

the chances of profit to the other. They put the whole thing in a nutshell by stating that the provincial fishermen are forced to eke out a beggarly existence which the meagre markets of the West Indies almost alone afford them, just because the doors of the United States are closed to them by the forbidding high duties. And the American merchant, when he essays to push a profitable trade on Canadian soil in goods that Canadian people really want, is met with the same obstacle of high duties. If these restrictions were removed, as they claim they ought to be, both parties would be benefitted, for both would have a paying market for their products. The interest in the matter is heightened by the fact that the President in his recent message recommended the appointment of a commission to settle this and other questions of a like character. The Boston Chamber of Commerce, the most important business exchange in the city, passed resolutions this week favoring the appointment of such a commission, "both for the settlement of the fishing rights, and for the negotiation of an equitable treaty of reciprocity with the Dominion of Canada and with the Province of Newfoundland, to the end that profitable relations with our nearest neighbors may be established, and for the general advantage of the commercial interests of the country." It is a dry subject, perhaps, to the general public on its face, (if a wet industry like that involved can be alluded to as a dry subject); but it is a vital and important question, nevertheless, and has soon to be settled definitely one way or another.

T. F. A.

## THE FRENCH FISHERY QUESTION IN NEWFOUNDLAND

### No. I.

The question of the French fishery rights in Newfoundland, which, like a sleeping volcano, breaks out at times with occasional eruptions that seem to menace the peaceful relations between France and England, is but imperfectly understood, not only by Canadians in general, but by the world at large.

Despite the everlasting sessions of the various commissions which have now been for centuries sitting at Paris to settle the disputes of the French fishery question in Newfoundland, it remains the same old story still—of outrages committed by the war cruisers of France on British fishermen in the British waters and on the British soil of the Island of Newfoundland, and unless the annually aggressive claims of the French are not soon promptly met by determined resistance, the matter bids fair to suddenly evoke the bloody arbitrament of war instead of the vinous indecisions of the commissions.

To such a length had these outrages been carried in the few years preceding 1875 that the question was boldly taken in hand by the council of the Royal Colonial Institute in London, in conjunction with the government of Newfoundland, and the writer was employed to draw up a full report on the subject.

This report, despite the remonstrances of Lord Carnarvon, the then Colonial Secretary, was first published and widely distributed in pamphlet form and may now be found in the "proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute" for 1875-6; vol. VII, p. 6.

The claims put forward by France upon the coast of Newfoundland, and virtually enforced by her squadron there, may be resolved into two classes:

#### I.

A claim to the *exclusive right of fishery* on that part of the coast extending from Cape St. John to Cape Ray, a distance including about *one half* of the entire coast of Newfoundland, to which the treaty of Paris (1763) only gave her a *concurrent* right.

#### II.

A claim to prevent the British inhabitants of Newfoundland from any occupation of land, situated within such limits, for mining, agricultural or other purposes; in fact, a claim to virtual territorial sovereignty of the same.

From a strict investigation of the whole question in regard to both these claims, it appears from the report—

1. That the French have only been allowed certain rights of fishing in the waters of Newfoundland *concurrently* with British subjects, and not to the exclusion of the latter.

2. That the French have only a right to occupy temporarily positions of the shore for fishing and for drying fish, and that they may occupy no more of the shore than is requisite for such purpose, nor for any time beyond the fishing season, the right of occupation ceasing at the end of each season.

3. That the concurrent right of fishing was limited to the coast, at distances from the shore, varying at different periods, for the purpose of taking codfish.

4. That British fishermen are not prohibited from using, nor have the French any exclusive right of using, any engines or machines for taking fish.

5. That the French have no right to take fish of any description in the estuaries or rivers of Newfoundland, whether on the so called "French shore" or elsewhere.

6. That no judicatory rights are conferred on the French by the Treaties, and, therefore, the interference exercised by their cruisers in disputes between subjects of the two nations is unjustifiable.

7. That there is nothing in any of the treaties to justify the assertion of a right to exclude British subjects from occupying and settling on that part of the coast called the "French shore" between Cape St. John and Cape Ray. Such a claim, in fact, affects the sovereignty of Newfoundland.

I propose in subsequent numbers to adduce some of the various authorities, documents, and treaties which confirm the above.

MILANION.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## RAMBLING NOTES IN BURMAH.

(Continued.)

And now for luncheon. We betake ourselves to the outer room, and call loudly for the peon. He comes at last. He is a Madrassee, and a most accomplished liar, but simple and childlike in manner, and most anxious, apparently, to please. "What got for tiffin, Comammah?" Pigeon English comes naturally to one in these parts. "What master please," is the answer. "Then let us have some soup, a little fish, a bit of mutton, a curry, and some fruit." This in a mildly sarcastic tone. "No got soup, no fish, no mutton got, sahib, curry got." "What curry, you old imposter?" "Moorghee (fowl) got ear," and off he goes, to return with the lately slain hero of the back yard, neatly hidden in a dish of well-boiled rice. And so, to our curry; and right good it is. You, whose livers have never frizzled under an Indian sun, know not what real good curry is like. Away! the sticky, yellowish, clodded mess, which European cooks would pass off upon us for such. Outside the Oriental (commonly called the Banchute) Club, or that other Eastern Caravanserai, from whose rain-beaten windows many a jaundiced phiz views disconsolately, to curse the cold and dampness of St. James' Square, the real curry is rare as charity, or a good mother-in-law.

Apologos, a yarn. I remember, once, meeting an old friend, up in the hills, in India, who, from having been a quiet, woman-dodging sort of a fellow—not a society wallah, by any means—had later, taken to frequenting lawn-tennis parties, handing chairs, brushing up his Europe clothes and his back hair, and, in fact, was generally supposed to be on the look out, in spite of Punch's advice to the contrary, for a partner with whom to share his bungalow, his buggy, and the three or four hundred mensural rupees with which he had hitherto managed to eke out his bachelor existence. He had, in short, developed that insane impulse which leads many a poor man to support another man's daughter.

"Hello! Brown," said I, "whence this tall hat and these toggeries. Is it true, as they say, that you are on the lookout for a wife. I hope she'll be a good one."

"Good wife be blowed," says he, "any fellow can pick up a good wife. I'm on the look out for a good mother-in-law."

But, to return to our mutton, or rather our curries. Have you ever tasted the prawn curry of the East? Most fat and rich the prawns are, when taken from the streams in cholera time! Or the hot cabob, sandwiched between green chillies? Or the savoury fish-curry of the Straits, with rice, each grain separate and distinct, yet softly boiled! And coconut chutney, freshly made? And to crown all, a powdered sprinkling of the famous Bombay duck? If not, I would recommend an eastern trip, for these, if nothing else.

The curry and rice discussed, we give our attention to a dish of fruit, such as we have not seen in Madras. First comes the dorian or Jack fruit, large as a pumpkin, and luscious to the taste, but of an odor so strong, peculiar and abiding, that I should always prefer partaking of it in a friend's home to my own. This fruit, and the plum-like mangosteens which lie beside it, claim the Straits of Malacca for their home. The late Burmese monarch was very partial to the dorian, and vessels laden with it passed Rangoon *en route* for Upper Burmah, often in the season. One could identify the cargo from the small miles away upon the shore. The mangosteen bears, enclosed in a purple pulp, a small, white kernal, which melts away like the most delicious ice-cream, or fondant in the mouth. It is the most delicate of all fruits.

The plantain and custard apple and mango are also both good and common in Burmah, and pine-apples are as plenty as turnips in this country. Beef and mutton are scarce and bad—hence their absence from our fare to-day. Sheep cannot live upon the ground, and to keep up a supply for the "Hospital," we had, later on, to feed and lodge them on that building. Fish, we understand, is much used by the natives; vegetables also; but with his spare fish he concocts a villainous, ill-smelling compound called *napee*, made of putrid fish, salt, and chillies,—and with these he flavors the insipid soup of rice which forms his usual diet.

A cheroot—and Burman cheroots are not to be despised,—a siesta in a long arm-chair, precede our first stroll into the streets of Rangoon.

T.

Mark Twain told a newspaper reporter that he was going abroad in order to find a quiet place to write where he could not be disturbed once a day. It is singular that it never occurred to him to remain at home and secure a desk in a store that doesn't advertise.

"Know him," said Pat, speaking of an acquaintance; "Bodad, I know him when his father was a small boy."

With four metallic qualifications a man may sell pretty certain of worldly success. They are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

A milkman at the pump was seen,  
One morning bright and early;  
He wore a sad and solemn mien,  
His hair was thick and curly.

A chill of disappointment fell  
Upon his manly soul;  
He felt a grief no words could tell,  
Across his spirit roll.

Why did he clutch his tangled hair,  
And in wild accents cry?  
Why did he yield to deep despair;  
Alas! the pump was dry.

—London Figaro.