

A PURE MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE fishery conflict now going on along the coasts of Nova Scotia proper and Cape Breton, seems, from our point of view, to be a pure misunderstanding, and in no respect a natural contest. Whatever politicians in Ottawa or Washington may say about it, the great majority of those most concerned are thoroughly disgusted with the wrangle; and they feel that every day it continues imposes an additional burden upon both Canadian and American fishermen. These honest toilers, who are not much given to the study of nice points in treaties and other international laws, think their Governments should settle the matter somehow, and give them a chance to go about their usual business. The theoretical part of the question is altogether outside of their reckoning, and their attention is entirely taken up with its practical aspects. Although, from many newspaper reports and editorials, one might suppose the entire fishing population of Maine and Massachusetts, as well as that of our Maritime Provinces, was on fire with patriotic excitement, and anxious to shed their blood in defence of national honour, there is really very little warlike feeling. The sailors of either country would much rather catch fish and dispose of them in a good market than shoot each other down in battles which they believe could be of no benefit to anybody. Of course, if some settlement is not reached pretty soon, actual strife must be stirred up, and between the Yankee schooners carrying cannon, and small arms and Canadian cruisers, there is a possibility of considerable sanguinary action. But our seafaring people earnestly hope such an issue may be prevented.

The interests of Provincial and New England fishermen are identical in the highest sense, and any conflict between them operates as a double-pointed, two-edged sword, which cannot be moved without cutting in every direction. This fact they fully realize, and in some of its aspects, understand the whole matter much better than the illustrious law-makers and law suggestors whose thunders of pen and voice are just now devoted to their affairs, with very slight prospect of making them any better. As is well known, few vessels at present leave American ports for any of our fishing-grounds a majority of whose crews are not Nova Scotians, and a large proportion of these ocean labourers still reside in their native country. There is scarcely one settlement along our Atlantic shores from which numbers of young men do not go away every spring to ship upon Yankee fishermen. And, if they escape the dangers of the deep, these hardy fellows usually come home in the autumn to spend the winter with their friends and relatives. If the bait difficulty, which is such a prominent part of this pure misunderstanding, keeps up much longer, the numerous bays and inlets indenting the Acadian peninsula, will be the scenes of a most unique struggle. Thousands of coast-dwellers who make a good part of their living by catching and selling bait, will devise all sorts of plans for disposing of this commodity to their brothers, sons, nephews, and cousins, upon Cape Ann or Boston schooners, which are seen scudding about just beyond the limits, ready at any moment to run in and procure the supply that they cannot do without. As an old shoreman recently remarked to the writer, "We must sell the bait, and the Yankees must buy it, and a hundred ships like the *Lansdowne* will not prevent us from carrying on this business." It is manifest that in a conflict of this kind the cruisers would labour under great disadvantage.

Finding that the only existing treaty operates so completely against their convenience, a great many mariners, as they see the season slipping away, are at this moment settling the bait-question after their own fashion and regardless of law. While trying to illegally procure their supplies, a few vessels have been captured. But scores have run in under cover of darkness and friendly headlands, quietly made the purchase from friends who were only too anxious to sell; then spread their canvas and sailed away in safety. In some cases this transaction has been completed while the slow-going Dominion flag ship was actually in sight. Now, however, it appears, the Yankees may get all the bait they need without the trouble and risk of running in. A number of small vessels have been fitted out in the Bay of Fundy and on the western coast for taking cargoes of this requisite to Americans waiting just beyond the three-mile line. This is a perfectly lawful business, and if energetically conducted, may supply the demand and leave the Canadian navy without an occupation.

For several seasons to come, at least, our fishermen cannot hope to deal very extensively with transatlantic countries; and therefore, as matters now stand, their occupation is anything but remunerative. Were the gates of trade open so that they could have untrammelled dealings with the merchants of Boston and New York, every troll and seine would find plenty of employment. All the vessels that could be sent from Canadian or American ports might in every case make splendid trips, and still find dealers to purchase their wares at good figures. For each week's consump-

tion, fifty-five millions of people require a pretty big stock of cod, mackerel, etc.; and under present circumstances it may be safe to say they are not receiving one half of what they desire. For some measure that will allow them to carry on their traffic without hindrance, nine fishermen out of ten, regardless of nationality or politics, are most devoutly praying.

After viewing the above and many other similar features in this unfortunate complication, we are constrained to think with the fishermen that some way out of the maze ought to be immediately discovered, and that the question could be settled in such a manner that both countries would receive benefit—the United States, by having their fishermen pursue their calling in our waters under reasonable restrictions, and Canada, by having the most important industry of the Maritime Provinces regain its former commanding prosperity.

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Halifax.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

WE are in the midst of the Fêtes of Industry and Commerce, organized by the Government for the benefit of the unemployed workmen of Paris. During the last few weeks but one cry has been heard,—"*Pour les pauvres s'il vous plait.*" Bazaars, balls, and shows everywhere—never has being charitable seemed more attractive! For the rest, there is an almsgiving more difficult than the buying of a ticket for a delectable dance; and a sacrifice sharper than the posing in simple beauty at a fancy fair.

The beautiful gardens of the Tuileries have been invaded by innumerable booths and theatres, where the French heart is charmed at the sight of clowns, acrobats, and dancers. The Palais-Royal has been subjected to like innovations. But of all these fêtes, by far the most interesting has been the *carrousal* or tournament on the Champs de Mars. Thousands upon thousands collected in the vast area stretching between the Ecole Militaire and the river. At one end in crimson liquid tribune sat the President of the Republic, surrounded by his civil and military household, the General Boulanger, and several Ambassadors: in adjoining tribunes the gay, enthusiastic *tout Paris*. First on the field came the Colonel de Bellegarde, followed by the quadrille of artillery and cavalry officers, organized by the Ecole de Saumur, the first military school of cavalry in France. Then followed tilting at the ring, hurdle-racing, etc. All mounted on thoroughbreds, one can imagine what a pretty and exciting sight was this manœuvring of the most skilful of horsemen.

All the way from Algiers, especially for the occasion, had come a gorgeous company of fifty Arab Spahis. These are so called from a corps of light cavalry, originally instituted by Amurat I. in Turkey. The name is now applied to native cavaliers forming part of the French army in Algiers. Very grand and picturesque they looked in their brilliant dresses, seated on their fiery little steeds. The "*fantasia*" in which they were to take part was reserved almost to the last. Taking their stand at the farther end of the Champs de Mars they galloped with breathless speed till they reached the tribunes, when suddenly stopping, they fired their guns, threw them into the air, and caught them as they fell. One had a good opportunity of judging of their courage in a flying attack.

If any man sufficeth unto himself it is the Frenchman. At present he is contemplating with infinite despair what he calls the Americanizing of French modes. First there is the *reportage*, that dreadful importation which will kill all journalism; that expression of inquisitive impertinence, the nearest approach to literature those barbarians of over the sea can make. Then there is the duel. *Vive le duel!* This at least we shall not abandon. "Yes," said a Frenchman to me, "you may laugh at us if you like, but it is far more brave to meet your enemy face to face, than to fall upon him unarmed, and shoot him down, as they do in the streets of New York." (!) But perhaps after all it is best that the duel should continue to exist in France, for what tongue could convince us of the Frenchman's honour, were that of steel to be dumb.

L. L.

PARIS, May 23rd, 1886.

For many years Archbishop Trench suffered from breaking health, and whether in rural rambles, in the train, or even at formal dinner parties, his daughter was generally to be found by his side. There is a story originally told in Dublin society of the Archbishop which is too good not to be preserved. The last course had been served at a certain grand banquet when His Grace is stated to have said to his daughter, with some slight agitation, "I fear that I am threatened with one of my bad attacks. I have been pinching my knee for the last five minutes, and I cannot feel the slightest sensation." "Make your mind easy, Your Grace, rejoined a lady on the other side; "it was my knee you were pinching all the time!"