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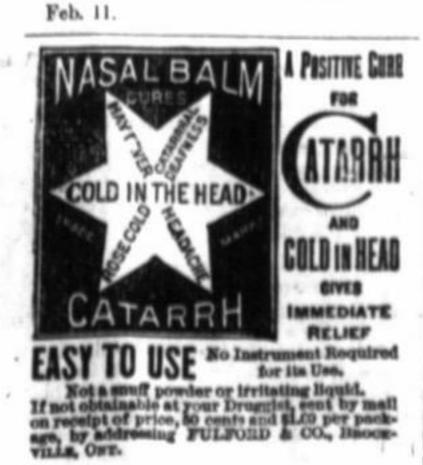
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141 PRINCESS STREET.



PIONEELS OF PEMBINA.

RULYS" AND "BOB LONGS" OF RED RIVER.

The Hunters of 1859-Sioux and Chippeway War-Rapid Development of Northwest Minnesota-Canadians, Icelanders, Britons and Scandinavians.

> [Special Correspondence.] St. Thomas, D. T., March 14.

In July, 1859, on the banks of Rum river, Minnesota, I first saw the Bois Brules of Red river on their annual march to St. Paul. The first train of the season contained 180 two wheeled carts, each drawn by two little oxen, and piled high with the furs and skins of the previous winter's hunt. Here and there along the line were mounted hunters or agents, among them three white Britons and perhaps a dozen full blooded Chippeways; but on each cart was perched a half-breed driver, generally of French-Indian blood, but often with a dash of Scotch or English. The cart was a study. From neck yoke to wheel and from king bolt to linch pin it was entirely of wood; wet of mornings by the dews, dried by the heat of the day and often soaked in the streams and marshes crossed, it was a model of artistic clu.nsiness. As the last few days' travel was made in baste and without oiling up, the approach of the train was announced for a mile or more in advance, as each wheel maintained a waning, creechy crawchy, creechy-craw-a "cry for grease" that set the strangers' teeth

The drivers of these carts were the Bois Brules or "Burnt Woods" of Pembina and Manitoba-one of the very few permanent classes created by the mixture of Caucasian and Indian. In fact, I believe these half breeds and the brown Mestizoes of Mexico are the only permanent types of mixed Indian blood. To those of French extraction the name Bois Brule was first applied in good humored raillery, and similarly they called their white neighbors Bois Blancs (White Woods,. Now in the Canadian patois these phrases are pronounced bwah broolay and bwah blon(g)—as nearly as one can present the sound in English letters. So our pioneers made a faint attempt at the French of it, and then called them Bob Ruly and Bob Long! There is a good deal of this ingenious mutilation in the west. Thus a certain southwestern stream was named by the Spaniards Rio de las Animas (River of Souls), which the French, coming after them, briefly translated Purgatone (Paccatory river); the Americans caught the Fren a sound after a fashion, and call the st. am the Preketwire!

The Sioux and Chippeways were still at war in 1859. Only a year before they had a builte in the very suburbs of Shakopee, and a vogue report reached us in Wright county in July that a band of Chippeways had just been surprised and massacred not far northwest of St. Cloud. For many years the provess of the great Paha Goonsey, the red Napoleon of the northwest, kept the Sioux in awe; but he was dead, and the Chippeways' time had come to give ground. So the few who came with these trains took care to stay with their white and half breed friends. All this region was but vaguely known to the Minnesotian of the south; though well read men knew, of course, that Selkirk, the Scotch nobleman, had established a colony here early in the century, and that a few of his people remained, though most had gone north after the survey proved them to be in the United

The Sioux war of 1862 caused a general forward movement up here, and as early as Isid steamers made regular trees on Red river. Then came the No even Pacific, which crossed that at our in September, 1872, and

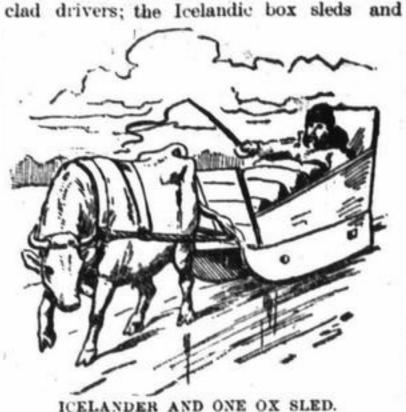


the Manitoba branch was built on the east side. After the panis of 1873 things stood str a few years; then came the great Dakota rush, and now old Pembina county is so thick v settled that the original French Indian is lost in the ocean of pure white; and a very pure white this population is a red or pink white, but most was befully diversified. No oncan tell me was h is the presuding race; be at least six so es of Cancas ous are seen o. the streets to the till, bom le Swele, the row I bodiel Includer, besid's Mandola. B 's a d S set h, new Corollers and A sections. Of the the poccest in purse see a to be the oldest stock. The Scandina vians are fail y well to do, and the best homes and outfits are of the British and Americans. The latitude is 48 degs. 38 min., so the sun is pretty low down at noon, and the mercury often goes 40 degs, below zero. The coblest ever reported here was 57 degs, below, and et the people are not unhappy. There is plenty of fun here of its kind. It is fun to lie warm in blankets at midnight and hear an old house crack like ice on the lakes, and groan through all her timbers like a dumb creature in agony. It is fun to breakfast an hour before daylight and then watch (through double windows, by the way) the coming sun casting a blood red light on the vast stretches of snow and ice. When the air is still and the sky clear, it is a real pleasure to walk about the town and note how ingeniously all the deals of common life are adjusted to an unbroken winter; and when there is a blizz rd, it is keen enjoyment to stand in the bright and cheerful room and hear the icy part the rattle the storm win low (the outer pand or w h the mosty white elements as the snow good flying by-not the damp snow of our ne de latitudes, but a light and pow bory su dance like frozen flour.

h i man has more enduring incerest than not ..., and the farmers de ivering produce in t vn reng gent all the styres; the Icelanders and No. inns in coats of sheepskin, dogs in or ballant; the others in all sorts of cost and, as I, car f in interest, an occasional old Second or Ru on with a brock of ice in his beard in the cos 4 wasther, and his mustacks standing out in great fefcies. In the hotels the bar is usually in one corner of the main sitting room or offle, and the first mive of ture old feiling, who come in where I am writing, is for four ounces of winsey or branchy. One would hardly dare exect in them better I that man of i

Srmance, wal ... an hand the subject grasps the well filed glass; the other dexteroa ly whips aside the lip icicles; there is a croscos the elbow, allegretto, one turn and two movious; then one gulp, and the flery liquor is show into the red orifice like a scoop of coal into the furnace. There is a sort of sobbing gurgle, like the exhaust of a bath tub; the old fellow, without even a wink over his dose, turns to the hot stove, and soon his icicles are running down over his hairy collar and he is ready for a chat.

On the street and in the country are many novel sights; the sod houses, of which only the frame is of wood; the bob sleds and fur



draught oxen, and the many queer methods of protection against cold. But spring will soon be here, and about the first of May all this plain will suddenly burst into a rich green; bush, branch and vine along the streams will spring all at once into giant life, and an almost tropical growth will follow almost Arctic cold with amazing suddenness. J. H. BEADLE.

FAMOUS ART TREASURES.

An Afternoon at the Stewart Collec-[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 21. Nothing sets certain portions of New York more agog than the display of a private citizen's collection of art treasures. It is a fountain filled with conversational beverage, which the ignorant and the learned alike ladle out without stint.

The mass of artistic and expensive things collected by the late Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Stewart has been exhibited in the American Art gallery for weeks, and every day a stream of people that almost reaches the size of a torrent pours through. They gaze, comment, criticise, wonder, sometimes sneer, sometimes praise and pass on. Others follow, doing the same. If one watches the procession a little while it becomes both ludicrous and pathetic. It is human life condensed within the limits of an art gallery. The pretenders, the true enjoyers, the strugglers, the aspirers-all are

The interest of the collection is enhanced by the owner's celebrity, his well known history, even the history of his grave. As one enters to the left are the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. If one did not know that the picture represented him one could not but be struck with the selfishness of the face. The eyes are too blue and cold to belong to a warm and kind nature. Yet the mouth is not unkind. It would be good to those he loved and cruel to those who were nothing to him.

Everybody pauses long before Rosa Bonheur's celebrated "Horse Fair." How inspiriting it is, with its splendid white and dappled Percherons, led and ridden by tricky grooms in blue blouses, a black stallion rearing in the middle of the group, and much action in the crowd, an avenue of trees bevond and the dome of the "Invalids" in the distance. Twenty or more horses with attendants are in plain view, others are indicated, while ponies and colts are here and there. This is the original of this famous secture. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1853, and brought to this country in 1857 by W. P. Wright, of Weehawken. It represents

"thteen months' hard stu '/ by the artist at world horse market on the boulevard de Hopital and of conscientious studio work, it sa Bonheur's animals have a human intelgence. They speak to the behowler and tell ales of human longings and human sufferings. Yet this was not the picture which made Rosa Bonheur famous. Her "Oxen Plowing in the Nivernais" did that. It is in the Luxembourg. Yet the "Horse Fair" has become

Her brother, Augustine Bonkeur, has one picture in the collection, "Cattle in the Fontamebleau Forest," which would be famous had he not had a famous sister.

Long baired critics pose before the mightiest works of art there displayed and point out faults. What is so easy, anyway, as to find fault! They may be threadbare artists starving in fireless rooms; nevertheless, they (cel themselves perfectly competent to tell their successful brother and sister artists what they should have done. Well, that's human nature in every phase of life. We can all point a road, or think we can, though we have never traveled it. Timid souls, who overrate their own ignorance, stare in adoring some visit power Newegian, the stout and wonder at the self-satisfied critic with the sneer curling around under his Mexican mustache. They think him very learned.

The chattering young lady who has been abroad and seen things makes the round. leaving a trail of rattling gossip in the air She is devoted to "style," and in her toilet puts the classic garments of the subjects on the canvas into limbo. She has picked up a little something about pictures with all her nonsense, and occasionally surprises everybody by saying something worth hearing Very stout women are always at picture galleries in great numbers. They may often be found discussing the gold spoons up in the department where the small and large miscellaneous things are displayed. And what a treat to the fanciers of such things is this collection! Sevres porcelain, European bronzes, statues in Carrara marble, carved tables, exquisite cabinets, ormolu and bronze candelabra, clocks, jewel caskets, bric-a-brac (in plain English, break-a-back) of every design and every country, are displayed.

All these treasures must pass under the hammer and be scattered. Do not such things preach weighty sermons on getting and keeping? Let him get who has the power, and let him keep who can. Nobody can keep long, for the great scatterer, De 'h, sees to it that GERT OR GARRISON. he shall not.

Holloway's Pills.

Are remedies which should invariably be taken by travellers in search of health, pleasure or business. Many deleterious influences are constantly at work in foreign climes, tending to deteriorate the health; these and the altered conditions of life will entail on those who travel the necessity of carefully attending to early symptoms of disease, and they will find the use of these remedies to be highly necessary, the action of the pills being purifying and strengthening and of great service in cases of fever, ague, and all inflammatory diseases, whilst the ointment is a sovereign cure in cases of piles, bad legs, had breasts, wounds and ulcers. Holloway's remedies do not deteriorate by

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And such Beauties! beyond all comparison. We've just had them made with particular pains, and they fill our fondest hopes to a nicety. We show them in every creation of the tailors' art and in every grade, and such Low Prices. Well, suffice it to say, that it has ever been our purpose to sell them a "Leetle" bit lower than the lowest elsewhere. Don't you know it's our aim to protect you as well as to fit and please you.

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THREE DOLLARS will buy a pair of Gents' Hand Sewed Calf Lace Boots from us. They make a good boot for Spring wear.

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M'FAUL

March 17.