

A TRIBUTE TO MANITOBA.

In his address at the opening of the Manitoba Exhibition in Winnipeg last week, the Lieut.-Governor of the province made eloquent reference to the progress and productiveness of the Red River country. Said Sir John Schultz in the course of his remarks: I am told, sir, by competent judges, that we are likely to have this year a yield of sixty millions of bushels of grain, twenty-five millions of which will be of wheat. I am told that this will have been produced by about twenty-two thousand farmers from 1,887,796 acres sown. The men whose industry and courage have achieved such results should kneel to give thanks that their lines were cast in Manitoba. This province is the modern, as Egypt was the ancient, granary of the world, and two competent judges and extensive travellers told me years ago that only low down the Delta of the Nile had they ever seen land so rich and fruitful as our own. It is with pride indeed I have lived to see, when urging its confederation with the other provinces, my forecast of its future verified, and to see its merits acknowledged and its products extolled wherever our language is spoken. What we have done in grain, we are doing more and more in stock of all kinds and dairy products. Our beef cattle are eagerly sought; our horses, well liked by the London "cabby," are drawing cabs in the great metropolis, and, in the event of war, our horses would furnish Imperial cavalry remounts. Our potatoes, like those of New Brunswick, are eagerly sought by the people to the south; and far be it from me to urge cereal agriculture alone; that has been a mistake of the past which we are rapidly undoing, and in the days to come it will be mixed farming which will help to make the immigrant prosperous and rich. Successful as we have been with those agricultural products which have been tried, there yet remains an almost unexplored field of future wealth in flax seed and fibre, in the sugar beet and in the hop, the luxuriance of the wild variety leaving no doubt as to its climatic and soil suitability [of the last named].

Every Canadian Viceroy of the Queen, from Lord Dufferin to the distinguished nobleman who now graces the position, and has so earned the gratitude of our people by his constant interest in their welfare, has praised Manitoba and commended its people. One called it the Bull's-eye of the Dominion, another the Keystone Province. A name which I gave to it, "The Prairie Province," in a speech in 1870, also seems to have been adopted, but by whatever name known, this beautiful and fertile Province has won its way to the front rank, and stands to-day unrivalled as a Province of the Dominion. And here in the heart of this continent, in the centre of British North America, at the eastern portals of the greatest extent of cereal producing country in the world, the true home of the wheat plant, here, where we are in sight of where with the rude wooden plough of that day, the first Selkirk settler turned the first furrow of prairie soil, it seems fitting indeed that we should hold an exhibition so perfect as the one now around us.

CIRCULATING THEIR DEITY.

The faithful followers of the Indian deity, Oronyhatekha, have hired a ship with which to make a pilgrimage to England and do homage in company with the Foresters of Europe. From all over Canada and the United States worshippers have been summoned to accompany the red god across the ocean, and all is ready for sailing to-morrow. Our Forester pilgrims do not ask their British brethren to come to the Mecca, but are carrying the Mecca to them.

This is as it should be. We could make no more reasonable suggestion, unless it be to buy a ship with the insurance money of the policyholders, and let the Foresters' "machine" men sail round and round the world continuously, doing homage night and day to their deity. As it is, they all have to go to the Holy Island in the St. Lawrence about once a week to worship, and it must be a dreadful thing for those Foresters who are so far away they cannot attend at the Holy of Holies to keep strong in the faith without ever having prostrated their bodies at Deity Oronyhatekha's feet.

This idea of a portable deity is capital. It costs a lot of money, but it must be had. It may cost \$30,000 or \$40,000 to send this shipload of pilgrims with their god to Europe, but

the blessing conferred upon the benighted brethren in that quarter of the globe will more than recompense the order. Those who were not fortunate enough to belong to the "machine," and as a consequence could not accompany the pilgrimage except at their own cost, may but patiently await the return of the god and its minions, and then fly to the Island and worship to their hearts' content. The deity can stand any amount of that sort of thing, at the rate the Foresters pay for it.

Upon the whole, we may say without hesitation that this expedition to England on a chartered ship is just about the biggest fake of modern times. Those who "run" the Independent Foresters have exploited almost every other scheme by which they could make a prodigious holiday on this continent. They have taken in the World's Fair and the big cities at the expense of the 75,000 fools whom they govern. They would now be fools themselves if they did not take their god in a ship to Europe, and even once or twice round the world. The order has a million and a-half of money ahead after all the escapades indulged in, which shows that the more a thing is exploited, and the more people are humbugged, the better they whack up.—*Whitby Chronicle*.

OFF FOR VACATION.

Good-bye, old town,
Your dusty brown
I'm leaving far behind me;
There'll be no trail,
And e'en the mail
Of Canada won't find me.

I know a nook,
Hard by a brook,
With farmhouse close beside it;
Of miles a score,
Or less or more,
But not too far to ride it.

The bird, the bee,
The brook - ah me!
The shade, the fish, the honey;
The deep grass-silk,
The buttermilk,
And ne'er a thought of money.

Old town, good-bye;
'Tis come July,
What care I now for dollars?
Good-bye to heat,
To noise and street,
Good-bye to linen collars.

And so we fly,
My "bike" and I,
To haunts we well remember;
By long, long track
We'll not be back
Till 'long about September.

A POWERFUL TEMPERANCE LESSON.

The Rev. D. M. Beach, of Cambridge, Mass., in the Pavilion at Toronto, last week, described the triumph of the city over the saloon. He described Cambridge rum-ridden eight years ago; the campaign for no license resulted in a majority of 560 for no license. Next year, after the life and death struggle, 566 of a majority was registered. Since then the city has gained ninety thousand dollars a year through the absence of the saloon, against a loss of sixty thousand dollars license money. During the last year of the saloon regime the people's savings were \$140,000; last year they were \$556,000. The population increased from seventy thousand to eighty-five thousand. The magnificent organization which each year fights the saloon influence was described in graphic style. It is a non-partisan organization, which treats every contest as if it depended on a majority of one vote. Simultaneous with the expulsion of the saloon had been the redemption of the municipal government from corruption.

NEW WAY TO COLLECT OLD DEBTS.

A new way of collecting old debts is being introduced in Maine towns. The introduction of the scheme is a novelty too. A young woman of alleged great attractiveness is the advance agent, and between her own attractions and those of her scheme she is said to be having complete success. She calls on the local merchants and secures their membership in the new agency. A few days after her departure

there appear in town a number of men dressed in bright green coats, who get the particulars of old debts and debtors from the members, and then proceed to call on the victims. The contract provides that the horribly conspicuous collectors shall make 15 calls a day on each creditor, meeting them anywhere and everywhere. The scheme is reported a big success, as most of the debtors are glad to make a prompt settlement rather than have the whole neighborhood see them haunted by the green-coated spectre.—*New York Sun*.

CANADIAN TRADE RETURNS

An Ottawa despatch states that the trade returns for the past twelve months show that the decrease in our imports and exports was not nearly as great as might be expected from the late depression. For the year ended with June the total entered for consumption was \$105,557,092, and the duty collected \$17,880,623, as compared with \$112,931,801 entered for consumption, and \$19,378,106 duty collected in the same period last year. The total exports for the twelve months were \$110,765,103, as against \$114,488,713, a decrease of \$3,723,610, of which \$924,448 is in the produce of Canada and \$2,799,562 the produce of other countries. The following shows the trade of 1893-4, as compared by items with the trade of 1894-5:

Name of Produce.	1893-4.	1894-5.
Produce of mine....	\$ 5,854,291	\$ 6,992,802
Produce of fisheries ..	11,305,890	10,798,665
Produce of forest....	26,201,716	23,977,636
Animals and other produce	31,905,909	34,712,237
Agricultural products..	17,643,722	15,671,689
Manufactures	7,743,060	7,639,614
Miscellaneous.....	151,210	153,814
Coin and bullion ...	310,719	246,010
Totals.....	\$101,116,570	\$100,192,467

ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN'S LOTTERY.

While the main object may be to refill the exhausted purse of the church, the not insignificant secondary object is doubtless to unload upon unsuspecting easterners some blocks of useless land upon which the church has grown tired paying taxes. If there was any value in the lands it would be surely possible to sell them, and by this legitimate means raise funds which it is proposed to procure by illegitimate means. If his grace succeeds in unloading his useless vacant lands, the venture will furnish a valuable pointer to scores of citizens who bought lands for taxes years ago, and who have been burdened ever since paying the exorbitant taxes imposed thereon by the rural municipalities which take a special delight in "salting" the speculator. If the lottery to be inaugurated by his grace proves a success, we may look for a carnival of lotteries or raffles worked up by private individuals for personal advantage. A vast field for speculation is opened up by this new "industry."—*Winnipeg Tribune*.

—The executive committee of the Trunk Line Association met a week ago and voted to abolish all contracts with shippers of freight. It was announced that the westbound passenger agreement was ready to be put into effect.

—Mr. W. J. Healy, for five years Ottawa correspondent of the *Toronto Mail*, in company with A. T. Wilgress, a Toronto man, has bought out the Brockville *Times*, whose former owner, Mr. N. B. Colcock, sold out owing to impaired health.

—A bicycle meet takes place in Charlottetown, P.E.I., this week. The programme at Driving Park is a good one. In addition to the bicycle championship races, there are running races, tug of war, hurdle race, and other sports. The prizes comprise seven gold medals, nine silver medals, eight silver spoons, and \$77 in cash.

—The stalwart policeman had just rescued the well-dressed old gentleman from the onslaught of the trolley car. "Officer, are you married?" asked the old gentleman. "I am not," answered the officer. "What made you deny having a family?" the other policeman asked, after the old gentleman had gone. "Because I think he has an idea of sending me a present. If I had told him I was married, he would probably have sent me a lot of fruit, or a ham, or something. As it is, I shall likely get a box of fine cigars, or maybe something in a jug."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.