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Pretoria!!!

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

It was something more than the exhilaration of lively and pleasurable sensations which on Tuesday last converted the citizens of Montreal into a wild, surging, be-ribboned, flag-decked multitude of singing, cheering humanity. It was the feeling of great joy at the prospective dawn of peace, the termination to a war which has been a source of misery and extreme wretchedness in many hitherto happy homes. The horrors of the campaign in South Africa have been hidden under the splendour of those mighty energies which break forth amidst the perils of conflict, and which human nature contemplates with an intense and heart thrilling delight. Attention hurries from the heaps of the slaughtered to the victorious chief, whose single mind pervades and animates a host.

But following the fall of Pretoria, we may reasonably expect a speedy termination to the war, and it was probably knowledge that the end is approaching, rather than the capitulation of the Transvaal capital, which produced the frantic, frenzied ebullition of great joy manifested by Montrealers on Tuesday night last.

It was a veritable surprise to those who have been wont to regard our citizens as incapable of enthusiasm

or of being carried away by intense excitement of feeling. Old men and maidens, young men and children, thronged the streets of the Canadian metropolis—laughing, happy, boisterous, shouting, singing, mad.

The carnival commenced early in the day, and at daylight on the following morning, some of the bacchanalian revellers were still on the street huskily maintaining that Britannia rules the waves, and that the wind was howling dismally through Oom Paul's whiskers.

The general merry-making took many shapes; but every one rejoiced with no common joy. From the small boy who with tousled hair and flushed face paraded the streets happy in the possession of a big flag and some fire crackers, proud to know that his brother was assisting to make history for the British Empire, to the old man who mumbled to his crony some recollections of the Crimean war—every one seemed to realize that the events of the past six months have contributed to the glory of Canada and aroused a national pride in the land we live in which can never be effaced.

And of our countrymen who have died in distant South Africa, we can sing with Bayard Taylor.

*Sleep soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valour wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.*

Truth by Accident. In addressing a large open-air meeting held by the Dutch at Pretoria just previous to the occupation of Johannesburg by the British, one speaker said:

"If the British were to be masters in the Free

"State and the Transvaal, might would be right, "capitalists would dominate the poor, who would "be sufferers by the change; and Hollanders have "no chance."

We may well forgive the falsity of most of these