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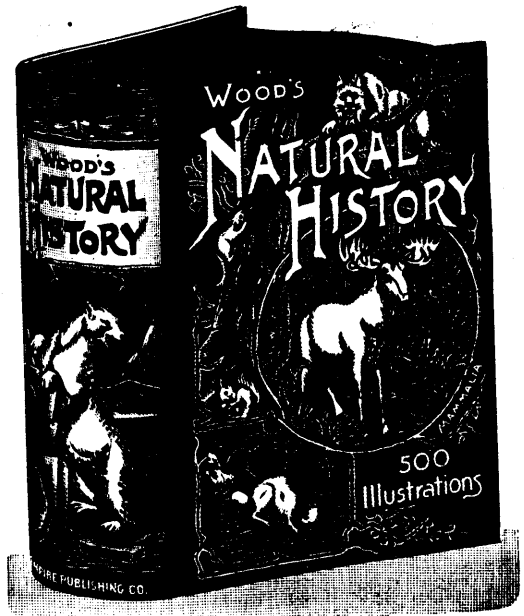
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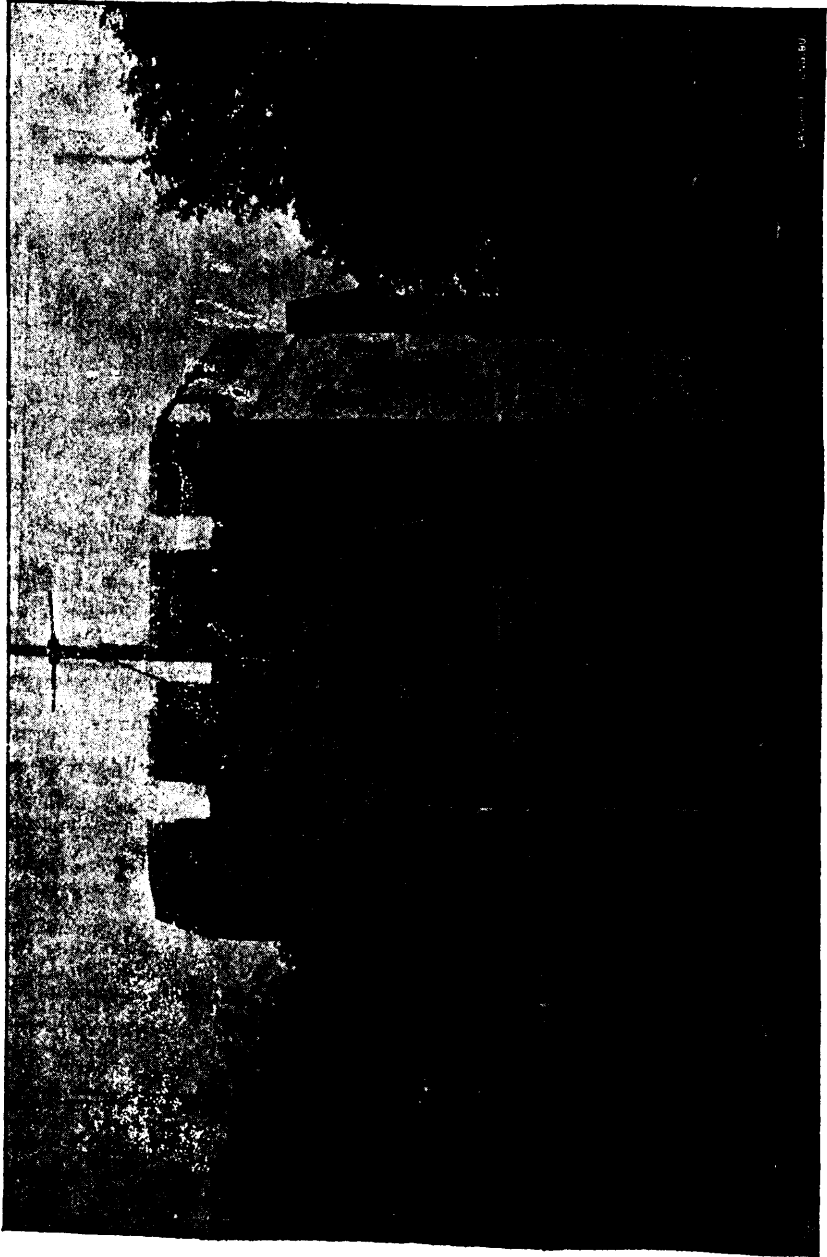
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FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG.

The Manitoban.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. II.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, APRIL, 1893.

No. 4.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

IT seems that the practice of extemporaneous prayer by Chaplains, says the "Canadian Churchman," of the States Legislatures has reached a natural crisis in Texas—when the Chaplain prayed for the passage of some bill he was interested in,—the men who couldnt say "amen" being opposed to the bill, have "raised a breeze," and as a Texas breeze is very much like a cyclone, we would advise them to stick to the gospel, or they will be apt to drive their ship on the rocks.

* * *

A BILL has been introduced into the Michigan Legislature, to tax churches. This is a step forward in the right direction, and such a measure should pass without any opposition. We see no reason why churches should escape taxation more than any other corporation. Hitherto such a law has been strenuously opposed by church members and others, but we hope to see the day when every church and all will be compelled to pay alike. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's," was the Master's counsel, and it would be well for us to follow it.

In speaking of the above bill the Boston "Weekly Review," says Bishop Foley is circulating a protest for signatures in all the catholic churches in the State, and the protestant churches will doubtless supply additional signatures. The New York "Independent," says "we know no reason why any property which does not belong to the State, should not pay the State for its protection," no; there is no reason to be discovered for exemption of churches from taxation. It is a sad commentary on the churches that they strenuously, with one exception, oppose the imposition of their due share of taxation, while cheerfully acquiescing in arrangements which makes the burden of the workman heavier.

* * *

THE latest scheme is the proposal to build an immense international canal from the Great Lakes to the Hudson River, thus affording a deep water way from New York City to Montreal and Hudson's Bay. As the territory through which the canal would run on the other side, would be all in New York State, the United States need not be asked for a charter. Speaking of such an enterprise the St. Paul "Globe" very seriously says, this looks like a deep-laid plan, to head off the move-

ment of the American Lake Shipping interests for a Government Canal connecting the Hudson River, and thus with the seaboard. This scheme would simply compel the ship companies to pay such tolls as the company saw fit to impose. That the lake boats should have free access in the seaboard through American territory is not a matter which concerns the North-west alone, but of grave importance to the nation at large. With a free waterway these boats would convey to the seaboard, and many of them to Europe, one-third of the corn, small grain and flour of the United States, at rates which would be a wholesome check upon the grasp of railway corporations. It would afford a European market for all this, and the product of the industries of the West and Middle States of vast importance, and which could be built up in no other way. A toll system means simply a blockade to such a traffic. The Dominion owns all its own canals; and they are free waterways to all Canadian Ship-owners, and will ever be maintained as such. The *Globe*, then with a deep heavy sigh, as if looking into the future, concludes, "with a toll system on our side, the Canadian ships would shut out our ships from the business of both countries." What a calamity forsooth that would be to the great American nation. Perhaps they realize that Canada is of some importance after all. By the way will the *Globe* please inform its readers how they intend to thaw out the canal during the winter months.

* * *

HERE is food for Orangemen. A branch of the House of Orange, is about to return to the Catholic faith.

* * *

ONE of the eccentricities of Col. Shepard, Editor and Publisher of the New York *Mail* and *Express*, was the publishing of

a scripture text at the head of his paper. To this he said he owed the success of his paper. Another peculiarity of his was to spell Sunday, "Sonday."

* * *

As a result of the Panama Scandal it is contemplated to exclude in future from the chamber of French Deputies all members of syndicates, and all promoters of similar schemes, in order to enable members to honestly perform their duties. If some other countries would adopt something similar, it would be equally applicable.

* * *

AS THE "Worlds Fair" will attract thousands of sneak thieves, pick-pockets and such other kind of light fingered gentry, we would advise all who contemplate a visit to the great show, to leave any valuables they may happen to have, home on the piano. They will thus avoid any little unpleasantness they might experience by being robbed or "held up" in a crowd.

* * *

A RESOLUTION has been adopted in the British Parliament to provide for the payment of members. In order to help them out as to the compensation required, Mr. Labouchere puts forward a proposition to give the legislators \$3.75 per day. If these conditions were complied with, would Mr. Labouchere be a candidate.

* * *

MANITOBA'S Exhibit at the World's Fair, promises to be one of the best agricultural displays that has been made for some time. As there exists in the minds of several people the erroneous impression that we cannot raise anything but snow and ice, our exhibit will be an eyeopener. To the Hon. Thos. Greenway, our indefatigable minister of agriculture and Hon. Jas. A. Smart, our World's Fair commissioner, are due the credit of placing

Manitoba on the top of the heap, so to speak. No other Canadian Province will have the advantages we have, and it is safe to say that no other country will receive so much attention.

* * *

As a great deal of interest will centre in Manitoba at the World's Fair, the publishers of the MANITOBAN, intend issuing a special number in June, which will be specially written and illustrated for that purpose. We have a large agricultural country to be peopled, and everyone who is interested, should put their shoulder to the wheel.

FROM
THE NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER
TO
FORT MACLEOD

A Trip Across the Prairies.

(For the Manitoban.)

BY G. E. D. ELLIOTT.

(Continued.)

THAT afternoon, Bill remained to assist Dick smoke the venison, and Hawk and I started out to have a look through the country. After walking a short distance we caught sight of a high bluff, about six miles east of camp, and decided on walking this, hoping to obtain a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. It was slow travelling, we were continually running into small bunches of deer; old Indian camping grounds were examined, and judging from the numerous bones laying about, they must have had a fat old time of it. We found two trees with initials carved on them, these were examined with great interest, and seemed to mark the resting place of some old-time hunter. It was impossible to make out all the letters except G.—H and M.—C, Nov., 1879; these delays, added to our desire to carry away a knowledge of the possible fertility of the soil if cultivated, killed time at such a rate that it was all of five by the time we reached the foot

of the bluff, ten minutes more and we were on the top. Here we were doomed to disappointment, for we could see but little better than on the level prairies below. After looking about we selected one of the tallest trees, and by its aid obtained our desired look at the country. Another difficulty arose, for it was large and not a friendly branch in reach. Each of us had been expert in tree climbing at one time when on the old homestead at home, particularly so in our neighbor's orchard, but alas, that was many years ago, and now the knack of skimming up seemed completely lost.

Finally Hawk made a rush for it like a mad bull towards a red rag, and succeeded in making it, after going through some of the most graceful movements imaginable. I followed, but had it not been for the friendly hand held out, would not have made it.

A loud "Hurrah" from him made me look up, to find him perched on one of the topmost branches, this bent and swaying, seemed as though the weight of another hair would cause it to send its burden spinning through space. A few more pulls and my head was on a level with his body. My first glance was towards the lake, the sun slowly sinking to rest cast its rays upon it, making it appear a perfect sheet of gold, bordered by a shore as white as snow, presented a picture that fully repaid us for the long tramp. Slowly my eyes left this to inspect the back ground, which in itself presented one almost as good. To the north, south and east stretched out boundless prairie, broken here and there, except in the south, by little silver like lakes surrounded by tall waving grass; to the west were the Natural Hills, the foot of which seemed to border on the lake shore, these were heavily timbered in parts, and seemed like gigantic mountains in comparison to the Nose Hills, almost their equal in height but further away.

To the north could be seen the Eye Hill creek crawling along the low level parts of the undulating plains; overhead slowly following up its course were a flock of geese in single file, appearing like unsuccessful, weary, hungry, fishermen returning from a day's outing.

To the north-east stretched the timber belt tinted in all the colors of a rainbow. Jack Frost had already been at work claiming many of the leaves, and venting his pent up rage upon the most promising foliage of the forest.

My eye wanders slowly to the south, resting upon a long hilly stretch of silver-like soil winding its way along like a serpent in a garden of paradise, no vegetation or sign of water could be seen to revive the weary beast or slack their thirst. A gloomy prospect, for through this our next two days' journey lay.

And now the eye wanders in review. Nothing loses its magnificence, and one drinks, as it were, of these paintings of the Almighty's gallery, as though he were gulping down the elixir of true life. The breeze springing up gave us another sight and lesson; grass, rushes, bushes and plants of the forest bow as of one accord, giving a salute of humble submission to their creator.

Regretfully we descended, and soon were back again to every day life, and what had a few moments before been a true picture of God's greatness, seemed now like one of those happy dreams in connection with the realities of life, but clinging to one like recollections of boyhood's happy days.

We arrived in camp tired, hungry and footsore, and none need the assurance that it was necessary for Bill or Dick to hush or rock us asleep.

Morning arrived before we thought we had had time to roll over in the bed. Yesterday's tramp had been too much for Hawk and me, so we contented ourselves by examining everything of interest near the camp. A few ducks and geese were bagged while walking along the creek, and traces of fish in the remains of two skeletons; how they managed to get so far inland is more than anyone can understand. Eye Hill creek empties into Manitou Lake, about seventy five miles north-west, and would mean a distance of about five hundred miles by water judging from its crooked course.

Does it not seem strange, that a large lake like this should be alkali, while all around it are fresh water sloughs. In several places the smaller lakes are only a

few steps from the larger and many good springs empty into it.

The afternoon was spent making baking powder bread, dough-gods, repairing, washing, shaving and bathing, and in fact a general house cleaning, so much so, that one of the boys was willing to bet "*two-bits*" that it would rain before sunset. After supper plates and knives were polished up like a nigger's heel, for honestly, we did like to see things clean when the notion took us. The haunches of venison were bound in mint and paro, then sewed up in "gunny sacks" and laid aside. And now for nothing better to do beds were rolled out, and we were soon in the arms of old Morpheus.

The first blue streak of day found us up and hard at it. While one man cooked, the remainder saddled and packed the cayuses; in about twenty minutes we were again on our way, pleased in a sense, yet there were none but what dreaded the next two days' ride. About ten miles from the lake the country seem to gradually grow worse and worse, and about ten we reached the last good water we expected to see till we reached the Red Deer river; even the ponies seemed to know this, for they seemed as though they never would quit drinking.

About two found us among the sand hills, a nice country, for one who has never enjoyed any hardships to follow up just by way of pleasure.

Reader, have you ever had occasion to travel or pass through a country utterly devoid of interest, bleak, desolate and which appears the same no matter where you look, if so, you may try and imagine how we enjoyed the ride through these hills. Occasionally the monotony of the way was changed for the worse by a ride through alkali flats, sometimes miles in length; alkali dust would rise and hang about us like clouds about mountain passes, sulking about us and giving the outfit the appearance of one that had been engaged in handling loose flour. This dust sticking in our nostrils and throats left a taste in the mouth like that when one accidentally picks up and uses a spoon covered with verdence, and left us feeling as dry as an Egyptian mummy.

Dick, who was thoroughly acquainted with this prairie, left us, promising to give a signal if he succeeded in finding water. About half an hour after we crossed Sounding Creek, which is a good sized stream, but as white as milk with alkali. We caught up to him about nine, stretched out on the ground, apparently bedded for the night.

"What luck, old fellow," this from Hawk, who was as dry as a bit of salt cod inside a bed of hot ashes.

"None at all I'll bet there's no water short of twenty-five miles from this."

No water that night for the cayuses; poor brutes, they needed it badly. It was impossible for us to help them out any. Cold supper, and tomato juice as a substitute for tea, looks all right on paper, but just try it after a ride like ours. We were as blue as could be. Even a smoke couldn't be enjoyed. Bedding was again brought into use; that night all enjoyed good drinking dreams, so I should judge from what I learned afterwards. Dick told us of an old lady who came to him with a five gallon keg, and he remarked that he finished the whole outfit. I don't know whether it was water or something stronger, I guess the latter, for he complained all next day of having a head like a bee hive.

Fifteen miles were covered before sun rise, and about ten we halted for a short time to take the top off a tomato can and drink the contents, then on again hoping to soon reach water. Our tongues were parched and felt like lumps of lead in the mouth.

We reached water at last about 4 p. m., but such water, in a hole about the size of a potash kettle, alive with millions of water bugs, black and stagnant, while from it arose an odor between that of a long deserted damp cellar, and a dead horse. It looked pretty rocky, and may appear even worse to you; but to us it was a perfect God send.

While our ponies were cooling off, each of us took turns digging with our hands, till we had reached the depth of about two feet, into this the water slowly filtered till there was sufficient to quench our thirst, and make a good pot of tea; this pool was a pretty lucky thing for the

cayuses, furnishing them with tood and drink at the same time.

Everything was lovely that night, for all danger of thirst was now past; a few hours' ride in the morning would bring us to the banks of the Red Deer river. Here we all expected to find a good resting place for a short time, but felt a little crawly at the idea of camping there, for among its many attractions the Red Deer country can boast of rattlesnakes.

Dick favored us with numerous snake stories, truthful in some instances, but always interesting. He finally put a capper on our powers of endurance though, by relating the following:

"Ten years ago I seen the largest rattler man ever clapped eyes on. I had struck a fresh bear trail just about this ford on the river, and was following it up, when I came upon him kind of suddenly, but so quietly, that he was not in the least disturbed by my approach. It was "grub pile" with him, for the hind legs of a jackrabbit were still sticking out of his mouth. This was one time I had the dead "*cinche*" on a rattler, and tully enjoyed the change which I had taken in at a glance, and was now tickling him with the toe of my boot. Poor fellow, he did look mean, and was in a sorry plight. It was impossible for him to get away, for the legs of the rabbit stuck out, one on each side of his mouth, like a poke on a pig's neck, and prevented him making any progress among the sage brush, which grew thick and heavy about him. He made fantic efforts to swallow, resembling somewhat those of a kid who had swallowed an overcoat button and couldn't get it up or down, while I played the mother act and pounded him on the back, then turned him over and examined the texture of his hide; pulled him backwards over a cactus, knowing he would thoroughly enjoy this, cut off the rattles, eighteen in number, stuck them in my hat, and then striking an attitude like an old time scalper, with one sweeping blow of my knife cut off his head close to the jackrabbit's nose then stretching him out full length I proceeded to pace him off, when I was surprised and scared out of my seven senses on seeing that the rabbit gave a bound into the air and disappeared among the sage brush,

snake head and all. I suppose he had managed to free his front feet and then make good his escape. This "*plum*" rattled me, and I was not long in "*pulling my freight*," for I tell you boys I had no desire to remain long in a country where jackrabbits and rattlesnakes enter into partnership. I often wonder what that rabbit— Do you think he'd live, Hawk? No answer.

"What do you think, George?" Same reply.

"Bill, are you asleep?" Not even a snore for a reply.

"Well, I be *dog-goned* if those "*pilgrims of guns*" haven't doubled on the trail and gone *plum* to sleep," and he was soon holding it down at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

We all enjoyed a good night's rest, and reached the banks of the Red Deer about 2 p. m. Both banks were lined with poplar trees and other brush usually found growing along rivers in this country. These were beautifully tinted, and growing as they did on these steep banks, one could not help wondering how the roots found depth enough to hold some of the taller trees from toppling over. This river can boast of having the steepest banks of any in the territories.

We reached the bottom safely: this we crossed, and forded the river without any difficulty, which is always low at that season. Packs and saddles were soon off, and the ponies enjoying a good roll, when a sound like ripe peas in a pod shaken by the wind, startled and made us look doubtfully from one to another; Dick picking up a stout stick proceeded cautiously in the direction of the sound, and with a quick blow dispatched what proved to be a six year old rattler. Around this the rest soon gathered, gazing like old time country cousins at a world's fair. It was the first any but Dick had ever seen. One was not so bad, but when three more were killed and several seen, I was one of the first to propose pulling our freight to the higher land, which we thought would not be as likely a place for them. Dick was not long in laughing us out of this.

"Grub pile" over, and following Dick's instructions, our beds were all placed close together, then we gathered all the cactus

plants to be found and built a circle about a foot deep around our camping place. After experience has shown me that this was as good a precaution against snakes as could have been taken, though had we happened to have had a hair rope long enough to place on the ground instead of the cactus, it would have served the purpose just as well.

It is impossible for a person to imagine the sensation I experienced that night after turning in, every little sound seemed to my ears like a snake crawling along the ground. This would almost make a fellow jump out of bed; then the hand would, when moved about, encounter folds of the blankets, which were sure to feel like a whole nest of these pets, and send a chill down a fellow's back, like a piece of ice slowly passing along the spine. This would shoot like lightning down my back, then up again, scattering into a thousand creepy, crawling, feelings all over my body; feelings such as these were not likely to bring on sleep, nor did they, for it was far into the night before that blessed charm for all ills or *fears* visited me.

At day-break one could have seen the boys cautiously lay back the blankets, dreading lest a rattler had managed to get among its folds during the night. But I guess they had all turned in before we had, and were not waiting till the sun was good and warm before leaving their holes. More were seen, however, and it was with a thankful heart I threw myself into the saddle and made tracks out of that river bottom.

It is a good country from the Red Deer river to the Bow river; plenty of good grass and water, and fair shelter for range cattle.

When crossing the C. P. R. track we had the pleasure of seeing one of their passenger trains. This was something new to us, none of the party having seen one for several years.

It took us till sun-down to make the Blackfoot crossing, and after fording the river (the Bow) we camped for the night. We had any number of visitors here, all Indians. The main attraction to them being, I think, the "*grub*," that all the good they got out of it, for the only place any

of us had use for an Indian was a long piece off.

An early start was made in the morning, for we were anxious to reach Macleod before the fall round-up started out, somehow I always counted on getting employment on one of these. In those days my greatest ambition was to be a cow-boy or "cow-puncher," as it is generally termed out west.

During the afternoon we saw the first bunch of range cattle, all fat, sleek, chunky creatures, the calves particularly so. I believe the fat of one of those would keep the old I. G. Baker bull team in waggon grease on a trip from Fort Benton, Montana, U. S., to Fort Macleod, Alta., N. W. T.

It was no trick to find a good camping place through this country, but on halting for the night it was with sorrow we talked of this as our last camp, for we had had a good time, learned and seen more than in one year of our lives. Dick, as thorough a good fellow as ever threw leg into a saddle, had given us many tips, and taught us many things, that in all probability would never have been ours in a life time. We kept up a continual chew-the-rag till wood and "buffalo chips" were nearly exhausted, so we were obliged, though it was reluctantly done, to turn in for the night.

Sun rise again found us well on our way (we had a foot trail to follow now) for Macleod, which we hoped to reach before many hours.

All day yesterday and to day a long thin column of smoke could be seen in the south-east. Dick was for once puzzled and brought to stand-still, still he had never seen it before and could not account for it now. We were all of the opinion that it must be an Indian signal; afterwards we found out that it was from the heavy engines used at the Lethbridge colliery works. During Dick's time they had not commenced working the vast coal fields that lay for many miles around that post, to use his own words it was only a howling wilderness. Many changes have taken place since then, and now it is one of the most progressive towns we have through the territories, in fact its resources cannot be surpassed.

Reaching the banks of Willow Creek, Macleod could be seen looming up on the south side of the Old Man's river. We were not long in reaching it, and after fording made for the feed stables. Leaving our cayuses here, we followed Dick up town to old Camosses. He was both pleased and surprised to see Dick, for he had heard that he had passed in his check up in the Peace River country. Old Harry was glad, there was not a doubt about this, for he set-em-up all round, remarking that he was very sorry the town was dry, but a dance had been on the night previous, and now he could only offer pop and painkiller or home made ale. But never mind boys, a whole cargo is expected to-night if the police don't catch on.

We had supper in great style that night. No grub to cook, or dishes to wash, and to cap it all had a pretty young lady to wait on us. She seemed to kind of tone the thing up a bit, but we were out of place, didn't have room enough, and were either running our legs into some fellow's lap or poking them with our elbows. Just a little out of practice you see.

Many years have passed since then. Dick, poor fellow, passed in his check the following summer while engaged as scout for the U. S. army, while carrying a dispatch. Billie, I believe, is in South Africa, at least he was when I last heard of him, now he may be trying for the north pole. Hawk returned east. Bye-the-bye, that just reminds me, I heard a few days ago he had grown tired of single life. I wonder if it is the one who brought him a drink of water the night we made the dry camp in the Sand Hills. I suppose so, for he told me at the time that it was no one he knew, but it was his ideal of what Mrs. Hawk should be. Long life and happiness may his be, a journey through a pleasant country. He certainly has set the remainder a good example.

I am still in the country, very likely to remain, in fact, I don't believe a bull team could haul me away, strange to say the country is the only attraction. Thus we must be friends, then part perhaps never to meet again. To-day one may have more friends than you could shake a stick at, to-morrow—you may be as desolate and lonely as a young range born calf lost

in a three days' snow storm, away from its mother. I have experienced the change.

Good-bye. We may meet, or may not meet again.

THE END.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST—ON THE PRAIRIE.

(For the Manitoban.)

CHAPTER I.

IT was an autumn Sabbath, without one feature in its seemingly interminable length to appeal to the naturally sunny disposition of the fair martyr to the educational interests of the school district of Scrubland. Not one solitary person of a congenial sort—no one in the neighborhood on whom she cared to call, and no one who she cared to have call on her. No church. No Sabbath school. There were less than a dozen families in Scrubland, and save the people with whom she boarded, she had scarcely acquired a speaking acquaintance with any. These were an old couple without any family. They were Scotch, intelligent and kindness itself. But even these admirable and comprehensive qualities, strange though it may seem, did not render them perfect. Their boarder, at least, was at times forced to think so. They belonged to a sect calling themselves "*The Christians*," but who were popularly known in Scrubland as Plymouth Rocks. And no Sabbath could pass without a certain number of hymns being sung, the churches criticised and found wanting, the "*Flying Roll*" and the "*War Cry*" read aloud, and prayers long, mournful, explanatory and curiously argumentative said sometimes. There was a small congregation, but as often the old couple were alone to hold these curious services; but hold them they would.

The house was small, consisting of one room below and two small ones above. The floor between was made of chinks and boards and some knot-holes. The old couple were not singers by trade; and their efforts came up through the chinks that evening with an effect terrible to ears musical.

There was a look of desperation on the fair face of the teacher as she laid aside the book she had been trying to read, and looked out on a landscape as drear as one might see. That afternoon she had walked a mile up the road to the school and back. It was the only road in the district. Straight it ran eastward to nothing, and westward to nothing, a waggon trail strewn with boulders and bordered with scrub—leafless scrub. The trees, such as they were, stood up rigid against the dull sky and wailed, unshaken, in the gusty air. It was a depressing scene. Having spent most of her life in a city, her stay in Scrubland had been one of trying solitude, even while birds and flowers and sunshine remained. And now these were gone, and nothing left but the scrub and the hardheads. Hardheads and scrub along the road. Along the fences and in the fields hardheads and scrub. And in the houses—hardheads. There was no sign of human life to be seen. No sound or sight to break the drear monotony of the scene.

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No—vember!

She was almost glad to be back in her room. She took up a volume whose pages had cheated many hours already. It was a "noble and joyous book;" a curious old tale of the days of chivalry; but the joy was passed, and "do\our out of measure" was the burden of the story as she read that evening. And the soul-searing sounds of the evening service began to rise through chink and knot-hole. There were four or five voices, and each seemed bent on proving more worthy than the others of a place in the choir which Dante heard sing—somewhere:

Sad once were we
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun.

Now in these murky settlements are we sad.

It was terrible. She laid aside the book and looked out on the gloomy landscape. But there was no relief. She lit her lamp, less because the lateness of the hour demanded it, than for the sake of its companionship. She took paper and pen to write a letter home. She put down the date, and stopped. Her ideas refused to

come under such conditions. For a while she sat trying to think what to begin with. At last she got to work ; and this is what she wrote : "Mr. — Secretary-Treasurer, Scrubland, Dear Sir,—Owing to circumstances over which I have no control, I find myself obliged to resign my position as teacher in your school. I wish to leave at the beginning of the Christmas vacation. Yours truly, Adeline D. Bonair."

As his she sealed and addressed, and a glow of intense relief escaped her. And memories of her home up west on the prairie, where friends were in plenty and everything else for which life is worth living, came to her, till, as she sat there in the light of the lamp, and the light, too, of those pleasant thoughts from within, she looked lovely enough to melt the most obdurate heart. A plain black dress accentuated the blonde beauty of her face, in itself striking enough, with its fine oval outline, regular features and delicate carmine tints, its grand forehead expressive, large blue eyes and mouth rosy—and right. Her eyes twinkled with suppressed merriment at times as her mind ran over a train of circumstances and incidents which led back from the writing of the note above cited over a number of years. She wondered why she had asked for the position she was now resigning, and scarcely cared to own that it was to get away from the vapid but persistent attentions of a man who had grown up from boyhood with the belief in a proprietary right to her.

In their school days in Ontario they had been friends ; and the boys and girls teased them and called them lovers. Later bigger boys and girls did the same ; and the idea that they belonged to each other somehow grew up with them and became current in the neighborhood. She, had she ever given it a serious thought, would gladly have owned the tie of friendship, but nothing more. She had never done or said anything from which one could infer anything further. But the gentleman was obtuse. He was not aggressive in his wooing, nor did he seek to enforce the right which he fancied he held. Others might pay attention, and she might encourage them or not ; it made no difference to him. He held a first

mortgage, and, when it suited him to do so, could foreclose—so he thought.

Few girls would tolerate such a lover. Miss Bonair did so only because she never thought of him in the capacity of a lover at all. She took to teaching. Her parents moved to Manitoba, leaving her behind with an uncle whose home had been hers for the greater part of her life.

When she returned home after her first term she found her reputed lover preparing to set up house-keeping. Gossip had it that she was to assist ; and a call from him convinced her that he had a place for her in his plans. He had not asked her to marry him, had never openly professed love for her, yet she could not doubt that his plans lay that way. But when next he called she had departed for Manitoba.

But this secured her only a short respite. The next summer her lover appeared as a settler in the neighborhood of her new home, and took up the thread of his matrimonial plans exactly where she had snapped it with such a jerk, less than a year before. It was getting exasperating. For old times' sake she did not wish to give him pain ; yet she almost wished he would propose till she could rid herself of him for all. But she did not expect him to do so. Some morning when his house was finished he would come over with a parson. That should be the first opportunity he afforded her to undeceive him ; and she did not greatly desire such a one. Here, too, people seemed to take up the notion that they belonged to each other. She could not stand it ; and she did not care to fly back to Ontario. But despite the opposition of parents and friends she suddenly resolved to take up her old occupation of teaching again, and applied for the position she was now resigning.

All this glanced quickly through her mind, and more, till she came to the day on which she had started for Scrubland ; and then a face rose up in her memory as it had risen many times before since she had seen it.

The train that day was crowded. There was not a vacant seat. But some one rose and offered her his. He moved his "traps" and helped her to arrange hers, and when she looked up to thank him he bowed and left the car. She had never

seen him before. She did not know who he was ; but his face had come to Scrubland with her ; and now she found herself contrasting it with that of Mr. Solomon Shure, the lover who, she knew, was awaiting her home-coming. And somehow—not by any train of reasoning—it dawned on her that to meet and withstand that complacent lover was surely a trivial matter after all.

CHAPTER II.

That same evening another teacher, Madeline Gruesome, sat in her room a dozen miles away, also writing. Her age was uncertain, and had been so for a number of years. Her temper was, if anything, more so. In one school after another she had wielded the birch for a round baker's dozen of years, each successive engagement proving shorter than the last. Her present one had been one continual wrangle with all whom her position brought her in contact with ; and now she had notice of dismissal. She was ugly in face and ugly in spirit, yet the letter she was writing was addressed to a lover. More than that, it was answering a proposal of marriage. There was no look of happiness on her face ; not even a smile. She could not have smiled that day without breaking the fourth commandment.

Some time before she had met a farmer from the western part of the province whom she had known in far back days in Ontario. He was a bachelor who had studied horses and cows more than he had studied women. But something about this time having emphasized his need of an helpmate, and promptly he borrowed of a neighbor the necessary materials, and indited the proposal to which the lady was that evening penning a reply.

This was a sort of thing she had never before been called on to consider. But she wasted little time on pros or cons. The notice of dismissal warned her that teaching was getting to be a precarious means of livelihood ; and if she should have to wait as long for the next proposal as she had for this—— ! Her answer was an acceptance, coupled with the intima-

tion that she would be free from her present engagement on the 23rd, of the following month.

On the Sabbath preceding that date, both ladies were again seated in their respective rooms, and both again writing. Except that winter had been ruling for a month or more, their environments had not changed. Adelina was writing to say that she would be at home on the 23rd. Madeline sat with paper before her and pen in hand. There was no disturbing element visible or audible in her neighborhood. The people with whom she boarded were at church, and peace and quietness reigned. But a disturbing element there evidently was. She gave a snuff, laid down her pen and drew a letter from her pocket. She laid it on the table and smoothed out its folds. It looked for all the world like an acre of Scrubland breaking—a double sheet of foolscap all scrawled and blotted. It was from Mr. Jonathan Wayback, whose offer of marriage she had accepted. Little attention had been paid by the writer to form, less to orthography, and none at all to punctuation. These are unimportant things, perhaps, where love is the subject of the story.

The writer set out by expressing pleasure at her willingness to hitch horses with him, and stated that he would be at B— station on the C. P. R. to meet her on the evening of the 23rd, and that they would take a turn by "minister's" and get buckled on their way home. Then he went on without pause or period through an extended inventory of all the live stock he had on his hands—all the work of every sort ; and then enlarged on the struggle he was constantly having "to keep things agoin' and no one to bear a hand." Presently he began to mingle sentiment, and then—right there—the whole thing got mixed.

"I don't no much about wimmin," he said about the middle of the third page, but i no what a hustler your mother was an i no you be the lass for me to love whats the tendin ov 13 cows and the feedin ov the pigs and things and 2 to do it deer I think i am the lucky boy to git you but I allus no a good hoss its morn 5 ears that my hearts bin a thumpin my ribs when I see nabuss betsey but i no

your mother cud saw a cord of wood quick'ern she cud split slivers for mornin' fire but when you see her you'll say she is the purtiest gal alive— She gave a snort and crushed the paper between her hands. But presently she smoothed it out again. She punctuated it. She put in capitals. But no, there was no mistake. He only wanted her to help him with his work. He loved another woman and thought her pretty! She ground her teeth. She crushed the letter again and threw it on the floor. She rose to her feet and—gave it a kick! Fact! Then she paced the floor—just as the novels make them do. Then she took up a newspaper and looked it over; and finally she resumed her seat and her pen and paper and wrote: "Trustees Scrubland School, Gentlemen,—I wish to apply for the position of teacher in your school at the terms mentioned in your advertisement. I have had several years' experience Yours truly, Madeline Grueson."

The day mentioned by Miss Bonair in her letter found her journeying homeward. In Winnipeg, where she had to change cars, she spent some time seeing friends and shopping. When she presented herself at the Northern Pacific station she found that owing to a recent change in the time table, the train by which she had intended travelling had already gone. While speaking to the ticket agent a gentleman entered and enquired for the same train. It was the same who had been so kind to her on the occasion of her starting to Scrubland. They recognized each other.

"Have you also missed the train?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "and I was so anxious to get home."

"So am I," he said, "I have been away from home for nearly four months—ever since the day on which we travelled together last."

"Why so have I."

"Indeed! Well we can go yet. If the C. P. R. train will serve you; we have time enough."

"I sometimes go that way. My home is six miles from the nearest station on that line; but as I wrote that I would be home to-night without fail, some one will meet me, no doubt."

They left the station as they were speaking, and taking a street car were soon at that of the C. P. R. There, having some time on their hands, they improved it by getting acquainted. The gentleman introduced himself as Gerald O'Neil. The name was familiar to her. She had heard of him often as a wealthy young Irishman who had been farming for some time about ten miles from her home. He was well and favorably known in that district. He was variously reputed to be the son of an Irish lord, and the descendant of an Irish king; but all agreed that he was a king of good fellows on his own account, and that, unlike many young men from over the water, he was using his wealth wisely and to a good purpose. Time passed quickly, and soon they were speeding westward,

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Bonair met the train by which his daughter had written that she would arrive. When he reached home without her he found there Mr. Solomon Shure, her old-time lover and would-be proprietor. That gentleman was greatly disappointed, and at once suggested that she must be coming by the C. P. R. He proposed to go and see. But it was uncertain—improbable, they thought—that she should come by that route; a storm was threatening too; snow already falling in scattered, feathery flakes; besides she was well acquainted at the station and could easily stay there over night. So they attempted to dissuade him from going. And all thought when he took his leave it was to go home. But he turned his horse in the opposite direction, and said to himself as he applied the whip:

"What's the odds if it is a little blustery? The house is fit enough to take any girl into now; and we may as well arrange things to-night and have matters settled. Just as well."

Some miles nearer the station, but approaching it by a different road, was Mr. Jonathan Wayback with his team and farm sleigh.

The hours went quickly by as the train rolled westward. So at least thought Mr.

O'Neil and his fair companion. They chatted about this and that, and each thought the other delightful company.

He was such a perfect gentleman, she thought, so well educated evidently, so well informed and his conversation so bright and lively. It was charming to hear him talk. And then how handsome he was! And that slight touch of the brogue that spiced his speech was perfectly irresistible.

And he thought her charming—was sure of it in fact, for there was no room for doubt. And when B—— station was announced he noticed with surprise that the afternoon was gone and the lamps in the cars were being lighted.

"Ah, this is your station," he said, as she prepared to go, "the next is mine."

He assisted her from the car. When they reached the platform they noticed for the first time that very decided symptoms of a storm were about. The conductor stood below to assist her. She said good-bye and thanked him, and the next instant Gerald O'Neil found himself very decidedly alone.

She saw no rigs about. Evidently no one was going to meet her. Yes; there was one too, just coming. But no; that could not be for her. It was a team and a great big farm sleigh. It pulled up beside the station, and a voice came, muffled, from the depths of a snow covered fur coat:

"Be that you, Adeline?"

"Yes," she said, wondering who the voice could be that addressed her so familiarly.

"Climb in then and let's be off. No tellin' what sort of night we'll hev."

He shook the snow from the robes and tucked her down in the back of the sleigh; then he mounted the seat and urged his team in the direction of the minister's house, happy in the belief that in the back of his sleigh was the very woman who was made to feed his pigs and milk his cows. What comfort he derived from the thought that when he reached home after his long drive that night that there should be two instead of one to do those necessary things. Occasionally he looked over his shoulder to launch a cheery word through the whirling snow. But every-

thing was against the carrying on of a conversation at long range; so as Adeline did not catch those remarks she made no effort to reply. For a little while she wondered why her father had sent such an "outfit" as that for her: but soon her thoughts went back to Winnipeg, and retravelled the road to B—— again, and all at once the sleigh stopped and raising herself she heard the driver say:

"Guess this eres the place, though danged if I don't think we cum too fur."

"Yes, this is the place," she said; and she scrambled from the sleigh, ran to the door and entered.

Mr. Wayback hitched his team, and then started manfully to submit himself to a like operation. At the door he met Mr. Bonair coming out to see who it was that had been so kind as to drive his daughter home. That gentleman cordially invited him to enter. But once in the brilliantly lighted sitting-room his face took on a look of blank bewilderment. Of course he did not recognize in the beautiful young lady who, divested of hat and jacket, and all aglow from the frosty air, was laughing and chatting, the centre of a happy group, the person to whom he expected in a few minutes to be married. But he did recognize quickly that he had got into the wrong house. Turning to Mr. Bonair he said:

"Gosh! This haint the place. You haint the minister?"

"No. You passed the minister's more than a mile down the road. But make yourself at home. You cannot go out again to-night."

"O, no, no! We must back to minister's and get hitched and then hum. But whar's the gal as cum with me?"

"My daughter? Adeline? Why here she is. Do you not——"

Mr. Wayback turned his bewildered gaze for a moment on his late passenger, then suddenly and most emphatically he said:

"Je——hockey!!!"

And as suddenly and emphatically running his head into its furry receptacle he made a dive for the door, and out. Mr. Bonair followed him and tried to persuade him not to venture out again in the storm. But he would not be persuaded.

"No thankee, sir," he said. "My gal is at that station somewheres. An' its six miles from here an' four miles back to minister's an' git hitched, an' after that five miles to hum an' thirteen cows to milk an' the hogs to feed, an'——"

The storm caught up the rest. Mr. Bonair and his family sat late listening to its gusty music, and speculating at times as to the success of the unknown lover across whose plans Miss Adeline had so unwittingly run. As the night advanced it became more wild and loud. The wind howled and shrieked and the casements rattled.

Answering a sudden impulse, which she could neither explain nor resist, Adeline went to the windows and raised the blinds.

"Who knows," she said, "but some one lost in the storm may see the light."

Ten minutes later a knock came to the door. It was Gerald O'Neil! When he reached his station he hired a rig and started to drive home; but lost his way, and, getting bewildered, wandered about for several hours till, quite near, a light flashed through the driving snow and led him to the door, where, to his surprise, he was welcomed by the lady with whom he had journeyed from Winnipeg that afternoon.

The next morning was bright and mild. Although much snow had fallen, and drifts were numerous and deep, it had not grown cold. Before taking his leave Mr. O'Neil found himself alone in the sitting-room with Adeline. Mr. Bonair had been rallying him about a rumor which was current about the time he left home, to the effect that his journey to the old country was being undertaken in search of a wife. Mr. O'Neil laughed heartily at the banter, and as her father went out he turned to Adeline, still laughing, and said:

"That rumor may not have been very far off the mark; but the old country does not hold all the charming ladies. And I found when I got there that the face of one I had met in Manitoba had for me more beauty than any other; so I returned as I went. I reached Winnipeg yesterday and again I met the lady; and last night fate brought me to her door! And I want to know if I may come again—if I

may hope to win her love? May I—Adeline?"

He was laughing when he began, but the last words were uttered as only men speak them when fraught with intensest love. Her eyes were cast down—of course. She dared not look up. She was blushing like a rose. Yet she answered—she never knew how or what. And I don't. But when Gerald O'Neil took his leave they were affianced lovers.

As he made his way westward the road led close by a huge strawstack. At one side of it stood three horses apparently harnessed to rigs. Going to investigate he found them not much the worse for their night out. But there was no sign of their owners. As he stood by trying to conjecture who they might be—or have been—suddenly the side of the stack began to sway, and from a cloud of straw and chaff and snow emerged Mr. Jonathan Wayback! A short search brought forth in a like manner the owner of the third horse. It was Mr. Solomon Shure!

After some general remarks about the weather, the different parties took their bearings and departed each his own way.

J. J. Gunn.

KNOWLEDGE ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

(For the Manitoban).

BY SAMUEL MOORE, B. A.

KNOWLEDGE which means intellectual enlightenment, may be defined as a clear perception of truth. The word knowledge is used in different senses, and often means practical skill, which meaning evidently was intended in the old maxim of Bacon, "Knowledge is Power."

The history of Psychology shows that there has been much controversy between the two great schools of Philosophy as to the meaning of the word knowledge and its origin.

One school of Philosophy, called the Empirical, maintain that all our knowledge is gained from experience, this is, it has been derived by the special and general senses. The advocates of this school say that the

mind of the child, when it comes into the world is a blank sheet, upon which impressions are afterwards made.

Such teachings in the literature of Psychology are called *a posteriori*.

The other Philosophical school is known as the Intuitional, and this school claims that some of the mental facts are innate, this is, the human mind is so constituted naturally as to be conscious of a certain amount of knowledge prior to experience.

The teachings of this school are termed *a priori*.

The history of mental philosophy has for centuries been divided into two great schools of thoughtful enquiry.

Both of the above mentioned schools in philosophy have had advocates who possessed colossal minds, men who had such force of character that they made a profound impression on the thinking world.

In the old philosophy the Intuitionalists seem to have been masters in the philosophical arena; but at the present time the Empirical wave seems to predominate in speculative philosophy, due largely to the scientific advances in education lately made by the influence of the writings of Bacon and J. S. Mill, who vigorously advocated the experimental and inductive methods.

Empiricism teaches much that is true, for every person of a reflective turn of mind knows that human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts made by successive generations of men, facts of experience and observation which have been carefully treasured up, and which when systematically arranged, form our Encyclopaedias.

Personal experience also proves most conclusively that each individual comes into the world with a very small stock of ideas. We are bound to accept the old latin maxim, "*Experientia docet*."

Yet while experiential philosophy teaches much that is true, notwithstanding, it seems to me, from sacred and secular history they do not teach the whole truth, Empiricists are unable to give a satisfactory explanation of some of the important and vital questions in psychology. History and experience show pretty clearly that an ultimate explanation of many facts in

mental philosophy will probably never be reached by the finite mind of man.

The teachings of the modern experientialists are certainly true up to a certain extent; but when they attempt to speculate the higher questions in psychology, they are too likely to lapse into materialism, and then they wander from the path of true mental philosophy into congratures which are beyond their faculties. Many of the so-called philosophers merit Pope's censure, viz. :—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The true object of the mental science is the investigation of facts connected with man's higher life, facts which are associated with the rational and thinking faculties.

It is evident to every reflective mind, that by far the major part of our knowledge is connected with sensation and experience. The sensations and perceptions are received by the mind from the special and general senses. The sense of taste informs the mind of certain gustatory sensations, the sense of smell does the same as to odours. The sense of touch gives the mental faculties many sensations concerning the weight, roughness and smoothness of many bodies in nature, The sense of hearing makes known to the mind certain sensations of sound, that is, harmony and noises. The sense of sight conveys to the mind many sensations which are connected with the various colors of the spectrum. The muscular sense gives man some idea of the pressure of bodies, and such sensations are important and useful in the science of statics. We have in addition sensations called pulmonary which are useful from a hygienic point of view, there are also sensations connected or associated with the alimentary canal which are associated with the process of digestion.

Some psychologists say, "all knowledge takes its rise in the senses," which statement is evidently true in part. The various sensations which are complex in character are combined in the mind, by virtue of the laws of association and comparison. Definite knowledge is due to the law of discrimination.

Our knowledge of the existence and properties of objects in nature is of a complex character.

Man's means of receiving knowledge may be enumerated thus, viz. :

(1) Sensation and perception. (2) Consciousness and reflection. (3) Testimony.

Consciousness is the act of attending to what is passing in the mind at the time, while reflection is the mental process of recalling past feelings and perceptions, by comparing these to similar ones.

A very large portion of our knowledge is received on the evidence of testimony. Knowledge is handed down from generation to generation.

From the above remarks we may reasonably conclude that the greater part of our knowledge may be accounted for on experiential principles, but not all, and it is just here where the Empiricists violate a fundamental principle in logic, for it does not follow that because the particular is true that the universal is true also. As far as a probability goes we may state that some facts in psychology, will always remain mysteries. That higher or mysterious part of man's being, which thinks, wills, remembers and reasons, is distinct from, and destined to survive the decay of the physical organism.

The two great means of obtaining knowledge are, observation and experiment, and from these sources we draw many inductions, inferences in the various physical sciences. Bacon recommended man to observe and investigate the various phenomena of nature, so that he might realize that "knowledge is power." Virgil, the Latin poet, has also given utterance to a similar idea in the line, "*Felix qui poluit rerum cognoscere causas.*" The translation of which is, "he is a happy man who knows the cause of things."

Knowledge has cognizance of itself, self consciousness is a prominent factor of our mental life, self is an essential part of all knowledge. The I, or ego, is unknowable while it forms a part in every cognition. Therefore all mental phenomena cannot be explained in sentient principles, and moreover, it is difficult to explain man's love of honor, glory and truth on the principles of empiricism. The teaching of Empirical philosophy, is true up to a certain extent, and beyond this one feels that it is not safe to swear to the "ipse dixit" of any particular Empiricist, but

like the eclectic Philosopher Horace, of old, we should gladly accept what is good and true in their teachings.

The question is a practical one, and one which concerns us very much in this 19th century. The true aim of education is of primary importance to both the teacher and scholar. It is very important that we aim to attain the correct ideal, and this educational ideal should be culture and practical power, in order that our education may be complete. Neither of these aims are wholly correct apart, even M. Arnold, the great apostle of light and culture, is open to criticism in some particulars, and experience shows us that some men with comparatively little literary culture have considerable executive or practical ability.

The aims of the teachers of the new education, represent three distinct parts, viz. :

(1) Physical education. (2) Intellectual culture. (3) Moral training.

The old Latin author stated the truth in a nutshell, "*Mens sano, in sano corpore,*" or "a sound mind in a sound body." The physical organs and muscles ought to be responsively active to the will, and the intellect should be trained to acquire knowledge scientifically. While the moral feelings and conscience should be strengthened to carry pure thought and feeling into practical activity, and by doing this the child will develop self-faith as a result of faith in God.

The new educational ideal bears contrast in many respects to the old programme of study, when the great majority were only taught the three R's, Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. The last subject (arithmetic) held a prominent place, and was regarded as the "poor man's logic." Now, according to the views of Dr. Eliott, President of Harvard College, logic and ethics should find a place on the programme of studies in the public school, this is, right thinking and right acting are primary social requirements of the new education, while arithmetic would be restricted to the simple rules, plus percentage and a few commercial principles in the science of calculation.

THE PANAMA AND NICARAGUA CANALS.

THE marvelous presumption of our neighbors on the south is startling indeed. It is understood, so a contemporary informs us, that their government has been negotiating to obtain from Columbia the rights and charters which the French Panama Company has forfeited. Formerly, national pride had, it seems, established a bitterly jealous lack of faith in the possibility of the scheme. The first thing to be done, therefore, is to get several preliminary facts settled. The highest American authority we have said, has for years taught us that the Panama scheme was an engineering impossibility, and a commercial myth. We have been led to believe that that irresistible torrent, (during the rainy season) known as the Chagres river, could not be diverted. We have been assured that vexing calms in the neighborhood of Panama would make the canal worthless for vessels propelled by sails, even if it could be satisfactorily constructed. All these fancies must now be bravely expelled from mind. America has a national God peculiar to itself, and one it worships beyond all else. Its name is Ingenuity, and its greatest strength, faith in its own importance. It is unquestionably true that in several quarters it is now seriously proposed to resume work where the French Company left off. This company had an "American Committee," and managed cutely enough, to dissipate a very large portion of its carelessly squandered funds in the committee's country. The writer has personally long been aware that certain classes of dredging machinery manufactured in the states, was far more elaborate and expensive than reasonable economic methods would seem desirable. The truth of the matter was that they chose rather to adopt new and untried patents, because of some fancied improvements, that were costly in the extreme, than to use the old and proven successes, that were far more economical. It is worthy of note that the American committee were disposed to keep the Monroe Doctrine quiet, and to bring it to pass that the French should build and

control the canal without protest from their government, and without the creation of ill-feeling by their press,

We quote from a recently published review. "The ventilation of the company's profligate and criminal record in Paris has naturally awakened much interest in the *modus operandi* of its American Committee. Very properly, Congress decided to investigate. However difficult it may be to get at some of the facts desired, it is earnestly to be wished that Mr. Fellows' committee may probe to the very bottom, and follow every clue to its utmost extremity. The public ought to know all about that American Committee, just what services it undertook to render, and just what money its members pocketed for those services."

With respect to the Nicaragua Canal, it would seem wise that the government, in case it should decide to leave Panama alone, or better in any case, should take it upon itself to complete its construction, and assume its management in the future. The scandals in France must prove an ominous warning to private promoters of all such gigantic enterprises. If any inaccuracies may have been made in the past management of the Nicaragua Company there is still time to retrace and correct.

The Nicaragua Company have been dallying about their work in a manner that is exasperating in the extreme. We were promised the completion of the canal by 1896. As matters now stand this would be an utter impossibility. For some time past we have been assured that phenomenal progress in the construction has been made, and it was thought that no appeal for aid would have to be made to the government. We were informed that the French had deserted Panama, and that much of their machinery had been bought at ruinous prices and transferred to the works at the more northern canal. Perhaps this tedious delay may be accepted as evidence of the fact that something is radically wrong behind the scenes. The truth would indeed be interesting. There must be a canal, but let it be built, by all means, on an honorable and substantial basis. Again we would say, let the United States government presume to complete the work already begun. It can do so,

and very much more cheaply than private parties would dare think of. It can borrow money at less than half the rate that such parties would have to pay. It has at hand, corps of competent engineers, and tons of idle machinery, that could be conveniently and successfully put to use at nominal cost. It may be deemed a great pity that Panama was not placed entirely in the control of the French government. Not one half the corruption would have been thrown broadcast. As it is, this little foreign muddle on the isthmus may serve as a mightier stimulous to American enterprise than most of us like at present to think. Can that country once more afford to ignore its oft quoted Monroe Doctrine, and again permit such aggressiveness on the part of Europeans? This is an interesting point. Will it construct both? Or will it construct Nicaragua, and oblige them to abandon Panama? In so far as we know, this latter would seem to be the better way. Let the good work proceed. Let them abandon the Panama project, and finish the Nicaragua.

There are many reasons why the longer of the two should be preferred. In the first place it is the more practicable, the work being unquestionably easier. Panama has proved a failure, as hundreds of people had assured us it would. Eventually, no doubt, in case the necessary financial assistance be rendered, the project might be further pushed even to the point of desired success. It is not an engineering impossibility. It may prove a commercial failure. Figures published in a recent edition of the New York "Herald" seems to thoroughly sustain this argument. The supposition is, of course, that part of the expected trade be absorbed by the rival company to the North. We speak obviously, of the American and Canadian trade; as also, Britain's trade with China and the Hawaiian Islands, etc. Let Panama, therefore, be forsaken. The mere fact that its site is a tempting narrow strip of land need not be accepted as exacting reason for its choice. Our engineers tell us that the one hundred and sixty-nine and a half miles of the Nicaraguan route are more easily constructed, and perhaps more economically maintained. We are certain it may prove the greater com-

mercial success. We have, without resorting to tables, some personal knowledge of the tremendous trade that is being annually carried on around the southernmost point of South America, that must, after the completion of Nicaragua, pass through the canal. They will, we assert, choose that canal, in preference to Panama. We speak more particularly of the wheat, fruit, wine and wool trade between San Francisco and Great Britain. Then, too, we must not forget the large sugar trade between the States and Hawaii. This subject is of peculiar interest just now, and one that commands more time and space than we can at present afford. The political aspect of its relation to European countries, as well as America, forms a topic for discussion that is capable of being expanded to very many lengthy sheets of closely printed matter.

A few facts concerning the history of the Nicaraguan Canal. It was first planned in 1848. In 1850 the treaty, known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, was formulated and accepted by Nicaragua on the one hand, and America and Great Britain on the other. The engineers completed their surveys in 1852. In 1856 Nicaragua, becoming vexed at the many delays and seeming neglect on the part of its would be projectors, declared the charter void. In 1887, Mr. Menocal an engineer in the United State's Navy, secured another charter from Nicaragua. Conferences were held between this country and Great Britain. In 1880, President Hayes insisted that the privelege of constructing and managing the proposed canal should be purely American, and that no other country, should on any account, interfere. In 1888 the present company, the so-called "Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua," was chartered by Congress, and is now supposed to be carrying on the work of completion unopposed by any foreign claims.

Of the one hundred and sixty-nine and a half miles, before mentioned one hundred and fifty-five and a quarter miles are slack water navigation at an elevation of one hundred and ten feet above the sea. This small lift is to be conquered by six locks—three on either side of the lake. Mr. Menocal estimates the entire cost of

the canal, allowing 25% for contingencies, to be \$65,085,176. A committee of five other engineers went over this gentleman's measurements and estimates with great care, and, cautiously, it may be presumed, and not because of any particularly desired substantial change in his figures, they added another 20% for contingencies. They thus changed its estimate so as to make the total cost of the canal, ready for service, \$87,799,570. Senator Morgan estimates that the first traffic of the canal would be, yearly not less than nine million tons, to say nothing of the passenger traffic. On this estimate we might put the tolls at the rate of one dollar per ton and realize \$9,000,000, per annum. Supposing \$3,000,000 of this sum to be set aside for the maintenance of the canal, (it will not exceed half that sum) \$3,000,000 for interest on the bonded debt, and \$3,000,000 for the stock-holder, and we shall have a result that should win the admiration of the most grasping speculator. If the United States is the owner of \$80,000,000 worth of stock in this canal, and if it is to cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000 to build it, the dividends on that \$80,000,000 of stock, employed in a sinking fund and invested in the bonds of the company, would pay the entire cost of construction, and the interest on the bonds, in less than fifty years.

Here we have incontrovertible facts that show that it is a sound financial operation, and a duty that concerns the honor and welfare of the American Republic. It is a scheme worthy of being pushed to the finish, as the final and most splendid accomplishment of the 19th Century. Let Nicaragua be built, owned and controlled by the United States.

Apropos of the subject in hand, a short comment on the scandals in France. The people of this country have patriotically, it may be assumed, endeavoured to lay the blame upon Dr. Cornelius Herz. This person being a foreigner, is looked upon with an air of scorn always becoming patriotic Frenchmen when dealing with foreigners, as a fit and proper person to be used as a scape goat. Their wholesale denunciation of Herz, cannot, however, conceal from the world that a large portion of French society, financial, legis-

lative and diplomatic, has for years past been corrupt beyond the ordinary powers of description. It is a bad state of affairs when a man like M. Eiffel has to admit that he had filched some five million dollars or more; but, as report has it "there are depths of infamy yet to be fathomed, which will put even such colossal stealing into the shade." A contemporary remarks that the present state of France now, a hundred years after the Revolution, might prove an excellent object lesson for the use of His Holiness the Pope. This moral pestilence does not, of course, prevail only in France, Exposures are constantly being made in other countries, as for instance, in England and Canada. But, perhaps these other infamies are not gigantic enough in their proportions to warrant much wordy discussion. When a Frenchman undertakes a swindle he does it on a grand scale and with a dramatic effect, that thrusts modern stage drama completely in to shadow. It is a peculiarity of British rogues and swindlers that they are too generally patriotic to interfere with national affairs.

The sentences of terms of imprisonment and fine that were imposed upon the five unfortunates, Count F. de Lesseps, his son Charles, M. Eiffel and two others, were without doubt, merited "by the evidence." We would have preferred that the old Count should have been spared. As it is, his mind has failed, and the sentence cannot be literally executed. The others will fight for a setting aside of the verdict and a new trial. We cannot, somehow, but wish them better success.

It is a coincidence, perhaps, but nevertheless quite true, that whenever there have been such questionable excitements in France, as the present, the Conservative party in England have invariably returned a large majority at the general elections. We quote once more. "It is a striking illustration of the solidarity of mankind, and the brotherhood of nations, that elections are lost and won, in Scotch boroughs and English counties, because of the misdeeds of Frenchmen."

Geo. A. Aldrich.

OUR LORD'S EXAMPLE.

OPPONENTS of the prohibition movement make great capital of our Lord's example, particularly at Cana of Galilee. They claim that if He saw fit to make wine for a marriage feast, that we, prohibitionists, declare ourselves better judges than He when we demand the extermination of all intoxicating beverages.

My opinion is, that it is not fair to make a comparison of our position and His, "who did all things well." Some of the reasons for this opinion may be stated here.

In the first place it is not fair to compare the staple drink of Palestine (allowing for the sake of argument that Christ made wine which might intoxicate) with that of the present day. One thing we have good authority for stating, that is, that the *wine* proper of Eastern countries, at the time when our Lord was on earth, was the pure juice of the grape. Whether *our* wines are, may be judged from a special note on a wine dealer's card, which is in my possession. This note reads as follows: "Our Communion Wine *guaranteed* pure juice of the grape." (The italics are mine.) Indeed it is a fact patent to all that our wines are not pure grape juice, but contain spirits to a greater or less degree.

So we see that we cannot make a favorable comparison even in the case of wine. Where then will whiskey and other spirits appear? I find but one instance where words of approval occur in the Holy Scriptures of "strong drinks," and that an extreme case. This beverage as nearly corresponds with our spirits as any drink of Bible times can be said to do. The denunciations of it are many and forcible, as for instance Solomon's words (Prov. 20, 1.) "Strong drink is raging."

The second objection to the comparison is that the races are differently constituted with regard to the use of liquor. How comparatively few instances do the impartial records of Holy Writ mention of drunkenness at all! And of the drunkards of the Bible the majority appear to have been Gentiles. Of course Noah and Lot

cannot be taken into account, since they lived before the Jewish nation came into existence. After the children of Israel became a nation and lived in their own land there are only one or two instances of drunkenness mentioned. David makes Uriah drunk with a distinct object. Elah, an Israelitish usurper, is slain when drinking himself drunk. Our Lord, in his earnest denunciations against the crying evils of His day, very seldom and with no extraordinary emphasis, mentions this sin. I think, therefore, that all will acknowledge that the Jews were what we may call a "temperate" race, using the expression in its now generally received sense. When we place beside this statement the following, "That England is the most religious and *most drunken* country in the world," we may well claim that our Lord would, if on earth to-day, be less likely to approve of the use of intoxicants than He was in His own day. And that the statement I have just quoted affects us in Manitoba is patent to all. Do not the majority of our immigrants come from the British Isles? Are not Canadians of British descent? And can we say that our new country, apart from this grand prohibition movement, shows signs of being any more temperate than the mother land?

And this last point forms an introduction to an entirely different view of this question. If we are to be guided by our Lord's example, we shall surely not go far astray if we follow out His precept. Let us then take a glance at an instance of the latter. Not once but several times we find our Lord laying down precept of the following kind, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." By the word "offend" we understand to be a cause of stumbling or stumbling block. With this explanation, he who runs may read in these words quoted, that even things which are of most use to us are to be sacrificed, rather than that we should be lost eternally. Such being the case, surely we are justified in demanding the removal from our midst of that which, even for medicinal use, is fast being supplanted by less pernicious drugs. Indeed, I think, when we read the evidence of scores of medical men, and by no means the mediocrity of the profession, against the use of

intoxicants *as a medicine or a beverage*, we may be said to be honoring the liquor traffic in treating with it from the standpoint of the "right hand."

All that now remains is to show that liquor is a "stumbling block." But need I reiterate what is being dinned in the ears of anti-prohibitionists every day by statistics of gaols, asylums and the gallows, as well as by the "cranks" who demand prohibition? Surely the empty gaols, and clear dockets on the one hand, and the healthy, well-dressed, industrious people, inhabiting comfortable homes on the other, in Kansas, Iowa and Maine, stand as unbiassed witnesses to our claim, that drink is at the bottom of nine-tenths of the crime of our land. Shall I then need to ask the question, is liquor a cause of offence? Truly our Lord has given us ample justification for our cry. Away with this curse of our race!

Let me conclude by making what I consider a fair statement of the two sides, both claiming the approval of our blessed Lord for their position on this question.

Our opponents' case is: That our Lord approved the use in moderation of wine and the like. Therefore we will follow His example and smile with approbation upon the saloon, the hotel-bar, the gin palace, and all licensed places. Because he made the most harmless of wines to be drunk at a *marriage feast*, therefore we should recognize the right of men to offer for sale the vilest concoctions, some of which are stigmatized as poison by analysts. We cannot see that we have any right to interfere with the insane habit of standing at a bar and drinking, when one is *not* thirsty, and treating a whole crowd of loungers who live on the generosity (?) of their friends (?). His example is to be the basis of men being allowed to live and grow rich on a trade which means eternal death to thousands of souls, and poverty, pain and every kind of suffering to twice the number of innocent wives and children. I refrain from saying more, though I might fill sheets with the evils which arise out of the traffic which a Christian race honors with its license, giving as their reason, the example of the Saviour of the world. If this is not a fair statement of the license side of the question I am ready

to withdraw it when satisfactory proof is brought that I am wrong.

Let me now state our side of the question. We acknowledge that the use of wine receives a certain approval in the Bible. But we claim that the liquors commonly used in Manitoba (for this is a home question) cannot be placed under the heading of "wine," any more than chalk can be termed a species of cheese. Outside of Winnipeg, Brandon and Portage la Prairie, one might safely say that nine-tenths of the *quantity* of liquor sold in the country consists of whiskey or some other spirit, and vile, adulterated stuff at that. This is pronounced rank poison, and it is against this more particularly that we are contending. Not that we do not wish to see beer and wines of all kinds prohibited too, but the use of the vile stuff called "spirits" can't even be propped up by such an argument as that I am dealing with. We see that prohibition is working successfully in Dakota, Iowa, Kansas and Maine, and that local option can be made a success in our very midst. When we see the grand results of the law in these places, we are assured that the Lord is on *our* side, and that eventually our well-meaning opponents will see eye to eye with us upon this question. May God hasten that happy day!

A Church of England Clergyman.

ANNEXATION.

CANADIANS who dishonor their name and flag and country by prating annexation should peruse the ringingsentences of Hon. Joseph Howe's speeches. The great Nova Scotian spoke from a heart and head that were Canadian through and through. Upon one occasion he said:

"Could we join in the celebration of American festivals, every one of which is a disgrace to the arms that have protected us, and not oppressed us, ever since we had a hut or a foot of land to defend? Could we throw up our caps on the 4th of July, and hail with triumph a day that made our forefathers outcasts and wanderers on the earth? Could we join heart

and hand with a republic which fell upon the rear of Britain when her front was presented to hostile Europe in a struggle for the liberties of the world? Were we to permit the American flag to float over our soil, if the bodies of our fathers did not leap from the graves, their spirits would walk abroad over the land and blast us for such unnatural violation."

So much for the views of an Eastern statesman, as expressed to Canadians on our Eastern frontier; and though there is sometimes flippant talk among those who, thank God, are few in our midst, about the trade advantages, etc., we would have, were we to sink our nationality and become a laughed-at part of these 'United States,' yet any feeling of desire for annexation is as dead in Central and Western Canada as Julius Cæsar; and to those who pretend that England would only be too glad to cut the tie which binds us, we commend the fact that Esquimalt is to be made the strongest fortress on the Pacific as Halifax is on the Atlantic. Apart from loyal and patriotic considerations, why should we give up this Canada of ours just when the hard work of nation-making is over, and we have been equipped for a national career as no nation of our population has ever been equipped before, with hundreds of thousands of virgin acres of soil easily accessible by railway and water, countless leagues of pine lands, a mineral wealth unequalled on either continent, coal of the best on our eastern, western and indeed northern seashores? No, indeed, old Joe Howe was right; we want no Fourth of July celebration; we have a better one on the First of that month; and God helping us we will continue to honor it, while one Canadian is left alive to do it.

these conclusions one may differ. People a decade or so ago were tired of the extended serial story. They wanted something new, and the magazine editors set about supplying the demand. Good prices stimulated competition, and the American short story in time attained much of the felicity and no little of the psychological perceptiveness of the French. Imitators sprang up everywhere, and the New England character story, the Southern dialect story, and the Western tale of exuberant manners have all been done to death. It is now seen, however, that in most of them the original charm lay in the novelty. Concentration has defeated its own ends. It is impossible to focus the satisfactory portraiture of a human life within the circumference of three thousand words. Art needs perspective, contrast, breadth of composition, atmosphere. All this the short story lacks, and there is evidence that the pendulum is now moving in the direction of an ampler curve. The novel of incident, the novel that occupies space and depicts character through the multiplicity of detail, is coming again into favor. And there is a reason for this change in public taste. You cannot get acquainted with a man or woman in twenty minutes or in a day. A short story at the longest is merely a glimpse, as of a face or form seen in a crowd on the street. But in a novel we see every side of a character, sound its depths and recognize its shallows, know the life it leads, and by variety of situation and the progress of events are insensibly led to a full and rounded conception of its humanity. So we may conclude that for a time at least the short story has seen its greatest popularity.—*Weekly Review.*

PUBLISHERS NOTES.

THE advertiser who wishes to reach out to the intelligent public, can do so through the advertising department of the MANITOBAN. Our circulation is increasing, and those who have patronized us once come back again. This is why we ask our readers to give us a trial advertisement.

WE want agents in every part of Manitoba and the Northwest to represent us. Our World's Fair issue will be a beauty, and will be given free to all subscribers. Send a postal card for sample copy.

THE DOOM OF THE SHORT STORY.

THE critics have told us that in art breadth implies weakness; that the romance of many pages has had its day; that concentration, the depiction of an episode, is the method of the future, and that the short story is the supreme form of literary expression. But from

Do you want to go to the World's Fair? If so we will give a ticket there and return free to any one who will take the trouble to secure 200 new subscribers for us. This offer will be good up to September next. All names sent in will be credited as sent.

LITERARY NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Ladies Home Journal* for April contains as usual a feast for the ladies, and will no doubt be eagerly sought for. The contents are varied from "Easter bonnets" to "Everything about the house," while the literary contributions are continued by well known authors. If our readers wish to obtain a regular library of information, they can obtain it by asking for the *Ladies Home Journal*. Subscription \$1.00 per year. Published by the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. R. LATOUCHE TUPPER, Superintendent of the fish hatchery at Selkirk, has offered, through the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association, a prize of \$20 for the best essay on "The Fishes of the Lake Winnipeg Basin and its Tributaries," which includes all lakes and streams whose waters ultimately find their way into Lake Winnipeg. The essays are to deal with the names of the different varieties of fish found in these waters, their localities, habits of food, time of spawning, mode of capture, whether increasing or decreasing, and suggestions as to the best mode of preservation. Mr. Tupper's object is to create more interest in the food supply of fishes, by inviting competition among students and others in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories in the study of our streams and lakes. The essays will be received by the Secretary of the Industrial Exhibition, Winnipeg, up to July 17th next.

"Our Animal Friends" is the title of a neatly gotten up magazine, published at New York, in the interest of the American Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for April is to hand, and as usual contains a series of articles by the best writers, fully illustrated. Among the contents perhaps the most interesting are "Omega" or "The Last Days of the World" by Camille Flammarian; "Sohni" by Sir Edwin Arnold; "Lent among the Mahometans" by Frank G. Carpenter; "A Traveller from Altruria" by W. D. Howells; "Evolution" by Henry Tyrell; "Democracy and City Government" by Edwin A. Curley, and a number of other equally well written articles. Published by the *Cosmopolitan Publishing Co.*, New York. Subscription \$3.00 per year, given with the MANITOBAN for \$3.10 per year.

AMONG the interesting Canadian Journals published, perhaps none appeal so strongly to Canadians as "*Canada*," a bright 8 page 40 column paper, published by Mathew R. Knight, Hampton, N. B. Send for a sample copy and we are sure you will be pleased. Subscription 50 cents per year.

"THE PRAIRIE."

(For the Manitoban).

Behold a pleasant landscape aglow with April sun,
A billowy sea of herbage all waving in the wind;
Three black ruts, there yellow grass wind o'er a
gentle rise,
Where purple crocus blows and downy willows
wave;
Beyond the rise a narrow placid pond scrub fringed,
Haunted by gabbling ducks and stately cranes.
A Bison's skull lies bleaching on the marge,
Relic of Indians and former days.
A mallard drake, with vivid head and scarlet feet,
Drops down with splash and quack, heedless of gun.
Further upon a knoll are wheat stacks, clustered,
Begirt with wide expanse of stubbles,
Which brush the knees—while from your foot
The grouse goes whirring off with noisy crow.
A broad black fire break encircles all;
Some spotted cows are wandering down the swale
With laughing bell, eyeing the barbed fence
Which guards the grain, with hungry longing,
A yelping collie frisking at their heels,
Forbidding breach and theft.
Yonder the breaking with its countless furrows,
Here and there a springing of new grass;
The chirping gopher flickering its tail,
While killdeer plovers with their piping note,
Are fluttering o'er the ridges.
Here the strong teams at plough, backsetting sod,
A swarthy toiler for an instant stands
Shading with hand his eyes, expecting meal time
signals.
A band of snowy geese glide overhead with clang-
ing note.
Northwards 'gainst the sky's edge are poplar bluffs,
A smoke cloud far beyond, and fences, steads and
barns in foreground,
With over all that sheet of Manitoban blue, God's
Canopy.

CECIL SELYWN,

Mowbray, Man.

If you are interested in the Portage or in Portage people. If you want to know what is happening on the Portage Plains, send \$1.50 to the Manitoba Liberal, published twice a week at Portage la Prairie.