

ignorance. Had Kruger stayed until the end, no matter how bitter, taking his chances, with the rest, of the worst capture or capitulation could entail, he might have gone down in history as the misguided patriarch who sought to impose mediæval despotism on white men at the close of the twentieth century—and lost his sceptre and his country thereby, but who proved with all his faults to be a fearless patriot. As it is, he stands as the personification of selfishness, ready to make endless sacrifice of the blood and treasure of his countrymen but careful to ensure his own safety and material well-being.

.

THAT the cunning old gentleman has played unconsciously into England's hands cannot be doubted. Had he continued in person on the scene and eventually suffered capture, the disposal of him would have been an embarrassing task for Britain, as a halo of martyrdom would have encircled the venerable prisoner ending his days in captivity, or, at least, in exile, which would have tended to keep alive the antipathy of the Boers against British rule and blind them to the fatal errors of their former President. As it is, the picture of Paul Kruger with his bags of gold hastening to a place of safety, changes respect and pity into something remarkably akin to contempt and disgust. The awakening of the duped Boers, though long delayed, will be complete, and will inevitably make for the speedy assimilation of British ideas and the acceptance in spirit as well as in form of British rule, which they will quickly find means the rule of themselves and their fellow subjects for the benefit of all. Meantime the duty of seeing that the ex-president does not hatch any conspiracy against British power in South Africa or elsewhere devolves upon the power or powers within whose borders he finds an asylum.

Thus has Mr Kruger provided in the safest way possible for his own future good behaviour without entailing upon England the necessity of guarding one more prisoner of state.

.

IT is the custom to accord our climate a place in the category of Canada's natural attractions. Well, it may be. But the hurricane that tore through the country a few hours ago has blown away a good portion of such enthusiasm as was left in us, unfrozen, at the end of last winter. We are not, however, blind to the blessings that are ours in that we are not as other men are, climatically; and verily the loss of a million dollars and more to the country in damaged fruit crops and property destroyed by the storm and by fires which it fanned, pales into insignificance compared with the fearful visitation which transformed the prosperous city of Galveston, Texas, into a mass of ruins, where each pile of *debris* was a hecatomb. War with all its horrors cannot produce a scene so fearful to contemplate as that which was described to the world a few days ago, and which told of death and desolation unparalleled; ten thousand human beings, who at one hour were peacefully pursuing their regular routine of home or business life without any thought of danger, were, in the next, lying crushed and mangled and cold in death—their sepulchre the ruins of the haunts of their lifetime.

While we of the northern latitudes have our own climatic grievances, we can well afford to rest content when we see in the wake of the alluring climate of the South such death-dealing battles of the elements.

Vi