

true that there is likely to be a halt in sensational advertising, and that not far off. As it is now, the man with the poorest wares often has the loudest voice, i.e., the most money and the most audacity, and so his wares get cried the loudest, and swindle the most people. As we get to do more of our own thinking we believe less in cure-alls and in "goods below cost," and more in first class goods at fair profits to manufacturer and dealer. It is depressing to see the numbers of self-styled Christian women (that is professors of charity to all men and women) who will help to starve the poor who sew in garrets, by rushing to buy ready-made clothing, and so on, sold at prices that mean misery to those who do the work, for they are the ones whose wages are cut down to lower the selling price. Dealers who connive at such measures to advertise their shops deserve the condemnation of every buyer and the scorn of public opinion. You see less of these evil practices than we do, but Mrs. Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty," tales of the poor in big cities, are carrying some light upon the matter far and near.

And now comes a practical housewife who says I rate the value of ice in the household quite too high, at least when I think the house could not be kept without it. There are, as always, two sides to the question to be considered. The problem that confronts the dweller in an inch, big "flat" with no cellar but a coal-hole, is quite another matter than the situation in a country house with a deep coal cellar, and everything else that the city dwelling has not. This woman of resources finds that a grain bin is an excellent store-house for meats. She wraps a leg of lamb or a spare rib of pork in a fair linen cloth, plunges it into the oat bin, let us say, covers it deeply, so there, since no air can get at it, the meat keeps sweet and sound. The precautions to wash, and then wipe it dry, and afterwards to rub it over with salt before it is thus set aside for safe keeping, are most important to observe.

The "germ theory," so called, that has been laid clearly before the public only very lately is intimately related to housekeeping. So soon as we know that the air is alive with germs that multiply with miraculous rapidity, and in so doing cause putrefaction and spoiling of all goods with their ceaseless activity, and when we have further learned that these noxious bacteria thrive in moisture, it is easy to see why infinite pains should be taken to make and keep the house cellar clean and dry, not on the surface only, but in every nook and corner.

Have you seen the programme for the coming Convention at Denver of the National Association for the advancement of women? It includes papers and discussions upon civil marriage; women in science; women in affairs; Education vs. Examinations; what authors are influencing most the minds of the young in America; Hegel's Views of Art; crime and its punishment; and employment of prisoners. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is President of the Association and will preside.

The Connecticut weather prophet who reads the season in a goose bone is out with his prognostications for the winter that is close upon us. In general terms it is to be an open winter, with an early spring following on.

So much the less then for wood and coal, and so much the more for books and the opera, and all that sweetens up living.

Yours faithfully,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

Dear Critic,—Have you ever seen the following lines, they are very beautiful I think:—

"At dawn there was a murmur in the trees,
A ripple on the tank; and in the air
Presage of coming coolness everywhere
A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.

Up leapt the sun and smote the dust to gold,
And strove to parch afresh the heedless land,
All impotently, as a king grown old,
Wars for the Empire, crumbling in his hand.

One after one the lotus-petals fell
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year,
In mutiny against a furious sky,
And far off winter whispered: "It is well!"
'Hot summer dies. Behold your help is near,
For when men's need is sorest, then come I.'"

J. K.

I returned from fair Kashmir with much regret. Never shall I be sorry for the time I passed there.

The land of Romance, where everything is beautiful. I can understand now the passionate love some people have for Kashmir. I could not before. How so many people can go to Hill Stations from the Punjab with Kashmir so close I cannot understand. The life is so free, so completely independent. You can enjoy society or you can woo solitude at will. For four months I scarcely dined under a roof, and I slept, and slept soundly, in my tent every night.

A fellow-countryman and myself returned by the Maharajah's private road, through Sammoo, the second capital. Ten very long, hard marches, over a very rough road. From the day we left the river till we arrived in Sammoo we were continuously among hills. We crossed the Pir Pungal Range by the Banihal Pass, 9000 feet high. The ascent is almost completed in three miles! Pretty steep that for ponies and for coolies carrying 80 lbs. on their backs. And when you think of what like the road is, a track covered with large and sharp boulders, running along beside ravines or Khuds, as they are called, thousands of feet deep, you will appreciate what a good animal the Indian country-bred pony is, when he's put to it. My two ponies looked sleek and well the whole way, doing their 18 and 20 miles a day, and sometimes 30. My servants, too, behaved like men. What European groom or valet could walk 20 miles over such a road, and be fit to do his work, cook and eat his food, and be up ready to start at 3 o'clock, a.m.,

day after day. I was much struck with the endurance of my Hindu servants. Their custom is to eat only once a day, in the evening, and they did all their marches without a bite to sustain them. Toward evening I used to see them each sitting by his own particular little fire, cooking his chupatties and rice—a frugal meal for you or me.

We passed through some very wild country, and had great difficulty in getting Coolies; and when we had got, in keeping them. They used to run away leaving their loads on the road. On some marches we impressed police Sepoys to come with us and guard them. For several marches, too, we could get very little to eat. A thin chicken, some milk, a very few eggs, and chupatties, was our daily food for some days. One march I shall never forget. The guide book put it down as "13 miles, road good." So I said I should walk to give the ponies a chance. We started bravely enough at four o'clock a.m., but it was eleven o'clock before we got in. As I live the march was 18 miles, and up and down some terribly long and steep hills. I thought I should never do it, having rather miscalculated my staying powers, and forgotten my want of training. And, unfortunately, that very morning we had no bread, and I had refused the grateful but indigestible chupattie, and drank only a cup of tea. A cup of tea is not sustaining, I find, towards the end of 18 miles.

Our last march was one of the hardest, for we rode for 5 miles over smooth sandstone, wet with rain, up and down some very steep places, also for three miles along the bed of a stone stairway half a mile long into Sammoo city. However, once there, we found a very comfortable Dawk Bungalow, with an obsequious Khansamah, who ministered to the unspoken wish with every attention. He killed for us the fattest chicken, and even produced some lukewarm soda water, a luxury we had not seen for some time. "Quite civilized, this," said we. I called on Prince Amber Singh, the Prime Minister, and the Maharajah's brother, who was very civil, and sent his own elephant to take us out in the evening, and again next morning to cross the river on. The people, by the way, salaamed to his Silver Howdah, murmuring "Sirkar, Sirkar" (the Government) and probably taking ourselves for some relations of the Maharajah. He very kindly sent us also a carriage and pair, in which we drove our last march, 30 miles into Sialkote.

Dear Critic,—I have a suspicion which is more than a doubt, that by the time you receive this I shall be on the wireless, and that for the present my Anglo-Indian gossip with you must be interrupted. I trust not long. Perhaps I may write you from Bombay, Aden, or Suez. Until then,

Believe me, yours truly,

GOLD LINES.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The Windsor Rattan Company, Windsor, N. S., of which Messrs Lawrence & Smith are proprietors, is a new concern established for the manufacture of rattan goods. Samples of these goods are being distributed throughout the Lower Provinces, with a view to working up a good trade for the Christmas holidays. The business is managed by a Mr. J. E. Smith, who is fully competent and thoroughly acquainted with the business.—*Canadian Manufacturer.*

Messrs. A. Robb & Sons, Amherst, N. S., a few days ago sent out a portable engine and boiler, on wheels, and a planer to Springhill, N. S., a rotary mill to Albert Co., N. B., a portable engine and boiler to Parrsboro, N. S., rotary mill to Maitland, N. S., and engine and boiler to Halifax. This enterprising firm are now employing about 100 hands, manufacturing not only for the local demand, but extending their trade all over the Maritime Provinces and west in Quebec and Ontario. They have recently built an oil tank of 25,000 gallons capacity for the St. John branch of the Imperial Oil Company, of boiler plate, 30 feet long and 12 feet diameter.—*Ibid.*

The Pictou Foundry is now under the management of a company composed of the following gentlemen: Daniel McDonald, D. E. Read, C. L. Rood, M. H. Fitzpatrick, Dan. Sutherland, A. McKenna, Chas. E. Taunor, Thos. Glover, W. S. Harris, Thos. Tanner. This company has a capital stock of \$30,000, and as it is composed of men of push and energy there is no doubt as to the success of the enterprise. There is not a better prospect for a foundry business in the Province, and we hope the boom is now on the way.—*Pictou News.*

A correspondent of the Prince Edward Island *Patriot* has the following in advocacy of encouraging home manufactures:—

Sir,—We were pleased with your remarks concerning Messrs. Large & Sons' buggy and wagon shown at the exhibition. They were certainly a credit to the makers, and we think that our exhibition commissioners should give special attention to goods such as these. The country is full of imported trash, and our people are duped and cheated in the purchase of them. Let us give special encouragement to our makers who give value for the money they receive. Next year we must have sheds for exhibitors to show all such goods, and not have them stuck in the corner beyond the reach of the public where no notice is taken of them. Exhibitors become disgusted and refuse to attend a second time. PROGRESS.

The Canada Electric Co. have just completed at their manufacturing department a one hundred light dynamo of new design. It is to be one of a pair to be used on the three wire system in the lighting station. This machine is entirely of their own manufacture, and possesses several advantages not found in other makers. The chief of which is the comparative low speed at which it can run and freedom from liability to burn out under a heavy load.—*Amherst Weekly Press.*