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And So Say all of Us. At the recent dinner of the Canada Club in London, which was presided over by Lord Strathcona, special interest attached to the speech of the Hon. Edmund Barton, who spoke with great confidence of the success of the Australians in creating at the Antipodes another British Dominion to compete in friendly rivalry with Canada. In his references to the British policy in South Africa he seems to have been most happy. "Australia," he said, "like New Zealand and Canada, was united in thinking that, not as a matter of greed, but as a matter of self-preservation and necessity, the proper, just and wise policy was that the two Republics should cease to be independent, and that they should belong to the Empire." "What is good enough for the Canadian and South African should be good enough for the Boer"—a sally which greatly tickled his hearers.

The Victoria-Montreal Stock Issue.

In our advertising columns, the terms and conditions of the issue of \$200,000 in stock of this company will be found. As an inducement to subscribers of five shares and upwards, a rebate of 20 per cent. will be allowed them on all premiums of insurance on their property placed in the company. The directors explain their plans and purposes very fully, and inform property owners that in addition to any dividends paid on the shares, the agreement referred to will enable them to realize an amount equal to interest upon their stock at from ten to twenty per cent. per annum.

Morbid Curiosity. Nothing but morbid curiosity, and a desire to pander to the prevailing wish of some people to have the identity of a criminal established, can account for the persistency of the police in hunting for a clue to the parentage of the man recently hanged at Toronto under the name of Harry Williams. Condemned to death, the poor wretch, perhaps with a pardonable wish to spare his

people the pain and misery of knowing his fate, declined to disclose his real name. He has paid the penalty of his sins, and it is to be hoped that the police force of Detroit and elsewhere may be thwarted in their efforts to find out whose wayward son died on the scaffold at Toronto on the day following Good Friday last.

Business Acumen or Bad Taste.

"An instance of the business acumen of the colonial is the case of a Canadian private, who has a large interest in a soap business. During the present halt he has been pushing his wares with the same energy as he and his comrades rushed the trenches at Paardeberg.—A Bloemfontein Despatch.

The Canadian thus commended for his commercial instincts may be what our neighbours would call "a real, clever chap, and tarnation smart." But if some of his comrades think otherwise, assuredly they may not be blamed. We frankly admit to a feeling of regret that this wearer of a Canadian uniform cannot forget his soap business, and remain one of our dear "absent-minded beggars" until the close of the campaign. The incongruity of the thing ruffles our martial feelings. That a soldier of the Queen should take advantage of a lull in the fighting to push a cake of Canadian soap into prominence, and to solicit orders for whatever brand he may be representing, does not harmonize with our ideas of the duty and bearing of a soldier.

This Canadian private is evidently lacking in the faculty of nice discrimination, and we hope Colonel Otter will forbid further indulgence of the commercial instinct until this very smart chap has doffed his uniform. We do not regard this as "an instance of the business acumen of the colonial," and we are glad to think that some of his comrades may see the bad taste of a soldier on active service acting as a pedlar of soap, or anything else.

Having voluntarily abandoned the pursuits of peaceful industry, this obtrusive chap cannot do better than drop the shop and seek glory at the cannon's mouth.