

BRITISH AND AMERICAN RELATIONS.

A subscriber who had read what we quoted last week on the subject of American ill-will to England and things English, and the curious unfriendly misconception of Canada prevailing in the United States, sends us an article contributed to the *Detroit Free Press* by "Luke Sharp," a Scotch-Canadian author and writer for old as well as new world periodicals. Portions of this are well worth quoting. The title is the Gospel of Hatred:

"I have always held the theory that if the two nations in the forefront of liberty and progress,—the United States and Great Britain—could work together on a friendly basis, the results to civilization would be immense. Wherever either flag is planted, liberty flourishes, and I don't think this can be said of any other nation. Is it unreasonable or unpatriotic, then, to hope for a good understanding between the two peoples? Whether it is or not, I think the fact is that never in their history was there such a chance of complete misunderstanding as at the present moment. Chauncey Depew in a recent interview states that during his last visit to England he was amazed at the entire change of public opinion as regards America, that had taken place since he was across the ocean before. The friendly feeling towards the United States and towards all things American which had obtained in England for many years had undergone a thorough revolution. In this statement Mr. Depew confirms his reputation as a shrewd observer. What he says is true. I have on various occasions written for these columns instances of the friendly feeling that England had for the U.S.A., and I regret to see a subject taken away from me. The cause of this change is not far to seek, and regarding this cause I will lay down two points that bewilder a plain, commonplace man like myself, hoping that someone will enlighten me.

I have lived for many years in the United States, and during that time no man has called me a liar or a thief. There may have been many who thought I was both, but it was not considered etiquette to tell me so, and consequently I was not told. Such forbearance we consider gentlemanly, and life is the smoother in consequence. Now, why should we applaud as "vigorous" a politician highly placed in office who would call a friendly nation a thief and a liar? Why should the cloak of gentlemanliness slip from the shoulders of a politician when he steps from private life into the public service? That's point number one.

I have known and dealt with many business men in the United States, and I cannot recall a single instance where I have been treated with discourtesy. If I imagined I had anything to complain of I was always met by the head of the firm in a conciliatory spirit, and the difficulty was patiently explained, or smoothed away, or amended. A good business man is at great pains to see that all his customers are well treated, and any clerk who acts contrary to this rule of conduct earns a speedy and merited dismissal. Why, then, should the chief clerk of a nation receive rapturous acclaim when he ruffles the dignity of the best customer of that nation? I give it up, and that is point number two.

"I seem to be living in a world of illusions," said Mr. Labouchere, in Parliament the other day, and I sympathize with him. Politics seem to me a region out of "Alice in Wonderland," where the rules of ordinary life and gentlemanly conduct do not apply. I can't understand why bad business is good politics."

M. de Thierry, another outsider, in an article in one of this month's reviews, says:

"Even more significant is the attitude of a large proportion of the English press. Not only does it almost invariably take the side of the foreigner in a dispute involving British interests, but it strenuously denies that there can be another."

During the Venezuela flurry nothing

more amazed me than the strict moderation of the English press. While all the papers in the States, with two or three exceptions, were sounding the war-whoop, the English sheets were laboriously endeavoring to understand the American attitude and find out where England was in the wrong. Will this be the case when the next trouble looms up between the two countries, for trouble is as certain as taxes? I think not. Mr. Sherman's despatch on the seals struck dumb all the numerous friends of America on the English press. Since Mr. Cleveland's message there has arisen a new factor in English journalism; a factor which must in future be reckoned with. This is the *Daily Mail*, a one-cent morning paper, run, as one might say, on the American plan. It is bright and enterprising, and has any amount of money behind it; money that it does not need because of its own success. When anything particularly nasty is said about England in the American papers, the *Mail* has it cabled over with a hip-hurrah! and the average Englishman is finding out for the first time what the States is actually saying about him. Heretofore when a few of these pleasant things strayed across, it was taken for granted that they did not represent the opinion of that much-talked-of individual, 'the best American.' Now it has come to be believed that if the best American is not a myth, he is at least entirely included in the subscription list of the New York *Evening Post*, has no political influence, and is entirely a negligible quantity. The instantaneous success of the *Daily Mail* is bound to have its effect on the more conservative papers, and this effect is not likely to tend towards a further lying down on the part of Britain."

A new editor has come to the *Morning Post*, the great fashionable and conservative daily of Great Britain. He is a strong man, needless to say, a Scotsman, who is outspokenly anti-American. James Nichol Dunn won his spurs on the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, the noted paper of the north. Mr. Dunn joined the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Early in the present year he was made editor of the *Morning Post*, one of the best positions a journalist can attain in England.

The Sherman message gave him his chance, and an editorial which said it was evident that Great Britain would have to fight for her existence against the United States, which seemed resolved to fasten a quarrel upon the old country, rang through the land and was quoted all over Europe. In discussing this engrossing question with Mr. Dunn, he said to me: 'If we are to be thrashed, let us be thrashed; but we are tired of this eternal nagging.' Meanwhile the *Mail* prints pleasant, peace-producing items, like the following:

"John Bull gets angry, but when it comes to fighting a fellow of his own size, he exclaims: 'Let it be done by any hands but ours.'—San Francisco Chronicle.

Whenever Great Britain wishes a row with us she can have it. We are quite ready to annex the Klondike country and all the Canadian accessories.—San Francisco Call."

And thus the gospel of hatred is promulgated, and the work of the devil is done much more satisfactorily than Satan could do it for himself.

THE THROUGH TRAFFIC INCREASES.

"A forest of masts" is what citizens of a couple of decades ago predicted would be seen in Owen Sound's harbor. Their predictions would have come true if the state of marine transportation had remained as it was. But the big lake carriers have changed the forests of masts to the smoking funnels, and while Owen Sound's traffic does not show the masts, the tonnage is coming here. The past week has been an exceedingly busy one along the Canadian Pacific Railway docks and slips, the total tonnage received here amounting to nearly 10,000

tons. From Gladstone the steamer "Flint and Pere Marquette, No. 2" arrived in on Friday morning with 695 tons of flour in sacks and barrels. Shortly after noon the "Alice Stafford" came in on her regular trip, and with 685 tons. Saturday morning the "Athabasca's" cargo reached a total of 1,440 tons. On Sunday the big steamer "Madagascar" arrived in with two consorts, the combined cargoes of which amounted to 3,669 tons. Tuesday the "Manitoba" arrived down with 1,479 tons, and this morning the "Alberta" ran up the grand aggregate to the figures stated above. The cost of handling this quantity of freight here totals up to a very nice wage bill, to which may be added that of the out-going liners, which increases the total tonnage handled by the C.P.R. here in their through traffic to about 13,000 tons. Put into old-time sailing vessels, this tonnage would mean a forest of masts.—Owen Sound Times.

LONELY REGIONS.

The vastness of Canada is regarded by most of us with pride. But the unknown features of a great portion of it are used as mysteries to conjure with or as reproaches to us for not knowing more about them. In *Scribner's Magazine* in an article by Frederick Irland, entitled, "To the Shores of the Mingan Seignory," in which the vast interior regions of Canada are referred to in terms almost of awe and wonder. Here is part of what he says: "The vast country north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is, to the uncommercial explorer, the most interesting region on this continent, if not in the world. For nearly four centuries the ships of civilization have sailed by it, yet except at the very water's edge, there has been no intrusion upon it. The rivers which pour forth from every opening in the hills bear witness that the back country is a net-work of lakes and water courses. Ask the Commissioner of Crown Lands of the great Province of Quebec to-day what his department knows of that region, and he will tell you that it is the least known portion of North America, that only a few of the lakes have been surveyed, that two exploring parties have recently crossed the peninsula, that a handful of fishermen's houses fringe the gulf, that for the rest of it, the wandering Montagnais Indians are the only tourists who traverse half a million square miles of territory. Steamers go up the Saguenay. Lake St. John is reached by rail. But away to the northeast is a tremendous tract of country from whence issue streams greater than the Hudson, the headwaters of which no white man has ever seen."

A Victoria newspaper understands that Mr. Jennings, the engineer, now en route for the Klondike region, is to determine whether an all-Canadian route via the Stickeen River into the Yukon is feasible or not, and whether a railway can be built. The proposed Telegraph-Teslin Lake Railway dovetails in very neatly with the plans of the Teslin and Yukon Transportation Co., organized by some of the most substantial men of Victoria, and at present managed by Frank M. Yorke. They have despatched the steamer "Thistle" with men, material and machinery, and will commence work at once so as to be ready for business by the coming of spring. The sawmill will have a capacity of 10,000 feet per day, and will be first established at Telegraph Creek. The steamers which will be built, it is expected, will be ready for service by June 1st.

"Up at Stromsburg," says the York, Pennsylvania, *Times*, "a farmer sold his wheat, paid his mortgage and floating indebtedness, bought his wife a new range and sewing machine, took \$100 to go to Buffalo and give himself and his poor, tired wife an outing, and had \$300 left. When he had finished all the business he wiped his brow with his shirt sleeve, and remarked: 'I voted for Bryan last fall, but I'm d—d glad he wasn't elected.'"