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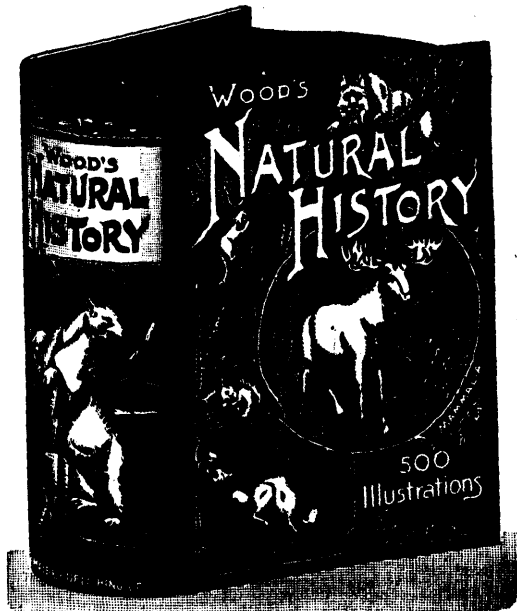
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FISHING SCENE ON LAKE KILLARNEY.

# The Manitoban.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. II.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, FEBRUARY, 1893.

No. II.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WE HAVE received a pamphlet from the Imperial Institute of London, England, containing a report of progress from the date of its establishment to the 26th November, 1892. In addition to the reports of committees, the speeches of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and Lord Herschell (now lord chancellor) are given from which we can learn the great interest England takes in the colonies. There is little doubt that the Institute will tend to increase the trade between Canada and Great Britain, and we hope that the Dominion, especially Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, will see that they are properly represented. In another part of the *Manitoban*, we refer at greater length to the Imperial Institute and its aims and character, which we trust will commend itself to our readers.

\* \* \*

FROM the following figures compiled by a Polish statistician and published in *Engineering* we learn the number of working days in various countries. The inhabitants of Central Russia as might be

expected, labor fewest days in the year, viz, 267. Then comes Canada with 270 followed by Scotland with 275; England 275; Portugal 283; Russian Poland 288; Spain 290; Austria and the Russian Baltic provinces 295; Italy 298; Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, and Luxemburg, 300; Saxony, France, Finland, Wurtemberg, Switzerland, Denmark, and Norway 302; Sweden 304; Prussia and Ireland 305; United States 306; Holland 308; and Hungary 312. It will be observed by this that while the Canadian workingman has only to toil statutablely 270 days out of the 365, he frequently crosses the boundary line into Uncle Sam's domains, where he is expected to labor for 306 days. We hope that would-be-annexationists will observe this in future when picturing to the workingman the delights of labor under a regime where they will have to put in 36 working days or 6 weeks more for the pleasure of it.

\* \* \*

THE thirty-fifth report of the Reformatory and Refuge Union says the *New York Medical Times*, gives some startling statistics. It states that in Great Britain and Ireland 145,000 persons are every year committed to prison as drunkards, of whom 112,000 are men and the rest

women. An English paper, from statistics taken from the press of the United Kingdom, reports the records of murders of women by inebriated husbands since January 1st, 1889 to January 1st, 1891, to be 3,004. In a debate in the German Reichstag it was stated that there are at present 11,000 persons in hospitals and insane asylums who are suffering from delirium tremens. The police report states that the licensed houses in London, England, number 14,085, giving one to every 413 of the population. Of the 30,000 criminals in German prisons 14,000 were arrested for crimes committed under the influence of intoxicating drinks. With all these startling facts is it any wonder that the cry is for prohibition that will prohibit. If we cannot secure prohibition, which is doubtful, at least we ought to be able to have the traffic so regulated that crime would be lessened, and our young people so educated that they would look on the career of a drunkard and that of a criminal as one and the same thing. As we pointed out in our last issue we believe the proper thing to do is for the state to control the sale of all liquor. We would place the selling of it in the hands of one person, or a company who would be bound to sell in strict conformity to such laws as would be made to govern such cases, and that all the revenue over five per cent. of the sales would become the property of the State and go into the public treasury for the benefit of the people. Out of this fund appropriations could be made, for educational and charitable institutions, which would act as a remedy in mitigating the effects of the drink question, thus making the receipts acquired by the sale of drink act as an agent against itself. In this way the person squandering his money for liquor, would aid the State in keeping his children in the poor house, or educat-

ing them to become reputable men and women. As the amount paid out annually for liquor is a large one, the tolls would be materially reduced and we believe in this way, that in the course of time the great evils of intemperance would be reduced to a minimum.

\* \* \*

It may perhaps be comforting to those who have red hair to know that it is caused by a super-abundance of iron in the blood. This says the *American Analyst*, it is that imparts the vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong sentient animal life is what renders them more intense in all their emotions than their more languid fellow-creatures. From the same source we learn that the excess of iron is also the cause of freckles on the peculiarly clear, white skin which always accompanies red hair. This skin is abnormally sensitive to the action of the sun's rays which not only bring out the little brown spots in abundance, but also burn like a mustard-plaster producing a queer, creepy sensation, as if the skin was wrinkling up.

\* \* \*

WE note in the *Scientific American* that a Bill has recently been presented to Congress, requiring the secretary of the treasury to provide for the calling in of all ragged, worn, and soiled paper-money; new bills to be furnished in place of the old and unclean ones. It is surprising when one thinks of it, that some such action has not been taken long ago, for not a little of the paper-money daily passing from hand to hand has become extremely repulsive in appearance, and is ever suggestive of disease spreading power. In view of the fact that cholera and small-pox is said to be lingering on

our shores, it behooves us to take such precautions as will curtail the ravages of these plagues.

\* \* \*

EARLY during the present session of the Dominion parliament, the telegrams announced an attempt which was being made, to urge upon the government the propriety of closing the Canadian exhibit at the Columbian Fair at Chicago on Sundays, and it is not unlikely that the local government will sanction such administrative action and the local government, whether the Dominion government adopt it or not, will close the provincial exhibit on the Lord's Day; and it is our opinion that apart from the moral and religious bearing of the question, it is a wise measure and will be an example to the people who will assemble from all quarters, of a determination on the part of Canada at least, to forego the rush and advantage of a Sunday exhibit for the sake of obeying one of the commandments of God, which even a world's exposition such as this, affords no pretext for breaking; and it is our opinion that the adoption of it by either the Dominion or this Province, or both, would cause the question to be discussed and Canada to be heard of in countries and among peoples, who scarcely know where Canada is. We strongly advise our ministers, our religious church-workers, and all thoughtful men, to bring their influence to bear in the direction of closing on Sunday all exhibits, manufactures, and products of the Northern part of this Continent.

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By special arrangement THE MANITOBA will occupy a space at the World's Fair along with other noted magazines and periodicals. We wish to make it attractive, then help us reader to do so by contributing an interesting article on the country.

## THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

THE increased interest taken by all classes in Great Britain, in Colonial affairs is now receiving fresh stimulus from the completion of the Imperial Institute. This magnificent edifice now stands on the site of South Kensington, formerly occupied by the series of annual exhibitions. It is indeed an appropriate monument to the growth and prosperity of the great Empire under the present ruler. The success of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886, led H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, to suggest that the establishment of a permanent Institution, for the intercourse and welfare of the subjects of her vast dominions, would be the most fitting memorial wherewith to mark the jubilee year of Queen Victoria's glorious reign. The scheme found ready support both in Great and Greater Britain, and on 4th July, 1887, Her Majesty laid the foundation stone — a block of granite from the Cape Colony—of the splendid building to open which, early in the month of May next, she will make one of her rare public appearances. A slight idea of the dimensions of the Institute, may be gleaned from the fact that its frontage alone extends rather more than 750 feet, whilst the summit of the centre tower which crowns the fabric attains a height of no less than 350 feet. The style of architecture adopted is a free rendering of the Renaissance, and all that modern artistic skill and ingenuity could devise has been done to render the Imperial Institute, worthy of its title. If the exterior is striking, it is, however, the object and purposes of the interior that will chiefly commend themselves to all who have the prosperity of the British Empire, at heart. As there must be many who as yet imperfectly understand its aims, we cannot do better than quote briefly from the charter.

1. The formation and exhibition of collections, representing the raw materials and manufactured products of the Empire, so maintained as to illustrate the development of agricultural, commercial, and industrial progress.
2. The establishment or promotion of

commercial museums, sample rooms, and intelligence offices in London and other parts of the Empire.

3. The collection and dissemination of such information relating to trades and industries, to emigration, and to other purposes of the charter as may be of use to the subjects of the Empire.

4. The furtherance of systematic colonisation.

In brief, emigration and the fostering of trade between Great Britain and her Colonies, the surest means of tightening the bond of union. When in addition it is learned that part of the building is to be devoted to the social intercourse of colonists of all descriptions, forming as it were a vast club, the gigantic and far-reaching nature of the undertaking will be appreciated.

To no Colony can the success of the Institute be of more importance than to our own Dominion. The largest of the dependencies, and particularly available for the immigration which is required for the proper development of its vast resources, Canada, has been allotted the whole of the western gallery, with the additional advantage of a main entrance of its own. By this disposition the Dominion, receives rather over 100 yards of gallery, 20 ft. 6 in. in breadth, and 20 ft. 6 in. in height, for the exhibition of her products and resources. Each separate Province has its own section, in which to show its special features and attractions and the kinds of products and manufacture, for which it is best adapted, and here, in return the prospective emigrant can find visible proof of the prosperity of the country. Already two or three of the Provinces have made considerable progress with their collections and it can only be hoped that the others will hasten to forward their contributions, so that on the day of inauguration the whole Dominion from Atlantic to Pacific, will be able to show uninterrupted evidence of its wealth and enterprise. India, Australia, and the other Colonies, are all making great efforts and it should be the aim and desire of Canadians to eclipse all others. There is a market here for many of our products at present almost unknown; and the success of the Imperial

Institute, means the further development of our already rapidly increasing export trade

The Canadian section will be under the supervision of a Committee, consisting of the representatives on the governing body of the Imperial Institute of the various Provinces. This Committee, will meet at frequent intervals and deal with any matters that may arise, and upon which general action is necessary or desirable. The collections will be under the charge of a Curator and an Assistant Curator. Mr. Harrison Watson, of Montreal, has been appointed to the former position, and Mr. Frederick Plumb, formerly of Toronto, to the latter. Both these gentlemen are well acquainted with the resources and capabilities of the different Provinces of the Dominion, and are much interested in the work that is before them.

Any firms or individuals desiring to exhibit at the Imperial Institute, had better communicate with the Provincial Secretary of their Province, who will place them in communication with the officials deputed to make proper collections to represent the resources of the Province, and to forward them to London, in time for the opening of the Institute.

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## IN THE MACKENZIE RIVER DISTRICT.

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Interesting Letter from Bishop Reeves of Mackenzie River to a Friend.

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**B**EFORE proceeding to diocesan matters, it may interest you, perhaps, to give you a brief account of my journey hither—a very different affair now from what it was twenty-three years ago when I first came to this district! *Then* the journey occupied nearly five months; *now* it could be accomplished in thirty days. *Then* the railroad did not come within 2500 miles of us; *now* it is only 1000 miles away! *Then* there was no steam-boat nearer than Winnipeg; *now* one passes our very door! And there is steam communication in summer, nearly all the way, excepting about 200 miles. *Then* and for nearly twenty years after-

wards, it was necessary to order our clothing, groceries, flour, &c., two years beforehand, and sometimes they were three years and even more before they reached us, *now* we can receive them within nine months. *Then* we received our letters twice a year; *now* we get them three and occasionally four times! These are improvements for which we are very thankful.

Leaving England on April 29th by S.S. Arizona, after a pleasant trip across the Atlantic, I reached New York early on May 9th, and left the same evening for Quebec, in order to attend a missionary meeting there on the 11th. It was the Annual Meeting of the Women's Auxiliary which I had the privilege of addressing, having been invited to do so at the request of their late bishop, whose death all were mourning. In memory of him I have since received a handsome silver communion set from members of the Auxiliary, and trust there will be a continuous bond of sympathy between the dioceses in the two extremes of this great Dominion.

In a place of such historic interest a stay of two days was much too short, but I was obliged to hurry on to Toronto, where, on the 15th, I ordained to the diaconate two graduates of Wycliffe College, one for the home, the other for my own diocese. For the latter a farewell missionary meeting was held the following night at the college, at which we both spoke, I at the close started immediately for the far north. Late though it was quite a number of students and others accompanied us to the depot, and sent us off with a farewell hymn "God be with you till we meet again." At Winnipeg we received another encouraging "send-off" at the house of a warm hearted friend of missions.

As it was necessary to be at Athabasca Landing not later than June 1st, I sent my companion on ahead with another co-worker from the same college to look after their baggage and supplies. I followed a few days later and joined them there on the afternoon of that day. We were now on the verge of civilization. Edmonton, our frontier town, railway terminus, telegraph station, and post

office, a hundred miles behind us. Before us the wild north land stretching away to the Arctic Ocean near to which the young deacon is to labour among the Esquimaux (D. V.). No more letters or papers now for at least two months; no more crowded cities; no more farmsteads dotting the prairie; no more luxurious palace cars; no more missionary meetings, but missionary work now—careless souls to be aroused, indifference to be overcome, sinners to be awakened, converts to be strengthened, Christ's work to be done. Behind us wife and children, parents, sweethearts, brothers and sisters: before us—Jesus.

The Grand Rapids our next point was reached on June 3rd. The steamer "Athabasca" which carried us thither, also conveyed the year's outfit and supplies for the Hudson's Bay Co's fur trade, and the missionaries in Mackenzie River—flour, tea, sugar, guns, ammunition, blankets, traps, tobacco, &c., &c. A series of rapids nearly 90 miles in length, extend from here to Fort McMurray, and as they are impassable for a steamboat, all these goods have to be conveyed over them partly by tramway, but chiefly in flat-bottomed barges. This is a work of much labour, some danger and considerable time. In my mind the most dangerous part of the whole journey was at the "Cascade," where as the name implies, there is a small waterfall. The boats had to be partly unloaded, and several of them were broken by the force of the current sweeping them against the rocks, and crushing in their sides. The male passengers had to scramble along the face of the bank where the footing was very insecure. I was really afraid of slipping into the boiling current below, and of being swept away before any assistance could reach me. We all passed safely, however: the boats were repaired and we reached McMurray on the 16th, where we found the steamer "Grahame" awaiting us. The boats discharged their cargoes in to her, received a load of furs in their place, and returned to the Grand Rapids for more goods, whilst we went on to Fort Chipewyan. This had been my home and mission for ten years, and we hoped to spend a quiet Sunday with



my successors, Messrs. Lucas and Warwick, and have service in our nice little church with my late parishioners, but were doomed to disappointment. A storm of wind detained us on the opposite side of the lake for four days and when at length we did reach the Fort there was barely time to shake hands with them all before the whistle summoned us on board, and shortly after mid-night we started for Fort Smith. Fort Chipewyan is one of the prettiest places along the route, and is the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Athabasca district. The Roman Catholics have a large mission close by.

At Fort Smith another break occurs in the navigation. Over the "Portage" of 15 miles the goods are conveyed by oxen and carts which are kept thus employed all the summer. In wet seasons the road for half the distance is little better than a bog and the mosquitoes are something awful. This year both were at their best. We had the choice of riding in one of these ox carts, or walking, so we chose the former for most of the way. I mounted a cart for a short distance, but my poor ox slipped between the logs on a corduroy and fell, so, having a decided objection to being pitched head foremost into a slough I hastily descended, and trusted to my own legs for most of the rest of the way, my companions did the same. The detention here was somewhat larger than at the Grand Rapids and much more trying owing to the heat and mosquitoes. We were very glad, therefore, when the "Wrigley" arrived and we were able, on July 5th, to enter upon the last stage of our journey. We had accomplished but 555 miles in five weeks.

Fort Smith is on the northern border of the Athabasca Diocese, so, immediately upon leaving it, we enter that of McKenzie River. From this point to our most northern station, following the course of the river, is a distance of 1300 miles; the diocese extends 200 miles further.

The first place we come to is Fort Resolution, a Hudson's Bay Company post on the south-east shore of Great Slave Lake. Here we have a mission station and diocesan school. The latter

has been in existence only two years, and has supplied a long felt want. There are only ten scholars at present, but we hope the number will be increased next year, and another school be established elsewhere. Annual subscriptions of \$50 for the support of a scholar would be very thankfully accepted.

There are two other posts under Mr. Spendlove's supervision—Fort Rae 120 miles to the north, and Fort Providence 170 miles to the west. The latter is the next place at which we arrive. The journey across the lake occupies about twelve hours, and is sometimes a very rough passage. On this occasion it was quite calm. A large quantity of ice was in sight and in one or two places we had to pick our way through small floes. It would have added greatly to the interest of the journey if we could have visited some of the smaller rivers flowing from the south, as there are some magnificent waterfalls over a hundred feet high, but unfortunately they are too much out of line of route.

Another run of 160 miles brings us to my headquarters, Fort Simpson, which is also the chief post of the Hudson's Bay Company in this district. Many memories, some sad, some pleasant, are awakened by the return to this my first sphere of labour in the mission field, but there is no time to indulge in them at present. As our party had to break up here we were very thankful that the next day, Sunday, permitted us to meet together at the Lord's Table. Both the English and Indian services were well attended and very enjoyable. This is the oldest, but not the most encouraging mission in the diocese. The Indians are rather careless, and not at all eager for instruction. About half of them are Romanists. The Mites, too, are not all that could be desired. The Rev. J. Hawksley has been in charge during the past year but is now going, with his wife, to Fort Norman, to take the place of the Rev. D. N. Kirkby, who, I am sorry to say, is leaving us, Mr. Maroh, the Wycliffe student, is to remain here until I return. He will then go to Fort Liard, a place 200 miles to the south-west, to try to establish a school there. I may as well

mention here that he arrived there safely in September, and that I have not heard from him since. It is the best place in the diocese for agriculture, but is too far out of the way for a school, and I am afraid we shall have to choose another location.

The other Wycliffe graduate, Rev. I. O. Stringer, B. A., I accompanied to Fort McPherson, our most northern station and most encouraging mission. It was very cheering to meet with a warm reception, and receive a hearty grasp of the hand from the Indians and others assembled to meet us: out of the 455 Indians belonging to the place 410 are baptised members of our church, of whom 120 are communicants. The venerable Archdeacon R. McDonald has laboured long and faithfully amongst them, and has been much blessed in his labours. He is now busily engaged on the work of translation. The New Testament, Psalms, Pentateuch, prayer book, and a hymn book have passed through the press already and other portions of the Old Testament are ready for the printer's hands. Many of his people can now read the Word of God in their own tongue; and the way they used their prayer book, and hymn book at our midnight service shewed that they were accustomed to them. School work is carried on under many disadvantages. The 80 scholars are taught, some at the mission, some in the woods, but their desire to learn enables them to surmount obstacles which might be considered insuperable in more southern lands.

Besides the Indians a considerable number of Esquimaux come hither to barter their furs. They are still heathen, and it is for their evangelization that Mr. Stringer has nobly devoted himself. They are a peculiar people very different from the Indians in many respects; and instead of being the diminutive race one reads of in Greenland, most of the men here are over the average height. Some of them were encamped near the water's edge when we arrived, their kyack and uniacks being carefully deposited on the beach, ready to be launched at a moments warning. Both men and women came out to greet us. All of them were dressed in skin clothing, some of it beautifully

and tastefully ornamented, and exceedingly well made. The men had their *totukes* in their cheeks, and the women had their hair dressed in their own peculiar fashion. But I must defer a full account of them to another time. Before leaving I made arrangement with the chief's consent, for Mr. Stringer to pay a short visit to their village on the coast, and hope to hear, in due course, that he met with much encouragement.

A few lines must now be devoted to Fort Norman, a prettily situated post between Fort Simpson and McPherson—300 miles from the one and 500 from the other—from whence there is a fine view of Bear Rock, some spurs of the Rocky Mountains and other hills in the distance. Our Indians here are not numerous, but the work amongst them has been encouraging on the whole. Before a missionary was stationed here I used to visit them every spring, and was often much cheered by their readiness to learn. I trust Mr. and Mrs. Hawksley will be spared to continue the good work carried on by Mr. Kirkby, Bishop Bompas and others.

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### NELL LATORE:

#### A Tale of the Canadian Rebellion of 1885.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

AUTHOR OF "THE CHIEF FACTOR," ETC.

---

... REBEL? . I grant you,—my comrades then  
 Were called Old Pascal Dubois' Men:  
 Half-breeds all of us... I, a scamp,  
 The best long-shot in the Touchwood Camp;  
 Muscles and nerves like strings of steel,  
 Sound in the game of bit and heel—  
 There's your guide-book . . . But, Jeanné  
 Amray,  
 Telegraph-clerk at Sturgeon Bay,  
 French and thoroughbred, proud and sweet,  
 Sunshine down to her glancing feet,  
 Sang one song 'neath the northern moon  
 That changed God's world to a tropic noon;  
 And Love burned up on its golden floor  
 Years of passion for Nell Latore—  
 Nell Latore with tawny hair,  
 Glowing eyes and her tigress air;  
 Lithe as an alder, straight and tall—  
 Pride and terror of Rise-and-Fall!  
 Indian blood in her veins ran wild,  
 And a Saxon father called her child;

Women feared her and men soon found  
 When they trod on forbidden ground ;  
 Ride ! there's never cayuse knew  
 Saddle-slip of her ; pistols, too,  
 Seemed to learn in her hands a knack  
 How to travel a dead-sure track.  
 Something in both alike may-be,  
 Something kindred in ancestry,  
 Some warm touch of an ancient pride  
 Drew my feet to her willing side ;  
 My comrade, she, in the Touchwood Camp,  
 To ride, hunt, trail, by the fire-fly lamp ;  
 To track the moose to his moose-yard ; pass  
 The bustard's doom through the prairie grass ;  
 To hark at night to the crying loon  
 Beat idle wings on the still lagoon ;  
 To hide from death in the drifting snow,  
 To slay the last of the buffalo . . . .  
 Ah, well, I speak of the days that were ;  
 And I swear to you, I was kind to her.  
 I lost her . . . . How are the best friends  
 lost ?

The lightning lines of our souls got crossed—  
 Crossed, and could never again be free  
 Till Death should call from his mid-night sea.  
 One spring brought me my wedding day,  
 Brought me my bright-eyed Jeanne Amray ;  
 Brought that night to our cabin door  
 My old, lost comrade, Nell Latore.  
 Her eyes swam hate, and her cheek was red,  
 Her full breast heaved as she fiercely said :  
 " The coyote hides from the wind and rain,  
 The wild horse flies from the hurricane—  
 But who can flee from the half-breed's hate,  
 That rises soon and that watches late ? "  
 Then went ; and I laughed Jeanne's fears afar,  
 But I thought that wench was our evil star—  
 Be sure, when a woman's heart gets hard,  
 It works up war like a navy-yard.

Half-breed and Indian troubles came—  
 The same old story—*Land and Game* ;  
 And Dubois' Men were the first to feel  
 The bullet-sting and the clip of steel ;  
 And last in battle 'gainst thousands sent,  
 With Gatling guns for our punishment.  
 Every cause has its traitor ; then  
 How should it fare with Dubois' Men !  
 Beaten their cause was, and hunted down,  
 Like to a moose in the chase full blown,  
 Panting they stood ; and a Judas sold  
 Their hiding-place for a piece of gold.  
 And while scouts searched for us night and day  
 Jeanne telegraphed on at Sturgeon Bay.  
 Picture her there as she stands alone,  
 Cold, in the glow of the afternoon ;  
 Picture, I ask you, that patient wife,  
 Numb with fear for her husband's life,  
 When a sharp *click-click* awakes her brain  
 To life, with the needle-points of pain.  
 A message it was to Camp Pousette—  
 One that the half-breeds think on yet :  
 " Dubois' gang are in Rocky Glen,  
 Take a hundred and fifty men ;  
 Go by the next express," it said,  
 " Bring them up here, alive or dead ! " . . .  
 " Go by the next express ! " and she,

Standing there by the silent key,  
 Said it over and over again,  
 Thinking of *one* of Dubois' Men :  
 Thinking in anguish, heart and head,  
 Of *him*, brought up there alive or dead.  
 Save him, and perish to save him ! Yes !  
 But three hours more, and that next express  
 Would thunder by, and she, alas !  
 Must stand there still and let it pass.  
 Duty was duty, and hers was clear ;  
 God seemed far off, and no friend near.  
 But truest friend and swiftest horse  
 Must ride that ride on a breakneck course ;  
 And with truest horse and swiftest friend,  
 The fast express has the winning end !  
 And as if one pang was needed more,  
 There stood in the doorway, Nell Latore !—  
 Nell Latore, with her mocking face,  
 Restless eyes, and her gliding grace ;  
 And quick to read in the wife's sad eyes,  
 The deep, strange woe, and the hurt surprise ;  
 Slow she said, with a piercing breath,  
 " Rebel fighter dies rebel death ! "  
 Said, and paused ; for she seemed to see  
 Far through the other's misery,  
 Something that stilled her ; triumph fled  
 Shamed and fast, as the young wife said :  
 " He keeps his faith with an oath he swore,  
 For the half-breeds freedom, Nell Latore ;  
 And, did he lie here, eyes death-dim,  
 You, if you spoke but truth of him,  
 Truth, truth only, should stand and say,  
 ' He never wronged me, Jeanne Amray ! ' "  
 Then, for a moment, standing there,  
 Hushed and cold as a dead man's prayer,  
 Nell Latore, with the *woman* now,  
 Scorching the past from her eyes and brow—  
 " Trust me," she said, like an angel call,  
 " Tell me his danger, tell me all ! "

Quick resolve to a quick-told tale—  
 Nell Latore, to the glistening rail  
 Flew, and on it a hand-car drew,  
 Seized the handles, and backward threw  
 One swift, farewell look, and said,  
 " You shall have him, alive *not* dead ! "  
 Ah, well for her that her arms were strong,  
 And cord and nerve like a knotted thong ;  
 And well for Jeanne in her sharp distress,  
 That Nell was racing the fast express.  
 Her whole life bent to this one deed,  
 And, like a soul from its prison freed,  
 Rising, dilating, reached across  
 Hills of Conquest from Plains of Loss.  
 Gorges echoed as she passed by,  
 Wild fowl rose with a plaintive cry ;  
 Down the wind with her streaming hair,  
 Down the wind with her tigress air,  
 On she sped ; and the white steel rang !—  
 " Save him, save him for her ! " it sang.  
 Once, a lad at a worn-out mine  
 Strove to warn her with awe-struck sign—  
 Turned she neither to left nor right,  
 Strained till the Rock Hills came in sight ;  
 " But two miles more," to herself she said,  
 " Then she *shall* have him, alive *not* dead ! "  
 Well, the merciful gods that moment heard  
 Her promise, and helped her to keep her word ;

For, when the wheels of that fast express  
 Slowed through the gates of that wilderness,  
 Round a headland and far away  
 Sailed the husband of Jeanne Amray.  
 And all that hundred and fifty then,  
 Hot on the trail of the Dubois' Men,  
 Knew, as they stood by the pine-girt shore,  
 The girl that had foiled them—Nell Latore!

Slow she moved from among them, turned  
 Where the sky to the westward burned;  
 Gazed for a moment, set her hands  
 Over her brow, so! drew the strands  
 Loose and rich of her tawny hair,  
 Once through her fingers, standing there;  
 Then again to the rail she passed;  
 One more look to the West she cast,  
 And into the East she drew away.  
 Backward and forward her brown arms play;  
 Forward and backward, till far and dim,  
 Grew she one with the night's dun rim;  
 Backward and Forward, and then was gone . . .  
 Into—I know not what . . . alone!

She came not back, she may never come:  
 But a young wife lives in a cabin home,  
 Who prays each night that alive or dead,  
 Come God's own rest for her lonely head:  
 And I?—shall I see her then no more,  
 My comrade, my old love, Nell Latore?  
 —Good Words.

### THE HAIDAHS, THEIR ARTS AND MYTHS.

(For the Manitoban)

BY E. A. B.

**A**FTER spending the summer of '91 at the desk the writer decided to take a holiday to recuperate for the winter siege. Casting about for a new "tour" without a very satisfactory result was about to choose one of the hackneyed trips east or south when one day I casually learned that Captain John Irving, (familiarily Commodore) of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company was organizing an excursion party for a trip up the north coast of British Columbia to the Alaska boundary, and had a few vacancies left on the passenger list. Being possessed of some knowledge of the route, and knowing that I could not possibly find a better trip for health and pleasure, I lost no time in securing accommodation; and I have never regretted my choice for that autumn outing, in fact the pleasures and impres-

sions of the journey will ever remain indelibly impressed on my memory, and I will consider myself fortunate indeed, if ever it is my privilege to be able to repeat it.

After a most enjoyable railway ride across the 800 miles of prairies and 500 miles of mountains by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a couple of days spent with new-found friends in the lovely city of Victoria, our party embarked on the staunch, swift-sailing, twin-screw steamer *Islander*, under personal command of Captain Irving, and as the shades of evening were falling over the earth one beautiful September night we started on our voyage amid the cheers and fond adieus of friends and loungers who had gathered on the dock to see us off.

Our route lay through the innumerable mountainous islands of the archipelago which skirts the coast of the British Columbia main land. For fifteen days we sailed in salt water, covering 1500 miles, but yet only caught one glimpse of the expansive Pacific ocean, and that as we passed the northern extremity of Vancouver Island. To attempt a description of the magnificent scenery on this route would require more eloquence of poetical diction than I possess, in fact it is doubtful if language is powerful enough to justly picture the grandeur of the wild and rugged coast, the mountain peaks encircled in the sky; the beautiful pine clad islands in their setting of crystal reflecting all the colors of the rainbow; the wierd splendor of the great inlets which pierce the main land for miles, and where rocks, trees, water, snow, ice, clouds and sunshine produce a sublime, awe-inspiring effect in their chaotic, confusion; the placid rivulet; the noble streams which have their source among the glaciers and eternal snows of the inland mountains and the torrents and cascades which pour from mighty heights, rushing, tearing, roaring, and finding the level in masses of fleecy, lace-like foam. All are so grand and so beautiful that to attempt a description would be more egotistical than to undertake to paint the lily.

One must see the wonderful scenic beauties of this coast to comprehend and enjoy them.

The purpose of this letter is to tell something of the works and legends of these Indians, but it will, perhaps, not be irrelevant to first speak of themselves briefly. The Haidas are known as the Indian artists of North America, and the appellation is certainly not misapplied. They have been less in contact with the whites than any of the other coast tribes on the Pacific, and consequently more of their native works are preserved. Previous to the advent of the whites they were the Vikings of the north Pacific. They were famous sailors and fighters and their name was a terror along the entire coast of the region, even as far south as Washington and Oregon. Three-quarters of a century ago their people could be counted by the thousands; now they can be enumerated by the hundreds. At a comparatively recent date a small-pox plague spread among the inhabitants, and claimed young and old for its victims. Having no one to advise proper treatment, they became frantic with alarm and rushed into the sea hoping to find succour in the arms of the god of the deep, in which they had great faith to save them from the dire influences of the sun, to which they attributed all fevers and pestilences. This rash act cut off hundreds of the race at one fell swoop, the shock of the cold, salt water proving fatal to their fevered systems. Vices and diseases acquired from whites have also reduced their numbers to an appalling extent. The Haidas have had the advantages of Christian teaching for less than a decade and a half, but they are so apt and so willing to learn, that they have all abandoned their old habits and customs and adopted the methods of the whites so far as their means and surroundings will allow. The younger people are not taking to the arts of their fathers generally, and in a few years none will be left who can carve the totem poles, or decorate the canoes, or make carved articles for domestic use and personal adornment. Deserted villages abound on the Islands, and in them are to be found many fine examples of the ancient carvings, both on the totem poles and house timbers, but these works are fast being reduced to decay by the hand of time, and ere many years have spent their course will have been number-

ed among the things that were. Everything is in ruins; the old carved columns are tottering; moss and weeds grow upon the house tops; brambles choke the doorways, and grass fills the terraces about the hearth, and the remaining handful of the people are collected into two or three villages under the guiding hand of the C. M. S. missionary.

To a visitor the quaintness and decay of the surroundings have a peculiar fascination as he stands in the midst of a deserted village. The sighing of the wind in the trees is the only sound that is heard and the only visible life, mayhap, is a raven—the bird by which the Haidas believed they were created—which, perched on a dead limb, regards the intruder of the sacred spot with a quizzical and melancholy expression as he studies the carving, and endeavors to picture in his mind the scenes of life and activity, which once prevailed in the now desolate spot.

What is a totem pole? It is an heraldic crest, the sign and history of an individual or of a family. The poles are carved from base to top with the heads and forms of men, fish, animals and reptiles. The carving is done in the various degrees of relief, sometimes with a boldness that is wonderful considering the crude implements with which the Indians had to work; and there is at once grotesqueness and hideousness mingled with artistic skill. The figures are curiously grouped and represent events and incidents in the family before whose house the pole is erected. The tribes are named after natural objects, hence the explanation for the animals, etc., being delineated on the poles. There are places on the Islands where these poles are so numerous that from a distance they present the appearance of a burnt forest.

Besides the totem poles the ancient houses are objects of considerable interest to sight-seers. These structures are usually square, 50x50 feet, and are built of cedar hewn to proper proportions. The rafters are immense sticks of timber flattened on one side, running the entire length of the building and projecting over the ends. These timbers were cut and hewn with stone axes, but the cut surface is

almost as smooth as if it had been sawn. Some of the houses are built over deep pits, which are surrounded by a spacious terrace, and walled with massive hewn timber. They served as a protection from smoke, from dampness and from sudden surprises of enemies, and in them the families ate and slept and performed all social functions.

A visit to any of the old villages would not be complete without an inspection of the obituary gehangs—boxes in which the dead were formerly deposited. They are fastened between posts in some pretty sheltered nook, a few feet from the ground. Nearly all the gehangs of the inhabited villages have been taken down and buried. Those that remain are rotten, and it is not uncommon to see the ghastly spectacle of a skeleton hanging through the bottoms. The bodies were placed in the gehangs in a sitting or kneeling position with the chin pressed against the knees, and the face towards the East or South according to the rank of the deceased. A few of the gehangs that were removed were opened and found to contain various articles—small spears, copper finger rings, and small cedar boxes, carved and inset with abalone shells. These little boxes once contained grease to show that the deceased was a famous hunter. In one gehang a box of ashes was found, which, no doubt, was the remains of an unfortunate slave who had been burned to accompany his master, a chief, to the happy hunting grounds, that at one time being a custom among the tribes.

Slate, stone, gold, copper, silver, bone, clay and wood were alike subject to the artistic and manipulative skill of the Haidas. The perfection of their work in those materials indicate a culture of long standing and a capacity of more than common order. Every part of their stone and clay works is carved with the Haida crests; and there are instances of the great building timbers being highly and tastefully sculptured. The slate plates and dishes found among the tribes are beautifully ornamented with the crests, and inlaid with mother of pearl. One tribe still possesses a mortar and pestle made out of grey, basaltic stone, which was once used for making a native tobacco called *knowna*.

Rev. Mr. Harrison, a missionary, who has resided among the Haidas for eight years, and who gave considerable attention to their works, is of the opinion that all the oldest carvings now in existence on the Islands, were made in the height of the stone age. A few ancient weapons are also to be found at the villages. These include spears with poles ten feet long, with barbs made of bone and whalebone and the wood of the apple-tree, which grows wild in those northern regions; bows four feet long with strings of spruce root, and arrows tipped with mussel shells ground to a point and ingeniously fixed in the wood.

There is a native jeweller in every village who makes from half dollar and dollars silver coins and from gold coins, bracelets, finger rings, bangles, etc. For bracelets the coins are beaten out to the desired thickness and then bent into shape and carved. Some of the bracelets are made to fasten with a rude clasp, while others retain their shape by the natural spring of the metal.

Among the barbarous customs which are yet observed by the Haidas, is the use of the nose rings and chin bones. The nose rings are only worn by the old men of the tribe on the occasion of feasts. Chin bones are worn by women. When a girl reaches a marriageable age a slit is made in her chin, in which is inserted a piece of whalebone or stone. The size of the stone is increased according to the marriage of the girl or the number of children she bears, so that this decoration is really a mark of caste.

The Haidas seem to be related from the lowest individual to the head chief. Slaves—and there were slaves until quite recently—do not rank. The slaves were at one time bought and sold like any common article of barter, but the missionaries succeeded in suppressing the traffic and freeing the enslaved captives. In former times a Haida chief had one or more wives, with female slaves for concubines. The children of free born wives were alone acknowledged as his, the children of the slaves being sold or retained in slavery, as he desired. The members of one tribe cannot intermarry; for instance: a Bear cannot marry a Bear, but must form a matri

monial alliance with a Frog or Whale, or some other tribe. A system of divorce prevails among these people, the husband being the judge to determine when the conjugal bonds shall be dissolved, but if he discards his wife, he has to pay the relatives a certain price in goods.

The Island home of the Haidas is situated in a genial climate. Though so far north, the temperature, owing to the influence of the Japan currents, is semi-tropical, and all plant life flourishes luxuriantly. The cedar tree, particularly, grows to perfection in this latitude, and furnishes the inhabitants with everything they require but food. From it they secure the rafters and boards for their houses, and the columns for their totem poles, and the logs for their buoyant and fleet canoes. The tough fibre of the inner bark furnishes material for rope and twine of great strength, and also for plaiting mats, clothing, hats, baskets, cups, and sundry other articles of a useful nature. The outside bark supplies waterproof roofing for the houses, and the roots are used for twine, fish-hooks, and other purposes. The young cedars supply ribs for the canoes.

The men and women of the Haida race are physically remarkable. The men attract attention by their size and apparent strength, and by the fullness and agreeableness of their features. Some of them stand six feet and a half high, and their bodies are developed in due proportion, lithe and muscular. They have copper colored complexions, but a few of them are as black as Africans. The women share the noticeable physical qualities of the men, being strong and active, and having soft complexions and beautiful eyes, and hands of exquisite mould.

The folklore of the Haidas is rich in legends of their ancient religious beliefs. These legends present many picturesque creations of the superstitious heathen mind, and contain much of the unreal and impossible. The raven, a bird which attains perfection on the Pacific coast, was always regarded as the creator of the Haidas, and this belief still exists among them, as is evidenced by the reply a little Indian boy recently gave to a missionary in answer to the question "Who made you?" "The raven," he promptly replied.

(To be continued.)

## A TEMPERANCE STORY.

I WAS a guest once at a beautiful home in one of the Eastern States. Nothing that wealth and taste could provide was wanting to beautify and adorn it. The father was a man of business and immersed in its cares; the mother was a refined and cultured lady, who moved in the first circles of society. They had two children, one a girl of some fifteen years of age, and the other a young man of more than eighteen years, who was attending the college in the town, and whom his fond parents designed for the profession of the law.

The home was a hospitable one, and its hospitality had been conducted on the old fashioned lines of what was called polite society. No entertainments were more elegant, no table more daintily supplied, and none had costlier wines than were to be found in this home of this foremost business man. The latter were used to no excess in the private life of the family, and were dispensed with refined hospitality to the family guests. Father and mother, daughter and son, drank of them with their guests, and, so far as could be seen, drank of them sparingly and prudently.

Once or twice the young man had been noticed to fill his glass more than once, but neither father nor mother dreamed that excess would ever mark his conduct. He was brought up to use wine as a gentleman, and would never so far forget himself as to allow it to master his self-control. So thought father and mother, if ever the matter became a subject of thought.

But who can answer for consequences when once the subtle spirit of drink and the warm blood of youth are mingled. The fact unseen by all was that the wine cup had already fatal charms for the youth. Often when no eye saw him, did he quaff the extra glass, or take the half-empty bottle to his chamber. And often when his father and mother thought him with his student companions, busy at work, he was to be found with companions, not at work, but playing the exciting game and drinking the still more exciting draught.

I had arisen early, and was reading in the pleasant little library, when an anxious, hurried step was heard in the dining-room, and through the half-open door I caught the quick tones of a woman's voice, saying: "Where's Tom; his bed has not been touched last night, where can he be?" It was Mrs. A's voice. To it replied the slower, more careless words of the husband, "Do not be anxious dear; Tom's all right. He has likely gone home with one of his friends; he will turn up presently."

We sat down to breakfast, but the whole atmosphere was disquieted. I could notice the listening ear and the glancing eye of that stately mother as each step sounded near, or a form pass the window. But no Tom came.

Breakfast had just ended when a servant brought in a note and handed it to Mr. A. He quickly opened it, turned as quickly pale, and then with a hurried, anxious look at his wife, left the room, followed by the frightened mother. A half hour later I learned it all. Tom had been arrested the night before and taken to the lock-up, and the note was from the kindly keeper who wished to spare the respected family the disgrace of a public trial.

I shall never forget the face of that mother. Pride, shame and love chased each other over it in varying light and shade, but love conquered and lightened it up with a sad pitying, merciful glow.

It was settled that she should go to the lock-up and that I should accompany her. We alighted at the forbidding door, we entered the still more forbidding passage-way, and were conducted to Tom's cell. With a cry of unutterable love and mingled bitterness the mother slung her arms about the neck of the boy whom she had nurtured so delicately, and wept hot tears of shame and pity. "Oh Tom my son, how could you disgrace me so?" she uttered between her sobs.

The answer came, slowly, bitterly, almost defiantly, cutting into the conscience of that mother with the sharp remorseless edge of retribution. "Mother, oh my mother, why did you teach me to drink? But for the wine on your own table, curse it, I should never have been here. It

crept into my blood, fastened upon my will, and chained me fast. What I did last night I know not. I was mad drunk. Oh! if you had but kept it from me years ago."

The mother's face is before me now. Pale as death, agonized beyond possibility of description, every line of reproach for the wayward boy turned into a deepening furrow of self-reproach. She spoke but once. "Forgive me, my boy. I see it all now. And may God forgive me."

Tom was taken home. The disgrace was not suffered to become an open one. That night a lengthy and solemn conference took place between the proud mother and the wealthy father. And the next day not a vestige of strong drink was to be found in the princely home. The evil spirit was cast out, but alas! not before it well nigh possessed the only son of those who had so thoughtlessly harboured it.

I have visited this house since. Wealth and refinement mark all its appointments as of old, hospitality reigns as royally, but the lesson of chastening is to be read in the absence of all that can intoxicate, and in the tender care and constant prayer that the Heavenly parent may repair the error well nigh irrevocably wrought by the loving earthly parents.

Yes, dear reader, keep it out of the home. Have no deceitful ally within, working hand in hand with the guileful confederate without. Keep it out of your kitchen, away from your table, make the family circle secure.

It may be that some member of your family will fall a victim to the terrible power of the drink appetite, but what a pitiable and almost unendurable thought it would be to haunt you forever, if your conscience accused you of making it easy for the first step to be taken. If the lightning must strike your home, don't for pity's sake prepare the rod which draws the destroying bolt upon you.

Cider, beer, wine, may sound and seem harmless, but all these contain the subtle spirit of destruction, the fatal alcohol. They are the easy steps, the alphabet; once allow them to be learned, and you cannot stop the going forth and forward



toward destruction.

Make your home pure. It is the cradle of youth, the refuge of middle life, the asylum of the aged. Whatever may be the temptations and the dangers without, give no place for them within.

Keep the drink out of the home..

—SELECTED.

### THE TRUE WIFE.

Ah! the true rule is—a true wife in her husband's house is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of the best he can conceive, it is her part to be—whatever of the highest he can hope, it is her's to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity—all that is failing in him, she must strengthen into truth; from her, through all the worlds' clamour, he must win his praise; in her, through all the worlds' warfare, he must find his peace.—*John Ruskin.*

### A VALENTINE.

Accept, dear wife, this little token,  
And, if between the lines you seek,  
You'll find the love I've often spoken—  
The love I'll always love to speak.

Our little ones are making merry  
With unco ditties rhymed in jest,  
But in these lines, though awkward very,  
The genuine article's expressed?

You are so fair and sweet and tender,  
Dear, brown-eyed little sweetheart mine,  
As when, a callow youth, and slender  
I asked to be your valentine.

What though these years of ours be fleeting?  
What though the years of youth be flown?  
I'll mock old Kronos with repeating:  
"I love my love, and her alone!"

And when I fall before His reaping,  
And when my stuttering speech is done,  
Think not my love is dead or sleeping,  
But that it waits for you to come.

So take, dear love, this little token,  
And if there speaks in any line  
The sentiment I'll fain have spoken,  
Say, will you kiss your valentine?

EUGENE FIELD in the February *Ladies' Home Journal.*

### THE GOLD BEYOND THE GREY.

Along life's rugged mountains,  
We travel day by day,  
To catch the golden glimmer,  
Of sunlight thro' the grey.

But ever just above us  
Another hill appears,  
To keep us toiling onward  
Thro' time's successive years.

The whispers of the woodland,  
The perfume of the flowers,  
The sunshine and the dew-drops,  
Of life's palatial bowers.

The shadows and the darkness,  
The cloudland and the strife;  
Are all a part of living—  
Are all a part of life.

But if along the mountain  
We travel day by day,  
We'll somewhere catch the glimmer  
Of gold beyond the grey.

BY GENIE L. AND FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE  
in *Womans Work.*

### THE SAINT AND THE SINNER.

Heart-worn and weary the woman sat,  
Her baby sleeping across her knee,  
And the work her fingers were toiling at  
Seemed a pitiful task for such as she.  
Mending shoes for the little feet  
That pattered over the cabin floor,  
While the bells of the Sabbath day rang sweet,  
And the neighbors passed by the open door.

The children played, and the baby slept,  
And the busy needle went and came,  
When lo, on the threshold stone there stepped  
A priestly figure, and named her name:  
"What shrift is this for the Sabbath day,  
When bells are calling, and far and near  
The people gather to praise and pray.  
Woman, why are you toiling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low:  
"Father, my days are work-days all;  
I know not Sabbath. I dare not go  
Where the beautiful bells ring out and call.  
For who would look to the meat and drink  
And tend the children and keep the place?  
I pray in silence, and try to think,  
For God's love can listen, and give me grace."

The years passed on, and with fast and prayer  
The good priest climbed to the gate of rest,  
And a tired woman stood waiting there,  
Her work-worn hands to her bosom pressed:  
"Oh, saint, thrice blessed, mount thou on high,"  
He heard the welcoming angels say.  
When meekly, gently, she passed him by,  
Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath day.

MADÉLINE BRIDGES in the February *Ladies' Home Journal.*

**CONCERNING CONCEIT.****A New View of the Matter.**

(For the Manitoban.)

There is hardly a man, so weak is humanity, who has not his moments of depression in which he will admit that he is not the cleverest genius in the world. But, except at these rare times, the conceit of a man is never conquered or driven back.

Man's conceit is his graceful Antony who offers him the crown, not only on the Cupercal, but in all places, and man refuses it never. Yet (for the man has a sweet seeming of modesty) he will not wear his crown in public. He accepts it, for it is his due, but he puts it away in his closet, to be worn only when he is alone. When he is alone he brings forth this crown; he furbishes it bright; perhaps he adds to it a lustrous gem or two; and placing it upon his brow, he crowns himself unquestioned king of the world of beauty and intelligence.

Conceit is not a vice; it is a brave thing. It is man's comfort and his support. For man's plan's may be broken, and his ambitions may be disappointed, and even hope may die within him; but conceit of what he truly is, or, at least, of what he might have been sheds over him its ever friendly ray. "It is the star to every wandering barque."

In every man there is a faculty planted in his breast by this kind conceit, which he calls his "judgment." It is not the mere judgment with which he weighs and values, and, in short, judges—oh no, it is higher; it is his "judgment," what he calls, indeed, his "good judgment." He may not trust this wandering faculty to decide upon a question in science, or upon the best form of government, or even upon a "menu," or the most becoming fashion of wearing his whiskers; and yet he believes this judgment to be the right court of last appeal; and because of its sanity and its freedom from prejudice, he fully trusts it, and he hangs to it as an unmoved anchor in the gusty sea of argument and debate.

It is conceit that makes the world more forward. For without conceit who, in his brief time, would hope to surpass the record of the ages? Conceit, it is true, does nothing of itself; and because of its pride and a certain conceited manner that it always cannot conceal, it has now an ill name, but it is the coach that spurs men on, assuring them in confident tones of the victory.

Take a youth who studies a difficult profession. He points out that, as he proceeds, the learning of this profession spreads itself into so many branches, each such a life study in itself, and each honored with such great names, that he is often near to losing heart. "But," says he when the prospect is too appalling, and the competition with world famous men, grows too hopeless. I simply say to myself; "Well, I am the stuff! and, so, to it again."

Let us take lesson from the ingenious stratagem of this young man, and let the unblinded eagle of conceit lead the dull ranks of our faculties onward and upward as high as the sun itself.

It is conceit that makes the peasant the peer of the king upon his throne, and that gives even to the king a feeling of importance.

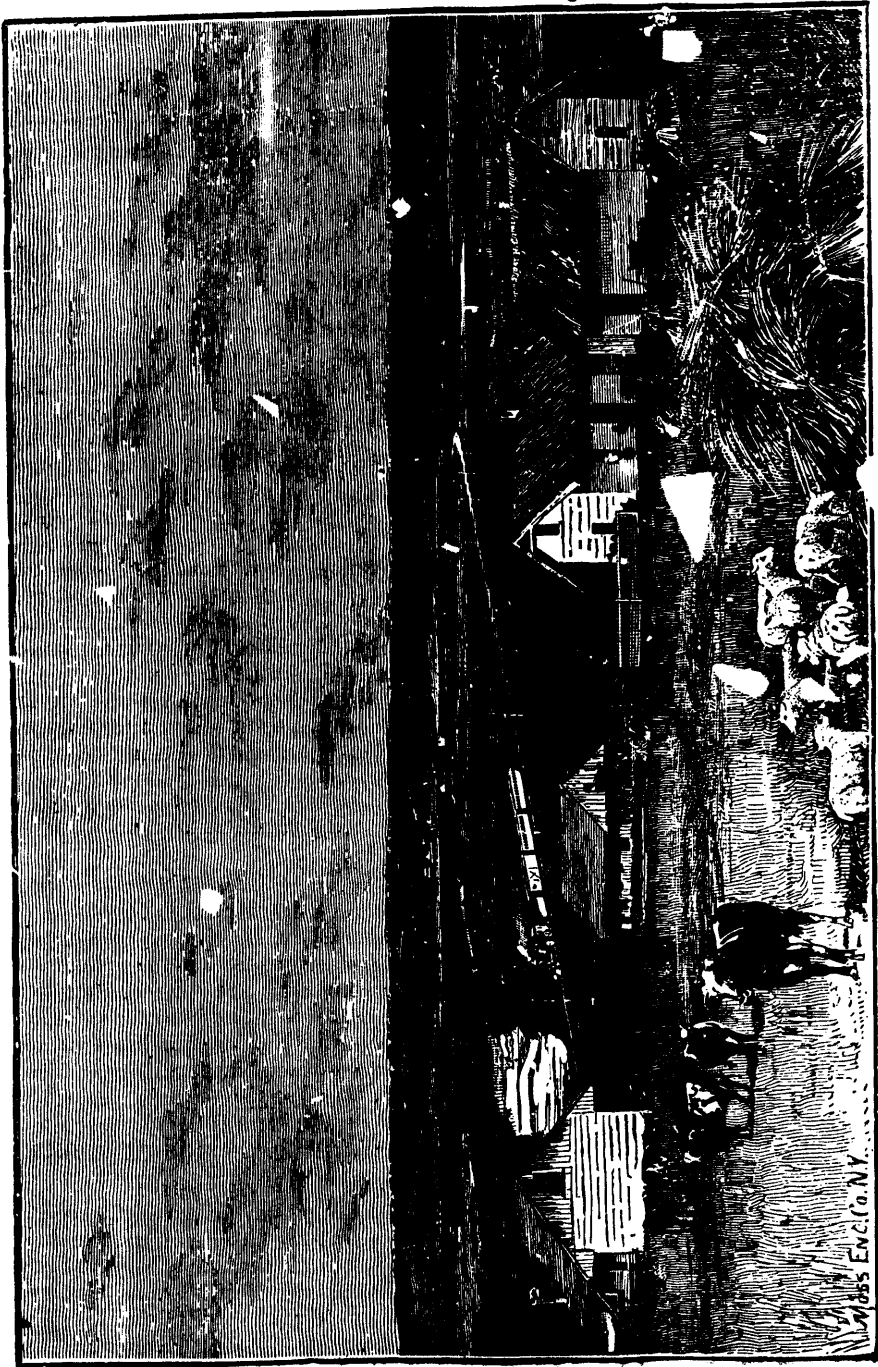
F. F.

**DANGEROUS RIVER POLLUTION.**

Experts at the Koch Institute report that the water used at the Nietleben Lunatic Asylum, after it was passed through filter beds, disclosed the presence of the comma bacillus, proving that the river Saale is strongly infected.

**ORIGINAL MSS. OF GREAT WORKS.**

Fac-similes of some of the original MSS., now in the British Museum, of the most famous books by English women are being prepared for the World's Fair, it being impossible to secure the originals. The manuscript of "Robert Elsmere" has been secured for the exhibition,



MANITOBA FARM SCENE.

W. H. BASS ENG. CO. N.Y.

A REMARKABLE ENGINEERING FEAT  
AND A  
ROMANCE CONNECTED WITH IT.

(For the Manitoban)

(Continued.)

**N**OT the intoxicating fragrance of the blossoming orange, nor the soporific charms of the tropical atmosphere . . . it was not they, I say, that chained me to her side. The plains beyond were scorched and repellant. The transit prosaic and uninteresting. But all this I had become accustomed to. No! Thou, and thou alone, sweet Kate, held me to thy side. Thou and I, one and inseparable. In love; in love with thee, fairest blossom of the plains. Kate my wife. It should and would be.

My little equestrienne was not only gifted with activity of the body, but, also, with superiority of mind. As I took a fancy to her summery mode of lazing life away among the groves of tempting trees; she, likewise, saw fit to admire the toil and activity of an engineer. Her busy little head was troubled with a scheme she told me one day, which she determined must be materialized. She asked my permission so to do.

"You do not fancy your work in this warm, barren place, you tell me," she said one day, and quite as abruptly "May I help you?"

Help me? Why not. She had received an excellent education. Had been an expert at school, in mathematics. Versed in the mysteries of algebra and trigonometry, why should she not assist me? I thought it a very jolly idea. Forthwith, I set about instructing her in the use of the surveying instruments. Suffice it to say, that betwixt cooing a possible future into each other's welcoming ears, and hard practicing at figures, we passed the heated hours away pleasantly beyond question.

Kate became expert, and greatly in earnest. In short, I might as well say here, that more than one-half of the work done on the line from the encampment to

the house, was with her active fingers, and oddly correct little brain.

Our employment: our pastime; dwindled down to agreeable horse-back trips to and from the picturesquely situated tents in the mountains. Kate always accompanied. Special quarters had been prepared for her, and it was her delight to canter over the thirty miles of splendid road, and spend the night in her comfortable apartments; revelling as the others did in music and song, until well-nigh the coming of morn. On the following day her magnificent roan mustang bore her swiftly back to her father's home.

As time fitted by, I became less frequently her companion on these trips. My attention was drawn more closely to the work we had upon the experimental hole we had begun in the immediate vicinity of the house. It was barely possible that the under-ground stream had followed a perfectly straight line. We should have to explore a great deal of subterranean territory before we could expect to reach the channel. My men worked eagerly. It was an interesting problem to solve. Could we, by employing such a simple ruse, control the vast quantities of water above, and utilize them at our will upon these hungry plains? We awaited the result with much interest. Our vertical shaft and considerable of the horizontal, were soon completed. No signs of what we sought had, however, been developed. Eventually a little discouragement of this sort was sufficient to create much adverse comment and some discontent. Kate and I put our heads together. I begged her to invent some remedy. She did so. Though wild and romantic, and certainly impracticable, as it seemed at the time, it afterwards proved to be to the contrary.

We set about to make a joint experiment secretly. Considerable apparatus was needed. I shall not detail just now. Suffice it to say, that, being a creation of Miss Hammersly's own brain, I judged it proper that it should also be a work of her deft fingers. Further than to superintend the transportation of a quantity of mechanical contrivances to the mountains,

I gave the matter no great amount of thought.

One day, it was nearly dusk, I set out for the shaft. It was my daily duty to make a tour of inspection. I was accustomed to descend the hole, and thoroughly inspect the work done. On this occasion Kate accompanied me. "Just for a stroll over the prairie" she volunteered in explanation. "Besides I wish to ask your advice upon certain matters. I am in need of your experience. (She said this laughingly. She was aware that I was new-fledged and pin-feathered). You must aid me in my venture. Heigh-ho. Such is the life of an inventress. Always partly in the other world and yet——. What a beautiful sunset?"

She had stopped walking, and shading her eyes from the rays of an imaginary over head sun, stood gazing at the blood-red western sky. It was, as she said, beautiful, awe-inspiring; such as can be seen nowhere but in California.

"Pshaw," I replied gaily. "This is one of your ultra-sentimental moods, you romantic little miss. I cannot see anything remarkable or even beautiful in the sun-set. I feel quite jolly this evening. Oh for the camp and the banjo. An idea, Kate. A moonlight ride to the mountains. What say? Come, if I gaze a moment longer at the sunset I shall get morbidly blue, and perhaps anticipate some dreadful mishap."

Agreed. We were to start out immediately after supper; fresh horses; fresh, cool evening atmosphere; fresh young hopes. What more jolly than that. A merry canter over the plains; into the hills; beneath the giant trees of the forest; a bewitching young girl close beside; and an inspiring moon overhead.

Kate little guessed, at the time, what an interesting ride it was to be.

We had reached the mouth of the shaft by this time, and as she turned to retrace her steps homeward, I recalled, betwixt hasty comment on her grace and beauty, a certain conversation we had had a few days since, respecting her father's finances, and present hopes. He had run heavily into debt, Kate had told me; because of the partial failure of the farm. All that was necessary, he reasoned,

was the water we sought. The soil was wonderfully productive.

"In five years I shall have paid my debts; put something into the bank, and married you and Kate," he remarked laughingly.

How little he suspected how prophetic he had been. Success we must have, and success we would have.

I looked down into the shaft. The lift was about to ascend with a load of earth. Anon, it reached the surface, was unloaded and descended, bearing me with it.

The men were on the point of leaving for supper. As they picked up their effects and left the tunnel I proceeded in to its farthest depths; examining the work carefully as I walked along. The soft, sandy earth had been skillfully braced and boarded in to prevent its caving. The faint light of the tallow candle I held before me discovered nothing wrong at first. As I crept along, however, I became aware of a sudden diminution in the height of the ceiling. My head struck a projecting timber. It was enough. The whole system became at once loosened. An ominous crackling of brittle pine; a quick jump aside on my part; another timber struck; and crash, and all was oblivion. What wonder I was a trifle dazed. I thank God I had not been treated more severely. My timely jump had saved me from immediate destruction. Oh the horror of the thing. To be thus buried alive. To thus suffocate, almost within arms length of assistance. It was too terrible to be true. But such it was. I fell upon my knees, and offered up fervent prayers to heaven. Stop. I thought for a moment they had been answered. Could it be? Without doubt, the men—they could have scarcely left the shaft—must have heard the noise, and were already at work upon the mass of debris. Yes, I could hear the faint click of the pick as it struck the gravel. No, I was mistaken. It was but the dripping of water from the ceiling near me. Perhaps the caving in had extended to the surface. If so it must have been observed. At any rate, the mishap would be discovered sooner or later. I should be missed. They had

observed me going into the tunnel. I should be sent for, and immediately released. With this comforting thought, I sat down upon a pile of protruding timber, and burying my face in my hands, gave myself up to hope or fate. I had been enclosed, as it were, in the farther end of the tunnel. The candle had been extinguished and all was dank and dark. There was no comfort to be had. It was useless to yearn. Turning the collar of my coat up, to prevent the drippings from running down my neck, I doubled myself up into a knot, and patiently waited. Sleep, I could not. The surroundings were too horrible; my thoughts too wakeful. A pernicious little monster of a bat would constantly assert its right by reason of 'vantage by striking me severely in the face. I fancied I could discern the glowing eyes of some wild animal which had possibly fallen into the shaft, and had escaped the observation of the workmen. I did not care to investigate. I sat still, therefore, quietly waiting for the inevitable 'though it be days before they could clear a passage.

Poor Kate. What distress she might suffer? And then, on second thought, were I more than the ordinary to her. I had never told her directly of my earnest love. I thought I had read sympathy in her handsome blue eyes. It would have been unnecessary to press the matter farther.

And the experiment she had taken so much pains and pleasure in making ready? What if—a happy thought struck me. I gave a mighty shout for joy, and then—I think, I swooned.

Crash. There was a terrible explosion; followed by marvel of marvels, a mighty impour, and correspondingly great out-pour, of rushing, roaring waters. A gigantic hole had been torn in the side of the cavern; and even the earth above, away up above to the surface, had been rent asunder, and blown far and wide. I was rudely caught up by the eddying water; and rose with it, as it struggled upward toward the starry firmament. I occasionally caught a glimpse of the sky, in spite of my terrifying position.

What chance fortune had thus liberated me? I will explain.

Kate's ready wit had, at once, overcome all difficulties. Hastening to the mouth of the shaft, she had caused a thorough exploration to be made. Immediate rescue was, of course, impossible. The men told her it would take nearly a week to reach me, without doubt mangled beyond recognition. However, they set to work with pick and shovel with a will.

Not so readily discouraged, Kate, quick as thought, almost, she mounted the black charger which already stood at the cottage door, impatiently pawing the dry, recalcitrant earth, as though he also were aware that something had gone wrong.

Like a flash, she was off, and galloping over the moon-lit grassy prairie. Five, ten, fifteen miles. She entered the hills, and like a spectral horse-woman, disappeared behind them. In and around she wound among them; nor deigned to question the awesome beauty of the shadows about her.

Twenty, twenty-five, twenty-eight miles were passed hurriedly by. Thirty; and lo, the quiet little hamlet of snowy tents burst upon her sight.

Scarce giving heed to the startled exclamations of the host of admirers that congregated to smile welcomingly upon her and laud the trustworthiness of the animal that had brought her so rapidly over such rugged, seldom-travelled country, she jumped to the ground, and gave a few hasty commands, in a tone and manner that could be mistaken not.

Two sturdy fellows were to bring forth a certain mysterious box which had been carefully packed away in the farther recesses of her tent. Her nimble fingers set to work with wire and screw. Not a word; not a sound escaped her determinedly compressed lips.

It was a dramatic scene, my comrades afterwards told me. Some of them divined what she might be doing; although they could not account for such proceedings at the dead of night. Nor could they understand her determined, silent, womanly demeanor. One of the men even became so profane, as to mutter something about insanity; and pointed significantly to the bright, full moon, and the over-ridden charger. All fell back,

however, and watched the proceedings in awe-inspired silence,

Kate was the first to speak.

"Men" she said, "I am going to discharge the torpedo in the prairie. It is that odd contrivance you saw me pass down this shaft the other day. These wires you so patiently unreeled, are attached to it, just thirty miles have been unwound. When I touch this button the ground somewhere in the vicinity of my father's house will be rent and tossed to the winds. God knows what harm may come of it. But—I cannot tell you—my lover is—"

She could no longer speak, such was her excited, and wearied condition. She mechanically reached toward the box, and pressed the button; then fell to the ground helpless and faint.

The torpedo exploded: and wonderful Providence, just in the proper spot.

So, not only had we succeeded in our engineering enterprise, and made John Hammersly wealthy; but, also, had we met with an interesting adventure, and won a beautiful girl's heart and hand.

GEO. A. ALDRICH,  
Winnipeg, Man.

## THE BIG GAME OF THE NORTH.

(For the Manitoban.)

IT MAY be interesting to some of the readers of this magazine, to read something of the big game of the northern part of this continent. I will proceed to say a little on the subject. Of course one cannot expect to read here of such game as is found in Africa, India, and other countries where thrilling accounts of lion and tiger hunts can be indulged in ad libitum. At the same time we need not dispise what we have. We can claim the brown, black, grizzly and polar bears; the shaggy muskox; the barren-ground and the wood reindeer, now commonly spoken of as the caribou; the big horned sheep; the mountain goat; the buffalo and the moose, or, as some insist on calling it, the elk.

The hunting of the bear is such a worn

out subject that I will touch very lightly on it. The bear is hunted chiefly for its fur. Its flesh is seldom eaten, although, during the berry season, I have often relished a steak of the brown or black bear. Owing possibly to its more southern habitat, it is acknowledged by hunters, that the grizzly bear of the plains is a more fierce and dangerous foe than his brother of the Arctic regions.

The muskox is a small animal resembling a goat more than the ox, hence its generic name "ovibos" goat ox. Its range is much more circumscribed than any other of the big game. It is found along the barren grounds of the Arctic regions, extending from the east of the Mackenzie river to a short distance of Fort Churchill. It is never seen far inland. Some writers claim that they shot the muskox on the islands of the Arctic sea. This is quite possible. But the muskox has never been found on the west of the Mackenzie river, or east of Fort Churchill. It is valuable for its beautiful robe, and since the buffalo has become so scarce, is becoming more so. Its head mounted with its curious horns is also now an article of value.

The reindeer is an animal that wanders over a large extent of country. The barren ground reindeer, confines its roamings chiefly to parts not very far distant from the sea. It makes a trip to the sea every summer, during the mosquito season, and returns about the end of August. It is considered one of the most useful animals in the north. Its flesh supplies winter and summer subsistence for thousands of people, and its hide is looked upon by the Indians as an article indispensable for winter clothing. To form an idea of the numbers that are annually slaughtered, I will tell you that, at Fort Rae, one year, the spring output of preserved deer tongues, amounted to 10,000. Of course, a great many had been eaten during the winter, both by whites and Indians, and the 10,000 were sent out as part of the provision returns.

The wood reindeer confines his feeding grounds to the more thickly wooded country further south, and is a much larger animal. It weighs dressed, about 300 lbs. whereas the barren-ground, does not

weigh dressed, more than 100 lbs on an average. Both have graceful and extensive antlers, and the smaller one, especially, has antlers out of all proportion to its size. Yet it is active and graceful in its movements, and is fairly fleet.

The big horned sheep and the mountain goat are not nearly so numerous as the reindeer, and their flesh is not so much prized, as it often has, like the muskox, a disagreeable odor. Yet, at certain seasons of the year, it is, as a Scotchman would say, not so bad. These animals confine their wanderings chiefly to the highest mountains and consequently difficult mountain climbing has to be resorted to in hunting them. Their hides are used for the same purpose as those of the reindeer. The big horned sheep has grand horns and its head, mounted, forms a very fine ornament. The horns of the mountain goat are about ten inches to a foot long, are black and smooth, and curve backwards.

The buffalo of the north is very scarce at present. The subject has been so very often written on, that I will not say much on it. Some writers claim that the wood buffalo is a larger animal than his confrere of the plains. I admit that he is darker, but old hunters have often assured me that they are about the same in size.

The moose, the most unwieldy looking and the noblest game of the north, is found pretty nearly everywhere. It is valuable for its hide, its flesh, and its branching antlers. All of the cervidae or deer family shed their horns annually, whereas the sheep, the goat, and the muskox, do not. It is wonderful how rapidly the horns of the cervidae grow as can be seen from the specimens on exhibition in this city, all of one year's growth. A moose in water is a very harmless animal. One can follow it in a canoe, get alongside, pat its back and play with its horns and it will not make any effort to injure you, but, if you dare attempt this with a reindeer, it will kick a hole in your canoe in a second. Fleetness of foot and endurance, are essential in the successful termination of the chase in following the reindeer; while with the moose, stealthiness, caution and patience have to be exercised. The moose has a

very keen sense of smell, and is endowed with remarkable hearing and seeing powers.

I will describe briefly a still hunt in winter. A mild and windy day, is the most favorable time to attempt to circumvent the moose. One evening an Indian arrived at the Fort, where I was stationed, and informed me that a fresh moose track had been seen some 8 or 10 miles from the Fort. As it was then calm, I did not count on having a chance to hunt the moose up. During the night, however, a wind set in and it was not long before I had donned my hunting gear, and, with my rifle and 6½-foot pair of snowshoes, I was soon on the road. I reached the place indicated by the Indian, but, as it was still dark, I had to wait patiently for the dawn, and dared not even smoke, as the moose might catch a whiff and be off like a shot. As soon as daylight came, I carefully reconnoitered, and easily found his track and ascertained the direction he was travelling. It is customary in following the moose, to keep as much as possible to the windward, and, at every three or four hundred yards, to make detours. On this occasion, I tracked him until it was getting dusk, and I began to lose hope of getting a shot that night, but fortune favored me. As I approached a little thicket, I took off my showshoes, breathlessly moved forward, peered everywhere among the willows and was rewarded by seeing two big ears in front of me. The moose was lying down and it was now for me to discover how his body lay. After a while I was certain that I knew, and, with rifle ready I broke a twig and in a second the clumsy figure of the moose loomed up. Ping! puk! and there was a crash through the willows. At about one hundred yards distant I found him stretched on the snow. I had bagged my quarry. To skin, cut up and "cache" him, was the work of a few minutes. With a few tit-bits on my back I set out for home, about 20 miles distant, feeling rewarded for my trouble, and I went in by the front door.

I mentioned breaking a twig just now. A moose will lie quiet while trees are cracking and branches breaking, but if



a man breaks a twig, he springs to his feet at once. The moose sheds his horns, sometimes in January and sometimes in February. Mr. Dan McDonald has informed me of a curious fact. A young male moose, in his yard, two years old, shed his horns on the 23rd of last October.

This fact and others may be due to the animals being kept in captivity. The greatest number of bear cubs, at one litter, I have seen or heard of in the north was three. Two is the general number. Mr. McDonald has a bear, which, not long ago, gave birth to four cubs. As I headed my article "The big game of the North" I hope I may be pardoned for this little digression.

To enter into the habits, etc., of these animals in a short paper like this, would be impossible. At some future day, that itself may form another article.

K. N. L. McDONALD.

HISTORY OF ST. VALENTINE.

St. Valentine was an Italian priest who suffered martyrdom at Rome in 270, or at Terni in 300, writes Florence Wilson in the February Ladies' Home Journal. Historians differ as to the date. Legend amplifies, by dwelling on the virtues of his life and the manner of his death, and tells how he was brought before the Emperor Claudius II, who asked why he did not cultivate his friendship by honoring his gods. As Valentine pleaded the cause of the one true God earnestly, Calphurnius, the priest, cried out that he was seducing the Emperor, whereupon he was sent to Asterius to be judged. To him Valentine spoke of Christ, the light of the world, and Asterius said: "If He be the light of the world, He will restore the light to my daughter who has been blind for two years." The maiden was brought, and after Valentine prayed and laid hands on her she received her sight. Then Asterius asked that he and his household might be baptized, whereat the Emperor being enraged, caused all to be imprisoned, and Valentine to be beaten with clubs. He was beheaded a year later at Rome on February 14, 270.

History, having little to tell concerning the man, makes amends by dwelling at length on the ceremonies observed on this day. They trace the origin of these to the Roman Lupercalia, celebrated in February, at which one practice was to put the names of women in a box to be drawn by the men, each being bound to serve and honor the woman whose name he had drawn.

OUR CHECKER DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY ED. KELLY.

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

Reference Board for Beginners.

BLACK.

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

WHITE.

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

† SOLUTION TO POSITION NO. 6.

Black on 27, king on 9.

White on 12, 26.

Black to play and win as follows :

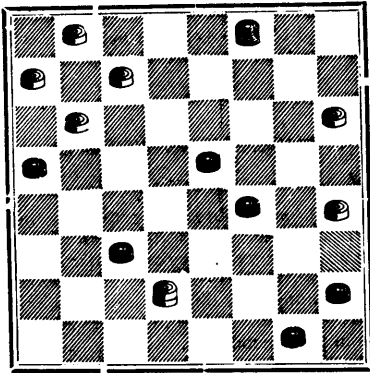
9-14	19-16	31-27	8-4	15-11
26-23	7-3	8-4	23-19	12-8
14-10	16-11	27-23	4-8	7-3
23-19	27-31	4-8	19-15	B. wins.
10-7	11-8	3-7	8-4	

† We proposed in our last checker department to give one year's subscription free as a prize, to the first one sending us a correct solution to position No. 6.

We received a number of solutions all of which were correct. Mr. Muirhead's of Winnipeg being the first correct one received. Therefore that gentleman is entitled to the prize.

POSITION No. 7.

A neat position from original play.



Black to move and win.

GAME NO. 17, IRREGULAR.

11-15	26-23	2-6	17-10	3-10
23-19	16-20	31-26	7 14	12-8
8-11	23-14	6-9	26-23	26-30
22-17	4-8	17-13	14-17	25-21
9-14	30-26	9-18	23-14	10-14
25-22	6-9	21-17	17-26	8-3
a-14-18	26-23	12-16	14-10	15-18
29-25	9-18	19-12	8-11	+3-7
11-16	23-14	10-14	10-7	

†This move forms position No. 7 as above.

a This is a losing move but unless it be properly met by your opponent, black is liable to secure a winning position.

**BRYDEN THE CHAMPION.**

To the Astonishment of the Entire Checker World he captures the Title.

William Bryden in order to win the championship of Scotland, was compelled to defeat A. Jackson in a series of six games, which seemed to all Scotland an impossible feat until the culmination of the fifth game, which resulted in a draw, leaving the score—Bryden, 2; Jackson 0; drawn, 3. The mere fact of Bryden winning the championship against such opponents as Ferrie, Searight, Jordon, Campbell, and numerous other stellar lights of the old world stamps him an exponent who would push the American champion hard in a contest for the world's championship. The

Americans have looked upon Ferrie as the only representative of the old world who would be able to hold his own in a contest with Barker, but now all eyes are turned on Bryden, and we can state with assurance that Barker will willingly meet him or any other player in Scotland or England for from \$250 to \$500 a side.

Mr. J. P. Reed, ex-champion of the world, in his recent visit to Chicago made the following score with the players of the Chicago Checker and Chess Club.

Reed... 8;	Head..... 4;	Drawn.... 5
Reed.... 2;	Hetter..... 1;	Drawn.... 8
Reed.... 1;	Denvir..... 1;	Drawn.... 4
Reed.... 15;	Slocum..... 3;	Drawn.... 10
Reed.... 30;	Mitchell..... 4;	Drawn.... 15

**LITERARY NOTES AND REVIEWS.**

THE current issue of the ECLECTIC appeals to public interest with a variety of attractive papers. The extreme season of 1893 will make the "Birds-eye view of the Riviera" one of the great resorts for winter tourists a very readable paper. Mr. J. F. Rowbotham writes very entertainingly about "The Origin of the Opera," and Mr. Walter Crane discusses "The English Revival of Decorative Art." St. George Mivart, a well known scientist and thinker, contributes a remarkable paper entitled "Happiness in Hell," in which he presents novel views about the Christian theory of future retribution. The deep interest in the problem of the Tariff will find food in an admirable article by J. Stephens Jeans, under the caption of "The American Tariff," which is written in a most judicial spirit. The Russian question which is the keynote of peace and war in Europe, is illustrated in a strong paper by E. B. Lanin, discussing the personal characteristics of the "Tzar Alexander the Third." Those interested in psychology and so-called Spiritism will be drawn to the paper by Rev. H. R. Hawsis, entitled "Ghosts and their Photos." Mr. R. E. Johnson has an admirable article on the great scientific principle of "The Transformation of Energy." Among the short papers of interest are "Up a Creek in Demerara," "The Chinese Discovery of America," and "Parisian Vignettes." "The Tuan Roseden's Story" is a capital sketch of Oriental life. Swinburne contributes a threnody on Tennyson, and Gilbert Parker tells a stirring narrative in verse, entitled "Nell Latore." The number fully sustains the sterling attraction of the ECLECTIC as one of the most readable and valuable of the magazines of the period.

THE February number of the COSMOPOLITAN magazine is to hand and presents a table of con-

tents which should please the most fastidious. The Frontispiece contains an excellent picture of the late James G. Blaine, the American statesman, who lately passed away. Among the articles which go to make up the number, are "Monte Carlo," by H. C. Farnham; "After Mist In Winter," a poem, by our Canadian poet Archibald Lampman; "The Beet-Sugar Industry," by H. S. Adams; "Oriental Rugs," by S. G. W. Benjamin; "James G. Blaine," a short sketch by T. C. Crawford; "The Evolution of Naval Construction," by S. Eardley-Wilmot; "June 1903," by Julian Hawthorne; "Democracy and the Mother tongue," by John Coleman Adams; "A Traveller from Altruria," by W. D. Howells; "Dusk," a poem by William Wilfred Campbell; "Lord Beaconsfield," by Adam Badeau; "Rebellion and Revolution" by Charles W. Coleman; "The Great Railway Systems of the United States," by Chas. S. Glead; this together with short stories by Sewall Read and Wilson de Mega, and an excellent article on "Suffrage," by E. E. Hale, complete a capital number which every one should read. With its great staff of writers and excellent illustrations the COSMOPOLITAN should be in every family. Subscription \$3 per year, or given with the MANITOBAN for one year for only \$3. Single numbers 25c. Published at New York by Cosmopolitan Publ. Co.

WE are in receipt of WOMAN'S WORK, a bright Household Monthly Magazine published at Athens Georgia. Subscription 50c a year. If you want to get it free, see our offer in another column.

AMONG the many magazines that reaches us monthly none is so unique as THE GREAT DIVIDE, published at Denver, Colorado. This excellent Magazine is fully illustrated and contains many articles of interest especially to those familiar with Western life and its surroundings. Among the contents of the last number were: "The Aztec Calendar," "Zuni Vases," "Quick as Lightning," "Western Front," "A maid of Wolpa," "The Hunt," "Costly Perfumes," "Watch," "In a Blizzard," "Curious Myths," "Bill Memzies girls," and several miscellaneous articles. Each article is profusely illustrated and printed on the best book paper. How the publishers can turn out such a paper for the money is a mystery. We notice they make a special offer which everyone should avail themselves of, viz., THE GREAT DIVIDE for one year and 16 beautiful polished gem stones ready for mounting—and all for \$1, which is the regular subscription price, or given with the MANITOBAN including gem stones, for \$1.75. Published by the Great Divide Publ. Co., 1518 Arapahoe Str., Denver, Colorado.

THE Weekly Review of Boston in a recent number asks the question "Will the coming woman lose her hair?" We sincerely hope not, and trust the editor of that paper can get a satisfactory answer.

"TRUTH" of Toronto says that 1800 girls graduated at the Boston cooking school this year. What a lot of calamities let loose on the unsuspecting bachelor! But forewarned is to be forearmed, they say, and the people of the State where Baked Beans predominate can look forward to some new receipts.

### PUBLISHERS NOTES.

In order to make THE MANITOBAN as interesting as possible we solicit from our friends and readers any manuscript they can send us bearing on the country. Traders, miners, surveyors, scouts trappers, hunters and others who may have anything of interest are invited to contribute. Let us hear from you, friends.

We would draw the attention of those whose subscriptions expire with this issue, and who are in arrears. Do not delay in renewing, as you cannot afford to miss THE MANITOBAN off your table the coming year. The subscription is only one dollar a year, which is not half the price of any ordinary magazine. We want every family in Manitoba and the Northwest to subscribe. Send along your subscriptions.

Advertisers, who desire a good medium, should advertise in THE MANITOBAN. It has a large and rapidly increasing circulation.

THE MANITOBAN is here to stay and solicits the support of every one interested in Manitoba and the Northwest.

Subscribe for THE MANITOBAN and get your friends to subscribe.

### A LEADING MAGAZINE FREE.

WE are now prepared to make a wonderfully liberal offer to all who pay in advance for THE MANITOBAN. WOMAN'S WORK is a literary and domestic magazine—deservedly one of the most popular published. It is pure, entertaining and helpful in every department. Its pages are filled with high class original reading matter and illustrations suited to all ages; it is published to satisfy the great need for good home literature, and no other periodical meets it so well. Send us \$1.00 for our paper and WOMAN'S WORK one year—making the latter entirely free. Address: The Manitoban, Drawer 1371, Winnipeg, Man.