

Nor were his interests confined to the daily routine of business. He was most public spirited and patriotic, taking the deepest interest in politics, both Canadian and Imperial. His views on all subjects were clear-cut and pronounced, and he had in a marked degree the characteristic Scotch delight in keen logical argument. He was a lover of flowers, being in his days of health a most enthusiastic and successful gardener.

Many of Mr. Mackay's happiest hours were spent in the companionship of the books of his well-chosen library, and in questions literary his judgment was sound and discriminating. His best loved author was Robert Louis Stevenson, and his favourite book the *Life and Letters*, edited by Sidney Colvin. In that delightful volume the charm and loveableness, the brilliance and the versatility of Stevenson in his varying moods, his broad humanity, are strikingly portrayed.

In such there was much akin to Mackay's own nature. In both there was the same eager vehemence of temperament softened with a tender kindness of disposition, the same love of fun, wit and picturesque originality of speech, the same buoyancy and hearty zest in the good things of life. Each, too, made the same long gallant struggle against the dread disease that in the end overcome them both.

The resemblance in the characters of the two men was in some degree reflected in their personal appearance. In fact, the lines of Henley's well-known sonnet on Stevenson were often applied by his friends to Mackay:

" In his face,
 " Lean, large-nosed, curved of beak and touched with race,
 " Bold-lipped, rich tinted, mutable as the sea,
 " There gleams a brilliant and romantic grace,
 " A spirit intense and rare,
 " Most generous, sternly critical,
 " A deal of Ariel, just a shade of Puck,
 " Much Anthony, of Hamlet most of all,
 " And something of the Shorter Catchist."

As we have said, Mr. Mackay was widely known and loved in the relationships of his business circle. But he was pre-eminently a man of home. There he spent his leisure hours, there he was happiest, and appeared at his best. Those who were admitted to the intimacy of his family circle will ever treasure the memory of his personality—it will be hard, indeed, for them to find his like again.

Mr. Mackay leaves a widow, formerly Miss Robley, of Pictou, two sons and two daughters. For all the mourning circle, the readers of SUNSHINE will join with us in deepest sympathy in the hour of their bereavement,

The Republic of Chile.

There is nowhere in the world a more peculiarly shaped country than Chile. Egypt alone resembles it in huge length and narrow breadth. From the borders of Peru and Bolivia in tropical South America, Chile stretches for nearly three thousand miles along the shores of the Pacific, well down towards the Antarctic, terminating only at Cape Horn, the cold and storm-buffed island extremity of the continent. In all this huge length, Chile at no point exceeds one hundred and thirty miles in width, and for the most part it is very much less.

The country consists of the comparatively narrow strip of territory hemmed in between the huge ramparts of the Andes and the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. It runs through a long gamut of climatic conditions, from a rainless, burning, tropical desert in the north, through a magnificent temperate, agricultural zone, and a region of hills, trees and rain, to the more or less cold and bleak extremity of the western world. It might be concluded that the people of the country would have so little in common with one another that political and territorial instability would result. Yet in the heart of the Chilean there burns an intense patriotism, that has resulted in Chile producing absolutely the most stable, and in many respects the most powerful of all the Latin-American republics. The name of revolution is almost unknown.

Physically Chile may be considered as being divided into three distinct regions. In the north there is a great desert, hot and absolutely rainless, extending from the Andes to the coast. Between the great mountains and the sea, the land is of a more or less uniform height of several thousands of feet. Almost at the seaboard it rises into a coast range of hills and then breaks down precipitously into the Pacific Ocean. No tree, nor shrub, nor blade of grass relieves the brown monotony of the huge plateau and the rolling hills; not a rivulet runs through its sterile wastes.

Yet it is a region of great wealth. Huge portions of this desert are covered with valuable nitrates in the form of a hard, brown rock known as caliche, which is refined into commercial form for use in the manufacture of fertilizer and explosives. These nitrate deposits are believed to have been made in the first place by the drying up of huge lagoons formed by the sudden volcanic upheaval of the region from the bed of the sea. The filling and refilling of these lagoons by tidal waves, followed by