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VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1900. NO. 28.

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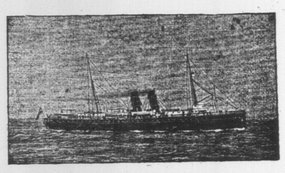

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—AT—
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Spring Caps, Spring Suits, Spring Overcoats.
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NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.
All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

Poetry.

Garments of Praise.

The loneliest crest of the desolate upland
Is blooming and royal in purple and gold.
The lap of the beautiful, brave old mother
Is fuller of flowers than it can hold.

She drinks of the fountain of youth, dear Nature,
And summer by summer her face is bright
With the blush it wore in the days of Eden,
Ere the serpent had touched her fields with blight.

The child's hand gathers a sheaf of sweetness;
The bees are drunk with the honey-dew;
Pasture and hill in their rare completeness
Are perfect as when the world was new.

Everywhere summer and grace and perfume
Everywhere beauty, broadcast and fair;
The year is crowned with the wealth of harvest,
And byre and bin are as answered prayer.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Day by Day.

Every day has its dawn,
Its soft and silent eve,
Its noontide hours of bliss or bale;—
Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face
As beautiful as near;
Because it is so small a face
We will not see it clear.

We will not clasp it as it flies,
And kiss its lips and brow;
We will not bathe our wearied souls
In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us and goes
Away in sad distain;
Though we should give our lives for it,
It never comes again.

Yet, every day has its dawn,
Its noontide and its eve;
Live while we live, giving God thanks—
He will not let us grieve.

Select Literature.

TREASURE ISLAND.

(By Robert Louis Stevenson.)

PART VI.

Captain Silver.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Council of the buccaneers had lasted some time, when one of them re-entered the house, and with a repetition of the same salute, which had in my eyes an ironical air, begged for a moment's loan of the torch. Silver briefly agreed; and this emissary retired again, leaving us together in the dark.

"There's a breeze coming, Jim," said Silver, who had by this time, adopted quite a friendly and familiar tone.

I turned to the loop-hole nearest me and looked out. The embers of the great fire had so far burned themselves out, and now glowed so low and duskily, that I understood why these conspirators desired a torch. About half-way down the slope to the stockade they were collected in a group; one held the light; another was on his knees in their midst, and I saw the blade of an open knife shine in his hand with varying colors, in the moon and torchlight. The rest were all somewhat stooping, as though watching the maneuvers of this last. I could just make out that he had a book as well as a knife in his hand; and was still wondering how anything so incongruous had come in their possession, when the kneeling figure rose once more to his feet, and the whole party began to move together toward the house.

"Here they come," said I; and I returned to my former position, for it seemed beneath my dignity that they should find me watching them.

"Well, let 'em come, lad—let 'em come," said Silver, cheerily. "I've still a shot in my locker."

The door opened, and the five men, standing huddled together just inside, pushed one of their number forward. In any other circumstances it would have been comical to see his slow advances, hesitating as he set down each foot, but holding his closed right hand in front of him.

"Step up lad," cried Silver. "I won't eat you. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules, I do; I won't hurt a depytation."

Thus encouraged the buccaneer stepped forth more briskly, and having passed something to Silver, from hand to hand, slipped yet more smartly back again to his companions.

The sea-cook looked at what had been given him.

"The black spot! I thought so," he observed. "Where might you have got the paper? Why hillo! look here, now; this ain't lucky! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?"

"Ah, there!" said Morgan—"there. Wot did I say? No good'll come o' that, I said."

"Well, you've about fixed it now, among you," continued Silver. "You'll all swing now, I reckon. What soft-headed lubber had a Bible?"

"It was Dick," said one.

"Dick, was it? Then Dick can get to prayers," said Silver. "He's seen his slice of luck, has Dick, and you may lay to that."

But here the long man with the yellow eyes struck in.

"Belay that talk, John Silver," he said. "This crew has tipped you the black spot in full council, as in dooty bound; just you turn it over, as in dooty bound, and see what's wrote there. Then you can talk."

"Thanky George," replied the sea-cook. "You always was brisk for business, and has the rules by heart, George, as I am pleased to see. Well what is it, anyway? Ah! 'Deposed'—that's it, is it? Very pretty wrote, to be sure; like print, I swear. Your hand o' write, George? Why you was gettin' quite a leadin' man in this here crew. You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder. Just oblige me with that torch again, will you, this pipe don't draw.

"Come now," said George, "you don't fool this crew no more. You're a funny man, by your own account; but you're over now, and you'll maybe step down off that barrel, and help vote."

"I thought you said you knowed the rules," returned Silver, contemptuously. "Leastways, if you don't, I do; and I wait here—and I'm still your cap'n, mind—till you outs with your grievances, and I reply; in the meantime, your black spot ain't worth a biscuit. After that we'll see."

"Oh," replied George, "you don't be under no kind of apprehension; we'er all square, we are. First, you've made a hash of this cruise—you'll be a bold man to say no to that. Second, you let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothing. Why did they want out? I dunno; but it's pretty plain they wanted it. Third, you wouldn't let us go at them upon the march. Oh, we see through you, John Silver; you want to play booty, that's what's wrong with you. And then, fourth: there's this here boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver, quietly.

"Enough too," retorted George. "We'll all swing and sun-dry for your bungling."

"Well now look here, I'll answer these four p'ints; one after another I'll answer 'em. I made a hash o' this cruise, did I? Well now, you all know what I wanted; and you all know, if that had been done, that we'd a 'been aboard the "Hispaniola" this night as ever was, every man of us alive, and fit, and full of good plumduff, and the treasure in the hold of her, by thunder! Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand, as was the lawful cap'n? Who tipped me the black spot the day we landed, and began this dance? Ah, it's a fine dance—I'm with you there—and looks mighty like a hornpipe in a rope's end at Execution Dock by London town, it does. But who done it? Why, it was Anderson and Hands and you, George Merry! And you're the last above board of that same meddling crew; and you have the Davy Jone's insolence to up and stand for cap'n over me—you that sunk the lot of us! By the powers! but this tops the stiffest yarn to nothing."

Silver paused, and I could see by the faces of George and his late comrades that these words had not been said in vain.

"That's for number one," cried the accused, wiping the sweat from his brow, for he had been talking with a vehemence that shook the house. "Why, I give you my word I'm sick to speak to you. You've neither sense nor memory, and I leave it to fancy where your mothers was that let you come to sea. Sea! Gentleman o' fortune! I reckon tailors is your trade."

"Go on, John," said Morgan. "Speak up to the others."

"Ah, the others!" returned John. "They're a nice lot, ain't they? You say this cruise is bungled. Ah! by gum, if you could understand how bad it's bungled, you would see! We're that near the gibbet that my neck's stiff with thinking on it. You've seen 'em, may be, hanged in chains, birds about 'em, seamen p'inting 'em out as they go down with the tide. "Who's that?" says one. "That! Why that's John Silver. I knowed him well." said another, and you can hear the chains a-jangle as you go about and reach for the other buoy. Now that's about where we are, every mother's son of us, thanks to him, and Hands and Anderson, and other ruination fools of you. And if you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver my timbers! isn't he a hostage? Are we going to waste a hostage? No, not us; he might be our last chance, and I shouldn't wonder. Kill that boy? not me, mates! And number three? Ah well, there's a deal to say to number three. May be you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor come to see you every day—you John, with your head broke—or you, George Merry, that had the ague shakes upon you not six hours agone, and has your eyes the color of lemon peel to this same moment on the clock? And maybe, perhaps you didn't know there was a concert coming either? But there is, and not so long till then; and we'll see who'll be glad to have a hostage when it comes to that. And as for number two, and why I made a bargain—well, you came crawling on your knees to make it—on your knees you came, you was that downhearted—and you'd have starved, too, if I hadn't—but that's a trifle! you look there—that's why!"

And he cast down upon the floor a paper that I instantly recognized—none other than the chart on yellow paper, with three red crosses, that I had found in the oilcloth at the bottom of the captain's chest. Why the doctor had given it to him was more than I could fancy.

But if it were inexplicable to me, the appearance of the chart was incredible to the surviving mutineers. They leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse. It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another; and by the oaths and the cries and the childish laughter with which they accompanied their examination, you would have thought, not only they were fingering the very gold, but were at sea with it, beside, in safety.

"Yes," said one, "that's Flint, sure enough. J. F., and a score below, with a clove hitch to it, so he done ever."

"Mighty pretty," said George. "But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship?"

Silver suddenly sprang up, and supporting himself with a hand against the wall: "Now I give you warning, George," he cried. "One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, how do I know? You had ought to tell me that—you and the rest, that lost me my schooner, with your interference, burn you! But not you, you can't; you haint got the invention of a cockroach. But civil you can speak, and shall, George Merry, you may lay to that."

"That's fair enow," said the old man Morgan.

"Fair! I reckon so," said the sea-cook. "You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man at that? And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now; I'm done with it."

"Silver!" they cried. "Barbecue forever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

"So that's the toon, is it?" cried the cook. "George, I reckon you'll have to wait another turn, friend; and lucky for you as I'm not a revengeful man. But that was never my way. And now shipmates, this black spot? 'Tain't much good now, is it? Dick's crossed his luck and spoiled his Bible, and that's about all."

"It'll do to kiss the book on still, won't it?" growled Dick, who was evidently uneasy at the curse he had brought upon himself.

"A Bible with a bit cut out!" returned Silver, derisively. "Not it. It don't bind no more'n a ballad-book."

"Don't it though?" cried Dick, with a sort of joy. "Well, I reckon that's worth having too."

"Here Jim—here's a cur'osity for you," said Silver; and he tossed me the paper.

It was a round about the size of a crown-piece. One side was blank, for it had been the last leaf; the other contained a verse or two of Revelation—these words among the rest, which struck sharply home upon my mind: "Without are dogs and murderers." The printed side had been blackened with wood-ash, which already began to come off and soil my fingers; on the blank side had been written with the same material the one word, "Deposed." I have that curiosity before me at this moment, but not a trace of writing now remains beyond a single scratch, such as a man might make with his thumb.

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, with a drink all round, we lay down to sleep, and the outside of Silver's vengeance was to put George Merry up for sentinel, and threaten him with death if he should prove unfaithful.

It was long ere I could close an eye, and Heaven knows I had matter enough for thought in the man whom I had slain that afternoon, in my own most perilous position, and, above all, in the remarkable game that I saw Silver now engaged upon—keeping the mutineers together with one hand, and grasping, with the other, after every means, possible and impossible, to make his peace and save his miserable life. He himself slept peacefully, and snored aloud; yet my heart was sore for him, wicked as he was, to think on the dark perils that environed, and the shameful gibbet that awaited him.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON PAROLE.

I was awakened—indeed, we were all wakened, for I could see even the sentinel shake himself together from where he had fallen against the door-post, by a clear hearty voice hailing us from the margin of the wood.

"Block-house, ahoy!" he cried. "Here's the doctor."

And the doctor it was. Although I was glad to hear the sound, yet my gladness was not without admixture. I remembered with confusion my insubordinate and stealthy conduct; and when I saw where it had brought me—among what companions and surrounded by what dangers—I felt ashamed to look him in the face.

He must have risen in the dark, for the day had hardly come; and when I ran to a loop-hole and looked out, I saw him standing like I had seen Silver standing once before, up to the mid-leg in creeping vapor.

"You doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir!" cried Silver, broad awake and beaming with good-nature in a moment. "Bright and early to be sure; and it's the early bird as the saying goes, that gets the rations. George, shake your timbers, son, and help Doctor Livesey over the ship's side. All a-doin' well, your patients was—all well and merry."

So he patted on, standing at the hill-top, with his crutch under his elbow, and one hand upon the side of the log-house—quite the old John in voice, manner, and expression.

"We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir," he continued. "We've a little stranger here—he! he! A noo boarder and lodger, sir, and looking fit and taut as a fiddle; slep' like a supercargo, he did, right alongside of John—stem to stem we was, all night."

Dr. Livesey was by this time across the stockade and pretty near the cook; and I could hear the alteration in his voice as he said:

"Not Jim!"

"The very same Jim as ever was," says Silver.

The doctor stopped outright, although he did not speak, and It was some seconds before he seemed able to move on.

"Well, well," he said at last, "duty first and pleasure afterward, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours."

A moment afterward he had entered the block-house, and with one grim nod to me, proceeded with his work among the sick. He seemed to me under no apprehension, though he must have known that his life, among these treacherous demons, depended on a hair; and he rattled on to his patients as if he were paying an ordinary professional visit in a quiet English family. His manner I suppose, reacted on the men; for they behaved to him as if nothing had occurred—as if he were still ship's doctor, and they still faithful hands before the mast.

"You're doing well, my friend," he said to the fellow with the bandaged head, "and if any person ever had a close shave, it was you; your head must be as hard as iron. Well, George, how goes it? You're a pretty color, certainly; why your liver man, is upside down. Did you take that medicine! Did he take that medicine, men?"

"Ay, ay, sir, he took it, sure enough," returned Morgan.

"Because, you see, since I am mutineers' doctor, or prison doctor, as I prefer to call it," said Dr. Livesey, in his pleasantest way, "I make it a point of honor not to lose a man for King George (God bless him) and the gallows."

The rogues looked at each other, but swallowed the home-thrust in silence.

"Dick don't feel well, sir," said one.

"Don't he!" replied the doctor. "Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see your tongue. No, I should be surprised if he did; the man's tongue is fit to frighten the French. Another fever."

"Ah, there," said Morgan, "that comed of spiling Bibles."

"That comed—as you call it—of being arrant asses," retorted the doctor, "and not having sense enough to know honest air from poison, and dry land from a vile, pestiferous slough. I think it most probable—though, of course, it's only an opinion—that you'll all have the deuce to pay before you get that malaria out of your systems. Camp in a bog, would you? Silver, I'm surprised at you. You're less of a fool than many, take you all round; but you don't appear to me to have the rudiments of a notion of the rules of health. Well," he added, after he had dosed them round, and they had taken his prescriptions, with really laughable humility, more like charity school-children than blood-guilty mutineers and pirates—"well, that's done for to-day. And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please."

And he nodded his head in my direction, carelessly.

George Merry was at the door, spitting and spluttering over some bad-tasting medicine; but at the first word of the doctor's proposal he swung round with a deep flush, and cried, "No," and swore.

Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

"Si-lence!" he roared, and looked about him positively like a lion. "Doctor," he went on, in his usual tones, "I was a-thinking of that, knowing as you had a fancy for the boy. We're all humbly grateful for your kindness, and as you see, puts faith in you, and takes the drugs down like that much grog. And I take it I've found a way as'll suit all. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honor as a young gentleman—for a young gentleman you are, although poor born—your word of honor not to slip your cable?"

I readily gave the pledge required.

"Then doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside o' that stockade, and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and I reckon you can yarn through the spars. Good-day to you sir, and all our cloofies to the squire and Cap'n Smollett."

The explosion of disapproval, which nothing but Silver's black looks had restrained, broke out immediately the doctor had left the house. Silver was roundly accused of playing double—of trying to make a separate piece for himself—of sacrificing the interests of his accomplices and victims; and, in one word, of the identical exact thing he was doing. It seemed to me so obvious, in this case, that I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. But he was twice the man the rest were; and his last night's victory had given him a preponderance on their minds. He called them all the fools and dolts you can imagine, said it was necessary I should talk to the doctor, fluttered the chart in their faces, asked them if they could afford to break the treaty the very day they were bound a-treasure-hunting.

"No, by thunder!" he cried, "it's us must break the treaty when the time comes; and till then I'll gammon that doctor, if I have to lie his boots with brandy."

And then he bade them get the fire lighted, and stalked out upon his crutch, with his hand upon my shoulder, leaving them in a disarray, and silenced by his volubility rather than convinced.

"Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They might round upon us in a twinkle of an eye, if we was seen to hurry."

Very deliberate then did we advance across the sand to where the doctor waited us on the other side of the stockade, and as soon as we were within speaking distance, Silver stopped.

"You'll make a note of this here also doctor, says he, "and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and were deposed for it too, and you may lay to that. Doctor, when a man's steering as near the wind as me—playing chuck-farthing with the last breath in his body, like—you wouldn't think it too much, perhaps, to give him one good word! You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now—it's the boy's into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy."

Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back to his friends and the block house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in, his voice trembled; never was a soul more in earnest.

"Why John, you're not afraid!" asked Dr. Livesey.

"Doctor, I'm no coward; no not I—not so much!" and he snapped his fingers. "If I was I wouldn't say it. But I'll own up fairly I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; I never seen a better man! And you'll not forget what I done good, not any more than you'll forget the bad, I know. And I step aside—see here—and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me too, for it's a long stretch, is that!"

So saying, he stepped back a little way till he was out of hearing, and there sat down upon a tree-stump and began to whistle; spinning round now and again upon his seat so as to command a sight sometimes of me and the doctor, and sometimes of his unruly ruffians as they went to and fro in the sand, between the fire—which they were busy rekindling—and the house, from which they brought forth pork and bread to make the breakfast.

"So Jim," said the doctor, sadly, "here you are. As you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows, I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind; when Captain Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off, and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly!"

I will own that I here began to weep. "Doctor," I said, "you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeit anyway, and I should have been dead now, if Silver hadn't stood for me; and doctor, believe this, I can die—and I daresay I deserve it—but what I fear is torture. If they come to torture me——"

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed. "Jim, I can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it."

"Doctor," said I, "I passed my word."

"I know, I know," he cried. "We can't help that Jim, now. I'll take it on my shoulders, holus bolus, blame and shame, my boy; but stay here, I can't let you. Jump! One jump, and you're out, and we'll run like antelopes."

"No," I replied, you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself; neither you nor require, nor captain; and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. But doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is; for I got the ship, part by luck and part by risking, and she lies in North Inlet, on the southern beach, and just below high water. At half-tide she must be high and dry."

"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him my adventures and he heard me out in silence.

"There is a kind of fate in this," he observed, when I had done. "Every step, it's you that saved our lives; and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you lose yours? That would be a poor return, my boy. You found out the plot; you found Ben Gunn—the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, by Jupiter! and talking of Ben Gunn, why this is the mischief in person. Silver!" he cried, "Silver! I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near again; "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."

"Why sir, I do my possible, which that ain't," said Silver. "I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure, and you may lay to that."

"Well Silver," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further; look out for squalls when you find it."

"Sir," said Silver, "between man and man that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the block-house, why you gave me that there chart, I don't know, now do I? and yet I done your bidding with my eyes shut and never a word of hope! But no, this here's too much. If you won't tell me what you mean, plain out, just say so, and I'll leave the helm."

"No," said the doctor, musingly, "I've no right to say more, it's not my secret, you see Silver, or I give you my word, I'd tell it you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare go, and a step beyond; for I'll have my wig sorted by the captain, or I'm mistaken! And first, I'll give you a bit of hope; Silver, if we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to have you, short of perjury."

Silver's face was radiant. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure sir, not if you was my mother," he cried.

"Well, that's my first concession," added the doctor. "My second is a piece of advice: Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I'm off to seek it for you, and that itself will show you if I speak at random. Good-bye, Jim."

And Dr. Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver, and set off at a brisk pace into the woods.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TREASURE-HUNT: FLINT'S POINTER.

"Jim," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it—with the tail of my eye, I did; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glint of hope I had since the attack failed, and I owe it to you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasure-hunting, with sealed orders, too, and I don't like it; and you and me must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate and fortune."

Just then a man hailed us from the fire that breakfast was ready, and we were soon seated here and there about the sand over biscuit and fried junk. They had lighted a fire fit to roast an ox; and it was now grown so hot that they could only approach it from the windward, and even there not without precaution. In the same wasteful spirit, they had cooked, I suppose, three times more than we could eat; and one of them, with an empty laugh, threw what was left into the fire, which blazed and roared again over this unusual fuel. I never in my life saw men so careless of the morrow; hand to mouth is the only word that can describe their way of doing; and what with wasted food and sleeping sentries, though they were bold enough for a brush and be done with it, I could see their entire unfitness for anything like a prolonged campaign.

(To be continued.)

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A magic wand seems to have been waved over Cape Breton, with surprising results. A handful of people have become twenty thousand; a stagnant district, which seemed without hope, has become a centre of activity; where the dollars have been painfully counted one by one, millions have been poured out; an unknown district, which never promised anything, has become famous, and Sydney is destined to bulk as largely as Pittsburg.

Mr. B. T. A. Bell, secretary of the Mining Institute, has just returned from a three weeks' trip to Cape Breton and Newfoundland, having acted as guide, philosopher and friend to some two hundred and fifty members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, who desired to see for themselves the work which had been accomplished through the instrumentality of the Dominion Coal Company, and the more recently formed Dominion Steel & Iron Company, of which the great American capitalist and promotor, Mr. J. B. Whitney, is the guiding and controlling genius.

Mr. Bell, to give even a faint idea of the change which has taken place, has recourse to superlatives. One must see it for himself, he says, for nothing that could be said by another would give an adequate idea of what has happened. The other day there were a few people in Sydney; there are twenty thousand of a population to-day. Yesterday North Sydney was an insignificant place containing a few hundred people; to-day there are twelve thousand. And yet the cry is for more labor. Labor is scarce, and the managers of the great concerns do not know what to do. The coal mines cannot be worked fast enough. There is an unceasing hum of activity; there are fine vessels in the harbor; there are operations going on in connection with the Dominion Steel & Iron Company which involve an expenditure of thirty five million dollars; there is one man on the spot who has invested a cool million himself.

The American gentlemen were much impressed with what they saw at Sydney. They said that Sydney might become a great exporting centre in the steel and iron trade. It might rival Pittsburg. It was better situated; it was nearer and more convenient for exporting purposes. Sydney might build steel ships; might become the great exporting centre for this continent. And the coal, Mr. Bell thought, might go as far as Lake Superior yet, and from Lake Superior would come iron ore in return. Much of the coal at present went to United States, although a considerable quantity went to Ontario.

The party visited Newfoundland. Mr. Bell thinks the place fearfully slow and antiquated, the only signs of life and activity being those which Mr. Reid introduced into the colony. The latter might ultimately be justified in the outlay in connection with the railway he built, but Mr. Bell could not see where his profit would ever come in. The party was chiefly interested, however, in the Wabana iron mines, which have been sold by the old English company to the Nova Scotia Iron and Steel Company for a cool million dollars, and which was one of the most wonderful things the party had seen in the way of ores. These iron ores are found in unlimited quantities about a foot and a half from the surface. They can be shipped at the rate of sixty cents a ton to Sydney, which gives a great advantage to the new steel and iron industry.

Mr. Bell remarked that the visit of the party would be worth more to Canada than the exhibit at the Paris exhibition, as each man going to his home after seeing with his own eyes the resources of the country, would be a constant advertisement for the Dominion. A few specimens of mineral in a glass case at an exhibition, which might be hurriedly glanced at, accomplished but little, but personal observation was of the greatest value. The Dominion has mineral resources of incalculable value, which were just beginning to be appreciated. The output was steadily increasing in value, jumping from twenty millions to fifty millions per annum, but this was only the beginning. The change wrought in Cape Breton by the introduction of capital was simply marvellous, and it would well pay prominent newspapers to send representatives to the spot to make adequate record of what had been accomplished.

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