

—Our remarks in reference to the report of the London and Canadian Loan Co., last week, owing to a typographical error made the item of interest in arrears appear too favorable to the company. One third was the amount in arrears, and not one fifth as stated. Those familiar with this class of accounts probably noticed that the sum was stated too low.

—The Quebec Bank has declared a dividend for the current half-year at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

—The Ontario Bank has declared a dividend for the half-year at the rate of six per cent. annually.

—The Bank of Hamilton declares a dividend of three and a half per cent. for the current six months.

FIRE RECORD.

ONTARIO.—Brantford, October 13th.—John Watson's barns near here burned with contents, loss \$2900, insured \$800 in Brant Mutual. —Lindsay, 13th.—The old Railroad Hotel near R. R. Station caught fire and partly consumed, insured. —Trenton, 15th.—Chas. Row's house and barns in Sidney destroyed, with 2,500 bushels grain, loss \$2,400, insurance small. —Aylmer, 16th.—J. J. Clutton's large steam mill destroyed, loss \$4,000, insured in Phoenix for \$1,000. —Sidney, 14th.—Chas. Rowe's house and barn burned, partially insured, 5000 bushels grain in the barns, owned by Houston & Son consumed. —London, 19th.—An oil still in S. A. Adams & Co., refinery exploded and set fire to 250 barrels distillate; testing house burned, and four stills, also Barrett & Co.'s acid works, total loss \$9,000, covered by insurance. —Gananoque, 20th.—W. Brough's frame building partly burned loss \$500, not insured; contents owned by Laughton covered by \$200 insurance. —Galt, 20th.—Dr. Lundy's residence burned, insured in Royal; furniture saved. —Hamilton, 21st.—Fire began in a row of tenement houses on Catharine Street, owned by M. Dwyer, damaged \$600, insured in Dominion Co. —Belleville, 22nd James McGuire's, stone stable and barn gutted by fire; loss on building \$300 partly covered, on contents \$150, not insured. —Brantford, 22nd.—Residence of J. Clay, manager Bow Park farm, destroyed with contents, loss about \$2,500 on contents, covered by insurance. —Otterville, 23rd James Barker's barn in South Norwich burned with contents, insured. —Glencoe, 23rd. A. Thomas, barn, with grain &c burned, partly insured. —Ottawa 25th. The coal shed of the Gas Company here took fire, containing 4000 tons coal. The fire brigade worked for hours to put it out, and finally gangs of men had to shovel the coal away. —Kingston, 23th. R. Hewitt's, barn in Pittsburg burned with contents, loss \$200 no insurance.

OTHER PROVINCES.—Yarmouth, N.S., 15th.—George E. Lavers' clothing store burned, loss on stock \$3,000, fully insured. —St. Hyacinthe, Que., 15th.—The Cote Flannel Factory took fire and much damage was done, the St. Hyacinthe Manufacturing Co.'s, flour mills also took fire, and the total damage is from \$10,000 to \$12,000 said to be covered in Royal Canadian and other offices for \$8,000. —St. John, N.B., 16th.—J. Haley's barn, burned, with 30 tons hay and 250 bushels oats and buckwheat; two large barns owned by Sunbury County also burned. —Woodstock.—The house owned by the Conwell estate burned, insured \$400 in Western. —Bic, 14th.—Mr. Labelle's barn burned, insured \$1,300

in the Rimouski Mutual. —Levis, 16th.—Rivet's tobacco shop burned, to extent of \$300. —Halifax, 19th.—Building formerly the Halifax street R. R. Office burned; insured in Imperial \$1,000, furniture in Phoenix for \$500. —Halifax, 22nd.—Jos. Kay's barn on Yonge St., destroyed, with contents, supposed set on fire by tramps. —Quebec, 23.—Mrs. Labbe's house, occupied by M. Bisson, tailor, roof burned and contents damaged by water. —Quenesel Forks, British Columbia, 24th.—A fire, originating in a Chinese shanty, extended to forty buildings, consuming this whole settlement. —Montreal, 23rd.—James Tait's barn, at Mile End, burned down; loss on building owned by Nolan estate, \$800; loss on crop \$1,000, insured for \$600 in National. —St. Anne's, Que., 22nd.—Barn of Alderman Heney burned, loss \$800. —St. John, N.B., 26th.—During a navy's spree at Lepreaux, W. K. Reynold's house was burned down, and his shingle mill set fire to, but saved.

JOAQUIN MILLER IN WALL STREET.

THE POET'S RISE AND FALL AS A SPECULATOR.

Last spring I received a letter from the editor of the chief London magazine asking me to write him an article to be entitled "A Week in Wall Street." I knew nothing whatever of Wall street then. I resolved, however, to oblige my friend. I went into Wall Street at once to get the desired information and experience.

This was six months ago. I have just got back. I have not yet written a line of that article. But I have material enough to write a book bigger than Macaulay's "History of England." I know all I want to know about Wall Street. And, if you will pardon the digression, I may add that I am getting bald-headed.

Finding but little interest in this great maelstrom of excitement without taking part, I, under the advice of my broker, bought a little Wabash Railway stock. I bought Wabash because it was the first stock on the list which I could distinguish from the mass of two hundred names. And I came to remember it because I had been born on its banks, as it were. Indeed, on the very banks of the Wabash River I have seen my father furrow the field for corn in the spring, while my mother followed after, dropping the corn in the furrow; while three little boys toddled after, myself of the number, and covered the grain that lay in the little squares of the mellow earth. And so it was with a touch of tenderness that I bought Wabash, and became one of the eager party holding on to the tape, waiting the turn of fortune's wheel. She did not betray me. My stock began to move upward from the first. It was not so dull now. How interesting it all was! I called the click of the telegraphic "ticker" the pulse and heart-beat of the nation. If the land was healthy and prosperous, the pulse beat high and buoyant. If the land was threatened with drouth, short crops or misfortune of any kind, the pulse was low, feverish and dull. It was like a poem.

How patiently I held on to the tape along with the other timid and hopeful little lambs! We would exchange opinions, encourage each other, and lay great plans for the future. We became very confidential, our little knot around that "ticker," and when one of our set lost money, he had our honest sympathy. They were pleasant days, these first, for stocks went up steadily, and it seemed at last, when and where I had least expected it, I was to make a fortune without either care or toil. I am perfectly certain that in those few weeks I grew to be a better man.

At last I closed out. I had in my hand more than ten thousand dollars. I had not invested so many hundred. What scribe had ever been so fortunate! Stocks still advanced. It seemed as if they would never stop going up.

I sat down and tried for days to decide what to do. Coolly, deliberately, and after as much and as mature thought as I am capable of, I went back to Wall Street with my money. I had no use for ten thousand dollars. I had great use for fifty thousand. But away out on the great gold shore of the vast west sea I wanted to build a Bohemian home—a city I would gather about me the dear spirits of old. I even drew up a plan of my city, and framed a few brief laws for its government. I named it Utopia.

On returning to Wall Street I chose three different brokers—one a "bull" house, one a "bear" house, and one a "conservative" house. By this I hoped to get all sorts opinions. I got them. With my "bears" I sold St. Paul short. There was talk of rust, grasshoppers, rains, floods. St. Paul would tumble to the centre. It had already advanced from eighteen to sixty-nine. I sold at sixty-nine, seventy and seventy-one. With the "bulls" I bought Pacific Mail. No danger of grasshoppers on Pacific Mail. No drouth no floods or rust! Pacific Mail had fallen from sixty-two, and would surely go back up to eighty. I bought Pacific Mail, and sat down to wait for it to go up and St. Paul to go down.

Things began to move my way. I began to work vigorously on the plans for my city. I had arranged to bring my dear old parents away from the Far West wilds of Oregon, where they had dwelt for a quarter of a century. They had never seen the great city. Now they should see it, hear the mighty preachers, and sail on the Atlantic. How life widened out! I had an interest now in every ship that sailed. The flow of money to or from the land was to me of vital concern. All commerce was as rich with interest to me now as the poetry of Homer. At 10 o'clock sharp I found myself holding on to the tape, waiting to see if I had grown richer or poorer through the night. All day, till the hammer fell, I stood with my finger on the pulse of commerce.

How did I come out? Oh! Well, I was short of St. Paul and long of Pacific Mail. I expected Pacific Mail to go up and St. Paul to go down. They did, and I had \$21,000. But that was not enough to build a city with. I held on.

One day it was rumored that the rust was not so bad in St. Paul after all. It began to start up! Pacific Mail began to shoot down. It was said the Chinese had established an opposition line. I tell you it takes a big man to sit on two benches at a time. Ten to one he will spill himself between the two just as sure as he attempts it. I sold some St. Paul and bought more Pacific Mail; but all to no purpose. They kept right on. Then I got out of Pacific Mail at the lowest figure it touched, and bought Wabash. I began to flounder, and got frightened. I sold and bought, and bought and sold. I frequently saw in the papers that I was getting rich in Wall Street, and kept on working like a beaver. The end was only a question of time.

One day my broker took me by the sleeve, and led me like a lamb, as I was, aside. *My fun was over.* And Utopia is indeed Utopia.

No one with so little money ever entered Wall Street under better advantages. All men were kind and good. I think no man there ever attempted to mislead me. But it is simply impossible to make money there, and keep it. Let me mention here, that during my six months there, I paid my brokers in commissions eleven thousand four hundred and twenty-five dollars! (\$11,425) These commissions alone will devour any possible profits.

Of course, it is not a pleasant thing to admit one's self beaten. But if this brief history of my venture in this dangerous land will diminish at all that tired and anxious army of tape-holders who waste their shekels, their days, and their strength in vain waiting—why, I willingly bear the reproach.