

rumored betrayal of a young girl—an inmate of the Orphan's Home—by a young man well connected in this city. The HOME JOURNAL has inquired into the case, and is of the opinion that the publication of the circumstances surrounding the affair would accomplish no good, and only be making public the weak side of our social conditions.

The fact that the U. S. salmon combine has not succeeded in the attempt to dictate prices to owners of goods at distributive points is suggestive in a measure, and there is some doubt that their peculiar methods will meet with as much favor this year as they did last season. However, the combine profess to have already contracted a considerable portion of the 1894 pack in one way or another, and manifest no sign whatever of inclination to change their plans. Present appearances are that they will do the bulk of carrying the pack this season.

#### JOHN BULL AND COMPANY.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for September contains a characteristic article by Max O'Reil on "John Bull & Company," from which THE HOME JOURNAL culls the following:

An Englishman was one day swaggering before a Frenchman about the immensity of the British Empire, and he concluded his remarks by saying: "Please to remember, my dear sir, that the sun never sets on the possessions of the English." "I am not surprised at that," replied the good Frenchman, "the sun is obliged always to keep an eye on rascals."

France is the foremost country in the world. This is a fact which it were puerile to seek to prove, seeing that the French admit it themselves. Happy and content in their own country, which is able to support them, the French, of all the nations in the world, are the persons who least bother their heads about what is happening outside it; in fact, the masses of the people are in crass ignorance about the rest of the planet. The Frenchman believes in his heart that foreigners were created and sent into the world to minister to his diversion. He looks upon the Belgian as a dear, good simperton, the Italian as a noisy nobody, the German as a heavy, pompous pedant, he thinks the Americans mad, and the English eccentric and grotesque. And he goes on his way delighted. I have seen French people laugh side-splittingly when I told them that the English drink champagne with their dinner and claret at dessert.

To be sure, my own way of looking at these things is very much the same. How should it be otherwise? After all, a Frenchman is a Frenchman to the end of the chapter. Of one thing, at all events, I am firmly convinced, and that is that one nation is not better nor worse than another; each one is different from the others, that is all. This is a deep conviction forced upon one by travel. And I hope the reader, when he closes these pages, will be able to explain to himself how the English have succeeded in founding the British Empire. In India is to be seen John Bull Pasha, a grand seigneur followed by gaily-robed servitors who do profound obeisance to him. It is the master in the midst of a subjected people. In the colonies the conquered races have been suppressed.

In Canada you see John Bull quite at home, busy, fat and flourishing, a pink tip

to his nose, and his head snug in a fur cap; it is John Bull in a ball. It is the seal. In Australia you see him long and lean, nonchalant, happy-go-lucky, his face sunburned, his head crowned with a wide-brimmed, light felt hat, walking with slow tread, his arms pendent, his legs out of all proportion. It is John Bull drawn out. It is the kangaroo. But it is John Bull still, John Bull Junior, eating his morning porridge, and living just as if he were still in his old island, eating his roast beef and plum-pudding, and washing it down with tea or whiskey. He is hardly changed at all.

Let us then study the English in all those countries that are to be seen marked in red on the maps of the world published in English countries that John Bull has acquired at the cost of very little blood and a good deal of whiskey, always converting the natives to Christianity, and their territory to his own uses.

Here, in Australia, as well as in other colonies, I cannot help being struck with the fact that the English colonies are in the hands of the Scots. Out of seven governors, five are Scottish; the president of the legislative council is a Scot, and so are three-fourths of the councillors; the mayor of Melbourne is of the same nationality, and the agent-general in London is another Scotman. England ought not to call her colonies "Greater Britain" but "Greater Scotland," and the United States might be named "Greater Ireland." As for the South of New Zealand, it is as Scotch as Edinburgh, and more Scotch than Glasgow. Go to Broken Hill, the richest silver mine in the world, and you will see five great shafts leading to the treasures of the earth; these five great shafts bear the following names: Drew, MacIntyre, MacGregor, Jamieson and MacCulloch, five Scots. It is the same thing everywhere.

Melbourne, the intelligent, the much-alive, closes its museums on Sundays. A deputation, one day, waited upon Sir Graham Beery, then Prime Minister of the colony, to ask him to close the taverns on Sunday. The deputation was chiefly composed of pastors belonging to all kinds of so-called non-conformist churches.

"I am very willing," said Sir Graham, "to use my influence to try and get the taverns closed on Sundays, if you will consent to my using the same influence to get the museums opened instead."

The reverend gentlemen appeared not to relish the terms, and as the Prime Minister did not hear any more from them, it must be presumed that they preferred the public-house to the museum, as a Sunday resort for the people. In England, every intelligent person is clamoring for the opening of the museums on Sunday; and they will succeed one day in obtaining what they ask; but it takes time, for the combat has to be carried on against all the allied forces of bigotry and conservatism. And yet, it was the first and greatest of Protestants, Martin Luther himself, who said on this very subject:

"If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, then I command you to work on it, ride on it, dance on it, do anything that will prove this encroachment on Christian spirit and liberty."

The rapidity with which the towns grow in New Zealand is prodigious. A commercial enterprise starts. After a few weeks a public-house is opened, a bank opens its doors, a newspaper is started, and population flows and groups itself around this nucleus. In a very few years it has become a flourishing town. Not a soldier, not a functionary. This is what strikes a Frenchman, whose country is crippled with bureaucracy bound down with red tape. A witty French traveller, M. Georges Kohn, in his "*Voyage Autour du Monde*," a volume full of clever observations and unflagging sprightliness, exclaims:

"In our colonies the first building is a police station, the second is that of the tax-collector, the third of a statistic-office, and you have to wait for the colonists, who are to be looked after, taxed, judged,

and especially counted by the census-taker."

In the English colonies, the population first, the intervention of Government afterwards. With us, it is the Government first, the population—where is it? It stays at home in France; and when our soldiers have guaranteed the tranquillity and the security of the country, the English, the Germans, the Danes, the Swedes, the Chinese, etc., etc., take up their abode there, and the good French taxpayer at home asks, as he pays the bill, "*Ce qu'on est alle faire, dans cette galere.*" I warrant that, out of our thirty-six millions in France, there are not five hundred who know just where the French colonies are. I warrant that there is not, in France, a single mother (that woman whose empire is supreme at home) who does not oppose the emigration of her sons, and prefer for them situations as quill-drivers, at eighteen hundred francs a year. Try and found colonies while such sentiments reign! The British empire was founded by the spirit of independence instilled and alimented in the Englishmen from his tenderest age, not only at school but at home.

If you go to Canada, you find a French population that has been subject to Great Britain for a hundred and fifty years past, but these have remained French in heart. Not only do they continue to speak French, but they do not, and will not, speak anything else. I mean the masses, of course. John Bull leaves them alone. He says to them: "Speak what you please, worship God as you will," and those French Catholics of the seventeenth century have remained French and Catholic, so that to visit them is to visit the France of two hundred years ago.

This is a fact, which, among a thousand others, has explained to me the success of the English. They are past masters in diplomacy. The governing hand is firm, but wears a velvet glove. They seem to say: "Do not mind us, make yourself at home. But John Bull is there all the time."

The English and the Dutch at the Cape would do very well without each other; but they live in peace and co operate honorably in the development of the colony. It is true that the Parliament is opened by the high commissioner in the name of the Queen of England, whom he represents, but autonomy is so complete that the Dutch feel themselves as free as if they enjoyed that perfect independence, which they hope one day to obtain, by purely constitutional means, of course. At present they form the Conservative element in politics and support the Afrikaner Bond. This association calmly pursues its aim, and not a single member would think of taking up a gun to hasten its realization. It succeeds in making the ministry do pretty much what it wishes without giving umbrage to the Queen's representatives.

The members of the Afrikaner Bond hold, with the greatest impunity, meetings at which they express their hopes in the frankest terms. What does the Government do? What does it do? It sends policemen to these meetings. To arrest the orators, and haul them before a tribunal, for high treason? Not at all; to protect orators and audience, and to assure them of their rights to give their opinions in public, even when one of those opinions may be "that John Bull be turned out, and the independence of the South African colonies proclaimed." And that which best shows how little John Bull's yoke makes itself felt in the colonies, is perhaps the following incident, which always seemed to me extremely piquant, and full of British humor. When the delegates of the Afrikaner Bond wish to go by train to take part in some meeting held in the provinces by one of the branches of this patriotic, but revolutionary association, the minister of railways gives them tickets at reduced fares.

\*The railways at the Cape belong to the Government, and are administered by a minister, as in Australasia.