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A Notice of Removal.

When will people, apparently sane on all other subjects brought to their notice, cease to search for escaping gas with a lighted lamp or candle? The latest aspirant after knowledge of carburated hydrogen and olefiant gas lived, when on earth, at Clapton, England. After a brief search for the escaping aeriform fluid, he suddenly left for his just reward in company with a friend, and a house which did not belong to him. We regret to record that some insurance companies are said to have been interested in this old, old illustration of folly and curiosity.

Midshipman Guy of the "Barfleur."

"And we'll drink to-night, to
the midshipmite."

For heroism at Tien Tsin, Basil Guy, a middy belonging to H.M.S. "Barfleur," has won that most coveted distinction, the Victoria Cross. We have not yet been favoured with a detailed account of his display of courage, but it is quite clear, from the information flashed across the Atlantic, that he made a remarkably brave effort to save a sailor's life. It is easy for Montrealers to picture to themselves the boy who distinguished himself at Tien Tsin, and it makes one's bosom thrill with pride to think that this plucky midshipman is simply a little representative of the navy of Great Britain.

We have been made familiar in that popular song "The Midshipmite," with the wounded lad, whom the crew of the cutter, after spiking the Russian guns, declined to leave. They sang:

"We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die, sez we."

Basil Guy represents the strong and handsome boy with fearless eyes and self-reliant manner, who, during the visits of warships to our port, is sometimes seen in the stern-sheets of a twelve-oar'd cutter. When the boat reaches the landing-stage, he

jumps ashore and walks up and down, possibly awaiting the arrival of some distinguished guest. Any one of the boat's crew committed to his charge looks equal to the task of spanking the child-like representative of authority. Yet, it is one of these midshipmen who has now been rewarded with a Victoria Cross for endangering his own life in the attempt to save that of a seaman. So long as lads of the type of Basil Guy of the "Barfleur" are found on our ships, foreign critics need not bother themselves about the decadence of Britain.

The A writer in the New York "Evening Maritime Post" after describing the political vicissitudes of Lord Salisbury, President McKinley, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier as "triumphs for Opportunism," seems to find it difficult to account for "the Canadian Conservatives' ignominious defeat in their old stronghold, the Maritime Provinces." For want of knowledge he then hazards the supposition that "the argument from prosperity worked with especial force in this COMPARATIVELY POOR PART OF THE DOMINION."

It may interest the "Evening Post" to know that the "comparatively poor part" of this Dominion is possessed of greater natural resources than any slice of territory of similar size from Cape Sable to the Arctic Ocean. Nova Scotia has coal, gold, iron, lumber, and fish enough to make the people of that peculiarly happy part of the Dominion laugh at the Yankee notion that they are "comparatively poor." A glance at the condition of the chartered banks of the Maritime Provinces tells a story of thrift and comfort rather than poverty, and a peep into a Nova Scotian home in the mining, fishing, or lumbering regions would open the eyes of this seeker of causes for political results.

Our American cousin will have to guess again.