

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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Those who wish to secure pleasant and profitable reading matter for the winter evenings should note our exceptional offer which appears on page three. For \$2.00 (in cash) we undertake to send *The Critic* to any subscriber for one year, supplying him in addition with forty-five of the most readable of readable books. Those who are renewing their subscriptions, as well as new subscribers, shall take advantage of this offer.

The tenders of Messrs. William Sutherland and H. Cochran have been accepted for constructing the water works of both Bridgetown and Kentville. Work will commence at once.

Large fat herring are plentiful on the coast near Shelburne, and some of the fishermen have been fortunate enough to make good catches. One man having secured thirty barrels in one day.

The output of oatmeal from Canadian mills during the past year was two hundred and thirty thousand barrels. Somebody must eat porridge and bannock in this country, or the mills would have to shut down.

Miss Fuller, of King's County, has obtained a verdict for damages in a breach of promise case against Alfred Harron, for seven hundred and fifty dollars. The delinquent lover not only deserted his sweetheart, but he also left the country. Home life had evidently no charm for him.

Messrs. A. & R. Loggie, of Dalhousie, N. B., are this season canning a large number of smelts. They are put up like sardines, after having been submitted to a frying process, which is said to be a secret. Be this as it may, canned smelts are a delicacy which must become popular.

John A. McDougall, the hammer-throwing champion of the world, was born in Blue Mountain, Pictou Co., N. S., and is about 27 years old. He is of fine personal appearance, stands five feet ten inches in height, and weighs about 180. He is a machinist by occupation, and has worked at his trade in Boston for the past two years.

The Manitoba Government are not to be thwarted in the building of the Red River Railway by the loop line which the Canadian Pacific Company has thrown across the proposed route. Despite an injunction, the Red River road is to be pushed on, and the track of the C. P. R. crossed. There will likely yet be trouble over this matter.

Very general were the expressions of sympathy and regret that were heard in Halifax on Friday last, at the death by drowning of Mr. F. H. Flinn, a promising young man of about twenty-five years of age. Mr. Flinn, who resided on the shores of the Northwest Arm, was making a trial trip with his boat, which had just been refitted, which, being struck by a squall, careened over and sank to the bottom. Flinn's companion was saved.

The attendance at the public schools, both in the city and country, is reported as small, and hot weather is assigned as the cause. Is the game worth the candle? Is it worth while cooking up our children in close schoolrooms during the hot weather for the sake of the little extra knowledge they may thus gain? Our summer is short enough in all conscience, and our boys and girls should have their holidays extended for several weeks.

The *Digby Courier* says "Last Sunday evening Mrs. Marshall, of Marshalltown, was aroused from her slumbers by a strange cat, which had somehow gained admission, leaping upon the bed. With the first motion she made the cat attacked her, planting its claws in her face and neck. It then sprang on a cradle where the child was sleeping, but was driven away by Mrs. Marshall, who called her husband, with whose assistance the animal was driven away, all the while fighting savagely."

Detective Power, with an assistant named John Smith, has been over in Prince Edward Island endeavoring to get at the facts of the Margate tragedy. Smith was purposely arrested for vagrancy, and was committed to jail by the Stipendiary Magistrate and locked in the same cell with Millman, who was supposed to be guilty of the crime. After four or five days of close companionship with the prisoner, Smith was released, having failed to induce Millman to criminate himself, in fact Millman says he has nothing to fear at the trial.

Insurance statistics for the past year in the Dominion show that a larger amount was paid for fire losses and a smaller amount on death losses than in the previous year. The British fire insurance companies do more business in Canada than the Canadians and Americans combined, and the Canadian Life Companies do a larger business than the British and American combined. If we were wide awake we could monopolize the life and fire insurance business in Canada, and not allow needed money to go out of the country.

During the absence of the volunteers in the Northwest a fund was raised by the Volunteer Aid Society towards assisting the wives and families of those who had shouldered their rifles and gone to do duty for their country. Three thousand and six hundred dollars was distributed during the absence of our boys, the balance has since been expended upon those who needed help. The committee, which, by the way, deserves the thanks of the public for the business-like manner in which they discharged their duties, now report the account to be closed out.

Messrs. Gordon & Keith, furniture manufacturers, sustained a heavy loss on Sunday morning last, when their factory, a brick structure, was totally destroyed by fire. The origin of the fire is a mystery, but as smoke had been observed in the neighborhood at nine o'clock the previous evening, it is presumable that the fire must have been smouldering for several hours before it broke out. The insurance on the building is but four thousand dollars, while the estimated value of the factory and its contents was twenty-five thousand dollars. Fifty skilled mechanics are thrown out of employment.

The enterprising town of Yarmouth is to have a new opera house, the seating capacity of which is to be 700.

Col. C. W. Robinson, who is a brother of the ex-Governor of Ontario, and Sergeant Major Herbert Taylor Reade, have been honored by Her Majesty with the titles of C. B., and Dr. Grant, a distinguished physician at Ottawa, has been made a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George.

Charlottetown has a curiosity in the form of a flowing well. The following from the *Patriot* explains its discovery:—"The men employed by the Water Commissioners to conduct boring operations at the Three Mile Brook Valley, just below the upper Malpeque Road, at the place recommended by Mr. Engineer Tidd, struck a vein of water at a depth of 25 feet, which commenced flowing over the surface of the ground yesterday morning, and has up to noon to-day kept running at the rate of 23,000 gallons per 24 hours. The flowing well is quite a curiosity, and may, perhaps, prove a valuable find for the city. It has been visited with much interest by Hon. I. H. Davies, Mr. A. B. Warburton, S. W. Crabbe, C. C., and others."

The *Cape Sable Advertiser*, in some very pertinent remarks as to the advantages that would be derived if fishermen would preserve the fish that they take, goes on to say—"One day last week Mr. Asa C. Atkinson caught in his net one of those fish never seen but once in a lifetime. To try to describe its color, shape or general make up, is simply impossible, as there was a sprinkling of several species combined. The principal attraction, however, was its head, as it seemed that nature had done its very best in beautifying it. On each side were what may be called wings, some an inch long and of very fine texture, resembling those of the flying fish, while underneath wore the regular fins. The whole length of the fish was about 10 inches."

It is a curious fact that the medical men of this city should have quietly winked at the unprofessional election which was held in connection with the Wanderers Bazaar. That the Wanderers wanted to make money goes without saying, but who ever heard of professional gentlemen allowing themselves to be candidates in a popular election of the kind referred to. Had the committee chosen to have the vote taken for the most popular member of either Parliament or for the favorite City, Provincial or Dominion official, nothing could have been said, but to ask the verdict of the people upon the most popular doctor, was simply a cheap form of unprofessional advertising, and, if the test is worth anything, it may next be tried with lawyers and ministers. Popularity is no guarantee of skill or ability.

We are glad to note that the plans for the new V. G. Hospital are now in the hands of the Provincial Secretary, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the work will be proceeded with at once. The public have been watching with interest the efforts that have been and are being made to reconcile the old and new Medical Boards, and regret to note that some sore heads still obstinately refuse to let by-gones be by-gones. Surely caring for the sick is a humane act, and those who practise it should consent to meet on the common ground of a broad charity. The old board had much to complain of, so have their successors; the old board thought themselves ill-treated, so might their successors; the old board rendered much valuable service to the public, so have their successors; then, let the lancet be used professionally, and not as it now is, to score and deface the records of brother professionals.

The yacht races which we were told were to draw a large fleet of American yachts and thousands of visitors to our city, were, in these respects, an entire failure. Some one evidently blundered: and as a result, one or two yachts had everything their own way, and valuable cups have been carried off with very little benefit to the city. It may prove a case of rather costly advertising, and, next year, (if citizens can be induced to subscribe for another cup) a regatta may draw the leading American and English yachts, but this is a problem that has yet to be solved. The weather was perfect, the course one of the best in the world, the cups to be competed for of great value, and yet the *Galatea*, the *Dauntless*, and the *Stranger*, were the only foreign yachts competing. The presence of the *Dauntless* was accidental, and she was not provided with her racing sails; the *Stranger* had been delayed by an accident at the Marblehead regatta, but her plucky owner, in his determination to enter his yacht at Halifax, was towed all the way from Boston. The famous *Galatea* had been cruising in this neighborhood for some time, and it may be that the owners of crack American yachts, knowing that she was to sail in the Halifax regatta, concluded that the *Galatea* would prove more than their match, and preferred to take a beating nearer home. At any rate, whatever the reason, they failed to put in an appearance. Friday, a strong wind, almost half a gale, was blowing, and the knowing ones predicted that the *Dauntless* would win. At half-past ten the *Dauntless* and *Galatea* crossed the line off Green Bank almost together, making a beautiful start, and then commenced one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed. The big schooner gradually forged ahead, and in this position the yachts disappeared from sight around the promontory at York Redoubt. The course was forty-one miles, and when the yachts again appeared on the home stretch, the *Dauntless* was leading, although the *Galatea* had at one time been ahead, being able to gain a minute a mile on the schooner when beating to windward. Thousands of spectators lined the wharves, and had taken up positions on the Citadel Hill, and they were rewarded by witnessing a struggle that roused the blood of even the most sluggish. Slowly, but steadily, the *Galatea* crept up on the *Dauntless*, and was only 30 seconds behind her when the line was crossed. Although the schooner came in slightly in the lead, the race was the *Galatea's*, with some ten minutes time allowance still to spare. The *Stranger* was to have raced with the *Guinevere*, but the latter did not turn up, and so the former had merely to sail over the course and secure the prize. The stiff breeze and rough water were rather too much for the smaller craft of the N. S. Yacht