

# Messenger and Visitor.

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**A Woman's Story** Apparently a good many women have found their way to the Klondike Yukon country. Some have gone as angels of mercy on missions of philanthropy, and some on other missions. Some have gone to stay and some to make a visit and return. Among the latter is Miss Flora Shaw, a newspaper correspondent, whose account of affairs at Dawson City produced quite a ripple of interest some months ago. Another who has been on a visit to Dawson is Mrs. Roswell Hitchcock, a lady of much experience as a traveller. She is an American and was accompanied on her Klondike journey by a lady friend, Miss Van Buren. Besides the pleasure of a new experience it was hoped that material for a new book might be secured. With this in view Mrs. Hitchcock not only took account of the scenery of the Yukon country which for magnificence she thinks is unequalled in the world, but made a close inspection of the people and their manner of life in Dawson. She speaks of the excellent order which prevailed there, thanks to the services of the Mounted Police, and the sense of safety which is enjoyed. She and her friend pitched their tent not in the town itself, but upon a hill which overlooked it, and were never afraid of molestation, although unprotected except by a large dog which was their companion in travel. Concerning the management of affairs in Dawson, Mrs. Hitchcock has no fault to find, except in regard to sanitation. There is no disorder. All the people live in good fellowship, but there is absolutely nothing in the way of sanitary arrangements. The death rate was very heavy—ten or fifteen a day, due to bad water and the lack of sanitation. The people think that as they pay the government ten per cent. royalty, the latter should initiate sanitary reform. Mrs. H. agrees with Miss Shaw that what Dawson needs is good women to make homes for the miners, but says that a system of sanitation should be the first thing, and the women should not be asked to go there under present conditions. As to the dance halls and the kind of life connected with them, Mrs. H. thinks they are not worse than those of eastern cities, and no doubt that is quite bad enough. She made the acquaintance of all sorts of people,—professional men, Oxford graduates, etc., among them. Mrs. Hitchcock kept a diary during her trip, and when she returned sent her manuscript to the Putnams, rather expecting it to be returned with thanks. On the contrary it was accepted on good terms, and on the request of the publishing house, she is going back after material for another book.

**The Standard Oil Trust.** The Standard Oil Trust which now has the oil business of Canada as well as that of the United States under its control, is making its presence in the country felt in several ways, and notes of indignant protest are heard from various quarters. "The first application of the monopolistic screw," to quote the words of the Toronto Globe, "was the advance of two and a half cents per gallon on the wholesale quotations of illuminating oil," which is, of course, a legitimate first fruits of monopoly. At the present there are other oil companies besides the Standard Oil Trust operating in Canada. But that Trust, from long experience, understands well how to manage affairs so as to make it uncomfortable and unprofitable for its competitors. Its immense wealth gives it a tremendous advantage. A part of its plan for strangling competition is to secure a discrimination in its favor in respect to railway tariffs. Such discrimination it secured from the Grand Trunk and the C. P. R., though, in granting it, those roads violated the provisions of the Dominion law on the subject, and

to avoid trouble in the matter, it appears that they have abandoned special rates to the Trust. But the matter can be arranged between the Trust and the railway companies by other means, which answer the same purpose for both, and accordingly the Standard Oil monopoly receives no check from the provision of the Canadian railway laws. Another way in which the Trust is making its presence felt in Canada is by lowering the quality and diminishing the supply of the crude oil used for fuel purposes. This crude oil which, in recent years, has been sold at Petrolia and Sarnia at prices ranging from 80 cents to \$1.25 per bbl., is used to a considerable extent in connection with certain industries in Ontario. Furnaces and other machinery have been constructed with a view to the use of this oil as fuel, and when the supply is cut off, or the product supplied is of a grade which cannot be used in connection with existing machinery, the disturbance and the loss resulting are of course very considerable. There is accordingly an agitation on foot to have this crude oil, which now pays a prohibitive duty of 2½ cents per gallon, placed on the free list. It is asserted on behalf of the Standard Oil Company that there is an insufficient supply of crude oil for manufacturing purposes in Ontario; and if this be true, the manufacturers hold their demand for the removal of the duty on such oil is all the more reasonable. But no doubt the real reason for the curtailment of the fuel supply is that the advance in price of the refined article makes it more profitable to sell the product of the Canadian oil wells in the form of an illuminating oil than as fuel. Whatever may be the merits of the case, as between the manufacturers of Ontario and the Standard Oil Company, it is pretty certain, as it seems to us, that the invasion of Canada by the great oil monopoly, with its tremendous wealth, and its unscrupulous exercise of the influence which that wealth gives, is not a matter for congratulation. The Trust is here to exercise the same autocratic power and monopoly which it does elsewhere, and by such means to add to its immense wealth and its power to control the markets, through its control over individuals, corporations, railways, governments, and everything which money will influence. Its presence is inimical to the moral interests of the country. Railway and other companies, and even governments, are not so invulnerably virtuous that we can desire to see them subjected to such influences as those which the Standard Oil Company employs for the promotion of its ends.

**Death of Lord Herschell.** The death of Lord Herschell, which occurred at his hotel in New York on Wednesday morning last, has removed very unexpectedly a man highly distinguished for ability and eminent service—one indeed whom it seemed the Empire could ill afford to lose. Some weeks ago Lord Herschell fell on a slippery sidewalk and broke one of his hip bones, but seemed to be progressing satisfactorily toward recovery, and his case caused no anxiety. But at an early hour on Wednesday morning he was attacked with heart failure, and in a short time had passed away. His death has caused great surprise and called forth expressions of profound regret on every hand. Baron Herschell was born November, 1827, and was a son of the late Rev. Ridley Herschell, of London, and Helen, daughter of William Mowbray, of Edinburgh. He married, in 1876, Agnes, third daughter of Edward Leigh Kindersley. There are one son and two daughters living. Lord Herschell was a Privy Councillor, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Doctor of Civil Law, Doctor of Laws, a Deputy Lieutenant for Kent and Durham, a Justice of the Peace, Captain of Dean-Castle, Chancellor of London University, and was appointed British member of the Venezuela and British Guiana boundary arbitration tribunal in 1897. He was knighted in 1890 and was created a peer in 1876. In addition to the many important public services which Lord Herschell had rendered is his work as a member of the Joint High Commission, which especially has brought him prominently into view in this country and in the United States. The services which his long experience and great legal knowledge and acumen enabled him to render as a member of the

Commission are recognized as being of a most valuable character. Hon. David Mills speaks of Lord Herschell as a tower of strength to Canadian and British interests in the Commission and says that his loss will be specially deplored by his brother commissioners and by all who had the pleasure of coming in contact with him. His wide range of information, his accurate legal knowledge and his thorough acquaintance with the issues between Canada and the United States, after six months' attention to them, will make his loss a subject of most profound regret to this country, and when the Commission is renewed it will be difficult to fill his place with a man equally well qualified.

**Little People of Africa.** Readers of Henry M. Stanley's book will remember his account of a race of pigmies which he met in his travels in Central Africa. These interesting little folk have been met again by Mr. Albert B. Lloyd, a young Englishman, who has recently made a journey through the forests which were traversed by Stanley. Mr. Lloyd first went to Uganda, in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and after being in charge of a station for two years, he decided to return home by way of the Congo to the West Coast. On his way he entered at Mbeni, the darkest of the African forests, and on the sixth day of his march through the forest he first encountered the pigmies. "They came shyly creeping into my camp that evening," says Mr. Lloyd, "as I sat before the tent door reading, keeping their little sparkling eyes moving constantly from one to another of my caravan. None of them were over four feet in height, and yet all were very powerfully built and very hairy; most of the full-grown men had beards half way down the chest. A strip of bark cloth was all the clothing worn by men and women alike. The men carried tiny bows and arrows, or short throwing spears, both of which they can use with great effect." At the place where the pigmies were met there were a number of people who had been brought up from the lower river by the Belgians and placed them in the forest to mark the way and to provide portage for travellers, and among these there was fortunately a man who had learned the language of the pigmies, and through whom Mr. Lloyd was able to carry on an interesting conversation with the chief of the party. To the traveller's questions as to the size of their forest home, their customs, their numbers, etc., the pigmy chief answered intelligently, thus showing that though their habits of life are of a very low order yet they have not lost human intelligence and are not beyond reform. "It is my belief," says Mr. Lloyd, "that these little people once lived in open country far away from the nocturnal shades of the forest, but were eventually driven into seclusion by the slave hunters of the past, and here at any rate they are unmolested. I did all in my power to get them into an open space in the forest where there would be light enough to take a snapshot of the group, but as soon as they saw my camera it was apparent that this was an impossibility. However, as they all stood about, some hiding their faces in their hands and others crouching behind their bolder companions, I hastily touched the trigger of my camera for a snapshot. Alas, the shade was too great, and the plate is a blank. I learned also that for the whole of the six days in the forest I had been watched day and night by these little folk. Whether their idea was to rob me of my possessions as Mr. Stanley was robbed, or whether they were merely watching my actions, I cannot say. I only know they gave me no trouble whatsoever, but were most kind, providing me and my caravan with fresh meat, such as forest antelope or wild pig. They assured me when I parted from them that they would see me again, although I should be in ignorance of the fact. I afterwards met the same band of little people some six or eight days further on. They had followed me as they had said, and seemed delighted when I told them that I had been unable to see anything of them during that time. Only once did I see a real pigmy encampment. This was in the densest part of the forest, where there almost seemed to reign perpetual night. It consists of a few low huts thatched with leaves from the trees, between three and four feet high, a very rough sort of shelter from Africa's tropical storms. I passed in perfect safety right through the very heart of their domains, and no African tribe could have been more friendly than the pigmies were to me."