

The Commercial

WINNIPEG, JUNE 30, 1885.

A RENEGADE.

There is a great amount of quaint truth in the remark of the Hoosier farmer, whose sons were a great source of annoyance to him, and who on being remembered by his spiritual advisers that "A man's foes shall be they of his own household" replied, "That's right boss, specially when they can't run the whole shebang". There are no enemies so bitter and so unrelenting as those who were once friends, from whom better might be looked for in return for former favors; and who have failed in making those whom they would injure their servants or tools. Instances of this kind are frequent between individuals, and it would seem, that friendship to a country can be replaced by hatred and ingratitude, and Manitoba has had some experience in this line during the past two or three years. Those who were once its greatest friends are in many cases its bitterest enemies, and much for the same reason expressed by the Hoosier farmer, because they "can't run the whole shebang."

We have a notable instance of the above referred to in Mr. A. W. Ross the Dominion member for Lisgar. He was at one time a resident of Manitoba, but now finds it more convenient, we shall not say more safe, to make his abode in another province. While he was in Manitoba he was loud in the praise of most things and institutions in it. Of course like all other men he had his hobbies whose praise he was most ready to sound *De gustibus non disputandum*. Nor shall we infringe the old canon. But we must express wonder at his predilection for the reckless run of real estate speculation which 1881, saw developed in the province; for the futile attempts to foist upon unsuspecting people stocks of imaginary gold mines within our borders, and for almost every field for investment or speculation, except those in which industry and business rectitude were elements of success. While reckless speculation ran riot, and bubble investments allured the unwary investor in Manitoba, Mr. Ross was the firm and trusty friend of the Prairie Province. Then he found the element in which he was at home. The atmosphere in which he could move in luxury, and live like a nabob on the money, industry and gulli-

bility of others. The whirl of mad reeling speculation suited his temperament and desire, for in it lay the hope of reaching wealth without work and affluence without industry. Here too he had risen to be a prince among speculators, a king among adventurers, and it seemed to him as if he must soon be able to grasp the power to "run the whole shebang."

But the evil hour for speculators came in Manitoba, and with it came a weakening of Mr. Ross' admiration for the province. The imaginary fortunes amassed by himself and others began to disappear, and slowly it began to be made plain that here as elsewhere permanent wealth could only be reached by patient industry. Such a state of affairs held out no allurements to Mr. Ross, and his revulsion of feeling has been going on ever since. He was a speculator and nothing else, and by no other speculation could or would he attempt to gain an income. The reward of industry he never expected, for industry was repugnant to his lordly nature; labor he never dreamt of and had no desire to know what effect it would have upon his physical construction. And now when the revulsion of feeling has come with him, and he has turned his back upon the country in which he hoped to shine as a mushroom millionaire, it is only in keeping with others of his acts that he should vilify the struggling farmer who engages in the labor he would not condescend to, and practices the patient industry he spurned. He is perfectly correct when he blames such men for being the cause of his and other failures in the Northwest. Industry can never work in harmony with reckless speculation, and though the former may for a time be oppressed and trampled upon by the latter, it will in time rear its head out of the oppression and slowly claim and secure its reward. This is just what it has been doing in Manitoba, and the land grabbers of the Ross stripe, who hoped to extort ransom prices for prairie homes from industrious settlers, have been compelled to let go their grasp upon what they intended to hold for ransom. But the struggle has been a terrible one to many in the province of Manitoba. The scores of industrious men who have been ruined by being compelled to pay up the covenants made by men like Mr. Ross, but not implemented by them, are relics of the ruin the reckless speculations of the latter have brought upon innocent parties. Many an

instance can be furnished where men who had closed out their real estate transactions and were pushing a regular calling have been driven to insolvency by the dishonest transactions of speculators like Mr. Ross falling back upon them for fulfilment, and there has been a few cases where a struggling, industrious man has mortgaged and afterwards lost the very furniture of his home in a fruitless attempt to meet the dishonored obligations of such

Thackery in his "Vanity Fair," pictures with a master hand how Osborne persecuted and maligned Sedley, the man he had deeply injured, hoping thereby to satisfy his own conscience of the justice of his own ingratitude. Perhaps Mr. Ross follows a similar course in slandering industrious people in this province whom he has injured. But his conscience must be even more hardened than Osborne's if he succeeds. That some of our farmers have been guilty of indiscretion in their agitation and even petulance in their complaints may be true enough. Farmers, like other people, make such mistakes and are more likely to make them in a time of hard trial than in prosperity. But a reproof for such mistakes comes with a bad grace from one against whom the cry of the industrious for deep injuries inflated and even of the widow and orphan for funds ruthlessly squandered in mad speculation, rings from centre to boundary line of the province of Manitoba.

OLEOMARGARINE.

Every day the people of this world are seeing more clearly the truth of the scriptural assertion, That man hath sought out many inventions, and they are also finding out that all inventions do not tend to safety and happiness of mankind generally. Too many are made, the value of which to any person is not great, unless in so far as they furnish a cover for dishonesty and deceit. The manufacture of that substitute for butter, known now under the elongated name of oleomargarine, seems to be one of the class last referred to. This parasite upon the industry of the poor cow is not without its advocates, the most prominent and powerful of which are certain trade journals in the United States who find liberal patrons among the manufacturers of the questionable commodity. Of course such journals can paint terrible pictures of the manipulations to which rancid, and even rotten butter made from milk is subjected to, to