

artificial system of fish culture which has been so successfully prosecuted in some parts of Europe, and is now extensively pursued in the United States. There are seven or eight public fish hatching establishments now in operation in Canada. These have turned out during the three or four years past the immense quantity of 15,000,000 young fish bred by the artificial process, and there are now in course of hatching at these establishments about 18,000,000 more, of different kinds of fish. Such an enormous addition to the chances of fish increase must certainly result in heavy returns from our inland fisheries within a short time, and as many of the districts within which these young fish have been liberated are situated between Canada and the United States, it seems probable that our neighbors will benefit nearly as much as ourselves by the improvement. From all the inquiries made, it appears that Canadian fishermen, whose pursuits are confined to these border waters, have hitherto labored under some disadvantages, by being obliged by our laws to quit fishing, in conformity with our fishing laws, during the spawning seasons, whilst their competitors in the neighboring States continue their fishing throughout the seasons, without being subject to any legal restrictions. This is felt by Canadians engaged in the fisheries to be somewhat invidious. Mr. Whitaker, the Canadian Fisheries Commissioner, sets this forth very fully in his reports, and urges the necessity for assimilating the fishing laws on both sides of the boundary line. He apprehends that otherwise Canada may be forced, in justice to her own fishermen, to relax or abandon entirely the wise provisions hitherto adopted to protect and increase the fish frequenting these border waters, so as to place the fishermen of both countries on an equal footing; such a contingency would be deplored by those disinterested parties who feel the importance of all our fisheries as a source of good supply and a valuable article of commerce. If the breeding of vast quantities of fish in these Government establishments is also likely to be a benefit to the United States citizens, in common almost with our own people, the other grievance will be aggravated. The bare possibility of such a result is cause for regret, because it might have the effect of discouraging such successful efforts as we have been already making to improve our fisheries, both by natural and artificial means. Hence, I think it very desirable that the Government should be strengthened in their endeavors to negotiate a fair approximation on the part of the United States. There have been communications on the dissension between the Federal and the Dominion Governments, but what practical advance has been made does not appear. It is probable that the delays of dealing with several States, each having control of fishing rights, and the possible powerlessness of the Federal authority to influence the action of the State Legislatures, will retard the accomplishment of any such purpose as that which seems so very desirable; but there can be no doubt that public opinion on both sides of the line will eventually produce its effect in leading to the assimilation of our fishery laws.

THE INVENTION OF CARDS.

Sir Walter Scott said that the alleged origin of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies he had ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, at Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish Bar. The doctor's testimony was to prove the insanity of the person whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires in a pre-eminent degree memory, judgement, and combination, can be at the time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card player," said the doctor with great address; "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequences of this reply were decisive.

A meeting of the leading B. B. clubs of the States and Canada will be held in Philadelphia early in the month of February, for the purpose of arranging an International Base-Ball Association.

short, every detail connected with the incident, except the name of the hero himself. The writer has called him "Tim Connor. When asked to name his reward, this gallant pool-pooled his own share in the transaction, gave the mare all the credit, and all he asked was that she might be remembered and well cared for for the remainder of her life. The French Government, however, took a high view of the exploit, and, though the man was an illiterate peasant, unable to read or write, they made him a Knight of the Legion of Honor. Our own Government offered him a good berth in the Customs, but his want of education precluded his employment in that capacity.

The wind and the waves in fierce conflict arose,
With tumult the heavens were rife,
All ferment and roar was the Bay of Tramore,
And the strand seemed to shake with the strife.

Neptune's artillery boomed 'long the shore,
In cavern, 'gainst rock, and o'er shallow;
The blast swatched the spray and whirled it away
Right inland, o'er cottage and fallow.

Hopelessly battling with wind and with wave,
A vessel appears in the bay,
God help her, for now, from her stern to her bow
She's doomed, so the inhabitants say.

A French ship from Cadiz, deep laden with wine,
The Storm Fiend he shows her no quarter;
In each timber she creaks, she strains and she leaks,
And her cargo is now wine and water.

Two days and two nights and another day yet,
She tacks to regain the clear offing;
But foul wind and tide her efforts deride,
And each tack is a nail in her coffin.

Nearer and nearer the sandbank she dove,
Till she struck on the treacherous shoal,
Masts went by the board, the sea o'er her poured,
And every burst from each stricken spool.

For miles all around the intelligence flies
That a ship in the bay is ashore,
And the people, in flocks, crowd the beach and the rocks,
To helplessly gaze by the score.

With work and well watching, exhausted, her crew
Are lashed to the stump of the mast,
Their cries to the shore are drowned in the roar
Of the wave and the shriek of the blast.

No boat could be forced thro' the fierce raging surf,
Then out spake a magistrate true,
"I'll give a reward to the man who will board
That doomed ship and bring off her crew."

Then answered Tim Connor, "Your honor I'll try,
I'll be no loss to anyone livin';
There's Jem Coffey's mare, sure she'd take me there,
If the loan of her Jem would be givin'."

The loan of her Jem Coffey willingly gave,
"Sure a big little horse" was the mare;
Tim jumped on her back, in what's called "half
a crack";
His demeanor was "devil-me-care."

Amidst friendly shouts he rode off, it might be
To failure and Death, not dishonor,
And last, but not least, spake his reverence the priest,
"God's blessin' be on ye, Tim Connor!"

Tossing the foam from their high-curling manes
The "white horses" charged with a roar,
"Och, Thunder and Turf! he'll be drowned in the surf;
We'll never see Tim any more!"

The mare never swerved to the right or the left,
But onward she pressed without fear;
Tim's hands on her neck, to soothe, not to check,
And his voice whispers soft in her ear.

The ruffianly billows with might and with main
To part-serve those gallant hearts tried;
But that partnership true they couldn't undo,
For Tim was "a devil to ride."

The new Academy of Music, Halifax, N. S., the dedication of which was recorded in our past issue, fronts on the east side of Barrington street. It is built entirely of brick and free stone. The front of the building is to be done in brown mastic, and the sides and rear will be covered with cement. The lot on which it is built is 90 feet front by 146 ft. deep, the entire building covers 78 ft. by 164 ft. The vestibule is 37 ft. by 24 ft. and is divided by double doors from the entrance to the auditorium and balcony staircase, the entrance from the street being by three doors, respectively two 5 ft. wide and one 6 ft. Immediately on entering, on the south side, is the manager's room and ticket-office, from which there is an underground passage to the stage, and also all the necessary speaking-tubes to control the house. Adjoining these is the staircase descending to the gentleman's saloon, which is in the basement; and then, on the same side, after passing through the doors, which are a trifle larger than those on the front, is the balcony staircase, 8 ft. wide. This gives easy access to the lobby of the balcony, which is 27 ft. by 13 ft. Passing the foot of the staircase, you enter the auditorium, which is 62 x 61, and has at each end ladies' and gentlemen's cloakrooms. The auditorium has a capacity of 250 orchestra chairs, and the parquette-circle, which is under the dress-circle, has 200 chairs. The last is raised and formed so as to correspond with the balcony, being raised in similar manner, with an iron roll-rail, in white and gold, with a purple plush top. The chairs are of the most approved pattern of opera-chairs. Returning to the balcony-lobby, we find a large cloak room on the south side, and the north a ticket office for the upper gallery. The entrance to the balcony is by three large doors. The balcony is furnished with 300 upholstered sofa-seats, in scarlet cloth, with arms and ornamental iron tops, with medallions containing the numbers of the seats, finished in white and gold. At the north end of the front is the main entrance to the upper gallery, and also another large door, which will be used as a means of exit. The staircase and landings to the gallery are entirely built of stone, inclosed in solid walls of brick and covered with cement. The entrance door to the gallery is 8 feet wide. This gallery will seat 300 to 400 people. Off the gallery is a store room 9 x 10. There is also a door opening from the lobby of the balcony into this staircase, which can be used as a means of exit in case of fire. The interior of the building is handsomely decorated. The balcony and gallery rails are the same in style and finish as the parquette-circle, which gives it, from the stage, the appearance of three galleries, except that around the top of the upper gallery rail is a brass rod supported by neat uprights, attached to the railing to insure its strength, giving at the same time a very pretty appearance. The walls are painted in oil, the tints being in keeping with the frescoed ceiling. There is a handsome border in colors below the cornice, which is heavily ornamented in colors. The ceiling, a half-round, is of thin pine, covered with canvas, which forms a complete sounding-board, and is beautifully laid off in the form of four-corner panels, inclosing the dome, in which are painted allegorical representations of Tragedy, Comedy, Music and Love. The dome is frescoed to represent a clouded sky above a handsome balustrade, with elegant chandelier supports. The centre of the dome contains the sunlight. Between each support on the balustrade are large vases containing flowers, festooned to the circle of the dome. The proscenium-arch is a fine specimen of carving. The design is ornamented with pillars, with nymphs supporting vases, and a cornice, in the centre of which are crouching figures supporting a lyre and other emblems. The whole is finished in white enamel and gold, with relief tints. The wall on each side of the pillars, extending to the balconies, forms a panel 12 feet broad by 38 feet high. In the centre of each is a large medallion, from the centre of which projects a handsome cluster chandelier, 8 feet high. The orchestra is 35 x 7 feet, and will have two entrances into the music-room, and from this is a stair to the trap-room, etc., under the stage.

The stage is 35 feet 6 inches in depth, and the entire width of the building. The proscenium-curtain opening is 36 feet wide and 38 feet high, and is provided with a very elaborate drop-curtain, displaying a view of Lake Como; also a green damask curtain. The stage is fitted and furnished with five sets of double elbow-grooves and three sets of arched borders, comprising sky, foliage and drapery. It has also sixteen complete sets of scenery, with all the necessary

appointments. I saw two deer within 75 yards of me lying down. "Now," said I, "Charley, take your time, don't get flustered, they don't see us, be careful. You shoot the buck and when the doe jumps up I'll kill her." Charley fired and the deer jumped to their feet, standing perfectly still. Said I, "Charley, put in another shell and give it to him again." Bang went his rifle and away bounded the buck. The doe stood just half a second too long, and received my ball. Says Charley, "What the devil is the reason I didn't kill him?" "Oh!" said I, "He wants a Creedmoor target." Charley had two more good shots, one at a deer and one at a turkey, before he killed, and said it was one thing to shoot at a target and quite another to kill game.

The sight of a deer or turkey is usually a surprise; they put in an appearance just when and where least expected, and the first view is either the bounding away with erect plume of the deer, or the skulking swift run of the turkey, dodging behind everything for a screen, with no time to take rest or call shots. Thirty or forty years ago we rifle-men used to practice in this way: Take three barrel heads and nail them together, then select a billside where they would roll swiftly down, and at the foot of the hill drive two stakes thirty feet apart, shooting at the wheel while it is going between these stakes. Then stand off 60 or 75 yards, and if you can hit the wheel near the centre most every time you stand a good chance to kill a deer on the jump between the trees, as they strike into an opening or cross a road. The bounding of the wheel compares with the running of the deer.

One seldom shoots at a deer or a turkey at over 100 yards, and usually within 50 yards. Seventy-five yards in the woods seems farther than 150 out on an open field. One old hunter told me he killed a deer over 800 yards; afterwards, he showing me just where he stood, I paced it, and it was only about 90 paces. I will allow that when one paces his own shots he steps only, say two feet and four inches, and when he paces the shots of others he generally straddles or steps at least three feet and two inches.—G. F. W. in *Forest and Stream*.

USE OF FLIES.

Although flies are, in summer, the pest of our lives, and we wonder why they were ever made at all, it should be remembered that they have an infancy as maggots, and the loathsome life they then lead as scavengers cleanses and purifies the August air, and lowers the death-rates of our cities and towns. Thus, while stables and piggeries and filth are tolerated by city and town authorities, the young of the house-fly and flesh, and blow-fly, with their thousand allies, are doing something toward purifying the pestilential air and averting the summer brood of cholera, dysentery, and typhoid fever, which descend like harpies upon the devoted towns and cities. It may be regarded as an axiom that were flies most abundant, there filth, death-dealing and baneful, is most abundant, and filth-diseases such as we have named most do congregate. A fly which is born in August generally lives a month or six weeks, and dies at the coming of frost, either of cold or from the attacks of fungoid plants. A few, probably, winter over and survive until midsummer, and thus maintain the existence of this useful species, to which civilized man owes more than he can readily estimate, and with which he can dispense only when the health of cities and towns is looked after with far greater vigilance and intelligence than is perhaps likely to be the case for several centuries to come.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250 em

cepted a challenge to a correspondence in ice, and in a few minutes a question and answer were written down with a pen unsurpassed by handwriting upon glass with a diamond. There was a Swede who was able with one foot to dash in portraits on the ice. Strutt, in "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," speaks of four skaters who were able to dance a waltz upon the ice with as much elegance as if they had been walking on the floor of a ball-room, and William Horne, in his "Every Day Book," speaking of the skating on the Serpentine River, says—"The elegance of skaters on that sheet of water is chiefly exhibited in quadrilles, which some parties go through with a beauty scarcely imaginable by those who have not seen graceful skating." Mr. Sam Weller, as we learn from the same history in which Mr. Pickwick figures so prominently, was an adept at the beautiful feat of fancy skating known as "knocking at the cobbler's door," which was achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot and occasionally giving a double knock with the other. Tracing the letters of the alphabet on the ice has long been a favorite exercise, but with us, in these degenerate days, the execution of the figure eight is about the severest test of skill. In Germany, particularly, there are many graceful skaters. Haron de Brincken, who was page to the King of Westphalia, was able, while moving over the ice at a great pace, to leap a distance of two yards and clear two or three hats placed one above the other, or some of the little sledges which the ladies used. Kloppstock not only wrote fiery lyrics in praise of the art of skating, but was an expert at the exercise even in his old age. "What!" the least active among his countrymen would exclaim, "the author of the 'Mensch' finger over pleasures no longer suited to his age!" When he and Goethe met the conversation for the most part was about skating, and the latter is said to have found in the exercise a relief from the tortures of mind he suffered in consequence of the breaking of the love link which had existed between him and Frederik of Sassenheim. In Friesland the people skate more than they walk, and skating races, especially for women, are frequently in all the towns. The course is always carefully laid out, long strips of wood being ranged in line to keep the competitors separate, and as it is sometimes more favorable to swift progress on the one side of this demarcation than on the other, the skaters are required to change sides every time they turn. The lists are enclosed by ropes, which run round by the sides of the canal, along which there is always a multitude of excited spectators. The prizes are valuable, but to obtain them it is necessary to win from sixty to eighty races. As a matter of course, the races in which women alone engage are more interesting than those open only to men. First, there is the honor of attacking the skates to the feet of the fair contestants; and second, the reward of a kiss to the fortunate swimmer. In these countries, if the women are not as swift as the men, they are at least more expert, and excel them in lightness and beauty of style. "The races on the ice," says Palati, "are carnivals of the Dutch; they are their fairs, their operas, their dissipation. At this season, during which many fashionable people in different parts of the world are running themselves in their extravagance, the only expense to which the Hollanders are put is the cost of a pair of skates, and the outlay is called for only once or twice during their lives."

At Mr. Samuel Wilson's North Dorchester, Ont., on the 24th September last, while threshing, a large sow was covered up under a straw stack. She was missed, and supposed to be stolen. On the 26th of December the sow was discovered. The cattle had eaten away the straw, and the sow made her appearance, a perfect skeleton, but alive. She was cared for, and slowly recovered.