

Dunstan's in the west, at which point you can see the dome of St. Paul's rising before you in its grandeur. Presently, in Fleet Street one began to see the names of the great daily newspapers of the city, the Provinces and Scotland, on buildings which were occasionally stately and modern, but oftener old and quaint. "The Scotsman," the "Yorkshire Post," the "Manchester Guardian," the Liverpool "Courier," and a dozen more. The offices of the "Graphic" and the "Illustrated News" we had already passed, but what dozens of periodicals of all kinds now threw out their signs: organs of all sorts of interests, by the score, not so flaring as in American great cities, but sufficiently distinct. Among them it was home-like to see the domicile of the Toronto "Globe" and to recognize in white letters on a third story window: "The Maclean Newspapers, Canada."

J. H.

VARIOUS BITS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

A Canadian who has gone from Montreal to one of the Carolinas to live favors the editor with some glimpses of conditions in that part of the Southern United States which strike people from Canada as unnatural and menacing to peace or comfort: "The more I see of the South the better I will like home, the people here imagine they live in a free country, but they are mistaken. We have more freedom and justice in our lumber camps of Canada than in any part of the States, particularly the Southern States. The rule here is that the man who shoots first is right; the other fellow gets a funeral. Everyone carries 'shooting irons' and uses them for the most trivial matters. The elections down here have given the people an impression that honest Government is at hand, but I think all they will have is the impression; many people high in financial matters have told me the South is about to become prosperous at the expense of the North when things are not what they seem."

When the Editor was coming over from the Old Country in August on the "Tunisian," two or three among the passengers attracted him in particular. One was a clever Irish barrister, with a winning way; another a Scottish engineer with great good sense but without warmth; another an Englishman, who in addition to abundant information proved to have amenity and fervor. At Quebec it fell to the happy lot of the Editor to be of some service to the last-mentioned gentleman, who wrote as follows in November from Nottingham, in which city he is a manufacturer:

"That Western country of yours I was loth to leave. Crossing the Great Lakes was a great treat, the prairie land of Manitoba a surprise, but the gorgeous scenery afforded by Banff, Laggan, Field, Glacier, and the railway line is too big, too beautiful for a poor business man to put into words. The future of the vast continent is in the hands of the 'people.' I believe that riches vast are there for the getting and everything that can give human nature its highest state in beauty and loveliness and that the future if wisely directed will make Canada a more important state than the great United States of America. It is only the weakness of our proud nature which can retard and there are no signs at present. What grand courtesy I met with from Quebec to Victoria will ever live with me; all I had to do with were kindness itself."

Mr. Lindley Jones, the editor of the "Mercantile Guardian," of London, gets hold of some spicy letters now and then. Here is one which he prints on 21st November.

"Noting that I occasionally publish amusing commercial letters in these columns, a Glasgow subscriber has been kind enough to send me the following, which was sent to a friend of his in South Africa by the writer, who was anxious to obtain a vacant situation. The letter speaks for itself."

I humbly beg your honor to read this petition up to the end.

Respectfully sheweth,

With due respect and profound submission that your honor will favor me and take me into your saintly service,

that I may have some kind of situation under your personal supervision for the support of my soul and my poor family.

Wherefore I falls on your honor's family's bended knee, and implores to you of this merciful consideration to a miserable damnable like your honor's unfortunate petitioner.

That your honor's damnable was officiating in several capacities during past generations as a Copying Clerk under Executive Engineer's office of Ceylon Government Railway, Ceylon, Colombo.

That your honor's petitioner, not drunkard, nor thief, nor swindeller, nor any of these kind, but was always pious and affectionate to my numerous family, that your honor's servant humbly beg of you to render me any kind of situation, or as Night Guard, or Messenger.

Therefore, your honor, will give to me some situation under your department, for which act of kindness your noble honor's poor servant will, as in duty bound, ever pray for your honor's longevity.

I am your, obedient servant,

NATIVE OF CEYLON.

"BLOOM."

Dr. W. H. Drummond, the well-known author, has been visiting Cobalt, and it has inspired him to write the following lines, under the above title, which the "Canadian Mining Review" prints:

A Song of Cobalt.

O! the blooming cheek of beauty, tho' it's full of many a peril,
Where's the miner doesn't love it, for he thinks he knows the girl,
While the bloomer, O! the bloomer! of emancipated She,
May it bloom and promptly wither every seventh century.

O! the early bloom of blossom on the apple tree in June,
Is there mortal having seen it, can forget the picture soon?
And the wine of red October where Falernian juices flow,
I have sipped the blooming beaker (in the ages long ago!)

O! the bloom along the hill-side shining bright among the trees,
When the banners of the Autumn are flung out to every breeze,
How it blazes—how it sparkles, and then shivers at a breath,
What is it when all is spoken but the awful bloom of Death?

O! I've watched the roses' petals, and beheld the summer sun
Dipping down behind Olympus when the great day's work was done,
But to-day I'm weary, weary, and the bloom I long to see
Is the bloom upon the Cobalt—that's the only bloom for me!

W. H. D.

Kerr Lake, Cobalt.

—Nova Scotia gold mining propositions, while often very promising, have sometimes proved disappointing, although some people believe the cause has been poor management, rather than anything really pertaining to the mines themselves. One of these persons is Mr. J. Owen James, an English mining engineer, who has been on an extended trip of investigation through that comparatively unexplored rich part of the Dominion. Mr. James has assured himself that, by "bunching" several of the gold-bearing areas and offering the proposition as one of low-grade, he can induce moneyed men in the Old Country to go into the enterprise of mining in Nova Scotia with a vim and with plenty of capital. He is a believer in deep working, which he claims to be practically untried in the Maritime provinces. He has also one or two iron and coal properties in view.

The

Cap

Res

HEAD O

President, S

Directors—

C. F. Smith,

E. F. HEBDE

Acton

Alvinston

Athens

Belleville

Berlin

Bothwell

Brampton

Chatham

Chesley

Crediton

Creemore

Chatsworth

Delta

Kenanville

Elgin

Beauhar

Catherine St.

Shawville, She

Br

Aroola, Brand

Gladstone, Gr

Neepawa (Sub

Red Deer, Sh

IN UNITED

BANKERS

The

B

of

Amherstburg

Arkona

Aylmer

Baden

Belmont

Berlin

Burk's Falls

Claremont

Clinton

Crediton

Dashwood

Dunham

Stanbridge Ea

Savings

Uni

C

C

R

Wm. ROB

C.

Head

E

C

W

A

IN NOVA

Bridgetown

Lawrence

Sherbrooke

IN CAPE E

Sydney, St

IN NEW B

IN BRITISH

ST.

CAPIT

Agents—

York, B.N.A.

St. John, N.