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**A Warm
Welcome
to the
Sailors.**

To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste ;
But the happiest hour a sailor knows
Is when he's down at some inland town
With his Nancy on his knee, Yeo Ho !
And his arm around her waist.

The Mikado.

Once again the streets of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, are enlivened by the presence of British blue jackets, marines and artillerymen. By common consent, the virtual freedom of the city has been conferred upon them, and a warm welcome everywhere extended to the pride of the Empire. As Admiral Sir John Fisher can probably testify, there have been many changes in the naval service even since he first arrived at Halifax on one of the ships of the North American Squadron. The old-fashioned frigate, carrying twenty or thirty guns and with lofty spars which admitted of "manning the yards," and enabled the smartest topmen to lay aloft in the fashion required by the Gilbert and Sullivan opera from which we quote, has disappeared, or is doing duty as a coastguard ship. In her place we have the battleship and the armoured cruiser with their turrets, fighting tops, quick-firing guns of the most modern construction, and a torpedo armament which has called for and obtained a very high order of intelligence and special training for officers and men. There are also other changes tending to make a life on the ocean wave attractive to those whose choice it is to pass their lives in Kiplingesque fashion—"A-servin' of Er Majesty the Queen."

The days of long voyages are passing away, and officers and men of the ships comprising the Squadron commanded by Admiral Sir John Fisher have their lines cast in pleasant places when passing many months in the magnificent harbour of Halifax, the most pleasant summer city in British North America; varied by a week in historic Quebec, and a few days of dalliance

' down at some inland town '

like Montreal, whose people are always ready to extend the most friendly greeting to representatives of the British navy.

But, whatever changes may be noticed in the ships on the North American Station, the sailors remain unchanged, and, knowing what strong hands and what brave hearts they have, we like to see Jack at play, and would be willing, if able, to even share with him the delicious emotions of the unchangeable horn-pipe. It is easy to understand the liking of folks ashore for the British sailors and marines. They know that when Queen and Empire needs his services afloat or ashore, on sea or land, the careless laughing, rollicking man-o-war's man will spring into activity so dauntless, so valiant and heroic that the world cannot surpass it. It is the history of the navy, past and present, that makes all classes of citizens merry and hospitable when Jack's ashore, and Admiral Sir John Fisher and the officers and men of the ships now visiting Montreal may rest assured that the welcome extended to them is genuine in its warmth, and that we are glad to see them in our midst.

**The
Monsonian
Crop.**

If He play, being young and unskillful, for shekels of silver and gold,
Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The kid was ordained to be sold.

Rudyard Kipling.

The British insurance journals have contained many distressing stories of the downfall of young Englishmen to whose vices Monson, of Ardlamont, in his capacity of tout for the bloodless sharpers and money-lenders of London so pleasantly pandered. Monson has been removed from the busy world for a period of five years; but some of his victims are still reaping the aftermath of their wild oats, and the crop consists of suffering, disgrace and ruin. In the case of Arthur Frank Bunbury, described as "a tall, gentlemanly young man," who pleaded guilty at the June sessions at the Old Bailey to forgery and obtaining money by false pretences, the Recorder, Sir Charles Hall, has postponed sentence, and the story of Bunbury's career as told in court leads us to sincerely hope that the Recorder may yet yield to the pleading of the prisoner's counsel, who said that, if the court would deal leniently with the youth, he would be "sent to a friend in Africa to recommence life."