

The *Century* for January will delight all lovers of good literature, while the artistic eye cannot fail to be charmed with the illustrations offered. Musicians who admire Gounod will find his auto-biographical sketch very interesting, especially that portion of it which treats of his student life in Rome. The ever-interesting subject of the modern Jew is well discussed, and articles of a similar nature are to be forthcoming. The "Discontent of the Farmer" shows careful work and the optimistic views held forth will be welcomed by Nova Scotian readers. Military affairs are well attended to by Capt. E. S. Godfrey and Gen. Jas. B. Fry. The fiction of the number is exceptionally good. The "Naulehka" is up to its past standard and Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Characteristics" teems with suggestions for hospital work. The shorter stories "Bentley's System" and "A Battle in Clackardom" make pleasant evening reading. "Witchcraft" as treated by the able editor of *The Christian Advocate* is a most interesting article. The poetry includes five short "Interludes" by Mr. Aldrich and a great variety of lighter verse. The illustrations of many of the articles call for special praise, "Dolce Far Niente" and the "Old Master" series being notably well done. The "Topics of the Time" include seasonable articles on "Cheap Money," "Mississippi Crop Moving Currency" and "The Progressive Discovery of America." Altogether the winter number of the *Century* is one that should not be over-looked.

"Stephen Ellicott's Daughter," a novel by Mrs. J. H. Needell, author of "The Story of Philip Methuen," etc., forms the title of an interesting story of a young English Squire whose father robbed an elder brother and his heirs of their inheritance, Thorpe Brady Manor House. The young Squire, Lancelot, continues to hold the secret of the proper owner and marries a beautiful girl who loves and is loved by the defrauded cousin, Anthony, but who to please her old and devoted father lays aside her own longings and heart-burnings and makes a faithful and devoted wife to the weak and selfish Lancelot. Of course the story, after many windings, comes to a satisfactory end, but it is not fair to mar the reader's enjoyment by anticipating. The book is well written and cannot fail to interest. Published in *Town and Country Library*, No. 80. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B., have published a booklet under the title "A Song of the Years, and a Memory of Acadia," containing eight poems by Mr. H. L. Spencer. They are all very pretty and worth reading, and as a Canadian work should find a place in the collections of all patriotic people. The following specimen from the booklet will give a fair idea of Mr. Spencer's style and workmanship:

#### GREEN SLEEVES.

Green leaves will come again,  
Green leaves will come again,  
Though the yellow leaves are falling  
And the year is on the wane;  
But Green Sleeves with her tender eyes  
I shall not see again.

I shall see the daisy nodding  
To the breezes as they pass,  
And the violet a-blowing  
Where crispy grows the grass;  
But Green Sleeves! I shall see her  
No more, no more, Alas.

The birds that in the orchard  
Were wont to build and sing,  
Will come with the earliest whisper  
Of the zephyrs of the spring;  
But Green Sleeves! in the orchard  
I shall not hear her sing.

I shall hear the pleasant murmur  
Of the brook 'twixt banks of fern,  
And the tinkle, tinkle of the bells  
As home the cattle turn;  
But Green Sleeves! Oh, Green Sleeves!  
She never will return.

I shall never know a summer  
Like the summers that are fled;  
I shall never feel as once I felt  
Since you to me are dead.  
Green Sleeves! Oh, Green Sleeves!  
For years my heart has bled.

Green Sleeves! Green Sleeves!  
My life is full of pain,  
And sometimes at a thought of you  
My tears fall down like rain,  
For Green Sleeves! Green Sleeves!  
We shall not meet again.

The booklet is printed in quaint type and the pages have gilt lines around the poems. The price is 25 cts.

#### INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

**SPRUCE GUM TRADE.**—Mr. Robert J. Manning, of Parrsboro, N. S., has shipped over \$400 worth of spruce gum to Portland, Me., this season, and has a quantity still on hand. Mr. Manning shipped \$2,200 worth of gum last season, but does not expect to handle so large a quantity this winter, as the price is lower in the United States.—*Cumberland Leader*.

A Chatham paper says:—Surveyor Robert Loggie reports a single log cut by Foreman Haynes' men in a Snowball camp that is the biggest of which we have yet heard on the North Shore. It is sound, clean pine, and twenty-two feet long and of thirty-six inches diameter at the small end. It will, therefore, produce 1,386 feet of merchantable lumber.

It is gratifying to hear that the experiment of shipping live lobsters to England, recently made by Captain McGray, of Barrington, N. S., is likely to be the precursor of an extensive trade in the Crustaceans. The steamer by which they were shipped was eighteen days on the voyage, but more than half the armored passengers arrived alive, and it is thought that when a specially constructed steamer is used the results will be perfectly satisfactory. We explained a few weeks ago the plan by which Captain McGray expects to carry the lobsters alive to market in London, and we wish his enterprise every encouragement. If it should succeed to any great extent, canning will, of course, not be carried on as largely as now.

We are pleased to learn that efforts are being made by some of the leading men of Hantsport to build a dry dock, and that a stock company is to be formed if sufficient encouragement is given. We trust the movement will be successful from the very outset. Hantsport is a good location for such an enterprise. Very frequently vessels are taken there from various points for repairs on the beach, but with a dry dock business in this line would rapidly increase. Ship owners will do well to give this enterprise a helping hand, which we have no doubt whatever will prove a profitable one.—*Hants Journal*.

All hands are busily engaged at the Hat Factory. Truro hats are very popular with the trade, on account of their superiority, and find a market in every city from Halifax to Victoria, B. C. Good workmanship tells every time.—*Truro News*.

#### A YOUNG MAN'S DIARY

Monday—I was one year old this morning, and this evening we arrived back in town from Newquay, Cornwall, where we have been spending the holidays for the sake of my health, as papa has not scrupled to blurt out, once or twice, in my presence. There is a strain of coarseness in papa; or perhaps I should say—for the impression it leaves is primarily negative, as of something *manqué*—an incompleteness in the sensitive equipment. As yet it can hardly be said to embarrass me; though I foresee a time when I shall have to blush for it before strangers. But then he is so splendidly healthy. After all, it is good to be back in London. Newquay, with its obvious picturesqueness, its violent colouring, its sands, rocks, breakers, and by-laws regulating the costume of bathers—I was on the point of telling mamma that it suggested the Fine Art Society's rooms afflicted with a one-man scrofula, but remembered that I hadn't yet learned to talk. How far more subtle these gray and dun-coloured opacities, these tent cloths of fog pressed out into uncouth, dumbly pathetic shapes by the struggle for existence that seethes below it always—always! Decidedly I will begin to-morrow to practise walking. It seems a necessary step toward acquainting myself with the inner life of these tolling millions, which must be well worth knowing. Papa, on arriving at our door, plunged into an altercation with a cab tout. What a man! *C'est effrayant*; and yet sometimes I could almost envy his robust buoyancy. A Huntley and Palmer's nursery biscuit in a little hot water has quieted my nerves, which suffered cruelly during the scene. I believe I shall sleep to-night.

Tuesday.—The beginning of *Sturm und Drang*. I am learning to walk. Moreover, I have fancied in myself, during the day, a tendency to fall in love with my nurse. On the pretence that walking might give me bandy legs, she caught me up and pressed me to her bosom. We have no affinities; indeed beyond cleanliness and a certain unreasoning honesty, she can be said to possess no attributes at all. I am convinced that a serious affection for her would be nothing short of intellectual suicide; and yet for a while I abandon myself. By the time that nurse and I were seated together by the Round Pond, I was able to listen to her talk without a quiver of the eyelids. Poor soul! What malefic jest of fate led her to select the story of Georgie-Porgie!

"Georgie-Porgie, pudding and pie."

It was as irrelevant as life itself, and strangely real. "Pudding and pie." I struck the keynote of this simple narrative which, in a line or two, sums up the history of a man's conduct toward woman, and lays an unerring finger upon his motives.

"Kissed the girls and made them cry."

I knew the sequel; and saw my own path, too, mapped out before me. I must not fight against the instincts that run in my blood, as in every man's, but must regard her heart as no more than a curious toy, to be flung aside when broken. It will make a good novel some day. The poor child has no "followers." If she had, I, of all people, should know of it.

Wednesday.—I am much troubled by some reflections that have occurred to me on the subject of heredity. It terrifies me to think that I shall grow up like papa. Mamma, too, is hardly less a savage; she wore diamonds in her hair when she came up to the nursery, late last night, to look at me. She believed that I was asleep; but I wasn't, and I never in my life felt so sorry that I couldn't speak. The appalling barbarism of those ornaments! It is raining—the sky doing its best to resemble a Corot—and I am forced to stay indoors and play with my ark. Nurse's father called upon her during the morning. He is one of the submerged tenth, and extremely interesting; only I doubt if he will feel it acutely when I tell nurse that I am tired of her, and she carries home her broken heart to be healed. She is looking pale to-day; but this may be because I cried half the night and kept her awake. The fact is, I was cutting a tooth. I have given up trying to walk; learning somnambulism instead.

Thursday.—To-day I was spanked for the first time. When done crying, I mean to analyse my sensations at the time.

Arthur Quiller Couch, in the "Speaker."