

The speeches delivered by British statesmen to popular audiences are generally admirable. They are plain, simple and forcible business statements. They contain no clap-trap, no appeals to prejudice, and they are perfectly free from abuse of opponents. There is more sentiment in the speech which Mr. Chamberlain made at the banquet given to Lord Lambington than there is generally in the speeches of British Ministers, but it is sentiment of a wholesome kind, and the occasion was one in which free expression could be given to it with the utmost propriety. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, at a dinner given in honor of a Colonial Governor, might be expected to speak with pride of the colonies of the Empire and of the loyalty of colonists. We have had scraps of that speech in the telegrams, here it is in full taken from the report of the London Times of January 24.

I have heard it said that we never have had a colonial policy, that we have simply blundered into all the best places in the earth. (Laughter.) I admit that we have made mistakes. I have no doubt that we are answerable for sins of commission as well as for sins of omission; but, after all is said, this remains—that we alone of all the nations of the earth have been able to establish and to maintain colonies under different conditions in all parts of the world, that we have maintained them to their own advantage and to ours, and that we have secured, not only the loyal attachment of all British subjects, but the general goodwill of the races, whether they be native or whether they be European, that have thus come under the British flag. (Cheers.) This may be a comforting assurance when we think of occasional mistakes, and when we are rebuked even for our misfortunes (laughter) we may find some consolation in our success. (Cheers.) A few weeks ago England appeared to stand alone in the world, surrounded by jealous competitors and by altogether unexpected hostility. Differences between ourselves and other nations which were of long standing appeared suddenly to come to a head and to assume threatening proportions; and from quarters to which we might have looked for friendship and consideration (cheers)—having regard to our traditions and to a certain community of interest—we were confronted with suspicion and even with hate. We had to recognize that our success itself, however legitimate, was imputed to us as a crime; that our love of peace was taken as a sign of weakness, and that our indifference to foreign criticism was construed into an invitation to insult us. (Loud cheers.) We had to admit that the prospect of our discomfiture was regarded with hardly disguised satisfaction by our competitors, who at the same time must have been forced to admit that we alone held our possessions throughout the world in trust for all markets, and that we admit them to our markets as freely as we admit our own subjects. (Cheers.) I regret that such a feeling should exist, and that we should be forced to admit its existence; but as it does exist, I rejoice that it found expression. (Cheers.) No better service was ever done to this nation, for it has enabled us to show in the face of all that while we were resolute to fulfil our obligations we were equally determined to maintain our rights. (Loud cheers.) Three weeks ago, in the words of Mr. Foster, the leader of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada, "the great mother-Empire stood splendidly isolated." And how does she stand today? She stands secure in the strength of her own resources, in the firm resolution of her people without respect to party, and in the abundant loyalty of her children from one end of the Empire to another. (Loud cheers.)

The resolution which was conveyed to the Prime Minister on behalf of the Australian colonies and the display of patriotic enthusiasm on the part of the Dominion of Canada came to us as a natural response to the outburst of national spirit in the United Kingdom, and as a proof that British hearts beat in unison throughout the world, whatever may be the distances that separate us. (Cheers.) Then let us cultivate these sentiments. Let us do all in our power by improving our communications, by developing our commercial relations, by co-operating in mutual defence (cheers), and none of us then will ever feel isolated, no part of the Empire will stand alone, so long as it can count upon the common interest of all in its welfare and in its security. (Cheers.) That is the moral I have derived from recent events. That is the lesson I desire to impress on my countrymen. In the words of Tennyson:

"Let Britain's myriad voices call,
Sons, be welded each and all,
Into one Imperial whole,
On with Britain, by the soul!
"One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!"

(Loud cheers.) And in the time to come, the time that must come, when these colonies of ours have grown in stature, in population, and in strength, this league of kindred nations, this federation of Greater Britain, will not only provide for its own security, but will be a potent factor in maintaining the peace of the world. (Cheers.)

It is hard to overestimate the influence of such a speech as this, in both the Mother Country and the Colonies. It has a tendency to strengthen the tie which binds Great Britain to her colonies and to bring about that closer union which the Colonial Secretary outlines.

BAD FOR THE FARMER.

The evidences of agricultural depression in free trade England are so many and so strong that they can be disregarded by none but the wilfully blind or the hopelessly obtuse. Here is another bit of testimony taken from "The Morning," a daily newspaper published in London:

"In one of the most productive portions of Kent, writes a correspondent, scarcely a single farm yard. In one case a large and good land owner has not for ten years past received a penny from his

estate. Near Canterbury, to take another instance, an upland farm of about 120 acres of fairly good arable and pasture land, formerly let at about £2 an acre, has lately been let for a term of three years at £10 a year rent, and as the landlord has to pay £18 a year title, he loses £8 a year by his ownership. In the same county 20 acres of arable land in Romney Marsh, which in 1854 sold for £200, were purchased the other day by Mr. Thomas Palmer, a farmer, for £100."

TOO HASTY.

The organ of the Opposition, with its usual haste and want of reflection, condemns the bill to provide a fund for educational purposes by the sale of public lands. A judgment so hastily formed cannot be entitled to much respect. It might have waited until the measure had been before the public a few days before it pronounced upon it so decidedly. The bill is an important one, and even the ablest of our legislators cannot see at a glance how it will work or the results it is likely to produce. Our contemporary has so often found itself mistaken and] has been under the necessity of reversing its judgments so frequently that it might be supposed it would by this time have learned to become diffident of its hastily formed opinions and of conclusions at which it has jumped.

Land, if we are not mistaken, has been reserved in nearly all the provinces for educational purposes, and it might be worth while to inquire whether such reservation and appropriation has furthered the cause of education and proved beneficial to the people. Knowledge of how these grants of land for educational purposes have turned out would help those who really wish to form an intelligent opinion on the Government's bill, to arrive at a sound and rational conclusion. But an inquiry of this kind requires both time and thought, and our contemporary evidently does not propose to be lavish of either the one or the other.

Then it might be supposed that if the Times really wished to find out whether this plan of disposing of part of the public domain is "advisable" or not it would wait to hear what the members of the Legislature had to say about the subject pro and con before it undertook to advise the public with regard to it. But our contemporary evidently believes that it can judge rightly on difficult subjects by an instinct that it has, and that it is under no necessity of hearing what others have to say upon them.

It seems to have a sort of preternatural skill in divining the motives of those whom it opposes and it bases many of its conclusions on the knowledge it acquires in this wonderful way. There are no doubt septs who may place little or no faith in our contemporary's skill in heart-searching and mind-reading, but it has a lordly contempt for all such unbelievers. Then the Times professes to be a prophet. It knows exactly how the bill, if it becomes law, will work, and what results it will produce. All this, too, with almost lightning speed. There may be people who regard with distrust those who profess to be able to speak and write as if they could see the hidden workings of men's minds. We must confess that we consider their distrust well grounded.

DEMORALIZED.

The true patriots of the United States bitterly deplore the demoralization of the senate. They see that that body has fallen from its high estate and they despair of its reform. Some of the new senators belong to a low class, morally and intellectually, and they have hardly warmed their seats when they begin the bad work of degrading the body to which they have been elected. The New York Evening Post, utterly disgusted with the fantastic tricks which a political mountebank from South Carolina has been playing before high heaven, gives vigorous utterance to its feelings of shame and indignation. It says:

The degradation of the senate already seemed complete, but yesterday's performance by Tillman of South Carolina, showed that in the lowest deep a lower deep was still left to be touched. A worse outbreak of blackguardism and incendiaryism has never been witnessed in the upper chamber, and it is a melancholy reflection that the country has six years of diatribes to look for from the same source. All of the conservative traditions of the Senate are now gone, and the new comer no longer hesitates to begin talking with the frequency and profuseness of a Morgan before he has been two months in his seat. Even before Tillman's outburst a terrible bore had been revealed in one of the new senators from North Carolina, and the growth in numbers of the body makes the development of every fresh specimen of this sort a sad infliction. The correspondents report that the Republican veterans from New England, like Morrill, of Vermont, and Hoar, of Massachusetts, appeared shocked and wounded by the evidence of the decadence of the Senate that was afforded by "the spokesman of the new and degenerate South." But the Republican senators of New England are not free from blame in this matter. It was Mr. Hoar who welcomed a renegade from Virginia fifteen years ago as an evangel of a new South, and Massachusetts Republicans have regarded favorably, when they have not actively helped, the movements that have brought into the Senate Butler and Pritchard, of North Carolina, and Tillman and Irby, of South Carolina.

The Post sees the danger to the Senate

and to the country that would result from the admission of uneducated, ill-mannered and unprincipled Senators from the West and Northwest. They are, it seems, the leaven that is in time to leaven the whole congressional lump. It also deplores the fact that the Eastern States, of which better things might be expected, are following the bad example of the West:

"We must not overlook," it continues, "the contributions to the wrong side from the region east of the Mississippi—the two Senators from Indiana, the almost unbroken ranks of the Senators south of the Ohio river and the Alleghany range, the avowed advocate of free coinage from Pennsylvania in the person of Don Cameron, and the almost as bad advocate of a 'bimetallism,' that means about the same thing, the Bill Chandler of New Hampshire. Nor in analyzing the causes of the Senate's degradation can we overlook from the East Quay of Pennsylvania, Hill and Murphy of New York, the screaming Frye of Maine, and the demagogical Lodge of Massachusetts. The East cannot unload all the responsibility for misgovernment in the upper chamber upon the wild and woolly West."

We hear complaints of the non-representative nature of the Dominion Senate, and it is quite possible that better men might be found than some of those who are appointed to seats in the Canadian Upper Chamber, but there is little fear that, under the nominative system, cranks, adventurers, charlatans and schemers, such as disgrace the United States Senate, will ever be appointed to seats in the Dominion Senate. No Government that had any respect for itself, or for the Senate, would dream of placing in it men who by their antecedents might be expected to bring it into disrepute.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

TO THE EDITOR.—I have read with much interest your article on the Nicaragua canal. The importance to British Columbia of the construction of this canal cannot be over-estimated. I am satisfied that the export trade of this province would double within a year of the opening of the canal. This province has the largest and best timber supply that now remains, and the canal would put it in direct communication with the Eastern Atlantic cities and the principal markets of Europe, where its fine grades of lumber will find a ready market, and it will give easy access to the West coast. Brazilian and Argentine markets where the secondary grades are most wanted. In the latter markets there is also a large demand for fish of all kinds, and a very important trade could be developed. The Mediterranean ports also take fish and lumber. This trade is now principally controlled by Norway, but there, as in Eastern Canada, the drain on the forests is being felt and by the time the canal is opened for traffic British Columbia would be in a position to compete with Norway for the Mediterranean trade.

Then, to come nearer home, the opening of this canal would enable us to exchange products with our Eastern seaports. Even there a market would be opened for certain grades of lumber. Wheat and flour from British Columbia would go to Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and the Maritimes, and even Quebec, for no railway could compete with the water carriage; but this would prove an injury to the transcontinental railways for it would divert a large portion of their business to the waterway and expand its general trade so as to bring more business to the railways themselves than could be expected by any development of the railway system.

We should have broad ideas on such a question as this, no sectional or even provincial interests should be allowed to prevent a consummation that would be of immense benefit to the Dominion and to the Empire generally. The time is propitious for pushing forward this great enterprise. Your idea of united action on the part of Great Britain and the United States is a grand one, though there are many difficulties in the way of the construction of the canal by the governments and it is to be regretted that such an endorsement by the two governments as would guarantee its immediate construction. It seems to me that this is a question that could well be taken up by the Canadian government and by it placed before the Imperial government. Next to Great Britain and the United States Canada is the most interested in the construction of this canal, and as that government is now well disposed to do anything to conserve and advance the interests of the Greater Britain it is a good time to act.

It would not be out of place if the British Columbia legislature now in session should set the ball rolling by passing a resolution drawing the attention of the Canadian government to the question with a view to its taking such action as may be advisable. In these days of large enterprises the cost of the canal does not seem to be a heavy matter. The company which has the concession for building the canal, estimates the total cost at less than \$70,000,000, while the United States commission, which has just reported, places it at \$130,000,000. The commission, however, suggests a canal of large capacity and more than 100 miles in length, one estimated on by the company, so that the difference in the estimates is partly accounted for. Even the larger sum would be readily found if the British and United States governments would give their moral support to the enterprise and guarantee its independence, and there is no doubt whatever that the canal would prove a paying investment. Yours truly,
C. A. WATSON.

Driard Hotel, Feb. 10, 1896.

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Hon. Dr. Montague returned from New York to-day. His health is not greatly improved. His physicians order rest.

A SET OF ROGUES.
BY FRANK BARRETT.

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CHAPTER VI.

On our way back to Greenwich we staid at an inn by the road to refresh ourselves, and there, having a snug parlour to ourselves and being seated about a fine chess, with each a full measure of ale, Don Sanchez asks us if we are satisfied with our undertaking.

"Aye, that we are," replies Dawson, mightily pleased as usual to be a-feasting. "We desire nothing better than to serve your honor faithfully in all ways and are ready to put our hands to any bout you may choose to draw up."

"Can you show me the man," asks the don, lifting his eyebrows contemptuously, "who ever kept a treaty he was minded to break? Men are honest enough when naught's to be gained by breaking faith. Are you both agreed to this course?"

"Yes, senor," says I, "and my only compunction now is that I can do so little to forward this business."

"Why, so far as I can see into it," says Dawson, "one of us must be cast for old Mrs. Godwin if Moll is to be her daughter, and you're fitter to play the part than I, for I take it this old gentleman should be of a more delicate, sickly composition than mine."

"We will suppose that Mrs. Godwin is dead," says the don gravely.

"Aye, to be sure. That simplifies the thing mightily. But pray, senor, what parts are we to play?"

"The parts you have played today. You go with me to fetch Judith Godwin from Barbary."

This hangs together and ought to play well, Eh, Kit?"

I asked Don Sanchez how long, in the ordinary course of things, an expedition of this kind would take.

"That depends upon accidents of many kinds," answers he. "We may very well stretch it out the best part of a year."

"A year," says Jack, scratching his ear ruefully, for I believe he had counted upon coming to live like a lord in a few weeks. "And what on earth are we to do in the meanwhile?"

"Educate Moll," answers the don.

"She can read anything, print or script," says Jack proudly, "and write her own name."

"Judith Godwin," says the don reflectively, "lived two years in Italy. She would certainly remember some words of Italian. Consider this—it is not sufficient merely to obtain possession of this estate. It must be held against the jealous opposition of that shrewd steward and of the presumptive heir, Mr. Thomas Godwin, who may come forward."

"You're in the right, senor. Well, there's the Kit, who knows the language and can teach her that, I warrant, in no time."

"Judith would probably know something of music," pursued the don.

"Why, Moll can play Kit's fiddle as well as he."

"But, above all," continues the don, as taking no heed of this tribute to Moll's abilities, "Judith Godwin must be able to read and write the Moorish character and speak the tongue readily, answer aptly as to their ways and habits, and to do these things beyond suspect. Moll must live with these people for some months."

"God have mercy on us!" cries Jack. "Your honor is not for taking us to Barbary?"

"No," answers the don dryly, passing his long fingers with some significance over the many seams in his long face, "but we must go where the Moors are to be found, on the other side of the straits."

"Well," says Dawson, "all's as one whether we go in safety if we're to be out of our fortune for a year. There's nothing more for our Moll to learn, I suppose, senor."

"It will not be amiss to teach her the manners of a lady," replies the don, rising and knitting his brows together unpleasantly, "and especially, to keep her feet under her chair at table."

With this he rings the bell for our reckoning, and so ends our discussion, neither Dawson nor I having a word to say in answer to this last bit, which showed us pretty plainly that in reaching round with her long leg for our shins Moll had caught the don's long shanks a kick that night she was seized with a cough.

So to home again and a long job back to Greenwich, where Dawson and I would fain have rested the night (being unused to the saddle and very raw with our journey), but the don would not for prudence, and therefore, after changing our clothes, we make a shift to mount once more, and thence another long horrid jolt to Edmonton very painfully.

Coming to the Bell (more dead than alive) about 8, and pitch dark, we were greatly surprised that we could make no one hear to take our horses, and, further, having turned the brutes into the stable ourselves, to find never a soul in the common room or parlor, so that the place seemed quite forsaken. But hearing a loud guffaw of laughter from below we go down stairs to the kitchen, which we could scarce enter for the crowd in the doorway. And here all darkness, save for a sheet hung at the farther end, and lit from behind, on which a kind of phantasmagory play of "Jack and the Giant" was being acted by shadow characters out of paper, the performer being hid by a board that served as a stage for the puppets. And who should this performer be but our Moll, as we knew by her voice, and most admirably she did it, setting all in a roar one minute with some merry

joke, and enchanting 'em the next with a pretty song for the maid in distress. We learned afterward that Moll, who could never rest still two minutes together, but must ever be doing something new, had cut out her images and devised the show to entertain the servants in the kitchen, and that the guests above, hearing their merriment, had come down in time to get the rag end, which pleased them so vastly that they would have her play it all over again.

"This may undo us," says Don Sanchez, in a low voice of displeasure, drawing us away. "Here are a dozen visitors who will presently be examining Moll as a marvel. Who can say but that one of them may know her again hereafter to our confusion? We must be seen together no more than is necessary until we are out of this country. I shall leave here in the morning, and you will meet me next at the Turk, in Gratiation street, tomorrow afternoon."

Therewith he goes up to his room, leaving us to shift for ourselves, and we into the parlor to warm our feet at the fire till we may be served with some victuals, both very silent and surly, being still sore, and as tired as any dog with our day's jolting.

While we are in this mood, Moll, having finished her play, comes to us in amazing high spirits, and, all aglow with the silver she has won, she produces a silver given her by the gentry; then, pulling up a chair betwixt us, she asks us a dozen questions all of a string as to where we have been, what we have done, etc., since we left her. Getting no answer, she presently stops, looks first at one, then at the other, and bursting into a fit of laughter, cries, "Why, what ails you both to be so grumpy?"

"In the first place, Moll," says Jack, "I'll have you to know that I am your father, and will not be spoken to save with becoming respect."

"Why, I did but ask you where you have been."

"Children of your age should not ask questions, but do as they're bid, and there's an end of it."

"La, I'm not to ask any questions. Is there anything else I am not to do?"

"Yes, I'll not have you playing of Galinamuff to cook venches and such stuff. I'll have you behave with more decency. Take your feet off the hearth and put 'em under your chair. Let me have no more of these gallynties shows. Why, 'twill be said I cannot give you a basin of porridge, that you must go a-begging of sixpences like this!"

"Oh, if you begrudge me a little pocket money," cries she, springing up, with the tears in her eyes, "I'll have none of it."

And with that she empties her pocket on the chair, and out roll her sixpences, together with a couple of silver spoons.

"What," cries Jack, after glancing round to see we were alone. "You have filched a couple of spoons, Moll?"

"And why not?" asks she, her little nose turning quite white with passion. "I'm am to ask no questions, how shall I know but we may have never a spoon tomorrow for your precious basin of porridge?"

[To be continued.]

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