

The fish that the skil is likely to compete with, or to be a substitute for, is the mackerel. They resemble each other in many respects, the skil being the more delicately flavoured fish of the two. Those who relish a fat, juicy, finely flavoured and in every way palatable pickled fish, cannot but be pleased with the skil. So far from resembling the codfish as food, it is, in almost every respect, the exact opposite.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON CANADA.

That capital paper, the *Canadian Gazette*, published in London, lately laid before the public the notes of a young English traveller on his rambles through Canada. The following observations on Eastern Canada will be found entertaining. He goes first to Ottawa, and a very beautiful city he found it. Its buildings are remarkably fine; in fact, the Parliament buildings compare favourably with St. Stephen's, except, of course, in size, and moreover, the Canadian structure has the great advantage of keeping clean. Though built of white stone and erected twenty years ago, there is not a sign of blackening or decay. This must be due to the beautiful clearness of the Canadian atmosphere, an atmosphere far removed from the moist, satisfying fogs to which Englishmen are accustomed. The Houses of Parliament are next visited, and one thing which particularly attracted his attention was the fact that each member of Parliament is provided with a locker, with pegs for his hat and overcoat and a miniature stand for his umbrella. What a boon it would be to the English member if he knew that when the day's duties were over he would be able to take home the same coat and umbrella that he brought with him, and not inferior ones. What a blessing, too, it would be if English members had a seat and a desk all to themselves, as have the chosen representatives of Canada. Such a rush and a scramble for seats as is to be seen amongst the smaller fry at our St. Stephen's is as indecorous as it is unnecessary. The free library attached to the Houses of Parliament is one of the most unique and comfortable that can be imagined, thus exemplifying the Canadian's principle of being comfortable whatever he does. His next adventure was a fishing expedition up the Gatineau. As for the fishing, it was enough to make a fisherman's mouth water. They caught in a day and a half over six dozen fine trout, weighing up to 2½ lbs. each. It fell to our tourist to be stationed in a punt with an accomplished and ardent fisherman, and, as he had never before caught a fish larger than a minnow, and was, moreover, provided with a very large salmon-rod which he could not control, friendly relations were at first somewhat constrained. His tackle at each cast would become effectually and affectionately entwined with that of his friend; and when, after manifold struggles, he did catch a fish, his want of control over the manœuvres of the rod was such that he invariably landed it upon his companion's hat at the further end of the punt. The whole expedition was entire novelty and a very pleasant one too. Driving home they had the good fortune to be caught in what Canadians called a "shower," but what seemed more like Niagara Falls let loose. They had no coverings, so he had to sit in the carriage and look pleased while a good-sized trout stream was coursing down their necks. On leaving Ottawa he travelled through the night to Toronto, and thus made his

first acquaintance with the sleeping cars of Canadian railways. They certainly are most luxurious on the Canadian Pacific system, with every convenience that can be desired. There is, however, this drawback to calling them sleepers. Each engine, instead of being provided with a whistle, has a large bell on the engine, much of the same quality and sweetness as that of suburban churches, and this monotonous ding-dong the stoker most zealously and continuously keeps going just as you are trying to get your first doze. The party arrived at Toronto just in time to see the great Exhibition, and of course the town was *en fête*, and crowded with strangers and sightseers from every portion of the Dominion. Thereby they were afforded an excellent opportunity of seeing what a free country Canada really is, for, prior to the opening of the Exhibition, the police scoured the town high and low, arresting all persons who looked at all seedy or suspicious, and taking them before the magistrate, their only crime being that they were "toughs"—a somewhat similar expression to the English word "roughs." Those of them who looked very wicked were at once sent to gaol till the close of the Exhibition, while the more respectable ones were banished from the town for a similar period, in order that they might not be tempted to commit any offence. This would certainly seem to justify the well-known American description of a free country—viz., one where everybody looks after everybody else's business. He then went to Niagara, quoting the lines of the gentleman from New York, with the flowing locks:

O Niagarer! Niagarer!
Be sure you are a staggerer!

In many things, our tourist thinks, Englishmen might learn from Canadians. Their general use of fruit at every meal is as healthful as it is enjoyable; and fruit, vegetable and provisions are in Canada generally very good and cheap, though it is not so with clothing, furniture and other necessaries of that kind. The people were found to be most hospitable; indeed, their only regret seemed to be that they could not do more for one. Then there are curious and amusing phrases in general use in Canada and the United States sufficient to write a book upon.

THE BATTLE OF THE SWASH.

Such is the title of a little book meant as an addition to the literature of the relations between Great Britain and the United States, with the fate of Canada thrown in as a sop for the whale. The author is Samuel Barton, who is represented by a New York newspaper reviewer as a nephew of Chauncey M. Depew, and the youngest looking man of his age in the great metropolis. The book consists of two parts—an historical one of events prior to the grand feat of arms; then "the Battle of the Swash" proper, wherein the ironclads of England are knocked out of time off New York harbour by two little dynamite rams "costing only \$50,000 a piece," whereat there was a fearful "funk" in England and a whirlwind of delight in the United States. But the tables were soon turned. The British ships came back, and, standing out in the offing, beyond the dynamite rams, Admiral Freemantle, commanding H. B. M.'s fleet, issued a proclamation that he was going to bombard the Empire City, bidding all the non-combatants to get out of the way at a double-quick. And he bombarded. The Brooklyn Bridge was

knocked into splinters; the Navy Yard was riddled and the whole of lower New York was a confused pile of ruins. Congress got scared, negotiations were opened and "the only serious question of difference grew out of the insistence by the British Commissioners that the United States should assume the indebtedness of the Dominion of Canada."

At the first glance, the Battle of the Swash seemed to have been a disaster for the United States. England got all the glory and all the money, and the United States got Canada and all the experience. But the latter proved to be infinitely more than it cost, in that it exploded the absurd system of miscalled "economy" which only "saved at the spigot to waste at the bung." The book ends in this wise:—Let us rejoice that this year of grace, 1930, we have so profited by the errors of our ancestors, that we now occupy unchallenged the foremost position among the nations of the earth; and that with our 200,000,000 of intelligent, prosperous and contented citizens—we can afford to look with indifference upon the wars and struggles of our less fortunate contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic.

Too late, alas! had the truth and wisdom of these words—written by that great founder of the Government, Thomas Jefferson—become manifest.

"Our navigation involves still higher consideration; as a branch of industry it is valuable; but as a resource of defence it is essential.

"The position and circumstances of the United States leave them nothing to fear from their land board, and nothing to desire beyond their present rights.

"But on the seaboard they are open to injury, and they have then, too, a commerce which must be protected.

"This can only be done by possessing a respectable body of artists and citizen seamen, and establishments in readiness for shipbuilding.

"If particular Nations grasp at undue shares of our commerce, and more especially, if they seize on the means of the United States, to convert them into aliment for their own strength and withdraw them entirely from the support of those to whom they belong, defensive and protective measures become necessary on the part of the Nation whose marine sources are thus invaded, it will be disarmed of its defense, its productions will be at the mercy of the Nation which has possessed itself exclusively of the means of carrying them, and its politics may be influenced by those who command its commerce.

"The carriage of our own commodities, if once established in another channel, cannot be resumed at the moment we desire.

"If we lose the seamen and artists whom it now employs, we lose the present means of Marine defence, and time will be requisite to raise up others, when disgrace or losses shall bring home to our feelings the evils of having abandoned them."

The "disgrace and losses" incurred by our ancestors in this brief but disastrous campaign, had indeed brought "home to their feelings the evils of having abandoned" the great interests thus earnestly pleaded for by the greatest statesman of his day; and the absurd folly of the so-called "economy," which prompted its abandonment, was at length reluctantly conceded by the noisiest and bitterest advocates of free trade throughout the land.

From these outlines, the reader will see for himself what manner of a book this is. As a trick of