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Poor Spain.

There would be a fair chance of recovery for poor unhappy Spain, immersed in grief and sorrow as the country is over her lost possessions, and the destruction of her modern Armada, if some firm and settled Government would ensure peace and quiet by declining to hold the threatened enquiry into the causes of the war, and by seizing the first opportunity to suppress what a London paper calls "that superannuated bogey," Don Carlos. It is reported that the Pretender has issued a manifesto—from a safe distance. He evidently thinks that a political disturbance is what Spain needs. But his attempts to stir up sedition are being balked by the Spaniards' sense of humour, which has been fully aroused by frequent and funny allusions to Don Carlos as "a ridiculous nightmare." A financial journal, evidently smarting over the periodical disturbance of the money market by rumours of a Carlist rising, says:—As for Don Carlos and his mischief-making crowd, let them once for all understand that when a Sovereign shows his inability to sit on a Throne he and his descendants forfeit that Throne for ever. Orderly government the world over would be endangered by admitting that the gradually-accumulating horde of derelict royalties can continue to vamp up claims to the thrones they have forfeited.

Kipling's Recovery.

The news that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is on the road to recovery will be received with great rejoicing by his army of admirers, the wide world over. Soldiers, sailors, students and statesmen in every part of the British possessions will be glad to know that the strong and gifted poet is being nursed back to life in the sympathetic city of New York. The universal interest manifested in his condition is likely to give greater pleasure to Mr. Kipling, than all the praise bestowed upon his works by friendly critics. Recalling his lines addressed to The Undertaker's Horse, we are glad to know he is not yet to "quit the sunlight," and follow after others, as expressed in the verse we quote:—

*It may be you wait your time, Beast,
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast,
Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the glass.
Follow after with the others,
Where some dusky heathen smothers
Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.*

Only a Town.

"Born 39 years ago, in the town of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, of Scottish parents,"
Daily Telegraph (London, Eng.) Feb. 10th.

In October last, we had occasion to point to a paragraph in a British "actuarial and statistical journal," recording a destructive fire at "New Westminster, Victoria, Australia," and we then mildly requested insurance companies having their head offices in London to kindly inform the editor of the paper in question that geographical acquaintanceship with the principal cities of Canada would enable him to find New Westminster in the Fraser River district of British Columbia. We were not vexed at that display of deplorable ignorance of our great Dominion, and even the above description of the province of New Brunswick as a town in Nova Scotia does not disturb us. No Canadian of an even, composed frame of mind and of a steady temper will permit himself to worry over the above paragraph. But it does suggest the possibility of other inaccuracies in the Telegraph's report of the wedding of Mr. Alexander Macdonald, "the king of Klondyke," of which it forms a part. An editor who describes New Brunswick as a town in Nova Scotia cannot surely complain if we decline to accept as reliable his version of the remarkable career of Mr. Alexander Macdonald, who, according to this London newspaper, when in Mexico was ruined by "the very richness of his mines;" departed for the gold fields of Alaska (!) in 1895, when Dawson City was a collection of huts; became king of Klondyke and the possessor of twenty-seven millions sterling (\$135-