

LIKE JONAH'S GOURD.

THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE CITY OF WINNIPEG.

Douglas Sladen Tells of Its Past and Present, and Predicts Bright Things for Its Future—A Burst Blister Leaves No Lasting Scar.

A city of the plains! It sprang up like Jonah's gourd, but not to wither away. For it has become a great railway centre, and the capital of a country that announces its intention of putting Ontario into the shade. It is famous for its bright skies, which is fortunate; for the traveller who comes to Winnipeg in the rain sinks ankle-deep in black mud whenever he is not treading upon a dog. Outside Asia and Asiatic Europe, no place ever had so many dogs as Winnipeg. It recalls Constantinople itself. There are enough Newfoundlanders and setters and spaniels to fence in the town.

Like most Canadian towns, Winnipeg has first-rate wooden sidewalks, carried over on piles when it comes to depressions, but they get very rough in damp weather. Main street and Portage avenue, the two principal thoroughfares, are paved with wooden blocks, and are capital roads. The other streets are good enough in dry weather, but in wet they are morasses of black, sticky prairie mud, almost impassable for cabs. At such seasons Winnipeggers don't have to think if it is wet enough to call a cab, but if it is dry enough, and the only places dry enough to drive in are the ditches. This may sound like a paradox. It feels like one when your carriage has its axle on the lower side grazing the place where the curbstone ought to grow.

But Winnipeg need not care what it is when it is wet, for it hardly ever is wet, though it can be very cold or very hot at a few hours notice.

It is quite a city. The goose and goat outskirts are very conspicuous by their absence, though there is prairie loosely dotted with cottages not a great way from the City Hall.

Talking of the City Hall, it is fine enough for the city when it has 100,000 inhabitants. So is the Post office. So is the way in which the main thoroughfares are laid out. Winnipeg will be a very handsome city. There is nothing village-y about it. But it is at present a very new town, fine brick warehouses, like the depot of the great Hudson Bay company, alternative with low one and two storied wooden shanties, and the actual prairie, with its dwarf birch trees or dwarf sunflowers and Michaelmas daisies making inroads into it.

In these invasions of prairie it has two charming residential quarters. Fort Rouge, near the crumbling arch of the old fort of the Honorable Hudson's Bay company, and Armstrong's Point, unsuccessfully rechristened Victoria Park. Each has handsome villas embowered in the dwarf woods of the prairie and with grounds running down to the winding Assiniboine. I noticed one garden, known locally as the garden of Eden, from the name of its designer and proprietor, with terraced lawns such as one sees on the Thames, crowned by one of the quaint old bronze guns dated 1810 which Wolsey used in his historical Red River expedition. Seen on an autumn morning with the red and gold of the Canadian fall intensifying the mellow sunshine and the river reflecting blue from cloudless skies, these outskirts of Winnipeg are delightful.

Nearer is Winnipeg altogether new, for apart from old Fort Garry, and Kildonan, historic for Lord Selkirk's foreseeing colonization, there is St. John's, the Cathedral church of Rupertsland. Surely the most modest cathedral in the ten million square miles which form the hierarchy of Canterbury—a little stone chapel without tower or aisle planted half a century ago in the prairie with the prairie flowers still growing in its exquisite little graveyard. Inside, it is the plainest of the plain with no embellishment except memorials to deceased agents of "the Honorable Hudson's Bay company," and the huge tin ovens which prevent the stoves scorching the pews. But for all that it is impossible to regard this little church without emotion—the first consecrated spot where Englishmen lay down to their long sleep in the wilds of Rupertsland.

Under its shadow on the banks of the Red river, is St. John's Episcopalian school—an old school—and the new theological college, which will one day bear the same relation to Winnipeg's university as Trinity College to Melbourne University, or St. Paul's to Sydney.

Driving back along the Main street, one sees Indians in plenty, squaws carrying children slung on their backs, braves in blankets and braves in white men's rags.

What a contrast these to the Manitoba club, rivaling the best clubs in eastern Canada. The Manitoba club gave a dinner to the governor-general which, in the good taste of its decorations (cut flowers brought a thousand miles from Chicago), the admirable drill of the waiters, the sparkling and the champagne, was an example to a club dinner anywhere.

So his excellency seemed to think, for he did not rise from the table until 1 p. m.—Winnipeg time.

Of the prosperity of Winnipeg I feel sure. At present it is suffering from a burst blister. But this is only temporary, and those who hold on will reap their

reward, when they see another Toronto with its railways feeding it from a province embracing Ontario—and itself the distributing centre of manufactures to a population numbered by the hundreds of thousands.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

An idyl of Canadian life is what the critics style McKee Rankine's new play, *The Kanuck*. The character of the old French Canadian is certainly new to the stage, and affords opportunities which, if handled properly, would make a decidedly interesting drama. It is the first attempt, so far as I am aware—of course, I don't count the quixotic production of *Louis Riel* at Montreal, after the Northwest rebellion—to give to the public a play that has all the brisk flavor of our healthy northern life. I have often wondered that no native ever tried to use this country abundantly, and which possess, for dramatic purposes, all the elements of success and popularity.

Among the many Shakspearian revivals promised during the present season, none is attracting as much attention as Richard Mansfield's production of *Richard III*. His support will consist of no less than 35 principals, 4 court ladies, 25 supernumeraries, 3 costumers, stage carpenters, scene painters, and the regular outside staff, making in all 83 people. The costumes to be used have all been manufactured from originals in the British museum. The star's make-up will be an exact counterpart of the only authentic picture of the lurching King extant. In every historical detail the play will be as near perfect as possible. When Richard kills King Henry he is only nineteen years of age, and when he meets his own death at the hand of Richmond, he has but reached his 31st year. No actor ever before attempted to draw this distinction, but Mr. Mansfield intends to do it. As an actor, Mr. Mansfield, although quite a young man, stands very high. It is but a few years—not more than half a dozen—since he was engaged by the Union Square theatre management to create the small and almost insignificant role of the Baron in *The Parisian Romance*, but his art was so genuine that it at once made this the chief character of the play, and he was afterwards starred in it. Subsequently he was able to crowd the Madison Square theatre during the heated summer months, for several seasons, producing his now celebrated *Jekyll and Hyde* and other pieces. The past two years he spent in England, where he made an artistic, but for some reason or another, not a financial, success. So, on the whole, an excellent, if not a remarkable, performance of the wily Duke of Gloster may be expected from him.

It will be remembered that last year Louis Aldrich and A. O. F. made a very determined but unsuccessful effort to have the alien labor law construed or amended so as to cover English actors. This year they exerted themselves to have duties levied on all scenery brought into the States by foreign companies—it having been admitted heretofore as tools of trade—and as the Secretary of the Treasury has ruled in their favor they are happy. Wilson Barrett will be the first victim.

Those who favor the building of a large theatre in this city should read Mr. Boucicault's forcible objections to these kinds of playhouses from the actors, managers, and auditors standpoints, which appear in the current number of the *North American Review*.

What an amount of smallness there can be in a really great man has been shown by Henry Irving's recent and successful attempt to stop Frederick Leslie burlesquing him at the Gaiety theatre, London. When it is remembered that Irving was once himself a vaudeville artist the whole affair assumes a form of pettiness of the smallest and meanest dimensions.

I have to thank George Fawcett for two very excellent photographs of himself in the character of Curcio the Anarchist in *Paul Kaurer*; the role in which he made such a decided and pronounced hit as to call from men like Nym Crinkle the most unstinted praise. This week he makes his bow in Sig. Salvini's cast at Palmer's N. Y. theatre.

Many of our local singers might note with advantage the following clipping from the *Chicago Indicator*: "A vocalist who can look pleasant can do much to atone for her faulty singing, whereas good singing is often marred by facial gymnastics that would put a comic pantomime to shame."

Stanley Macy will go on the road in a few days for the sixth time with *C. O. D.* He is backed by James A. Price, a stock broker. It is reported that he desires to come this way.

The choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, will tour America this season, giving concerts of old Irish ballads, songs, etc. under the directions of the Redpath Lyceum bureau.

May Hampton is without an engagement. *The Spider's Web* has succumbed to bad business.

Mrs. Edward Harrigan is playing with

her husband in the West. It is her first appearance on the stage.

Mrs. E. L. Davenport is teaching dramatic classes in Boston.

The success of *Shenandoah* has been so great as to necessitate two companies. One to remain in New York city, while the other fills the road bookings.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke desires to purchase Col. Milliken's *Half Sea O'er*.

Adele Poole has secured from Kate Claxton *Boyle's Baby*.

This will be Salvini's fourth farewell tour.

Thomas F. McCabe, whose Curate in *The Wages of Sin* made him very friends in St. John, will be with Joseph Murphy this year.

The little actress who signs herself "Patrice" is a daughter of Dion Boucicault. A pleasant note from William Gill informs me among other things that his engagement at the Tremont theatre, Boston, is only temporary, as domestic affairs prevent him accepting anything of a permanent nature. Be it as it may, however, no one wishes him better luck than

OWEN T. CARROLL.

He Had Her There.

Mrs. Brown—I made that chalk-line on the floor to see if you had been drinking again, and I find that you have.

Brown—Pshaw! What's that prove? Don't you know that a woman can't make a straight line?—*Exchange*.

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Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Original amount insured: \$10,000 00. Dividend additions: 12,630 00. Total paid by the Company: \$22,630 00.

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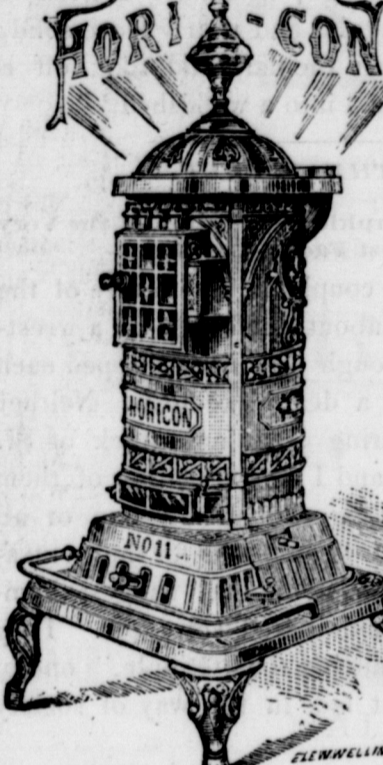
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