

10 cents per pound, this advance being based on prices paid last year. They are creditors to the tune of \$61,000.

Now when we remember that the price at which tobacco leaf was offering in two Quebec counties last week was 6 to 7 cents the pound, the effect of throwing upon the market such a quantity as this may be imagined. Assuredly it is the reverse of encouraging to the tobacco people of Essex and some in Kent, who seem to think they can force the market up by combining to refuse present prices. They will have to wait a long time for the result they fondly aim to achieve. One year's prices are no criterion for those of another.

THE LATE JAMES LOCKIE.

The sudden death of this worthy gentleman, just after he had returned to his home from Toronto a week ago, startled the community of Waterloo, where he was well-known and esteemed, and gave a shock to hundreds of friends scattered all over Ontario. Mr. Lockie had resided in the town of Waterloo for twenty-three years, and while he was active in many other directions, he was best known through his connection with the Mercantile Fire Insurance Company, which was founded in Berlin many years ago. He was first inspector of the Mercantile and did much to build up its business and to increase its scope. He left the service of the Mercantile and served the Northern as inspector for several years, but when Mr. P. H. Sims retired from the position of secretary about six years ago, to become secretary of the British America, Mr. Lockie was offered and accepted the vacant position, and thereby resumed his connection with the Mercantile. He became managing director and continued in that position until 1897, when the head office of the company was removed to Toronto; he then became its president, but continued to reside as before in Waterloo.

Mr. Lockie's life, while not a very long one, for he was only 66, had been crowded with activity. He was a stirring man, with a strong sense of duty and much public spirit. While he served his immediate employers faithfully and capably he was not content with this, but worked for his town, for his county, for his country, wherever he thought he could do some good. As an insurance man, his wide knowledge of all matters connected with the profession and the sound judgment he brought to bear, with his straightforwardness and integrity, made him a good adviser and a valuable coadjutor. He was a fair-minded and equitable adjuster. At the time of his death Mr. Lockie was a member of the Berlin-Waterloo Hospital Board and president of the Waterloo Horticultural Society.

CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY.

It is natural to find the authorities of the Consumers' Gas Company, of Toronto, dwelling with interest upon the extent of the company's transactions when it is remembered that this year marks the jubilee of the company. It was founded in 1848, when Toronto had some 23,000 inhabitants, and for its first year sold 5,834,000 cubic feet of gas at \$5 per 1,000 feet. Last year its output was 707,211,000 cubic feet and the price was only 90 cents per 1,000. This price is, as Mr. Pearson pointed out, lower than in either Montreal or Buffalo, or, as we have previously stated, than some dozen other large American cities: some of them nearer the coal fields than Toronto is. It is further interesting to learn that the company supplies illuminating gas to 18,000 houses, which is equal to half the number of houses in the city. The increase in its output of gas of late years is the more astonishing when we remember that in 1891 no fewer than 2,200 gas street lamps were done away with by the municipality, and when the extensive use of electricity in shops and houses as an illuminant is considered. We would impress upon the company the importance of keeping up the quality and pressure of its gas, concerning both of which we have recently heard complaints.

The statement has been made by way of criticism that as the company's business grows and the price of gas is reduced it is increasingly difficult for it to get rid of the surplus profits. On comparing the printed statements of the company's business for several recent years this does not appear to be true. For example, the profits on the year 1898 are smaller than

either those of 1895 or 1894, although the company took in more money this year than in either of those. Thus:

	Receipts.	Net Profits.
Year ended October, 1894.....	\$609,902	\$270,665
Year ended October, 1895.....	616,168	262,617
Year ended October, 1898.....	628,416	262,101

Looking a little further into the company's accounts we find reason to think that even the \$262,000 profit this year would not have been shown but for the cheapness of coal and oil. This year the company has paid out for oil and coal \$188,000; last year, with a smaller output of gas, these materials cost \$210,000; and if coal should go up next year this year's saving of \$22,000 in this particular could not be counted on.

As to the huge profits which some people allege the company makes, and the attempts made, by means of suits at law, to get at and distribute them, it would be more satisfactory if the people who talk and write about these profits would demonstrate them from the annual statements. The company offered, some two years ago, if we remember rightly, to allow investigation of its books for that purpose. There is one point which seems to us significant and to the company's credit, namely, that it was *after* the legal decision of 1896, favorable to the company, that it reduced the price of gas from \$1.05 to 90 cents. The president referred in his address, we observe, to the proceedings some years since, brought against the company, and gave extracts from two of the judgments rendered. These distinctly state that the Consumers' Gas Company has not robbed its customers, but, we quote Mr. Justice Rose, has by reductions [in price] "possibly and probably given the plaintiffs more than they were entitled to." On such a pronouncement, made repeatedly and after searching enquiry, the company may repose with tolerable satisfaction.

THE FIRE AT DAWSON CITY, KLONDIKE.

Drunkenness and rowdiness are sufficiently hideous at any time. But they are doubly so when their consequences are so painful as appears to be the case in the fire at Dawson City last month where some forty houses were consumed. In a quarrel between two women of the town at the Green Tree saloon, on October 14th, one of them, inflamed with ill-temper and probably by drink, threw a lighted lamp at the other. The lamp broke, the oil spread, and the result has been the destruction not only of that and other saloons which can well be done without, but of the postoffice, stores, hotels, tailor shops, butcher shops, restaurants and other buildings to the number in all of forty.

There is no insurance against fire in that distant and desolate Klondike region, so that the losses sustained by proprietors in this fire are absolute. The destruction caused is the more serious for the reason that there were few enough roofs to cover the inhabitants even before the fire; building material is hard to get and the food and material swallowed up by the flames can ill be spared. Of all risks and dangers run by adventurers after gold in such a climate, and on the eve of the Arctic winter, surely none can be more frightful than that of having your roof burned over your head and hardly to be able to get boards or logs to put up another.

A FORESTERS' JAUNT.

There should be no reasonable doubt that mankind owes a great debt of gratitude to Dr. Oronhyatekha for what he has done to amuse them by means of his game of Forestry. He deserves to rank with the founder of the Kindergarten, the inventor of golf, the author of poker. Perceiving that Kindergartens could not well amuse or instruct adults; that poker with a cash ante—was forbidden to the many; and that "all hands" could not get away in the daytime to play golf, the clever Doctor evolved, or at least adopted, Forestry, with its meetings, its tinsel uniforms, its parades and its insurance attachment.

The Doctor's views of life are not sombre ones. They are not even as grave as might be inferred from the serious placidity of his expansive countenance. He recognizes that "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world" must be