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VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1889. No, 67

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER'S
CASH RATES UNTIL THE 1st MAY, 1890.
A Full Upper OR Lower Sett of Teeth, $8.00. A Full Upper AND Lower Sett of Teeth, $15.00.
XTRACTING 1 TOOTH 50C. EACH SUBSEQUENT TOOTH 25C.
Any Desired Anesthetic Administered.
BEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED!
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.
☞ Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel. ☜
Fredericton August 24th, 1889.

G. D. CARTER
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. A. MCAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE 250 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
CLERK OF THE COUNTY COURT AND CLERK OF THE PEACE
Sunbury County.
OFFICE: QUEEN ST., OPP. POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON OPPOSITE BLAIR & BARRY'S OFFICE,
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR.)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton Oct. 6th 1887.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING.
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th. 1887.

DR. CROCKET
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th. 1887.

GREGORY & GREGORY
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY, Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th. 1887.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
Notary Public, Etc,
SCOY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887

Auctioneers

H. C. C. WETMORE,
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
(NEXT to L. P. LaForest, Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms Moderate Returns Prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887

SWEET POTATOES
AND
FRUIT.
Receiving Each Week from Boston.
Bartlet Pears,
Bananas, Grapes,
Oranges and Lemons,
Water Melons.
ALSO:
New Brunswick Apples,
Fruit Puddine.
—AT—
W. H. VANWART'S.
Fredericton, Aug. 24 1889

WEST END
SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS has for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING
PINE SHEATHING DRY HEMLOCK
SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand.
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
☞ Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill
R. A. ESTEY.

Hotels

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

HAWARDEN HOTEL.
Cor. Prince Wm. & Duke Sts.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
WM. CONWAY, - - PROPRIETOR.
BEST $1.00 HOUSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
July 20—3m

HOTEL STANLEY,
Late Continental,
KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND NEWLY FURNISHED.
FIRST CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS.
July 18—6m

LORNE HOTEL.
JOHN KELLY, - - Proprietor
THIS HOTEL has lately been re-fitted and re-furnished thoroughly, and is now supplied with all modern conveniences. I am now prepared to receive permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates. Good Stabling and a hostler always in attendance.
REGENT STREET
FREDERICTON - - N. B.
Fredericton, May 7th,—1 y

VICTORIA HOTEL,
DANIEL HANSON, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL has been thoroughly Renovated and Furnished in First Class Style, and I am prepared to give good accommodations to the travelling public. I am now prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders at reasonable rates.
Meals at all hours.
Good Stabling and a Hostler always in attendance.
Regent Street, Fredericton, N. B.
Fredericton, May 11—wtwly

JUST RECEIVED
The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil.
" Alteratives,
" Peptones,
" With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
Elixer Lactopeptine.
Peptonized Beef.
DAVIS & CO.
STAPLES.
DRUGGISTS
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton, Dec. 15, 1888.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS!
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton.
LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.
Fredericton, Jan. 12, 1889.

TRAVELLING COLLECTOR, $12 and expenses; Office Manager, $10 and 10 per cent. on new business; Time-keeper. 134 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

LADY'S TRAVELLING NURSE, $25 and expenses; equal share in pleasure and annuements. 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

LADY BOOK-KEEPER, $9; Saleladies, $5; Stenographers, $8; Parlor Maid, Cooks, Chambermaids, at 134 Prince, Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

A THOROUGHLY Practical book-keeper, Manufacturing house; Road Collector, Public Works Time-keeper, Travelling Confectionery Salesman, Office Superintendent, Tea and Coffee Salesmen, at the Exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B. Call at once.

LADY STENOGRAPHER, Cashier for Boot and Shoe Store, Lady to attend Laundry Office, a practical Lady Office Attendant. These orders must be filled at once. Ladies' Exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

GRANDMA'S CANDY KITCHEN AND FAMILY SUPPLY STORE. Choice French Coffees; Richly Flavored Teas, (all brands); Home Made Bread; Boston Baked Beans; Jersey Buttermilk; Sweet Cream; Rich Milk from Grandpa's Farm; Goodies for the little folks; Cooling Summer Beverages at WILLIE SHEPARD'S, corner Duke and Prince William streets St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE.
20,000 DRAIN TILE,
2, 3, and 4 inch.
ALSO:
200,000 BRICK.
Apply to
M. RYAN,
FREDERICTON N B.
Fredericton, Aug. 6—3mwtw

J. M. LEMONT,
Piano & Organ Tuner,
FREDERICTON N. B.
Orders may be left with Lemont & Sons.
Fredericton, Aug. 8—3mtw

New Advertisements.

1889.

Keeping abreast with the times we have, this year, placed on the market magnificent lines of Silks for Fine Art Needlework, consisting of
Rope Silk. Etching Silk and Filo Floss.
All made in extensive lines of colorings, comprising all the beautiful art shades now so popular.
These colors are dyed in the most approved methods known to ancient and modern science and are fast against light and washing. We invite the ladies of Canada to call for these Goods.
LADIES UNIVERSALLY PRONOUNCE
Belding Spool Silks 'The Best in the World.'
Our name or that of Belding Bros. & Co., on Silks, will always be found a guarantee of first-class goods.
See that our name is on every Spool and TAKE NO OTHER.
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
MONTREAL.

For
Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints,
NO REMEDY EQUALS
PAIN-KILLER
AND
40 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for
Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.
Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.
☞ Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations. ☜

HANGING LAMPS.
HALL LAMPS.

STAND LAMPS.
PIANO LAMPS.
LEMONT & SONS
Fredericton, Sept. 18

TEA. TEA. TEA.
A REALLY CHOICE LOT IN
1, 2, and 5lb. FANCY BASKETS.
This is the Popular Tea of the day; it gives satisfaction every time.
We are still running our 30 and 35 cent Teas.
'THE OLD STAND'
YERXA & YERXA.
OATS. OATS.
Just Received 1 Car of Extra Ontario Oats, Clean and Sweet. Selling Low.
Also: 1 Car Feed, Bran and Middlings.
G. T. WHELPLEY
310 QUEEN STREET FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Aug. 24, 1889

Buildings Moved and Raised.
WITH MY NEW TRESTLE and Improved Tallow Slides, I am now prepared to execute all orders promptly for Moving Houses and Barns. Buildings separated from one another replaced. Buildings raised, silled, and levelled up. Horses or other stock in barns to be removed or raised, carefully looked after. All shaking and knocking off of plaster carefully avoided. Rigging, racking and erecting derricks and cranes also done.
Orders may be left at R. CHESTNUT & SONS, also at Mr. NELL'S and Mr. EVERETT'S Hardware Stores, Fredericton.
C. McCLUSKEY, Gibson.
Gibson May]

GAINED THE DAY!
Our Parlor Suits take the Lead. Cannot Produce them fast enough to meet the wants of Our Customers. Leave your order early and get best Value in Canada.
J. G. McNALLY.
Fredericton, Sept. 4th

ACADIAN RAMBLES

A Yankee in the Canadian Maritime Provinces.

A "CONTINENTAL PENINSULA."

The Trip from New York to Boston by Fall River and Thence to Annapolis Royal. Lovely Annapolis Valley — Grand Pre. Minas Basin, Longfellow's "Evangeline."

From the far north came interesting reports that the Canadian statesmen had created a nation. There were no longer detached provinces, there was a dominion. There was a strong national feeling, and along with it many national advantages and burdens, such as a high tariff, a great system of national improvements, a vigorous policy and a big national debt. Some of the statistics are surprising.

HALIFAX FROM THE HARBOR.

We have heard so much of the "unprecedented growth" of the United States that it startles a Yankee to find that the ratio of Canada's gain in population since the American Revolution has been much greater than that of the United States. The 60,000 French whom Great Britain took as citizens by the treaty of 1763 have in Canada alone 1,800,000 descendants, and it is claimed that there are 600,000 more in the United States. In short, say the Canadian authorities, the original French of the country, with no French immigration to speak of, have in 126 years increased forty fold. Since the days of Israel in Egypt there has been no such fecundity.

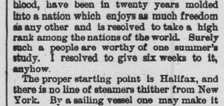
And all these, with the three millions and more of English, Irish, Scotch and other blood, have been in twenty years molded into a nation which enjoys as much freedom as any other and is resolved to take a high rank among the nations of the world. Surely such a people are worthy of one summer's study. I resolved to give six weeks to it, anyhow.

The proper starting point is Halifax, and there is no line of steamers thither from New York. By a sailing vessel one may make it in a few days, or some weeks, according to accident or incident. The proper route is by the Fall River line to Boston, where one has two hours to eat breakfast and reach the wharf of the Brunswick line. Steaming out of the harbor at 9:30 a. m. we enter the Annapolis basin on the northwestern shore of Nova Scotia early the next morning, taking the afternoon train at Annapolis, and are in Halifax soon after dark. Time from New York, fifty to fifty-two hours; total expense, including beds and meals, $20. Ocean voyage as short as it could be made and every part of it delightful on the well appointed steamers of that line. No seasickness if you pick the right day to sail. But if there is a "spanking breeze," and your diaphragm is not well anchored, then you will know how it is yourself. Allow me to recommend lemons and brandy, with complete seclusion from society—in your stateroom and flat on your back, without a pillow. You will get over it quicker that way, because the moveable viscera will not flop up against the stomach as if you were upright. We had a smooth sea and a clear sky and there was not a qualm. My day of misery was to come later in Northumberland straits.

Be it remembered that the steamers from Boston land on the north side of the peninsula and thence we proceed by railroad through the Annapolis valley—Nova Scotia's pride—then take a wild whirl through the hills and run down to the basin of Minas and village of Grand Pre. Of course all sentimental readers recognize these names—made poetically historic, or more properly historically poetic, by the author of "Evangeline."

Longfellow never saw it, but he has described it well, and by a rare triumph of genius he has made things which were not seem as if they were. On a calm August day the basin seems the natural site for a romance—there is such a rare combination of wild and of pastoral beauty. The rugged hills, which have followed the general line of the Nova Scotia coast, suddenly bend inland and sweep around a grand semicircle of perhaps forty miles; up the center of this inclosed tract runs the deep harbor, from which little but navigable arms extend in all directions, while between them are the water meadows, and rising slowly inland the verdant pastures and fertile farms. Back of these the rocky hills rise abruptly in sullen grandeur, thick set to their summits with spruce, fir and pine. Above is the soft blue sky of August; from the salt water comes a gentle breeze; the bay and creeks are dotted by many fishing craft; hundreds of fat cattle graze on the slopes, and over all the basin seems to breed a peace that passeth (the American) understanding.

The summer climate is as near perfection as is allowed in a sinful world; nor are the winters severe, though there is much snow and sleet. But as to the springs, all who are questioned shrug their shoulders. That season is longer than the calendar calls for, and is admitted to be very disagreeable. Eighty-eight above zero and six below are the extremes of the thermometer, but it is marks above seventy-five the people call it hot. Everybody in Nova Scotia quotes Longfellow with pride as to the description of the country, and everybody laughs at his history. Occasionally, I regret to add, one swears. In the village they still show the blacksmith shop and other houses celebrated in "Evangeline," though, as a matter of fact, I believe all the original houses were burnt. Similarly the French of the Isle de France still show the graves of Paul and Virginia, but shall we Americans criticise them? Have we not had a "Cardiff Giant" and divers sea serpents and "A Bourbon Among Us?"


COW BAY, MOUTH OF HALIFAX HARBOR.

MELVILLE ISLAND, HALIFAX HARBOR.

The true story of the Acadian exiles is easily told. They refused to take the oath of allegiance to the British government and avowed their expectation of a speedy return to French rule; refused to submit to any regulations in trading with the Indians, and persistently thwarted all those police measures which are so necessary in young colonies with a dangerous people near. They were, therefore, removed to other British colonies. The cruelty consisted in their forced and sudden departure without fair warning, which resulted in the separation of some families and the extreme poverty of many. In palliation of this, the British-Canadian writers allege that if the French had not been "taken unawares" they could not have been taken without much expense and some bloodshed; and, as it was, many escaped and stirred up serious trouble among the Indians. And while discussing these things we found that our train had already crossed the peninsula and was rounding Bedford Basin, and soon after we entered Halifax, which was then thought worthy of a week's visit.

There is nothing exciting about Halifax. One can lie down and sleep any hour in the twenty-four without being disturbed by the roar of traffic in the streets—that is, unless he is kept awake wondering how 35,000 people can keep so still. It certainly is in summer the most soul restful place on this continent. "They say" that July and August are the quietest months of the year because the sailors and fishermen are gone and many of the soldiers. The climate also is singularly even in midsummer. It does not rain, strictly speaking; it just dribbles. New comers from the States sleep half the time; the climate has that effect on them at first. The mercury rarely rises above 80 degrees, and when it does there is a refreshing breeze from the ocean. When there is a calm and the mercury at 80 the Haligonian simply collapses and the wealthy talk of "going north till cooler weather."

There is considerable business, too, chiefly at the wharves—shipping lumber, fish, etc.—and it is done very quietly. In the principal streets elsewhere there is a slight stir, and over all the rest of the city is a peace like unto that described as the final goal of the righteous. It is Nirvana with an American flavor. One longs to witness a dog fight, and an Ohio valley thunder storm would be a real treat. But they seldom have such things in midsummer. Even Mayor-Congressman Hewitt could sleep well in Halifax, for as to insomnia the physicians have not had a case since the American prisoners left at the close of the last war.

For situation the city cannot be excelled. The harbor entrance is narrow, but once inside one finds it swelling into a placid bay of great size; many miles up it narrows again and beyond that broadens into Bedford basin, which would on many coasts be considered a spacious harbor. Beyond the "point" (just beyond the harbor mouth) the Northwest Arm begins and extends twelve or fifteen miles inland—all the way a crystal sheet of water, with perfectly lovely shores—and thus Halifax is on a good sized peninsula. From the harbor side the land rises rather abruptly, but on the other side the slope is gentle, and for many miles all that side is still covered with the natural forest. Though three million dollars have been appropriated to improve this great park, the administrators have shown their good sense by leaving nearly all of it in a state of nature, only making splendid winding roads through it and clearing away such brush as obstructed the approach to or outlook over the sea. The results are admirable. The man who cannot find rest there must be a restless mortal indeed.

The Nova Scotians say that their peninsula abounds in fine harbors. It sometimes seems to me that the coast is all harbor. There are so many bays, large and small, so many inlets and arms of the sea, that the province appears to be almost cut across in places, and from any commanding point one can look out upon the sea or upon some large harbor. At first view one would say that Halifax is surrounded by good harbors; yet it is scarcely more so than any other considerable city of the province. The Nova Scotian is almost everywhere in sight of the sea; as a natural consequence almost every native has some natural talent for sea faring. As the Greeks and Phœnicians were the navigators of the ancient world, because their location made the sea more inviting to them than the land, and as the Portuguese were the most daring explorers of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries, so the Nova Scotians are born, one may say, with a talent for sailing. Any ten-year-old boy can rig a sail on a little boat, almost any girl of that age will venture on the water as readily as on the land; and so sailing parties in Nova Scotia take the place in good society which carriage rides and lawn parties hold in places further inland.

If there is in the world a sheet of water better suited to at once gratify and excite this taste than the Northwest Arm, or back harbor, of Halifax, I have not heard of it. Everywhere the natural park gives fair view of this bay; everywhere the slope is gentle, and almost every rod of the shore is a natural wharf, the rock or gravel rising just abruptly enough, and the whole front "clean"—that is, no marshes or spongy shores. The result can be surmised. On any fair day the surface is dotted with all sorts and sizes of sail and row boats. There are Sunday school picnics on the opposite shore, private picnics in rocky dells at the heads of little bays, "select parties of single gentlemen," with the usual bodily comforts and excitants, drifting lazily they care not whither, and many and many a little catboat with only two persons (of the two sexes), with whom conversation so far outweighs destination that they do not really care which way they drift. And for three months of summer this is an almost daily sight. There are indeed no storms to make the Northwest Arm dangerous and very few to make it uncomfortable. It is one of nature's selected and protected nooks in which to laze and drift, eat, drink, smoke, rest, doze or make love, as age, occasion or temperament may incline. The soul weary and brain baked business man of the States might well give it a fortnight of his summer's outing. Ever verdant in memory will be the sweet August day I lounged, lazed, laughed and drifted on the Northwest Arm!

Just back of Halifax, in the city suburbs indeed, rises that famous natural mole called Citadel Hill, and on it is a British fortification which the newspaper man or stranger may not enter. Around and near it are the commodious quarters of the troops, for Halifax is the British North American military and naval station, and any day in the year there are from 500 to 5,000 soldiers and sailors there. Scarlet coats are everywhere, and their devotion to the fair sex is uniform. In the splendid public garden of the city (which is a much finer thing in proportion for Halifax than Central park is for New York) the scarlet coat and the white apron of the nurse girl supply the most delightful bits of color on the green landscape. Like everything else about Halifax the sight is restful—it really refreshes the eye to gaze on them. Sir John Ross, commander of the British forces in Canada, gives the soldiers a great deal of social liberty, and they reciprocate to a surprising degree. In two weeks rambling about the place I did not see one intoxicated.

New York. J. H. BEADLE.

Something About Flowers.

Cyclamens are in full bloom, the seeds of which were sown in November, 1887, fourteen months from the time the seeds were put in the ground. As soon as large enough to handle, the seedlings were transplanted about an inch apart in shallow pans, where they remained until they had produced several leaves, after which they were put singly into two inch pots, and shifted into larger sizes as their need required, until August, when they were given their final shift into five and six inch pots, according to size. The soil used was two parts fibrous loam and one part thoroughly decomposed cow manure; to this was added sufficient sand to insure the free passage of the water. Good drainage was given and during summer they were kept in a well shaded green house. They had an unchecked but slow growth from the time of vegetation until their flowers were produced.

Some people always prefer plants in pots, even if they are not troubled for want of room, and now hardy perennials are gaining so in popularity they prefer them in this way. Many kinds can be grown with little or no heat, and some stand forcing to perfection. The cultivation of roses, hardy lilies and other bulbs is almost universal, and in addition the Day lily, the various campanulas, perennial phloxes which want plenty of stimulants.—The American Garden.

A Repeating Rifle Invented in 1822.

A Kingston man, while looking through a file of newspapers published in Kingston in 1822, found a description of a "new invention," a repeating firearm. The gun was manufactured in New York city and was invented by a man named Isaiah Jennings. The description reads as follows: "It is a single barrel and lock stocked in the usual style, and is perfectly simple, safe and convenient. The number of charges may be extended to fifteen, or even twenty, each charge being under as complete control as a single charge in an ordinary gun, and may be fired in the space of two seconds to a charge or at longer intervals, at the option of the possessor, with the same accuracy and force as any other gun. The principal can be applied to any musket, rifle, fowling piece or pistol, and can be made to fire from two to twelve times without adding anything to the incumbrance of the piece, except five or six ounces to its weight."—Kingston Freeman.

To Be Treated with Respect.

"You great that lady with great deference, Maud. Who is she?" "She? Why, she is Mrs. Foolscap. She is literary." "What has she written?" "Oh, she has just had a story rejected by the Atlantic."—Boston Commonwealth.

HALIGONIAN DAYS.

A Yankee in the Canadian Maritime Provinces.

OF THE MIDSUMMER CARNIVAL.

An Exciting Sham Battle—Halifax Theoretically Attacked and the Enemy Repulsed—Ideal and Real Geology—Nova Scotia's Involved Strata.

August opened with a great stir in military and naval circles, for the midsummer carnival was on; the great British war vessel Bellerophon lay some time in the harbor and was joined by others. Two French men-of-war also came in, and there were extensive preparations for a great sham battle, review and naval display. By the courtesy of the local press, I spent some hours on the Bellerophon—the officers pronounce this Bellerophon and the sailors call it the "Billy Ruffian"—and it was almost a liberal education in that line. The vessel is 330 foot long and manned by over 400 sailors and marines, besides the officers; and all ranks received our editorial party and conducted us over the vessel with a deference and courtesy which confirmed the statement of many writers that the British navy is the home of gentlemen.

As to the carnival, has it not already been described a dozen times? The most exciting part of it to me was the battle, the marines attempting to land under the protecting fire of their gunboats, the heavy shore batteries answering the bombardment and the red coats, posted for two miles along the hills, repulsing the marines, the thunder of the sea echoed from the hills and the echo mingled with the crash of shore batteries, the signal corps telegraphing from all commanding points, and on the highest hill Sir John Ross directing the defense—it was really quite exciting. And when a "retreat" was sounded from the gunboats and the launches turned and rapidly carried the marines out of rifle range, it was so much like beating off real enemy that the unlocking thousands raised a cheer which sounded for miles over the green slopes and granite cliffs, and wild hilarious joy swelled the hearts of the Haligonians.

By the way, why "Haligonian?" The etymology of the name seems obscure, and in fact they had some trouble to get up a good title for a citizen of Halifax. The natural title, of course, was Halifactor, but the sound of that would not do at all, though it would have just suited the New Englanders of 1783, who notified the Tories to "Go to hell or Halifax." "Acadian" was too general—it included not only the whole province, but all eastern New Brunswick as well. So they took the next letter after the f of Halif——, and invented the word Haligonian. Judge Haliburton, "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," the best humorist the province has ever produced, made it popular, and it is now proudly worn. "Acadie" is the Micmac Indian for "abundance," "plenty of," and is the termination of many local names in the two provinces, as Shubenacadie—"plenty of roots," that valley being noted for potatoes.

HALIBURTON.

The Nova Scotians are not a humorous people. I might say they are a very serious people indeed. Though there is much culture, many fine libraries and several good writers—indeed, there are several histories of the province as good as many of our states can boast of—there has been but one noted humorist, the author of "Sam Slick," and his humor is now considered rather heavy. I have heard it maintained that the seriousness was due to the climate, but I laid it to the race until I found on inquiry that it is exceedingly difficult to tell just what race did settle Nova Scotia.

It seems to have been settled slowly by the remnants of many peoples and factions. First the "planted French," then the Acadian colonists, and after them the superannuated fishermen from Newfoundland; then the British got the country and brought exiled Germans of the Palatinate, the remnants of Hessian and Scotch regiments, Irishmen who had to be indemnified for losses sustained in the old wars, and discharged soldiers and officers retired on half pay, and last of all came some 14,000 American Tories, and more than doubled the population of the province in a year. All fused readily into one homogeneous people except the Highland Scotch, located on Cape Breton Island. They remain separate and apart to this day, and so furnish material for Dudley Warner's "Baeddeck and That Sort of Thing." The people in rural Nova Scotia live well and enjoy robust health, are most hospitable and ceremoniously polite, but they do not joke, and if one perpetrates the average American witticism in their company they stare inquiringly for a moment, and then glance at each other as if to ask, "What does the gentleman mean?"

Of all the people in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick none strike the American visitor with such painful surprise as the negroes—or, rather, the "colored," for they are shaded down considerably. They have been free from 50 to 150 years, and have had all the privileges of British subjects. They received the same land grants, stock and rations as other settlers of 1783, etc., and we have always been told that among English people there is no prejudice on account of color. Here then, one would say, there should be fine results. They are, in fact, far inferior to the average of their race in the States, and the descendants of those who came in 1783 are rather the poorest of the lot. The negroes of middle Georgia excel them as far as the white Aryan of Boston excels the brown Aryan of Hindostan. The life of some of their settlements cannot be portrayed without offense.

MICMACS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

When slavery was abolished in the British West Indies there was a Maroon rebellion in Jamaica, headed by a talented black called King Cudjoe. The British prevailed on him and his army of 500 to surrender and brought them to Nova Scotia. Many of them soon went to Liberia and finally returned to Jamaica; the others located at a place now called "Maroon Hill." I visited their settlement, but shall not venture to describe it. In all our southern country I know of but two places to compare with it. Another settlement a few miles away was described by the rector of the parish as so very bad that he begged me not to go near it. On the other hand, the "Lucas Settlement," of negroes from Virginia and North Carolina, brought after the war of 1812-15, is almost an average. I fancy that the climate has depressed the African nature—taken all their native gayety without implanting British energy.

I delight in general geology, but I am suspicious of fossils; so I greatly enjoyed a few days run in the coal fields and old rocks of Nova Scotia, where there is so much that is practical and so little theory. And, by the way, I think the average citizen, not deeply rooted or grounded in the matter, is suspicious of fossils—there is so much speculation to one stone rib. Despite all the scientists have written and said, there is still a very extensive skepticism as to the science, and the ordinary citizen thinks that if those horrible creatures with ponderous names ending in "don" and "saurus" really did exist, it must have been at an era when the Creator was letting creation run itself and nature was in a chronic state of delirium tremens.

FALLS OF THE TARTAGUE RIVER.

It is all very well for Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins to "reconstruct" a pre-adamite monster from one solitary jawbone or fragmental vertebra, and to tell us with the cool assurance of an eyewitness how the ichthyosaur and the delnosaur, the pleiosaur and the cenaliosaur swam and fished and fought and died, and were succeeded by the creodon and the glyptodon, the mylodon, the iguanodon and all the rest of the dons. But if we must believe such "reconstruction" possible, we want at least to be dead sure of the rib or the jawbone or the fossil footprint, whichever it is. No manufactured fossils, if you please. If we are to re-translate Moses on the testimony of the rocks, let us not have the track of an Alabama nigger shoved on us as the trail of a Labyrinthotechnodont or the petrified ear of a Chicago detective exposed as the gill flap of an Elasmosaurian. Such, I am sure, though imperfectly expressed, is the feeling of the average man; so let us give Nova Scotia fossils the go by and deal with her rocks and minerals.

The tourist with only an elementary knowledge of geology is at first confused in Nova Scotia. The whole rock system appears to be without plan or order. At Halifax, let us say, he finds himself on a ridge of bowlders resting on the hard old archæan; a few miles north he finds a sudden and surprising change; schistose rocks appear; there are indications of gold, and from there to the northwestern shore all is apparent confusion. There are forests in which heavy bowlders stand among the trees, from the size of the ordinary "niggerhead" to that of a country church, and valleys where the rich black earth conceals all signs of rock. One side of such a valley is crystalline limestone or slate, and on the other a softer rock; here and there reefs of "splitting rock" come in, and the observer is assured that "this is a rich mineral region—it only lacks development." And as a matter of statistical fact Nova Scotia did last year produce $440,000 in gold, the average being $2.70 for each day's work. Of course, all those locally interested insist that this is only a proof of what can be and ought to be done: "The mines would yield splendid returns to capital if they were worked together and systematically."

When, however, the observer has crossed the peninsula at two or three points he finds that under the apparent disorder there is a charming order; it may best be expressed in the popular local phrase: "The strata are set on edge." In crossing the province from southeast to northwest one travels over the outcrop of all the formations from archæan granite and fire distilled flint to the latest drift. To map this out let the reader take a jelly cake of many layers as a representative of the strata in their original order; then bend it till it breaks along the center, throw away the one half and let the other half (nearly perpendicular) represent the strata of the province. And if it were not so there would be no Nova Scotia; for if the strata had remained nearly horizontal the top would have gone long ago and the ocean would have rolled hundreds of feet above what is now the very crest of the peninsula. As it is, the unyielding archæan of the southwest coast stands out against the Atlantic as a slope of perhaps ten or twenty degrees from the perpendicular—just the slope for most effective resistance. On this the waves have hammered and gnawed for uncounted milleniums till all the soft parts are eaten away; and all that shore consists of bold, rocky headlands and capacious harbors with narrow inlets. And some local savants maintain that the ocean but lately flowed through some passages across the peninsula which are now fertile valleys.

Going across the peninsula, northwest, one crosses rapidly all the geologic ages, and the northwest shore has a comparatively moderate slope. There the rich pastures incline gently to the very edge of the bay; at high tide the green sward actually seems to hang over into the salt water, and from the deck of a vessel the view is indeed enchanting. Where the hills recede and inclose a low tract, which high tide would submerge, are the noted dyke lands. The low embankments shut out the sea, but at stated times the floodgates are opened, the salt water spreads over the land, carrying fertility, as is so charmingly described in "Evangeline," and the soil is renewed. But if one would see the section of Nova Scotia where nature has done her perfect work he must go to Cape Breton Island. There all possible elements of interest are combined. The sea has torn away all the yielding rocks and left a coast of bold sublimity. Only the best protected coal seams remain, and they are scientifically perfect. The shore is all deep harbor and bold headland. The topography is alternately rugged and picturesque, while the people are quite as primitive as the land and far more interesting.

New York. J. H. BEADLE.

TRIALS OF A YOUNG MANAGER.

Disastrous Failure of a Boy's Attempt to Produce a Play.

Frederick Leslie, the actor, told an amusing story to a reporter. "When I was quite a youngster," he said, "some boys and myself constructed a play, and we called it 'Walker's Ruin.' My mother at that time owned several small houses at Woolwich, England, and in one of these we rigged up a temporary stage. We exhausted all of our capital in buying wall paper for scenery, so we had to fix up the stage as best we could. In many places, therefore, it was quite weak. These dangerous spots were indicated by chalk marks, so that, if we happened to get too near them in the midst of an exciting scene, we could skip over them. It was undignified, perhaps, but it couldn't be helped. Once, unfortunately, the stage did give way. I was delivering an impassioned love speech, and forgot all about the chalk marks until I stepped over and disappeared from view with a great crash and clatter. But I am anticipating. As I said, we had exhausted all our funds on scenery, so we wrote out a bill and posted it on the front gate, stating that the charge for admission would be a farthing a head.

"Of course it was only natural that the boys living in these houses should patronize the landlady's son, and we soon had a good sized audience. With the first farthing taken in we sent out and bought a rush light. With the second we did the same, and as the audience grew larger so did the number of lights increase. At last a start was made with the play, and then the villain became refractory. He objected to being killed in the first act, as we had planned, and in spite of our assurance that it was absolutely necessary for the success of the piece that he should die then he remained obstinate, and repeatedly informed the audience he was not yet dead. However, we finally got him to die on the understanding that he should have the best part in the next play. Well, we had no more than settled this difficulty and got to working smoothly again when my uncle appeared on the scene and demanded to know if it was true that we had charged each boy a farthing for admission. Upon being told that it was true he ordered me to return the money to them at once. I protested that it was impossible, as we had spent it for candles. 'Then give them the candles,' said my uncle, and we did. The boy who came in first got the smallest piece of candle, and the one who came in last got the largest."—Press and Knickbocker.

Brief.

First Cheese—What's eatin' yer?
Second Cheese—Oh, rats!—New York Sun.