

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |

THE LARGEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.

# EQUITABLE LIFE

ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

HENRY B. HYDE, President.

ASSETS OVER 150 MILLIONS | New Assurance '92, over 200 Millions  
SURPLUS OVER - 31 MILLIONS | Assurance in force over 850 Millions

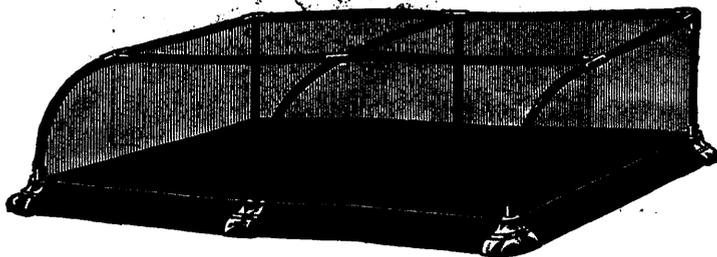
Four-fifths of the death claims are paid the same day the proofs are received at the Head Office.  
For rates and information as to the Society's plans, apply to the nearest Local Agent, or to

**A. H. CORELLI,**

District Manager,

15 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg.

## WINNIPEG SHOW CASE WORKS.



J. LALONDE, Proprietor, 312 Princess St., Winnipeg.

**Counter Cases, Tower, Centre and Side Cases,**  
IN WOOD AND NICKLE FINISH MADE TO ORDER.

Show Cases of any size made to order. Bent Glass of all dimensions kept in stock.

Wholesale and retail trade supplied. Price List on application.

Write for catalogue and prices of **LALONDE'S COMBINATION CUSHION SYRINGE**, it is an improvement on all other Syringes; by means of which the weight of the body is utilized to compress the cushion, and thus cause an upward stream through the injection tube into the rectum.

**J. LALONDE, Sole Proprietor,**  
312 Princess Street, Winnipeg



THE LATE JAMES TAYLOR, U. S. CONSUL OF WINNIPEG.

# The Manitoban.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. II.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, MAY, 1893.

No. 5

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE hauling down of the American flag at Hawaii, by order of United States Commissioner Blunt, whom President Cleveland sent to the Hawaiian Islands with representative powers, has caused a good deal of comment over the line. With feelings of indignation the "Standard Union" of Brooklyn says: "He has struck a blow at the dignity of the nation and thrown away the opportunity of the generation." What a terrible calamity, forsooth! It seems to us that poor little Hawaii is literally "between the devil and the deep sea," and that she is of some consequence after all. The only mistake President Cleveland made was in not sending McKinley out to size up the situation. By the time the republicans get back into office, he will doubtless have a retaliatory bill made to bring the Island to submission *a la Canada*.

\* \* \*

The closing of the gates at the World's Fair on Sunday is universally approved of by all right thinking people. The Lord never intended the Sabbath to be turned into the rest of the week or that it should be merely a day of rest in name. The

old commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is as much in force as when it was thundered down the sides of Mount Sinai, and our American cousins are to be commended in observing it.

\* \* \*

THE position of the Provincial Board of Health recently formed has not been by any means a sinecure. Between small pox and the Smead-Dowd system investigation they are kept pretty busy, and it looks as if they were starting off with a good deal of business for young beginners. If they keep right along they will have plenty of experience in a few years, and perhaps will be able to teach the other Provincial Boards a thing or two. The members are all well known and their appointment does credit to the Government.

\* \* \*

A GOOD deal of interest has been manifested lately as to the Smead-Dowd system of ventilation and heating in the public schools. A good deal of correspondence and evidence has been published for and against, and what the result of the investigation at present being held in regard to it will be we do not know. But we believe that any system which undertakes to cremate or bake by a slow process that

which should be gotten out of the way as speedily as possible, is not the proper one, especially when the basement of the buildings so occupied is the scene of operations. We have no desire to have our room heated from such a crematory, if it may be styled as such, when we can get warm another way; nor do we want to occupy rooms over a repository for excretia which should be elsewhere. The system as applied to heating may be all right if properly managed, but for doing the double duty of scavenging and heating we cannot see why it should be the best. Nor do we see that the germs of disease when carried up by the stack are entirely gone, as has been said, for when the atmosphere is dense, what is to hinder them from passing down and mingling with the air passing through the rooms, to be inhaled by the teachers and scholars. Since science has determined that bacteria or germs in some form or other is the foundation of nearly all our diseases, we should be extremely careful in our sanitary arrangements; we have a pretty healthy country and want a healthy city. What would the health of Chicago or any other city be if every house and public building had a Smead-Dowd, or some other system equally the same, to perform the duty it is expected to do? Plenty of water with good sewerage is the best process we know of to keep things sweet and clean. Then let us have it, and leave the drying up evaporating process to the past generations.

\* \* \*

The Toronto Globe has at last discovered that the much talked of Hudson's Bay Route as projected from Winnipeg is not practicable. Numerous reasons are advanced by that great moral daily why such a scheme is not feasible, and the article of Major Ruttan, C. E., on "The Waterways of the Northwest," published a year ago in the *Manitoban*, has only

recently been discovered by the *Globe* editor. Why Toronto should be the better place from which to build the Hudson Bay Road, we are at a loss to imagine. Perhaps they want a direct line to bring in ice to keep them cool. While Toronto may be a great city, and a very ambitious one, she is not by any means the future metropolis. To Winnipeg the "bull's eye" of the Dominion, belongs that distinction, and geographically situated as she is, being the gateway of the greatest agricultural country on the continent. No other city stands in the same position. Major Ruttan's figures has set the *Globe* man thinking, and like the schoolboy trying to solve a problem on the black-board he knew nothing about, he has failed. There has been considerable discussion as to the practicability of the route, but it hardly seems consistent to declare in the same breath that it is not feasible in Manitoba, but in Ontario only. Why we should ship our grain to Toronto, thence to Liverpool via Hudson's Bay, instead of to the latter place direct, is more than the average Manitoban can understand. The *Free Press* sized up the position taken by the *Globe*, when it exposed the ridiculous idea that the C. P. R. or any other one road, would be able to carry all our grain to the sea-board in a few years time. Toronto is evidently something like the Yankee who wanted the earth with a fence around it, but if she gets it by way of Hudson's Bay, it won't hurt our own little railway, not in the least.

\* \* \*

THE position of the Provincial Board of Health recently formed has not been by any means a sinecure. Between small pox and the Smead-Dowd system investigation, they are kept pretty busy and it looks as if they were starting off with a good deal of business for young

beginners. If they keep right along they will have plenty of experience in a few years and perhaps will be able to teach some of the other provincial boards a thing or two. The members are all well-known and their appointment does credit to the government.

\* \* \*

THE United States is a great nation, at least that is the sentiment generally expressed. But to the careful observer there is in its very nature, a growth of something which will at no great distant day, cause serious trouble to its inhabitants. It is questionable if their present form of government can check the growing evils which like a cloud, the size of a man's hand, appear on the horizon. Law with its objective force, is obeyed at will. The head of the nation is nothing more than a figure head, while the great desire for office, seems to occupy two-thirds of the people's mind. The great whirl of elections follow on the heels of each retiring President, so that the nation is left in a continued state of excitement. Morally, the United States is losing ground, and fast falling into the footsteps of Japan. In order to give our readers an idea to what extent crime is increasing, we quote from the April number of the New York *Medical Times*, which says:

"Statistics show that in this country marriages are on the decrease and divorces on the increase, the latter ranking next to Japan in all countries where statistics are kept. In Japan the population has increased during the past twenty years from 33,000,000 to 40,000,000, notwithstanding the birth-rate is less than any other nation in the world except France. The increase in population is accounted for by the fact that notwithstanding the birth-rate is exceptionally low, so also is the infant mortality. It is very easy to obtain a divorce

in Japan, as may be imagined when in one year the marriages were 325,000 and the divorces 109,058, or more than one in three. Possibly if divorces were as easily obtained in this country, they might be almost as numerous. The papers are full of infanticide, wife-poisoning, and abductions, and the records of financial prosperity and crime bring us face to face with the startling fact that we are increasing in a greater ratio in the latter than in the former,

In 1850 there was one criminal in 3,500 of our population, but in 1890 there was one in 786.5, a terrible increase in forty years. The Republic is young. Reckoned by the age of nations it has hardly yet cast aside its swaddling-clothes, and yet in energy, in prosperity, in health and strength, it stands as ancient Rome stood, a giant among the powers of the world. There must be some way to stay this mad rush of crime; some remedy for this bacteria which is poisoning the fountains of moral and physical health. . . . The great working interests of the Nation must be *en rapport* with each other, each contributing its quota to the general work. Foremost in this work must stand a cultured and scientific medical profession, searching in heredity, in brain and physical organizations, in climate, in surroundings, the cause of crime, of poverty and mental degradation. . . . And the remedy must be enforced by the action of the philanthropist with his wealth, the Church with all its power, woman with her high spiritual intuition, and broad-minded, far-seeing statesmen to push forward the work with the concentrated power of the State."

\* \* \*

THERE are two things of much interest in the speech with which Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick opened the recent session of the Ontario Legislature. One was the following statement: "As a native of On-

"tario and connected for many years with the public life of Canada, I rejoice to believe that under our present relations with the Empire we can enjoy every right and privilege necessary to the fullest exercise of self-government." Stout old loyal Sir Oliver's hand is in this, as it is, doubtless, in the next paragraph, which we commend to our readers. Oliver sees that Ontario is running too much to cities and dudish briefless young lawyers, and wants more farmers and producers to replace the loafing drones whose numbers are increasing so fast; the speech goes on as follows: "You will learn with pleasure that by a course of lectures during the summer holidays an opportunity is to be afforded teachers to qualify themselves in the rudiments of agriculture in our public schools." We want something of that sort of practical education here. Our city schools are a heavy burden on our taxpayers, and we would like to see boys taught the rudiments of some trade or calling useful to themselves and the country, instead of sharpening their wits, in many cases for a future living by the use of them, and engendering that distaste for honest toil and labor which is fast becoming the bane of the United States and our own country. At present we take the child of the foreign immigrant from his father's shack, and we put him in a Smead-Dowd palace for six hours a day. Is this for his behoof and betterment? Yes, so far as learning, our language and the three "r's" go; but at that point cry a halt; and if the state must teach him and the city taxpayers are to bear the burden, teach him the rudiments of a trade; or, as they say in the States, send the whole boy to school; teach his hands as well as his head, and he will soon become a citizen worthy of the great advantages our country offers. No, we want fewer dudes, and more workers.

## JEWISH WIT AND HUMOR,\*

BY CHIEF RABBI HERMANN ADLER.

RENAN, the great scholar whose loss the world of culture and learning still deplores, makes a somewhat startling remark in his "Histoire des Langues Semitiques" (i. 9, 11). He observes: "Les peuples semitiques manquent presque completement de curiosite et de la faculte de rire." And, strange to say, Carlyle makes a somewhat similar observation, for he denies to the Jewish race the possession of humor. Mr. Froude (*Carlyle's Life in London*, ii. 480) quotes a conversation, in the course of which Carlyle remarks that the Jews have shown no trace of humor at any period of their history.

Now there is an ancient Talmudic adage to this effect: "If one person tells thee that thou hast asses' ears, do not mind it; but if two persons make this assertion, at once place a pack-saddle upon thy back." It might, indeed, be imagined that, if two such eminent authorities agreed in denying to the Hebrew race the faculty of laughter and the power of evoking laughter, there must be some basis for the importation. But I think that I shall have no difficulty in proving that this charge is unfounded. It is quite true that several of the nations of antiquity were singularly lacking in their perception of the ludicrous. The facetious element was not very strong in the Egyptians: no laughter lurks in the wondering eyes and broad calm lips on their statues. Nor can the Assyrians have had any genius for the comic: the large round eyes, the nose prominent and curved, the frames thick set and strong, mark them out as belonging to a type which is not witty, but essentially fierce and warlike.

With the Hebrews, however, it was otherwise. They, at a comparatively early stage in their history, attained that ripe and strong mental development which the elaboration of wit and the comprehension of humor demand. And there is one leading trait in the annals of the Hebrew

\* A lecture delivered at the London Institution, January 5, 1893.

race which engendered and stimulated to the highest degree their *vis comica*—the faculty of saying witty and humorous things. Goethe, in his *Torquato Tasso*, exclaims with admirable truth and force :—

Wir Menschen werden wunderbar geprüft ;  
Wir konnten's nicht ertragen, hatt' uns nicht  
Den holden Leichtsinns die Natur verlieh'n.

Ay, the poor Jew has been, and still is to this very day, terribly tried. Crushed as he has been to the dust by the iron hand of bigotry, cowed by the soul-chilling venom of contempt and the oppression that "maketh a wise man mad," he could not have survived, had not benign nature mercifully endowed him with extraordinary elasticity, with a wonderful power of resilience which enabled him to elude effectually all the attempts made at every age, and in every clime, to lay him low.

But the genesis of his humor has also affected its nature, and imbued it with its peculiar characteristics. The mirth of the Hebrew does not come to him spontaneously. It is not the result of an overabundance of animal spirits. It is not an outcome of the mere exuberance of being. I would rather liken it to the weapon with which a beneficent Maker has provided His feeble creatures, whereby they have been enabled to survive in the fierce struggle for existence. He that is unjustly reviled and ignominiously trodden under foot, finds relief either in a flood of tears or in a burst of irony. Hence it is that there is an undercurrent of sadness even in the mirth of the Hebrew. Hence, if I may use a musical metaphor, even the *scherzo* of his song moves in the minor key.

We meet in Hebrew literature, and in the writings of those who were directly or indirectly nurtured in its spirit, with humor, the sympathetic representation of incongruous elements in human nature and life. We encounter wit which seizes on the unexpected, and places it before us in an attractive light. We meet with humor, diffuse, and flowing along, without any other law save its own fantastic will. We discover wit, brief and sudden, and sharply defined as a crystal. We detect wit and humor overlapping and blending with each other—pleasant fancies, quips and

cranks, *bons mots*, to which utterance was given perchance, amid the saddest and the most depressing environments.

I shall, of course, experience considerable and, in some instances, an insurmountable difficulty in conveying these sallies of wit to a general audience. Many of the witticisms, being couched in Hebrew, in German, or in that strange degeneration and uncouth blend of the two languages called *Yiddish*, altogether lose their pungency and flavor when translated into the vernacular. Some of these humorous utterances presuppose a very accurate knowledge of the Bible—ay, even of the labyrinthine intricacies of the *Talmud*—in order to be fully appreciated. And when once you attempt to explain and to interpret, all the sparkle and effervescence of the witticisms are irretrievably lost, and the savor thereof is like unto that of a bottle of champagne that was uncorked yesternight.

Some of the most devout and attentive readers of the Hebrew Scriptures may, perhaps, have failed to observe that even these pages contain illustrations of humor in its caustic form. And yet the scene on Mount Carmel, with all its sublime accessories, is not devoid of an element of grim jocularity.

The false prophets of Baal have leapt upon the altar, and cried to their idol from morning unto even, "O Baal, hear us!" Then Elijah steps forth, and mockingly exclaims, "Cry ye louder, for he is a god; he is perhaps talking or walking, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." We have here the main elements of the ludicrous—the degradation of something usually associated with power and dignity. We may, perhaps, compare this episode to a humorous stroke of Moliere, who, in one of his plays, introduces the messenger of the gods sitting tired on a cloud, and complaining of the number of Jupiter's errands. The Goddess of Night expresses surprise that a God should be weary, whereupon Mercury indignantly replies, "Are then the Gods made of iron?"

Again, what can be more instinct with genuine humor than Isaiah's description of the manufacture of an idol?—

He heweth down a tree; he burneth part thereof in a fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth meat and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire. And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art a god.

Another signal instance of rich humor is that afforded by the incident related in the Book of Esther, wherein King Ahasuerus asks, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" and when Haman thinks in his heart, "To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to me?" And it comes to pass, that all these marks of royal favor are to be bestowed upon none other than his arch-enemy Mordecai. The *Midrash*—as the Rabbinical commentary, or rather paraphrase of the Biblical narrative, is termed—embellishes the tale with several dramatic touches. It relates that when Haman desires to clothe the royal favorite with the imperial purple, Mordecai objects, and says, "This is unseemly. I am not worthy to have the royal mantle upon my shoulders until I have been duly purified." Haman has no alternative but to prepare a bath for his foe. When Mordecai has been arrayed in the kingly robes, Haman is about to set the diadem upon his head, but Mordecai protests. "Surely I am not worthy to bear the royal crown ere my locks have been dressed in seemly fashion." And his Excellency the Grand Vizier has to operate as a barber and hairdresser. "Now get thee on horseback," says Haman. "Alack," wails Mordecai, "I am too aged and infirm to mount this high steed unaided." And Haman perforce submits to the last humiliation; he has to bow his proud neck while his hated rival steps on his back and mounts the horse in comfort.

Let me quote one other illustration from the same book—the *Midrash* on Esther.

The preacher was citing the text, "And Haman thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone. He sought to destroy all the Jews throughout the kingdom of Ahasuerus." We may picture to ourselves the speaker's lips curling with ineffable contempt as he proceeds to relate the following fable:

A swallow once built her nest on the shores of the sea. It happened that the day was boisterous, and the waves were lashed into fury by the temp-

est, so that they burst upon the land and destroyed the little nest. The swallow was wroth, and said, "Wait, ocean, until I punish thee for thy arrogance. I will turn the sea into dry land, and the land into a fountain of waters." And he took some drops of water into his beak and poured them upon the sand. And again he flew to and fro, and picked up some grains of sand and threw them into the sea, imagining, with conscious pride, that his purpose had now been fully accomplished. His mate looks on in wonderment, and, wiser than her consort, she asks, "Thinkest thou thus to destroy the work of the Almighty Creator?"

The fable reminds us of Sydney Smith's simile about Mrs. Partington trying to keep back the waves of the Atlantic with her mop and pail. "She was excellent at a slop or puddle, but should never have meddled with a tempest." With what native force would the parable impress itself upon the minds of its hearers, as setting forth the impotence of the Hamans of every age to frustrate the purpose of the Almighty in the preservation of His people!

You will recognize it as being in full accord with what I have observed on the subject that the ancient Hebrews, even on the most sorrowful day in their calendar—the fast which commemorates the destruction of their two temples—did not abandon themselves wholly to sorrow and wailing. In the Midrashic commentary on the Book of Lamentations we meet with dainty little strokes of mother wit which resemble the smiles of a tear bedewed face. Jeremiah laments the fall of the city "that was full of people, great among the nations, a queen among the provinces." "Not in material power," comments the preacher, "but in vigor of mind and force of intellect;" and he proceeds to recount illustrations of the mode in which the Hebrew excelled in native wit even the far-famed Athenians. He relates the story, that an indweller of the Hellenic capital, walking one day along the streets of Jerusalem, found a broken mortar. Wishing to exhibit his cleverness, he enters a tailor's shop and, addressing himself to the owner, he says: "Master, be so good as to put a patch upon this mortar." "I will gladly do so," responds the Hebrew, "If you will oblige me by weaving a few threads of this material," offering him at the same time a handful of sand.

Nay, even Jewish children are reputed to have been ready matches for the clever men of Athens. "Fetch me some cheese

and eggs," said an Athenian to a little boy. The boy did as he was bidden. "Now, my child," said the stranger, "tell me which of these cheeses was made from the milk of white goats, and which from the milk of black goats." "Thou art older and more experienced than I," replied the shrewd little Hebrew; "tell me first, which of these eggs came from a white, and which from a black hen." The preacher further relates that Rabbi Joshua was once on a journey, when he noticed a short cut across the fields. A child, passing along, said to him, "Do not walk across the fields, you will be trespassing." "But," said Rabbi Joshua, "is not this a public footpath?" "Ay," rejoined the child, "trodden out by trespassers such as you would be." The sage pursued his way. As he entered the town, he noticed a little maid who was carrying a basket which was carefully covered. "Tell me, my good child," said the Rabbi, "What have you in that basket?" The child answered, "If my mother had wished that every one should know the contents of that basket she would not have covered it." Is there not a deep truth hidden beneath these simple words? The human mind must not seek to o'erstep the limits which have been set unto it. We would all fain know what the future has in store for us; but the veil which hides coming events from us has been woven by the Hand of Mercy. If the Lord had willed that we should have foreknowledge of the future, He would not have concealed it from us. There follows a goodly string of similar illustrations, which are invested with special interest owing to the fact that they have been incorporated in the *Arabian Nights*, transferred thence in the Italian collection of tales entitled *Cento Novelle Antiche*, and have thus become part and parcel of European literature.

While engaged in quoting from the *Midrash*, I may be permitted to cite a brief apologue from the same source which will, I think, vindicate the masters of the *Talmud* from the charge so often brought against them that they reduced women to the same subordinate position which is assigned to her by Oriental nations generally. In one of the many and varied com-

ments on the creation of woman contained in that work, the Emperor Hadrian is introduced as conversing with Rabbi Gamaliel on several religious questions. With the object of casting ridicule upon the Bible, Hadrian exclaims, "Why, your God is represented therein as a thief! He surprised Adam in his sleep, and robbed him of one of his ribs." The Rabbi's daughter, who is present, craves permission to reply to the Emperor. This is granted her. "But first let me implore thy imperial protection, puissant sire!" she exclaims, "A grave outrage has been perpetrated upon our house." "Who has dared to inflict any harm on the abode of my friend?" asks the sovereign. "Under cover of night an audacious thief broke into our house, took a silver flagon from our chest of plate, and left—a golden one in its stead." "What a welcome thief!" cried Hadrian; "would that such robbers might visit my palace every day!" "And was not the Creator even such a thief as this," archly rejoins the blushing damsel—"who deprived Adam of a rib and in lieu thereof gave him a loving, lovely bride?"

From the teachers of the *Talmud* we pass to some of the preachers of later days. For these *Maggidim*, as they were termed, were the spiritual descendants of the ancient Homilists, even as these had regarded themselves with all humility and deference as the representatives of the olden prophets. Now, these later preachers were of opinion that they were by no means guilty of irreverence or indecorum if they succeeded in raising a smile or even eliciting a laugh in the course of their sermons. They did not see any reason why a preacher who is in earnest, eager to convince his hearers, determined to secure their interest and rivet their attention, should not appeal to all their faculties, not excluding their sense of humor. One of the most famous of these wandering preachers, whom we may dub the Jewish Abraham a Santa Clara, was Rabbi Jacob, the *Maggid* of Dubno, a small town in Poland, who flourished at the close of the last century. The *Mashalim*, or parables, which he was fond of introducing into his pulpit addresses, have become household words in Jewry.

A small circle in Berlin, the members of which were noted for the advanced and almost radical views they entertained on the subject of religious conformity, once invited him to deliver a rousing homily to them. He took up his parable and said :

An inspector of mines was instructed by his government to examine the condition of his laborers at some distant smelting works. When he arrived he was painfully surprised at seeing the wan and pallid faces of the workmen. On inquiry, he learns from the foreman that they suffered greatly from the effects of their being obliged to fan the fire in the furnace by constantly blowing into it with their mouths. This effort had, naturally, greatly weakened their lungs. "Good heavens!" exclaims the inspector, "have you then never heard of an instrument, the bellows, for blowing air into a furnace?" "No, we have never heard of such a machine," rejoins the foreman. "Well, I will at once direct that efficient bellows be sent out to you." His order is executed. After a few weeks he returns to the works, and expects to find a great improvement in the looks of the poor operatives. To his great surprise and concern, he finds them looking even worse than before. "Have the bellows not arrived?" he asks. "Oh, yes," is the reply; "and we have implicitly obeyed your instructions; but however energetically we may use them, the furnace will no longer work." The inspector hastens to the furnace; he finds the fuel in its place, but all is cold, and dark, and black. "Why, you dotards," he cries, "you have omitted to kindle the fire? Of what possible use can the bellows be, if there be no fire to be fanned into a glow?" Ah, my brethren (continued the preacher), the sermon is the bellows which may hope to be effective, and to stir into enthusiasm the faith which glows within the human heart; but if there be not a spark of religion within you, what will the preacher's most forcible plea avail?

The homely tale exercised a more powerful effect than many a labored homily.

On another occasion he was addressing a congregation of poor working men and women.

I heard the other day (he said) of a pedlar who was trudging along the dusty highway with a heavy pack slung across his back. A carriage passes along, and the driver good-naturedly invites him to mount the seat beside him. The weary wayfarer gratefully accepts the offer. The driver notices, to his amazement, that the pedlar is still bent beneath the weight of his burden. "My good man, why do you not put down your load while you can?" "Ah, my friend, it is so kind of you to offer me a seat in your carriage; it would not be right if I added the weight of my pack." And do you not act like this foolish pedlar, my brethren, you who carry your cares and frets about with you until they bow you to the ground, refusing to trust in your God, who has made and who bears you. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee.

(To be continued).

## AMONG THE WOOD CAMPS.

(Written for the Manitoban.)

"O YES, it is cold in Manitoba, but then you dont feel it!" So says everybody here except an occasional "tenderfoot."

And how true it is! Though our weather is cold in winter, it is constant, and the atmosphere is so dry that cold is but little felt. Children will play out in the streets without overcoats or muffler, when the thermometer registers 25 and 30 degrees below zero, and the weather calm. But just let the air move, a Nor' wester blow, or the North end of the South wind with its razor edge electrify your anatomy when the temperature is in the thirties or forties and you do not need to be invited to seek shelter.

From an inspection of the meteorological register at Portage (kindly shown to us by the observer in charge) we form a good estimate of the dryness and constant regularity of our climate. Here we find that from November 16th, 1892, to May 7th, 1893, the temperature never rose above freezing, at which latter date there was a slight thaw; and from November 16th, 1892, until April 17th, 1893, they had good sleighing on the country roads—everyday of the whole five months fit for teaming.

Right good use, too, do teamsters and farmers make of such conditions. After the grain is all marketed attention is turned to the wood supply for the coming year. From 200 to 250 loads of wood come into Portage every day,—much for the use of the town, much more to be stored away in wood yards for future use, and by far the greater portion going out on the plains, many farmers hauling wood 25 miles. Along with each quarter section most farmers have a "wood lot" of 20 acres in the timber belt south of the river, and those not thus blest purchase wood from the government, paying 25 cents a load of one and a half cords of green wood, and getting all the dead and fallen timber free.

This wood is always cheap in Portage, being a successful rival of the far-famed Estevan coal which has proved such a boon to other places, as Winnipeg and Brandon where wood is scarce and dear.

## THE MANITOBAN.

Once visiting the latter ambitious place, we were much amused to see on the market some six-foot Sioux Indians with their loads of wood for sale to the unsuspecting citizens. Each drove a diminutive "shagamappy," which drew a large sized "hand sleigh" with less than a quarter of a cord of *switches*, not one over an inch and a half thick at the butt. The most respectable one he was using for a persuader.

"How much for your load?"

"Tree dollar, boy."

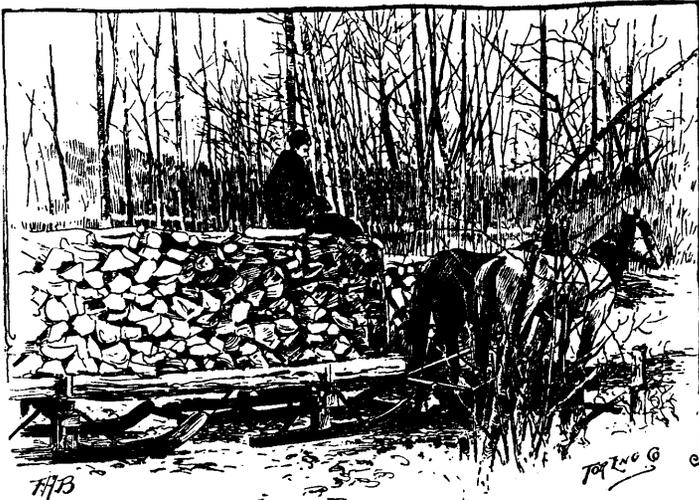
Three dollars! I would not give "two dollar, boy," for pony, rig and load, with the Sioux thrown in to boot.

Many of the farmers build winter houses in the bush and thence convey all their

astray going out, but impossible coming back.

On Thursday, March 9th, after a two-days thaw, we concluded "it is now or never" to visit the wood camps. So piling the family into the "carryall" we take the Western trail early, so as to avoid meeting the returning loads, for how shall we "turn-out," the snow as is yet about three feet deep. But leaving the well beaten "avenue" we find a double track all the way.

At the "Old Fort" we take the river road and find that the wise woodman has kept the northern side, using the high wood banks as a "snow break." Ever and anon a road switches off to the left, crosses the river and climbs the Southern



EN ROUTE FOR PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

stock and feed, chickens, ducks, pigs, geese, cattle, horses and children, and spend a happy winter, free from every "blizzard" which sweeps the open plains so mercilessly. Many a merry surprize party takes a drive, and spends a pleasant evening with friends "in the bush." Laughter and song, and the merry jingle of bells, making the woods ring again.

As "all roads lead to Rome" so all wood roads lead to Portage, and striking out east, west, and south are leading arteries of traffic which naturally spread into numberless branches each ending by some woodpile or lot. It is easy to get

bank, when it spreads out, fan-shaped and loses itself. After testing some of their mazy windings, we return and keep the river road for some five or six miles, meeting I know not how many loads—some of cord wood, some of poles, some of logs—dry or green, and yet some more of oak for fence posts.

Many pretty scenes present themselves as we trace the windings of the river: towering hills and sloping beaches, little fairy willow-covered islands, and overhanging cliffs. In many places the river has washed away and undermined the banks and the broken perpendicular face

shows the stratification of the river silt at former higher levels. Here is one place where the bank is thus some 20 feet high showing stratification all the way down. About ten feet above the present level, large trees, about a foot thick, had grown; then the river had filled up—sand, clay, and muck for about another ten, and the trees still stood and then, when the filling stopped, they threw out roots at the surface and grew on, nearly doubling their diameter. Now the soil has washed and fallen away and left these curious trunks standing exposed on the face of the embankment with two sets of roots. One set at the surface supporting the living trunk, then extending downwards some eight or ten feet; a smaller dead trunk with the original roots decaying as they protrude from the perpendicular face of the embankment.

Eventually crossing over we climb the southern bank and here we find another "brick of the trade." The road up the steep bank was covered with straw litter, as also were the others we noticed, for they come down loaded and go up empty. It makes a sure footing and an excellent brake. Following the windings of the road among the hills we soon find our friends "camp," nicely sheltered on the river side by a timbered knoll. Here our host with his wife and two bright little boys "kept house" for themselves, and as many choppers as could pack into their shanty—14 x 14 inside. His comfortable stable and serving yard were filled with horses, colts, cattle, pigs, ducks, guinea fowls, and a fine lot of well-bred chickens. On the roof was rolled up the skin of a black-tailed deer, in the yard lay the foot of an immense elk. Peace, plenty and prosperity seemed to reign.

Following the sleighs a mile or two further in, a busy scene presents itself. Axes going on every hand. Here stands a team switched off the main track, blanketed, eating their oats; their owner is just over yon knoll preparing his load. Up yonder road, a few rods, is a large Sioux "tipper" and it's owner with a fine team of horses, unlike his Brandon cousin, is just starting off to Portage with a full load. Any direction you see horses and men, and hear the merry whack, whack of

the axe, mingled with snatches of song, and the merry jingle of bells.

You ask why they thus let their teams stand till they cut and build their loads and then start home in their wet, snowy clothes.

Simply this: all parties do not seem to have the same ideas as to *meum* and *ieum*. Here they are getting their wood off government land, and it is every man for himself. If you left part of a load out the next man that came along might help himself and you would have far better satisfaction swearing at your own folly than trying to swear to your own wood after finding it in somebody else's wood pile may be 25 miles away. Not one nor two make it a practice to go to the bush at night and "pick up" a load. If he does not find same "tenderfoot's" pile he usually can gather enough along the road where someone has upset and was compelled to leave a quarter of a cord or so; or someone has hauled two small loads out to the rise, and has a little too much for one load to town.

So too, will they steal from the Government and think it smart. To save the timber on their own lots, or being too lazy to break a road they help themselves off Government land. Going home they meet the Inspector:

"Where did you get that wood?"

"Off my own lot," is the premeditated reply.

But never a stick does he get on his own lot. So the world wags.

### TENNYSON AND HIS WRITINGS; A CRITIQUE.

BY SAMUEL MOORE, B.A.

(For the Manitoban.)

FOR the last half year the literary critics and scholars of the civilized world have been sounding words of praise in their papers and magazines on the worth of the late poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson; and from their panegyrics we judge that the writers obey in spirit and letter the ethical precept of the Latin author, viz., "Nil de Morteris, nisi bonum,"

(or say nothing concerning the death, except what is good). In this respect their eulogies form a contrast to the opposite adage of Mark Anthony on the death of Cæsar :

"The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809, A.D., in the parish of Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, of which town the poet's father, Rev. Dr. Tennyson, was the parson. The rector was a man of wide scholarly attainments, and Mrs. Tennyson a kind and imaginative woman, so that the young poet had the advantage of the best social environments in the home life.

Alfred, after receiving a grammar school education, was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, to pursue the studies of the University, and while an undergraduate he won the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem. It was during his days as a student in Cambridge that he formed an ardent friendship with Henry Hallam, a fellow undergraduate student of the University, and this friendship has been immortalized by his never-dying elegiac poem "In Memoriam."

In 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was appointed poet laureate, and in the same year he married Miss Emily Sellwood, a lady of high renown. She is the "dear, near and true" of the dedication of Enoch Arden. Tennyson's home life was specially happy, and the many virtues of his "better half" allured him to higher aspirations and grander ideals in life. Two sons were born to Tennyson, Hallam and Lionel. Tennyson during his Laureateship enjoyed the respect and esteem of the best citizens of England and he honored the peerage by accepting the highest title in the realm.

Alfred Tennyson was a man of wide educational attainments, viz.: literary, scientific and philosophic. He always kept in touch with the times, the social progress thought of the last half century being reflected in his writings, vide "In Memoriam" which is typically a nineteenth century production in literature.

His sympathies for the people of England found expression in every political, religious and social movement of his age, as shown in "Love Thou Thy Land,"

"You Ask me Why," "Of old sat Freedom," "Locksley Hall," all of which contain many sublime lessons in ethics and politics. The people of England during the last half century felt the influence of several movements in economics, science plus the burning question in sociology and religion, and the educational advances in experiment and discovery. All these subjects supplied food for thought and serious reflection, and his writings show Tennyson in the Victorian age what Spenser, "the poet's poet," was in the Elizabethan.

Tennyson seemed to have realized the adage of John Bright's, viz., "That it was by agitation that the public mind was crystalized."

The writings of Tennyson will be studied by the students of literature for many generations, for his poems possess spirit and power, and thus fulfil Thomas de Quincey's requisite of good literature.

Tennyson is rich in figurative language, simile, metaphor, &c. He has pressed into his literary service the various elements of nature. But few writers possessed such creative powers of mind and strength of imagination, such as we have exemplified in the legend of "King Arthur and the Round Tables," and also in the Idylls of the King; vide, Enid, which is typically a love poem. Enid is pictured before us as the Miss Nightingale of her period.

That the writings of Tennyson have had a good influence on the social life, and also the English literature of his age, we have good reason to believe. Some of his poems, like the Village Parson, "allure to brighter world: and lead the way."

The Poet Laureate has wedded the beautiful in thought to the beautiful in sound, and thus in theme and mode of expression, he reaches the perfection of an ideal poet, as understood by Ruskin.

Tennyson was an artist of the highest order in poetry, a moralist whose teachings were ethically pure, and a religious teacher who was honest in the sacred cause.

The poetic literature of Tennyson cultivates not only the æsthetic faculty of the reader, but contains many lessons in the Christian ethics, suited to persuade men to live the higher life.

## OUR WORLD'S FAIR NEWS LETTER.

(Special to the Manitoban.)

**T**HE gates are ajar and the great exposition is in motion.

To make history truthfully, it must be stated that President Cleveland did it with his thumb. The so-called button was not one of the "push" electric affairs with which everyone is familiar, but more in the form of a telegraph key which the operator presses with his thumb and forefinger.

Of course the president did the act with the skill of an expert. That is the way it is recorded and that makes history. It is not nearly so material how a thing is actually done, or how an event occurs, as how it is told to the world. The record, not the fact, does the business.

And so to-day's work, much of it fanciful, will go into history, because it was so written and the next generation will be just as wise as if it had been written some other way.

## NOT IN READINESS.

The very event of to-day lends force to my point relative to making history. The telegraph and daily papers announce that the great exhibit began to-day. As a matter of fact it did not. The buildings are for the most part completed and in readiness. Some of them have been so for weeks, but the exhibitors are far from ready. The fair officials have performed their immense task with great credit, so far as time is concerned, but it seems as if everyone planning for an exhibit had adopted as his motto the sentiment, "wait a little longer."

The result is that the visitor is fairly bewildered by the incompleteness of the exhibits. Thousands of men are busily engaged in putting the exhibits in place, and other thousands putting the finishing touches on the grounds and some of the buildings. The progress which has been made in the past week is almost like a theatrical transformation scene. And now that the fair has actually begun, men and money will not be spared to hasten the completion.

It is neither fair nor honest to say that

all is now in readiness, or to predict that it will be before the first of June. It is entirely truthful, however, to say that there is enough to be seen now to repay a visit, if you choose to make one at this time. But if you come in May it would be well to call again, later in the season, and see the rest. Every day sees an enormous amount accomplished, but the task is more stupendous than ever before attempted in a similar line. But it will pay you to come now rather than not at all.

## THE LIBERTY BELL.

While the Exposition did not formally open until Monday, it might almost have been said to have begun between 9 and 10 o'clock Friday. That was the hour when the famous "Liberty Bell," from Independence Hall at Philadelphia arrived. It had been showered with honors all the way from Philadelphia, three state legislatures adjourning in a body to pay this symbol of liberty a visit as it passed through their respective capitals. The famous bell was fittingly welcomed to Chicago, and now occupies a position in the Pennsylvania building at Jackson Park, where it will remain under guard, night and day, for the coming six months. An effort was made to secure the bell for the government building, but Pennsylvania would not consent.

## HOW TO REACH JACKSON PARK.

One of your first problems after arriving in the city and locating will be how best to reach Jackson Park, where the fair is being held. It is a tract of 600 acres of land, six miles south of the center of the city. Three years ago it was largely a swamp with scrub trees scattered at intervals. Now it is a city with 400 buildings, with walks and drives and all the conveniences of modern civilization.

Jackson Park fronts on Stony Island avenue, and along that avenue are located the main entrance gates. They are the intersection of Fifty-seventh, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth and Sixty-seventh streets with the avenue. All the gates as far south as Sixty-third street are conveniently reached by the Illinois Central trains leaving the city from the lake front at the foot of Van Buren street. The fare is ten cents one way or twenty cents round trip. This is

for through fair trains in fifteen minutes. If you take a suburban train the fare will be twenty five cents round trip and twenty cents one way.

The Wabash avenue cable line lands you near the Fifty-seventh street entrance for five cents, while the elevated puts you absolutely within the park at Sixty-second for the same price. The city terminal station of the elevated is on Congress street, between State and Wabash avenue.

There will also be numerous boats leaving the lake front at the foot of Jackson and Van Buren streets at a twenty-five cent round trip fare.

#### BUILDINGS BY THE ACRE.

There are 400 buildings of all kinds in Jackson Park, but of this number only forty-six have been erected for the Exposition proper. The others are state buildings and those erected by concessionaires for business purposes. By measuring in acres the amount of ground covered, some idea of the immensity of the affair can be formed. The largest building is the Manufacturers Hall, which covers thirty acres. The whole forty-six buildings cover 150 acres and the remainder occupy fifty acres. There is, therefore, 200 of the 600 acres in the park actually under roof. It is not surprising in thus covering "all out doors" that there are leaky spots in the roof.

Thus one is met as he is ushered through the turnstiles at the World's Fair gates. There are guides to show you about the grounds and through the buildings; guards to keep the peace; boys dressed in light blue selling guide books; boys dressed from tip to toe in bright red selling the official catalogue; boys in gray and yellow selling Chicago papers and the Daily Columbian; custom officers, letter carriers, telegraph boys and many others, who have official business, all wearing uniform. One almost becomes bewildered until the title of their office is made apparent by an inspection of their caps. As a rule these uniformed men and boys are courteous and polite, and seem to take pleasure in answering questions.

The second week of the great Fair is numbered with the past, and during that time many results have been accomplished,

although much remains to be done—much more than to have the "finishing" touches put on. Some are wont to complain because every nail had not been driven, and every door hung on the stroke of twelve, noon, May 1st, and although the task set was herculean in its scope, still so much should not have been promised by the heads of the departments having such matters in charge, unless there was some seeming prospect of its being fulfilled.

While perhaps many of us would not have done as well under like circumstances, still there is room for complaint, and just where to lay the blame is perhaps not an easy matter. The general public expect so much, especially in view of oft repeated promises made by the Fair officials, that everything would be in ship-shape and in order on the opening day, and from some cause said officials have so forgotten their pledges, that the long suffering public are not willing to exercise the virtue of patience. Of course we all understand (those of us who have watched the rise of the White City by the Lake) that the building thereof required no ordinary measures, rather extraordinary ones; and perhaps they have been taken, but we were rather in hope that in respect to the general finishing, more would have been accomplished, so that in after ages history could point with pride to the fact that the World's Columbian Exposition was practically complete on May 1, 1893.

All meet on the same level here; you jostle perchance against some titled foreigners, or one his superior—an American—and bearing no handle such as "Earl," "Duke," or what not; the hard-working mechanic; those who adorn and likewise disgrace the professions, law, medicine and of the "cloth," the sunbrowned sailor from over the seas.

The man of war and of peace, all come together on one common plane. To the mind of many this fair will be a great object lesson, with much to learn, with their eyes for their teacher, and many will make good use of the opportunity. There are others, who having the time to spare, and necessary "wherewithal," to spend, will not embrace this chance. To one who has had a foretaste of what the future weeks and months promise, it can hardly be con-

ceived that any of the latter class exist. How many less favored with time and means, would like to exchange places with them until November 1st. next.

A pleasant ride of twenty minutes, starting from the Van Buren Street Station of the Illinois Central railroad, and running within full view of Lake Michigan, in cars built for this traffic and over tracks used only for this purpose, brings one to the Sixtieth street entrance of the Fair. Trains are now run on five minutes headway, but will be reduced to two minutes as soon as the patronage demands it. There are many convenient ways to reach the grounds, but this is one of the pleasant ones.

As one enters at this entrance, with the great horticultural building just to his right, he is apt to comment to himself: "Well, the commissioner of horticulture has certainly been good to himself," as he beholds the well-kept grass plat on the west side of this home of flowers, on which the lawn mowers are making their familiar summer music, and he repeats this thought as he wanders to its eastern frontage.

These two immense grass plats, with their coat of green, soft as velvet, appear to have been growing for years instead of a few short weeks.

In the makeup of the grounds and buildings Mr. Burnham and his aids have accomplished wonders. The lawns in some other parts of the grounds are not yet in so forward a state; in fact, in many places the bare earth appears. But what is black to-day will be green to-morrow. However, in this case, it is the reverse order of things, for although the shoemakers' children go shoeless, and the tailors' boy's trousers are patched, Mr. Horticultural Commissioner has seen that outside appearances about his home are in keeping with the springtime. As you turn to the right on the east front of the last named building, you are confronted with the sight of what was not many months since, a marsh, over-grown, perhaps, with cat tails, but now converted into a lagoon. A wall of stone is built on one side of this wandering sheet of water, and at frequent intervals, there are landing places, where you can hail and take your choice between an electric or steam launch, or a gondola, manned by real live gondo-

liers, imported from Italy, arrayed in picturesque costumes as worn in their native land. For a few days after the opening, these gondoliers were dressed like ordinary mortals, and they had to beg for patronage; since they have assumed their rainbow regalia, the shoe is on the other foot; and the majority of the passengers are ladies. Perhaps this sort of boating is suited to all seasons of the year in Venice (and doubtless will be popular here when the moon is full, and after a day of ninety in the shade), but just at present walking is more comfortable. The bridges crossing these waters are graceful and pretty, and look as though they had been built to stay.

The exhibits are not by any means installed in their final resting place, and this is perhaps more noticeable in the manufacturers building than elsewhere. Boxes and crates are waiting to be unpacked, but much of this work cannot be done until the booths for their reception are ready; the carpenters, however, seem to be working hard towards that end, and each day seems to bring its reward in much being finished. The aisles in this building are broad and spacious, and will accommodate many people without crowding.

The grounds and buildings when fully illuminated by electricity present a sight never to be forgotten, and although the electrical exhibit at the Paris Exposition was fine, such rapid strides have been made in this department of science since that time, and such wonders have been achieved, in order to convince one of the truth of this assertion, a visit is necessary to the building devoted to this exhibit.

Your readers from different states who hope to find the buildings of your own particular state all in readiness to receive you and fully complete, probably will be disappointed. There are many nails to be driven, saying nothing about placing the exhibits, before your hopes will be realized.

—

"Ye who have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now."

If Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the board of lady managers, had used the above quotation, she could not have more

effectually accomplished that result then when she arose before the board in the women's building, and declared with much emotion, that she was disgusted with the dissensions in the board and ready to resign her position. As rapidly as sobs would permit, the ladies assured her, that they were her staunch supporters, and wished her to remain at their head. A tearful vote of confidence in their president was then recorded, and for the moment, at least, harmony prevailed. There were no dissenting votes, but four ladies declined to be recorded in the affirmative. The immediate cause of dissension was the lack of social recognition extended the board upon the opening day visit of President Cleveland and the Duke of Veragua.

#### NO CROWD YET.

Now that the glamor of "opening day" is over and the World's Fair is settling down to business, the crowds are disappointing. This is due to the fact, as my previous letters have explained, that the exhibitors still have a great deal to do. The Chicago *news* was bold enough to make this statement after the opening:

The buildings of the White City have been inaugurated and its gates have been thrown open with a grand flourish, but much remains to be done. There is yet no World's Fair, properly speaking, at Jackson Park. But there will be in two or three weeks if the authorities in the administration building continue to urge on the work of installation as vigorously as during the last ten or fifteen days. If they don't it may be a month or longer before all the exhibits are in place.

There are a large number of visitors in the city, but preparations are so ample for taking care of an immense crowd that at present the attendance is not very noticeable. The leading regular hotels have a fair crowd of guests, and their corridors have the appearance in point of crowd of two or three days before a National Convention when the advance guard has come upon the ground. Later on the city will undoubtedly be thronged, but a good many people are destined to ascertain that even a World's Fair will not produce a fortune in six months.

#### "OIL AND TROUBLE."

This is a world of trouble. Coincident with the opening of the Fair the Chicago Waiters' union ordered a strike. The waiters have been receiving ten dollars per

week and their meals. They now demand twenty dollars for the coming six months. Half a dozen big restaurants were closed for one day owing to the suddenness of the demand and nearly all are running with such a light force that the guest has to be a patient waiter in order to get service.

Then Parmelee's omnibus line, the only one in the city, struck against the hotels because not allowed to keep runners in the corridors, and refuses to call for guests wishing to leave the city. As cabs cost no more than 'busses it looks as though the omnibus line had amputated its nasal organ.

Next came the Columbian Guards at the Fair grounds—2,000 strong—who ask advance from \$60 to \$75 per month because they have to pay twenty-five cents for a cut of pie since the shown began.

The exhibitors in machinery hall are up in arms because the management charges them \$10 per horse power for motive power to run their exhibits.

The Chicago piano men are all ablaze because in dedicating Music Hall the bushy-haired Paderewski was allowed to use a New York piano, the makers of which refused to exhibit.

The local directory are at war with the National Commission over the question of Sunday opening.

The Board of Lady Managers are bathed in anger and tears because Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. John A. Logan monopolize the social honors.

The inhabitants of hot Eastern countries, on exhibition in Midway Plaisance, are almost in a state of mutiny because the weather is damp and chilly.

The commissioners from Great Britain returned their invitations to the opening unused, because their secretary was not included.

The State of Washington is in revolt because while three of their commissioners were in attendance, only one platform ticket was granted for the opening.

And there are several countries still to hear from.

#### CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES

It will not take as many people to conduct the Fair as expected. There are 3,500 names on the pay roll at an expense

of \$225,000 per month. Of these 1,500 are to be lopped off at once, and many a "college professor" who has secured a position with a view of seeing the Fair, expenses paid, is doomed to disappointment. It is safe to say that none of the high priced officials will be dropped. Their services will not only be considered *necessary* during the coming six months but also long afterwards, to settle up and gather up the debts.

#### HE BORED A HOLE.

How great a matter a red hot poker kindleth. This was practically illustrated by the first alarm of fire in Jackson Park. A workman, of course he was a plumber, wishing to make a hole in the floor of one of the restaurants, bored it with a red hot poker. As only cold victuals were being served, the sight of anything apparently warm, excited the guests and an alarm was given, bringing out the whole Park fire department. Wall street got it that the World's Fair was burning and stocks began to tumble more rapidly than before. The business world evidently counts that the Exposition will divert public attention sufficiently from shaky affairs to enable them to tide over.

#### THE WINNIPEG GENERAL HOSPITAL.

**B**EING well aware that the above institution attracts universal attention, we think a few facts concerning the same will be of interest to our readers, and by the statements contained below we will endeavor to show of what vast importance such a great institution is for the safety and welfare of our population, which facts were fully believed by one of our staff who was confined within the walls of the hospital a considerable time, and he cannot speak too highly of the kindness and strict attention which he received.

We could go on and fill the pages of THE MANITOBAN with its advantages, but on account of shortness of space, we will proceed to give a few figures, on the number of patients treated, etc., taken from the annual report for 1892.

There was a large increase in the work over previous years, and the immense number of 1,445 indoor patients found relief within its walls, being an increase of 312 over the number of the year before. The number of out-patients treated was 1856, a very large increase on any other year, and when it is considered that there were less nurses than previously, it can be easily imagined that a very busy time was experienced by them. Of the number of patients treated 425 were surgical and 43 gynecological, and the average stay per patient was 22.5 days. 1461 consultations were given in the out-door department, and 395 people were vaccinated. As many as 125 children of the age of 12 years and under received treatment. The ambulance, that very useful and necessary piece of machinery, made the large number of 367 trips.

Although so short of nurses, the hospital sent out 50 for private nursing, an experience of which must be very trying to a nurse on account of the inconveniences which must be endured after hospital life, through lack of necessary articles, etc. One hundred and nineteen cases of infectious diseases were treated in the isolated department, and it is a matter for congratulation that the new isolated department, erected during the past year, is now in full operation, and the patients all fully receiving the good of the same. The different infectious diseases can now be completely isolated, and the increased accommodation is indeed an especial boon to the nurses, and their liability to contract disease materially lessened. The only thing lacking to carry out the principle of isolation is a reception room for patients, so that they may save any cause for infectious cases entering the main building.

Another great improvement and very essential one is, that a new steam laundry has been fully equipped with boiler and engine, at a cost of \$2,757.51, which has been in operation since July last, and thus effected a large saving of labor and expense, which only those who have to wash sheets, blankets, towels, etc. by the hundreds can realize.

A very serious item to the officials is that caused by immigrants, who, through no fault of their own, contract diseases

during the ocean and train passage and which renders it necessary for their entering the hospital immediately on arrival in Winnipeg. Some 52 of this class were sent to the hospital from the Immigration sheds. On account of these cases the Dominion Government are supposed to provide a kind of per capita tax, and which under the same basis as that of 1890, the Board would have received \$10,204, whereas all that has been paid is \$4,464. It is rather surprising that the Dominion Government should fall back in aiding such a noble institution, and we hope that the Board will be dealt with better in the future. Another source from which the Board should receive better support is from our municipalities. To think of the largest donation from a municipality being only \$150, and other ones sending in a paltry ten, fifteen, and twenty dollars, is disgraceful; and the Reeves and Councillors should be ashamed to see the names of their municipality in print. We certainly think, that considering these municipalities have just as much privilege with the hospital as our own city, and that a good many of them send a good number of patients, they might at least make a suitable grant. Some districts that could easily afford \$500 or \$1,000 only grant \$150 and \$100, which two patients would absorb.

While talking in finances the most surprising feature of all is the pittance contributed by the churches. To think of the hundreds of churches in the province and the immense amount of money devoted to "socials," because "self" is going to get his money's worth, and then to come to the astounding fact that only \$336.25 was collected, is worse than disgraceful. We would here propose a Hospital Sunday being held, the same as is done in the older provinces and countries. Next to our churches, what is more important than the hospital. It is here where many a soul has been saved, where, after being stricken by sickness and coming near death, a man or woman determines to lead a new and better life.

Another source, and the most important one, is that of private subscriptions. What should cause more pleasure to the giver than to know that his gift, however small, has helped to relieve some poor fellow

man in sickness and suffering, and we would therefore say, let all give something, if only a dollar. The saying that "every little helps" is especially true in such cases as this.

The "Women's Hospital Aid Society" has rendered very valuable assistance, for which the Board is truly grateful. In providing linen and other small necessities alone this society contributed the sum of \$1,573.87. It is a pity we have not more of these useful societies in many of our towns. The society is under the patronage of Mrs. Schultz, and its president is Mrs. Harris. We would recommend the getting up of a five or six days' bazaar. This is a splendid way of raising money, and the proceeds would be gladly received by the Hospital Committee.

Provisions alone cost the hospital \$10,454.91, and in addition to this a quantity of articles of food were given as gifts. The next important item on the list is that of salaries and wages which amounted to \$8,322.44, which is very small, considering that no less than twelve doctors are in attendance, not including the Medical Superintendent (Dr. H. W. Porter) and the Specialist for diseases of the eye, ear and throat (Dr. J. W. Good). Then there are the other officers, such as Sec'y-Treas., Assistants, Head Nurse (Miss M. C. Laidlaw), three trained nurses, and 17 pupil nurses. No doubt when the hospital is in a more prosperous condition, the Directors will be able, we hope, to see their way clear to give the increase in salary they so well deserve.

There are many suggestions we could make in conclusion, but as we are certain the Board is accomplishing improvements as fast as their resources will allow, we do not feel disposed to dictate, but we will suggest the deep cindering of the grounds between, and around the land between the General Hospital and the Isolated Department.

It is a pity to think that such an institution as this should have enemies, and still more so when we consider that they are members of the medical profession. What good it can do these men (we can't say *gentlemen*), we can't say, but we would suggest a more Christian-like feeling and the working together in harmony.

In conclusion we put forth a plea on

behalf of the Winnipeg General Hospital for donations. Never mind how small they are, send them along to this office and they will be duly acknowledged in our columns. Let the smoker put by the price of a plug of "T. & B." each week, and the drinker put on one side the price of a "treat," and send it along to us. They would be surprised how soon they would have a nice little donation to make. But, alas, how many (!) ever think of it. What we ask is little or nothing, and we hope to see good results.

We give our hearty congratulations to the Board that they have been able to make such a good and satisfactory report for last year, and we hope they will be rewarded with the same this year, but with one improvement,—a larger subscription and donation list

We will close this article by again reminding our readers of the fact, that we will gladly acknowledge through our columns any donation they may be able to send us, and we trust that they will be many.

#### THE LATE CONSUL TAYLOR.

**O**F the many public men who have lived among us perhaps none have woven themselves into the hearts of the people as the subject of this sketch. Coming first to this country in 1859 when the great North-west was but little known, he, with that keenness of perception which was characteristic of his nature, foresaw the greatness and fertility of this western country and which he never omitted to mention either in public or private life. No one was more enthusiastic over the North-west than he, and none took a deeper interest in its welfare. Although not of us he was one of us, and up to the time of his death was universally loved and respected. Possessing that kindness of heart and affability of manner which everyone admired, he attracted the little children and on a bright summer morning might have been seen hand in hand with them picking crocuses or mushrooms.

Presidential elections might come and go with its consequent changes, but Consul Taylor was not affected. For him

the great throes of election excitement had no care, and from the date of his appointment in September 1870 until called to a higher station by the Ruler of the Universe, he held the tenure of office. Unassuming and modest he executed his official duties with the greatest credit to himself and the nation of which he was the representative. We may have another consul, but not a Consul Taylor, and as we gaze long and earnestly on the sweet calm face of him who sleepeth until the last trumpet shall sound we experience a pang of sorrow as for a dear one gone before and upon whom the grave closes a last earthly career.

#### THE OLD IRISH PARLIAMENT.

**I**N view of the fact that Ireland is likely to have home rule in the near future, the following account of the old Irish Parliament from the *Literary Digest* may interest our readers:

The old Parliament House in Dublin is still standing on College Green, its graceful classic columns relieving the dark and heavy facades of the adjacent building of Trinity College. Though the Parliament itself ceased to exist with the beginning of the present century, should any of its old members obtain leave to visit once more these glimpses of the moon, he would find himself fairly well at home in the precincts of the house, while he would not be startled out of his ghostly propriety by any marvelous change in the general aspect of the Irish metropolis. Like the enchanted place in the fairy-tale, the city seems to have enjoyed a hundred years' trance, troubled, perhaps, now and then by uneasy dreams. The scene is all there ready to be repeopled with actors that once graced the stage.

Fill the gallery with the beauty, rank, and fashion of the old Irish kingdom; remove the desks, the money-changers, the ledgers, and replace them with rows upon rows of benches, rising amphitheatre-wise, and crowded with eager Members of the House, all in full *tenue*, with powdered heads. The Speaker sits in his canopied chair with all the dignity of the first gentleman of Ireland; in front are the clerks at

their tables with the gilded rails, where lies the massive gilded mace.

Now a thrill runs through the assemblage; all eyes are turned to the floor of the House; the ladies lean eagerly forward pervading the whole House with the charm of their presence; the Speaker's sonorous voice is heard, and in response there steps forward a slight, bowed figure, with a rather wizened face, and dressed in the uniform of a volunteer of '82. It is Henry Grattan, and the House rises and drowns his opening words in the enthusiasm of its greeting.

Such a moment was that of the famous declaration by Henry Grattan of the independence of the Irish Legislature in 1782, when the Parliament reached its culminating point in power and influence. Among its members, distinguished for wit and brilliancy in debate, was John Philpot Curran, the delight of the Irish Bar; yet singularly mean and sottish-looking, and a sloven among associates distinguished by their elegant manners and foppish exteriors. But when he opened his lips, all this was forgotten, and few ventured to measure wits with him in debate, so keen was his sarcasm, and so ready the retort that covered his adversary with confusion. Yet the great wit, towering in his pride of place, was once brought down by a humble mousing-hawk in the shape of Sir Boyle Roche.

"Sure, Mr. Speaker," said Sir Boyle on the occasion that made him famous, "how could a man be in two places at once—unless he were a bird?"

Sir Boyle is no mere creation of legend. He was a real, living man, a fine bluff, soldier-like old gentleman, holding some post at the Viceregal Court, sitting for a Government borough, and always voting faithfully for the "Castle." The debate one night was on sinecures which Curran had indignantly denounced; and twitted by one of the opposite side on some personal inconsistency in the matter, he replied hotly:

"Sir, I am the guardian of my own honor."

To which Sir Boyle neatly replied:

"Then the gentleman has got a very pretty sinecure."

As Catholics were excluded to the last,

the House could hardly claim a representative character. Yet it did, to a greater degree than might have been expected, represent the country, its feelings, its emotions, and aspirations, and it represented still more strongly the characteristics of the Irish gentleman of the period. Never was such a time of feasting and jollification as in the palmy days of the old Irish Parliament. The country elections were a continued scene of fighting, fun and revelry. It is one continuous Donnybrook Fair, and the country elector, with a good coat on his back, and money clinking in his pocket,

Steps into a tent just to spend half-a-crown,  
Steps out, meets a friend, and for joy knocks him  
down

With his shillalah and sprig of shamrock so green.

With the same gayety of heart the gentlemen fought their battles with more deadly weapons.

At that time duelling was a recognized part of the social code. The "thirty-six commandments" arranged by the gentlemen of Galway, formed a complete set of rules on all the punctilios of the duello. According to the printed rules of Galway, seconds, if desirous, may exchange shots at right angles to their principals.

But when the elections had been fought out, and the consequent duels, it was with joyous anticipations that the newly elected member took his departure for the opening of Parliament in Dublin, generally in a chariot drawn by six horses.

But the last hours of the old Irish Parliament were approaching. The House hardly numbered a majority against the Union. The first day of the session was at hand; the Bill of Union would be brought in, and only feeble voices would be brought against it. Happily, there was a vacancy for Wexford; and Grattan, elected by a *coup-de-main*, rose from a sick bed, and, being carried into the House by two friends, his old spirit revived as he found himself in the scene of his old triumphs. He delivered an impassioned oration against the Union. Hearts were moved, enthusiasm was excited, the Government began to fear for its majority.

But Lord Castlereagh held his majority together by stronger ties than those of enthusiasm, and the division showed the

decisive majority of one hundred and fifty eight against one hundred and fifteen for the Union. The last scene of all was passed before almost empty benches, and the Speaker's voice was heard for the last time in the Irish House of Commons when he pronounced the Bill read a third time, and passed.

### THE GOTHENBURG LIQUOR PLAN,

THE Gothenburg system of regulating the liquor traffic, says the *Boston Weekly Review*, has many advocates in this country. The system, briefly outlined, is the granting of a monopoly of licenses in any given locality for the retail and bar trade in spirituous liquors to a commercial company formed for the purpose by the "better element." These companies receive the monopoly in consideration of handing over all profits derived from the traffic above six per cent. interest on paid up capital stock. The surplus is used for the relief of rate-payers, being devoted to such objects as education, road improvement, and charity. In Swedish towns, seven-tenths of the surplus is paid to the municipality, two-tenths to the district court, and one-tenth to the agricultural society of the country. In Norway, according to recent statistics, twenty per cent. of the surplus has been spent for educational purposes, seven per cent. for charitable institutions, seven per cent. for road improvement, and two per cent. for the furtherance of the cause of temperance through subsidies to teetotal societies and other ways. In Sweden, the companies grant sub-licenses to proprietors of hotels and a few retail dealers, who are allowed to reap a small profit. In Norway no sub-licenses are granted, the companies placing employees in hotels and clubs to carry on the sale of liquor to guests or members.

According to a recent report to Congress, prepared by Dr. Gould, the statistical expert of the national bureau of labor, the Gothenburg system has been adopted by nearly all the towns of Norway, while in Sweden, out of ninety towns, seventy-seven have adopted it. Dr. Gould claims that

the system has diminished the consumption of liquor as well as crime, and has also caused an increase in the number of savings bank deposits and in the aggregate amount of deposits. Of course no attempt is made to *prove* that the decrease of crime and increase in savings bank deposits are the results of the application of the Gothenburg reform; the mere co-existence of the things is held to be sufficient warrant for inferring a causal relation between them. The ground idea of the plan, according to Dr. Gould, is to put the regulation of a recognized evil in the hands of the better element of the community, who shall hand over the profits received from it for social advantages rather than to allow persons who, to say the least, are endowed with an imperfect sense of moral obligation, to exploit it for private gain. That the "better element" has responded to the call and generously assumed the control of the "recognized evil" may be seen from the fact that the Christiania company, for example, contains among its shareholders one governor, two cabinet ministers, two royal chamberlains, one chief of police, two foreign consuls, two army officers, one teacher, five physicians, ten lawyers one member of parliament, seven government officials, twenty merchants, six manufacturers. and seven brewers.

The propriety of the Gothenburg plan of regulating the liquor traffic would not be determined by its apparent success or failure. Our condition would be wretched and hopeless indeed if we had to decide as to the propriety or impropriety of a proposal except by putting it into effect and watching its results. From the point of view of equal freedom, the Gothenburg way of regulating the liquor traffic is as objectionable as any other system of license and monopoly and restriction. Nevertheless it is interesting to find that not all the investigators of the Gothenburg plan coincide with expert Gould's view of its advantagelessness. We quote the following from the *St. James Gazette*, directing attention to the facts contained therein:—

"No scheme for the perfecting of the human race in the matter of drink looks more beautiful upon paper than the Gothenburg system; but, when it comes to be examined by the light of facts and exper-

ience, the results, as we have frequently had occasion to point out, are not quite so satisfactory. The Foreign Office report by Consul-General Mitchell, of Christiania, upon the working of the Gothenburg system in Norway, which has just been published, comes at a very opportune moment. The Consul-General evidently thinks that this plan of regulating the drink traffic is a complete failure, from the temperance point of view. It is a very nice thing for the rate-payers, no doubt. The profits on the regulated traffic pay partly for road-making, education, museums, hospitals, asylums, and many other of the equipments of the state. But the shareholders get a certain five per cent. on their investments, and the shares are frequently above par, and would always be so if the municipalities had not the right of re-purchase. The companies push their business as though they were enterprising Burton brewers. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that there is a steady upward rise in drunkenness. The most tangible result of the system seems to be that the State is largely 'run' upon the profits of drink."

---

### RURAL ELECTRIC ROADS.

---

THE report of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission calls attention to the new problem presented by the progress of electric railway. Says the commission: "The original idea and purpose of the horse railways are undergoing a radical change. From a local road furnishing an added facility for city or town travel, or a means of transit between communities which by reason of proximity are one in their business and social relations and interests, the electric railway is already stretching out into the trunk line, connecting remote centres of business and population. It is no longer the success of the omnibus line as the railroad was of the turnpike and stage line, but it is even now assuming the functions and dividing the traffic of the railroad itself. If this is to be its province, it is quite certain that

sooner or later the demand will come for the privilege of conveying merchandise as well as persons, and for a speed approaching that of the steam-car. Whether the free use of the highways of the Commonwealth shall be conceded to the electric railway for inter-town, inter-city, and interstate transportation without further limitations or regulations, or under what limitations and regulations, is a question for the Legislature to decide."

In other states than Massachusetts, the demand *has* come for the privilege of conveying merchandise as well as persons. In Connecticut more than a hundred schemes are said to be on foot to build electric roads connecting towns many miles apart, for freight as well as passenger traffic. The steam roads are naturally alarmed at the popularity of this idea, and they have appeared before the Legislature in opposition to the unrestricted grant of electric line privileges. Questions of equity are manifestly involved. The steam roads might suffer from the competition of parallel electric lines, and their rights need to be considered. Minnesota shows the effect of such competition. The Great Northern Railway has been compelled to withdraw its local trains between Minneapolis and St. Paul (ten miles apart) because of the electric line running between those cities. In Ohio and other states, projects for rural electric roads are under discussion.

It is said that in Connecticut the farming communities are somewhat hostile to the occupancy of the narrow wagon highways by electric roads; but this attitude will be considerably modified by a realizing sense of the great advantages that are sure to follow the building of such roads. The economic and social benefits of cheap rural lines for both freight and passenger traffic can hardly be overestimated. Even "abandoned farms" may hope to thrive again under the new conditions. It is a pity that such important questions will have to be settled by legislatures so incompetent and unreliable as those we generally manage to elect.

---

## PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the Special Number of the MANITOBIAN gotten up for the World's Fair. It will be a beauty and should be in every household. Several interesting articles will appear, by well known writers, together with portraits and sketches of our prominent men. It will be just the thing to send to friends. Watch for it. All orders should be sent in early to ensure being filled. You can obtain this fine number without extra charge by sending in your subscription for a year. Address all orders to THE MANITOBIAN PUBLISHING Co., Drawer 1371, Winnipeg, Man.

WANTED original articles on Manitoba and the North-west. Trappers, traders, miners, surveyors and travellers are invited to contribute to this magazine. Let us hear from you friends.

## LITERARY NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE May number of the *Colonist*, devoted to the interests of immigration and development of Manitoba and North-west Territories, is to hand and presents an attractive appearance. The *Colonist* is now in its seventh year, and is doing a good work. Published by Bailey & Co., Winnipeg. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

THE *St. Paul Daily Dispatch* is one of the best live American papers published. All World's Fair notes are published in full together with the latest telegraphic news. Its columns contain a regular library of information, and it is always a welcome visitor. "If you see it in the *Dispatch* it's so."

ANOTHER bright home paper is the *House-keeper*, published semi-weekly at Minneapolis by Buckeye Publishing Co. Every family should take it, especially where there are young folks. No better paper can be had for educating the men and women of the future.

THE World's Fair has received a gratuitous amount of advertising, and perhaps none has placed before the public better accounts of the doings of the Columbian Exposition than the *Daily Pioneer Press* of St. Paul. This veteran paper the pioneer of the Nor'-westers is always up to the mark, and this Columbian year presents its readers with a full bill of fare, without extra charge. Each issue is full of interest to all and should be read by everyone interested in the North-west.

IN the *Cosmopolitan* for May Camille Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, continues "Omega; or the last days of the world," which has proved of thrilling interest. While educating the readers it is as full of interesting surprises as the Arabian Nights entertainment. The illustrations which accompany it have probably never been surpassed in an American magazine.

THE *Grip* Printing and Publishing Co. are asking for tenders for the purchase of the comic newspaper we have all known so long as *Grip*. With the name and good will of the paper are to be sold: the subscription list and all amounts outstanding for subscriptions, the advertising contracts and amounts due thereon, and the title and good-will of the *Grip* Almanac. The date up to which tenders will be received is May 31st., 1893, and all information regarding circulation, advertising, etc., will be given on application to Mr. Howell, at the Company's offices, 201 and 203 Yonge St., Toronto. This will not affect the other business of the Company, as all other departments will be continued in the premises above mentioned.

IN speaking of family story papers, a well-known writer once said that the *Family Ledger* published in Los Angeles, California, is without question the cheapest and best printed illustrated family weekly in the world. Over 60 complete serials are run in a year's issue. The paper has many copyrighted features and is illustrated each week. To those who are unacquainted with this remarkable periodical, a special offer is made of 10 weeks for 10 cents. Few that read story papers will allow an opportunity to pass whereby they can secure so unique a paper for such a small sum.

*Toronto Saturday Night* is especially interesting at present to Manitobans. This high class weekly in addition to its newsy make up contains an interesting tale of the Canadian Rebellion of 1885 by George B. Brooks, a well known writer and formerly editor of the *Winnipeg Siftings*. The story is illustrated with scenes only too familiar to the boys who took part in the events related, and in them we are reminded of the days which can never be effaced. Everyone who is interested in this portion of our North-west history and times should get *Saturday Night* and read it. Published by the Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.), Toronto, \$2.00 per year. For sale by all news dealers.

## TO OUR READERS.

ON account of the recent fire in which the *Manitoban* was destroyed, we hope our readers will overlook the late date of this issue, and also any defects that may be noticeable. We also take this opportunity of thanking our friends and patrons for their kindness and hope to give our readers a better paper each month. The *Manitoban* invites original contributions pertaining to the country and solicits the patronage of all interested in building up our Province.