



STONE MARKING THE SPOT WHERE BROCK FELL, QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

yourselves not up in politics, for the affairs of your nation, and the public weal and woe are a very long way beyond your capacity of comprehension.

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Our friend, Professor C. F. Fraser, of the Halifax *Critic*, principal of the school for the blind, has taken unto himself a wife, chosen from the sister province. Though our feelings are somewhat hurt that we should be left single still, in spite of our attractions and desire to please, while our clever townsman went afield to pluck the flower that will adorn his home; we cannot but appreciate the taste of the happy bridegroom, and wish him and her who was Miss Hunter every joy in their new life. Mr. Fraser possesses a keen business ability, and so far has made a success of every venture that he has attempted. Our best wish for him is that he may be as fortunate in his present undertaking as in his past experience.

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The Halifax agents of the steamship companies say that the past summer has been the most successful one for their business since the lines have been in existence, a period of twenty-eight years. The steamer "Halifax" advertises that it has carried 683 passengers on one trip. The Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward Island Steamship line announces that they have carried an average of 543 per trip, and the Yarmouth boats have been so crowded all summer that the authorities meditated running a daily boat. Our little Nova Scotia is becoming more attractive to American tourists, it would seem; it is a pleasure to hear of the undeniable success of at least one department of our provincial commerce.

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Count Howitz, of Puchau, Germany, who a short time ago paid a visit to our part of the Dominion, may be congratulated on not having to pay dear for his somewhat doubtful way of amusing himself. While sojourning in Philadelphia he met a young woman who agreed to accompany him on his travels for a time, and help him to enjoy the scenery and the adventures that might meet him on his way. At Halifax she apparently became tired of her part of the bargain, and wishing to make hay while the sun shone, demanded of him a sum of money under threats

of having him arrested for abduction, intending to leave for old haunts at her pleasure, with well filled pockets. Being somewhat ignorant of the law, the Count gave her \$500, and a promise of \$1,000 more at an early date. He was rescued from the situation, however, by a friend in whom he confided, and the young woman being informed that her plan of blackmail was about to be frustrated, returned the money and fled from her quondam admirer. Count Howitz, who is a gentleman by birth and well

known to Halifax society people, has learned a lesson and will behave more discreetly in future. These foreign ideas are not a success on this side of the water, as our friend the Count now fully understands.

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The Girl's School at Windsor seems to be in a flourishing condition both financially and otherwise. The shareholders report that after making an outside allowance for preparation expenses for the coming year, there is a nice little balance to the credit of the current account of the school of \$2,362.59. This is not a bad beginning, certainly. There is a very efficient staff of teachers, and every department of the school seems to be in an eminently satisfactory condition.

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Miss. Grace Dean McLeod, with whose work Canadians are familiar, has lately joined the ranks of the married folk. Mr. Wycoff Rogers, of Amherst, being the happy man. We extend our congratulations to the newly-wedded pair, and trust that Mrs. Rogers may find her new surroundings an inspiration, and her new duties a stimulus, and will not allow, as other duties devolve upon her, her charming pen to remain idle.

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How long will the ill-gotten gains of the some time departed Captain Kidd continue to disturb the peace of mind of credulous and avaricious individuals? Not only individuals, it seems, but our grand Legislature itself is entering into the spirit of the time. At its last session a stock company was incorporated to make a vigorous search for the treasure, which is supposed to be buried at Oak Island, Chester Bay. It is hardly to be believed that the organization of this company, and the subsequent work in digging and excavating depend for their origin and support on the feverish dreams of a fanciful man, 37 years ago,—yet such, is, I believe, the case. Mr. Charles Johnson, of Belmont, is responsible for the present excitement in this matter. On a memorable night in the annals of this romantic person's nocturnal experiences, two men, he deposed, took him to a lonely spot on Oak Island, pointed out the place where the box of treasure was deposited, blinded his eyes and senses with a sight of the gold and jewels that lay within, and then departed, leaving him, as ghosts are wont to do, in a very unsatisfactory and exasperated state of mind. All this was some years ago, but the treasure is still supposed to be there, and if the gangs of men who are now digging for the gold find nothing for their pains but rock and earth, and tired backs, those who are paying them for the latter, and watching eagerly the overturning of the two former things, will experience a sense of disappointment, which, I can hardly imagine, can be wholly unexpected.



WINTER SCENE ON MOUNT ROYAL.