

A WOMAN'S LIFE UP NORTH

Exigences of Life Which Confronts Those Who Brave Isolation of North Countries.

The "farthest north" of a white woman—not of an explorer, but of a dweller in deserts of snow in the "silent places" of the world—is in Fort Macpherson, seventy miles within the Arctic Circle, and over two thousand miles from Winnipeg.

It is true, at least, of the "Hudson's Bay people," although a missioner's wife lived for some time at Herschel Island, a good deal nearer to the North Pole. Some women of adventurous nature, who could not find answer to the "Red God's" call, may have been attracted by the sheer delight of danger—the "hunted island" and the "hidden seas"; but in most cases it is the greatest incentive of all that has taken women into these fastnesses of the north. They have followed in the paths of their fathers, where strong men have led the way, the wives and mothers of whom I write.

So it was that on that day when the first white woman entered Fort Yukon carrying her babe in a shawl, strapped to her shoulders, a precious burden borne over mountains, through rivers of snow and ice. So it was over thirty years ago when the fiancée of a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, a girl of eighteen braved the dangers of the voyage up a river whole boat—a journey which then took months to accomplish—and was married at Fort McPherson by a missionary, and lived for thirty-two years in this far-away post. And so it is today, for many women join their husbands in exile, although perhaps they do not remain there for many years consecutively.

A chief factor, it may be noted, is the head of a district in which are numerous posts of the great company whose power and influence still bulks so large in the north of Canada.

In the fort above mentioned the girl bride of whom I have spoken took up her abode there. There her children were born and brought up, until such time as it was necessary for her to be educated in that greater world so many miles away. She went south at one time in the York boats in June of a certain year and not until the next March did she return—knowing nothing of the mother—knowing nothing of the father—knowing nothing of the world or three times a year only could she hear from them. At last, after sixteen years, she went out into civilization, and spent two years with her children.

Even in Edmonton, the gateway to the great Northland, little is known of the lives of the women who go through the rigors of a cruel winter. In summer the trip is said to be a delightful one; there are steamers, and few discomforts enroute, while the scenery is very fine. But once "plante la," does not the very impossibility of departure inspire rebellion against the nature that is so implacable if it is to be so? No, for they have counted the cost, and in time they grow enamored of the life of the post, where their interests, if narrowed, are yet many.

The white women of the great wilderness come back to cities, and no doubt at first are delighted to be in the heart of things and surrounded by old friends. But soon, although it may be hard to understand and believe it—some of them grow homesick for the "white-washed walls of the league-distant fort, and long for the sight of the hills, snow-capped, for a glimpse of birch-bark canoes on the shimmering blue waves of the inland sea, for the privilege of being "in the house" more to a huge family of young fellows, learning the ways of the company's service, and following in their father's footsteps. Sometimes these women, who are "in the house" and carved, marks the ground of one for whom life grew too hard, and whose strength and gone before, the long journey out could be undertaken.

In the graveyard adjoining the quaint little cathedral of St. John's in Winnipeg, there is a stone setting forth the dates of birth and death of a certain officer, "born at Oxford House, Keewatin." One side is the name of the dead mother, on the other the words "From her wanderings by Colin." He traveled the world over and came back to die in the west, and is buried by his mother's side.

The first year in the north is always the worst. After that the very monotony makes the day go quickly. Perhaps some little ones come, and diseases must be met (after very old fashions), and first lessons must be taught. If the women do not do the cooking themselves there are the Indian servants to supervise and teach. It is almost necessary, too, that a woman going north to live should know something of the first principles of nursing. The company provides drugs, but as there is no resident doctor problems arise, the answer to which sometimes means life or death. If musical ability is available, the mission church is sure to claim a newcomer as organist or pianist. Any furniture that women wish to send for is brought up at their expense, and the chief factor's house is furnished as well as if he were living in the city and in a grand house.

Another interesting discovery has been made by the archaeologists who are excavating what is believed to be the site of the palace of King Nestor near Pylos. A number of prehistoric jars have been found containing figs and grains of wheat. The contents of the jars were almost petrified, but could be easily identified. The archaeologists estimate that the figs and wheat have been in the jars for 1200 years. The excavations are being carried out by the German Institute of Athens-Central News.

Two quart fountain syringes, 50c. At Wide's drug store.

THE VISION SPLENDID.

Dream of Sir Walter Besant is Coming True.

Could Sir Walter Besant have lived until next October he would have seen his dream for East London fulfilled far beyond his expectations. In that month the People's Palace becomes literally the University of London to recognize the art, science and engineering schools at the palace as part of the university.

On a hardy, needs reminding nowadays that the People's Palace in Mile End-road was largely the outcome of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Readers laugh and many scoff at first at the novelist's idea for a great institution for entertainment and instruction in the heart of the East End. "A dream," said the practical man of the day. But some great come true, and that was one of them.

"I have been told by certain friendly advisers that this story is impossible," said Sir Walter Besant in his preface to "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." "I have therefore stated the fact on the title-page, so that no one may complain of being misled. I have been able to understand why it is impossible."

Within a few years of the publication of the novel the people of Mile End-road in the few years of the death of the novelist the schools of the palace become part of the University of London.

As foreshadowed in the book by the kindly Angela, this palace was to "awaken in dull and lethargic brains a new sense, the sense of purpose." Angela foresaw that the world of the north of East London "a craving for the new of which as yet they knew nothing. She would place within their reach at no cost whatever, absolutely free of charge, the same enjoyments as are purchased by the rich."

Buying Old Fiddles.

Great numbers of fine old violins and violoncellos that come into the high class market of London are produced through the medium of advertisements inserted in obscure country papers, and especially those of ancient cathedral cities.

Of course, few of the fiddles thus obtained are veritable masterpieces, but a great many of them are fine examples of early English and foreign makers, and they are often bought for ridiculously small prices by a group of experts who have brought the business to a lucrative boom. Many a struggling family of long descent in some out-of-the-way part of the country happens to see in the one good newspaper of the district a good price for an even for old fiddles, and some long-forgotten instrument in a lumber-room, or put away in a shelf, suddenly comes to mind.

One of the most shrewd and respected of all these dealers was, until a year or two ago, a London suburban theatre. He began to advertise in remote papers to the greatest limit of his scanty wages, and is now enjoying a dog-in-the-meat and prosperous dealers in the trade.

Hatches Wild Bird's Eggs.

Hilma Anderson, of Oliver street, Everton, a girl of sixteen, was sitting in the fields when she found a bird's nest on the ground with several pale blue eggs with brown speckles. Curious to see what they were, she would sit on the eggs, she took the nest to her home and placed it in the corner of the bird's cage.

END OF GAMBLER.

HE WAS DESTROYED AT LAST BY FRIENDS.

Died Alone and Broken in Insane Asylum—No One Had Helped—Came Near—Member of Good Family.

Kind-hearted, generous, philanthropic, liberal—everything but law-abiding—George Herrington Clark, one of the most notable of the old-time gamblers of Philadelphia, died last Friday in an insane asylum.

Of all the hundreds of "sports" in hard luck, upon whom he had lavished his easy-come-easy-go money in the heyday of his prosperity, not one came near him in his last hours.

Clark used to say that he would rather be a "good fellow" than be president. He believed that if he was a "good fellow," if he was willing to help a friend in distress, the time would never come when he would want for anything.

But, if there is honor among thieves, apparently not much gratitude among gamblers, and when "poor old George" went down and out, after serving his time for the Manayunk pool-room explosion, he was none to hold out the helping hand to him—"good fellow" to do for him what he had done for others in similar circumstances.

Clark was 55 years old when he died. He came of an excellent Philadelphia family, and at one time he was a member of the contracting firm of Byers & Clark, but a long, long time he gave that up to become a gambler.

There was scarcely a day went by that he did not lend \$5 or \$10 or \$20 to somebody. Any man with a hard-luck story could be sure of getting something from him, and a friend could get almost anything. All the gamblers loved George Clark. He was so useful to them.

The Law and Order Society's raid of the West Manayunk pool-room was the straw that broke the camel's back. The raid was on July 30, "Bob" Deady, nearly \$70,000 and took away their means of livelihood at the same time. Clark was fined \$500 and sent to jail for 30 days.

Clark was a man of fine physique, but a terrible lecture and told him that he and men of his stamp were a menace to the community in which they lived.

FAN BATHS FOR FEVER.

Fan baths is the latest remedy employed by the city hospital physicians in the treatment of typhoid fever. Here-tofore the patient was kept in a bath tub, and his temperature was kept down by sponging with ice water.

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Synopsis of Canadian Northwest HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the North-West Provinces, excepting 8 and 16, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who has been a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

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