

NEWFOUNDLAND.

It is no new thing to hear rumours of discontent in Newfoundland. The "French Shore" question has been for nearly a century a source of controversy and dissatisfaction, and the attempts that have hitherto been made to settle it seem to have intensified rather than appeased the wrath of our insular neighbours. Certainly the latest *modus vivendi* has had an effect on the popular mind which is the reverse of tranquillizing. It may be recalled that about the middle of March the Newfoundland Legislature was startled by a message from the Governor announcing the receipt of a despatch by cable from the Colonial Office relative to the lobster fishery. Something of the kind had been looked for, as it was known that the French and English Governments had been negotiating on the subject, and it was with quickened expectancy that the House listened to Sir William Whiteway, as he read the document. But disappointment fell upon the hearers as they learned its purport and disappointment soon gave place to indignation. The arrangement arrived at was that, during the ensuing season, the question of principle and respective rights should be reserved on both sides, and that the condition of things prevailing on the 1st of July, 1889, should meanwhile continue, there being no modification in the position of the citizens of either power, save that they might move their establishments to any spot to which the commanders of both naval stations might give their sanction. No lobster fisheries not existing at the date specified should be permitted unless by the same joint authority. Moreover, for each new lobster fishery so permitted to the subject of one country, the fishermen of the other might have a similar privilege on a spot settled by like joint agreement. In case of competition, the commanders were to proceed to the locality and settle the point in dispute. It is distinctly understood that this arrangement is only provisional.

On the *modus vivendi* being read, the Premier lost no time in moving resolutions rejecting it. The Assembly, it was urged, had heard with surprise and alarm the message of the Governor containing the despatch from the Imperial authorities, on whose assurances reliance had been placed that the fishery rights of the islanders should not be interfered with, except with the consent of the colony. The law advisers of the Crown had again and again declared themselves averse to the French claim of a right to participate in the lobster fishery, and confiding in the strength of their position under the treaties, the people of Newfoundland had invested considerable capital in the erection of lobster factories on the coast and for other improvements. The permission given to France by the *modus vivendi* to erect factories was a practical recognition of rights which had no existence, and as the French fishermen were to be allowed to import all necessary articles duty free, it was clear that the interests of the British lobster fisheries were gravely imperilled. The Assembly, therefore, solemnly protested against such an agreement as a serious invasion of Newfoundland's rights, fishing and territorial. The Opposition only differed from the Government in regarding the protest as insufficiently emphatic; but, after several amendments had been proposed, Sir William Whiteway's resolutions were carried. The Legislative Council followed the example without delay, and the resolutions were at once forwarded

to the Governor to be despatched to England by cable.

The excitement throughout the colony has been intense. The press has voiced the indignation of the public. It is felt that the vital resources of the people have been sacrificed by the Mother Country for the sake of conciliating a foreign power. The assurance, appended to the *modus vivendi*, that the arrangement is purely provisional is looked upon as deceptive, as once the French have established themselves on that basis, it will be virtually impossible to dislodge them afterwards, and the islanders will have no choice but to submit to an intolerable aggression. The more the people examined the document, the more obnoxious it became. It was in every sense objectionable. It gave to aliens privileges—for the French would have no duty to pay, while the Newfoundlanders would have to pay duty on all that they imported—that were denied to British subjects and put an interdiction on native enterprise.

The agitation spread rapidly over the island. St. John's led the way by a series of meetings, ending in a mass meeting in Bannerman Hall. The resolutions passed on this occasion were a most outspoken and thorough-going assertion of the colony's rights to every inch of ground on the island. The disastrous effect of the enforcement of France's claims was shown forth in unmistakable language, and the instruments on which they are based were denounced as framed solely with regard to the exigencies of the United Kingdom and without respect to the condition of affairs that time was sure to bring about in Newfoundland. Finally it was resolved that no arbitration or other arrangement would be accepted which was not founded on the total extinction of France's claims to territorial or maritime rights in the island.

That this meeting and these resolutions were not the fruit of mere popular clamour is evident from the names of those who participated in the one and sanctioned the other. The bishops of the Roman Catholic Church and the clergy of all the other denominations are in entire sympathy with the movement, the earnestness of which cannot be doubted. But, while both parties and all classes of the people share in the indignation at what they deem an intolerable grievance, it is to be regretted that partisan spirit has split up the country and its representatives on the question of the Bait Act, the operation of which was clearly the best safeguard to Newfoundland's codfishery rights yet devised. It is equally to be regretted that a portion of the population have availed themselves of the protest against the *modus vivendi* to insinuate an annexation movement. It is needless to say that the annexation of Newfoundland to the United States would be simply disastrous to Canada. Where Newfoundland should have been during the last twenty years and more is in the Canadian Confederation. Its isolation is abnormal from every point of view. Vancouver would have far more justification for remaining apart, and after the admission of Prince Edward Island, there was no excuse for Newfoundland's obstinacy. As a part of the Dominion, it would have its local independence unimpaired—on a securer basis, in fact, than at present—while, as for the "French shore," our central Government could deal with the Mother Country on that question, through our Commissioner in London, far more effectively than the island authorities have done or can ever expect to do.

THE CANADIAN ROUTE TO THE EAST.

By way of sequel to the article of Mr. Douglas Sladen, which we published in our last issue, we reprint the following communication from his pen which appeared in the *Japan Gazette* (Yokohama) of the 15th March last:

Being patriotic English, we determined to select the C. P. R. for our route to the Far East, and we have not done it hurriedly, as will be seen from the fact that we left Montreal as far back as September, 1889. A twelve hours' journey brought us from New York to Quebec, and certainly we have been amply repaid. I don't know where I have seen a place historically so romantic, and so beautiful in nature and architecture as Quebec. We took the lower C. P. R. line from Montreal to Toronto, and, leaving the line for a journey of an hour or two at Smith's Falls, were able to reach the far-famed Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the most beautiful piece of placid inland water scenery that can be imagined, bearing the same relation to mountain stream and waterfall that Kent bears to Invernessshire. From Montreal we had gone up the river by train and shot the rapids, an appalling experience, and from Toronto we explored Lake Ontario and visited Niagara—the most impressive thing I ever saw in my life. Most people are disappointed with Niagara, it is said. I was not. I did not expect the fall to look four thousand feet high, and this country along the St. Lawrence is not only the garden of Canada but is historical as no other part of America is from Quebec to Frontenac (Kingston) and "muddy little York" (Toronto). But the attractions of our journey had only just begun; for from Toronto we trained it to Owen Sound and found ourselves on the broad waters of Lake Huron, whence a day later we passed through the beautiful Sault River and its gigantic lock, the largest in the world, into Lake Superior, the largest in the world. The C. P. R. steamers are very fine sea boats, and they have need to be, for the lake storms are terrific—but increased facilities in the way of decks and drinks would be an advantage. Lake Superior is not a very inspiring lake to cross until one gets to Thunder Cape, looking like the ram of a monstrous ironclad. Less than a day's rail from Lake Superior we entered the prairie, and for three days' journey one encounters nothing but prairie, enlivened with exquisite flowers in spring, but in the fall with nothing but antelopes and coyotes and wolves and the bones of bisons. We were glad to have the opportunity of seeing Winnipeg, that city of the plains which in the few and sorrowful years of its existence has contrived to collect 30,000 inhabitants and to become one of the great railway centres of the continent. It is one of the most typical cities of the New West. It has some fine buildings, but it is built right up out of the prairie, so that it is a regular slough of despond in wet weather. When it rains one sinks over one's ankles except when one is treading on a dog, of which the place has enough to supply a large Chinese city with butcher-meat. After Winnipeg we stayed at Banff, with its stately hotel, rivalling the great hotels of Florida or Saratoga, and commanding the magnificent scenery of the Bow Valley with its wall of snow-peaked mountains. All the world knows the photograph of this hotel and valley, one of the finest landscape photographs published. I called Banff, with such scenery and such an hotel, *the Rocky Mountains made easy for invalids*. Next we stopped at Field, to see the enormous mass of Mt. Stephen rising abruptly out of flat table-land and to shoot the snowy-fleeced mountain goat, as large and handsome as an antelope, fairly plentiful still on its slopes. And then we came to the Glacier House, which I expect will have a rush of travellers from England ere long. I don't know where its attractions end. The hotel is excellently kept, and situated in a sweet little nook in a deep valley forested from its bottom to its top, with a great glacier filling its head, and clearly visible and accessible from the hotel. All round it tower the giants of the Selkirks. The Hermit Mountain, Mount Macdonald, Mount Sir Donald, their monarch, Mount Cheops, Ross's Peak, etc. In its