

all boys in politics. It is part of their nature, yet how many parents are there who take the trouble to properly direct their interest? It may be safely asserted that there are very few."

"This is not surprising, for fathers usually have very little time in which to talk with their children upon any subject, while mothers are, as a rule, ignorant of political matters." "Nobody doubts now-a-days that first principles are the most important fact of a whole education. Upon the mother devolves chiefly the instruction which her children get in these first principles." "Men have no time, and far too little inclination to undertake the training of their sons in this direction, but the hope of the nation lies in these boys who are growing up; and it is their mothers and the other women who are about them in their childhood, who alone can give them the political training which they ought to have." "Taking this view of the case, there is no woman who ought not to study the political situation carefully, get hold of its philosophy so far as she is able, and try to reduce it to elementary form for the benefit of her children."

There, does it not seem profound stupidity for any person in 1889 to say women have no business to know anything about politics? For that is what it all amounts to. Practical knowledge everybody must admit is worth all theoretical knowledge put together and multiplied indefinitely, and if women are to teach others they must get their own training at first-hand.

To come from fact to fiction, if you have not read Stevenson's "The Master of Ballantrae," you have a treat in store. The book is a masterpiece indeed. No, do not accuse me of any play upon words.

Cora is teaching her new cook to make bread, and bids me tell you that rubbing the bread over with lard after it is mixed and set to rise over night will prevent any crust forming. Her recipe is a teaspoonful each of lard and sugar for each loaf of bread, generous kneading at night and again in the morning, and the bread is of the best. Modern cooks have long since given over setting sponges over night for bread. Try mixing the bread into a big loaf at night soft enough to mould without adding flour at the last of the kneading; set in a moderate temperature to rise; in the morning, knead without adding a particle of flour, put into the baking pans, let rise again and bake thoroughly. Putting in more flour after bread is partially risen is a ruinous policy. Then, too, good bread requires to be well baked. If the oven cooks the surface too quickly cover with a newspaper. An hour or an hour and a quarter is an average length of time for a stove oven full of bread, providing there is a coal fire.

Midnight! well, pleasant dreams to you and yours.

Devotedly yours.

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

(Continued.)

Dear Critic—Just now is the great Mahomedan religious festival of the Mohurram, which commemorates the murder of Hassan and Hossein, the two sons of the Prophet. All good Musselmans are expected to do penance and to fast. There are great processions, carrying Tazias, erections of wood and colored paper, parading the streets of every native city. These are burnt with great rejoicing on the last day of the fast. I don't know their significance. During the procession devotees perform the most shocking cruelties on themselves—beating their backs with chains, cutting themselves with knives, and scourging their bodies with whips. They become perfectly mad with pain and religious frenzy. The season is usually marked by riots between the Mahomedans and Hindoos, the latter, if they can, arrange some minor religious festival at the same time. The rival processions meet in the Bazaar and free fighting ensues. Orangemen and Catholics are mildly peaceable citizens compared to these factions. Each strongly bigoted and absolutely indifferent to consequences, wounds, even death in such a cause, being rather what they court than shun.

The Mohurram is an anxious time in cantonments of native troops, and the police have all their work cut out for them to keep the peace. I am going to see the procession in the native city here a few days hence, and will try and write you a description. I fancy they will be very quiet here compared with some cities, where the proportion of Mahomedans to Hindoos is greater. By the way, one is much struck by the constant spectacle of a Mussulman performing his devotions. A good Mussulman prays five times a day; wherever he may be at the time, he kneels down facing towards Mecca and repeats his prayers with every sign of devotion. No false shame hinders him in the least. He is supremely unconscious of all onlookers. I am rather impressive to watch him. He kneels down and prostrates himself, his forehead to the ground, occasionally rising to his feet, his hands crossed over his chest. His prayers consist chiefly in repetitions of the name of God and His attributes, coupled with the name of Mahomet. Allah-il Allah, (God is God,) repeated many times. Then the creed—"Allah-il Allah Mahomed ressol el-Allah," (God is God and Mahomet is his prophet.)

The Hindoos perform their religious exercises less publicly. Their peculiar religion, Polytheistic to a degree, comprehends many thousand Gods, the principal of whom is Siva, the God of increase and creativeness. Any particular request is addressed to its own particular Deity. But when and how they pray, and what are their peculiar rites, I cannot say. All I know is that some sects burn their dead. The Brahmins always do.

Here is one more story of my friend the Commissioner, for the facts of which I can vouch. There was a very eminent native judge, Mr. Justice Romesh Chandar Mitter, of Lahore, whom it was proposed to appoint as Native Commissioner at Peshawur. Now Peshawur is a place near our Afghan frontier, where a commissioner needs above all things courage and

great self-reliance, for he is always being brought into contact with turbulent and lawless Pathans. A conference was held at Lahore to discuss his appointment, and many eminent natives had spoken in support of him. At last an old Pathan Moulooi or Elder rose and requested leave to ask the Mr. Justice three questions. His name was Moulooi Mahomed Ismail Khan, a stern old Afghan Mahomedan. "Sio," said he, "suppose, on the eve of a great murder trial, in which you were to be the judge, I came to you and said, 'This man, the prisoner, is my brother, will you acquit him?' What would you say?" "I should, of course, refuse," said Mr. Justice Mitter. "Good," said the Moulooi. "But suppose I offered you a large bribe?" "Sio," the Judge replied, "do you mean this as an insult? I should refuse again." "Good again," said the Moulooi, and glaring into Mr. Mitter's face, his eyes like living coals "And suppose I was then to show you a knife, which I had in my sleeve. Suppose I was then to do this, what would you do?" "I—I," stammered the native judge, "I should—I should at once apply to the Government?" He was not appointed Commissioner. The anecdote shows so clearly the native's want of resource, the educated native I mean. There has been educated out of him much of his own native wit, and years of tutelage have educated away his courage, his self-reliance and his originality. He thinks in a groove founded on what he has read in European books. His ideas are assimilated ready-made from these; they are not evolved, and, as I have said, the educated natives, as a class, are without a spark of courage. They even glory in it. The Bengali Babu who refused to take the field with a regiment of which he was one of the clerks, saying, "Sahib, I afraid to fight. Babu be very coward man," was neither ashamed nor humiliated. He was afraid and said so. He had, at any rate, the courage of his opinions. The Bengali Babu is practically of mixed extraction. He apes Europeanism in his manners, his dress and his speech. He has acquired many of its undesirable qualities. He has abandoned many that are admirable in his own race. If he has not actually European blood in his veins, he does his best to make up for the deficiency by a greater keenness to assimilate European customs and modes of thought, and to make them characteristic of himself.

Prince Eddie's visit is being discussed, and is being planned out. He will have rather a good time from all accounts. Lord William Beresford, "Bill," is to personally conduct him. And he could have no better *cicerone*—no one is better known, or more popular in Anglo-Indian society than he. The Home papers say the Prince is to be entertained by the Rajah of Bengal, but no one out here has ever heard of him. GOLD LINES.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

SHIP BUILDING—An encouraging feature is that of the revival of ship-building along our shores, especially at Port Groville. The sound of the shipwright's sledge and axe is a diapason in the anthem of prosperity. No place has more magnificent timber for building, or better shores for launching ships than Nova Scotia, notably Parrsboro'.

Parrsboro' stands high in shipping. No fewer than 77 vessels entered and cleared from its port in the three months preceding the 30th. of Sept. last. It takes third shipping rank in the ports of the province, but it ought to take first. Our timber is taken to nearly every shipyard in the province to be set up. It should have the best fleet as well as the best seamen. We hope the shipbuilding boom may increase on the shores of the Basin of Minas until coming up from every yard shall sound the cheerful voices of this industry, out rivaling the shipbuilding enterprise of Solomon on the shores of the Mediterranean.—*Cumberland Leader*. MINAS.

APPLE RIVER.—Everything is in full blast here at present. C. T. White is doing more business than has ever been done in this place before. He has about sixty-five men in his employ now and expects to have thirty more. About half of these are working on the south branch property which Mr. White purchased from W. R. Elderk. He has just begun to build a dam on the river that will flow to the pond large enough to hold four millions of lumber which he expects to fill this winter. Mr. Taylor has been working on the river building breakwaters and making other preparations for spring driving. Mr. White will also put in five or six millions on the east branch.—*Leader*.

WOLFVILLE WATER WORKS.—The tenders for the water excavations and for caulking and covering the water pipes closed on Wednesday. Only two parties tendered, Mr. Brown, of St. Croix, and Mr. Mackintosh, of Pictou. The tender of the former was accepted, and work is to begin on Monday next and will be completed this fall. Mr. Brown, to whom the contract has been awarded, has had considerable experience in this kind of work, and is a thoroughly practical man.—*Acadian*.

OUR SHIPPING INDUSTRY.—This industry, fostered by the coal and lumber trade, has increased to an enormous extent within the last five years, and promises to assume great proportions in the near future. The increased facilities for shipping coal at this port, and the high price that lumber commands, have done much to develop it. We do not see why the citizens of this town do not go into shipbuilding more extensively, instead of allowing the timber to be exported to other places to give employment to perhaps some of our own men who have been forced to go abroad to seek employment. Owing to the rapid increase of the shipping trade the demand exceeds the supply, and more vessels are required. If the citizens would build more vessels there would be no trouble in controlling the trade of this port and also a large plaster trade between Windsor and New York. Judging by appearances we are safe in asserting that the shipping business is a most lucrative one, and those who wish to engage in it could find no better field.—*Cumberland Leader*.