

the men started out in great spirits, but the weather was intensely cold. It is said to be 20° below zero. The men piled robes and blankets over them, and good progress was made till the teams had to leave the graded track in order to avoid the trestles and make wide detours through narrow, rough, and winding roads through the woods. Here trouble was met. In the dense woods it was impossible to see the partially broken track in the snow, and upsets were numerous. The snow was four and five feet deep, and the spilled soldiers had to pick themselves out of it and search for their seats again. No description could give an idea of the terrible roads through the woods. There were pitch holes six feet deep into which the horses and sleighs would plunge unexpectedly and throw the whole load on the tailboard or the haunches of the horses. Progress, consequently, was very slow, and it was after 5 a. m. to-day before the advance guard reached here. If pleasant quarters had been awaiting them here it would to some extent have made up for the trying ordeal through which they had passed, but the prospects here could not have been more dismal. The intense cold made all blue, and the only bed the poor fellows had to go to was in an immense unheated tent with many rents through which the wind whistled in cutting blasts. No tents had been pitched previously, and the only preparation for the soldiers was that the snow had been partially shovelled out, leaving a white hard floor of the "beautiful." In the tent some of the Grenadiers penetrated. After being thawed out by the roaring fires they had built outside, down went the blankets here and there, and the men rolled themselves over head and heels in their blankets like mummies in black cerements, and tried to woo soft Morpheus under circumstances the least advantageous. Most of the men, however, gave it up as a bad job, and laid by the fires half dozing till called out to the usual drill. Now the sun is strong and brilliant, and they are sitting or lying about and sunning themselves luxuriously.

#### THE MURDER OF THOMAS SCOTT.

##### SICKENING DETAILS OF THAT SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

The Ottawa *Sun* reprints the account given by the *Globe's* special correspondent, of the murder of Scott by Riel, and adds:—There are some additional facts, however, in connection with this crime which are not generally known, gathered from a reliable source, and published last year by the writer in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, which lend new features of horror to the terrible tragedy of Fort Garry. At the date of this murder a newspaper was published at Garry called the *New Nation*, which was either the willing mouthpiece of Riel, or was impressed into service as such, edited by a retired English officer, by name, Major Robinson. The manager of the office was Mr. George B. Winship, now proprietor of the Grand Forks (Dakota) *Morning Herald*, and a leading public man in that territory. Mr. Winship's statement is to the effect that in the afternoon of the day of the tragedy Major Robinson was summoned by Riel to the Fort for the purpose, as he expressed it, of receiving instructions for an article justifying the so-called execution. In about an hour Major Robinson returned in such a state of nervous prostration that he was quite incapable of doing what was required of him; in fact he did not recover from the horror of what he had seen and heard, and shortly after left the country for England. The circumstances related by Major Robinson to Mr. Winship were these:—That on reaching the Fort he found the Provisional Council in a state of intoxication, Riel being the only one among them at all in the possession of his sober senses. When Riel entered upon an explanation of what had been done, Major Robinson refused to credit the fact that the deed had been actually perpetrated. "Come with me," said Riel, "and I will show you." Together they proceeded to the square in the interior of the Fort, and to one of the sheds ranged along the interior of the walls, which were used by the Hudson Bay Company for storage purposes. In front of this a sentry was pacing. Riel entered the door, accompanied by Major Robinson, and as the former pointed to the rude wooden box which lay there, Major Robinson distinctly heard these words proceed from the living tomb of this unfortunate murdered man: "Oh, how I suffer! For God's sake let me out of this!" Horror-stricken, he

hastily retired. Riel came to the door, called the sentry and closed the door. Immediately after, Major Robinson heard two reports of a revolver, at deliberate intervals. This was the end of the life of Thomas Scott. Major Robinson declares that the sentry was armed only with his rifle. The inference as to by whose hand poor Scott's soul was sped to meet his Maker, is plain. Louis Riel is not only the judicial murderer of Scott, but he is undoubtedly his personal butcher. To fully comprehend this tale of horror, it must be understood that this man had been enclosed alive, dreadfully wounded, and left exposed in the bitter cold from the time of the execution for several hours afterwards. How many death agonies poor Scott endured in those awful hours can hardly be realized by human imagination.

LIEUT. HOWARD, an American militia officer from Hartford, Conn., has gone to Winnipeg to instruct the Canadian troops in the use of the Gatling guns recently purchased in Hartford, and now *en route*, via Chicago. Lieut. Howard has obtained leave of absence from the adjutant-general of his district to enable him to perform this service. The Gatling guns sent forward weigh about 1,500 pounds each, with carriage. The ammunition to be used is the 45-calibre U. S. government cartridge. Inspector Norman, of the North-West Mounted Police, supply officer at Winnipeg, has been ordered to purchase the necessary complement of horse.

##### STUBBS' SEARCH AFTER MUSCLE.

I was sick. My very dear friend, Alphonso Rushmound, suggested that, judging from the symptoms, it was probably an attack of *cerebro-spinal meningitis*. I didn't feel frightened, although it sounded very bad, and I didn't understand exactly what was meant, but in fifteen minutes afterward I found myself standing before a physician. He informed me that it was only a case of *debilitatus corporis*, and advised me to take plenty of exercise, as that was all that was required. At first I was at a loss to know what kind of exercise to tackle, but I finally determined to acquire the art of roller skating. I even went so far as to purchase a pair of skates. I also put the skates on and tried to skate. It was a very rash experiment, and when I retired from the conflict I considered myself sufficiently mixed for baking; yea, I was even done brown.

I am fond of excitement, but if at any one exercise I receive more than three black eyes, one broken shin and half a dozen scalp wounds, I throw it aside as too tame—I discard it with scorn. I love excitement. But what I want is something that will distribute the excitement equally over the whole frame, in an impartial manner. Therefore I did not learn to skate on rollers.

When I again approached Alphonso in the matter, he said bicycling would be more to my taste. He said it would bring the muscles of my whole physical being into united action. It did. I purchased a bicycle, engaged a cabman to drive me out of the city to some nice, secluded spot, where I could learn to ride the animal without molestation, and astonish the street gamins with some graceful riding on my return home in the evening. Cabby said he would take me to Hamilton, but I objected; I didn't want to go so far into the wilderness. He then drove me out of the city three or four miles, and left me to my fate.

I had my "Guide," and it gave me explicit directions for mounting. I understood the directions quite well, and proceeded to raise myself into the seat, when the blamed vehicle wobbled over on its side, and I dived in among the spokes. I tried once more, and finally succeeded in mastering the thing, as I thought, and started off jubilantly for the city. I saw a very steep incline ahead, and resolved to let her glide down that grade at her own rate of speed. I have since thought that it was the very landlord of sheol who prompted that thought. About half way down we struck a stone. Ah! reader, let me dwell here, (I also felt like dwelling when I struck that boulder—as many a bolder man would.) but I could not even wait for the machine; I proceeded on alone, assuming at the same time, I presume, about the attitude of a flying squirrel. Then the bicycle arrived on time, at full speed, from the rear, and we both struck out for a race to the bottom. I was ahead just half the time, by my watch (which, by the way, stopped a short time before I did). I then took an intermission of one hour, during which time sundry rents were pinned up, and numerous other repairs attended to. A taxider picked me up and brought me home. I will now sell my machine at 95 per cent below cost, to a cash purchaser. All it requires is a new handle, one treadle, ten spokes, and a rubber tire (the small wheel will also require to be renewed). Reason of selling: I wish to purchase five dollars' worth of court plaster.

As a safer experiment I tried boating. Alphonso belonged to the R.C.Y.C. (Rye Cocktail Yacht Club), and I borrowed a single-scutt sliding-seat. On entering the boat I felt somewhat timid, especially as I was not acquainted with the movements required. However, I felt that the lesson must be gone through, so I dipped the oars, stiffened my back, and prepared for a graceful push. I pushed with my feet, but somehow didn't get the right step to the music, and the oars wouldn't work in unison with my pedal extremities. I shot back and forth half a dozen times, but the boat wouldn't move visibly. At last I got mad, and put on full steam, and the way I moved backward and forward in that boat would put to shame the piston-rod of the fastest locomotive that ever



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DEAR SIR.—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Company's cheque, for payment in full of Policy No. 1,711 in your Company, on the life of my late husband.

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I remain, yours sincerely,

GEORGINA ROGERS.