

spokenness largely discounted any party advantages on which the Ministry may have counted from the appointment of the Labour Commission. Some of his supporters are, we believe, of that opinion.

BRADSTREET'S Record of Business Failures in the United States and Canada is a remarkable as well as an instructive pamphlet. The amount of labour involved in securing the facts necessary to the preparation of such a record is prodigious. The statistics of credit-ratings and business failures are gathered, we are told, from 3,800,000 square miles of territory in the United States and Canada, by more than 100,000 correspondents, and on direct application to the mercantile and industrial community. Bearing these facts in mind, it is surely a wonderful triumph of careful investigation directed by trained business perception and analyzed with shrewd insight, that out of the 12,299 business failures in the United States and Canada, during 1890, the commercial world was practically forewarned as to 91.9 per cent. through the ratings of this firm. It is of interest, too, to observe in passing that large as the total number of failures may seem to be, it amounts really to but 1.15 per cent. of the more than 1,063,000 names of individuals, firms, or corporations that were rated. This fact is, we think, quite out of keeping with the popular impression as to the frequency of business failures. The amounts involved ranged from 7,632 with less than \$5,000 liabilities each to eighteen with \$1,000,000 liabilities and over. A most instructive table in the record is that in which the business failures and liabilities are classified as to causes. By far the most prolific cause of failures is lack of capital. To this cause is attributed no less than 55.8 per cent. of all the failures in Canada last year, and 37.9 per cent. of those in the United States. The next chief cause is incompetence, which is credited with 19 per cent. of the failures in Canada, and 18.8 per cent. of those in the United States. The remaining cases are distributed pretty evenly amongst some eight or ten other causes, such as commercial disasters, inexperience, neglect of business, speculation, etc. Many will be surprised to learn that but one-half of one per cent. are ascribed to extravagance. In view of the general reliability of their ratings and the large degree of co-operation between the business community throughout the two nations and the Bradstreet Company, that Company seems certainly entitled to claim that the results reached "reflect the confidence of the community in the integrity of purpose and the character of the Company's administration."

RUMOURS of the coming great European war are once more thickly interspersed amongst the despatches sent across the ocean. It is re-assuring, however, to note how small are generally the bases of fact upon which the alarming predictions are reared. Viewed in itself, there is something almost grotesque in the interchange of ceremonious courtesies and expressions of sympathy between France and Russia—red-hot republicanism and ultra-despotism. Still, even if it be that these demonstrations are the evidences of a close alliance already formed between the two countries, or are meant to lead up to such an alliance, it by no means follows that such an alliance means immediate war with the Dreibund. On the balance of power hypothesis, it should be an additional safeguard of peace. It is impossible, however, to shut our eyes to the fact that Russia, by the constant augmentation and movement of her immense army in the vicinity of the frontier, is keeping, and probably designs to keep, the great Powers of Central Europe in a state of perpetual uneasiness. If it be true that the Czar is about to seize upon the incident of the assassination of the Bulgarian Minister of Finance as an occasion for active interference in the Balkan region, that event may prove the electric spark to fire the train and lead to a great conflagration. It is possible, moreover, that the Powers constituting the Dreibund may one day lose patience with Russia's continual menaces and demand that she shall cease to augment her forces and manœuvre them so mysteriously, and yet so ostentatiously, in the face of her neighbours. They may conclude that it will not be the best policy to permit her, and possibly her new ally, to perfect their arrangements at leisure and chose their own time for hostile action. A recent utterance of one of the leading German newspapers is not without significance in this connection, and it seems, at present, quite as likely that the inevitable conflict may be precipitated by some demand of Germany and Austria for explanation as in any other way. The simple fact is,

however, that the situation is full of uncertainty in every respect, and that all attempts at forecasting are vain. The world can do nothing but watch the course of events.

THE LATE REV. K. L. JONES.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

IT seems sadly soon that the life and literary record of one whose signature has long been familiar to the readers of *THE WEEK* should have closed and closed abruptly. As a comparatively young man, Professor Jones might have been expected to see many happy and useful years: *Dis aliter visum!* We can but grieve for his premature loss, and endeavour to do justice to his genial and gentle memory.

The late Rev. Kearney L. Jones belonged to an old U. E. Loyalist family well known in the annals of our young country. His grandfather was one of a band of loyal brothers who, clinging to the "old flag," left their homes in New York State during the Revolutionary War, in which some of them took an active part, and finally settled near what is now Brockville. A grand-uncle of his was the hero of one of the most romantic and tragic episodes of that unhappy war, being the betrothed of the beautiful and ill-fated Jane McCrea, who fell a victim to a miserable dispute between the Indians who, at her lover's request, were escorting her to meet him at the Camp of Burgoyne, where they were to have been married. It is said that her betrothed, who lived a bachelor for many years, never smiled again after the shock of this sad event, which at the time made a great sensation on both sides of the Atlantic.

Professor Jones was the son of the late Sidney Jones, Esq., of Brockville, and grew up in the old family mansion of Rockford, which, with its substantial buildings and ancient trees, still presents a manorial appearance. At the foot of the cliffs that edge its shady grounds flows our beautiful St. Lawrence, to which Professor Jones was throughout his life so warmly attached, the ripple of its blue waters mingling with his earliest as well as his later dreams. After the usual grammar school course the thoughtful and studious boy went to study at Trinity College, Toronto, where he took his B.A. degree in 1866, that of M.A. in 1877, and that of B.D. in 1881. He took orders in 1867, and was curate at Kemptville and Madoc successively, becoming rector of Elizabethtown in 1868, where he remained till 1872. He then obtained leave of absence for the purpose of visiting England, where he was for a time curate to the present Bishop of Madagascar, and also held a temporary chaplaincy abroad. After his return he held successively the charges of Mountain and Edwardsburg and of Arnprior, and was married to the eldest daughter of Dr. O. S. Strange, of Kingston. The happy married life then begun was interrupted only by his death; and three children, as well as the beloved wife, survive to mourn their irreparable loss. In 1884 he made his last move, becoming Professor of English at the Royal Military College, as well as rector of St. Mark's Church in the vicinity of that institution. He died at his post, his last lecture having been given only two days before his sudden death. As a clergyman he was an earnest and successful worker, holding strongly to High Church principles, with which, however, he combined a spirit of broad and kindly charity towards the widely differing views of many friends, whom he valued none the less because their convictions were so diverse from his own. He was always willing to do justice to the opinions of others, always courteous and genial in discussing points of difference—animosities of all kinds being foreign to his nature, which preferred to welcome points of sympathy rather than dwell on points of discussion. He was eminently sociable, and bright and genial in conversation, even while a sufferer from the disease that ended his life.

His love of literature was genuine and enthusiastic. As a teacher of it, his great aim was to make his pupils love it as he did himself, not caring much for the modern methods of cramming students with philology and philosophical theory, but seeking to interest them in *literature itself*, and to lead them to "the well of English, pure and undefiled," to taste its excellence for themselves.

For nature he had a poet's enthusiasm—loving her in all her aspects, but especially delighting in the varied scenery of his native land, which was the favourite theme of many graceful poetic contributions to *THE WEEK* and other journals. His lines, "The First Robin," published about two years ago in *THE WEEK*, are a good example of his happiest style. The romantic early history of his native land also furnished subjects for his muse, as in his poem on "Frontenac," full of local associations, and in a spirited ballad which appeared in the *Dominion Illustrated*, called "The Old Nor-Wester." His last published production—the lines to Canada in a recent number of *THE WEEK*—well express his deep interest in the future of his native land, as to which he shared the hope of many Canadians that she may ultimately work out for herself an independent destiny of her own, achieving a worthy individual rank among the nations. He had a firm faith in her great possibilities, a firm faith also in "the divinity that shapes our ends," and so he could sing:—

Who sitteth supreme o'er the nations forever
Shall guide thee to greatness and shield thee from shame,
Shall crown with completeness each honest endeavour
That's done in the truth and the trust of His name.

This, after all, he felt, was the *main* point—the "righteousness that exalteth a nation" whether its government be monarchical or republican.

He was warmly interested in the scientific as well as the poetical aspects of nature. He had studied carefully and intelligently the writings of Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace and an able review of the "Darwinism" of the latter, which appeared in *THE WEEK* met with approval of the distinguished author. Among his literary work, too, should be mentioned a Canadian story published in England by the S. P. G. He took a warm interest in the work of Canadian writers in any department, and liked to submit his own productions to the kindly criticism of a friend.

Notwithstanding the beneficial effect of a trip to British Columbia the year before last, his health, restored for a time, again failed. Last summer he visited Poland Springs and also paid a visit to Concord, spending some weeks amid the picturesque scenery of that classic region. He returned considerably better, but during the winter just past his physical weakness compelled him to live very quietly and to abstain from much of his usual work. One snowy afternoon, a few weeks ago, the writer spent with him—not imagining that it was "the last time." Many favourable topics came up for discussion—among others the great modern social problem whose gravity he fully recognized, along with its strong claim on the earnest sympathy and efforts of our best minds and hearts. He had been a deeply interested hearer of Father Huntington's eloquent address in Kingston, and his remarks showed a warmer sympathy with the subject and a fairer appreciation of the speaker's views than is, perhaps, usually accorded him. He also discussed from a sympathetic point of view General Booth's great scheme for help, and remarked that he had, years ago, thought out and committed to paper a somewhat similar scheme to be carried out in our North-West, the unhappy rebellion which soon after broke out preventing him from giving publicity to his plan. One of the topics of conversation, that afternoon, was the great mystery of death which had evidently been much in his thoughts, and he read with touching emphasis some lines he had recently written, expressing his own feeling towards "the shadow feared of man" that was so silently and swiftly stealing upon him. They have an added significance now and may fitly be appended to this short and imperfect tribute to the memory of a singularly gentle and genial spirit, who will be much missed for many days to come, and most missed by those who knew him best. FIDELIS.

DEATH.

Why should we shudder when we see thee near,
When life flows strong,
When on the shore
The panting breakers leap and roar
Or when the groves are resonant with song,
Why should we shrink or fear?

Or if 'neath leaden sky and rain and hail
In measured moan
Is heard, afar,
The waves' break on the harbour bar,
And all the shiny sands with wreck are strewn
The spoil of last year's gale?

Men paint thee with repulsive visage—Death!
Thou art a friend,
An angel-guest,
Whose coming brings us what is best
Above our fevered brows I see thee bend
And soothe us with thy breath!

K. L. JONES.

Royal Military College, Kingston.

CLAUDE WILMOT: A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

I. CATARAQUI.

IT was the close of a sultry summer day in the year 1812. The waters of the Cataraqui, smooth as glass, mirrored the long reeds and grasses and the rich foliage of its shores. Bell Island, then as now almost united to the mainland by a marshy causeway, stood sweltering in the still scorching sun, though a mist had begun to gather above the water, and gave promise of near relief. Here and there a skiff moved leisurely over the surface, or an Indian with quicker stroke propelled his bark canoe. Looking towards the south-west the waters stretched away past Tete de Pont barracks, the old Fort Frontenac, into Lake Ontario, where the distant shore of Wolfe Island formed the horizon to a lovely scene.

At the Eastern end of the town, in the shadow of some poplars planted in the old days of French rule, by half-breed inhabitants of La Salle's village, stood a rough-cast cottage, with a garden sloping down to the river.

The walls had been covered with a yellow lime wash, and the low verandah was well overgrown with Virginia creeper. On the river side of the house was an old fashioned garden, where such flowers as were then in vogue grew together in charming confusion. Everyone connected with the place seemed to be absent or asleep. The bees humming drowsily among the sun flowers and hollyhocks were the only creatures who seemed to live and move.

An hour later, there was a step on the verandah, and, through an arch of convolvulus and clematis, a fair young girl entered upon the scene. She tripped lightly down the steps, paused to pluck a rose-bud for her hair, and walked quickly down the path riverwards.

Seating herself in a rustic bower of clipped cedars commanding a view of the Cataraqui northward, till the sky line was broken by what is now Barker's Point, Nora Cartwright gave her attention to a careful survey of the