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The Montreal Street Railway.

We cheerfully surrender space in this week's issue of THE CHRONICLE to the lady who lodges a complaint (which a large multitude of citizens will endorse) against the Montreal Street Railway.

Lord Roberts' Relations.

In view of the approaching return of Lord Roberts from the scene of his latest campaigning, everything and everybody connected with the soldiers' idolized chief is being brought to view. An English exchange says: "Lord Roberts' grandfather, the Rev. John Roberts, was a benefited clergyman in the Irish Established Church. Lord Roberts' maternal grandfather was a Minor Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral. It is very strange, says the 'Belfast News Letter,' that relatives of the three famous Irish soldiers should have been closely connected with St. Patrick's. The Very Rev. the Hon. Henry Pakenham, who was Dean of St. Patrick's from 1843 to 1864, was a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington; and the Ven. Cadwallader Wolseley, who was a Canon of St. Patrick's, was a cousin of Lord Wolseley."

We must confess that we find nothing "very strange" in the fact that soldiers should have relatives by birth and marriage in the church. In the British Isles, it is not unusual for the army and the church to find recruits among sons of the landed gentry.

However, the garland is woven, the arch erected, and the festive board spread as tributes to the warrior, and possibly we ought in passing to express unequivocal signs of admiration for his parents. At the same time, we absolutely decline to join in any movement having for its object the ennobling of his cook, or the exaltation of his wife's relatives.

We may be excused for contemplating, with an intense and heart-thrilling delight, the return of Lord Roberts and his soldiers from South Africa; but let us refrain from slobbering over their clerical cousins and personal luggage.

"Standing Room only." "Standing Room Only." What does such a sign mean to the public. We are perfectly prepared to maintain that in a Montreal theatre, on what is called a "students' night," or on any occasion when the present practice prevails of permitting the aisles, corridors and staircases to be occupied by a part of the audience, the effect of a fire would be simply disastrous to human life, if it broke out whilst the building was filled.

Those responsible for the management of our theatres and edifices in which the public congregate will, we hope, be warned that in yielding to the desire to sell every unoccupied foot of standing room, they are turning the buildings into perfect death-traps in case of panic.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce an article from an English insurance journal on the subject of fires in theatres.

A Welcome Home.

Our soldiers returning from the war all deserve the warmest of welcomes, and it ought to be regarded as a pleasant duty by the citizens of Montreal, the metropolis of the Dominion, to join in the cheers which greet those who have been fighting for their Queen. Yet, despite the proclamation on newspaper bulletin boards that thousands welcomed the latest arrivals in our city, those present at the railway station know that the reception accorded the soldiers on Monday last was of the most disappointing character. Let us wake up and do our duty.

"We have had a great loss," said Mr. Roebuck, to his gardener, in a conversation which has become historical, "the Duke of Wellington is dead." "Deed, sir," answered the horticulturist, "and who was he? I never heard tell of him." What a comment is that answer on the value of fame!

However, surely every citizen of Montreal has "heard tell" of the Canadians who have been upholding the majesty and supremacy of the Empire of which this Dominion forms a part.