

# The Chronicle

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## Acetylene Again.

So much is being said and written about acetylene that the result of every experiment therewith is watched with interest, and the opinions of chemically scientific men eagerly sought for. Among the latest contributors of information upon the illuminating, heating and other qualities of acetylene gas is Mr. Alfred R. L. Dohme, Ph. D., of whose paper the Baltimore *Underwriter* says: "It will be found useful as well as instructive to all persons interested in this subject. The author is a rising chemist of this city, and thoroughly qualified in chemical science."

We reproduce in this number the able and interesting observations of Mr. Dohme upon "Acetylene as an Illuminant."

## A New Royal Society.

Revelling, as financial papers do, in the free and fearless expression of independent public opinion of bank statements, insurance reports and joint stock company meetings: realizing, as one must, how much easier it is to review the annual statements submitted to shareholders than to prepare them for the reviewers; we still publish with some serious misgivings a report of a meeting of a self-styled Royal Society for the Extraction of Sugars from Cucumbers. We are tantalized by a dim suspicion that the literary surprise-packet, to which we have given space in this issue, records the doings of The Ancient Order of Comical Fellows rather than the proceedings of a society enjoying the right to use the prefix Royal, and having presumably the accompanying privilege of flying the blue ensign. However, pending further information regarding this new Royal Society, we withhold any editorial comments thereon.

## An Editor's Thanksgiving.

Some of the newspapers have been advertizing the production of special articles from the pens of prominent public men and gifted writers reciting reasons why

we have a day set apart for expressing gratitude for favours or mercies received. As a public celebration of any remarkable deliverance from calamities or danger, Thanksgiving Day is not well observed; and as a holiday affording opportunities to the tired worker for a ramble by forest and stream, with rod and gun, it comes too late in the season for true enjoyment. Yet, as we rest, even for a day, from the drudgery of penning paragraphs purporting to express public opinion, we feel that Canadians have reason to regard themselves as a peculiarly happy people, and much favoured by the divine goodness. And, although the tired professional man and the busy merchant may not celebrate or distinguish the day by solemn rites in token of thankfulness, and to publicly express gratitude for favours or mercies received, they can enjoy the adjournment from daily labour to that refreshment always derivable from the true and beautiful relations of domestic life.

Even the brain-weary editor of a Canadian journal can appreciate a day of calm reflection, and, if his lot be hard, he can find comfort in knowing that he is not in the Carolinas, but living in a peaceful and happy land free at least from such trouble as necessitated the publication on the 11th inst. of the following notice by the *Wilmington* (North Carolina) *Messenger*:—

"We hope our readers will excuse us for the non-appearance of any editorials in this morning's issue. The truth is their preparation was impossible, as every one connected with the paper was too busily engaged elsewhere and on more important work. The proprietors, staff, and mechanical force were on the streets with their Winchesters."

Yes, we have something to be thankful for in this Canada of our, with its broad fields of grain, great woods, noble rivers, and ranges of hills as picturesque to the artist's eye as useful to the miner, who has discovered in them an almost everlasting source of wealth for the toiling thousands who are finding in the golden West fortune and a home. Let us think of these things and, if only for a day, let us for these wonderful possessions be truly thankful.