PORT-OF-SPAIN.

The Capital and Metropolis of Trinidad a Typical Tropical City.

How the Residents Live and What They Wear —The Climate a Paradise to Ladies— A Few Words About Hats.

No. 5.

(Special Correspondence of The Sun.)

Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I., Oct. 22.—I want to tell you something about the homes of Port-of-Spain, the capital and metropolis of Trinidad, and a typical tropical city, a city wherein life may be found in many phases, a city where the nations of the earth have gathered together such as is found in no other city of the same size on the globe, where many strange tongues are heard and strange customs are seen, a city that is English in its conservatism and American in its push.

TROPIC SCENES AND TROPIC HOMES.

Port-of-Spain, which has about the same population as St. John, is built upon a slightly sloping plain that extends from the sheer ascending face of the northern hills to the waters of the Gulf of Paria. The town is laid out regularly and at the base of the hills is the Queen's park, Savannah, two or three miles in circuit, and as magnificent a sweep of green sward as could be found anywhere, the verdant stretch of meadow being relieved only by a few palms, samans and other trees, a racing stand and browsing cattle. The destinctive feature of the landscape is the juxtaposition of the broad plain and the abruptly rising mountains. It is a picture bold in outline, while its lines are rounded and softened by the richness and verdure of the foliage. Especially enchanting is it in the evening when the ruddy glow from the cloud masses in the western sky illuminate the landscape and the earth blushes rosily under the last lingering kisses of Apollo. Even in the town itself the effect of the wine-like atmosphere is wonderful. The dull creams, drabs, pinks and terra cottas of the poor, mean habitations of the poor become transformed into living colors. It is a champagne air that invigorates and exalts one's whole being.

All about the Savannah is tropic life seen in its ideal phases. From the avenues glimpses are caught through the lace work of foliage of cool, one-storied bungalows girt with deep verandas, embowered in creepers, with reclining chairs scattered about with doors, windows, jalousies and lattices thrown wide open to allow of a free advent of air. For the sake of coolness the floors are uncarpeted and the furniture is of Austrian bentwood, wicker and other light materials, the rooms are large and the ceilings high, and the tout ensemble betokens peace and contentment.

AN AIR OF GENTEEL EXCLUSIVENESS.

About the town itself there are a couple of things which tell that Port-of-Spain is English. Every residence however small, is honored with a name and many are surrounded by high stone walls. But then no wonder, for residences and barrack yards are all mixed up together so promiscuously that it requires these walls to make people forget their neighbors. A little cottage with three rooms bears some euphonious name—Ivy Cottage, The Palms, Ermine House, etc. The lower middle class, such as clerks, etc., usually occupy a cottage of concrete, with a tiny parlor, entered through a little gallery in front, while a miniature gallery behind serves as dining room. Then on each side of the parlor are the two or three bed rooms. The culinary preparations are always carried on outside in a woodbox of a kitchen built separately, and these kitchens are always small, little things, that scarcely accommodate a stove, a luxury, by the way, enjoyed by only a few, as most people use a small coal pot with charcoal for fuel.

Then there are the barrack yards, the pest holes of the city, where vice and profligacy reign, and dirt and squalor abound. They are scattered all over the city, and are inhabited by the lowest class of negroes, colored people and "poor backra," as the lowest class of whites are called. They are the menials and outcasts, the flotsam and jetsam of the city's life. No great plots are hatched here, for Trinidad has no bold, professional criminals, but there is continual brawling, fighting, viciousness and petty thieving. These yards consist of small inner courtyards in the centre of a block, entered from the street through a narrow alley. Arranged about the yard are a succession of small rooms about ten feet square, of concrete with roof of galvanized iron. In one room frequently lives a whole family of several persons. From these cess-pits, especially at night, arises a stench that makes one regret that he has an olfactory organ. The city would be greatly improved if these barrack yards were wiped out, and then the Gulf of Paria turned over the ruins to wipe away all trace of them.

DRESSED IN ZEPHYRS AND GAUZES.

But let me turn from this to another subject, one that while it is not of special importance is one that will interest northerners—and that is what the people wear.

I do not feel competent to criticize ladies' dress, but I must say that I think the ladies here dress with considerable taste. Of course the climate is a paradise to ladies, for they are able to wear the lightest muslins and laces, etc., and their zephyrs, gauzy dresses and hats look very fresh, cool and becoming. While the climate gives great scope to the fair sex to produce the most beautiful effects in the milliner's art, it on the other hand is death to the complexion and bleached out, sallow or sun-burned cheeks prevail. To offset this defect of nature, sad to say "la belle sere" has recourse quite freely to the puff box, especialllly the Spanish women, and they are never seen anywhere, morning, noon or night, without the sign of its presence. The children are very white looking, and as they are invariably dressed with the greatest taste they look like little cherubs. The young ladies here, whose skins have been darkened by generations of suns, go in as much for fashion as their white sisters. They are seen in their glory especially at weddings. They may be in rags one day. The next day some one is married, perhaps they are themselves being married. Then they appear in the most feathery and multi-colored clothes with a lace hat gaudily trimmed perched upon their tightly curling locks. The groom is attired in a frock coat, silk hat and pleased smile, and they have a grand turnout in which they drive all about town to let their friends see them. Then the following day he returns to his work as porter in a store and she to hers as cook. It is one of the weaknesses of the negroes that they must have a big display at a wedding. If they cannot have their liveried turnout they don't bother with the rite.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HATS.

A dissertation could be written on the hats that are worn here. For instance on the sugar estates the vogue is for the overseers to wear broad brimmed felts. It is not good form for them to affect the East Indian pith helmets until they have arisen to the dignity of managers. These helmets are very light and comfortable. They are not worn much in town, but in the country they are worn considerably, and for a journey in the saddle, with the reins or on the bike, in some expedition to the high woods or on an alligator hunting trip they are indispensible. The broad brimmed felts are also very tropical looking. There are several troops of volunteer light horse here, and they wear broad brimmed felts caught up at one side by a green rosette. These with their brown khaki uniform (also an East Indian production) make a very rakish fit out that looks very much like that of Jameson's raiders.

The head covering of the coolie-man is of course the cotton turban, while the lower class colored women wear a kerchief neatly bound round their heads. Some, however, anxious to be in fashion, wear hats which they consider lifts them a step above the kerchief ones. Others compromise between fashion and comfort by wearing the coiled kerchief and a hat over that.

In town the ordinary male costume is light tweed or serge and ordinary straw hats. Some, however, go in for white, which looks very neat. A very pretty evening suit is a well starched white mess jacket with a light or dark blue, red or black cumberbund about the waist in lieu of a vest. The cumberbund was introduced from India by a late chief justice of the colony, and after him it is called the Gorrie. W. G. MACFARLANE.

HOW TO DETECT CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Holmes of Denver Tells the Pan-American Medical Congress About an Important Discovery.

Mexico, Mexico, Nov. 18.—Many interesting papers were read before the Pan-American congress today, but that of Dr. A. M. Holmes of Denver, Col., on his discovery of a new treatment of consumption from morphology of blood attracted the greatest interest and was the subject of considerable discussion.

Dr. Holmes' paper was entitled The Diagnosis of Tuberculosis by the Morphology of the Blood. It contained a presentation of the manner in which he made the discovery of detecting the tubercular germs in the human blood before the system has been attacked, and at a time when it may be eradicated by the treatment of any physician. Dr. Holmes' discovery has been discussed very widely in medical circles, and he was invited to be present and personally present the subject to the congress.

The manner in which the discovery was made while he was experimenting with blood drops was interesting to the professional men present. He had noticed under a microscopic examination a difference in the shape and formation of the corpuscles, especially of consumptives, and extended his researches, with the result that more than one hundred total strangers were brought to him for examination, and in each case he had either detected the presence of the disease or announced the extent to which it had made inroads on the patient.

This discovery, while not a cure, is considered by many to be more far reaching than that of Professor Koch, in that the disease is discovered at a time when it is a simple matter for any physician to cope with it. In presenting his researches the doctor practically gave up everything for science, and the result of labors in the principal hospitals of Europe for a period of fifteen months is now given to the world. A vote of the thanks of the congress was extende to the doctor for his paper.

"I HAD NO FAITH."

But My Wife Persuaded Me to Try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Agonizing Pain Was Gone n 12 Hours. and Gone for Good

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of twelve hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured."

NEWFOUNDLAND JOBBERY.

St. Johns, Nfld., Dec. 2.—Negotiations have been concluded whereby the colony buys out the Newfoundland railway company which operates fifty-seven miles of road from St. Johns, meeting the transinsular road at Whitborne, which latter road is 460 miles and is virtually controlled at present by the smaller one. The deal ends a series of costly law suits between the colony and the railroad company.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

To lie to a child is to plant a weed in a garden of flowers.

The storms of adversity are wholesome, though, like snow storms, their drift is not always seen.

The Approached—Why don't you go to work? The Tramp—I'm trying to work, sir. The Approached—At what? The Tramp—At present, sir, I'm trying to work you.

Leavitt—That was a pretty clever birthday gift that Theodore gave to Millie. Bob—What was it? Leavitt—A box of stationery. And the envelopes were addressed to himself.

Clara—Mr. Nicefellow said my face was classic. What is classic? Dora—Oh, anything old.

WHAT OUR EXCHAGES SAY.

THEY ARE HUMAN.

(Messenger and Visitor.)

With the desire to make a lesson attractive or impressive some expositors will round out a Biblical personality by way of inference from facts which to others seem to lead quite as reasonably to very different results.

NOT A ROBESPIERRE.

(Moncton Transcript.)

The truth is that the minister of railways never contemplated visiting Moncton, setting up a political guillotine and inaugurating a political reign of terror.

WHAT, UNDER GRIT RULE?

(Woodstock Dispatch.)

There is no affliction so terrible as the loss of reason, when there is no hope of its recovery. Startling, indeed, then, is it to learn that insanity is on the increase in Canada.

HALIFAX CANARIES.

(The Wesleyan.)

There is a legend that a buzzard once said to a canary "Poor canary, your master will not allow you to eat carrion." "Thank you," replied the canary, "but I don't like carrion." There must be a great many in Halifax like that canary. They don't like carrion. And yet they have it industriously and almost interminably served up in the columns of the daily press in the shape of slangy reports of prize fights, in which the hideous details of the brutal "mills" are spread out by the column, enhanced in interest sometimes by the addition of portraits of one or more of the "heroes" who have become celebrated in the annals of the "ring."

TOO PROUD TO WORK.

(Toronto Star.)

If more men were digging minerals and food out of the earth instead of waiting for clients in law offices there would be fewer unemployed.

CLAMORING FOR SOUP.

(Yarmouth Times.)

The pretense of the Laurier government that they are making the removals from office in every direction for offensive partizanship is a hollow piece of hypocrisy. The removals are made, often against the public interest, under pressure of a crowd of hungry camp followers clamoring for soup.

A CHANGE OF DIET.

(Montreal Herald.)

Now Canadian flour is going to the Fiji islands. It is not so very long since the Fijians were eating missionaries.

Y. W. C. A. BOARDERS REVOLT.

(Chicago Times.)

Two hundred and fifty young women, all star boarders of the Young Woman's Christian association, have risen in their hunger and weakness and declared war on the cook. Women may be angels, but even angels are said to have revolted. And, besides, no white-winged settler in kingdom come, with an appetite nurtured on fleecy clouds and variegated rainbows, ever had to browse three times a day on reminiscent eggs and mysterious hash, with soggy potatoes and over-enthusiastic onions for variety.

FORGOT TO TAKE OFF THE DUTY.

(Pictou Standard.)

And flour is up to $6 with a free trade government in power. What a pity Laurier forgot to take off the duty last session. Of course he forgot. If some one had reminded him the duty would have been whipped off in a jiffy. The cares of office have played havoc with his memory. He cannot remember anything. He even forgets the speeches he made against protection. Poor man, his mind is gone. But the flour duty, and the kerosene oil duty, are still with us. And flour is going up. A while ago under the tory government we got it for $4. Now, under the beneficient reign of Premier Laurier, we have the inestimable privilege of paying $6.

LIFE LONGER WITHOUT DOCTORS.

(Mail and Empire.)

The ability of the medical profession to prolong human life is brought into question by a table of official statistics recently published in Russia. It seems that within Russia's borders there are only 18,000 medical men; that is to say, one for every 6,000 inhabitants, as against the proportion of one to every 1,800 in France, and one to 1,600 in England; and yet it has been shown that the Russians live longer than the people of any other country in the old world.

THE WEAKNESS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(Calais Times.)

In a desire to please all hands a vain attempt is made to teach everything, with the inevitable result that nothing is taught well, and the chief end of the school, which is to train and discipline the mind and not to stuff it full of isolated facts, is largely overlooked.

SICK OF FREE TRADE.

(Boston Journal.)

And now Sweden, too, after a brief trial of partial free trade, decides to go back to protection. There seems to be something like an epidemic of "McKinleyism" all round.

MILLS' MIGHTY PEN.

(Hamilton Spectator.)

Hon. Mr. Laurier refused to take Hon. David Mills into his cabinet. But Dave immediately began to write poetry, and Laurier was obliged to put him in the senate. Once in the senate, Dave threatened to write some books, and now it is proposed to send him off to England as high commissioner. Literature, in the hands of David Mills, is a powerful weapon.

JOHN CHARLTON WOULD OPPOSE IT.

(Montreal Gazette.

A Cheboygan despatch says the putting of an export duty on Canadian saw logs would shut up nearly every big mill in Michigan. The facts are not over-stated either. The taking off of the export duty shut up a lot of Canadian mills and led to the towing of the logs they formerly sawed across Lake Huron, to give work to Michigan citizens. The Canadian government sacrificed Canadian saw mill interests and got neither return nor gratitude for it. It is doubtful, though, if it will have the courage now to undo the mischief it did then.

WORSE THAN ATTACKING THE BIBLE.

(Worcester, Mass., Gazette.)

That distinguished theological mugwump, Rev. Dr. Abbott of Plymouth church, is again before the public because of heretical utterances. People have become somewhat accustomed to his declarations that the Bible could not have been inspired, historical mistakes and all, but now he has attacked the principles laid down in the declaration of independence and encounters another set of critics. His statement on Sunday that the clause in the famous declaration that government should derive its power from the consent of the governed, contains a philosophical error, has awakened more widespread comment and criticism than the exceptions he takes to Biblical authority.

WILL LAURIER TAKE THE HINT?

(London Free Press.)

It must be admitted that the refineries of the United States could supply us with oil a good deal cheaper than we can produce it for ourselves.

CALL IN SOME OFFICE SEEKERS.

(Hamilton Spectator.)

Wanted, some free traders to testify before the tariff tinkering commission. Apply to Sir Richard Cartwright.

WAKING UP THE FAITHFUL.

(Woodstock Sentinel.)

It appears to us that it is about time that the liberal party in this county should give evidence of its existence and vitality.

NO FAITH IN IT.

(Simcoe, Ont., Reformer, Grit.)

If this tariff commission sent out by Laurier does as much good as some other commissions we know of, there will be tariff reform in 1909—maybe.

CLEANING OUT THE A. P. A.

(Boston Herald.)

They have cleaned out the A. P. A. crowd again up in Springfield in making the nominations for municipal offices. At the rate the process is going on in different sections of the commonwealth, there will not be a grease spot left soon.

THAT ONE COLORED MAN.

(New York Journal.)

That one colored man in the governor's council up in Massachusetts may have the effect of cooling the ardor of the whole of New England for the advancement of the colored man in the south.

THE SMALL FRY MUST GO.

(Toronto Star, Grit.)

The country certainly does not expect that the political preferences of clerks in the departments at Ottawa shall interfere with the operation of the liberal policy, and if the junior officials, pencil sharpeners, and sealing-wax gentlemen do not care to obey the wishes of the country, they have the distinguished privilege of seeking some other means of livelihood.

BOSTON AND CUNARDERS.

(Worcester, Mass., Spy.)

So the Cunard line is going to tempt Boston once more with ocean steamships of mertropolitan size and speed. If the Servia and Aurania are partonized well, they will remain as Boston boats. The Athenians ought to rejoice that they can go to Europe, next spring, without either taking the "Pneumonia," the "Malaria" or the "Sciatica."

PARTY BEFORE COUNTRY.

(Montreal Gazette.)

The Montreal Herald expresses the hope that the verdict of the government tariff commissioners will not be in accordance with the evidence. The reason of this extraordinary desire is that what the business men are saying to the commissioners does not agree with the Herald's free trade theories, and it thinks more of its theories than of what is good for the country's commerce.

THE GOVERNMENT ALARMED.

(Quebec Chronicle.)

The length to which the wholesale policy of dismissals on the Intercolonial railway has gone, and the popular indignation created thereby has apparently alarmed even the government itself, and in virtue of a hurried order from Ottawa, some of the dismissed officials, including Messrs. Castonguay, LeBel, Jean Huard and Jos. D'Amour of St. Charles have been reinstated in office. It will be remembered what an outcry was caused by the shameful dismissal of these men. Public opinion is already then beginning to prove too much for the government.

BRER HAWKE to BRER NEALES.

(Moncton Transcript.)

The Newcastle News will probably find under any government sufficient grounds for independent criticism; but independent criticism only carries weight in the proportion it is supported by carefully authenticated facts. Its effort to prejudice English speaking liberals against the government because it declares French speaking liberals are getting everything, is unworthy of independent journalism.

POINTS TO THE RECORD.

(Woodstock Press.)

Canada made very slow progress under the tariff for revenue which was in force during the first period of conservative rule; and during the five years that the liberals manipulated the machinery the country run in debt at a more rapid rate than it ever did before than it ever has done since. Under a protective tariff it has made steady and substantial progress. We hope the liberal commissioners will be liberal enough to give due consideration to these facts.

A BACK-HANDED SLAP.

(Dartmouth, N. S., Weekly.)

The unfortunate accident which has occurred to the wharf, recently constructed by the city of St. John, and which so inconsiderately slipped off the mud bank on which it was constructed into the space recently dredged out at a great cost, will cast a damper for a time on our sister city which for so many years has been trying to make a winter port fit for large steamships. We cannot but admire our unfortunate sister on account of the great pluck it has shown in attempting to make a terminus where nature has been so chary of its gifts. There is no need to struggle with mud banks or effete dredges at this port, but if the energy which has gone so far to overcome those obstacles were exerted here we long since would have had a port which would be the pride of Canada.

BLUE-BELLS.

Far frae the land o' hills and purple heather,
O' mony a loch and tarn and brattin burn,
Lured by blue lift and bonnie simmer weather,
To nature's smiling haunts I eager turn.

Bright shines the sun on picture maist entranoing,
O' blossoming sprays and gowany fields and dells,
And ever prized, my heart's delight enhancing,
Near by the breckans swing the sweet blue-bells.

'Neath birks and boontress green, where gaily wimples
The tiking burnie doon the gladsome glade,
Reflected on its face, 'mid smiles and dimples,
The blue-bells lauthtu' bow in sylvan shade.

Ah sweet blue-bells! methinks I hear you ringing,
As low you bend before the soughing breeze:
Or are wee exiled fairies saftly singing
Dear, auld hame-sangs they learnt ayont the seas?

He's nae true Scot can see, without emotion,
These winsome blossoms 'neath a distant sky;
And keep his thochts frae fleein' owre the ocean,
To scenes still lo'ed as in the years gane by.

There's scarce a bloom, not e'en amang the roses,
That weaves roun' Scottish hearts sic magic spells;
Or gentler beauty tremblingly discloses,
Than these dear flowers, the bonnie, sweet blue-bells.

I. ALLEN JACK.

Saint Andrew's Day, 1896.
Saint John, N. B., Canada.

THE TASTE OF DRINKS.

It is a Difficult Thing to Distinguish Between Them While Blindfolded.

A great deal of the toper's enjoyment of a drink depends upon his ability to see it. It is a common belief that a smoker loses nine-tenths of the enjoyment of his cigar or pipe if he smokes in the dark. The intimate connection between the two senses of taste and sight finds a striking illustration in an experiment which was made in a popular up-town resort the other night.

A clubman well known in Wall street, New York, ordered three glasses filled with malt beverages. One contained lager, another porter and the third ale. Placing the three glasses on the table, he said:

"I will bet $5 that there is not a man in the room who candistinguish between these drinks by the sense of taste alone."

"How is that?" asked a newspaper man.

"Just this, my boy. Let me blindfold you and then offer you these drinks one at a time. I will bet you $5 that you will not be able to tell me what you have tasted after you have sipped from the various glasses."

"I'll go you," said the newspaper man, and the crowd, eager to see the fun, made haste to tie a handkerchief over his eyes.

He was handed the glass of porter first. After sipping it carefully and smelling of the liquids, he said:

"Why, of course, that's porter."

The clubman took away the glass of porter, placed it on the table, and then picking it up again offered it to the newspaper man with the remark:

"Perhaps you can tell me what this is."

After several sips and smacks, and a display of hesitancy which surprised the crowd the blindfolded man said:

"That is ale. It is easy to distinguish it from porter because of the absence of that burnt taste peculiar to the darker liquid."

The onlookers tried hard to restrain their mirth, while the clubman sat the glass of porter on the table once more. He took pains to set down the glass so that the newspaper man could hear it. After a few words of compliment for the journalist's fine sense of taste he took the glass of porter once more, and, handing it to him, asked:

"What is this?"

A sip and a sniff were enough. "That is lager," said the newspaper man. He tore the handkerchief from his eyes, and when he looked at the glass of porter in his hand he acknowledged that he had lost.

"I have tried this experiment on at least fifty men, and I have yet to find a man whose sense of taste is acute enough to distinguish between these three malt beverages unless he can see them at the same time," said the clubman. "If you intend to try the experiment yourselves I would advise you always to begin with the porter. Somehow or other that drink deadens the taste. But if you vary the order of the drinks two or three times you are bound to confuse your man."

AN EXPERIMENT IN FISH PLANTING.

Swiss Lake Trout Introduced in Adirondack Waters.

Fulton Chain, N. Y., Nov. 24.—An innovation in Adirondack fish culture has just been inaugurated by the Adirondack League Club, which has released into Green Lake, one of the smaller ponds on its 100,0000 acre preserve, 1,000 yearling Swiss lake trout from Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. The fish were brought in cans to Fulton Chain station today by a representative of the United States fish commission, and were transported to Green Lake, seven miles away, by John Commerford, the trusted and faithful head guide in charge of the club's interests on the preserve. The fish arrived in good condition, and were released in Green Lake before sundown.

Green Lake is one of the most beautiful of the score of lakes on the League Club's preserve, and one of the best of the club camps is built on its shores. The fishing, however, has not been so good there as in the other waters in the vicinity, and this piece of enterprise on the part of the fish and game commission is intended not only to re-populate the lake, but to diversify the sport for the club members by cultivating a fish hitherto new to American waters, but known to be one of the gamiest and most delectable of the trout species.

The name "Swiss lake trout" suggests the well-known salmon trout, or "lake" trout, of our northern United States and the adjacent region in British America and Alaska, but it belongs to a fish of very different character; in short, to a near ally of the brown trout of Europe, the black-spotted trout of the Rocky Mountains, the steelhead and the rainbow. The lake trout of Switzerland is a large fish with numerous small x-shaped black spots on the sides, especially on the upper half of the body, large scales, about equal in size to those of the Atlantic salmon and the brown trout, and with a square tail in specimens of one foot or more in length. The hind part of the head, the portion technically known as the "gill cover," has numerous black dots. The dorsal fin is back spotted; the other fins are greenish, like the back. The belly and sides are silvery.

The individuals used for stocking Green Lake were from two inches to three inches in length. They bear a very striking resemblance to young brown trout. The black spots on the sides are comparatively larger than in the adult, and they are most numerous along the upper half of the body. They have the usual parr marks and the tail fin is only slightly notched.

Should this new importation thrive, how is it to be distinguished from the other allied trout of which our eastern waters now contain several kinds by introduction from Europe and the west? It will be set off rapidly from the steelhead and the rainbow by the color of its fins and by the structure of the teeth in the roof of the mouth. In the Swiss lake trout these are in a single series, while the rainbow and the steelhead have them in a double series. From the brown trout it differs in the same way in its dentition, and notably in colors. The brown trout generally has numerous red and black spots on the head, body and dorsal fin, and the black spots usually have a light border.

In the books our newcomer is the salmo lemanus, and it is a native of Geneva Lake and Lago Maggiore. It is not migratory. Cuvier says it attains to a weight of forty or fifty pounds, but it is dobtful if individuals of such size are now to be found. It would seem to be best adapted to large, deep lakes containing smelt and frost fish and not inhabited by brook trout and other small chaur. Several of these interesting fish will be seen in the Battery Park Aquarium, New York, when its doors are opened to the public.

LETTER TO THE CONGREGATION OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Felixtowe, Nov. 6th, 1896.

My dear friends—Twelve months will soon have passed away since I had the happiness of being your mission preacher. The memory of that mission will always remain with me. I think that we all felt it to be a "day of visitation," in which God by His Holy Spirit did indeed come very near, stirring human hearts and drawing them closer than some of them had ever been drawn before unto Himself.

Of all the missions that I held in Canada and the United States in that tour, that which I held amongst you is the mission that I recall with happiest memories; in no other place was the response quite so general and so hearty, nowhere else did the spiritual results seem so large or so deep, and although we visited larger and richer communities in none was the spirit of gratitude displayed with such generosity.

I am therefore very glad to hear that my good friend, the rector of St. John's church, has it in his heart to commemorate the mission by special services this Advent, and am grateful to him that he has given me an opportunity of addressing a few words to you.

I will then pass on to you as my special message a phrase which occurs twice in St. Paul's Epistles, and which must indicate a characteristic of all true Christian experience—just the words, "More and more." The primary surrender of the soul to God, and all that is usually included in what may be called a true conversion, is the very beginning of the happy and blessed experience of the new life. Let none of us say within our heart, "I am safe and therefore I have nothing more to do;" but rather "I am saved from my indolence and worldliness and selfishness in order that I may be able to do everything that God has for me to do." See to it that your first days of the new life be not your best days.

Your love s to abound yet more and more, your love to God, and, as resulting from it, your love to your fellow-man, so says the Epistle to the Philippians; and the various features of moral comeliness which adorn the Christian life or "walk," as St. Paul calls it, these are to abound more and more also; so teaches the Epistle to the Thessalonians. There is to be no stagnation, no "feeding on the ashes of a by-gone experience," to use a very expressive phrase that is familiar in Scotland. All is to savour of vigorous progress and spiritual acquisition. You are to have a commemoration of the mission, but won't you make it something more? Won't you lay a strong hold of God in prayer, and ask Him to make it a fresh mission and a much more effectual one than the last? If all of you who took part in the late mission, or who benefitted by it will only go forth at this time in the spirit of prayer, and with the power of the Holy Ghost, and lay hold on your friends and acquaintances and compel them to come in and partake of the gospel feast, the anniversary commemoration will lead up to even better things than the original mission. A notable combat was once decided in a very simple and straightforward way in one of Israel's struggles against an alien foe. A prophet directed that "the young men of the princes of the provinces" should lead on the army to the battle, and it is stated that these slew every one his man, with the necessary result that the battle was won, for that is all that is needed to ensure the winning of any battle (1 Kings 20, 20). Now if all members of the church of Christ who know the salvation of God were to follow this example, and each soul thus won were to do the same year by year, within the space of about ten years the whole world would be converted to God. Work this little sum out for yourself, and you will, I am sure, be impressed by the arithmetical results. Suppose that there are at this moment five millions of real spiritually minded Christians in the world, and that they each are the means of winning just one soul to Christ in the whole of the year 1897, ere that year ended there would be ten millions, and in 1898 twenty millions, and in 1899 forty, and by the end of the century not less than eighty millions of real spiritually minded Christians would be ready for further aggressive action, and before the new century was five years old there would be no more work for missioners, for all would be converted to God, from the least to the greatest. Is not this a most humiliating calculation, as showing what might result from so very small a measure of individual success in working for the Master, as should bring about the salvation of one single soul in the course of a whole year. Surely one would suppose that this was not a maximum, but a minimum, that it was the very least that could be expected of any one that has the love of God in his heart. And yet how far we are today from achieving any such results.

Dear friends, the time is short. Already in the brief space since my visit how many who heard my voice have passed away from your midst. If I were to revisit you I should no longer have the great pleasure of social and spiritual intercourse with that venerable statesman, whom it would have been worth while going all the way to Canada to have the privilege of knowing, and who was as true a servant to his Divine Master as he was to his queen and to his country. He has passed from us, and others too who rejoiced in and I trust profited by our mission. Let us make the best of our fleeting opportunities, "the night cometh when no man can work."

I trust that you will still continue to pray for us when the thought of us comes to your mind, and particularly at this time for my dear brother, Mr. Stephens, who is indeed passing through deep waters. His eldest daughter was smitten with typhoid fever while he was working for you, and after lingering long in much weakness graver symptoms have supervened, and it is feared that she cannot remain with us much longer. Ask God to sustain and comfort him.

Commending you all to the Great Father's care and love, and to enjoy it "more and more."

With earnest prayer for pastors and people at St. John,

I am your faithful servant in Christ,

W. HAY M. H. AITKEN.