

which we had heard so much and which was at that time "so near and yet so far."

At about one o'clock we hoisted the anchor and prepared to cross the bar. The captain stood in front of the wheel-house giving his orders, and the second mate hove the lead. There was only about two feet of water under the vessel's keel when we crossed. Once across all went well, and there were no more stops until we reached Jacksonville, where we stopped to land some machinery and iron water pipe at four o'clock. As we had fully two hours and a half to spare, I took a walk about the place with an acquaintance whom I had picked up somewhere on the journey, and who having visited the place before knew all there was to be seen. The first sight that met my eyes as I stepped on the wharf was about three dozen green turtles, weighing from two hundred to five hundred pounds each, lying on their backs with their fins tied together. My first impression as I turned from the wharf into the town was a feeling of disappointment and disgust. The sun was scorching, there was not a cloud in the sky, there were very few awnings in front of the shops, the streets were filled with men and women, black and white, filled with regular yankee curiosity, standing about in groups talking, and seemingly trying to bar the progress of those who wished to move on, and to crown all the thermometer was about 90°, and at every step you sank up to your ankles in the sandy loam. The squares were filled with squalling brats and loud talking nurses. But when we got more into the suburbs my feelings changed, the live-oak trees covered with the beautiful hanging Spanish moss, the orange groves with their golden fruit, the magnolias and the royal palms, gave an inexpressible charm to the scene, and I returned to the steamer highly delighted with my first glimpse of Florida. We left Jacksonville at half past six the same evening, and at half past twelve we reached Palatka, just one week and eight hours from the time we left New York. It was, we thought, the end of our journey, and here in the midst of oranges and alligators we hoped to settle down for the winter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE editors have much pleasure in announcing that at the end of the year, dating from the issue of our first number, they will give to the person who has been most successful in discovering the answers to the questions which appear in this column, a handsomely bound copy of "Hannay's History of Acadia." The answers to be legibly written and sent, together with post office address of solver, to W. G., P. O. box 223 St. John, N. B.

N. B.—We will during October receive answers to both September and October questions, as we did not in our first number give this notice to the public.

7. In what year was the St. John Grammar School opened, and where was it located?

8. Where was the first town clock, and when was it put up?

9. When did the first mayor of St. John die, and where was he buried?

10. When was the beacon at the mouth of the St. John River put in its place?

11. What was the first weekly paper issued in New Brun-

swick? By whom was it published, and what was the date of the first number?

12. When and by whom was the Martello Tower on Carleton Heights built?

THE BIG WORDS OF SCIENCE.

MONSTROSITIES of diction are not confined to chemical science, but are to be found in physics as well as metaphysics. We give the following choice specimen of imagery (from a paper by Sir William Thomson) to illustrate the grand style in modern natural philosophy: "The stream-lines," says the distinguished Glasgow physicist, "are as represented in the diagram, in which the region of translational velocity greater than wave propagational velocity is separated from the region of translational velocity less than wave propagational velocity by a cat's-eye border pattern of elliptic whirls." Its obscurity is, however, surpassed by Mr. Herbert Spencer's famous "Formula of Evolution," which runs: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations," which being interpreted into plain English by Mr. Kirkman, the mathematician, means: "Evolution is change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable all-alikeness, by continuous something-elsesifications and sticktogetherations."

As a clever traqesty on the above cacophonous mystifications of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which, like the language of diplomacy, conceals the meaning it ought to express, we have Mr. Kirkman's "Formula of Universal Change," which is: "Change is a perichoretical synechy of pauparalagmatic and poroteroporeumatrical differentiations and integrations." After such pedantry as this, the clown in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" who "did impeticos thy gratellity" is nowhere.—*Exchange*.

L. C. B.—One of the editors attended a meeting of this club, which was proposed and brought about by Mrs. E. D. Jewett, at whose residence they hold their weekly meetings. The meaning of the mysterious letters, L. C. B., is "Lancaster Excelsior Club." The Society now numbers about twenty, and was first started in order that those members of the G. S. D. S. who reside in Carleton might have the same amusement without having to walk so far for it. The first portion of the evening was devoted to readings, debates, etc., and the latter to amusements. We wish the club every success.

At the regular meeting of the Grammar School Debating Society, during the first week in September, the following were elected as officers for the ensuing term: President, W. Knowlton; Vice-president, J. Kee; Secretary, D. R. Jack; Treasurer, J. W. Gallivan; Assistant Secretary, H. Robertson; Financial Secretary, A. W. Macrae.

PLATEAU, the French Naturalist, has been making experiments as to the strength of insects, and finds that, in proportion to its size, a june bug is as powerful as a locomotive.