

for the wear and tear of their vehicles and for injuries to horses. The cost of a good road is the standing objection to its construction; but as a matter of fact, in the end a good road costs less than a bad one.

People who have considered the proposed railway from the United States through Mexico, Central America and South America to the region bordering on the far southern limits of the continent a mere idle fancy, will find cause to revise their idea on seeing the report of the chief engineer, Mr. Shunk, to the commission. The survey appears to have been made all the way to Buenos Ayres, and to be found feasible. Much of the tropical region in South America will be traversed at great altitudes for railway travel—the survey including sections that rise to heights of 7,000 and 12,000 feet above sea level. Such elevated rapid transit ought to afford much striking scenery, as well as decidedly cool weather for travellers, irrespective of the season. The survey makes the length of the proposed line 4,300 miles from the Mexican starting place to Buenos Ayres, and the completed road is put at \$50,000 per mile, including some formidable grading and bridging—or about \$200,000,000 in all, for which the funds are to be paid proportionally by the countries interested. The beginning of the line will be at a point in Mexico which will make the new line continuous with the existing system in that country and the United States. Thus the completion of the road will enable a passenger to go by rail all the way from Canada almost to the very borders of the vast and bare South American region known as Patagonia. It will be a good while yet before the proposed road is constructed as far as Buenos Ayres. And it will be a great deal longer before a railroad is built through Patagonia. But Buenos Ayres (a large city, now) is itself located almost down to south latitude 35 degrees. From Buenos Ayres on still southward to Tierra del Fuego, the Land of Desolation, is 20 degrees farther; and the inhabitants of that country beyond the Strait of Magellan are not yet petitioning for railroad accommodations. Looking from the decks of the Beagle in the great desolate strait, off through a waterway reaching farther south through that forbidding land, Darwin, in his notes made in 1832, remarks that the passage “seemed to lead to another and worse world.” Doubtless a large part of the road will not pay for a long time; but its construction will aid in building up towns and trade along the line. Some sections, even in South America, are expected to pay from the start.

It was always complained of the old

Ross Bay cemetery that it was bleak, on account of the absence of trees, etc., and certainly there was good cause for complaint in this respect. Every well ordered mind associates foliage and shade trees with the last resting places of the dead. When the new addition was made to the Ross Bay cemetery, it was found that a beautiful lot of trees adorned the edge of the ground which was taken in. It was believed by many that these trees would be an attraction to the cemetery; but the commissioners or other responsible persons appeared to think otherwise, and the trees have nearly all been cut down. Why this was done, no one appears to be able to explain. It would have been much better to have left the trees where they were than to have had them removed.

“The scheme's a four-time winner!”
Said the mining man to me,
“And the way we'll stack up bullion
Will terrify to see,
For there's a vein, true fissure,
Just fourteen furlongs long,
And four rods wide, and we, sir,
Can buy it for a song.

The hanging wall is well defined,
The ore all well in place.
And here I've brought you samples,
From off the broken face.
The go two hun. in silver,
And ninety-three in gold,
And all is plain free milling,
As I was lately told.

The mining costs one doll. a ton,
The milling but another.
And there you have a fortune
Without a bit of bother.
A ten-stamp mill will pulverize
'Bout fifty tons a day,
And if it's rain or sunshine,
Is always making hay.

So fifty tons will bring, you see,
Near fifteen thousand net,
And this for daily profit is
A handy sum, you bet.
The mill will cost ten thousand,
But that will cut no figger,
With the claim right there to work on
And the profits growing bigger.”

I had the samples all assayed,
Which went as he had told me,
And golden dreams came round so thick,
My house would hardly hold me.
I figured as this mining man
Had figured out to me,
And visions of round millions
Was all that I could see.

And so ten thousand dollars
I drew from out the bank,
And then found out that I'd been played
For just a sucker rank,
A four-time winner was the scheme
This mining man had brought me,
For it won from me my dollars,
And a costly lesson taught me.

L' ENVOI.

And now that I have learned the game,
And all my money's spent,
When mining men propose their schemes,
I never give assent.

At last the good people comprising the congregation of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church are to have a regular pastor. The gentleman who has consented to lead

the Presbyterians of St. Andrew's to drink of the waters of life more freely than they have been doing in the past is Rev. Mr. Clay, lately of Moose Jaw. The only thing that can be said against the new pastor is that at one time in his life he belonged to a literary society in Charlottetown, P. E. I., a membership in which was open only to the “first families” of that city. However, the charge of belonging to one of the “first families” of Charlottetown is not a serious offence in a youth, as Mr. Clay must have been at the time. At Moose Jaw, it is not a mark of credit to associate with the “first families,” and no doubt Mr. Clay has by this time imbibed enough of the spirit of the “wild and woolly west” to move in the same groove as ordinary mortals.

It is not yet announced what the congregation of St. Andrew's proposes to do in the way of receiving the new pastor. In the past, they have always worked the reception business up to its highest notch; and it must be confessed that their leave-takings have not been noticeably lacking in fire-works. No doubt it will be the same in the case of Mr. Gray. I have been informed by a highly respected member of the Pioneer Society that the people of St. Andrew's are orthodox and conservative—that is they adhere strictly to a well defined line of policy. They receive their clergymen with open arms, and accelerate the speed of their departure with a few well-directed and effective kicks. THE HOME JOURNAL congratulates Mr. Clay on his new charge.

His Lordship Bishop Perrin is setting a good example to the clergymen of the other religious denominations of this city. Last Sunday, in the course of a most instructive sermon, His Lordship referred to the evil effects which might follow our defective sewerage system. Every clergyman in this city knows that we are way behind the rest of the world in sewerage, but it did not occur to any of them to discuss the question with the hope of improving it. This is not the first occasion on which Bishop Perrin has preached a practical sermon from his pulpit, and it is to be hoped that it will not be the last.

How shall a lady carry her purse? Much well meant advice has been given on this subject. It has been suggested that she put it into her hat. But the hat crown is so shallow now that the purse is larger than it is. Besides that, some of the sweetest things in the new bonnets are crownless and leave her lovely locks sticking out on top in the manner of a tramp's wisp of hair poking through his disreputable old derby. Another suggestion has been made that

she always
and dep
lady's ca
forget t
might sn
as he sna
slender
valuable.
is said t
sample
bleaching
short hair
cents in
all this p
kindly me
the lady
belt. Bu
loose—the
fall cut.
her pock
try carry

The act
in private
short time
of a hotel,
The hero
spirituelle
me that
worldly m
and duty
tion. Th
in the play
would ima
of the her
ant of the
as if she d
the theat
and she w
in a large
touch of B
“Kin I
She was
her.
“Well,
and be qui
Then th
pected to l
an all-nig
but he di
gentleman
catch the c
would be p
would, ar
small pitcl
time.”

It has
many peop
but in otl
come alarm
in fishery
brain powe
others has
are so cr
their char
construed
who starts
of shop tw