

the Puisne Judges \$15,000 each. In New South Wales the Chief Justice's stipend is the same as in Victoria, and the assistant judges receive \$13,000. In Cape Colony the Chief Justice gets \$10,000, while his associates get from \$7,500 to \$8,750, according to the extent of the duties they are called upon to perform. In India the Chief Justice of the High Court gets about 5,000 rupees (gold) per year, and his subordinates 3,750 rupees. In the Straits settlements the Chief Justice has \$12,000 a year, and the other Judges \$8,400. In Canada, as your readers know, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court only receives \$8,000, while the associate judges have only \$7,000 each. In the Provinces the judicial salaries are quite as inadequate. Now there is really no reason for this disparity between the salaries paid in Canada and in the other colonies I have mentioned. In fact, there is every reason to urge for the ratio being the other way. In no other portion of the Empire are duties requiring greater legal skill and research reposed in the judiciary than in this Dominion. The B. N. A. Act has established two separate and independent sovereignties,—the Federal and Provincial, each having within its territorial limits distinct and enumerated powers framed with a view to prevent the one from trespassing upon the exclusive legislative functions of the other. With a constitution so delicately balanced, the pendulum of legislation on the one hand or the other is prone to swing within the precincts of disputed territory. The judges are, therefore, called upon in such cases to adjust the limits of the two sovereignties in respect of the subject-matter of conflicting legislation, a duty involving the gravest responsibility, and not to be approached without misgiving by the most sagacious legal mind. When we consider that it is from among those who have reached the top-most rung of the professional ladder that our judges are sought to be chosen, and that they must forego, by their acceptance of the office, the handsome emoluments of an extensive practice, we cannot but be convinced that they are entitled not only to an adequate but a liberal rate of remuneration. Indeed, the way we treat our judges now almost equals the parsimony exhibited by the Athenians towards their Dicasts, judicial officers to whom they allowed the magnificent stipend of 3 *oboli* per day. Regarding this as a rather heavy expenditure for the administration of justice, the frugal souls who guarded the Athenian exchequer employed every possible means to prevent the sitting of the courts, so that the State might not be compelled to expend so much money on the wages of the Dicasts!

According to *L'Electeur* the trouble between General Herbert and the Minister of Militia arose out of the action of a sergeant of the Royal School of Infantry at Quebec in using a political medium to obtain from the minister larger quarters because he had taken unto himself a wife. *L'Electeur* says that the General, during his recent inspection of the corps, sharply rebuked the sergeant for his breach of military etiquette and contemptuously referred to his political intercessors as "halfpenny civilians." It was no doubt very irritating to the gallant General to discover this lapse from established military methods, but if he had contemplated for one moment the direful need for increased domestic accommodation that seizes upon a French-Canadian when he enters into the connubial state I am sure he would not have berated the poor chap or his sympathetic friends so roundly.

Mr. R. J. Devlin, the Sparks street hatter and "the wittiest advertiser in Canada," has been awarded the parchment testimonial of the Royal Humane Society for saving a lad from drowning in the canal in November last. Mr. Devlin was walking along the Dufferin Bridge when he heard the boy's cries, and notwithstanding the icy coldness of the water—not to mention its dirt—boldly plunged in and held the boy above water until other help arrived.

The Ottawa Electric Street Railway Company claim that they will be able to overcome all obstacles to the successful operation of their cars in the winter by means of the new gearless motor being manufactured for them by the Westinghouse Electric company of Philadelphia. This motor is known as the "Slow Speed iron-clad," and by no means its least merit is its simplicity. The gear wheels, so objectionable in the old motor, have been discarded in the new invention, and the armature revolutions which were at the rate of 1000 to 1500 in the former have been reduced to 150 in the latter. There are only three points attached to the new motor,—the armature fixed to the axle, and the cast iron covering of two pieces. This covering protects the armature from rust or dampness, and makes it possible, so its inventors claim, to run the cars through snow or wet weather without damage to the mechanism or burning out the motor.

Ottawa.

DIXIE.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE AT THE THACKERAYS'.

One of the most notable persons who ever came into our old bow-windowed drawing-room in Young Street is a guest never to be forgotten by me, a tiny, delicate little person, whose small hand nevertheless grasped a mighty lever which set all the literary world of that day vibrating. I can still see the scene quite plainly!—the hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us; our governess and my sister and I all in a row, and prepared for the great event.

We saw the carriage stop, and out of it sprang the active, well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Miss Brontë to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests, and then after a moment's delay the door opens wide, and the two gentlemen came in, leading a tiny, delicate, serious, little lady, pale, with fair straight hair and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty; she is dressed in a little *barège* dress with a pattern of faint green moss. She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness; our hearts are beating with wild excitement. This then is the authoress, the unknown power whose books have set all London talking, specu-

lating; some people even say our father wrote the books—the wonderful books. To say that we little girls had been given "Jane Eyre" to read scarcely represents the facts of the case; to say that we had taken it without leave, read bits here and read bits there, been carried away by an undreamed-of and hitherto unimagined whirlwind into things, times, places, all utterly absorbing and at the same time absolutely unintelligible to us, would more accurately describe our states of mind on that summer's evening as we look at Jane Eyre—the great Jane Eyre—the tiny little lady. The moment is so breathless that dinner comes as a relief to the solemnity of the occasion, and we all smile as my father stoops to offer his arm, for, genius though she may be, Miss Brontë can barely reach his elbow.

My own personal expressions are that she is somewhat grave and stern, specially to forward little girls who wish to chatter; Mr. George Smith has since told me how she afterwards remarked upon my father's wonderful forbearance and gentleness with our uncalled-for incursions into the conversation. She sat gazing at him with kindling eyes of interest; lighting up with a sort of illumination every now and then as she answered him. I can see her bending forward over the table, not eating, but listening to what he said as he carved the dish before him.

I think it must have been on this very occasion that my father invited some of his friends in the evening to meeting Miss Brontë—for everybody was interested and anxious to see her. Mrs. Crowe, the reciter of ghost stories, was there. Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. Carlyle himself was there, so I am told, railing at the appearance of cockneys upon Scotch mountain sides; there were also too many Americans for his taste, "but the Americans were as God compared to the cockneys," says the philosopher. Besides the Carlyles there were Mrs. Elliott and Miss Perry, Mrs. Proctor and her daughter, most of my father's habitual friends and companions. In the recent life of Lord Houghton I was amused to see a note quoted in which Lord Houghton also was convened. Would that he had been present!—perhaps the party would have gone off better.

It was a gloomy and a silent evening. Everyone waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. Miss Brontë retired to the sofa in the study, and murmured a low word now and then to our kind governess, Miss Truelock. The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round still expectant, my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and silence to be able to cope with it at all. Mrs. Brookfield, who was in the doorway by the study, near the corner in which Miss Brontë was sitting, leant forward with a little commonplace, since brilliance was not to be the order of the evening. "Do you like London, Miss Brontë?" she said; another silence, a pause, then Miss Brontë answers "Yes and No" very gravely, and there the conversation drops. My sister and I were much too young to be bored in those days; alarmed, impressed we might be, but not yet bored. A party was a party, a lioness was a lioness; and—shall I confess it?—at that time an extra dish of biscuits was enough to mark the evening. We felt all the importance of the occasion; tea spread in the dining room, ladies in the drawing-room; we roamed about inconveniently, no doubt, and excitedly, and in one of my excursions crossing the hall I was surprised to see my father opening the front door with his hat on. He put his fingers to his lips, walked out into the darkness, and shut the door quietly behind him.

When I went back to the drawing-room again, the ladies asked me where he was. I vaguely answered that I thought he was coming back. I was puzzled at the time, nor was it all made clear to me till long years afterwards, when one day Mrs. Proctor asked me if I knew what had happened once when my father had invited a party to meet Jane Eyre at his house. It was one of the dullest evenings she had ever spent in her life, she said. And then with a good deal of humor she described the situation, the ladies who had all come expecting so much delightful conversation, and the gloom and the constraint, and how finally, overwhelmed by the situation, my father had quietly left the room, left the house, and gone off to his club. The ladies waited, wondered, and finally departed also, and as we were going up to bed with our candles after everybody was gone, I remember two pretty Miss L's in shiny silk dresses, arriving, full of expectation. . . . We still said we thought our father would soon be back, but the Miss L's declined to wait upon the chance, laughed and drove away again almost immediately.—Mrs. Ritchie, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

L. P. Britt, Murray street, New York, manufactures a safety bit called Britt's Automatic Safety Bit, which is an absolute safe-guard against horses running away, and an immediate cure for bolters, pullers, hard-mouthed and vicious horses. It is absolutely harmless, and is considered the greatest invention of the age, for the control and subjugation of the horse. It is highly approved by competent authorities.

The Pulp Mill at Mill Village is now running night and day, giving employment to twenty-five men. Mr. J. Hughes, of Halifax, is manager.

MABOU GYPSUM WORKS.—A correspondent to the Antigonish Casket writes that the Mabou Gypsum Company intend to go into the mining and shipping of plaster there next summer with vigor. A contract has been awarded for the building of a wharf for the company at the plaster works. A crushing mill and a large building for storing the goods are also to be erected there.—*North Sydney Herald*.

A new steam sawmill is being erected by Messrs. Miller & Hall. It is the intention of the proprietors to put in a planer and many other machines to turn out wood manufactures.—*Bridgewater Enterprise*.