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Our German Cousins.

The letter from Leipzig (in our "Correspondence" column) on "England and Germany," is from the son of a leading bank manager resident in Montreal. Our correspondent received his early education in Germany, has recently graduated from Harvard University, and is now on a visit to the home of his boyhood. Canadians who have been engaged in the South African campaign are being permitted to give free expression to their opinions of that country, and we see no reason for withholding the views of an educated, thoughtful and observant student upon a matter of such concern as the attitude and feeling of our German cousins toward the British Empire.

Of course the chief interest of Canadians in this very interesting letter is to be found in the reference to the surprise felt in the German Fatherland at the magnificent part played by British colonists in the recent struggle to maintain the supremacy of their Mother Country.

"I long to know the truth hereof at large."
SHAKESPEARE.

The Press of the Period.

The logical principle of contradiction is that a thing cannot be and not be at the same time. Yet this axiom or law of thought does not bother the modern yellow newspaper reporter. We could not wish for a better illustration of the absurd contradictory things given birth to by him than the conflicting, contrary, inconsistent statements emanating on Saturday last from Washington and Che Foo. A representative of the press in the capital of the United States was credited with saying:

"Russia, Germany and Japan have not declared war upon China either separately or in concert.

This statement is made upon authority of the highest character."

An equally enterprising reporter in China cabled from Che Foo to his employers on the same day:

"It is rumored on good authority that Russia, Germany and Japan have declared war on China, and will invite England and the United States to retire."

Reputations and Buttons.

The cynic and misanthrope will be apt to chuckle with glee at the growing apathy of the British public in South African affairs. The London correspondent of a Montreal daily says that in the early part of the war a tremendous trade was done in bone buttons, with portraits of South African generals, which were sold in the streets at a penny each. Now there is a slump in these mementoes. Nobody wants to buy the buttons, which are sold ten for a penny, or given away for nothing.

However, the correspondent in question is merely recording the utter lightness in opinion of the mob, of which Shakespeare wrote:

*Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of your common men.*

The people of England may seem to this correspondent to be fickle and uncertain in their worship of military heroes, and the familiar faces of "Bobs" and Baden-Powell may be "given away for nothing;" but, when the present cruel war is over, the admiration of their countrymen for the service they have rendered to the Empire will be expressed by the most unequivocal signs. War has ever been the surest and speediest road to renown.