sight of the fact that the display of our products is the best card we can hold. In this we can compete and hold our own, while an exhibition in the shape of attractions foreign to the object of the fair itself would be nothing better than a side show and a failure.

* * *

At the International Millers' and Bakers' Exhibition, held in London, in 1892, Manitoba wheat was awarded the Champion Gold Medal in a competition open to the world. The sample in question was grown in Manitoba in

1891, and is Red Fife spring wheat weighing 65½ lbs. to the bushel. The following letter from the managers of the International Millers and Bakers' Exhibition explains itself:

LONDON, 29th June, 1892.

A. J. MACMILLAN, Esq., Agent Government of Manitoba, 33 James St., Liverpool.

DEAR SIR,—We have the pleasure to inform you that the sample of Red Fife wheat exhibited by you has been awarded the highest possible prize against the wheat produce of the world, and in due course we shall forward you the Champion Gold Medal.

The sample submitted to the judges was of such excellence that it may be taken as a "Standard."

We are, yours faithfully,

DALE & REYNOLDS,

(Managers for the Royal Agricultural Hall Co.)

This is the best advertisement Manitoba ever had and with the splendid immigration policy inaugurated and laid down by the Hon. Thos. Greenway, will be the means of bringing a large class of settlers into the country.

Literary Notes and Reviews.

The Home Knowledge Association, of Toronto, are rapidly increasing their membership. Their monthly review of new books, magazines, &c., is a splendid production and is invaluable to the members. It is a regular Canadian "Review of Reviews" and fully discusses the merits of all new publications that are worthy of notice. As the association are doing a good work in supplying the literature of the day at publishers prices we are glad to watch their progress and are pleased to see that the membership has increased to the respectable number of 18,000.

Everyone should possess a copy of the *Delineator*, it is a high class journal of Fashion, Culture and Fine Arts, the subscription of which is \$1.00 a year, single copies 15 cents. Send orders direct to *The Delineator Publishing Company*, of Toronto, (Ltd.) 33 Richmond St., West, Toronto.

The "*The Great Divide*" comes to us each month better than ever. The number for July was exceptionally good the illustrations being equal to any ever published. *The Great Divide* should be seen to be appreciated. The publishers announce that the August and September issues will be particularly interesting. If you have not seen a copy send for it. Price 10

cents, \$1.00 per year. Published at Denver, Colorado.

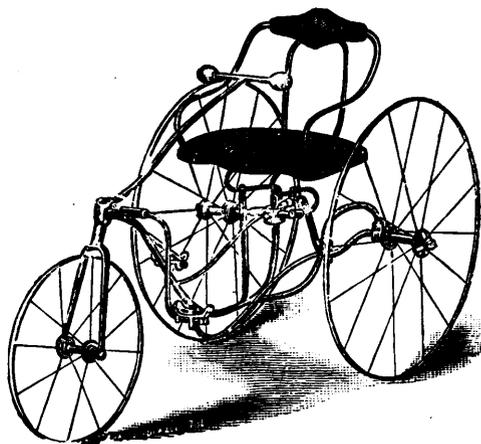
The Youth's Companion, the great favorite of the boys and girls, continues to delight weekly its 500,000 readers. Its Fourth of July number was elegantly gotten up, the publishers sparing no pains to make it suitable for the occasion. The stories are healthful and all the boys and girls who can afford it should read the *Companion*. Published by Perry, Mason & Co., Boston, Mass. Subscription \$1.75 per year.

The Housekeeper, published at Minneapolis, is one of the best family papers published. It is a semi-monthly magazine and contains everything that pertains to the home. As the subscription is only \$1.00 per year every family should possess a copy. Send for a sample copy and be convinced. It is published at Minneapolis by the Buck-Eye Publishing Co.

The Eclectic Magazine for July is a regular mine of literary reading. Articles on the absorbing questions of the day are in its pages, while scientific and sociological questions are discussed by noted writers and authors. "The Civilization, Social Order and Morality in the United States of America" is ably handled and from a resume of its pages "the American system of the way of doing things" is severely handled. The Rt.-Hon. L. H. Courtney, M.P., writes about "Shady Truths;" Surgeon T. H. Parke, late of the Stanley expedition, tells "How Gordon was really lost;" Basil Thomson describes "Society in Corsica" and W. H. Mallock tells about "Amateur Christianity." "Women and Worship in India" by Lady Violet Greville, a "Fourteenth Century Parson" by Rev. Dr. Jessop, together with several interesting stories and chats on subjects by noted writers complete an excellent number. Everyone interested in important questions and who desires to keep abreast of the intellectual progress of the age should subscribe for it. The subscription price is \$5.00 per year; but in order to give an idea of what it really is the publishers offer a trial subscription for three months for only \$1.00. Address E. R. Pelton, publishers, 144 Eighth St., New York.

The July number of *The Dominion Illustrated* opens with a thrilling interesting story by Jessie A. Freeland, called "The Renunciation of Grahame Corysteen." Mr. Frank Veigh's excellent paper on "A Century of Legislation," is concluded, and forms in all a valuable addition to our legislative history. The most amusing article in the number is a story, "Fooling and Fishing about Megantic," by E. W. Sandys; it is very appropriate at the present season. "Old Acadian School Days, by Paster Felix, is written in his happiest vein. Miss Maud Ogilvy, of Montreal, contributes a charming little sketch, entitled, "A Feminine Camping Party." "The Dominion Educational Association Convention" and "Yachting on Lake Ontario," are two well-written and richly illustrated articles, the scope of which is well indicated by the titles. A charming poem by Miss A. M. McLeod, and a short instalment of "Scraps and Snaps," from Mr. Crofton's pen,

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Rubber Balls, Base, Lacrosse and Lawn Tennis Balls, Albums—Full Lines, Plush, and Fancy Goods,
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closes the number, the size of which we regret is not larger. The supplement is an excellent portrait of the late Sir Alex. Campbell, Ontario's late Lieut.-Governor. The Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal and Toronto, are the publishers, and at the low price asked—\$1.50 yearly—the magazine should have a very large support from the Canadian Public

Our Checker Department.

CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY.

SOLUTION TO POSITION NO. 4.

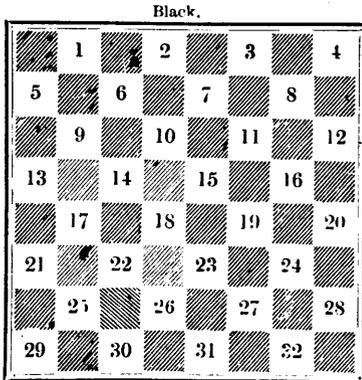
Black men on 17, 21, 24.

White man on 29; kings on 9 and 32.

White to play and win as follows:

9 13	32 28	17-13	25-22
17-22	24-27	26-30	26 17
13 17	28-32	29-25	13 22
22 26	27-31	30 26	W Wins.

*REFERENCE BOARD FOR BEGINNERS.

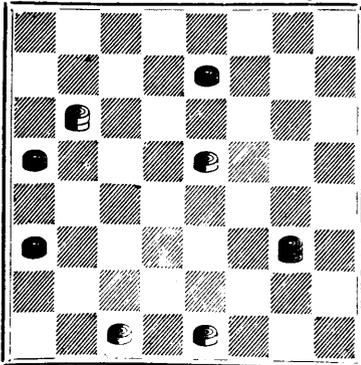


White.

POSITION NO. 5.

An end game from the second (double corner played between Ed. Kelly, Winnipeg, and Mr. Muirhead of Carlton Place, Ontario.

Black (Mr. Muirhead) on 7, 13, 21; King on 24.



White (Kelly) on 15, 30, 31; King on 9.

White to play and win.

The following four games were played between Harry Norman, of Kildonan, Man., and Mr. Benett of Glasgow, Scotland, commenced November, 1890, and ended May 1892.

GAME NO. 7.—BRISTOL.

Norman's Move.

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

GAME NO. 8.—SINGLE CORNER.

Norman's Move.

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

W Wins

GAME NO. 9.—CROSS.

Norman's Move.

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

*At the commencement of a game the black men occupy the square 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.

THE VERDICT

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Provincial Manager for Manitoba, Northwest Territories and British Columbia,

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Satisfaction Guaranteed. Flannels a Specialty.

KENDRICK & SMITH,

PROPRIETORS.

GAME NO. 10—LAIRD AND LADY.

Benett's Move.

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

CHECKER NOTES.

Mr. Muirhead, of Carlton Place, Ont., and Mr. Hill, of Montreal, two first-class players, are new additions to the Winnipeg staff of Draughts players.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP—It is rumoured that Jordan, the English champion, will receive a challenge shortly for a money stake from Henry Christie, of Sunderland, last year's winner of the championship.

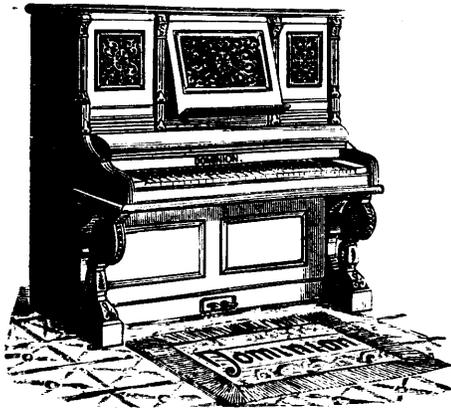
WYLLIE TO THE FORE.—Mr. James Wyllie, champion of the world, has expressed himself willing to meet any player in the world in a restricted match to consist of 100 games for a stake of £100 a side. This bold defiance shows that whatever may be the opinion of carping critics as to the old veteran's "failing powers," Mr. Wyllie is in no way diffident about entering into a prolonged contest. It remains to be seen what the challenge will bring forth.

Winnipeg's Growth.

A great deal has been said and written about Winnipeg, her rise and progress, and almost anything that could be said would be repeating an oft told story. Yet like the old hymns that we heard in our childhood days, we never tire hearing of the "Bull's Eye" of the Dominion, or grow weary in watching her progress. It is only when she don't progress that we do grow weary, but as we presume none of our readers feel very tired as yet, we cannot complain. Situated as Winnipeg is, at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, with thousands

of miles of rolling prairie behind her, stretching away to the Rocky Mountains, she is what everybody says she is, the gateway of the west. Through her there is poured the golden grain for which Manitoba is noted. Into her lap is cast the offerings of the New Empire, destined to be ere long the brightest possession of her Majesty, and one of the most powerful Nations over which the Union Jack will proudly float. From a hamlet in 1870, with a population of 200 to a substantial and rapidly growing city in 1892 of 30,000, is something to be proud of. In the early days the only mode of locomotion was by Red River carts, now rapidly passing out of existence. Now we have the elegant coaches, and Pullman sleepers, which rival the tales of Sinbad the sailor. Electric cars, with their cargo of living freight, glide in and out of the groves that line the river bank, while electricity, chained even beyond the dream of wildest fantasy, sheds its brilliant light over the city. To a traveler Winnipeg looks like a city set down in the heart of a vast plain; this is owing to the large amount of vacant land which is noticed for several miles around, and which is chiefly held by speculators. In connection with this, it might be said, an effort is now being made by Mr. Fox, an English gentleman, who is a member of one of the charitable committees, of which the Baroness Burdette Coutts is the head, to settle the lands above mentioned. As Mr. Fox is a representative delegate, sent out by the Baroness, it will be only a question of backing up the scheme by the Winnipeg Council, and the neighboring municipalities to consummate what has been long agitated, viz., the settlement of the vacant lands with good English settlers.

The effect of this will be to increase the price of city property and to furnish the markets with large quantities of vegetables and farmers' produce, which at the present time, owing to the scarcity, is somewhat high priced as well as hard to obtain. Thus link by link, and step by step, Winnipeg



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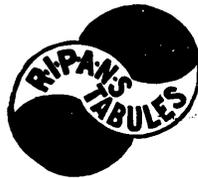
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advances, and it is only a question of a few years when the Chicago of the North-west will rival the Chicago of to-day. Situated geographically as Winnipeg is she cannot help but be the centre around which all other things will revolve. That her people have faith in her is instanced by the large and substantial places of business, handsome residences, beautiful churches, etc., which are daily being erected. Her hotels are noted all over the Continent and that Mammoth structure, The Manitoba, the latest one to cater to the travelling public, is an evidence of the growth and demands of our city. Not to have seen Winnipeg will soon be regarded as bad as not to have seen the World's Fair. Everybody comes within the reach of her hospitality who wants to see the world, and all nations pass through her gates. That great trans-continental line, the Canadian Pacific Railway, that links the east to the west with its bands of steel, is the medium that connects the Atlantic to the Pacific and brings daily the treasure of the Orient to the lap of this western world.

AS AN INVESTMENT.

Winnipeg affords to the capitalist a large field and safe return. Nowhere on the Continent of America is property as cheap as it is in Winnipeg. That it will not always remain so is a foregone conclusion, and to the shrewd business man, who knows when and where to invest, Winnipeg affords a chance of a lifetime.

Never since the lamented boom of 1881-2 has property been so dear or rents so high as at the present time. As an evidence of this, the fact that hardly a vacant house can be found, is sufficient to convince the most skeptical; and the person who will erect a number of good warm houses, well and tastefully built, can rest assured of being well paid for his trouble. No sooner is the foundation of a house laid than a dozen or more applications are made "to rent," and when the unsuccessful applicant is told "it is already taken," there is such a disappointed

look in the face of the would-be tenant, that one wishes he were a Rothschild, in order to supply the demand. To the average reader this may seem dull and prosy but we wish to state facts, not hearsay impressions, and to those whose eye may chance to see this number of THE MANITOBA for the first time, we would say believe much or little of it as you will, but consider WHAT YOU DO READ. We do not wish to create a boom nor do we wish to state what is not true for the purpose of praising up Winnipeg as too many of our writers have been accused of doing. We only wish to point out what everyone acquainted with Winnipeg knows is true for the benefit and information of our visitors and their friends, as well as those who may be deprived from attending the Exhibition, but will be nevertheless interested in what we have to say.

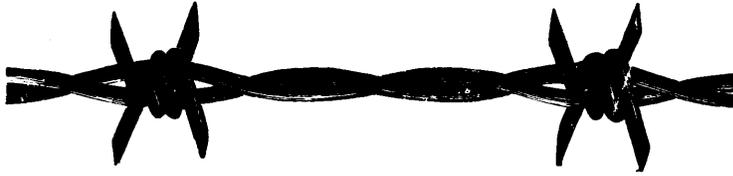
AS A RAILROAD CENTRE

Winnipeg is like the hub of a wheel, the railroads forming the spokes which radiate from it in every direction. In order to see that it is only necessary for the most skeptical to examine the map here presented and see for themselves. That all these lines will bring "grain to the mill" is no foregone conclusion, it is an actual truth.

Three great railroad corporations have their main lines connecting here, the Canadian Pacific, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, with a prospect in the very near future of the Grand Trunk and the Winnipeg Duluth and the Hudson's Bay Railways, also centering here. With these great arteries of commerce branching out and stretching o'er the immense plains like a net-work it requires no prophet or the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter to foretell the future of Winnipeg.

Now that so much has been said about "Free Trade" and British connection, we would remind our readers that the nearest markets and shortest routes are generally the thing first thought of by the producer.

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we have a route to the old land from Winnipeg to Liverpool 904 miles nearer than from Winnipeg via Montreal to the same place, and only 536 miles farther than New York to Liverpool. And as Fort Churchill is only about 400 miles from the great wheat fields of the west, we are practically only 136 miles farther from Liverpool than if we lived in New York.

In order that our readers can more readily understand the difference in the distances in the routes referred to, we herewith give the following statistical table :

Winnipeg to Montreal via Canadian Pacific Railway.....	1,480	miles
Montreal to Liverpool.....	3,000	do
Total.....	4,480	do
Winnipeg to Churchill via Hudson's Bay Railway.....	650	do
Churchill to Liverpool.....	2,926	do
Total.....	3,576	do
Difference in favor of Hudson's Bay Route.....	904	do
Montreal to Liverpool.....	3,040	do
Churchill Harbor to Liverpool.....	2,926	do
Difference in favor of Churchill.....	74	do
New York via Cape Race to Liverpool.....	3,040	do
Churchill Harbor to Liverpool.....	2,926	do
Difference in favor of Churchill.....	114	do

From this it can be seen that we have at hand a route which only awaits developing to become the great shipping line of the future. With such a road fully equipped as the Hudson's Bay Railway would be when connecting with a line of magnificent steamers, the entire trade of this Great Northwest, including the western states, would pass through that way. It is true a great deal has been said and written on this well-worn subject, but it is by continually keeping it before the public that we hope to soon see it a completed reality. Once this route was established, Winnipeg would become the great grain metropolis of the west, and not only would she be the gate through which the mercantile trade would flow westward, but she would be the gate through which an immense European trade would be done, and what is now a city of 30,000 people would be a great metropolis,

numbering its souls by the millions. With such prospects before us it is with pardonable pride we say: "There is no place like Winnipeg after all." At least this is the experience of many who have sought greener fields and fresh pastures only to return. But we must hurry along as time is money and we do not wish to be accused of taking anything of a monetary value from our readers.

AS A PLACE OF BUSINESS

for her size, and considering the sparsely settled country surrounding her, Winnipeg stands head and shoulders above any other city in the Dominion. This is partly accounted for by the fact that she is the gateway to the West and through her all supplies have to pass. The wholesale trade despite the discriminating and dog-in-the-manger policy of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the past has been rapid and substantial. There are now nearly 100 wholesale establishments located here and representing all the various lines of business. In fact, no manufacturing firm that exists in the East, who have any trade at all, but try to see that they are represented in Winnipeg. The majority of these establishments own their own buildings, which in most cases are erected with a view to an extensive trade in the future. The annual sale of these 100 jobbing houses from reliable estimates are computed at nearly \$25,000,000, while the total capital invested by these firms represents nearly \$15,000,000. Of the retail firms there are several hundred each, and all doing a brisk business, and we could point out many of such firms we have in mind, who started a few years ago as clerks working behind the counter or driving the delivery wagon and to-day who do over an annual trade of \$40,000.00 Thus it is that the Great West offers to the willing and trustworthy a chance of doing likewise. This is only the beginning, for as we stand this year of our Lord, 1892, gazing at the products of Manitoba at the Industrial Exhibition, we are only the beginning of what will

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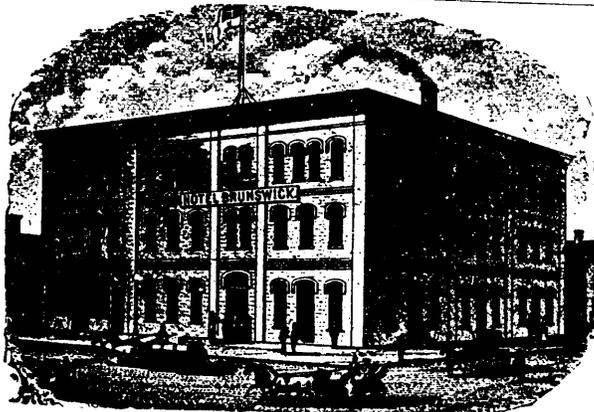
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25 lbs. Sugar \$1.00.

With an Order for 5 lbs. Tea.

50 lbs. Sugar \$2.00,

With an Order for 10 lbs. Tea ; or

100 lbs. Sugar \$4.00,

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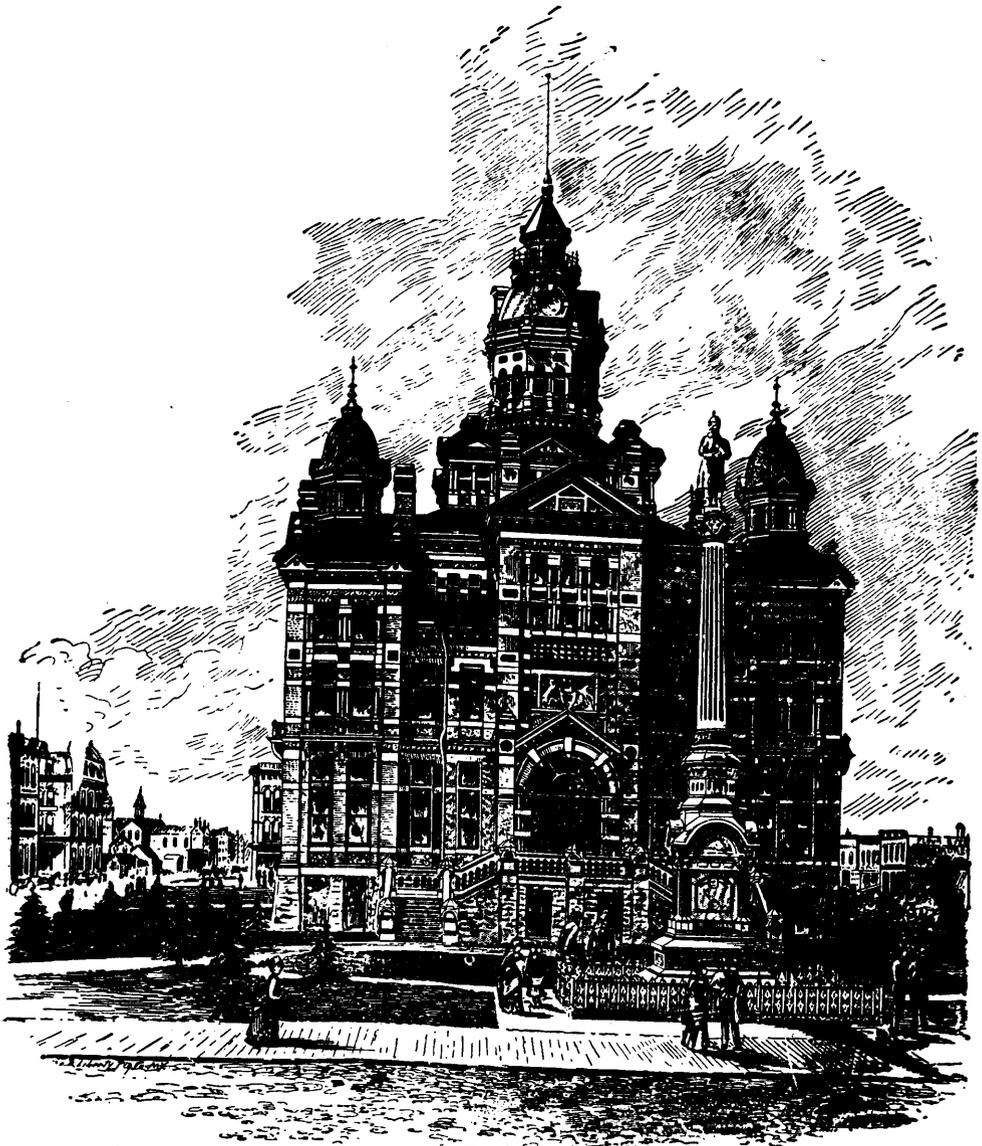
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WINNIPEG, - MANITOBA.

First-Class in every particular.
Re-Furnished and Re-Fitted.
Good Table. Good Rooms.

**FINEST
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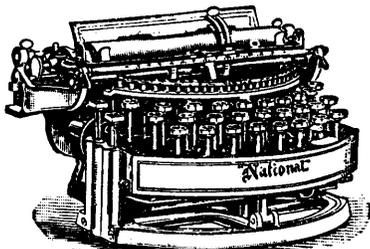
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DUPLICATORS
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For Duplicating both hand and
Type-Writing.

SEND
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LINEN AND
CARBON PAPERS
Of the Finest Grades.

Statistics

show that four-fifths of the wealthy men in the West to-day have made their money out of Real Estate by buying when it is low in price, and taking advantage of the rise. With the tide of prosperity now setting in over this Western Country.

* * * **WINNIPEG** * *

offers the best investments for your money of any city in America. Many a man in the Western Cities to-day can tell you of one or two hundred dollars invested in cheap lots a few years ago, that they have since sold for as many thousands.

We have cheap lots for speculation at \$25 to \$50 within 2 or 3 blocks of Electric Railway. Good building lots within a half to one mile of Centre of City at \$200 to \$300. Choice Residence lots, \$500 to \$1,000. Business Lots on wholesale or retail streets, \$50 to \$200, per foot frontage.

We have a few good Investments in Rental bearing properties netting ten to fifteen per cent. Send for Maps and Lists.

GLINES & CO., Real Estate and Loan Agents,

421 MAIN STREET, - - WINNIPEG, MAN.

AGENTS FOR THE CANADIAN MUTUAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO.

pale into insignificance in another half century.

It has been said that Manitoba has enough fertile land to sustain fifty millions of people. If this is the case then we can say to our visitors come right along and get homes for yourselves and families, where you have a good country, good government, good markets, churches, schools, and everything that can be found in older countries. To those who are among us for the first time during Exhibition week we would suggest that they improve their time and opportunity taking a trip out through the country and thoroughly examine things for themselves. Take no man's word but let each one see for himself what a beautiful fertile soil we possess. Nowhere in the Universe has Providence bestowed such a goodly heritage as the Canadians possess in this Great Northwest. When it is stated that the lands of the Northwest, capable of supporting an agricultural population, exceed 200,000,000 of acres in extent we can form some idea of what immense resources we are capable of. Here then is food for thought for the half-starved, overcrowded cities of Europe. Here, every one have their individual rights with none to molest or make them afraid. Of them in the future years, with the poet we can say :

Far from the maddening crowds ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

In speaking of the agricultural resources of Manitoba we must not omit to mention the fact that stock-raising is equally successful, as a Christmas or Easter visit through our markets will show. Our beef is becoming famous throughout Canada and for one to get a roast of "Manitoba Beef" is just as good as going to a picnic. The prairie grasses are so nutritious that animals thrive on it and grow fat without any other food.

Sheep raising is also a profitable as well as successful branch of industry. In the early morning it is a pleasant sight to gaze as far as the eye can see and behold " Russet lawns and fallows

grey, where the nibbling flocks do stray ;" and listen to the bleat of the lambs answered and echoed from bluff to bluff intermingled with the songs of birds.

It is a well known fact that Winnipeg possesses one of the best markets in North America. Here everything finds a ready sale, where all farm products bring the highest price. This is a very important matter to the settler and is one which should be carefully considered by those who contemplate emigrating. To all who are able and willing to work Manitoba and the Northwest offers

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES,

an opportunity which only comes once in a lifetime and which, as time advances, is rapidly passing away. Now farm lands can be had at from \$1 to \$20 per acre, while in a few years hence the same lands will be worth nearly five times as much. Thus \$1 invested now is worth \$5 in a few years.

In order to show our readers at what rate Winnipeg has advanced, the following table, which has been carefully prepared, shows the value of city property from 1878 :

Population.	1878	1880	1882	1884	1886	1888	1890	1891	1892
Best Wholesale Corners	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	125
Best Wholesale Inside Lots.	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	125
Best Retail Corners.	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1250
Best Retail Inside Lots.	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1250
Ordinary Business Corners.	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500	600
Ordinary Business Inside Lots.	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500	600
Best Residence Corners.	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	140
Best Residence Inside Lots.	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	140
Medium Residence Corners.	10	12	15	20	25	30	35	40	50
Medium Residence Inside Lots.	10	12	15	20	25	30	35	40	50
Workmen's Residence Corners.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Workmen's Residence Inside Lots.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Adjoining Acres.	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1250

WANTED Furniture, Trunks, Merchandise of every description to store. Emigrants' effects stored and forwarded. Consignments of produce or grain solicited. WINNIPEG STORAGE CO., Cor. King and McWilliam Streets, Winnipeg.

PAIN DESTROYER FREE.

"Nor" West Pain King "cannot be excelled for Cholera, Cramps, or any external or internal pains of any kind. We will send the formula for making this valuable remedy and give our agency to any one sending us \$1.00 for two yearly subscriptions for our large 16-page journal. THE BEST health journal in the English language. Samples and terms to Agents 10 cts. in stamps. Address

MEDICAL ADVISER AND FARM HELP,
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

CANCER.

As surely as snow melts before the spring showers, so surely does cancer vanish under the influence of our painless and permanent cure. Send six cents for particulars and testimonials from those cured. Neither knife nor plaster is used. Mention the MANITOBAN. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Prevent Sickness In Your Home

(We will send MANITOBAN and MEDICAL ADVISER 1 year for only \$1.00.)

By subscribing for the Medical Adviser, the best 16-page health journal in the English language. Samples free, or sent on trial balance of 1892 for only 25 cents.

TRY IT. TRY IT.

Medical Adviser.

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Contains Sound Argument and Reliable Information.

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The editor will make it a valuable paper for prohibition campaign literature, and keep our readers specially posted on all matters affecting the prohibition question in Manitoba.

Send in Five yearly subscribers, and we will give you a cash prize of 75 cents, or **THE WEEKLY BANNER** for One Year Free.

J. B. Jones,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH & SALT MEATS

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TELEPHONE 222.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

D. McCaskill's Restaurant.

OPPOSITE PORTAGE AVENUE,
505 Main Street, - WINNIPEG.

Grand View Restaurant.

HIGGINS' BLOCK,
624 MAIN STREET, - WINNIPEG, MAN.

LUNCH FROM 11.30 TO 2.30 P.M.

J. W. HANSON, - MANAGER.

Salesmen Wanted

Local and travelling to sell hardy, Canadian grown Nursery stock for the Fonthill Nurseries, comprising 700 acres. Specialties in Russian Trees. Liberal pay weekly, outfit free. Apply at once.

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, TORONTO, ONT.

From this it will be seen that at present the value of property has again increased to nearly what it was during the boom of 1881-2-3, but with this exception, the prices now ruling being no boom figures, but value accrued from a good solid growth which, once started, will rapidly advance.

That Winnipeg has progressed during the last two decades can be seen by the following carefully compiled table :

	1870.	1880.	1890.
Value of City Property.....	\$200,000	\$4,500,000	\$23,000,000
Volume Commercial Business.....	150,000	2,000,000	40,000,000
Bank Capital.....	0	\$10,000,000	\$40,000,000
Bricks Manufactured.....	0	1,000,000	25,000,000
P. O. Collection and Delivery.....	30,000	900,000	8,000,000
Value of Public Improvements.....	0	100,000	\$2,000,000
Tons Coal Handled.....	0	5,000	100,000
Population.....	225	6,500	27,000
Number of Buildings.....	40	1,000	6,000
" Business Houses.....	10	65	400
" Factor es.....	2	16	45
" Churches.....	1	8	20
" Schools.....	1	5	19
" Banks.....	1	4	10
" Newspapers.....	1	4	16
Miles of Sidewalk.....	0	20	122
" Graded Streets.....	0	10	35
" Paved Streets.....	0	0	10
" Sewers.....	0	2	21
" Water Mains.....	0	0	20
" Gas Mains.....	0	6	11
" Street Railway.....	0	0	7

Since that date the above amounts have in some cases rapidly increased, and by the time the next decade rolls around will be able to show a still greater improvement.

In Manitoba the following table shows the acreage under crop for this year, 1892, as reported by the Department of Agriculture in their Bulletin of June 1st :

District.	Wheat.	Oats.	Barley.	Potatoes.
North Western.....	84,639	68,864	26,878	2,008
South Western.....	345,942	113,866	18,786	2,844
North Central.....	284,921	63,187	23,205	840
South Central.....	112,505	30,511	19,024	2,520
Eastern.....	47,958	34,046	10,751	1,791
Tota's.....	1,875,990	332,974	97,644	10,008

In order to impress on our readers the truth of what we have been saying, we refer them to the following statistical table of comparisons which represents the different yields as taken from the Government and Departmental reports, the figures of which show the average yield per acre in bushels.

	Man.	Ont.	Min.	Dak.	Whole U. S.
Wheat.....	21.1	12.8	12.0	9.0	11.1
Oats.....	41.3	28.8	26.6	21.0	19.8
Barley.....	32.1	24.2	22.5	19.5	21.0
Potatoes.....	235.0	111.1

From this it can be seen that Manitoba stands head and shoulders above her competitors, thus proving beyond a doubt that all we want is development, to spring into life the latent powers of this great country, which have been dormant ever since "The morning stars sang together." Having a great country at her back must necessarily be of great value to Winnipeg and as the country grows she will grow and become one of the greatest of Canadian cities, the centre and "Bull's Eye" of the Dominion. In connection with this let us quote what several distinguished men have had to say of Winnipeg :

The Marquis de Lorne, in one of his speeches delivered by him in Canada, said : Winnipeg is rapidly taking front rank amongst the commercial centres of the world. We may look in vain elsewhere for a situation so favorable and commanding. Nowhere will you find a situation whose natural advantages promise so great a future as seems insured in Manitoba and to Winnipeg, the Heart City of the Dominion.

U. S. Consul Taylor says : Seventy-five per cent of the wheat belt of the North American continent lies north of the forty-ninth parallel. This is tributary to Winnipeg—a city which has the largest productive country behind her of any city in the world.

Col. Fanning, city engineer of Minneapolis, says : Winnipeg, with its great water power, is destined to become a large manufacturing centre.

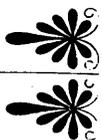
Prof. Tanner, lecturer on agriculture at South Kensington, writes : Here it is that the champion soils of the world are to be found.

W. C. Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific railway, said recently : I think the time has now come. We are on the eve of a very great change in the Northwest; the time we have been looking for so anxiously is now close at hand when the wild lands west of us will be settled up, and Winnipeg will become what your chairman will testify—what I have always said it would—the

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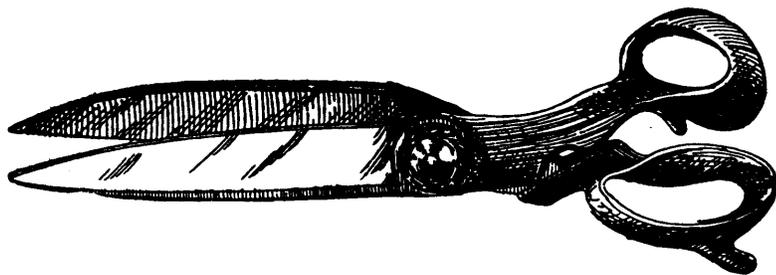
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186 JAMES STREET.

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Drawer 1371, Winnipeg, Man.

greatest city in Canada. Occupying the position it does, commanding the trade and market of the Northwest, it will become a Chicago of Canada just as Chicago will become from its position, and very soon, too, the greatest city in the United States, for the same reason that Winnipeg will become the centre of Canada.

On the same occasion, Mr. Davidson, President of the Board of Trade of the City of Toronto, said: I think it is a wonderful country, whose greatness even the people who live here do not realize. From a commercial standpoint the prospects of its future development cannot be estimated; its possibilities are beyond comprehension. In respect to climate I have found it warmer here and the season more advanced than we ever experienced in the vicinity of Toronto. Winnipeg I consider to be one of the substantial cities of the Dominion; it has an impressive appearance and the people, to use the vernacular of the west, seem to be rustlers. I like Winnipeg. I like the great fertile plains; and I think the future of Canada will be worked out by the people who shall inhabit the country west of Lake Superior.

From such testimony as this no one can for a moment doubt the future of Winnipeg.

In reference to Winnipeg and what our American cousins think of her, *The American Land and Title Register*, published in St. Paul, says, in a recent issue:—

“Within the memory of men now in middle life a lonely trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company called Fort Garry alone marked the site of Winnipeg. This gigantic trading company occupied Fort Garry as its most important post and for this purpose they chose it well—probably better than they knew.

At this spot where the waters of the noble Red and the more rapid Assiniboine Rivers mingle, and around which the romantic traditions of the early days still cluster, even in those early days the shrewd officers of this com-

pany, as if with prophetic vision, located their chief trading post, on account of the many points of vantage it possessed as a possible commercial emporium. Easy of access both by river and trail, it was the natural trade centre of a vast country whose bounds were imperial in extent. The commercial supremacy of Fort Garry from its earliest infancy, reaching back almost to the days of La Verandrye, down through the long years of semi-civilized life through the dark times of rebellion, through company rule and Canadian government, has never been disputed; and the proud and commanding position occupied by the Fort Garry of the past is maintained by its more civilized off-spring, the Winnipeg of to-day. It is the great mart of a country of nearly 2,000,000,000 acres of rich territory: the seat of government of the keystone province of the Dominion of Canada: the centre of the political, social, monetary and manufacturing world of the Dominion of the Canadian West, with its suburb, St. Boniface, the fountain head of the educational institutions of not only Manitoba, but the whole Northwest.

Its positive pre-eminence is yearly becoming more pronounced and commanding. Twenty years ago a small isolated settlement, then a struggling village, then a town; when, on the advent of the first railway, it rose, within a few years, to the proud position of one of the leading trade centres of the continent. Ten railways, branching like spokes in a wheel in all directions, gather the wealth of an inland empire to empty it at her feet. Three out of four of the great transcontinental railroads now centre here: and while we recognize the ability of the railways to make or unmake cities, Winnipeg is now so phenomenally a railroad centre that no railroad in the country can afford to leave it out of its calculation.

The navigation of the Red River, Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, the great Saskatchewan and other navigable streams, make tributary to its thousands of miles of important coast

Experts

ADMIT we are selling our **Watches, Jewellery, Guns, Bicycles**, and everything we handle cheaper than any other dealer in Canada. They say we cannot do it and pay expenses—but we have convinced ourselves that "small profits and quick returns" will enable us to make, on the gross business for the year, a fair profit on our capital by reason of the increased sales secured us through our low prices. We have an appreciative public to sell to.

NOTE SOME OF OUR BARGAINS.

Your choice of 2,000 Gentlemen's Gold Filled Vest Chains for \$2.00.

3-oz. Screw Back and Bezel Solid Silver Watches, Pendant Set, fitted with Frank S. Taggart & Co.'s fine movements, \$12.50.

10-K Gold Filled Dust Proof Cases fitted with our fine Illinois movements, \$12.50.

901 Solid Gold Gem Rings set with Pearls, Turquoise and Garnets, \$3.00 each.

600 Gold Filled Brooches, unique patterns for \$2.00 each.

Solid Gold Eye-Glasses with all latest spring and cork sides (pebbles fitted to any sight), \$4.00.

Gent's Silver Headed Canes, all the latest English and American designs, \$2.00 each.

Lady's Fine Russian Leather Belts, with fancy Oxidized Buckles, \$1.00 each.

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Lady's Oxidized Shopping Tablets, \$1.00 each.

If you have not received one of our 208 page Illustrated Catalogues, send us a small sample order, and we will mail you a copy. It is the most comprehensive and complete business guide published in Canada, and cannot fail to interest you.

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London and Canadian Loan and Agency Co., Ltd.

CAPITAL, - - - \$5,000,000.00.

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Dry Goods Store,

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Invites the visitors of the
Exhibition to inspect

Their large and well Assorted Stock of

Dry Goods, Millinery,

White Goods and Furnishings.

614 Main St.,

G. FRANKFURTER.

line. *Seventy-five per cent.* of the wheat lands of North America is directly tributary to it, while untold wealth of iron, coal, salt, petroleum, gold, silver, lumber, fish, timber, furs, horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., go to swell resources and backing more vast and varied than are possessed by any other city in the world.

Although the facile pens of gifted writers have often described its marvellous progress, its prosperity, the enterprise of its citizens, the advantages of its location, and artists have portrayed its bustling streets and costly and substantial structures, there is much yet to tell of this rising wonder of the west, which, like an adolescent giant, sits on the rim of the great prairie, *the future granary of the world*, and with beckoning finger invites the home hungering people of the congested east to its hospitable and rich domain. To-day no other city in America is attracting so much attention of capitalists, and no other city can afford such inducements to investors. The most competent judges pronounce its real estate the cheapest on the continent, while we look in vain elsewhere for a city of such natural advantages or such a bright and dazzling future."

Such is the description given to Winnipeg by the Americans. And when *they* recognize the vastness and greatness of our possessions we should more than ever feel proud of our ability and country, and strive to maintain in the future as in the past such a priceless heritage.

Prominent Winnipeg Merchants.

H. RADFORD.

A successful painter is Mr. Radford, who is one of the cleverest house and sign painters in Winnipeg. One of the secrets of his success is the speed with which he works. He will paint a sign while you are looking at it. He is also an artist in his line and knows how a job ought to be done. This is why he is always busy. His shop is

located on Main Street, nearly opposite the City Hall, where he will be pleased to welcome any one interested in decorating and painting.

A. E. MAYCOCK

came from Woodstock, Ont., and opened up business in 1880 in the Imperial Bank block. On the completion of the McIntyre Block they moved into their present premises, since which time their business has been constantly increasing, that of last year, 1891, being the largest of any previous years.

They carry an immense stock of fancy goods, silks, art silks and muslins, embroidery silks, wools, stationery, plush goods, albums, baby carriages, thousands of toys and dolls and in fact everything you could want in their line. Their business is constantly increasing, so much so, that they have opened up a wholesale branch and can now supply the trade with anything they may require on short notice. It will pay you to call and see their store during exhibition week.

SAMUEL HOOPER

Came to Winnipeg from London, Ont., in 1880, and formed a partnership with Mr. Ede, who was in the marble business. Subsequently Mr. Ede withdrew and Mr. Hooper continued the business, which he has done very successfully ever since. Mr. Hooper is an artist of more than ordinary ability, as some of his handiwork shows, the most noticeable of which are the Volunteers monument, designed by him; the Norquay monument, designed and executed; the "Seven Oaks" monument lately erected; Christ church pulpit, a beautiful piece of work, and several tablets and fonts in the city churches. All work is performed under his personal supervision, which is a guarantee of its excellence; the finely and more carefully parts being done by himself.

VELIE, CAREY & CO.,

Wholesale liquor dealers do an immense business from Port Arthur to

PRIZE MEDAL

International Exhibition, London, England, 1885
International Exhibition, London, England, 1886.
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Do You Want Good Serviceable
Hand-Made, Hand Sewn

When don't buy
slop factory work, which has to
bear several profits, but buy only
of a practical

HARNESS, SADDLES, Etc.

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AND REMEMBER THAT FOR

Price, Style, Solid Workmanship and Good Material

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PEIRCE'S

ONE - PRICE CASH HOUSE,

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Every article marked in plain figures, at lowest cash prices. Country orders carefully filled.
Send Post Card for Price List.

Select Your Home in Manitoba.

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THE GREAT GRAIN-PRODUCING COUNTRY OF THE WORLD.

* **M**ILLIONS OF ACRES are still open for settlement and for sale on easy terms,
within reach of Railroads, Markets, Schools, Churches and Post Offices.
NO OTHER COUNTRY OFFERS SUCH INDUCEMENTS to the settler as Manitoba. Her

NO. 1 HARD WHEAT

Has a world-wide fame, while the yield per acre is enormous. New towns and villages are
springing up, railway lines are being extended, coal fields are being developed. Those who want
to secure homes for themselves and families should visit the Province.

COMPARE HER PROGRESS.

In 1887 there was under crop.....	661,764 acres.
In 1891 " "	<u>1,349,781</u> "
Increase.....	688,017 "

This is not a boom but a certain and healthy growth.
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WINNIPEG, MAN.

Or to the **MANITOBA IMMIGRATION AGENCY, No. 30 York Street, Toronto, Ont.**
MANITOBA IMMIGRATION AGENCY, Moncton, N.B.

the coast. Mr. Velie, who is the head of the firm, is a thorough business man and makes a point to look after the trade. They are agents for several large breweries, and judging by their sales their goods must be giving satisfaction. The lager portion of the trade in Winnipeg is supplied by them, which speaks well for this firm. They are located in the McIntyre block, where they carry on the business formerly owned by the late Mr. McIntyre. Although only a young man Mr. Velie is thoroughly alive to business and the importance of looking after the dollars and cents.

HARVEY & McRAE.

Among the new business firms of Winnipeg the one of Harvey & McRae is rapidly coming to the front. Mr. Harvey is an old resident and thoroughly conversant with the country, while Mr. McRae, who was in business for himself for three or four years, is a practical man and knows how to turn out good goods. This firm handle a fine assortment of carriages, carriage-tops, trimmings, etc., and they will be sure to suit you. Their new premises are situated on James St., opposite the Police Station, where they will be pleased to see visitors.

PEIRCE & Co.

have won a provincial fame in the harness line, as they always make a point to give you the best quality in both work and material that can be got. From a small business they have worked up an industry which bids fair to be second to none in the country. Horsemen who want special fitting collars and harness always buy from this firm, because they can rely on what they get. When in Winnipeg give them a call and examine their stock.

H. S. WESBROOK.

whose name is a household word throughout western Canada, is one of the implement men of Canada. He is

in no combine or ring, and farmers who buy from him will get full value for their money. Besides his implements and farm machinery are especially adapted for prairie soils, and as such are better suited for the country than those of other manufacture. His warerooms and office is on the corner of Princess and William streets, Market square, where he will be pleased to see visitors. If you contemplate buying anything in his line give him a call and he will explain all the details to you. Mr. Westbrook is not only a live business man, but a practical one as well. He is a firm believer in the saying that

"Printers' ink
Will make you think."

and as such gives it a practical test which is perhaps one of the reasons why he is so successful. As a citizen he has filled the mayor's chair, and occupies several positions in the leading societies. He is charitable and enterprising, never failing to lend a willing ear or give a helping hand to aid any deservedly object or enterprise which he believes is for the public good.

MANITOBA WIRE CO.

The Manitoba Wire Co'y has been in operation for the last nine years, and has steadily increased its capacity for the production of barb wire, so as to be in a position to meet the enlarged requirements of the country. Last year, feeling that it would be in the interests of this market, the company decided to still further enlarge their capacity and added drawing and galvanizing machinery, in addition to the barbing machines already put in operation. They now import the raw material, drawing to the proper size, galvanizing and barbing ready for use. Manufacturing their own wire, the company are now in a position to confidently guarantee all wire they place on the market. In addition to barbed and plain twist wire they also make plain galvanized and annealed wire, also haybaling wire and staples. Wire is drawn as fine as 18 gauge, such as is

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Brass Plates a Specialty.

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INSURANCE RENTS AND LOANS EFFECTED.

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RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.

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Autoharps!

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF STRINGED
INSTRUMENTS. ANY PERSON
CAN PLAY IT.

Lessons by a competent teacher free of charge

3 chord, \$4.00; 4 chord, \$4.50, 5 chord,
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Samples shown at any address. Sold on in-
stalment plan if desired; one dollar on delivery
and 50 cents per week, 10 per cent extra for
collecting.

R. J. McGawley, Grand Union Hotel,
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A. 1. Investments in Central Business Prop-
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Desirable Building Lots for Sale on builders
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Private and other funds to loan on most
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Estates carefully managed.

Returns made promptly. Houses rented.

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**GORDON & SUCKLING,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
WINNIPEG.**



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That the easiest
shave and the best
hair cut in the city
can be had at the Pal-
ace Barber Shop, 454
Main St. Everything
first-class.

ED. KELLY, - Prop.

used in hanging stovepipes. The company trust that all who favor the building up of our portion of the Dominion will give this Home Industry all the patronage in their power.

T. D. DEEGAN,

keeps a fine assortment of gents' furnishings, which are just the thing for the warm weather. Call and see him at the Red store, 547 Main street. He will fit you out with a good suit at prices to suit the times.

MAX KROLIK.

Although only a short time in business in Winnipeg has already succeeded in working up a large trade. He came from Central America in the fall of 1891, having previously been in the jewellery business there and which is still continued by his brothers. Mr. Krolik has several times, prior to his location in Winnipeg, paid a visit to the prairie capital, and was so impressed by what he saw that he decided on coming here permanently. He has fitted up a fine store at 508 Main St., where he carries a large stock of jewellery, watches, diamonds, etc. He also does a large wholesale trade, keeping a traveller constantly on the road. His business is rapidly increasing and it is only a question of a short time when he will have one of the largest and most successful business houses there is in the country. Mr. J. Stalker attends to the watch repairing department and all work is thoroughly tested before it leaves the premises. Mr. Krolik also manufactures different kinds of jewellery and engages a special artist to do the engraving. He represents the New Haven Clock company having the sole agency for these celebrated clocks in Manitoba the Northwest and British Columbia. We advise all those who want to see the latest designs in jewelry to give him a call.

R. ROSE

the well known merchant tailor, came to Winnipeg from Bournemouth, Eng.,

in 1883, having previously been engaged in the tailoring business there for five years. Since his arrival in Winnipeg he has succeeded in building up a first-class business, and has won the reputation of giving you a good fit. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he pays particular attention to see that all his suits fit his customers before they leave the shop. Thus his patrons know when their suits are delivered that they fit without having to return them again. Mr. Rose carries a full line of all kinds of woollens, serges, meltons and tweeds of the best quality. Call and see him at his address, which is 563 Main St., and if you want a suit of clothes at prices to suit the times he will fit you out.

FRANK S. TAGGART AND CO.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Frank S. Taggart, of Toronto, dealer in watches, jewelry, cutlery, novelties, etc. To Mr. Taggart is due the credit of reducing the hitherto high prices on these articles. He sells at a very small margin, his motto being small profits and quick returns. Any one who contemplates buying will do well to write him and they will receive prompt attention. We can commend this house as one of the best in Canada. No fear of shoddy goods. You get what you pay for.

WILSON AND CO.

This firm is another one of Winnipeg's good business houses. They carry a large line of paints, oils, glass, etc., and also handle the "Marvel" furnace, which is one of the best made. As furnaces are coming more and more into use, they are selling a large number, all of which give good satisfaction. They also handle bicycles, which they sell at a very low price. When you want anything in their line it will pay you to call and see them. Their store and premises are located at 180 Market street.

One of the Sights of Winnipeg

— IS —

H. A. SEED'S ICE CREAM PARLOR

ON PORTAGE AVENUE.

Everyone between Port Arthur and Victoria has heard of H. A. Seed's stores
There you can get the finest Candies and most delicious fruit.
The Lunch Rooms are really Elegant.

Call to-day and Get one of their Ice Cream Lunches.

Main Street Store, next to Cheapside.

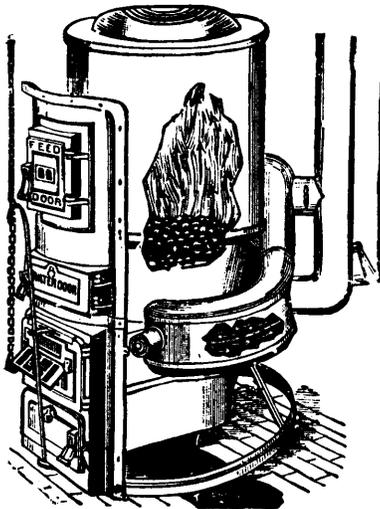
Portage Avenue Store, 2 doors west of the Queen's Hotel.

P. O.
DRAWER 1406.

Wilson & Co.

TELEPHONE
664.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers of
"THE MARVEL."



Paints, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Furnaces, Stoves,
TINWARE, Etc.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR

Clare Bros. & Co.,

Manufacturers of Stoves and Furnaces, Registers,

Hollow-ware, etc.,

PRESTON, Ont.

ALSO REPRESENTING

Montreal Wall Paper Factory,

COLIN, McARTHUR & CO., MONTREAL, P.Q.

T. S. Simms & Co.,

Manufacturers of Brushes and Brooms,

ST. JOHN, N.B.

Castle & Son,

Manufacturers of Stained Glass, Leaded Lights, etc.

Dealers in Church Bells and Chimes,

MONTREAL, P.Q.

Owing to the limited space in the Exhibition Buildings
we have arranged for an

EXHIBITION at our premises, 180 Market St. E., WINNIPEG,

Where we shall be pleased to have you call and see us. Do not leave
Winnipeg without giving us a call.

THE FAIR.

Not the Exhibition, but at 614 Main street, should be visited before you leave Winnipeg. There you will find a complete assortment of dry goods at the lowest prices and of the best quality. Mr Frankfurter is an old Winnipegger, and as such has always done a very successful business. That he retains his patronage is sufficient proof that he will use you right.

H. A. SEED.

who is one of Winnipeg's most successful merchants, came from Ontario in 1881, a mere boy. In 1884 he opened up a fruit store on Main street, near Alexander street; two years later, finding his business increasing, he secured his present premises near Cheapside. Mr. Seed is somewhat of a traveller, and the past few years has visited nearly all the leading cities of America and Europe. His last trip led him to the wilds of Africa, where he remained nearly a year. On his return he noticed that the south and west ends of the city were rapidly growing, and he at once leased large premises in the Spencer Block, on Portage Avenue, where he has fitted up the finest ice cream parlor and fruit store in western Canada. So large is the demand for "Seed's ice cream," that he has a factory operated by electricity running day and night, where he turns out the ice cream by gallons. Three men are employed in it all the time, while three delivery waggons are kept on the move all the time delivering goods. As he collects the cream direct from the farmers you can rely on it being pure. He sells for cash, being the only one to stick to that rule, preferring rather to give away the goods than charge them. The attendants are courteous and obliging, and you can rely on being well treated. Visitors to the exhibition should not go away without getting some of Seed's ice cream or a box of his famous candy. The stores are open from early in the morning until late at night, are lights being used instead of gas.

E. L. DREWERY.

is too well known to require any reference of a great length. He is an old timer, and by dint of perseverance and industry has succeeded in building up the largest brewing trade west of London, Ont. He is a firm believer in Manitoba, and especially Winnipeg, and is always to the front in any enterprise which tends to benefit the country.

H. H. SMITH.

the merchant tailor does a large business in fitting out the young men. He always keeps good goods and guarantees a good fit. This is why he is so busy. You will find him in the Clement's Block, opposite Craig's Golden Lion.

WAUGH & OSBORNE.

although a young firm, have succeeded in getting a share of business in their line. They do a general insurance and brokerage business, representing some of the best companies in the world. Anything intrusted to their charge will receive prompt attention.

THE OFFICE SUPPLY CO.

To the business man and office man anything in the shape of labor saving devices are always welcome. Realizing that this is something which every one is in want of, the Office Supply Co. have procured several useful articles in this line. They are also agents for the "National Type-writer," the only first-class machine at a reasonable price, the "Pomery Duplicator," which prints from 1 to 3,000 copies from one impression. The Victor Safe, a first class safe for everybody, and about one third less in cost than any other makers charge, and several other lines. Call and see their exhibit at the fair and see their machines work. Anyone wanting anything in their line will do well to pay them a visit.

Edward L. Drewry,

BREWER OF

FINE ALES, EXTRA PORTER & PREMIUM LAGER



Our aim has always been the production of an article of high standard quality,—nothing but the choicest malt and hops used in its manufacture.

Physicians and others cordially invited to visit and inspect the Brewery, which is the most complete and extensive in Western Canada.

Our productions are recommended by the faculty throughout Manitoba and Northwest, and will be found equal to the imported.

PURITY, AGE, STRENGTH.

Redwood Brewery and Malt Houses.

NORTH MAIN ST., WINNIPEG.



Samuel Hooper,

SCULPTOR

— AND —

Dealer in Marble and Granite

- MONUMENTS -

Special Designs Furnished,

WORKS:

Cor. Bannatyne and Albert Streets.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE.

The rapid growth of the above company in every department of its business is the wonder of the financial world to-day, the delight of its large army of policy-holders, and creates dismay in the ranks of its old foggy system competitors.

The Mutual Reserve was established in 1881 on entirely new lines, to furnish insurance to its members at cost, which means about one third the rate charged by the old system companies: its maximum rate being about half the cost under the old system, and best of all upon a scientific plan that furnishes much safer protection, and guarantees all profits to policy holders; (look at comparison of cost for the last 10 years for a \$5000 policy which you will find in another column of this journal.)

The new business written last year exceeded \$50,000,000, an excess over 1890 of \$10,000,000, while 1892 shows an excess for the first six months over same period last year of nearly \$5,000,000.

The total death claims paid exceed \$13,000,000; insurance in force over \$220,000,000; cash reserve surplus nearly \$3,500,000; Government deposits \$500,000; insurance written in Manitoba, Northwest Territories and British Columbia last year nearly \$1,500,000.

Mr. A. R. McNichol is the general manager for Northwest Canada; W. S. Grant is the inspector, while Stanley Henderson, of Vancouver, ably manages the British Columbia business.

The head office is in the McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, where any information as to plans and rates or terms to good business men to act as agents may be secured.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

If you intend to buy a really good piano or organ you should see the "Dominion." They are beauties and possess the tone and durability which no other instrument made in Canada can surpass. Visitors will miss a sight

worth seeing if they do not call at Nunn's music store and see his collection. As those from a distance only get a chance once in a very great while to see what is new in this line, will do well to have a look at his show rooms, which are the finest in Western Canada, and the equal to any in the east.

THE Real Estate firm of Glines & Co. is one of the oldest established and most reliable in the city, dating back to 1877, when the first great rush of people to Manitoba took place. Mr. Glines has seen Winnipeg grow from a town of 4,000 in '77 to a city of 30,000 in '92, and consequently has considerable experience in Winnipeg values. Since the boom of 1881-82 the rise in price of Winnipeg real estate has not been in proportion to the population or the natural advantage enjoyed by Winnipeg, and, as a result, our land values are away below any other city of the same size in Western Canada or the western states. But Mr. Glines is confident, from the numerous and healthy signs that are now manifesting themselves, that there is bound to be a change, and that shortly real estate will take a bound upward. Having had considerable experience in the management of real estate Mr. Glines is a competent authority on all matters in his line.

He has visited nearly all the live cities to the south and west and on the Pacific Coast, and being a keen observer of what is required to build up cities, has noted the resources which back the most prosperous cities which he has visited. After a comparison of the advantages which surround Winnipeg and the pieces of real estate in cities of Winnipeg population, he is firmly convinced that Winnipeg, with its millions of acres of the finest wheat land in the world tributary to it, he is more firmly convinced than ever that Winnipeg is the hub of the Dominion and the place in which to invest.

Any business entrusted to him receives prompt attention. Mr. Glines is also agent of the Canadian Mutual

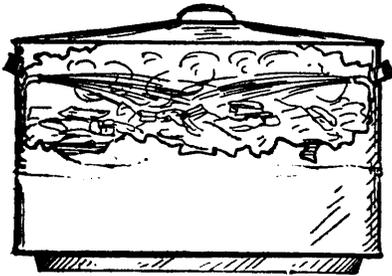
The New Roblin House.

117 ADELAIDE STREET,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

This House is very centrally located, only a few minutes walk from Post Office and business portion of the city. The dining room is supplied with the best of everything First-class accommodation. Cheerful rooms. Terms very moderate. **No Liquors.** The only house of its kind in the city.

G. H. MCGREGOR, Prop.



THE HUMMER WASH BOILER.

PATENTED 1892

The Latest Invention in the market for Minimizing the Labor of Washing Day. **NO RUBBING REQUIRED.**

It is the most Simple and Effective Arrangement yet produced, and Automatic in its action.

Unqualified Success is the verdict of the many who have used it, and will use it shortly.

PRICE \$6.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Our Agents will be happy to call on you and show its advantage over the old system.

ADDRESS:—

Freeman & McPherson, 212 Alexander Street., Winnipeg.

H. H. Smith & Co.

THE LEADING

Merchant Tailors

— OF THE NORTH-WEST. —

Keep the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Woollens in the city.

All Work Guaranteed.

Prices the Lowest.

Call and examine stock and get prices.

H. H. SMITH & CO.

525 MAIN STREET,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Are You Going to the

- WINNIPEG EXHIBITION ?

Of course I am,

Where is the best place to put up?

*The People's Coffee
Tavern and Eating House,*

499 MAIN STREET,

— AND —

PALMER HOUSE, - LOMBARD STREET,
WINNIPEG, MAN.,

THE NEW TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

COMFORTABLE.

CLEAN

CHEAP.

Large Reading and Recreation
Room.

Loan and Investment Company, which company have over \$2,500,000 subscribed stock, and loan money on the most advantageous terms to borrowers.

WHERE TO GO.

Visitors to Winnipeg will find the New Brunswick a first-class place to stop at. It is centrally located on Main street between the station and the City Hall. Everything is first-class, the tables being set with the latest dishes as their culinary department is of the best.

For a cheap house to stop at, the Grand Pacific is one of the best \$1 a day houses in the city. It is on Market St., opposite the City Hall, and is very convenient.

RIVER EXCURSIONS.

Visitors to Winnipeg during the exhibition will miss a treat if they do not take advantage of the cheap river excursions and visit some of the resorts between this and Selkirk. Queen's Park is situated about 6 miles down the river, where the steamer Antelope makes daily excursions. The steamer Ripple also makes trips to Selkirk and Lake Winnipeg and return. The latter is a beautiful sail of about 65 miles passing Lower Fort Garry, which is prominent for its historical reminiscences. St. Andrews Rapids, which are distant about 15 miles, are also worthy of a visit. To Cap't Patterson who owns both the Antelope and the Ripple, is due the credit of providing the citizens of Winnipeg with an outing. As he personally commands the Antelope and looks after the excursionists everybody can rely on being well cared for. The moonlight excursions are a delightful trip.

CALL WHEN IN THE CITY
AT

MACPHERSON & CO.'S

THE LEADING

Merchant Tailors.

542 MAIN STREET,

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

R. ROSE,

Merchant Tailor.

563 MAIN STREET,

Near Brunswick Hotel

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Suits made to Order on Short
Notice.

Good Fit Guaranteed.

PARIS

16 Av de la Republic.

NEW YORK:

102 Front Street.

OFFICES ESTABLISHED AT LONDON:

34 Gutter Lane.

Max Krolik.

IMPORTER OF

JEWELLERY,

Watches, Diamonds, Etc.

508 MAIN STREET,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM
MUTUAL PRINCIPLE

LIFE INSURANCE AT ONE-HALF THE USUAL RATES.

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association Of New York.

E. B. HARPER, President.

Assets over \$5,000,000; Reserve Fund over \$3,000,000; Government Deposits \$500,000. Furnishes Life Insurance at actual cost to its members. Insurance written in 1891, over fifty millions of dollars; paid in death claims in 1891, \$2,289,000. Comparison of cost in the "Mutual Reserve" with the "Old-Line Level Premium" companies for the past ten years on a \$5,000 policy. Please NOTE carefully and CONSIDER:—

AGE.	COST IN MUTUAL RESERVE.	COST UNDER OLD SYSTEM.	AGE.	COST IN MUTUAL RESERVE.	COST UNDER OLD SYSTEM.
25	\$466.75	\$994.50	45	\$678.75	\$1,898.00
30	489.83	1,135.00	50	801.10	2,859.00
35	540.25	1,319.00	55	1,235.54	2,995.50
40	604.60	1,565.00	60	1,671.18	3,881.50

Why pay \$100 for your life insurance when you can secure the same protection in one of the strongest life insurance companies in the world for \$50? For further particulars, circulars, etc., apply to nearest agent, or address

A. R. McNICHOL, General Manager for North-west Canada
McIntyre Block, - Winnipeg.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for circular explaining our new 10-year distribution policy.

Fish Laws of Manitoba and N. W. T.

WHITEFISH cannot be caught between October 5 and November 10; pickerel, April 15 and May 15; Sturgeon, May 1 and June 15; speckled trout, (*salvelinus fontinalis*), not between October 1 and January 1. Indians can fish during close season for domestic consumption only, but not for barter or sale. Net fishing of any kind is prohibited in public water except under leases or licenses. The size of nets is regulated so as to prevent the killing of young fish. Nets cannot be set or seines used so as to bar channels or bays. A general weekly "close" time is provided in addition to special close seasons. The use of explosive or poisonous substances for catching or killing fish is illegal. Whitefish shall not be taken for making oil or feeding domestic animals. Whitefish gill nets must be at least five inches in the mesh, extension measure. Catching or killing the young of any fish is prohibited. Netting speckled trout is illegal. Placing sawdust or other deleterious substances in the water is prohibited under a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars. Milldams must be provided with efficient fish passes. Models or drawings will be furnished by the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa on application. Under authority of the Fisheries Act, total prohibition of fishing for stated periods may be made in special cases.

D. CAMPBELL & CO.

REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
 415 MAIN STREET, - WINNIPEG.

MONEY TO LOAN. HOUSES TO LET.
 FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE EFFECTED.
 VALUATIONS MADE.

Toronto and Ontario Properties for Exchange for Manitoba Farms and Town and City Properties.

Please mention this paper.

G. V. SALTER,

Accountant and Collector,

GERRIE BLOCK, PRINCESS STREET,

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

*Books Written up and Posted,
 Collections Carefully Attended to and
 Prompt Returns Made.*

EMPLOYMENT, TICKET AND REAL
 ESTATE AGENTS.

Wilson & Co.

550½ Main Street,

WINNIPEG, - MANITOBA.

CHESTER & CO'Y.

SEEDSMEN.

Dealers in all kinds of Garden, Field and
 Flower Seeds, Grass Seeds, Etc.

535 MAIN STREET, - WINNIPEG

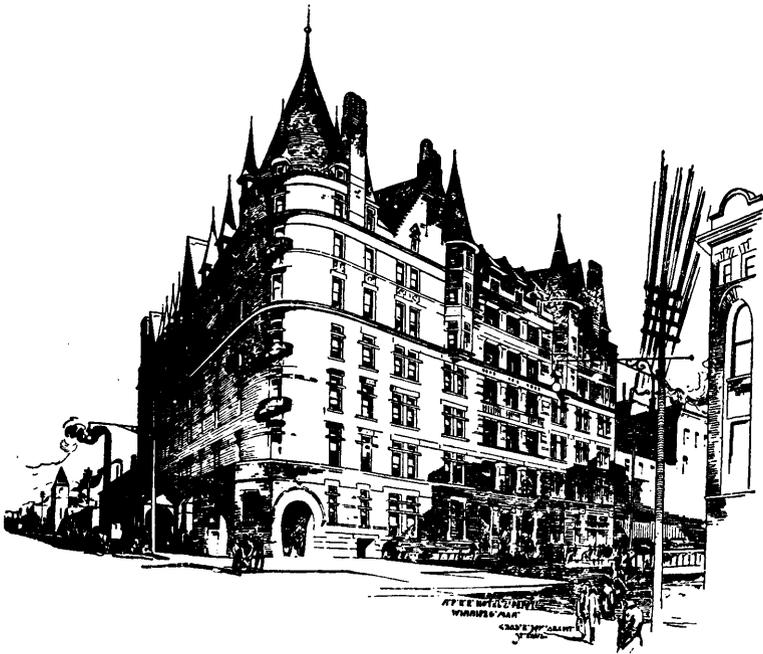
THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

By its advent into Winnipeg has given fresh impetus to the citizens especially in the south end, where they have erected a mammoth structure

THE MANITOBA.

comprising hotel and station at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. It is the finest building the Northern Pacific ever built at any terminus on its lines, and one of the finest in Canada and is a convincing proof of the way they pin their faith to Manitoba. The railway first came into the province in 1888,

whom all information as to travelling can be obtained. Mr. W. H. Vanderlice is the superintendent of the Manitoba division, and is very popular not only with Winnipeggers, but the people throughout the country. The passenger cars on this road are equal to any, if not better, than those of any other line. No other road running into Manitoba having vestibuled cars except them. The Pullman coaches are palaces on wheels, while the dining cars are the envy of other corporations. Once you travel over this road, you will do so again. Their



and since that time have built several branch lines, along which new towns have sprung up, phoenix like, from what was the wild prairie, about which so much has been said and sung. Mr. H. Swinford, of Winnipeg, is the general agent of the company for Manitoba, which is a guarantee alone that patrons will be well treated; while Mr. J. R. Dutton, who is equally popular, looks after the freight department. Mr. H. J. Belch is the city ticket agent, from

station is all enclosed, and be the weather wet or dry, it makes no difference. We would advise all visitors in Winnipeg during the fair, to call and inspect these buildings. Mr. F. W. Sprado the popular manager of the "*Manitoba*," will do all he can to make you feel at home, while the view of Winnipeg and surrounding country from the top of the hotel is one of the finest in the city.

Northern Pacific R. R.

TIME CARD.

Taking effect on Sunday, April 3rd. 1892.
(Central or 90th Meridian Time.)

Northern Pacific Railroad

THE
Popular Route
—TO—
**St. Paul and
Minneapolis,**

—AND—

All Points in the UNITED STATES & CANADA

Pullman Palace Vestibuled Sleeping cars and
Dining cars on express trains DAILY to

TORONTO, MONTREAL,

and all points in EASTERN CANADA, via
St. Paul and Chicago.

An opportunity to pass through the cele-
brated ST. CLAIR TUNNEL. Baggage is
checked through in bond and there is no cus-
toms examination whatever.

Ocean Passages.

and berths secured to and from Great Britain
and Europe. All first-class steamship lines
represented.

The Great Transcontinental Route to the Pacific Coast.

For full information regarding rates, etc.,
call on or address your nearest ticket agent or

H. J. BELCH,
Ticket Agent, 486 Main St., Winnipeg.

H. SWINFORD,
General Agent, Winnipeg

CHAS. S. FEE,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul

North Bound				South Bound			
Brandon Ex. Tues. Th. & Sat	St. Paul Express Daily.	Miles from Winnipeg.	STATIONS.	St. Paul Express, Daily	Brandon Ex. Mon. Wed. & Fri.		
2.20p	4.25p	0		Winnipeg	11 10a	1.10p	
2.10p	4.13p	3.0	Portage Junction	11 19a	1.20p		
1.57p	3.53p	9.3	St. Norbert	11.53a	1.36p		
1.45p	3.45p	15.3	Cartier	11.47a	1.49p		
1.23p	3.28p	23.5	St. Agathe	12. 6p	2.05p		
1.20p	3.17p	27.4	Union Point	12.14p	2.17p		
1.08p	3.05p	32.5	Silver Plains	12.26p	2.23p		
12.50p	2.48p	40.4	Morris	14.45p	2 45p		
	2.33p	46 8	St. Jean	1 00p			
	2.13p	56.0	Letellier	1.24p			
	1.50p	65.0	Emerson	1.50p			
	1.35p	68.1	Pembina	2.00p			
	9.45a	168	Grand Forks	5.50p			
	5.35a	223	Winnipeg Junction	9.50p			
	8.35p	470	Minneapolis	6 30a			
	8.00p	481	St. Paul	7 06a			
	9.00p	838	Chicago	9.35a			

MORRIS-BRANDON BRANCH.

East Bound.				West Bound.			
Freight Mon. Wed. & Fr.	Passenger Tues. Thur. Sat.	Miles from Morris.	STATIONS.	Passenger Mon. Wed. Fri.	Freight, Tues. Thur. Sat.		
12 20p	2 20p			Winnipeg	1.10p	3.00a	
7.00p	12.40p		Morris	2.55p	8.45a		
6.10p	12.15p		Low Farm	3.18p	9.39a		
5.14p	11.48*	10 0	Myrtle	3.43p	10.19a		
4.45p	11.37a	21 2	Roland	3.53p	10.39a		
4.00p	11.18a	25 2	Rosebank	4.05p	11.13a		
3.30p	11.03a	33 5	Miami	4.25p	11 50a		
2.45p	10.40a	39 6	Deerwood	4.48p	12 38p		
2.20p	10.28a	49 0	Altamont	5.01p	1.05p		
1.40p	10.08a	54 1	Somerset	5.21p	1.45p		
1.13p	9.53a	62 1	Swan Lake	5.37p	2.17p		
12.43p	9.37a	63 4	Indian Springs	5.52p	2.43p		
12.19p	9.26a	74 6	Marieapolis	6.03p	3.12p		
11.46a	9.10a	79 4	Greenway	6.20p	3.45p		
11.15a	8.53a	86 1	Balder	6.35p	4.13p		
10.29a	8.30a	92 3	Belmont	7.0 p	5.07p		
9.52a	8.12a	102.0	Hilton	7.36p	5.45p		
9.16a	7.57a	109.7	Ashdown	7.53p	6.25p		
9.02a	7.47a	120.0	Wawanesa	8.06p	6.38p		
8.15a	7.24a	129.5	Rounthwaite	8.23p	7.27p		
7.38a	7.04a	137 2	Martinville	8.48p	8.06p		
7.00a	6.45a	145.1	Brandon	9.10p	8.45p		

West-bound Passenger Trains stop at Belmont for meals

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE BRANCH

East Bound.			W. Bnd.		
Mxd. dly except Sunday	Mile from Winn- peg.	STATIONS.	daily except Sunday.		
11.35a	0		Winnipeg	4.30p	
11.16a	3.0	Portage Junction	4.41p		
10.49a	11.5	St. Charles	5.13p		
10.41a	14.7	Headingley	5.20p		
10.17a	21.0	White Plains	5.45p		
9.29a	35.2	Eustace	6.33p		
9.06a	42.1	Oakville	6.60p		
8.25a	55 5	Portage la Prairie	7.40p		

Passengers will be carried on all regular freight trains.
Pullman Palace Sleeping and Dining Cars on St. Paul
and Minneapolis Express daily.

Connection at Winnipeg Junction with two Vestibuled
through trains daily for all points in Montana, Washing-
ton, British Columbia, Oregon and California; also close
connection at Chicago with eastern lines.

CHAS. S. FEE, H. SWINFORD,
G. P. & T. A., St. Paul. General Agt., Winnipeg.
H. J. BELCH, Ticket Agent, 468 Main St., Winnipeg.