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## COMMERCE AND WAR.

The ramifications of British commerce have now become so extensive and numerous, and the necessity for new markets so urgent, that petty wars with African chieftains and Asiatic despots, have come to be regarded as the natural outcome of growing trade. Thus it is that to-day Britain feels herself called upon to chastise the cruel Burmese monarch who thought to enrich himself at the expense of the British trader, and at the same time secure the friendly support of Britain's Gallic rival. The Bombay and Burmah Trading Company, who have for many years held large forest leases in King Thebaw's domain, have by a corrupt process of law been condemned to pay into the Burmese treasury the sum of \$1,500,000.

It is generally supposed that this action against them was investigated by the French, but no confirmation of the suspicions being well founded has yet leaked out. In a few years the great south-western provinces of China, soon to be intersected by a net-work of railways, will have to seek an outlet for their surplus products through the valley of the Irrawaddy, or that of the Red river. Inasmuch as the contiguity of Upper Burmah to the Chinese Provinces, and to the British and French settlements at the mouths of the Irrawaddy and Red rivers, is such as to give King Thebaw the key to this important trade, Britain cannot afford to be supplanted by France, and it is therefore probable that Burmah will be annexed forthwith. To the people of that unfortunate country such a transfer of allegiance would indeed be a happy release, and with this salve to her conscience, Britannia need not hesitate in planting her flag upon the fortifications of Mandalay.

## THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

"That there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," is a saying which the British fishermen are beginning to question, and no wonder. For years the cruel, not to say barbaric, methods of gathering the harvest of the sea round the British Isles has been slowly but surely destroying the fisheries, and yet, so far, the British economists have taken no steps to prevent the entire destruction of this important source of food supply. As an instance of the wanton injury to British fisheries may be cited the haddock fishermen of Ryemouth, Eng. During eight months, twenty-eight boats were engaged in this fishery, employing as bait 620 tons of mussels—about 47,000,000 mussels—in the capture of haddock.

In Canada and the United States the fish supply is at present so far in excess of the demand that no persistent effort has yet been made for its preservation, but the question is one which must before long be dealt with in a practical way. In the production of harvests upon land, skill, prudence and forethought are acknowledged to be requisite elements of success; but in the harvest of the sea, owing to the bounty of nature, the important factors of prudence and forethought, are neglected until all too late it is found out that the supply of fish was by no means inexhaustible, and that the inexorable law of nature that punishes waste with want, holds good alike on sea and land.

## A DOWNTRODDEN PEOPLE.

Away in the sunny South under the full glare of the tropical sun lies the fertile island of Cuba, with its mixed population of Castilian office-holders, Creole land-owners, free and enslaved negroes and Chinese serfs, a heterogeneous family, disturbed by anarchy at home and ruthlessly oppressed by the iron heel of shameless tyranny. Little wonder is it that the people of this fair isle turn their eyes longingly towards the domain of the complacent Uncle Sam. Little wonder is it that they endeavour by diplomatic intrigue to create a breach between the United States and their mother land. To these overtaxed and downtrodden people, a war between Spain and the American Republic would mean liberty and freedom, and the 100 miles which separate the island from the mainland, bridged as it now is by steam and electricity, would be no impediment to having the Cuban State placed side by side with those of Florida and Alabama. With such a Union, each free family in Cuba would no longer be called upon to pay annually for its freedom the sum of \$500. As a state, the inhabitants of Cuba would no longer have yearly wrung from their pockets the enormous sum of \$26,000,000. True, the 50,000 officials who now live upon the taxes taken from the people would find their occupation gone, the titled nobility might find their rank count for nothing, the brigands who now infest the island would have to turn their attention to a somewhat more peaceable calling. The wholesale and retail business houses would be relieved from the yearly tax of \$300 for the right to transact business. The slaves would be set free and the Chinese would probably have to go, but these changes, radical as they may be, would make Cuba what God and nature intended her to be, a veritable Garden of Eden. But the change is not yet, Spain is not impetuous, and Uncle Sam who appears to have a drop of Jewish blood in his veins, hesitates to give his cheque for the \$100,000,000 for the cost of the transfer. He remembers that California, Arizona, New Mexico and a portion of Texas once belonged to an independent Spanish colony, and he has faith enough to believe that Cuba will, like Northern Mexico, eventually become a portion of his great domain.

## ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

The new world, the Americas, is the boasted home of freedom, and yet the serfdom in Russia, and slavery under the Musselmans, sinks into comparative insignificance as compared with the legalized and cruel traffic in human beings, carried on by the pioneer settlers of this continent, and perpetuated for scores of years by their less cruel but more avaricious descendants. The dark cloud of slavery which, for so many years made the vaunted freedom of the United States but a hollow mockery, was swept away by a whirlwind of civil war, and the negro of the South is now "as

free as nature first made man, ere the base laws of servitude began." In the British West Indies, thanks to the genius of Wilberforce, slavery was abolished by peaceful and just means, but in the Spanish West Indies, and in Brazil, it still remains. In Brazil, a movement is now on foot to secure the gradual abolition of slavery. In 1871 it was decreed by the Brazilian Legislature that all persons born of slave parents subsequent to that date should be free, and it was further enacted that all persons then in bondage should, at the expiration of twenty-one years, be entitled to their freedom. A liberation fund was at the same time started, to which both the Government and private individuals liberally subscribed, and immediate steps were taken to purchase and set free many of the younger slaves upon the plantations. Upwards of 500,000 slaves have so far been liberated, and it is thought, before the expiration of the term of servitude, 1892, there will be but few of the 1,000,000 persons, now remaining in bondage, that will then for the first time enjoy the charms of freedom. Ere long, we may hope, the boasted freedom of the new world will be a reality rather than a mere empty, meaningless expression. Serfdom, bondage, and slavery are relics of barbarism, and should not be permitted a foothold in the broader civilization which the Americas promise to the world.

## IRELAND, THE LEAGUE, AND THE LANDLORDS.

In the last days of October, the "Irish Patriotic Union" issued a long manifesto denouncing the Irish National League and the Land League for having, during the past four or five years, "embittered Irish home life, coerced individual liberty, extorted hard-earned money from the people, and permitted the perpetration of outrages." It furthermore calls upon Irish electors to vote "against the tyranny of Parnell, and the cliques of bankrupt farmers, impecunious traders, and idle loungers who form the Land League."

Now, it is well to understand that this "Patriotic Union" is merely a Landlord Association. It is nothing surprising to find them, with the keenest bitterness, denouncing an organization having for its object the amelioration and elevation of the present unhappy state of the people of Ireland. With equal bitterness and with almost equal impotence, they denounced the old Home Rule movement, the British Land League, and the local self-government schemes.

It is amusing to hear an organization representing Irish landlords accusing any other combination of "embittering home life." In this regard, the man that throws the first stone ought himself to have innocent hands. Have the majority of Irish landlords done anything notable during the current century that did not tend to embitter home life? If they have done anything calculated to make Irish home life comfortable and happy, they must have done it by stealth. By rack-rents, by extortionate exactions, by cruel evictions in times of distress, by demanding the entire profits of honest labor in times of prosperity, and by using their influence (which has often been great, greater than now, and greater than it is ever likely to be again) to thwart remedial legislation, the landlords embittered the home life of thousands of honest, industrious families for long years, before the League they accuse had even an existence.

One would suppose, from the language of the manifesto, that before the League was formed there was not in Ireland any "coercion of individual liberty." But, unfortunately, it is an indisputable fact that before then landlord influence had put into force in Ireland infamous Coercion Acts, whose whole effect consisted in flagrant interference with "individual liberty." The few instances given of coercion of individual liberty by the aggravated opponents of landlordism, cannot properly be charged to the League, one of whose watchwords is, "Reform by peaceful and constitutional means," and whose leaders have repeatedly stated that agrarian outrages are not committed by men whom they can control, but by men too exasperated by landlords to be controlled by any person counselling peace. Indeed the results of the Coercion Acts, and the defiant attitude frequently assumed by many landlords, might reasonably be taken as an explanation of all the so-called agrarian outrages that are charged to the Irish Home Rulers.

Coercion Acts in Ireland have repeatedly suspended all constitutional guarantees of individual liberty, have set at defiance the most sacred personal rights, have introduced a degrading system of espionage, have taken thousands of men away from their homes and families upon the merest suspicion, have thrown them into prison and kept them there for months without a hearing before commitment, and even without making against them a distinct accusation. Thus and thus only have the promoters of the "Patriotic Union" been instrumental in protecting individual liberty!

The "Patriotic Union" must be sadly in need of a charge against the League, when the latter has to be accused of "extorting hard-earned money from the people." It is well known that nearly all the funds of the League come from voluntary contributions. At all events the charge against the Leaguers of being extortioners falls to the ground when it is remembered that the League is an association of the people, by the people, and solely for the people. In many Irish towns the membership of branches of the League has become inconveniently large. We doubt that the same can ever be said regarding branches of the "Patriotic Union." It is not, certainly, very encouraging for the latter to see that since October 1st, seven prominent landowners have identified themselves with the League,—one of these, Sir Henry Grattan Esmondé, a man of much influence and of marked ability. The more sensible and humane among the landlords will probably all follow the example of this grandson and namesake of the illustrious Henry Grattan, and say with him as we do, "The integrity of the Empire must be maintained, but it cannot be maintained unless justice be accorded the Irish people, and unless legislation for Ireland be in the interest of the Irish people, and not, as often heretofore, in the avowed interest of a privileged class hostile to that people."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NINE LETTERS.

My *First* slow but surely travels over the ground,  
 My *Second* both present and absent is found,  
 My *Third* is shun as every one should  
 The evil that's in us as much as one could.  
 My *Fourth* was the fate of an ancient old fool  
 Who avoiding the rock fell into the pool.  
 My *Fifth* is what maidens old constantly do  
 When repairing old seams to make into new.  
 My *Sixth* is an object conceived by the mind,  
 And seldom more good than an easterly wind.  
 My *Seventh* is a dull or hard heavy blow  
 Much used when a schoolboy.  
 My *Eighth* habit doth show.  
 My *last* is of those who are not quite elite,  
 Yet a Member of Parliament, or one on the street.  
 The *Initials* and *Finals* of all these will show  
 An *Enterprise* used both for weal and for woe.  
 If an answer don't readily come to your mind,  
 In *THE CRITIC* newspaper next week it you'll find.

C. H. W.

THE CRITIC will be sent free for one year to the person giving the only correct answer to above puzzle. When two correct answers are sent in, THE CRITIC will be sent free for six months to each of those answering correctly. Answers should arrive at Critic Office before Tuesday P. M., marked answer to puzzle.

Solution of Double Diagonal Puzzle published last week :-

B E D R O O M  
 R O A D W A Y  
 B A Y O N E T  
 C O W H E R D  
 B I O L O G Y  
 S O L O M O N  
 D I A M O N D

TIT-BITS.

ROYAL BEAUTY.—Speaking of Royal beauty I am told that the Princess Victoria of Teck, eldest daughter of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck, is the prettiest Royal maiden of a marriageable age now to be found in Europe. Probably her fair face will make her matrimonial fortune, as was the case with the obscure Bavarian princess who became Empress of Austria, by reason of her loveliness. It is a curious fact that the generation of Royal ladies that is now assuming the aspects of the past as regards their youth and beauty, were far more conspicuous for their possession of personal charms than their successors will be. The Empresses Eugenie, and Elizabeth of Austria, the Princess of Wales, and Queen Marguerite of Italy, were all famous beauties, and the two latter are still charming enough to merit the admiration of the world.

The conclusion seems to be that up to comparatively recent times Sahara was a well-watered and wooded region, mostly inhabited by pastoral and agricultural communities, the descendants of more primitive peoples, who were contemporary with Palaeolithic and Neolithic man elsewhere. Dr. Oscar Lane, who has just published his late explorations, believes the desiccation to have taken place during the historic period, and attributes it largely to the reckless destruction of the woodlands. As vegetation disappeared, so did moisture, the large fauna became extinct, and the settled populations were succeeded by nomad Berbers and Semites. The Crocodile still survives in many of the pools and lakelets which here and there mark the course of mighty streams.—*Canadian Science Monthly.*

PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.—Examiner—If your father borrows \$1000 with the promise that he will repay it at the rate of \$250 a year, how much will he owe at the end of three years?

Boy—One thousand dollars.

Examiner—Why, my boy, you don't know anything about arithmetic.

Boy—That may be, but I know papa.

The bed of the ocean, says a recent writer, is to an enormous extent covered with lava and pumice stone. Still more remarkable is it to find the floor of the ocean covered in many parts with the dust of meteorites. Between Honolulu and Tahiti, at a depth of 2,350 fathoms—over two miles and a half—a vast layer of this material exists. Falling upon land this impalpable dust is distinguishable, but accumulating for centuries in the sea-depths it forms a wondrous story of the continuous bombardment of this planet by cometary bodies.

FOOD ADULTERATION.—In a recent speech of adulteration on food, liquors and medicines, Representative Green, of North Carolina, appears to have astonished some of his associates in congress by mentioning the use of soapstone from the quarries for mixing with flour and sugar. A year or so ago a person describing himself as a manufacturer of "mineral pulp" in Easton presented his card, with a sample of his product, to a miller in the interior of the State who makes a great deal of flour for export. This "mineral pulp" which is ground from the limestone rocks of the Lehigh Valley, the manufacturer explained, could be mixed very profitably with flour. While it added greatly to the weight of the flour at small cost, the adulteration could not be detected by the consumer. This manufacturer of "mineral pulp" for mixing with the bread and sugar of the people is an "infant industry."

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The stories sent in for the Xmas number of THE CRITIC have been carefully examined by a committee of three gentlemen, and they have unanimously recommended the division of the prize of twenty dollars offered by us for the best story, between "Rondinella" and "Max Jesoloy." The persons who signed these *noms de plume* to their contributions are requested to send in their names to this office, with the names of the story written by each. It is our intention to publish both stories in the Xmas number, and we think they will be read with pleasure by our subscribers.

Canadians are great readers, and in Canadian homes are always to be found one or more of the best British and American Monthly Magazines. The want of a first class Canadian Magazine has long been felt by the reading public, and it is therefore not surprising that the initial number of the new and attractive magazine, entitled *Man*, should be received with such marked favour. The new periodical is beautifully printed on toned paper, contains a variety of ably written articles by Canadian literateurs, as well as carefully chosen selections from current periodicals. *Man* is published in Ottawa, and is under the editorial management of Edward Playter, M. D. It should find a ready circulation among all classes.

The C. P. R. Company, it is said, has purchased the Pope Line, and intends pushing building operations without delay.

The Queen has approved of the medal to be awarded Canadian Volunteers serving in the North-West. What about the Mounted Police? Are they not likewise entitled to have their services recognized? Medals and land-grants for volunteers are right enough, but why make an ignominious distinction between Canadians serving in the Mounted Police and those serving in the Militia? "Fair play is a jewel."

The case of Dr. Washington is now before the courts, which fact prevents us from dealing with the merits of the question. Sufficient it is to say, that Dr. Washington has received a diploma from a well recognized College of the Dominion, and it would appear that the Medical Board refuses to recognize the standing of the University from which Dr. Washington graduated. We may have to refer to this matter later on.

On Sunday last, an appeal was made by the Rectors of the several Anglican Churches in this city for subscriptions towards the restoration fund of King's College. This week, canvassers have been actively at work, both in the city and Dartmouth, and it is expected that a large sum will be raised.

We have received a copy of the "Baptist Year Book of the Maritime Provinces for 1885." It is a carefully compiled pamphlet of 231 pages, and contains much well arranged information valuable to all interested in the progress of the Baptist body. The publisher, Mr. S. Selden, deserves great credit for the excellence of the paper, printing, &c.

The presence of fifteen cases of small-pox at Charlottetown, and of several cases at Sydney, C. B., has led the Municipal authorities of some of our towns to take active precautionary measures. The Town Council of Baddeck has decided to quarantine all vessels from Sydney or Port Hawkesbury. All vessels arriving at Halifax from Charlottetown, Souris, or other suspected points, shall be submitted to a semi-quarantine in the stream.

The great-grandfather of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was a journalist. His great-grandson is a land-grabber.

The two batteries of Artillery that have been stationed in Halifax for the last five years, sailed on Monday with some of the Engineers. The latter and some of the Artillery are to be stationed at Bermuda, whence their successors have come. As they marched to the ship, headed by a band, large numbers of the citizens might be seen taking a last look at the fine-looking troops.

From a dispute between the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Hamilton Spectator*, and the *Belleville Intelligencer*, we gather that the price of a 4lb. loaf in England is 12½ cents; in Hamilton and Belleville 10 cents; in Ottawa and Montreal 18 cents. Bakers in these last cities are said to be growing rich, a result at which no one will be surprised.

Galveston, Texas, was visited on the 13th inst. by a destructive fire. Three hundred houses were burned, and fully five hundred families were left homeless. The wealthiest and most fashionable portion of the city was included in the district burned. A high wind spread the flames with terrible rapidity among the buildings of Texas pine. Although the people were completely panic-stricken, no accident is reported.

Jackson, who acted as Riel's secretary during the late rebellion, has escaped from the lunatic asylum at Selkirk, Manitoba. In a letter to his sister, he enclosed a message to be sent to Sir John, warning him against executing Riel. It was a madman's advice.

No carnival at Montreal this year, too much small-pox. Ottawa proposes holding the carnival, but fears that the politicians may make it so warm as to render the success of the enterprise doubtful. St. Paul is bidding for the honor, and her citizens are moving in the matter with all the vim and 'go' of Westerners.

Dr. Fred Barker, a lawyer of 25 years standing, and C. W. Skinner, barrister, will, Tuesday, contest the constituency of St. John, N.B., for the vacant seat in the House of Commons. Considering the result of the late election, the opposition show great pluck in placing a candidate in the field.

The Printing Establishment formerly conducted by George W. Baillie, and more recently directed by his assignees, has this week been taken over by Messrs. West & Sullivan. The new firm will be known as the Halifax Printing Company, and we bespeak for it a share of public patronage. The firm will, we believe, soon earn for itself a first class reputation for promptness in executing orders, and for the typographical excellence of the work performed.

The Burenese campaign has opened with the capture, by the British, of King Thobaw's war vessel. The capture was effected after sharp fighting, in which one British officer was wounded.

1200 applications for the land grants to volunteers have been received from Montreal by the Ottawa authorities. The 65th Regiment, sent out from Montreal to the North-West, numbered less than 300 men, and the officials in the department are at a loss to know the reason for such a large number of applications. Volunteers have a marvellous way of quadrupling when the campaign is over.

There is evidently no Chinese phobia in Mexico, since the Government of that country, which, by the way, is, generally speaking, impecunious, offers \$25 for each Chinese immigrant. Had they doubled the sum, John Chiuaman might see his way clear to 'strip' and pay the impost levied on the "pig-tail" by the Dominion authorities in British Columbia.

Matters in the East are critical. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria is unpopular with the powers, and it is probable he will be called upon to resign in favor of his brother Prince Louis. King Milan, of Servia, is advancing at the head of his forces upon Sofia. Several skirmishes between the Bulgarian and Servian troops have taken place, but it will probably be several days before any decisive action comes off.

The factory of Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co., Amherst, is running night and day, so that the increasing orders may be filled with their ordinary promptness.

J. C. Fleming, Esq., for some time editor of the *Charlottetown Herald*, is on the staff of the *New York Citizen*, an imitation of *London Truth*. Many of our readers have doubtless read Mr. Fleming's *Letters of Myles O'Regan*, which were published a few years ago in the *Montreal Post*, and were widely copied.

Messrs. J. A. Gillies, Colin Chisholm, and L. E. Tremaine, of Sydney, have been in the city for several days. Mr. Gillies is here as counsel for the defence in *re* Dominion Government *re* the Municipality of Cape Breton.

H. F. McDougall, Esq., M. P., for Cape Breton Co., and J. H. Christie, Esq., of Little Bras d'Or, have recently been in town.

A great deal of interest is manifested in the missing schr. *Handy Andy*, which some time ago sailed from this port for St. Pierre, with a cargo of tobacco and liquors, in bond. Vague suspicions are in the air.

The School Board, as reconstructed for the current school year, met yesterday. The new Commissioners are Hon. Senator Poyer, Geo. Mitchell, Esq., Rufus Sweet, Esq., Ald. Rent, and Ald. Dolaney. With such names as these before us, we cannot believe that any unworthy shuffling or hole-and-corner jobbery shall be chargeable to the City School Board of this year.

Senator Stanford proposes establishing and endowing a new University in California. The Senator has set apart from his immense fortune \$20,000,000 for this purpose.

Master Bertie Shelly, aged 13, a native of Philadelphia, is the coming violinist of the day. His performances have already attracted the favourable notices of Theodore Thomas and Adelina Patti, and he is pronounced by the latter to be "a little musical marvel."

Russia is actively pushing forward the building of her railway in Central Asia. Four thousand two hundred men are now engaged upon the work, and their number is shortly to be augmented by a large reinforcement of Chinese. John Chiuaman appears to be a firm navy, and were it not for him, the aggregate mileage of the world's railway would fall far short of its present proportion.

Wm. Van Slooten, Esq., C. E., has passed through Halifax *en route* for eastern Cape Breton. He has succeeded in raising in England capital for working the copper mine in Cape Breton in which he is interested.

The development of smuggling demonstrates the necessity of a special detective for this Province. The official duties of our Collector of Customs leave that gentleman no time to devote to the law-breakers.

The really fine display at the Army and Navy Depot gives the establishment a real Christmas appearance.

A considerable number of the many visitors from Cape Breton, who have been in the city during the present week, have made valuable purchases at the warerooms of A. Stephen & Son. Perhaps some of the younger contemplative going into house-keeping.

Correct Answers to Double Diagonal Puzzle, published last week, were received from S. J. Purcell and S. F. McDonald, Port Mulgrave; and R. B. Elliot, City.

Mr. Alex. Robertson, after passing an examination in New Brunswick, has been appointed assistant gauger for this port, with an increased salary, which he certainly deserves.

## RELIGIOUS.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Rev. E. Fessenden, of Chippawa, Ont., who arrived by the *Circassian* on his way home after a year's absence in England, preached in St. George's Church on Sunday evening an eloquent sermon, giving his impressions of the life of the Church of England and her future prospects.

Mr. W. Brown, who has been working for some time in the large and populous Parish of St. Paul's, Watworth, on the Surrey side of London, is also on his way to the Diocese of Huron, when he will be ordained at once by Bishop Baldwin.

We are thankful to learn that the Rev. Isaac Brock, Prof. of Divinity and acting President of King's College, is winning golden opinions from those with whom he is brought in contact. The students like him much. Altogether, the prospects of the College are good, if only pecuniary arrangements can be made permanent. *Floreat Domus!*

Rev. F. R. Murray has gone on a short visit to Chatham, N. B., where he is to preach the Anniversary Services for the Guild in connection with Rev. David Forsythe's Parish. The Guild is prospering, and has done much good.

The collecting cards for the benefit of the Restoration Fund of King's College are now being circulated. It is to be sincerely hoped that the friends of the College, both those who favoured confederation, and those who opposed it, will rally round her, and provide enough funds to put the buildings in good condition.

## BAPTIST.

The Rev. W. B. Huison, of Summerside, P. E. Island, has accepted the call from the First Baptist Church, Moncton, and will enter upon his duties about the beginning of the year.

The Rev. O. S. Gates, late of Moncton, has received and accepted a call from German Street Baptist Church, St. John N. B.

The Rev. W. B. Wiggins has just been inducted into the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church, Moncton.

The Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, has accepted an editorial position on the Baptist Quarterly, published in that city.

## METHODIST.

The First Primitive Methodist Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have sued the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad for damages. The noise of the cars has prevented them from using the auditorium of the church, and they have been holding meetings in the basement; as a result, the attendance has fallen off, and the church is suffering financially.

A nephew of the King of Corea, a son of its Prime Minister, and the son of a Military Mandarin, have entered the Southern Methodist College at Shanghai.

## PRESBYTERIAN

Last Sunday evening, an unusually large congregation assembled in Fort Massey Church to hear the discourse of Rev. Dr. Burns, on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From the reports, we learn that it was an able effort.

The Augmentation Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada is now hard at work. In order to provide every minister of the church with a salary of at least \$750 and a manse, the Western Committee asks for \$36,000. This sum will be distributed amongst 169 congregations. From the success of the scheme in the Maritime Provinces last year, the Western Committee has great hopes of collecting the required amount.

The Presbyterians of England are striving to build Presbyterian Churches in the University towns of Oxford and Cambridge.

The New York Presbytery proposes to hold evangelistic and inquiry meetings during the coming winter, in different churches each month, until every church in the city is visited.

## CATHOLIC.

A Canadian Catholic College is to be built in Rome. It will probably be opened to Canadian theological students in two years. The plans of the edifice have been prepared by Mr. Bourgeau, an architect of Montreal, and the total cost is expected to reach almost \$200,000. It is said that Pope Leo XIII has consecrated the work, and the British Government has conferred upon it its especial protection.

Rev. Colin Chisholm, P. P., of Port Hood, C. B., was in town last week. The Berlin *Zeitung* says that the number of Catholics in the German Empire is over nineteen millions.

The latest Encyclical of Leo XIII is a powerful appeal to Catholics, exhorting them to be conscientiously submissive to all lawful authority, and to carry out in their daily lives the sovereign teachings of religion.

His Grace the Archbishop and Mons. Power were at Antigonish last week, attending the funeral of the late Mons. Sears.

The New York *Freeman's Journal* says:—"The new Catholic University will be a school of advanced studies of the very highest character, where merit alone can win distinction. There shall be no objection to non-Catholics becoming students in it; and, no doubt, many of them will avail themselves of the course in Mental and Moral Philosophy."

Catholics are beginning to see the necessity of a better collegiate institution than they now have in the Maritime Provinces. A Maritime Catholic University is needed.

## HERE AND THERE.

A "wise saw" for the old, a "see saw" for the young.

We are happy when foolish, content when wise, and unhappy when wicked.

Love makes the poet, thought the philosopher, the beautiful the artist, intellect the man, while genius draws from all.

We pity the fall of the strong, we pity more the fall of the weak.

Where is "Major's Big Talk"? We never grow too old to love the wonderful, especially when wonderfully well told.

The absurd is always delicious, and some of the "Major's big talks" were deliciously absurd.

Give us more and give it bigger! We are only children of larger growth; a gentle old philosopher's most philosophical remark.

*He had it bad, that Windsor lad—*

White and cold that marble brow appears—  
No passion mars the sweet pure eyes,  
The lovely damask cheek no trace of tears—  
A throat to win a sculptor's prize—  
A nose and chin true match for all—  
A swolbul mouth the sweetest ever seen—  
A figure perfect, full and tall—  
A woman, lady, capital's fairest queen!

We are not supposed to indulge in poetry in this everyday column, but as we found it "there" we put it "here." Good, Avonian! but don't do it again. This is how we look at life, perhaps because we have seen more of it:

"How doth the little busy bee,  
Improve each shining hour,"  
To find one at his ease, in  
Some fair, shady bow.  
How doth the air grow blue,  
About that lazy man,  
As with a fluent, naughty tongue,  
He fills daylight with slang.

How wonderful some day will read the history of British arms, the camel corps, the elephant corps, of African and Asian wars, the bush fighting and guerilla warfare, in American woods and on Canadian prairies, the night attacks of Arabs, and the fierce onslaught of Zulu hordes, the victories and massacres; the marches under frigid zones and tropic heat; continents lost and won; her soldiers' blood on every land, her sailors' bones in every sea; facing and meeting death in every form, the poisoned arrow, the deadly spear, the cruel assegai, the brutal club, the murderous hatchet, the certain rifle, or the cannon's destroying shell; famished with hunger, yielding to the cold, sinking from fatigue, killed by loathsome fevers or slowly dying from painful wounds; what a mighty and glorious roll call for the pen of some future historian?

The life of the late President Barrios of the Guatemalan Republic, proves what one man can do if he has the requisite resolution and intelligence.

If Barrios alone could build railways, schools, and hundreds of public works, in but a few years, surely a hundred sovereign Haligonians can have a few miles of Railway surveyed.

"Don't get weary, children," don't sit down and sulk like cross children because you are not continually fed with government pap.

The country lads are building up towns all around you—the next thing some of them will do, is to move in and build up Halifax.

Blame confederation, blame the government, blame the loss of Reciprocity, blame the scarcity of fish, its lowness in price, blame the elevator, if not tired of it, blame the N. P., blame the dry dock for not building itself, blame Dr. Tupper for not building a dozen or two more elevators, blame the devil, but don't blame yourselves!

Suppose the times are hard, it is then men of spirit put forth their energies to make things grow better. Bah! have some spunk!

Is it, that our live business men have gone to the cemeteries, and dead men left to haunt our streets.

J. P. G.

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Shipping & Commission Merchant

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[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## THE ARAB OF THE DESERT.

Four thousand years and changing not! The Arab dwells to-day  
Where his sires found a home ere the torrid summer's ray  
Shone upon the barren fields of the famine-stricken land,  
Whence Israel went to gain relief from Joseph's lavish hand  
His mode of fashion rude (yet sufficient for his need),  
His camel and his spear and his never rivalled steed,  
And all his scant possessions: while the centuries come and go,  
With a sum that never varies in his wild encampment show

Many kingdoms wax and wane, mighty nations rise and fall!  
And above the grave of races scarce a shaft or crumbling wall  
Keeps the memory of Empire, once the source of pride and fear,  
For its meekly servile millions, and the dread of peoples near.  
But the Arab, calm and changeless, ranging o'er his seas of sand,  
On his swarthy, manly features, felt the morning breeze that fann'd  
Every cheek of youthful promise while these sovereignties were young,  
Ere the moulding of their greatness; long before their fame was sung.

And when our civil grandeur, when the tumult of our strife,  
Shall fade and yield to silence down the slope of passing life;  
When in the dust of ages deeply hidden evermore,  
Present pomp shall be forgotten with the splendor gone before!  
Still the Arab of the Desert, child of destiny and fate,  
Broader than our best conceiving, all unconsciously shall wait  
For the dawn of golden promise, for the bright prophetic day,  
When our Lord shall come to rule us and the world with joy obey.

Then redeemed from awful error, from the chains that bind his soul!  
From his sky the lurid war-cloud to oblivion shall roll,  
As the light of faultless Freedom flashes on his ransomed view,  
And amid the congregation of the beautiful and true,  
He shall walk with sweet submission, in the pleasant ways of peace  
Where the flowers of holy wisdom in their blooming never cease,  
And a psalm hymn majestic all the sainted host will raise,  
While Arabia with Judah joins the ecstasy of praise.

ADISON F. BROWNE.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## POETS AND PRONUNCIATION.

(Continued.)

By F. BLAKE CROFTON.

The exigencies of rhyme sometimes make versifiers transgress other rules than those of pronunciation:

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig, and away he run,  
The pig was eat and Tom was beat  
Till he ran, roaring, down the street."

In this stanza are direct incentives to two—perhaps I should say three—barbarisms more or less prevalent among, and dangerous to, the rank and file of the rising generation. But then Mother Goose is a frequent offender against the proprieties of language. It is, however, matter for surprise as well as regret that Byron, whose "well of English" is generally so "undoubtedly," should have closed his glorious apostrophe to the sea with so objectionable a phrase as "There let him lay!" Possibly it may have amused him to shock the grammatical as well as the moral sense of the "gentle reader" by unexpected rhymes! Another noble poet (Owen Meredith) has the following questionable idiom in his saucy little "See-saw":

"When they asked me about it, I told them plain,  
Love it was that had turned my brain."

And in his fine dedication to his "Wanderer" the same writer has made this still crueller sacrifice at the altar of rhyme:

"But now the star of eve hath stole  
Thro' the deep sunset, and the whole," etc.

The participle "broke," which occurs in Gray's "Progress of Poesy," was possibly still admissible when Sir Walter Scott wrote:

"To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,  
Ere the king's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke."

But I fear this form had become hopelessly "colloquial and vulgar," when Mr. Longfellow gave his countenance to it in his lines:

"Long, long after, in the heart of an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke."

But these poetical peccadillos are foreign to my theme.

Though rhythm coaxes juvenile spouters of poetry to murder the elocution of whole lines, and lay cruel weight on puny little *and's* and *a's* and *the's*, its power is limited to affecting the accent. Yet, within its own domain, it has its victories over correct pronunciation no less renowned than those of rhyme. "On Susquehanna's side fair *Wyoming*," Campbell began his "Gertrude of Wyoming," (placing the accent on the first syllable); and as a consequence of his false quantity, ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred—though Englishmen no longer deem it a point of breeding to pronounce American names differently from the natives—misaccentuate the word. By laying the accent on the last syllable of *Akbar* in his "Lalla Rookh," Moore has doubtless made a common error more universal than it was before. It was probably a result of his "little Latin and less Greek" that Shakespeare has laid the stress on the second instead of the third syllable of *Andronicus*, throughout his "Titus Andronicus," and forced actors and readers to do the same. His familiar antithesis, "Hyperion to a Satyr," has led even reluctant scholars to follow the multitude to do evil. His line in *Troilus and Cressida*, ("Perseverance, dear my lord, etc. Act 3, Scene 3), may have helped to extend the existence of the moribund pronunciation *perseverance*, but not so powerfully, perhaps, as the popular distich:

"Patience and perseverance  
Got a wife for His Royertance."

The classic and correct Milton was doubtless using a conscious license when he wrote "*Belus and Serapis*, their gods;" but there is an unfortunate

tendency to follow his lead, as I became aware in a certain seaport town where H. M. S. *Serapis* happened to be anchored.

For generations there has been a fair fight between the rival accentuations *princess* and *princes*. Analogy and numbers were for the former; but, perhaps, most of the upper classes, as Walker almost indignantly admitted, were for the latter; and the upper classes generally prevail in matters of pronunciation. Yet I look upon *princess* as doomed to death (perhaps a distant death) even in England, not so much because all the orthodoxists are against it, as because most modern poets have followed their example. Among these I find Tennyson, throughout his "*Princess*," Mrs. Browning and Owen Meredith. Adelaide Proctor emphasizes her preference in the lines:

"There was Princess May, and Princess Alice,  
And the youngest Princess, Gwendoline;"

while Cowper showed his probably to be the same in his oft-quoted "*Boadicea*":

"Princess, if our aged eyes  
Weep to see thy matchless wrongs."

Byron struggled gallantly against the pronunciation of "*Trafalgar*" in his lines:

"Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar,

and,

"Alike the Armada's pride and spoils of Trafalgar."

That his protests were ineffectual is due partly to the countervailing influence of other popular poets, but mostly, perhaps, to the fact that many voiced London decided to accentuate *Trafalgar Square* inaccurately.

Should the American pronunciation *Augusteen* gain ground or hold its own against the English pronunciation *Augustine*, this will surely be in some part due to Longfellow's beautiful poem which begins:

"St. Augustine, well hast thou said  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we only tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame."

"If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make a nation's laws—of pronunciation," old Fletcher of Saltoun said—all but the last two words, which I have added by an unpoetical license.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## AN INDIAN SUMMER PICNIC.

It was one of those serene days which sometimes come to Acadia in November, when the mellow warmth, pleasantly murmuring south-west wind and occasional songs of robin, sparrow or chickadee, seemed almost to indicate that Mr. Time had taken to walking backward, and would presently find himself among the green fields and fragrant flowers of blushing summer. But all of us who had come to years of understanding, (whatever that age might be,) were considerably too sharp for this style of weather duplicity, and so made up our minds that if any tangible good was to be extracted from this unusual jump in the temperature, we must be at work pretty suddenly!

Acting on this wise conclusion, about a dozen of us, tourists, itinerant journalists, etc., who happened to be congregated at the hotel boarding-house of uncle Billy Clattenburgh, which, as every one knows, is situated only a few miles from the prettiest town in the Maritime Provinces, at the hour in the forenoon when we had all been up and dressed long enough to eat breakfast, held a meeting; and after discussing and rejecting eighteen different plans, we decided to have an Indian Summer Picnic. That would be something to boast of when part of our company returned to Yankee-land, where a majority of the people only know of these regions from the traducing reports of people who leave the country, sometimes for the country's good, and think it especially smart to run down their native land. From several of these unnatural children of Nova Scotia, the writer got an impression that New Scotland had a climate much resembling that of Greenland, when, in fact, as he has learned from observation, the mean annual temperature is much above that of Northern New England. But, to leave these misrepresentatives of Acadia to the torture of their own feelings, and return to our subject, I will begin by saying that everybody flew around with almost frantic haste to get the catables, drinkables, and other picnic necessities arranged in time for a late dinner.

During these rapid operations no serious interruption occurred. In fact, the only episodes which could pass for disturbances were the overturning of a kettle full of hot water, and a little irregularity out doors. The hot water scrape was occasioned by Miss Julia Orbondizor, the near-sighted New York lady who wears such splendid eye glasses. Trying to perform some duty about the stove, with which she was evidently unfamiliar, she turned the article over, and scared herself into a small attack of hysteria, and also terribly scalded old Morpheus, Clattenburgh's cat, who was sound asleep beside the fire. When the poor feline felt the hot water falling on his back, he proceeded to wake up, and instantly dart across the room and through the most convenient window: and not a hair of him has been heard of since. The little irregularity out doors occurred when Dick Frothingham of Boston, who knew nothing about horses, but wanted to make us believe he knew everything, in trying to harness one of the noble animals, got the hames on wrong side before; and while without comprehending this error, he was vainly attempting to hitch the traces, the horse, getting offended at such abuse, kicked himself free, and left Dick lying under the remains of the old waggon. Although the latter declared every bone was pulverized from his skull to his toe joints, a superficial examination demonstrated he was much more frightened than injured.

Finally getting off all right, we started at merry speed to hunt up a

picnic ground, going by a road running due north, with our shadows, as we were sorry to notice, falling a little to the eastward.

The spot at last selected for our out-door dinner was in a large, gently undulating field, where four lofty Norway pines stood just far enough apart for their emerald foliage to intermingle overhead and leave the sides open. Without removing our wraps, we found it quite warm enough, and the complacent zephyr kept singing a wild sweet chant through the dark overgreen above us. Altogether, things were very romantic, very lovely! Still, while we were enjoying this golden calm, an awful cyclone was close at hand!

Just when we were getting down to the substantial part of our meal, the writer, with his usual awkwardness, overturned a pail of water; and while the others made heroic efforts to rescue food and dishes from this miniature freshet, he accomplished a second mistake, while trying to help on matters, by hanging the table-cloth to dry on some bushes outside the bower. The article used for this purpose, Miss Orbondizer's red shawl, having received a thorough wetting.

The shawl hadn't hung there twenty seconds, when we were startled by a tremendous roaring; and looking in the direction from whence the sound came, our hearts began to thump as we beheld an immense bull on a hill some forty yards distant standing apart from other cattle, and with voice and actions giving every indication of extreme anger. Of course we understood the cause of all this trouble. The bull had spied the ruddy garment, and after the manner of his kind, had taken it for an invitation to deadly combat. In another minute Sir Taurus lowered his head and came toward us at royal speed, making the turf fly with almost every bound.

Our situation had now become entirely too interesting! Although every man in the crowd was something of a traveller, not one of us had been in Spain, and consequently knew nothing of practical bull-fighting. There were no trees in the field except the four pines, whose big trunks were without branches until high above the ground, and our horses were all unharnessed, quietly grazing near a neighboring stream, never dreaming of the approaching typhoon: so our only course was to run for it, with a dark prospect that more than one would be overtaken and unpleasantly lifted.

But, as some antique philosopher declares, "there is a man for every emergency," and in this case, Charlie Jackson proved the correct fellow to fill the occasion. Charlie is a medical student, and, as anyone should be who intends becoming a doctor, remarkably cool-headed.

Intuitively assuming charge of affairs, he detailed the rest of us masculines to assist the ladies toward the highway with all possible speed, and then grasping the ruddy garment, started off in an opposite direction, at the same time shouting defiance to the enraged animal. The latter changed his course, and went after the future pill maker at a rate that must have ensured the immediate capture of an ordinary runner. But our embryo doctor, among other accomplishments, possessed splendid pedestrian powers; and on this occasion he scampered away so fast that the savage brute gained very slowly.

In a few moments the fair ones were all safely beyond the high road fence; and then we fellows hastened back to see what had become of Charlie.

The course taken by pursued and pursuer having carried them over a low ridge, they were now out of sight, and as we ran on, we half expected to find that Jackson had been overtaken and gored to death by his cruel antagonist. Therefore, on reaching the high ground, we were astonished to discover that our little drama had ended in a very comical and altogether unique denouement.

While running for his life toward a fence on the farther side of the field, Charlie came to a little meadow, which looked all right enough; but the first investigating step showed that its rank grass concealed an expanse of black mud, as thick and sticky as patent glue, and of depth not to be calculated. However, the horned fury was horribly near, and there was no time for turning to the right or left. So our hero plunged desperately forward, and by exerting all his strength, got through to the firm ground on the other side—with the complexion of his pretty, light gay garments spoiled forever. But the brute was not so fortunate, for coming on with headlong rage, and careless of mud, holes or anything else but that red shawl, which now lay where Jackson had dropped it in the middle of the swamp, he managed to reach the object of his wrath, and then sank to the full length of his legs and remained stuck fast.

Charlie crawled back to our side on a fence that crossed the low ground; and as we hurried away, the other cattle came down and expressed sympathy with their leader in his misfortune by a perfect babel of bovine noises. The last we saw of our enemy his horns were decorated with fragments of the shawl, which waved about like some new-fashioned flag of distress. The fight had evidently been all taken out of him, and he was loudly bellowing with terror.

You may be sure not many minutes went by before our teams were hitched up and we were rapidly leaving this Indian Summer Picnic ground. And driving home in the glorious twilight was, somehow or other, not so romantic as it might have been.

The next issue of the local paper described how Judge Raymond's prize bull "Hector" had got mired, while chasing unknown parties, supposed to be ruffians from the city, and was only released after tremendous labor on the Judge's part, assisted by twenty men and several pairs of oxen!

JONATHAN.

A STRONG INSINUATION.—A man who had killed his father managed to secure a verdict of "not guilty." The Judge, after pronouncing his acquittal, asked him if his mother were still living.

Yes, your honor.

Well, good-bye till I see you again.

## ODDS AND ENDS

THE CRITIC has done itself credit by its selection of "Esca's" descriptive essay on the French dramatists. They are, naturally enough, but little read by the generality of even fairly well read people in these days. The essayist has therefore adopted the very best style in which she could have treated the subject, in making her articles plainly descriptive. I have understood that the lady is young, and indeed that this is her first appearance in print. If so, she deserves no small commendation for the simplicity of her style. A perpetual striving after fine writing is the bane of the newspaper press, and the avoidance of it in a young writer is evidence of refined taste as well as the best earnest of latent power.

A recent article from the pen of "Sartor Resartus, Jr.," on E. A. Poe's critical writings, is also of a nature to sustain the high character of THE CRITIC. Believing the scope of poetry to be catholic, one cannot, however, accept the canons of Poe without considerable reserve. They approach too nearly the French notion of art—which amounts to the exclusion of everything but an ideal beauty. In poetry there is a strong element of power in a degree of realism, as there is in painting, in the realism and story-telling of the English school, so much deprecated by French critics, even by the illustrious Taine, whose grasp of English characteristics is very broad, as well as appreciative and discriminating. We scarcely find beauty in the terrible *Conceit*, or in the awful tragedies of Marlow, or indeed the kind of beauty meant by the French critics in the *Orestes*, the *Edipus*, the *Antigone*, the *Hippolytus*, or the *Heracles*. Yet in all we are shudderingly made to feel the poetic potency of even the direct passions, which are far from being used for "heightening the effect of mere beauty." I should, however, be one of the last to underrate the moral effect of beauty.

Some of Poe's tales are indeed themselves a grim poetry in prose, but none the less enthralling from their truculent nature.

I must also congratulate THE CRITIC on the "American Widow." It is by far the best-written story that has as yet appeared in its columns. The conclusion is, however, somewhat of a "sell."

The *Week* of 22nd Oct. contains two somewhat remarkable letters, one questioning the success, and, by implication, the permanency of, Canadian Federation; the other drawing largely on a misty future of sentiment in favor of the Imperial article.

The latter is from the pen of Mr. Martin I. Griffin, a writer I should scarcely have suspected of so "fossil" a Toryism as to have precluded his yet learning to call the "Rebellion of 1870" a "Revolution," "and to justify it by the epithet." I hardly thought the mantle of Dr. Johnson had descended to this day and generation. Meanwhile the plain common-sense of Lord Lansdowne has pronounced on the impossible points of the scheme.

Mr. Longley treats the subject of Federation in a calm, and certainly perspicuous manner. But I hope there is enough of the spirit which aspires to a broad nationalism rather than a narrow provincialism, to float the good ship Canada over the not very formidable shallows and bars of a captious nationalism, on the one hand, and a sentiment which seems more municipal than even provincial on the other.

Meantime the by-elections controvert the Grit press, the Canadian Pacific scores points, and stands a monument of the magnificent energy of its syndicate. The importance of this grand work might from the first have been gauged by the "envy, hatred and malice" of the American press. The Grits without a policy (unless the disparagement of their own country be one) will soon be, it is said, without even a leader. Of course the vacancy can be filled, but when it is filled where will be the policy? Vive le Canada!

There are some indications, besides a letter signed "Common Sense" in the *Herald* a few days ago, and besides the article in that journal on Mr. Joseph Cook's lecture on "Athens," that the depths of that "philosopher's" profundity are being sounded, and found to be but shoal water. I do not intend any special reference to Mr. Cook's temperance utterances, but allude to his general critical tone, which is crude, and betrays either want of intuition, want of capacity, or want of ingenuousness. All the reading that a reader can cram his brains withal, and all the ostentation of it he may glory himself withal, are vanity, if he lack the innate perception of truth, and the power and courage to assimilate it—if he lack the sense of proportion which detors from exaggeration—if his mental scales are not hall-marked for gold—if he is denied of heaven sobriety of judgment to use them.

There was a time when I used to keep pace in reading with the publication of all novels that were good, and of many that were anything but good. But it is many years since publication became too fast and furious, and the monotony of the ordinary novel wearisome. Now and then, but very rarely now, one lights upon a feast. I have just read Geo. MacDonald's "Sir Gibbie." I have not the smallest idea how long ago it was written; for, tho' I recognize in Dr. MacDonald perhaps the first novelist of the day, I never hurry myself to read even books that bear a name guaranteeing value. All books good for the soul come to one some time or another without any uneasy seeking. There are none of Dr. MacDonald's, me judice, that are not good for the spirit. He "finds" you at every turn; and, impregnated and permeated throughout with true religion as he is, his keen satire of the everlasting shams that surround and sicken one, is infinitely refreshing. Every way the lash plays about, as in driving four-in-hand, one would one moment touch up a lagging wheeler—another try for a fly on a leader's ear—the next quicken the run of a poor cur on the road-side.



Here, for instance, are the windbags of the Cook and Talmage type - "but when I think of him as a preacher, I seem to see an Egyptian priest standing on the threshold of the great door at Ipsambul, blowing with all his might to keep out the Lybian desecrator, and the four great stone gods, sitting behind the altar, far back in the gloom, laughing at him."

Here again are the newspapers—"I maun hae buiks. I wad get the newspapers whiles, but no aften, for they're a sair loss o' precious time. Ye see they tell ye things afore they're sure, an' ye hae to spend yer time the day readin' what ye'll hae to spon' yer time the morn' readin' out again, an' ye may as weel bide till the thing's settled a wee."

The whole book is a temperance lecture of intense interest, yet, says the author—"there are so many that are sober for one that is honest."

Describing a fairly good and amiable Scottish clergyman, he also outlines a Doity not peculiar to puritanism alone. "He was genial, gentle, and a lover of his race, with much reverence for, and some faith in, a Scotch God, whose nature was summed up in a series of words beginning with *omni*."

There is a beautiful passage on the Gaelic language too long to transcribe, but, incidentally, apropos to a subject I touched on the other day, it is written—"Donal had never learned it, and the lowland Scotch, an ancient branch of English, dry and gnarled, but still flourishing in its old age had become, instead, his mother tongue."

Of love he says—"He (Sir Gibbie) was a rare one who did not make the common miserable blunder of taking the shadow cast by love—the desire, namely, to be loved—for love itself: his love was a vortical sun, and his own shadow was under his feet. Silly youths and maidens count them selves martyrs of love, when they are but the pining witnesses to a delicious and entrancing selfishness." Then he goes on to guard against being misunderstood, in a way showing a profound insight into various natures.

FRANC-TIREUR.

#### RAILWAY NOTES.

It is said the Intercolonial conductors are the finest looking set of railway men in Canada or the United States.

Railway guide-books will soon be as bulky and large as a history of the world.

There must be a fascination about railroad life, such as men have for the sea; both are dangerous callings, but while death on the rail is one of agony, that of the sailor is one almost painless.

I was once on a railway passing through the State of Indiana. As we were approaching a station named Hanna, a brakeman opened the door, and shouting "Hanna!" retired. Five or six minutes after a brakeman at the other end of the car looked in, and in stentorian tones shouted "Hanna!" an old gentleman who evidently was neither acquainted with the locality, nor used to travel by rail, rose from his seat and shouted back to the astonished brakeman and amused passengers, "I don't think she can be in this car, sir!"

In the construction of the great East Indian railways, all the earth and rock were carried from the cuttings in wicker baskets upon the heads of Hindoo men and women, and even children assisting; this navy, or rather navy's horse, wife and family, dwelt in a little bamboo shanty constructed for the occasion near the works.

Mr. Joe Edwards is at present probably the most famous conductor in Canada.

The Folly Bridge needs some better safeguard than it has. If a train ever goes off that bridge there will be one of the greatest calamities on record in railway travelling; I hope it never may, but if it does, I hope those whose duty is to attend it, will be among the fated passengers. I have been over it hundreds of times, but never without a certain dread.

CHAT.

#### CANADA'S MILITARY STATUS.

No. I.

In every state, whether supreme or dependent, it is considered necessary in the nineteenth century, to have some methodical means of suppressing internecine conflicts, should they at any time arise, and of repelling possible invasions. As yet universal peace is a theory of the most visionary kind. Theologians tell us it will be ushered in on the golden wings of the millennium. This period of purity, however, has not yet dawned upon the world in common every-day life, and, until it does, a well defined system of defence must be adopted for self-preservation by every commonwealth. With the youthful and rapidly developing country the perplexing question presents itself, what shall this economic arrangement be? In old monarchies and republics, the problem does not arise, as centuries of hapless war have settled the lines to be followed for an indefinite time. In Europe, Asia, Africa, whether the dynasty be barbarous or refined, standing armies have been almost universally supported from national infancy. If we turn over the pages of history, we will discover that such a course has been imperatively demanded by what might, in truth, be called the crudity of civilization. The safety of a people has always, up to the last quarter of a century, depended upon the strength of its arms. In this era, a slight change has come about. Now war is occasioned almost invariably by good reasons only. Something more than a flimsy pretext is required to plunge great nations into the horrors of modern military crusades. But when principles, and not notions are involved, the sword still champions the cause. And, to-day, no rational man would assent to the advisability of any single European power laying aside its armor. On this continent, the case is somewhat different. Between it and the surging tides of old world diplomacy lies a vast expanse of trackless ocean. The danger of America being drawn into the whirlpool of European complications is thus reduced to a minimum, although not wholly dis-

pellated. Here an alien reign has been inaugurated. Far removed from the political entanglements of Europe, this continent is not likely to be menaced by any of the autocrats who ride rough-shod over the people of that great territorial division. Outside of England, the United States is not likely to be drawn into a foreign war for some time to come, unless it be with Canada, which, however, would be a natural outcome of a conflict with Great Britain, so long, at least, as the Dominion remains a crown possession. On the other hand, Canada has no nation to fear but the United States, and in view of the very close relations which exist between the two countries, and the physical unity of the whole continent, it might be well to enquire into Canada's real condition from a strategical standpoint, and discover, if we can, how she would fare with her great Republican neighbor in the role of an enemy in arms.

In regard to military matters, British North America holds a peculiar position. Since the final cession of Nova Scotia to Great Britain, in 1713, a British protectorate has been established in the province, and—since the close of the seven years' war, in 1763—over the whole of Canada. All the way down the history of the colony, English redcoats have upheld the dignity of the country by their presence. Canadians have thus learned to repose a confidence in the imperial troops which would make it extremely hard for them to feel the responsibility which would be thrust upon them by a severance of the tie that binds them to their parent country. Canadian waters, too, are never without a detachment of the British fleet. But what avail, may well be asked, will the British army or navy be to Canada when the maternal bond is snapped and British America takes her stand among the nations of the earth? "This is premature," says the reader, "it is a poor policy to be crossing bridges before they are reached." True, the time is not so far distant, however, to prevent us from seeing the birth of the Canadian nation as the nineteenth merges into the twentieth century. A few years of spirited agitation, now on the threshold of its career, will float the Canadian flag over one of the largest nations—territorially—on the earth. Canada will then have no England to fight her fouds, to rock her into a sense of security when her dominions are threatened by a foe, or to bear on her broad shoulders the brunt of a national struggle. In the hour of need, a reasonable amount of assistance might be expected, but not that full flavor of British military ardor which would characterize England's actions were Canada still a child of Downing street. We may be assured, then, that no one will be likely to dispute the necessity of Canada continuing the present military arrangements, or of adopting some better means of defence than that afforded by the existing state of affairs. Canada feels that within herself are about all the requisite elements for putting down local insurrections. Of her ability to cope successfully with a foreign enemy, it would not require a test to determine. Without the aid of Great Britain, she would be a mere bauble in the hands of the only enemy she is likely to have—the United States, at least under her present military regime. And just here comes up the query, would England take the struggling infant under her protectingegis? We have only to glance at the history of the American revolution to assure us that Canada would have to work out her destiny single-handed. Of course the circumstances of the two cases are widely dissimilar, and an equally wide dissimilarity of result might be expected to ensue. Were George III wielding the sceptre of the empire and the power of the throne still in its zenith, it might be a dark day for Canada when she struck for independence. But under Victoria's benign rule, no Washington will be required to draw up a declaration of independence, and defend it at the bayonet's point. The transition will be peaceful and imperceptible. After it, Canada may expect to individually settle her own disputes to make her name a byword or a power.

C. P. M.

#### JOAQUIN MILLER, IN "LITERARY LIFE," NOVEMBER.

<p>You named me "Comrade" for my rhymes. My comrades of my country's East, I sit no more at your great feast, Leave my glass empty at such times.</p>	<p>Poor man; still boast without one scar, Still burn and burn, and burning die. But God's white finger spins thy star In calm dominion of the sky.</p>
<p>That wine you drink is woman's tears. Turn down my glass! I will not sit At your great feast, nor look on it Again, through all the coming years.</p>	<p>Lo, not one ray of light the less Comes down to bid the grasses spring; No drop of dew nor anything For all your boast and bitterness.</p>
<p>The Poet shall create or kill. Bid heroes live, bid braggarts die. I look again at a lurid sky: The silent South lies very still.</p>	<p>That land that nursed this Nation's youth; You burned it, sacked it, snapp'd it dry, You gave it falsehoods for its truth: Your fame you fashioned from a lie.</p>
<p>The lurid light of burning lands Still clings to heaven overhead. Still women wring white withered hands; Their eyes are red, their skies are red.</p>	<p>That land is stainless, still is true. It still is young, and strong and bold; But you, old Time is after you, And you wax weary, shamed and old.</p>
<p>Oh Shenandoah, shall I say Renown to him who boasts renown? Who boasts he rode by burning town To find the front that battle day!</p>	<p>If man grows large, is God the less? The moon shall rise and set the same, The great sun spill his splendid flame, The South be clothed in queenliness.</p>
<p>Oh brazen brass! Oh shameless shame! 'Tis meaner far a thousand fold, Than all mean robberies of gold, This hoarding up of pilfered fame.</p>	<p>And from the very soil you trod Some large-eyed seeing youth shall come Some day, and he shall not be dumb Before the awful court of God.</p>

A few years ago General Sheridan, followed by some Americans of doubtful footing, entered the Cafe Greco in Rome, where I chanced to be sitting with some artists. Now, whether it was his reputation as the author of the celebrated "Crow Order," or whether it was because the acknowledged head of the American Army had congratulated the German Emperor on the fall of Paris, that made Rome let the "hero of the Shenandoah" have all his time to himself, I do not know. I will say this, however, to all hired fighters, who are employed and paid by the civilians of this Republic, and whose servants they are, whether educated at the Charity School on the Hudson,

or enlisted from the people, that nothing can be seen further on a dark night or will be remembered longer, than a land in flames.

Soon after the party referred to entered the Cafe, a small, nervous and bright-eyed man dashed in after it, and mounting a table he began to gesticulate and point at our "hero," and shout wildly as he recited "Sheridan's Ride."

The face of the little "hero" was red as a burning town. The little man on the table, in the wine shop there on the seven hills of the twelve Cesars, kept shouting right along. But why not do so if he chose? Had he not made him? Who would ever have heard of the little man with the sword, before the burning crash of brass, but for the little man with the pen? He had created him; this Post friend of mine, T. Buchanan Keid. But evidently now the creature was not in love with his creator. He wanted to escape him and the depth of obligation together. Here was the story of Frankenstein reversed!

Never had I seen, never shall I see again, such a singular illustration of the strangely fascinating story of Mary Woolstonecraft. Shelley would have enjoyed it and made the scene immortal. But Keate, who had drawn his last gentle breath in the little brown house by the Spanish Steps, not a stone's throw away, would have flod in terror from the scene between these two men from the heart of America there in the heart of Rome.

Suddenly the little man of the sword wheeled and led his following through the door into the street, and the great little man said back over his shoulder as if in apology to our party, "\_\_\_\_\_ that fellow, he will drive me out of Italy yet."

We looked at each other; and then the gentle, the dying Post whose life work lay behind him, seemed at last to comprehend. He got down slowly, and pained and bewildered, passed out, silent as an apparition. The brutality of that parting speech, under the pathetic circumstances is without parallel. And it invoked this paragraph for my dead friend. Such are modern "heroes."

In the sickly attempt to establish a military aristocracy here at the Capital, I read my duty clearly and plead no other excuse for this, or for what may follow. I shall acknowledge in this pastoral republic no aristocracy except that of honest and equal toil.

WHAT DO THE FRIENDS OF CAPE BRETON WANT.

To the Editor of the Critic:— DEAR SIR,—Your editorial in last week's CRITIC, on "What do the Friends of Cape Breton Want" is timely. I hope you will re-publish it when the Local House shall be in session, that all our members may be reminded of some of the unanswerable arguments presentable in the advocacy of Cape Breton's claims to the consideration of the Local Government. I may say, however, that a railway scheme for Cape Breton, submitted to the House on the eve of a general election, will, of itself, scarcely satisfy the thousands in this Island who know that we have been shamefully neglected by both Governments. We have had enough of paper-railways, and have learned to look with suspicion upon governmental promises. We are entitled, at the hands of the Local Government, to assistance for building a railroad, by reason alike of all we have contributed to the cost of railways in other parts of the Province, and of all the good railways in this Island would accomplish in developing mines, etc., which, once opened up, would be of immense benefit to Nova Scotia proper, as well as to us. But at the next meeting of the House, the Government can do something for us, apart from railways, that will equally be a boon to Cape Breton and to Halifax, and other places in the peninsula. We have millions of dollars worth of iron and copper in Cape Breton, with facilities for cheap smelting, unrivalled elsewhere in America. If these mines were being worked, they would keep our present surplus population profitably employed at home, would invigorate our local markets, and annually circulate in Halifax and elsewhere in Nova Scotia proper thousands of dollars more than our business men now handle in the course of a year. The trade of the whole Province needs invigoration, and there are good reasons for believing, that if the Government shall see fit to help in hastening an era of greater commercial activity, any reasonable scheme proposed by them for this purpose would meet with the support of both western and eastern members. By lending us assistance now, the Government shall cause the mines mentioned to be opened with scarcely any delay, and they will prove themselves the friends of Cape Breton and the benefactors of the whole Province.

Allow me to assure you, Mr. Editor, that your able efforts to bring these matters before the Government and the public, are applauded by Sydney, 16th Nov., 1865. AN EASTERN LIBERAL.

THE EXECUTION OF RIEL.

MR. EDITOR: Sir,—I have observed with pain, attempts made in certain quarters to emphasize the slander that the Roman Catholics of the Dominion sympathized with Riel. As a Catholic that has had fair opportunities of knowing the opinions held in this connection by my co-religionists in Nova Scotia, I have no hesitation in averring that I believe the great preponderance of Catholic opinion in this Province approves of the execution of Riel. We look upon him as an ill-balanced, unscrupulous schemer, an enemy of our common country, a promoter of pillage, bloodshed and murder. I emphatically deny that such a man could, while thus acting, be a good Roman Catholic. Nor can I see how a man that incites the savage tribes of the western wilds to the murder of peace-making priests, could fairly be assumed to have any marked Catholic sympathies. And how can he be regarded as a patriot who was willing to return to Montana and abandon the cause and the people he affected to champion, if he were paid \$35,000? 17th Oct., 1865. R. C.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

The following Price Lists have been corrected up to the time of going to press, and are thoroughly reliable and accurate.

GROCERIES.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Sugar (Cut Leaf, Granulated, etc.), Tea (Gongool, Common, etc.), and Molasses (Centignos, Trinidad, etc.).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Soap (Ivory bar, Braving, etc.) and Confectionery (Pilot Bread, Boston and Thin Family, etc.).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter (Canadian new, August and Sept., etc.) and Eggs (No. 1, 2, 3, etc.).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Fish (Mackerel, No. 1, 2, 3, etc.) and Herring (No. 1, 2, 3, etc.).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Fish (Haddock, Hark, Cusk, Pollcock, etc.) and Fish Oils (Dog A, Cod, Pale Seal, etc.).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter (No. 1, 2, 3, etc.) and Eggs (No. 1, 2, 3, etc.).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Fish (Mackerel, Herring, etc.) and Eggs (No. 1, 2, 3, etc.).

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Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Fish (Mackerel, Herring, etc.) and Eggs (No. 1, 2, 3, etc.).

The above quotations are furnished by C. H. Harvey, 10 & 12 Sackville St.

BREADSTUFFS.

Our quotations below are our today's wholesale selling prices for cash within ten days after shipment.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour (Graham, Superior grades, etc.) and Oatmeal (Patent Extra, etc.).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Beans (Per ton, etc.), Peas (Per ton, etc.), and Hay (Per ton, etc.).

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Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Beans (Per ton, etc.), Peas (Per ton, etc.), and Hay (Per ton, etc.).

The above quotations are prepared by a reliable victualler.

A. GUNN & Co., 253 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

PROVISIONS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Beef (Am. E. Mess, duty paid, etc.), Pork (Mess, American, etc.), and Mutton (Prime Mess, etc.).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Beef (Am. E. Mess, duty paid, etc.), Pork (Mess, American, etc.), and Mutton (Prime Mess, etc.).

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Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Beef (Am. E. Mess, duty paid, etc.), Pork (Mess, American, etc.), and Mutton (Prime Mess, etc.).

The above quotations are prepared by a reliable victualler.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes No. 1 Wool Skins, Season lot, Salted and dry, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes No. 1 Wool Skins, Season lot, Salted and dry, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes No. 1 Wool Skins, Season lot, Salted and dry, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes No. 1 Wool Skins, Season lot, Salted and dry, etc.

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Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes No. 1 Wool Skins, Season lot, Salted and dry, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes No. 1 Wool Skins, Season lot, Salted and dry, etc.

The above quotations are furnished by WM. F. FOSTER, dealer in Wool and Hides, Connors' Wharf.

LUMBER.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Pine, clear, No. 1, per m, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Pine, clear, No. 1, per m, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Pine, clear, No. 1, per m, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Pine, clear, No. 1, per m, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Pine, clear, No. 1, per m, etc.

The above quotations are prepared by a reliable firm in this line.

POULTRY.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Fowls, per pair, Turkeys, per pound, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Fowls, per pair, Turkeys, per pound, etc.

The above are corrected by a reliable victualler.

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Apples, Gravensteins per bbl, etc.

The above quotations are furnished by C. H. Harvey, 10 & 12 Sackville St.

LIVE STOCK.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Steers, best quality, per lb, etc.

The above quotations are prepared by a reliable victualler.

## HIS HAIR WAS RED.

(Continued.)

What I say is that, as long as I know that she loves me, I want nothing more; and what do I care if Tom, Dick, and Harry are fools enough to think that they have made a conquest of her because she finds them useful as partners at a ball? That's the way I look at it; I don't know whether you agree with me."

"I said I did most thoroughly, and that my wife, if ever I had one, should be allowed any amount of rope. It was no hard matter to guess where the poor fellow had got those precious maxims from, and it was also easy enough to see that they were far from representing his personal views.

"It's an insult to your wife," he continued, "to treat her as though you couldn't trust her out of your sight. Now my motto is, 'Trust me all in all, or—'"

The words died away upon his lips; for while he had been speaking a couple had stopped through one of the French windows on to the gravel which couple, coming forward in the bright moonlight, became clearly visible to us as Miss Neville and Lacy; and this was an *argumentum ad rem* for which my philosopher had perhaps hardly bargained.

I regret to say that Florry had clasped her hands round her partner's arm, and was looking up into his face in a very reprehensible manner, while he bent over her till their noses almost touched. I made so bold as to give a loud "Ha hum!" but the bench upon which we were sitting was in the shade, and the music was in full blast in doors; so Florry didn't hear the danger-signal, I presume. She and Lacy advanced serenely, and when they were nearly within speaking distance of us, what did that little wretch do but take a rose out of the front of her dress and hand it to her companion, who kissed it fervently before popping it into the pocket nearest to his heart. I shook in my shoes, for Heaven only knew what she might not do next; but Percival waited to see no more. He bounded off the bench like an India rubber ball, and away he went into the darkness as if the devil were after him. I hesitated for a few minutes, and then decided to follow him, but he went at such a pace that I only caught him up on the doorstep of the hotel. He was as white as chalk, and I could see that he was in a towering rage.

"Come now, Percival," I said soothingly, taking him by the arm, "don't make mountains out of molehills. Remember what you said yourself just now about the innocent pastimes of women."

He turned round and glared at me. "Shut up!" he roared, giving me a shove that sent me spinning to the otherside of the hall, and presently I heard him mounting the staircase three steps at a time.

Rude, but perhaps not unpardonable. I forgave him, and went to bed, consoling myself with the reflection that, if murder or suicide came of this, I had at least done my little best to avert bloodshed.

## III.

About six o'clock the next morning I was roughly awakened by Percival's coming into my room and pulling the pillow from under my head.

"What is the matter now?" sitting up and rubbing my eyes; and I dare say I added some strong expressions, for there is nothing in the wide world that I hate so much as being roused from my slumbers in the middle of the night.

Percival sat down on the bed. "Look here, Oliver," he said, "I must get out of this. After what you saw last night I needn't tell you why. I'm not the first man who has been made a fool of by a woman, and I'm not going to break my heart about it—no fear!" Here he pumped up a hollow laugh. "But it won't do for me to stop in this place," he went on. "I should be breaking somebody's neck if I did, and I'm off to the Pyrenees this morning to shoot bears and *bouquetins*. After a week or two of that I shall be able to pull myself together I expect."

"Quite right," I said sleepily. "Best thing you can do."

"I don't want to go alone, though. Now, Oliver, will you do a fellow a good turn, and come with me? I left the tent and everything else that we shall want out there last year, and I've telegraphed to the natives to say that I'm coming. It would do you all the good in the world to camp out in the mountains for a bit. Of course I pay all expenses, and I'll guarantee you some sport.

I hardly knew what answer to make. Life at Cannes was monotonous, to say the least of it, I had never seen a bear in my life, except at the Zoo, and I had never seen a *bouquetin* at all. On the other hand, life in the wilds with so uncertain tempered a companion as Percival might not prove an unmixed delight. He watched me eagerly while I was balancing these considerations one against the other, and forestalled my reply by exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, Oliver, don't say you are going to refuse: I don't mind telling the truth to you: I'm hard hit—I am devilish hard hit."

His voice shook a little, and, upon my word, I believe there were tears in his eyes.

"I *daren't* go alone," he went on. "So long as I'm shooting I'm all right, and I don't care a snap for any woman in the world; but I couldn't face the long evenings all by myself. Hang it, man: can't you understand? It's a case of something very like life or death, I can tell you."

I think I mentioned before that I am extremely good natured. This piteous appeal of Percival's turned the scale, and I said I would see him through.

Florry's face, when we made our adieux to her and her mother before starting for the station, was a very amusing study, and if Percival noticed

it he must have felt himself fully entitled to score one. But I am not sure that he looked at her at all. He said, in an off-hand way, "Good-bye, Miss Neville. Meet you again some day, I hope," and plunged into the omnibus head first, without waiting for her to make a reply.

I don't think Florry half liked it. Whether she had intended to marry Percival or not, I am very sure that she had never contemplated his bolting after so unceremonious a fashion; but, of course, it was too late to think of stopping him then. She took quite an affectionate farewell of me, begging me to be sure and let her know what sport we had, and asking what my address was to be.

"*Poste Restante Bagnères de Luchon*," growled out Percival from the recesses of the omnibus. "We shan't be much in the way of getting letters for the next fortnight, though. Come along, Oliver; there's no time to lose."

Now will it be believed that, after all that had come and gone, that red-headed idiot sulked for a matter of four-and-twenty hours because my cousin had expressed her intention of writing to me? I couldn't make out what was wrong with him at first, but by degrees it transpired, and I had all the trouble in the world to persuade him that, putting my own blameless innocence out of the question, it was utterly illogical of him to be at the same time jealous of Lacy and of me. Indeed, it was only by threatening to abandon him to his fate at Toulouse that I managed to bring him to his bearings. After that he became more reasonable, and both his spirits and his manners improved as soon as we had left civilization behind us.

We spent ten days very pleasantly and successfully, upon the whole, in the wild Spanish valley where Percival had chosen to pitch our tent. No bears came our way, but we killed a lot of *isards*, and I was lucky enough to bring down the only *bouquetin* that I got a shot at. Percival shot two, which was just as well, for it would have been quite enough to upset his equanimity that the larger number should have fallen to my share. With his removal from the chastening influence of Florry's society his queer, gusty temper had reasserted itself to some extent, and we had more than one absurd little scene with the guides and porters who accompanied us; but taking him altogether, he was not a disagreeable companion. In point of fact, we had so few opportunities for conversation that there was not much fear of our falling out. Our days were naturally given up entirely to sport, and when we returned to our encampment in the evening, dead beat and as hungry as hawks, neither of us wished for anything more than to partake of the savory stew which the guides prepared for us, and to lie down afterwards with our feet to the blaze of the bonfire, listening to their long yarns or to the melancholy, dirge-like songs that they sang, until we were overtaken by sleep. I don't think Florry's name was once mentioned, but Percival alluded to her indirectly every now and again, and from some hints which he let fall I gathered that he had not yet given up all hope. Very likely he had meant to renounce her forever when he left Cannes; but, upon more deliberate reflection, he may have found that it was in his heart to forgive her, and may also have argued, from what he knew of her character, that she would be sure to want him back as soon as he was well out of reach.

We had more than a week of magnificent warm days and clear, frosty nights, but then the weather suddenly changed, and the rain began to come down as it only knows how to come down in the mountains. Neither Percival nor I wanted to give the thing up without having fired a single shot at a bear; but we could not manage to keep the water out of our tent, and there was no other shelter within reach, except a wretched little hut about four feet high, used in summer by the Spanish shepherds, so we agreed to take advantage of this opportunity to cross into France and get newspapers and letters.

We had a long, toilsome trudge across the snow, and did not reach Luchon until it was too late to think of anything but bed; but the next day we went to the post-office, where a large bundle of letters was delivered to each of us. Percival glanced hastily at his, and then slung them down with a malediction. Obviously he was disappointed for some reason or other; but it did not occur to me until afterwards that he might have cherished a wild hope of finding a communication from Florry among them. I was more favored. My bundle contained two letters bearing the Cannes postmark, and the first of these I read aloud to Percival as we walked away—not on account of its intrinsic interest, which was small, but because I thought it as well to lose no occasion of convincing him that my relations with Florry were of a most correct and cousinly kind. But when I proceeded to open the second I was obliged to be seized with a terrific fit of coughing, for the very first words that caught my eye were, "You may congratulate me, if you like, on my engagement to Mr. Lacy." Here was a nice piece of business! I stuffed the fatal missive into my pocket, and slipped away as soon as I could to finish it in private. There was no mistake about it. The horrid little woman had really gone and engaged herself to Lacy, and, with her usual want of consideration, had left me the agreeable task of announcing the news to Percival. "Love to Carrots," she added in a postscript. "I hope he is enjoying himself and that he won't receive too warm a hug from one of his kindred bears."

I haven't the least doubt that, when she wrote those words, there was a malicious grin on her face, and that she flattered herself she had paid Carrots off that time. But if she imagined that I should carry this epistolary slap in the face to its destination she was sadly mistaken in me. "No, indeed!" I thought, "I am not going to expose myself to the risk of being eaten up alive to please anybody," and I determined that Percival's sport should not be spoiled by any unwelcome communication from me.

The unlucky part of it was that I had aroused his suspicions by letting him hear the contents of the first letter and stopping so suddenly upon the point of reading him the second; and all that day and the next, when we set out to return to our encampment, he went on bothering me about it.

What had Miss Novillo said in that other letter of hers? Why was I so confoundedly mysterious? Had she mentioned him? and so forth. I could only return feeble and evasive replies, which, of course, did not satisfy him. He tried wheedling me and he tried bullying me, but he might just as well have talked to a stone wall. The secret, I resolved, should only be dragged from me with my life, and at last he gave it up, and subsided into a state of silent and subdued ferocity which made me exceedingly uncomfortable.

But when we reached our camp there was good news for us, and Percival came out of the sulks on hearing that the tracks of a whole bear family—father, mother, and two cubs—had been seen on the freshly fallen snow not a couple of miles away. The guides had already arranged our plan of action for the morrow, and pretended, as those fellows always do, to be so intimately acquainted with the habits of bears in general as to know to a nicety what their programme would be too. Paterfamilias, we were informed, would start with break of day for the higher pastures above the village of El-Plan, whither some Spanish shepherds were known to have taken their flocks. The mother and cubs would probably remain either among or above the pine woods which clothed the southern side of our valley. Now, if the south wind held, what we had to do was simple enough. We had only to mount the opposite slopes towards the spot where the tracks had been seen, and there was little danger of our mounting so high as to place ourselves between the wind and our game. It was further considered advisable that we should separate into two parties, one of which should have for its object the destruction of Mr. Bruin, while the other should account for Mrs. B. and the children. The arrangement was not agreed to without some discussion and alternative suggestions—for Percival always hated to do as he was told, but it was the one finally adopted, and when the morning broke soft and cloudy, with a light breeze blowing in our faces, Percival and his party set off to the westward in the direction of El-Plan, I and mine heading for the pine woods immediately facing us.

"That ought to give you the best chance, Oliver," said my friend, generously, as we parted.

I don't know when I have passed a more thoroughly comfortless hour than that we spent in clambering up through those dense woods. The mountain side was very precipitous, we had to advance as gingerly as possible, so as to avoid making a noise, and whenever I slipped or trod on a dry twig Jean-Pierre, the chasseur who was in command of me, turned round, making hideous faces, and cursed me under his breath. Furthermore, I couldn't help thinking that, if the bear choose to appear suddenly at this stage of the proceedings, it would be an awkward business for all of us.

We encountered no bear in the woods, but, when, at length, we rose above the region of trees and emerged upon a stretch of coarse grass, we were rewarded for our climb by discovering traces which there was no mistaking upon a patch of the fast-melting snow. Following these up hopefully, we soon found ourselves upon the edge of a tolerably extensive snow field, across which the tracks were so distinct that Jean-Pierre declared that they were not an hour old. He further professed to be able to see that the beast had been moving upwards at a leisurely pace, having no suspicion of being pursued, and prophesied that we should catch him up on some cliffs to which he pointed, and which he calculated that it would take us something like an hour to reach.

I was very glad when we did reach them, for toiling up-hill through soft snow is not my notion of enjoyment, but I was not particularly sanguine as to the chance of Bruin's having had the civility to wait for us, and, once upon the bare rocks, we had no longer any clue to guide us to his whereabouts. Jean-Pierre, nevertheless, continued to be full of confidence. He went on ahead, skirting the face of the precipice, where there was just foothold and no more, and the rest of us followed. After a time he held up his hand to stop us, bent down and examined the rock where a slight sprinkling of snow had lodged, advanced a little way, came back again, and then, pointing to a deep cleft just in front of us, exclaimed, "Il est la!"

I was at once posted at the entrance of this fissure, and warned—in order to steady my nerves, I suppose—that if I missed I was a dead man; after which a stone was thrown in. No result. A second, and a larger one, however, elicited a deep gr-r-r, which put an end to all doubt.

"Attention, m'sieur, s'il vous plait!" sang out Jean Pierre, and I fired into the chasm.

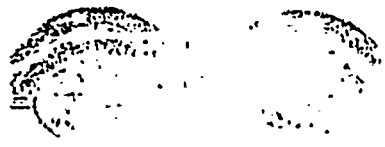
Immediately a large, dark mass hurled itself out through the smoke. I suppose I must have taken aim, though I can't say that I have any recollection of doing so, for the next instant a fine large bear lay stone-dead at my feet.

Well, I dare say we kicked up rather more row over it than we need have done (Percival declared afterwards that he could have heard us jolling ten miles away), but I think perhaps it might count as an extenuating circumstance that this was my first bear. As for the natives, of course they ought to have known better.

So far everything had gone quite according to programme, except that it was the old he-bear, not his partner, that I had killed; but now came the question of whether we were to rest satisfied with what we had accomplished and return to camp, or whether we should push on and try to effect a junction with Percival.

After some debate it was agreed that Jean-Pierre and I should adopt the latter course. I quite admit that this was all wrong, but I was flushed with success, and I thought, supposing that Percival should happen to miss, what a thousand pities it would be that there should not be somebody at hand to back him up.

(To be continued.)



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## MINING.

The Crow's Nest and Cochran Gold Mines in Guysboro County are, in the opinion of experts, considered valuable properties. The present facilities for working these mines are poor, and we understand, that unless new machinery be purchased, and the ore which is of low grade, worked in large quantities, no handsome returns can be expected. The lode in the first mine named is remarkably wide, and in the hands of skillful miners, with capital at their back, could be made to pay well.

One hundred tons of quartz, which was taken out from the old Reeves mine, Yarmouth, has been sent to the Cosran mine to be crushed. It is expected that a good return will be made.

We hear that the Coxheath copper mine, Cape Breton, which good judges believe to be worth many millions, is, before long, to be energetically developed. The Eastern Development Co. may well be congratulated on their prospects of making "a pile."

Work at the Spring Hill Mine coal mines continues brisk, but the reports from other sections of the Province are far from encouraging. The outlook for our coal miners for the coming winter is exceedingly blue, and unless large orders are received, the miners will have to live upon prospective earnings. With coal in abundance, and an unlimited supply of iron, it does seem hard to have this important industry languish. Some day, Nova Scotia will be a great manufacturing country. Its untold mineral wealth is a certain guarantee of this, but whether or not the present generation are to derive any direct benefit from the immense stores of mineral wealth which nature has lavished upon us, is a question more easily asked than answered.

Mr. R. Belloni was recently interviewed by an enterprising representative of the North Sydney *Herald*. According to Mr. Belloni, about \$8,000,000 has been invested in the collieries of Cape Breton and in the building of railways, wharves, etc., for shipping purposes. Several of the mines have, in their palmy days, paid handsome dividends to their owners, Little Glace Bay having, upon more than one occasion, declared a dividend of 40 per cent. Mr. Belloni strongly recommends the amalgamation of the several Cape Breton Companies, or failing this, that an arrangement be entered to pool the sales; this, he believes, would be advantageous to all concerned. Reciprocity would, Mr. Belloni thinks, increase the sale of Nova Scotian coal. The present output is about 1,200,000 tons per annum, while the known capabilities of the mines indicates that an output of 3,000,000 tons per year could be accomplished without difficulty.

The Chignecto mine has, says the *Post*, been offered for sale by the Steel Company for \$40,000. It cost, with improvements, about \$100,000. The slate in the coal detracts from its serviceableness for smelting purposes. About 20 men are employed at present at the works.

The heaviest single lift on any mine pump in America is probably at the Acadia coal mines, Pictou, which is under the management of H. S. Poole. The mine is opened by a slope 2,400 feet long; vertical depth 1,000 feet, or 435 pounds per square inch pressure on the pump.

The New York *Engineering and Mining Journal*, in its last issue, has the following:—"The recent visit of the Mining Engineers to Nova Scotia served to dispel many erroneous impressions. Not a few were surprised to find that Nova Scotia has a known coal area of 700 square miles or nearly twice the area of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields, and that some of the Nova Scotia fields have a greater thickness of workable coal than probably exists anywhere else in the world. The coal, too, is of good quality, though, when not washed, the slack and coke contain generally very large percentages of ash and of sulphur.

The iron ore deposit of Londonderry is one of the finest in the world, and greatly surprised many experts."

On the Trans Caucasian Railway the locomotives use, for the most part, no other fuel but oil, and hundreds of engines have recently been adapted to the consumption of oil on the lines of South-east Russia.

In various parts of Russia there are altogether not less than 1,000 stationary engines fed with oil alone, and the number is yearly increasing.

In the Caspian Sea there are hundreds of steamers burning nothing but oil, and some of them have been running by the aid of liquid fuel for the last fifteen years.

A rich find was discovered three miles north of Sparta, a few days ago, by Mrs. Ainsworth, the wife of a well-known miner there. The pay strip has been uncovered for two hundred feet, and is fifteen inches wide. Beyond stripping no development has been made. Gen. Tarnatt examined the discovery, and reports that he was unable to secure a piece of rock, inside of the fifteen inches, that did not contain free gold that could be plainly seen with the naked eye.—*Baker City Tribune*.

The gold yield of Victoria, Australia, is declining, having amounted to only 185,037½ ounces for the quarter ended June 30th, 1885, as against 192,436½ ounces for the previous quarter, and less than in the corresponding quarter of any year since 1876.

German geologists estimate that the dead sea will be a mass of solid salt a thousand years hence.

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OILS of all descriptions,	Safety Lamps and Fittings,
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MINING.—Continued.

The following are the coaling stations at which, according to the arrangement of the Admiralty, the British fleet in all parts of the world takes its supplies:—In the Mediterranean, Gibraltar, Malta and Port Said; in North America, St. John and Halifax; in the West Indies, Jamaica, S. Lucia, Antigua, Barbadoes and Nassau; in South America, Rio Janeiro, Rio de la Plata; at the Cape, Sierra Leona, Cape Coast Castle, Ascension, St. Helena, Cape of Good Hope, Cape de Verde Islands, Fernando Po, Congo and St. Louis; in India, Aden, Bombay, Trincomalee, Mauritius and Zanzibar; in Australia, Sydney, Melbourne, and Wellington; in China, Hong Kong, and Amoy; in Japan, Nagasaki and Yokohama, and in the Pacific, Vancouver and Tobago.

The Oxford gold mines are looking up, and the future prospects of that district are most encouraging.

Renfrew, under the able and energetic management of Mr. Hayward, is turning out well.

The Coxheath copper mines will, in no distant day, occupy a prominent place among the greatest mining centres of this continent. Wm. Van Slooten, the able manager, will yet see his efforts crowned with success, and the stock-holders receiving a well-earned dividend. The successful issue of the Coxheath mines will, doubtless, lead to the development of the valuable iron deposits of Cape Breton.

The new seam of coal opened at the Reserve Mines, Cape Breton, will place that property at the head of the mining market of America. Mr. Kimber, the general agent, and Mr. Routledge, the manager, are both deserving of the highest credit, in aiding the developing of the New Glasgow and Cape Breton mines.

A large number of miners have been in town during the week. Several of them have called at the office, and have expressed their pleasure with THE CRITIC. Our effort to disseminate news respecting our mines appears to be appreciated, both by those directly interested in mining and the public generally. When in town, miners will do well to give us a call.

THE AVERY SALT MINE, LOUISIANA.—A recent press despatch says that "in a few weeks, the first salt shaft in America will be finished, and two salt beds of twenty-two and fifty-eight feet thickness respectively, the lower one over 991 feet below the surface, will be ready for mining." The locality is in New York State, about forty miles south-west of Rochester, on the opposite side of the Genesee Valley from Mount Morris, at a hamlet called Piffardina. The work of sinking the shaft was begun September 1, 1884, and has since been carried forward day and night until now, at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, the salt bed has been penetrated at the depth of a thousand feet. New York capitalists are backing the venture.

In carefully analyzing the Official Reports on the gold mining progress of this Province, we are fully convinced that it only requires skill and capital to produce such results as will lead to a more extensive and profitable development.

According to the *Hant's Journal*, there is much excitement in Rawdon over the discovery of a new gold mine. Jacob Coon, the exploring Indian, who has been so successful in the past, found a lead which runs directly under the Methodist Meeting House. It is thought to be very rich in deposit. Several claims have been taken up. The first was by Mr. Moxon. B. M. Davidson, and the MacLarens have also secured claims.

Some very fine specimens of gold-bearing quartz have recently been unearthed between Beaver Bank Station and the Springfield farm. Our correspondent, who paid a visit to the locality on Thanksgiving Day, reports a number of men at work diligently searching for the precious metal. It is said some of our capitalists have taken the matter in hand, and already invested some \$10,000 in the undertaking.—*Recorder*.

The Chignecto Colliery at Maccan, which cost the Steel Company of Canada over \$100,000 has been offered at sale for \$40,000. The "rolls" and "sulphur balls" in the coal made it unsuitable for the purpose the Company had in view when they purchased the mine. The coal is good for steam purposes and house use.

It is reported that the largest portion of the weekly quantity of coal used at the Londonderry Iron works, and which formerly came from the "Drummond," has been gobbled up by Spring Hill. Instead of five hundred tons being forwarded weekly from the "Drummond," as during last winter, only two hundred tons weekly will be furnished. The loss will seriously affect the colliery; and if the rumour is correct that the Spring Hill Company are negotiating for the Londonderry works, it is quite possible that the "Drummond" will be out in the cold altogether.—*Trades Journal*.

The coal operators of the Hocking and Sunday Creek Valleys, met on the 5th, in Columbus, and refused to grant the demand made by the Miners' State Convention for an advance of ten cents per ton in mining. Nearly all the miners in these valleys are out, and it is thought this will result in idleness for one or two months at least.

**STOVES!**  
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- 1885
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  - do. 26 ..... SARNIA.
  - DECEMBER 24 ..... OREGON.
- Halifax to Liverpool.**
- 1885
- DECEMBER 5 ..... OREGON.
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- 1886
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**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Surface Condenser," will be received at this office until THURSDAY, the 17th day of December, 1885, inclusively, for the construction and placing of a SURFACE CONDENSER in the Dredge "Canada," now lying at Halifax, N. S., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Superintendent of Dredging, Public Works Office, Custom House Building, St. John, N.B., and on application to H. W. Johnston, Esq., Agent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Halifax, N. S., where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
**A. GOBEIL,**  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 10th November, 1885.



**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Boiler," will be received at this office until THURSDAY, the 17th day of December next, inclusively, for the construction of and placing in position a New Steel Boiler in the Dredge "Canada," now lying at Halifax, N. S., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Superintendent of Dredging, Public Works Office, Custom House Building, St. John, N.B., and on application to H. W. Johnston, Esq., Agent of the Marine and Fisheries, Halifax, N. S., where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
**A. GOBEIL,**  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 10th Nov., 1885.

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## AGRICULTURE.

## RUFUS RUSTIC'S PROGRESS.

The fortuitous circumstance of the chair having afforded Miss Chartres some cosy comfort, she announced her intention to follow on to ascertain whether its appropriate design would, on judicious inspection, prove meritorious.

The approach to the grounds was occupied by a motley crowd, conveyances of every conceivable pattern characteristic of a general turn-out, were striving for precedence. The singular strains of an approaching band of music excited our attention, and stayed further progress.

An urchin in the crowd sang out to his chum—

"I say Tim, that's hail columbe they are playing, ain't it."

"No sir-re," said an elderly person close by, with some decision, "it is Richard Wagner's grand crash in D flat, and if you don't shut up your potato trap, I'll give you hail columbe," and he appeared to be quite in earnest.

"How funny," remarked Miss Chartres, "that music sounds quite operatic. I should have gone away with the impression that it was the 'First Rose of Summer,' but for that earnest old man, and I thought of the 'Brinoy,' and the 'Rips of Grand Manan.'"

Waiting for the crowd to thin off, and the band to arrange the order of procession to the grounds, an opportunity was afforded for a short talk with Mr. Robert Waddle, of nursery fame, from "Shad Town"; he had several varieties entered for competition; was quite sanguine of receiving first honours, as he had indirectly learned that home-grown nursery stock was feebly represented.

"What," exclaims Miss Chartres, with slight emphasis, "does he mean 'olive branches,' real 'arboreals,' " then, of course, his expectations will be crowned."

"It's young apple trees, he refers to, I remarked," the inception stock of an orchard."

"Ah, yes," how stupid of me not to comprehend, that music dazed me, and mentioning nursery stock, leads me to think of aunt Jones's children, she speaks of them as *so much* 'nursery stock.' Uncle Jim styles them his chimpanzees, real arboreals, they are everlastingly in the trees. He says they begin at the bloom the first thing, lugging it off for bouquets and church decorations, and hanging on to them as long as a red cheek remains to be got at."

I remarked to Mr. Waddle that his reputation as a pomologist had obtained some notoriety, and I would be glad of some of his experience in the management of apple trees.

"Thank you, I'm off, good bye."

"Hold on, I said, don't fly your job yet, the truth won't hurt you; let that crowd get out of the way, and in the mean time, tell us about the *colcoptera* that plays hooky with the trees."

He went on to say, that he found, in his experience, one of the most important things connected with the orchard is to be able to know and control the insect tribe that infest our trees. The most dangerous, and one that requires the closest looking after, is the apple-tree-lover. This insect flies at night, and is very destructive to apple trees. The quince is also laid under contribution. The female deposits one egg in a place, generally low down on the stem of the tree; this hatches and enters the tissue of the bark, where it feeds for some time, a footless grub; as it increases in size, it burrows deeper and upwards until it reaches the sap wood, pursuing a lateral zigzag course, severing the connection between the upper and lower sections of the sap wood. To remedy the evil, it is necessary to inspect the bark of young trees during the summer, to discover any castings thrown out by the insect, or discoloured and depressed portions of the bark. If such indications are observed, cut into them, and get at the insect. If it has penetrated the solid wood, follow it up with a flexible probe, kill it, if possible, otherwise the chances are that it will kill the tree. Prevention is better than cure. As a prevention, coat the stem of the tree from the limbs down to the ground with a wash of clay, ashes and salt, dissolve as much salt as water will hold in solution, mix clay to the consistency of thin wash with the brine, add sufficient wood ashes to bring it to the consistency of thick cream, apply with a brush or mop two coats, or sufficient to protect the bark from all insect depredations. To be efficacious, it should be applied in May, or as soon as the insect tribe is on the move. I have found it beneficial to dust trees with ashes, it is preferable to scraping the rough surface, retains the ash, the potash is leached out by the rains, and finds its way into secret places of shelter for insects; a bag or pocket, made out of coarse strainer cloth, that will hold a half-peck, attached to the end of a stick, will be the safest application. *Common salt* is beneficial as a manure, especially on light porous soils in good condition; it is fatal to insects that seek shelter in the ground; coarse salt is preferable to fine, it dissolves more slowly. There is a diversity of opinion among farmers in regard to the management of fruit trees,—when and how to prune them, the varieties to grow for market, whether successive culture, varied, or no cultivation. These adverse views are embarrassing to the beginner. I am not sure, but my views are at variance with most fruit-growers. I am in favour of close planting, it affords protection while the trees are young. Remove as space is required; large stock is required. Large stock is in demand, but scarce; people can't afford now to labor ten to fifteen years to get a paying orchard; mulch with any material that will be suitable; mulch heavily, 3 to 4 feet out from the tree, regulate the growth with the mulch, if too rapid, remove to admit air and light. Mulching has a tendency to harbour insects, a sprinkling of mild lime will disperse them; the growth should be moderate, excessive growth is liable to winter-kill, smooth bark trees are injured when frozen, by what is known as sun-scald; if not protected, the influence of the sun thaws and expands the bark, it becomes detached from the wood, and never unites—result, an un-

sightly patch of bare wood. A remedy may be had in securing a spruce bough to the south side, or any cheap material that will divert the rays of the sun from the stem, (prune to regulate required form, with the knife, don't neglect until a saw and an axe are brought into requisition). It is not only the insect tribes that we, as fruit-growers, desire to know and control, but the parasitic fungi in their various forms that affect our cultivated plants, their habits and life history, and the means, if any, whereby to guard against their ravages. At present we are groping in the dark, and our experience is only speculative impressions. We have some knowledge of the phenomenon of light, and its influence on vegetable physiology. We have had also a beautiful illustration of the work done by the energy of the sun throughout the month of October, in the increased growth and brilliancy of colouring to the ungathered fruit.

At this stage of the discourse, Mr. Waddle requested to be excused, as he had an appointment with a gentleman who was approaching, and who was introduced as Mr. Ira Cornwall, of Liverpool, England. Mr. C. was on his way from St. John, N. B., to Halifax, and had arranged to take in the Exhibition.

Before separating, Miss Chartres prevailed on the two gentlemen to meet at the restaurant at sharp 3, to compare notes with her over chicken salad and pumpkin pie.

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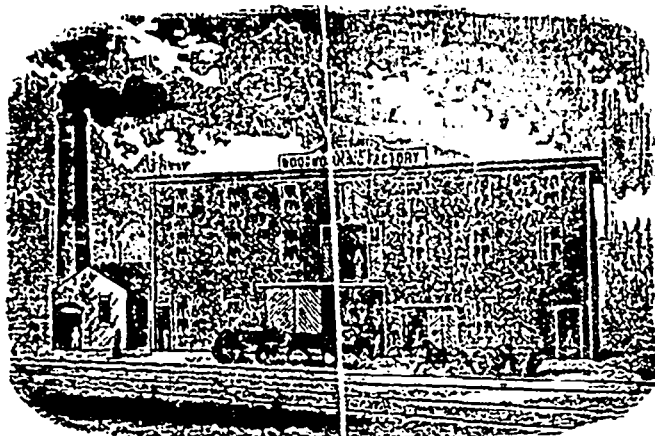
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disperse them; the growth **WATER**  
winter-kill; smooth bark **WATER**  
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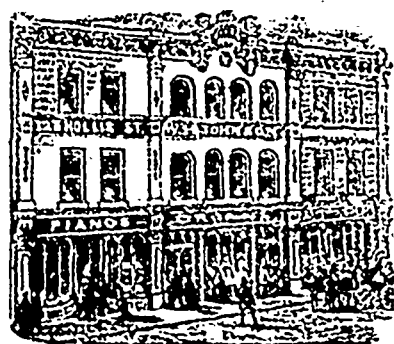
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