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BELINDA.

Twas an unpretentious grog-shop in a dusty mining centre,
Flanked about with empty bottles that were growing more and more.
People called it the "Excelsior," but "Abandon Hope Who Enter",
Would have been a fitter legend for the board above the door.
Alexander was the landlord—Mr. Patrick Alexander—
Strangers mostly called Alec., but his boon companions Pat.;
And his usual coign of vantage was a broken-down verandah,
Where the township's hardest cases sprawled and swore and smoked and spat.

Then a local paper's par spread one morn the news afar
That an angel in a bodice had appeared behind the bar;
And the frenzied rush that followed marked an epoch new, methinks,
For that little corner shanty—where Belinda brought the drinks.

For she seemed indeed an angel to our starved imaginations,
Though the unromantic Alec. used to claim her for a niece.
Not a man but would have bartered for her smile the Wealth of Nations,
From the youngest new chum digger to the sergeant of police;
And the magic of her presence shed a subtle hanky-panky
On that dingy shrine of Bacchus, and the crowd assembled there,
Till the hardest heart was softened, and the synonym for "blanky"
Seldom rose above a whisper on the whisky-scented air.

Though the rival barmaids there, in the fashion of the fair,
Tossed their heads in scornful comment on Belinda's golden hair;
Though they pulled her charms to pieces and declared she was a minx,
No one swerved from his allegiance—while Belinda brought the drinks.

Real chained lightning was the whisky, and the rum set strangers raring,
But Belinda's thirsty lovers soon made havoc in the stock;
And the landlord's smile grew daily more expansive and engaging,
For the rows of empty bottles would have paved an acre block.
Never knights of old so loyally mustered to their sovereign's banner
As the boys from shaft and windlass to the queen of Alec.'s bar,
Popping corks and jingling glasses nearly drowned the cracked "pianner."
When the local Paderewski played "I'E dunno where 'e are."

Nights of revel, days of graft, when our luck was in we laughed,
And when Fortune frowned, forgot her in the fiery cups we quaffed—
Memory's chain still binds them to me, and the strongest of the links,
Takes me back to Alec's parlor—when Belinda brought the drinks.

But one bitter day she left us, and a storm of lamentations
Echoed through the tents and humpies in the days our darling went;
E'en the wild seductive "two-up" lost its ancient fascinations,
And the usual Sunday dog-fight seemed a spiritless event.
Nevermore shall I behold her, but my recollection lingers
On that tiny winsome figure, conjured up from years gone by;
Still I feast my eyes in visions on those ringed and tapering fingers
Flitting from the fierce Jamaica to the flasks of "Real Mackay."

Nevermore! aye, there's the rub! O that township in the scrub,
And the hurried nightly bee-line from the camp-fire to the pub!
Every other scene of revel into dull oblivion sinks
By the side of Alec's shanty—where Belinda brought the drinks.

—Andree Hayward, in Perth, West Australia, Times.

One of the village pastors of Wilton (N. H.), has announced that he will organize a shorthand class for the young people of the town, and in connection with it will teach the principles of newspaper writing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[The opinions of correspondents are not necessarily those of The Telegraph. This newspaper does not undertake to publish all or any of the letters received. Unsigned communications will not be noticed. Write on one side of paper only. Communications must be plainly written; otherwise they will be rejected. Stamps should be enclosed if return of manuscript is desired in case it is not used. The name and address of the writer should be sent with every letter in evidence of good faith.—Ed. Telegraph.]

MR. JUSTICE HANINGTON WRITES ON THE LAW SCHOOL OF KING'S COLLEGE

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir: My attention has been called to a report by your Fredericton correspondent of remarks said to have been made by the Honorable Mr. Justice Gregory, on the admission of attorneys during this term, to the effect that upon the clerk informing him that the admission of one was on the certificate of a degree in law taken from the University of Kings, Windsor, through the St. John Law School, His Honor asked where the Law School was, and stated that those papers might as well be put in the stove; and to the statement by His Honor, also published in your paper, that he was misunderstood and did not make, or intend to make, any reflection upon either the Law School or the young gentleman holding the degree, but that he did say that it was unjust to those who did not hold degrees that they should have to pass an examination when the others did not, or to that effect.

I regret very much that serious illness prevented my being present on the occasion, and still keeps me from the court. Had I been present the matter would have been better understood I think, explanations made, and the incident closed. As I have the honor, since the death of the late lamented Sir John C. Allen, to hold the position of patron of the school in St. John, I think it may be expected of me, or at all events it seems but right, that I trouble you with some observations on the subject, which may be of interest to the public.

In the first place I think that His Honor will admit upon reflection that an observation from a member of the Bench on the occasion referred to, to the effect that it was unjust to those who had not degrees in law that those having degrees should be free from examination by the examiners of the society, is not warranted by experience or in fact. Can it be said to be unjust to those who never pursue the studies or take examinations proving their qualification to practice in medicine, surgery, engineering or other professions that those who have pursued their studies, undergone examinations and taken diplomas or certificates in these subjects are allowed to practice without any further certificate? I think the universal custom prevalent in all civilized countries to give weight to diplomas and the like in all such cases is a sufficient answer to any objection that a different rule should be applied to students of law or those entering the legal profession. His Honor's objection, as it now stands, seems to be to the legislation which gives a degree at law a weight and currency, rather than that the teaching at the Law School is inefficient or that the certificate of its faculty, and consequent degree at law from the University, are not good evidence of qualification and attainment.

I think it may be of interest to the public to state some facts in connection with the establishment of the St. John Law School as a faculty of the University of King's at Windsor. That it was established arose from steps taken by the late Very Rev. Dean Partridge, and your correspondent in the spring of 1892. Here let me say that the dean always took a great interest in higher education and schools, and perhaps I may reasonably assert that I have always taken a deep interest in the success of those entering the legal profession, as well as in the young generally. The practicability of establishing an efficient law school in St. John was suggested and discussed between us, and having informally obtained the assent of the board of governors of King's, of which we were members, to consider the matter he interviewed the chief authorities of the University of New Brunswick, who, as he told me, informed him that they did not contemplate taking any steps to establish a law school in St. John; and there being also no intimation of any other institution establishing a law school there; and having consulted the late Chief Justice Allen and obtaining his consent to act as patron of the school, we called a public meeting, which was held in St. John in August of that year. This was a representative meeting, being attended by members of the judiciary, of the bar, and also of the commercial and professional interests, at which meeting resolutions approving of the proposed scheme were unanimously and heartily adopted. Upon this the scheme was submitted to the board of governors of Kings, and with some slight opposition involving the pecuniary aid, was approved by them and orders made for the establishment of the school, appointment of the faculty, and for the necessary pecuniary assistance from the collegiate funds to insure its initiation. Dr. Earle was appointed dean, the late Mr. Justice Palmer, the late Judge B. Lester Peters, and the late Dr. I. Allen Jack, Dr. A. A. Stockton and Thomas Millidge, Esquire, and myself of the faculty. The course of study was inaugurated in October, 1892, by an address by Sir John C. Allen, and a class of students larger than had been anticipated attended. I may say that the services of the dean and faculty (except a small amount paid to the dean and secretary for expenses of organization and management) were gratuitous; and it was a pleasure to me, in the course of lectures I delivered during the several following years, as I am sure it was to the others of the faculty, to address so intelligent, appreciative and diligent a number of students.

For some eight years after this school was established its students were required to and did pass the same examinations as did other students by the examiners of the Barristers' Society, and in no case, so far as I remember, did they fail to pass. I may here say that within a year or two, and I think only one year before the establishment of the Law School, of four students who failed to pass the society's examinations, two were graduates of Harvard, and I feel quite safe in saying that after its establishment no student of the St. John Law School failed to pass.

The school continued its successful work for about nine years, when the government and legislature of New Brunswick, judging the efficiency of the school by its practical results, passed an act by which a graduate of the Law School should be relieved from the examinations of the Society's Board. This legislation, I think, met with not the slightest opposition and was quite justified by the successful results of the school and the well-recognized attainments of its students, who, through it, took their degree at the University of Kings. I think it must be recognized that the effect of the Law School in St. John has been to raise the standard for the admission of students to the Bar, and I have no hesitation in saying that many of those who attended the lectures of the school and took their degrees are among the most promising and efficient of the younger members of the Bar.

It is, I think, not amiss, even at the risk of lengthening this communication, to state the names of those who now compose the facultly of the Law School. They are the Patron; the Rev. Dr. Boulden, president of the College; Dr. Silas Alward, K.C., dean of the faculty; Dr. Allen O. Earle, K.C.; Dr. Thomas D. Walker, John B. M. Baxter, B. C. L.; J. King Kelley, B. C. L.; W. B. Wallace, K.C.; Edward P. Raymond, B.A.; J. D. Phinney, K.C.; H. A. Powell, K.C.; Fred R. Taylor, LL. B.; Hon. H. A. McKeown, K.C.; J. Roy Campbell, LL. B., and Mr. E. T. C. Knowles. To these may be added Hon. J. Douglas Hazen, K.C., Attorney General, and M. G. Teed, K.C., president of the Barristers' Society, examiners.

I confidently trust and feel assured that the future of the school will long continue to be as satisfactory and more so than its warmest friends anticipated at its institution, and may long continue to be a benefit not only to the legal profession, but also to the community. And I have also no hesitation in saying that no diligent student of reasonable ability who attends this school and maintains personal integrity need fear competition from the graduates of any other school, however great its numbers or extended its reputation.

To any interested I have no doubt that Mr. Campbell, the secretary, will on request, send a copy of the University Law School calendar, which will show the subjects and scope of questions required to be answered by the students of last term, etc.

This communication is longer than was intended, and in its dictation I fear that I am disregarding medical orders for "absolute rest." But the worry of the subject will to me be over, and duty done, will, I trust, win the better rest.

Yours, etc.,
D. L. HANINGTON.

Dorchester, 13th November.

ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY ETHICS

Scraping Through School Work --Unpardonable Offences--- Snobbishness.

The average Etonian or Harrovian becomes speedily saturated with the conviction tuat he is part and parcel of an ancient institution and subject to its almost inviolate conventions. Being intensely conservative he detests reform and adores tradition. He is at once the most dependent and the most independent of creatures, slavishly subject as member of a corporation to a code admittedly archaic and yet contemptuous of everything and everybody without his own particular circle!

Where is this code?

It varies, writes Horace Annesley Vachell, in Youth's Companion, at different schools and at different seasons. The tone, for instance, of a famous boarding house may be above or below normal; but the variation is small, surprisingly small, comparing one decade with another and one house with another.

To me Harrow is almost the only place in the world which has not changed. Listening to Harrow boys of the present generation, my own son among the number, I can hear an echo floating down the years. What they say and think I have said and thought again and again, using similar words to express similar things.

Then, as now, there was the same glorification of games, the same absurd disproportion between the interests, not necessarily conflicting, of work and play; the same recognition and acute criticism of authority, the same indifference to conventions other than their own, the same intellectual indolence and physical activity.

Then as now it was the right thing to scrape through school work along the lines of least resistance. We slouched along up to school; we ran to the playing fields. Pages could be written concerning our code of honor. To cheat at games is an unpardonable offence; to use "cribs" is permissible.

Lying is reckoned nearly as bad as stealing; but many boys—certainly not all—will lie unblushingly to a master; or, if lying be deemed bad form, prevarication is esteemed an opportunity for the triumphant display of ingenuity and mother wit. Today both at Eton and Harrow, bullying—hazing, as it is called in America—is condemned utterly as bad form. In my day tossing in blankets, roasting and such barbarous practices were already obsolete. Occasionally a new boy was shut up in his bed. The beds, let down at night, were shut into long cupboards during the day. I remember a big boy trying the handle of my door, I knowing that he one's tormentor chose. Palsied with meant standing on one's head so long as one's tormentor choose. Palsied with fright, I had wit enough to slip out of and under the bed.

The big boy seized the end of the bed and jerked it home into the cupboard. At the same moment I encircled his bare ankles with fingers icy from fright. He gave a blood curdling yell and fled.

The old beds, hacked and hewn by generations of Harrovians, still remain, but the boys rest in them in horizontal, not vertical, positions.

A new boy may suffer mortification from being ignored, for unless he comes from a large preparatory school he is bound to feel "out of it" for some weeks.

But he need feel no ill treatment, unless he conspiciously courts it either by offensive personal habits or undue bumptiousness. If the newcomer is the right sort he becomes speedily possessed of that familiar spirit—the genius loci.

The limitations of the public school boy are remarkable. He is curiously incapable of enthusiasms, or even interest in life, outside his own circle. He is almost invariably lukewarm concerning art, science, or any culture except that of the body. He can never be made to understand that in refusing to profit by the first class intellectual opportunity lying beneath his nose he is not only foolish but even dishonest, inasmuch as he is not "giving his governor"—as he would express it—"a fair run for his money."

He has little sympathy with poverty or infirmity, although he subscribes handsomely—for him—to his school mission in the East End. He is from an American point of view slightly tainted with snobbishness; not that he meanly loves mean things—for he does not—but because he is saturated with a sense of his class superiority.

He does not talk about it, but he is permeated with the conviction that he is an epitome of what a gentleman's son ought to be. He is also serenely confident that the world cannot wag on prosperously without him; that a place, a comfortable billet, awaits him which none other can fill.

Time, however, will make mincemeat of this conviction, for already the board school boy, the "outsider," is competing on equal terms with the young aristocrat, and the easy sinecures for illiterate cadets of noble families have almost ceased to be. Personally speaking, I believe that the public school boy when he wakes up will hold his own, but he is still napping sublimely unconscious of the troublesome future which lies ahead of him.

Years ago the Etonian was depicted in a comic paper as saying, solemnly, "Any fellow who leaves Eton knowing anything is entitled to call himself a self-educated man." As a matter of fact a sound education is offered to English public school boys, but only those who are wise enough profit by it.

THE TELEGRAPH'S LONDON LETTER

The Kaiser's Bad "Break" as Viewed in London Town—The Suffragettes and Their Violence—Pett Ridge and the Squalor of London's Poor—Good-bye to the White City and Its Wonders.

(Special Correspondence of The Telegraph.)

London, Nov. 6.—"I won Paardeberg!"

Thus spoke the Kaiser shortly after the Boer War. He had graciously accorded an interview to the prominent journalist who writes over the pen name of "Vanoc" in the "Referee" and the course of his observations led him to this statement. It will be news for a number of Canadians—notably for those who took part in the above mentioned contest—but its chief value of course lies in the confirmation it gives to the assertions contained in the remarkable interview recently published in the "Daily Telegraph" by a mysterious personage, who has been successively described as a "diplomatist"—a "journalist" and a "number of English gentlemen."

This evidence makes it plain that the Kaiser really believes that his brain alone concocted the plan by which the Boers were defeated, and the fact that it is right in this one particular, strengthens the impression that the extraordinary document is a faithful transcript of the Kaiser's uttered sentiments. It is true that the world is now getting accustomed to periodical eccentricities on the part of his Teutonic Majesty, and as it is six months since the weird Tweedmouth letter episode, a fresh ebullition was about due. But this "calculated indiscretion" as it is called, eclipses all his other efforts conspicuously and soars so high above the maddest heights of folly that the storm of exclamations and queries with which it is received is hardly to be wondered at.

On its surface the matter has a look of an attempt at diplomacy almost too artfully blundering and clumsy. Just at this time when German intrigue in the Balkan business did not appear to be brilliantly successful the Kaiser sends a message to England which looks like a blatant attempt to draw a red herring over the trail of the Balkan incident, and to break up the Triple Entente between Britain, France and Russia. This message of peace incidentally blames English people for not accepting the documentary evidence of the Kaiser's friendship, which they have never seen, contrives incidentally to wound their amour propre claiming for himself the honor of their military successes, and while admitting that the majority of the German people are "bitterly hostile" to England—a statement which differs materially from the reports of the would-be peacemakers who have frequently assured this country that there is no ill will to England in Germany—goes on, as the Observer puts it—"to announce that he is placing in the hands of this hostile majority the weapon of a strong fleet."

And then when the inevitable excitement is caused by those remarks Germany rises to explain that the Emperor didn't trouble to read the document before it was sent to England, neither did Prince von Buelow, and the German foreign office was imperfectly instructed concerning it! A strange state of things in methodical Germany. The British people whose most vivid impressions of the Kaiser are all mixed up with the Kruger telegram, his descent on Morocco, and his frequent defiant and uncomplimentary comment upon Britain may well wonder what all this means.

The German press was at first unanimous in its fury against the Kaiser for having shown the British how to defeat "the valiant Boers." That is natural enough since it does not appear that he made any effort to help his own soldiers when they subsequently received frequent reverses at the hands of the primitive Herreros tribe—and it really does seem unfair. Now that same press is making every effort to show that neither the Kaiser nor Von Buelow is responsible for the present fuss. It is the wicked British who drew unwarrantable conclusions from the remarkable document. The anger of the German people is to be diverted from the Kaiser to the already hated British. They are to be tuned to war pitch and to be goaded into giving still larger grants for a still greater fleet, so that when the Kaiser, angered by his rejected overtures, naturally turns against his mother's kinsfolk he and his people will be united and unanimous against the common foe.

Such a theory may seem far-fetched, and it does seem a clumsy and roundabout way of getting up a European war. But if one is bent upon such a consummation as well that way as any other. There is sometimes a certain adroitness in appearing to be clumsy, blundering and foolish. Meanwhile the German war office deliberately angers the British Press calling it unfair and ungentlemanly.

If this is not intended to provoke comment in this country which may reasonably be considered by Germany to be offensive and a casus belli, then Teutonic methods are indeed awkward. That the Fatherland is war hungry and is now daring the other nations to tread on the trailing tail of its coat seems to be the only conclusion possible if the German Emperor and his advisers are not to be regarded as hopeless fools.

The English Press, I am glad to say, treats the matter light-heartedly. Here and there an occasional severe article appeared but the comments were generally of light satire in the main very courteously phrased. "There is not the least truth in the rumor that Lord Roberts drew up and submitted to the German War Office the plan of campaign which finally won the day against the Hererros, writes "Observator" in his column of the Observer, and several other sly hits appear daily in the various papers. For the excitement has not yet died down. Everyone is still talking of it. It eclipses even the Tweedmouth letter as a nine days' wonder.

This is not to be wondered at. With almost brutal roughness the Kaiser has torn away the decent veil with which diplomacy had hitherto concealed the position of foreign nations towards this country. How the old story raked up again carries one back to the first winter of the Boer War and indeed the autumn preceding it. The present writer spent that period in Germany and naturally remembers well the abuse and contumely heaped upon all that was British, the hideous caricatures of the old Queen, and the confident assertions of German military authorities that the British would be beaten in South Africa. Long before the war broke out I remember reading editorials in German newspapers advocating a coalition between Germany, France and Russia against England. Germany, they asserted, must always be England's foe—the why and the wherefore was not made clear, and the argument generally wound up with the statement that such a coalition might be easily managed if only France would consent to forget Alsace and Lorraine. It looks now, therefore, as if all that Russia and France say in their own defence were perfectly true, which fact gives Germany the appearance of being a nation of cads. I wish circumstantial evidence wasn't quite so strong against them. I made many charming friends in Germany and for their sakes would like to be able to admire the whole nation unreservedly.

All this excitement is rather hard on the Suffragettes. This week they certainly excelled themselves and produced their masterpiece of sensationalism, and it must have cost a great deal of thought and careful planning before they hit upon the device of chaining themselves to the grille. This was indeed a plan which ensured a row of the most colossal proportions. It also ensured that they should have time to address the House while the workmen who were called in, being unable to file away the chain which bound them, were occupied in removing the parts of the grille to which they were attached. And doubtless while this went on they laid the flattering unction to their souls that England would ring with the story of their valiant deeds for at least a week. And indeed the dream might have come true had it not been for the Kaiser. His fuss killed all others and it is still a leading topic. In the streets and trams and at social gatherings one frequently catches the words "Emperor" and "the archives of Windsor." Rarely indeed the people seem to be discussing Suffragettes. So much for the futility of human hopes. They and the Socialiste, however, are sharing a large measure of unpopularity just now, since their actions have at any rate for the Session deprived the public of all chance of hearing debates in the House of Commons. Visitors are now banned since the Socialists began to throw petitions from the Strangers Gallery down onto the floor of the House, and the Suffragettes had that little entanglement with the grille.

On the same night when those pieces of grille—with a woman attached to each—were being caried out of the House I sat enjoying a very different scene. It was at the Writer's Club and I had the pleasure of listening to several bright women—well known novelists many of them—waxing epigrammatic on the subject of "Hard Up People." Pett Ridge was the guest, a fact which afforded me the liveliest satisfaction for I have long wished to see this Dickens of today, the man whose wonderful sketches of London's poor are drawn with such photographic faithfulness, yet informed all through with that same loving blend of pathos and humor which makes the works of the great master of fiction immortal. The Cockney that Pett Ridge writes about is not an ideal person certainly, and he seems to have changed a great deal in many ways since Dickens' day. But we all recognize when he is introduced by Pett Ridge and generally find him delightful.

A little dark man with a very quiet manner and a very grave expression, especially when he says something amusing—which he does very frequently—that is Pett Ridge. Mrs. Lethbridge, the well known authoress, introduced him and he initiated a very bright discussion on London's poor. Very graphic and loving was his description of the Cockney, his hard lot, his struggles and his cheerful philosophy in spite of the drear level of poverty above which he rarely succeeds in rising.

From him and from those who followed, I learned new things about London's lower classes, for most of the people seemed to have worked in the East End and to be thoroughly familiar with the peculiarities of its inhabitants. There seemed to be a general opinion that the grinding poverty of the lower classes in London was largely due to their want of thrift. Amusing stories of their extravagance and love of exciting pleasures were told. Pett Ridge, nevertheless, defended them, and the debate waxed lively, brightened by flashes of wit and warmed by plenty of human sympathy and earnest thinking. One conclusion which was unanimously arrived at was that the so-called Socialists of today would never benefit the poor Londoner, despite the fact that some active authoritative interference would be necessary if the lower classes were to be saved from the horrors of their own homes, from which the public houses were at present their only refuge. The discussion and those who took part in it were interesting and very illustrative of the spirit of the twentieth century.

Less enjoyable were my feelings when I went to the White City last Saturday to bid it good-bye. In common with many others in this great town I had grown to love the place and the thought that I was looking my last on it made me sad. To say that it was crowded is to say that it was in its normal condition. All the pavilions were thronged and the various enclosures were as usual. I stepped into the Senegal village for a last look at the iron colored people—they are such a beautiful bronzy shade of black—and the tiny picaninnies which I privately think are the most fascinating of all the baby tribe. They were living their life among their palm leaf covered huts as usual and seemed to reck not of our parting. In the Indian arena, too, the queer primitive circus was going on as usual to the hideous row of tom-toms and unearthly Eastern music. It was not till dusk fell that it seemed to be realized that this was really the last night. People were turned out of the various pavilions at 4.30 and the various bands had huge audiences as the place lit up with its accustomed glory.

In one corner I came upon a little French postcard seller weeping because she had to leave England on the morrow, while her good-natured colleagues tried to cheer her. At seven, the public was admitted free. It included a large contingent of police which looked as if wild doings were expected at the grand finale.

Only a day or two before some French medical students had succeeded in getting in at the smiling wax figures which wear the wonderful Paris dresses. With these as partners they held an impromptu ball and the dresses suffered severely. This episode made me fear that an era of frivolity had been initiated, so I said good-bye to the White City, beautiful in the glow of its illuminations as the crowds began to pour in.

After all there was nothing worse than cheers and the singing of National songs. The French said "au revoir." Yet some say that that we are to have and Anglo-German Entente Exhibition next year instead of an International one. Perhaps—but of course it all depends upon what the Kaiser says—and leaves unsaid.

N. L. J.

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MARINE JOURNAL

Port of St. John.

ARRIVED.

Monday, Nov. 16.

Bktn Shawmut (Am), 466, Reicker, from Calais, John E Moore, bal.

Stmr. Catalone, 2,416, Glover, from Sydney, C. B., Dominion Coal Co., coal.

Schr. Yolanda, 77, Durant, from Bass River, N. S., for Boston, with lumber, in for harbor and cld.

Coastwise.—Stmr. Aurora, 182, Ingersoll, Campobello; schrs. Defender, 19, Crocker, Freeport and cld.; Stanley L., 19, Lewis, Apple River; Acadian, 31, Thibedeau, Meteghan; Little Annie, 18, Polard, Westport.

Tuesday, Nov. 17.

Stmr. Mary Horton, 551, Brown, from Quebec, Wm. Thomson & Co., ballast.

Coastwise.—Schrs. Ariadne, 48, Outhouse, Tiverton; Ripple, 12, Brown, Grand Harbor; Emily R., 30, Trahan, Meteghan.

Wednesday, Nov. 18.

Schr Moama, 384, Williams, from New York, Peter McIntyre, with 679 tons hard coal for R P & W F Starr.

Schr. Almeda Willey (Am.), 493, Hatfield, from Eastport, Me., John E. Moore, ballast.

Schr. Laura C. Hall, 99, Rockwell, from Boston, C. M. Kerrison, ballast.

Schr. Myrtle Leaf, 336, Flower, from Elizabethport, N. J., A. W. Adams, with 655 tons hard coal, J. S. Gibbon & Co.

Coastwise.—Stmrs. Bear River, 70, Woodworth, Bear River; Chignecto, 36, Canning, Advocate and cld.; schr. Frances, 68, Gesner, Bridgetown.

CLEARED.

Monday, Nov. 16.

Schr. Abbie & Eva Hooper (Am.), 276, Richardson, for Boston, Stetson, Cutler & Co., 332,607 ft. deals, plank and boards.

Coastwise.—Schrs. Helen M., Ogilvie, Hantsport; Effie May, Kennie, Waterside; Mildred K. Thompson, Westport; Little Annie, Poland, West Isles; Lennie & Edna, Guptill, Grand Harbor.

Tuesday, Nov. 17.

Schr. Annie A. Booth (Am.), 165, Belyea, for Boston, Stetson, Cutler & Co., 189,107 ft. spruce plank, etc., 90,000 spruce laths.

Coastwise—Stmrs Aurora, Ingersoll, Campobello; Granville, Collins, Annapolis; Harbinger, Rockwell, River Hebert; schrs Ariadne, Outhouse, Tiverton; Emily R., 30, Trahan, Meteghan, Acadian, Thibideau, Meteghan; R P S Baird, Wolfville; Harry Morris, Tufts, Sackville; Otis Miller, Taylor, Port Greville; James Barber, Tufts, St. Martins; E Mayfield, Merriam, Parrsboro; Stanley L, Lewis, Point Wolfe; Clara A Benner, French, Back Bay.

Wednesday, Nov. 18.

Schr. Rebecca W. Huddell (Am.), 210, Thompson, for Mystic, Conn., Stetson, Cutler & Co., 228,475 ft. spruce scantling, plank, etc., 78,000 spruce laths.

Coastwise.—Stmr. Bear River, Woodworth, Digby; schrs. Friendship, Wilbur, Waterside; Athol, Desmond, Port Greville; Mary M Lord, Ingersoll, North Head; Alma, Pike, St. Martins; tug Lillie, Priest, Spencer's Island.

Stmr Catalone, 2,416, Glover, for Louisburg (CB), Dominion Coal Co. bal.

Schr J Arthur Lord (Am), 189, Donovan, for Boston, Stetson, Cutler & Co., 220,830 feet spruce plank, etc.

SAILED.

Wednesday, Nov. 18.

Stmr. Calvin Austin, 2,853, Pike, for Boston via Maine ports.

Canadian Ports.

St. George, N. B., Nov. 12.—Cld., schr. Scotia Queen, McLeod, Parrsboro.

Yarmouth, N. S., Nov. 13.—Cld., brigt. Harry, McKinnon, for North Sydney, C. B.

Halifax, Nov 16—Ard, stmrs A W Perry, Boston (not previously) and sld for Hawkesbury and Charlottetown; Beatrice, New York.

Sld—Stmr Senlac, St John via ports.

Louisburg, Nov. 14.—Cld., stmrs. Dominion, Norcott, Boston; Tanke, Hansen, Charlottetown.

Shelburne, N. S., Nov. 14, Cld., schr. Henry H. Chamberlain, Wasson, from Richibucto for Vineyard Haven.

Campbellton, Nov. 14.—Ard., stmr. Hestia, McKelvie, Montreal to load for U. K.

Quebec, Nov. 15.—Ard. 14, stmrs. Lake Champlain, Liverpool; Bengore Head, Dublin; Wacousta, Sydney; 15, stmr. Montreal, London.

Sld., stmrs. Grampian, Liverpool; Ashanti, Liverpool; Canada, Liverpool; Kronprinz Olaf, Sydney; 15th, stmrs. Pretorian, Glasgow; Manchester Skipper, Manchester; Bray Head, Belfast; Jacona, Leith; Hurona, London.

Montreal, Nov. 15.—Ard., stmrs. Corsican, from Liverpool; Inishowen Head, from Belfast; Lake Champlain, from Liverpool, Manchester Engineer, from Manchester.

Sld., stmrs. Bray Head, for Belfast; Jacona, for Leith; Manchester Shipper, for Manchester; Montezuma, for London and Antwerp; Turcoman, for Avonmouth; Hurona, for London; Pretorian, for Glasgow.

Liverpool, Nov. 16.—Ard., schrs. Foster Rice, Pitman, Bridgewater.

Canso, Nov. 16.—Ard., tug Lord Kitchener, with dredge Iroquois in tow, from Port Elgin; tug Lord Wolseley, Pictou.

Hillsboro, Nov 16—Ard, stmr Nanna (Nor), Naero, from New York; schr Thomas W. H. White (Am), Clarke, from Eastport (Me.)

Montreal, Nov. 16.—Ard., stmrs. Andoni, from Barbados. The Andoni left Barbados Oct. 29.

Shelburne, Nov 16—Ard, schr Invictus, Roberts, from Newcastle for New York, and cld.

Halifax, Nov 18—Ard, schr Hugh John, New York.

Cld—Schr Russell H. Pentz, St. Thomas (DWI)

British Ports.

London, Nov 14—Sld, stmr Rappahannock, Buckingham, for St John via Halifax.

Preston, Nov 14—Ard, stmr Vladimir Reitz, Chatham.

Glasgow, Nov 15—Ard, stmr Lakonia, Montreal and Quebec.

Glasgow, Nov 14—Sld, stmr Indrani, St John.

Liverpool, Nov 14—Sld, stmr St John City, Halifax and St. John.

Glasgow, Nov 15—Sld, stmr Siberian, Philadelphia via St John's and Halifax.

King Road, Nov 14—Ard, bark Alfa, Tangier (N.S.)

London, Nov. 15.—Ard., stmrs. Hungarian, Wallace, Montreal for Antwerp; Joyo Maru, Prowse, Philadelphia; Powhatan, Maxwell, Newport News and Norfolk.

Baltimore, Nov. 15.—Ard., stmr. Almora, Turner, from St. John for Glasgow.

Boston, Nov. 15.—Ard., schr. Valdare, Anthony, Bear River.

Mobile, No. 14.—Ard., bark Kate F. Troop, Smith, Barbados.

Cld., schr. Doris, Axelsen, for Ponce.

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 14.—Ard., stmr. Benedict, Roberts, New York.

City Island, Nov. 15.—Passed, bark Belmont, Ladd, New York for Boston; schrs. Jessie Ashley, Macombe, from New York for Windsor, N. S.; tug Gypsum King, Blizzard, New York for Hantsport, towing barges Bristol, Aylward, and Wildwood, Lockhart, for Windsor, N. S. (passed 7.30 p. m. 14th).

Cardiff, Nov. 17.—Ard. stmr. Albucra, Lockhart, from Hamburg for Savannah.

St. Kitts, Nov. 16.—Sld., stmr. Ocamo, Coffin, for St. John via Bermuda.

Preston, Nov. 14.—Ard., stmr. Wladimir Reitz (Dan.), Olsen, Chatham, N. B.

Nassau, Nov. 11.—Sld., schr. Fearless, Kemp, Miaul.

Foreign Ports.

Havana, Nov 8—Ard, schr Maritana, Dawson, from Mobile.

Portland, Me., Nov. 13.—Ard., schr. Ida B. Gibson, from Calais for New York (lost maintopmast).

Eastport, Me., Nov. 12.—Sld., schr. Thos. W. H. White, Hillsboro.

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 12.—Ard., schr. Hunter, St. John, N. B.

Philadelphia, Nov. 13.—Cld, stmr. Manchester Trader, Stott, Manchester.

Cape Henry, Nov 14—Passed, stmr Almora, Turner, from St John for Baltimore.

Boston, Nov 16—Ard, stmr Leuctra, Buenos Ayres, via Havana.

Sld—Schr Milville, Musquash.

Cld—Schr F. and E. Givan, St. John.

New York, Nov 16—Sld, stmr Delaware, Halifax.

Portland, Nov 16—Ard, stmr Calvin Austin, Boston for St. John, and proceeded.

Cld—Schr Irma, Westport.

Calais, Nov 16—Ard, schr Manuel R Cuza, Philadelphia.

Sld—Bktn Shawmut, St John.

Rockland, Nov 16—Ard, schrs Daniel McLoud, Weymouth; Peter C Schultz, Boston.

Vineyard Haven, Nov 16—Ard and sld, schr Jesse Ashley, New York for Windsor.

Ard—Schrs Roger Drury, Port Reading for Boothbay; Carrie Strong, Hillsboro for New York.

Marseilles, Nov 13—Ard, bark Ausillo, Chatham (NB)

Machias, Me., Nov 16—Ard, schrs Winnie Lawry, St John for New York; Theresa, do for do; Bluenose, Windsor, for do; Flora M., Hantsport for Boston; Helen Montague, Calais for Bridgeport; King Josiah, Hantsport for Boston.

Sld—Schrs Evolution, Windsor for New York; Hattie W Lewis, from Port Greville, for do; Garfield White, Apple River, for Boston; St. Bernard, Hantsport for Vinal Haven.

Norfolk, Va., Nov. 14.—Schr. Florence Shay, ashore at False Cape, has broken in two and is rapidly going to pieces.

Brunswick, Ga., Nov. 15.—Ship Haugar (Nor.), before reported ashore in the harbor, was damaged to-day by fire. About 40,000 feet of lumber was destroyed; cause of fire unknown.

Provincetown, Mass., Nov. 15.—The largest fleet of coasting vessels that has put into this harbor for years sought shelter to-day from a fierce northwest gale that prevailed all day and well into the evening. Nearly all the vessels had sustained some damage to their sails.

Calais, Me., Nov. 16.—