

THE COLOSSUS OF THE WORLD.

Some years ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie became the head of a syndicate controlling a London evening paper and a number of provincial papers. We believe Mr. Carnegie's object was to educate the masses in this country as to his principles and ideas. We remember hearing Mr. Carnegie proclaim, before the Iron and Steel Institute, that he looked forward to the time when the people of Britain and America would be re-united under one government. Some one very promptly enquired, "Which government?" but the question was not answered. Mr. James Gordon-Bennett experimented on the English public with a London edition of the *N. Y. Herald*, and where he failed Mr. Carnegie was not likely to succeed. If Mr. Carnegie, who spends much of his time here, does not now own one of the iron trade papers, it appears to be his "organ," judging by the frequent reference to Mr. Carnegie printed prominently in the paper. But for the *Iron Age*, of New York, a long article on Mr. Carnegie, what he has done, and what he proposes to do, would have escaped our notice. The *Iron Age* of 19th ult., reprints this article, and remarks: "The American iron trade will find the following 'blast' entertaining summer reading. It was 'specially' contributed to an English contemporary." According to our contemporary, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, if not one of the greatest men ever seen on earth, is the Colossus of the ironmaking world for all time—beside the Carnegie concern, "Krupp's works at Essen are not of much account." This no doubt is Mr. Carnegie's opinion, but it is not that of most people. The name of Carnegie is known throughout the States as that of a manifold millionaire, who has raked in the riches offered to him by the fiscal system which taxes the many for the benefit of the few. Mr. Carnegie is one of these few. At best Mr. Carnegie is a creature of circumstances, and he is an excellent type of the class who after being enriched at the cost of the people, at the expense of their customers who are prevented from buying in the cheapest markets, turn round and say, "Alone I did it, behold what a great man am I." Mr. Carnegie says his various works have cost six millions sterling, and he has been offered ten millions for them. About one-half the railroads in America are now bankrupt; hundreds of millions sterling have been spent in these lines, but no one would offer 50c. in the dollar for the stock. Mr. Carnegie has done well by the tariff, which made his fortune, but it has ruined most of his customers, who were compelled to pay 100 per cent. too much for their material. We don't find fault with Mr. Carnegie for taking all the good things which the tariff secured for him, but we are amused to find an English paper going into ecstasies over Mr. Carnegie and his millions. As to Krupp's works being not of much account. The products of the Carnegie works are unknown outside the area preserved for them by the tariff, but Krupp's guns, railroad material and other manufactures are known and appreciated in every market in the world. Mr. Carnegie may be a great man in his own country, but he is nobody out of it, though we must qualify this, as the trade paper we are quoting from a few weeks ago made the following announcement:—

"There is no American who is better known in English political circles than Mr. Carnegie. He is a *persona grata* with both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery; he is hand-in-glove with Sir William Harcourt, and most of the other members of the present Cabinet have at one time or another accepted his hospitality."

Mr. Carnegie is a great man in America, because his customers are compelled to deal at his shop; the law will not allow them to spend their money where they get most value for it. Our contemporary states that at the Carnegie works "the profits which are realized at home are good enough, as a rule, to allow of a large remainder being sold elsewhere, if need be, at a loss." Then we are told that "a single brain," which appears to be doing nothing at some ancient seat in Sussex, is really threatening the greatest of our industries, and that if the home market will not absorb all the output of the Carnegie works, the surplus is almost certain to be thrown on the European markets. If this is the "most formidable danger confronting the greatest of our industries," we have much to be thankful for, and we join with *The Iron Age* in a smile at "The Colossus of the Iron-making World."

FIRE BRIGADE MEMORIES.

In the course of his description of the sayings and doings at the recent convention in Montreal of the chiefs of fire brigades from all over the United States, a reporter of the *Gazette* gave an entertaining account of some incidents of firemen's lives in Montreal, entitled "Memories of the past." He was chatting over old times with Mr. Joseph Beaulieu, supply officer of the fire department, when along came Assistant-Chief Beckingham, who, with a smile, joined in the conversation of his old companion in the old No. 2 station, which was in former times located at Court House square. They told stories of the olden days by the score, and some of them were very amusing.

People talk of the good old days, but Messrs. Beckingham and Beaulieu have the satisfaction of knowing that they had their share of joys as well as hard work. They enjoyed many a hearty laugh over the escapades in which they have indulged in their younger days. Their station was the favorite one with all around town. Although the station was small and the number of men equally small, still they succeeded in several ways in entertaining not only their visitors, but themselves.

There is, however, another side to the story, and that is the hardships they were called upon to endure at times. The pay was small, and as they were not very fully provided with changes of garments, many a night after returning from a second or third fire, wet and weary, they would lie down on their beds and cover themselves up with whatever material they could secure, and with their dripping and wet clothes they would fall asleep, and when they would awake in the morning the steam would arise from them in clouds when the coverings were thrown off.

"John and I are still alive yet," said Joseph. "Yes, we are, and I don't know how we stood it so well," replied John.

The station was a small one, and only the reel divided Messrs. Beckingham and Beaulieu from the horse, and the one slept over the other as in ship fashion.

"Do you remember one night that you were off, John?" asked Mr. Beaulieu.

"I am not very sure of the one you refer to," was the answer.

"Well, it was the night that when you came back to the station you found some one in your bed dressed up in full uniform. You did not like to disturb him and so you went and slept on a bench for the night. In the morning when you awoke you thought it was time for him to get out and give up the bed to you. Then you found out that it was one of your old uniforms stuffed with straw."

Mr. Beckingham remembered it, and had a hearty laugh.

The joke did not end here, as the "stuffed" fireman was placed outside the station and against one of the alarm boxes, and several people went up and asked him where the fire was. Among them was one of the British army officers, and as he could not get any satisfaction he went away muttering unpleasant words about the useless fireman stationed there.

During the Fenian raid the firemen had to do patrol duty around their districts for fear that the stations would be set fire to, and then some of the larger buildings afterwards. They also had to do police duty as well, and Mr. Beaulieu claims to have made two arrests, one of his prisoners being dismissed and the other one fined \$1.

Assistant Chief Beckingham's record is well known to the residents of Montreal. He is one of the most noted members of the brigade, is deservedly popular, brave and fearless in the discharge of his duties. He has on more than one occasion distinguished himself. After the fire on St. Urban street in 1887 he was presented with a medal for bravery on that occasion. At the St. James' Hotel, on the 18th March, 1873, he succeeded in saving life at great peril to his own. In October, 1872, Mr. Beckingham again rendered valuable services at the fire at St. Patrick's Hall, when he was successful in saving the society's banner, which was valued at \$1,200.

In January, 1881, Mr. Beckingham, at the request of the insurance companies, took charge of the salvage corps.

When attending a fire on St. Paul street Mr. Beckingham had a narrow escape for his life. He was going up stairs, and when at the head of the stairs he thought he saw an opening

ahead of him, and was hesitating about going forward with the branch in his hand, when the late Chief Bertram gave him a push forward and he fell down among some packing boxes on the flat below, but was not hurt.

On the death of Assistant Chief McCulloch in 1890, Mr. Beckingham was promoted to this position, a promotion which was well deserved and has given satisfaction.

MISDIRECTED IRONY.

Many stories are told of the late Lord Bowen's gently ironical manner, and no man of this generation possessed that particular gift in the same highly-wrought perfection. But it occasionally proved a drawback to him, especially in dealing with juries. Once during the short time that he went on circuit he was tempted to sum up ironically. It was the cause of a burglar who had been caught *flagrante delicto*, having entered from the roof, and taken the precaution to leave his boots on top. His defence was that he was in the habit of taking midnight strolls on the roofs of houses, and he was tempted by curiosity to descend and have a look at one of the houses. Lord Bowen treated the defence very seriously. "If, gentlemen," he said to the jury, "you think it probable that the prisoner considered the roofs of houses a salubrious place for an evening walk, if you suppose that the temptation to inspect the interior of the houses beneath him was the outcome of a natural and pardonable curiosity, in that case, of course, you will acquit him, and regard him as a thoughtful and considerate man, who would naturally remove his boots before entering the house, and take every precaution not to disturb his neighbors." To the judge's amazement, the jury took him at his word, and promptly acquitted the prisoner.

THE TARIFF AND THE DRY GOODS TRADE.

The merits of the tariff bill as a measure of reform or of politics cuts very little figure with the business community—more or less tariff just now is of small importance in comparison with the question of relief from uncertainty. Everyone hails that approaching relief with delight, for with the tariff question disposed of business will soon find a basis upon which it can resume the activity so long suspended. It is very probable that there will be a very lively movement in many lines the moment it becomes certain that the bill is a law. Conditions are peculiarly favorable to rapid resumption of business activity. Two very important factors are abnormally low prices, very short stocks in most classes of goods, and the need for replenishment by consumers. While some manufacturers are without question heavily stocked, it is equally certain that distributors' shelves are bare. Neither jobbers nor retailers have any but skeleton stocks; and they are in excellent shape to absorb large quantities of goods. Moreover, shrewd buyers look for a marked upward reaction in prices on many classes of goods. Reduced duties have been not only discounted, but a great deal more; and sellers, in their eagerness to keep their mills going, to meet competitors' prices, or to hold their customers, have forced prices far below intrinsic values. Even a moderate buying movement would change this condition, and with short stocks in producers' hands, as is generally the case, prices will rapidly stiffen to a normal and natural basis.

Those who expect a slump, therefore, immediately following reduced duties, will be disappointed, and for many goods prices will be higher before they are lower.

There has been a great deal of animation of the expectant kind among importers this week. After complete paralysis for many months there is again promise of speedy activity, and, if the Gorman bill becomes a law, next week will see a wild scramble to get goods out of bond and make quick deliveries to potential customers. Deliveries of imported goods thus far have been trifling in quantity, nearly all contracts having been conditional; and consequently the United States warehouses are crowded beyond precedent with goods in bond, waiting for the tariff muddle to be settled and for values to be replaced on a safe basis. Early in the week a marked access of movement in imported goods began, and the week's transactions indicate clearly that with the tariff settled buyers will take hold eagerly.—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.