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THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

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The editor of THE CRITIC is responsible for the views expressed in Editorial Notes and Articles, and for such only, but the editor is not to be understood as endorsing the sentiments expressed in the articles contributed to this journal. Our readers are capable of approving or disapproving of any part of an article or contents of the paper; and after exercising due care as to what is to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are gratified to see that Mr. Walter Scott, the well-known London, England, publisher, is about to issue a volume of Canadian humorous verse, to be edited by Mr. James Barr, of the London edition of the *Detroit Free Press*, whose recent compilation of American humorous verse in the "Canterbury Poets" series has met with a warm welcome in England. The forthcoming volume, on which Mr. Barr is now at work, will give Canadian authors a splendid introduction in England, and will be valuable in many ways. We understand that Mr. Barr will be glad to hear of any work of this kind that ought to be included in the volume. So now is the time for our authors who have written humorous poems to see about having them brought to his notice.

The Tarte-McGreedy scandal is at length being brought to a close. Some sixty witnesses have been examined and eight hundred pages of evidence taken. This evidence, with four hundred and fifty pages of minutes, besides innumerable documents that have been put in testimony, is to be sifted by the Committee, and a verdict given. One thing is very certain. Thomas McGreedy did receive \$55,000 from the firm of Larkin, Connolly & Co. He claims that this sum was paid to him by or through his brother Robert, who was a member of the firm, and who was indebted to Thomas for a sum of money running up into the hundreds of thousands. Of this \$55,000 \$35,000 was expended in the purchase of a newspaper named *Le Monde*, but Uncle Tom positively refuses to state to whom he gave the balance of the money. This fact has been referred to the Commons, to be dealt with as Parliament sees fit. The whole affair is exceedingly repulsive and shows that jobbery and politics are kith and kin. Another serious scandal has been unearthed by the Senate during the past week. It would appear that the Quebec Legislature made extensive land grants to the Bay des Chaleur Railway, and afterwards advanced \$280,000 upon the same. It was understood that the new Company, in taking over this grant, was to pay off all the liabilities that had been incurred by its predecessor. It is now claimed that this was not done, and that \$175,000 of the amount was used for corrupt political purposes by the Liberals of Quebec. If this be true, it but confirms our opinion that jobbery and politics are blood relations.

The New England journalists, who arrived in Halifax last Friday evening, have departed from our shores, well pleased, we fancy, with what they have seen. All along the route of travel from Yarmouth to Halifax the visitors were given every opportunity to see places of interest, and as for lunches and dining and generally, they were almost forced to protest against being overfed. The places visited through the valley were Annapo-

lis, Kentville, Canning, Blomidon, Wolfville, and Windsor. In Halifax a Committee of the City Council and the Press of the city did the honors. Unfortunately, the weather on Saturday morning was far from fine, but the guests, with unflinching good humor, accepted it as it came, and despite rain enjoyed the drive through the city. The City Hall, the Public Gardens, the Park and Maplewood were visited, and after having been lunched at the Victoria General Hospital the party proceeded to the steamer *Argus*, which made a trip up the North-West Arm and Bedford Basin. Dinner was taken at Morrison's, and it was eleven o'clock when the tired journalists returned to the city. On Sunday the various churches were attended, and the Academy of Mount St. Vincent was visited in the afternoon. It is universally conceded that Mr. Sanger, New England correspondent of the *New York Sun*, showed the most persistency in investigating everything that came in his way, and that his method of testing the temperature and bathing qualities of our harbor was strikingly original. We trust he will never feel the worse for his involuntary dip, in company with the deck stool, in the exceedingly wet water of Halifax harbor. The gentlemen and ladies forming the party are influential members of the Press of New England, and will do much to spread the fame of Nova Scotia when they return home. The importance of visits such as this is very great. On Monday morning the journalists, accompanied by members of the Local Press, boarded the new steamer *Lunenburg* and proceeded to Bridgewater, thence to Middleton over the Nova Scotia Central Railway and to Annapolis and Yarmouth on their way home.

We may thank Providence that all the Americans who visit us are not so severely critical as Mr. Louis Elson, musical critic of the Boston *Advertiser*, has proved himself. The letter of this gentleman, written from Cape Breton to his paper, is one of the most caustic productions we have ever read, and speaks most unfairly of many things in Halifax and in Cape Breton. The joke "Go to Halifax" is an old favorite, and it is amusing to hear it served again, with facings, by such an accomplished chef as Professor Elson. He says he thinks the proverb which says "See Naples and then die" should be altered to "Go to Halifax and then die," and gives as his reason for this melancholy expression that "with combined *ennui*, fog and cold, one tires of the vanities of life in the capital of Nova Scotia." This from a denizen of that city of east winds, Boston! All places are liable to periods of rain, especially in the early summer, and had Mr. Elson remained longer than two days in our city we feel sure that he would have found it not such a bad place. At any rate it is not fair to give a place a rating like this after such a short trial. Mr. Elson must be dense if he cannot see the joke about Boston. He says:—"I find that the deeper I penetrate into the Maritime Provinces the more Boston is believed to be the whole of the United States; in one hamlet the entire name of our country was altered, and it was alluded to as 'the Boston States!' Think of that, oh Boston aldermen! and make your next junketing tour to Cape Breton; you will be received as a modern council of ten, or a band of noblemen!" We sometimes jokingly refer to the "United States of Boston," well knowing that the dwellers in the "Hub" consider their city no small pumpkins. We may be a gullible people in some respects, but Mr. Elson makes a mistake if he thinks we look for noblemen from the United States, although we have met some pretty good fellows whose home is under the stars and stripes. Mr. Elson's carping at the difference between local and railway time is absurd. Where is it possible to find a more simple difference to adjust than exactly one hour? The man who is not equal to such a mental exercise must be weak minded. It is not usual to find all the names of places in a country as easy to pronounce as *c-a-t*, and we admit that there are some difficult ones scattered about Nova Scotia, but why any sane man should find difficulty in pronouncing Antigonish, Merrigomish, Biddeck, and Whycomagh, we cannot imagine, and yet these are selected by Mr. Elson as bad specimens. Perhaps if Mr. Elson will look nearer home he will find some Massachusetts names that are rather involved. He complains of the short time allowed for refreshments on the railway journey. Possibly his ill-temper may be ascribed to his having been hurried over his meals. He speaks of a few bears, or a pack of wolves, occasionally coming down from the unknown regions of Cape Breton, in a manner that leads one to believe that the "unknown regions" are infested with these animals. We are glad to see Mr. Elson admiring the views in Cape Breton, and that he gives the Queen Hotel in this city a good word. He says it is bright and cheery; and as he took such a gloomy view of everything else his opinion ought to be particularly valuable. The only way in which we can satisfactorily account for this article is that the writer must have been suffering from an aggravated form of dyspepsia, and that the *Harlan's* siren, to which he alludes in his letter, had really effected his brain. If Mr. Elson will come back some day perhaps he may be induced to change his mind regarding Nova Scotia, and Halifax in particular.

We have often called the attention of our farmers to the profit that lies in raising poultry, and there is still room for further urging of the matter. Good fowls form one of the most tempting and appetising items of a bill of fare, but it is a noticeable and regrettable fact that throughout a great portion of the Province we scarcely ever meet with them at the hotel tables. Beef and lamb are the usual alternatives, varied by salmon or ham and eggs. The beef is often of a poor description, owing to the fact that the best animals are sent to the city; lamb is nearly always good, but there is nothing in the way of meats that people tire of more readily, and consequently it is not appreciated when offered too often; salmon in its season is first-class, but for ham and eggs the less said the better. This is the state of affairs, as anyone who travels about the Province will readily testify, but there is no necessity for it, and it would be for the benefit of all concerned, the travelling public and the farmers, if considerable attention were devoted to the raising of fowls of good table qualities. Some months ago we referred to this matter, and gave a list of breeds suitable for the purpose as well as egg-producers. There is no difficulty in procuring eggs in the country—in fact one gets more than he desires of the embryo fowl; but the absence of spring chickens, or even chickens of a larger growth is very conspicuous. We wish our farmers would take this seriously to heart, and proceed at once to make arrangements for raising poultry on a larger scale next year. Summer visitors to Nova Scotia are usually perfectly charmed with the country, but there is no getting over the fact that many of them grumble over the fare provided. We Nova Scotians are an easily satisfied people, and take things pretty much as they come, but not so our American cousins, and when our people begin to realize the source of profit that these summer visitors may become if properly treated and encouraged to return and bring their sisters and their cousins and their aunts with them, they will perhaps wake up and do some of what these same Americans designate as "hustling." Oh, if our people only would take advantage of the opportunities lying so near them the country would become the richer by thousands of dollars every year! Get your incubators to work early next spring farmers and farmers' wives, and let us see what they will bring forth!

A CANADIAN GUIDE BOOK.

Even in countries where professional guides are prepared to take the tourist in hand and show him the "lions," a guide book is a not-to-be-despised addition to a travelling outfit, but in such a country as this Canada of ours it is one of the things that no sensible tourist should omit to purchase ere setting out to view the land.

D. Appleton & Company, the well-known New York Publishers, have this summer added a Canadian Guide Book to their list. It is written by one whose name is well known throughout Canada—Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of Kings College, Windsor, and we need only say that no further assurance of its literary excellence is required. This guide book, like "Osgood's Maritime Provinces," is modelled after the celebrated Baldeker Hand Books, and is consequently of convenient size and arrangement; a *mutuum in parvo*, including descriptions of routes, cities, points of interest, summer resorts, fishing places, etc., in Eastern Canada, by which is meant the Maritime Provinces, the Lake St. John country, the St. Lawrence region, the Muskoka district and Eastern Ontario, as well as Newfoundland, which, although not in Canada, is deemed worthy of eleven pages of description and four illustrations. There is also an appendix giving fish and game laws, and official lists of trout and salmon rivers and their lessees. Thirty full page views of beautiful places throughout the region described adorn the book, and they are all, so far as we know, new, not having been used in any other publication. Besides these, a number of plans and maps are interspersed through the volume, and in a pocket in the cover are three fine maps of Quebec, Ontario and the Maritime Provinces.

As we mentioned a few lines back, the literary excellence of the work is not to be questioned, and a great deal of interesting reading matter is to be found in it. The most important historical and romantic stories connected with the various places are told, as well as a liberal quota of selections from our own and other poets being employed to give zest to various descriptions.

We will not attempt a criticism in detail of the work in general, except to say that we think the author might well have given a list of authorities consulted, as Mr. Sweetser, in "Osgood's Maritime Provinces," does, but will confine ourselves to our own city and its vicinity, where we feel confident of our ground. Absolute accuracy in a book of this sort is well nigh impossible to attain, and the "whirligig of time," even a very short time, in this progressive nineteenth century, is sure to make the best laid plans of mice and men and the authors of guide books "gang a-gley;" but there are a number of more or less serious errors on the few pages we have critically examined, to which we wish to draw attention.

On page 217, at the foot of the page, Professor Roberts says:—"It is a beautiful drive between Halifax and Bedford, and the road passes the quaint little structure of the Prince's Lodge, perched on the crest of a pretty little wooded knoll and shaking to the thunder of the passing trains." It is a great pity that such a misconception of the "Prince's Lodge" should be given to strangers. The Prince's Lodge does not now exist. What is vulgarly called the Lodge was the old rotunda in which the band played, and which was situated in the garden. People who imagine that the Duke of Kent resided in that "quaint little structure" must either have their sense of the ridiculous smothered by awe of royalty, or else think that the father of our Queen was reduced to sore straits.

To pass on to the next point. "We come to the Narrows, where the harbor is but half a mile in width." The Narrows are not half a mile wide. They are only quarter of a mile wide according to all maps, including the last Admiralty charts.

On page 220 we are told that MacNab's Island is "three miles below the city." It begins a trifle over two miles from the Post Office, so we do not see how it can be called three miles from a city which extends south in the direction of the Island for about a mile past the Post Office. In the same paragraph we read of "Thundercap Shoals," by which we suppose the author means Thrumcap. We fancy our mariners would not be able to point out Thundercap Shoals. It is better to give the popular name of a place, and if considered necessary let the author insert the other, which we presume is a translation of the meaning of the word, in brackets, alongside it. Again, in the same paragraph, we read "St. George's Island." It was never so called, having been named like the fort of which it is the site, as well as Forts Clarence, York Redoubt, etc., in honor of royalty and not of the saint. We see also, that Professor Roberts gives the Citadel an altitude of 256 feet above the sea-level, which is more than it possesses. The Admiralty charts, which are authority, say the height is 227 feet above sea-level, and the Sailing Directions for 1885 give the same height. It is scarcely correct to say when speaking of the Citadel that "the works were begun by the Duke of Kent." This gives the impression that it had not been previously fortified. Neither is it considered "impregnable" at the present day. It is out of date. With the present new weapons a battery could be planted on Geyser's Hill (some miles from the city) or on certain parts of the Dartmouth hills or even at Bedford, that would simply knock the place to pieces in a very short time as soon as the range could be picked up. The granite portions would splinter and fly, and add to the effect of the shot.

A sentence at the top of page 222 gives the wrong impression that Wellington Barracks are a little to the north of the Dry Dock. On page 224 Professor Roberts says the North-West Arm is "about four miles long, half a mile in width." This is not so. It is only three miles long, and is not quarter of a mile broad except at Melville Island cove (Church's Map and Admiralty Chart.) Moreover, it is another error to say that at the Arm "are two immense iron rings fastened into the rock on each side of the inlet." There are no rings there now, and it has been years since there were two.

The "famous Rocking-stone" cannot "be set in motion by a small lever." It requires a very long lever, a fulcrum very close to the rock, and a good deal of power. Besides, it is not on the St. Margaret's Bay Road. The Provincial Engineer has estimated its weight to be about 200 tons, not "something over 150 tons." It does not oscillate on "a base of 12 inches by 6 inches;" it rocks on two points separated by a good space. There is not "a similar stone of much smaller dimensions" "nearer town, on the Prospect Road." There used to be a small rocking-stone near the Herring Cove Road, but it was broken up.

Writing of the "Young Teaser" affair, on page 241, Professor Roberts says:—"When the American ship was utterly defeated, her officers blew her up rather than surrender, and every man on board perished." The use of the words "utterly defeated" leads us to suppose that a heavy engagement occurred, which was not the case. This is the first time we have heard it said that the officers blew her up. The one who did the deed was supposed to be the former master's-mate of the Jason Frigate, who had deserted at Halifax some years previously, and had gone to the United States. He evidently blew up the vessel to escape a deserter's punishment. Every man on board did not perish. Eight of the men were saved, one of whom made a deposition regarding the matter at Lunenburg.

So much for our immediate surroundings—we leave to others the task of examining the portions of the book descriptive of country further removed from us, and with which we do not pretend to be thoroughly familiar. We would, however, venture to question the statement in the appendix for sportsmen, that "tackle of all kinds, of the best Canadian and English manufacture can be bought in Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, or Halifax, at figures which would be impossible in New York or Boston." We fear United States sportsmen would not find tackle as cheap as this sentence implies.

The charges for guides and camp help are quoted at from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day, according to locality, etc., but this would hardly do for Nova Scotia. Here, a good Indian hunter wants from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day, and then does not "find" anything, except what you may take with you in a bottle.

More about the hunting facilities of Nova Scotia might have been given with advantage in this guide book. The author confines himself too much to fishing, leaving many well-worth mentioning facts regarding gunning untouched.

The foregoing corrections and suggestions may, we trust, be taken advantage of when a new edition is called for, as it doubtless will be in time, for it is a selling book. We may consider it fortunate that the work, while prepared for the American market chiefly, has been done by a patriotic Canadian. Guide books consist too often of merely perfunctory work, then done as "pot boilers;" but in this case we have the touch of the hand of a man who is filled with love of, and pride in, his native land; who is perhaps more competent than any other to do the work, lightening the dry details with bits of poetry and romance, and making a readable whole of what might otherwise be merely a catalogue of points of interest. The book is attractively bound in red cloth, with an appropriately designed cover.

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THE BABY OF THE POOR.

When baby's hot she cries,
When baby's warin she's cross;
The bold and wolfish fies
Make baby twist and toaze.
'Tis only at the eventide
I bear her where the streets are wide,
To let the twilight o'er her flow
And cooling breezes on her blow.

When noon is thick and hot
Nought will my baby please;
She tosses on her burning cot,
Her instinct cries for trees.
But when the eventide comes down
I walk with baby from the town;
Or in the cool and pleasant park
I sit with baby in the dark.

Sweet, leafy summer days,
To me you're full of death;
For I must fight always
To give my baby breath.
So every stilling summer night
I leave the lane with footsteps light;
And seated on the grassy sod
Let baby breathe the breath of God.

—The Khan in Toronto World.

WOULD SWAP PLACES.

"I would I were an editor,
They heard the preacher sing;
"They live on milk and honey—
Don't pay for anything."

"I would I were a preacher"
Quoth the editor profound,
"With fifty-two collections
And a hat to pass around."

Shoemaker.—"I want a sign for my new store. Just say that I sell boots and shoes and repair them." Sign Painter.—"Oh, that's so old. Why not have something original?" "What would you suggest?" "Boots and shoes sold and half-soled."

Fwaddy—"Baw Jove, Cholly, when that nasty, ugly dawg twied to bite me I just stopped still and looked at him—like this—and, baw Jove, he tubned wound and wan off. Wessn't that gweat pwesenoe of mind?"

Cholly—"It was, indeed, old chappie. Who would have expected to see it in a dog?"

The Classification of Noises.—"And what do you think of Wagner?" asked a musical enthusiast, addressing a Philistine. "I think as a classifier and adapter of noises he was the greatest man that ever lived." "But his music?" asked the enthusiast. "I never heard any of his music," said the other. "Did he essay music?"

THE MODERN FLY—"Will you walk into my parlor," said the spider to the fly.

"Well, hardly," said the insect, as he winked the other eye.

"Your parlor has an entrance, but of exits it is shy,
So I'll stay outside in safety and remain a little fly."

Mrs. Grayneck—Why, Johnny, what in the world are you striking Willie for like that? Johnny—Well, I should think I had good cause. Mrs. Grayneck—What do you mean? Johnny—Well, I let him use my bean shooter all last Sunday afternoon if he'd say any prayers for me for a week, and I've just found out that he's skipped three days.

The most irresistible sirens are not those who sing, but those who listen (or pretend to)!—Daughter of the House: "Tell me, Professor Borax, how did you like the lady mamma gave you to take in to dinner?" The Professor (innocently); "My dear girl, she's simply the most charming woman I ever met! I never talked so much in my life!"

ADMITTED.—St. Peter—Well, who are you?

Applicant—I'm the spirit of Jones.

St. Peter—You killed a man, didn't you!

Applicant—Yes, I did—but he came up behind me and slapped me on the back and asked me what was the good word.

St. Peter—Come in.

A SEVERE JOKE.—An Austin man started in the livery stable business last week, and the first thing he did was to have a sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle.

"Is that a good likeness of me?" he asked of an admiring friend.

"Yes, it is a perfect picture of you; but who is that fellow holding you by the bridle?"

She Followed Suit.—At a recent exhibition in an English town, the Queen was present, with the Princess Henry of Battenberg. The local mayor, a highly respected tradesman, accompanied by his wife, was one of the royal party. As usual the Queen placed her name in the visitors' book as "Victoria," the princess following with "Beatrice." Then came the mayor's wife, who, seeing what had gone before, wrote, with a bold, steady hand, "Jane."

Mary O'Neil, W. C. T. U. Rooms, Halifax, N. S., writes:—Having been positively cured of dyspepsia by the use of one package of K. D. C. I would cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from this terrible disease.

K. D. C. Co., Dear Sirs:—This is to certify that I have been a dyspeptic for thirty-five years. Have used a great many preparations, but found nothing to benefit me like K. D. C. I heartily recommend it to any suffering from this disease.

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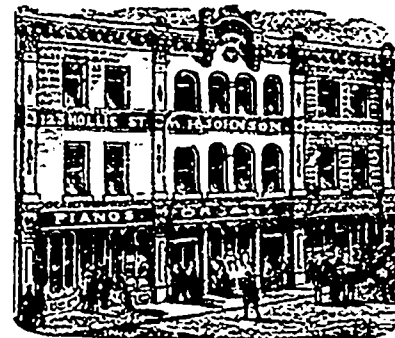
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PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

DOMINION.—The hot weather of the past week has been almost unbearable, and the members of Parliament have taken but a lazy interest in the routine business of the Commons. Charlton has been amusing the House with his old timber limit story, claiming that appropriations of timber land had been made without rhyme or reason to parties who had no right to their issue.

Upon the item of supply in respect to experimental farms, a slight discussion took place as to the beneficial effects or otherwise of such institutions. The general consensus of opinion seemed to be in favor of their establishment and to approve of the manner in which they are being conducted, but some few thought that money expended upon such farms is simply thrown away.

We are inclined to agree with some of the members of Parliament, who declare that it is high time the census returns were given to Parliament and the public. It is now over four months since these returns were taken, and the Commissioners should by this time have the same correctly tabulated. Aside from any other reason, politicians are interested in knowing what redistribution of seats in the House of Commons is likely to arise after the census returns have been laid upon the table of the House. The question that we feel inclined to ask is, what about an additional member distinctively from the City of Halifax.

The refusal of Thomas McGreevy to answer certain questions before the Privileges Committee has created much surprise, and the Committee has reported the same to the House of Commons.

The Hudson Bay Railway is referred to by the Opposition as the Government's pet scheme. For our own part we have never been convinced that this railway will prove of any practical advantage to the Northwest Territories or to Manitoba.

The labor M. P. from Montreal is urging the Government to offer a bonus to the inventor of an automatic car coupler. Such an invention as a car coupler is not new, there having been upwards of three thousand patented, but only two or three of them are really serviceable. The figures as to the loss of life among railway employees in coupling cars are appalling.

The latest development of the case before the privileges committee was the appearance on Tuesday of Sir Hector Langevin to give evidence on oath. He denied explicitly each and every charge made against him, and stated that he had placed his resignation of his portfolio as Minister of Public Works in the hands of his colleagues. This will leave the Government in a better position to push the fullest inquiry into all charges of corruption. Sir Hector's resignation has not yet been accepted, but the Hon. Frank Smith has been temporarily placed in charge of the Department of Public Works, and Sir John Thompson will lead in the House of Commons.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Subscribers remitting Money, either direct to the office, or through Agents, will find a receipt for the amount inclosed in their next paper. All remittances should be made payable to A. Milne Fraser.

The Reporter, published at New Glasgow, is a new exchange.

The wharf south of the ferry dock, Dartmouth, is undergoing extensive repairs.

The Grand lodge of Oddfellows at Yarmouth this week drew a large assembly of the order.

Several members of the visiting press party paid tribute to Neptune on the trip from Halifax to Lunenburg on Monday.

The Y. M. C. A. Convention closed at Truro on Saturday last. The next annual convention will be held in Yarmouth.

Picnic parties have been somewhat disorganized and inconvenienced by the fog which has hung about the coast during the week.

M. Eiffel, of tower fame, is expected to visit Montreal shortly to confer with Premier Mercier with regard to the proposed Quebec bridge.

The Island Reporter, published at Sydney, C. B., is about getting a new press, and promises to be in a better condition to please its subscribers.

The wheat crop this year in Manitoba and the territories, if housed all right, will reach 25 million bushels, of this 20 million will be exported.

The brick walls of the new Catholic church in Dartmouth are rapidly rising. When completed the church will be the most imposing structure in the town.

Four ladies accompanied the New England press party to Nova Scotia. Two of them represented their papers, and the other two were the wives of representatives.

Manager Sommerby said at St. John a few days ago that Prince Tiny-mite will retire from public life and return to his home in Bridgetown, N. S., on the completion of his present engagement.

The painters' strike, which originated in Reardon's establishment about three weeks ago, shows signs of being persistent. The cause of the strike was the employment of more boys than were allowed by the men of the union.

A fracas between two inmates of the poor's asylum occurred on Tuesday. Alex Gooley, 79 years of age, accuses Henry Brown, a middle aged man, of striking him. Alderman Sweet of the charities committee is investigating the matter.

Work on the Wilmot and Torbrook railway is progressing finely. Three crews are busily employed about a quarter of a mile from the iron mines. The bridge spanning the river is finished and track laying will be pushed forward with all speed.

On Friday last Sir Henry Tyler, Manager Sergeant and other officers of the Grand Trunk Railway, inspected the tunnel under the St. Clair River, between Sarnia and Port Huron, and found the work satisfactory in every respect. The formal opening of the tunnel will take place in October.

A maid servant has been missing from the Rev. Allan Simpson's for nearly two weeks, and until Tuesday of this week mystery wrapped the disappearance. It is now known that a registered letter addressed to Mr. Simpson disappeared with the girl. It is thought she has gone to her sister in Toronto. Her name is Sophie Smith.

The Board of Health of Halifax decided on Tuesday to discontinue the sanitary police service in the cases of infectious diseases, so soon as the one case of diphtheria in the city is over. All houses in which diphtheria may break out are in future to be examined by Sanitary Inspector Meagher and one of the plumbers in the employ of the city, and the result of such examination be reported upon by them.

The K. D. C. Company are to be congratulated on the success they are meeting with in other countries as well as our own. We are informed that K. D. C. has been awarded a silver medal (the highest award for any medicine) at the Jamaica exhibition, and already large orders have been received from there. The fame of this remedy is spreading rapidly; may it meet with the continued success it so well deserves.

The President and Directors of the Halifax and Lunenburg Steam Packet Company issued invitations for a trial trip on their new steamer *Lunenburg*, (Capt. Heisler) and a large number of gentlemen, principally leading business men of our city, enjoyed the cruise on Saturday afternoon, and are loud in their commendation of the new steamer and her equipments. She was placed at the service of the Press excursionists on Monday morning and made her first trip to Lunenburg.

A terrific thunder storm visited an extensive area of Nova Scotia on Wednesday and did much damage. At Truro a colored boy, son of Edward Taylor, was killed by lightning and several houses were struck. At Kentville the storm raged with unparalleled fury, and people were much frightened by it. To add to the terror the fire bells began to ring, and despite the fact that the fire department turned out promptly, the barn of Enoch Fielding, which had been struck, was burned down. Electrical disturbances are reported from several places.

The engravings in the last issue of the *Dominion Monthly* include two pages of views at Joliette, P. Q., and one showing the Coliseum at Rome. Bishop's Rock, Grand Manan, N. B., and a fishing beach on the same picturesque island, the Quebec dry dock, the Cathedral at Iona and views of the old Berthier P. Q. Manor house are also shown, besides several military and other views. The fine historical sketch of the Cuthberts of Berthier

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is concluded in this number. Mrs. Curzon describes the late celebration of the battle of Lundy's Lane. The Belle of the Settlement, a Northwest story, is a bright and readable sketch. The Sagamore talks of boodle and boodlers, and there are many other interesting features in this number.

The *Bellerophon*, accompanied by the *Canada*, sailed from Halifax for Sydney on Thursday of last week. The Flagship will leave Sydney on the 13th for St. Georges Bay, Newfoundland, and will leave there for Port Hawkesbury on the 17th. She will then return to Halifax, arriving here on the 24th. The *Canada* will be in Halifax on the 23rd of August ready to receive her new guns, to arrive here on the Troopship *Tyne*. According to present arrangements the *Bellerophon* will leave Halifax on the 19th of September for Quebec. She will be accompanied by the *Tartar* or *Tourmaline*, likely the former. The Troopship *Tyne* is expected to arrive here on the 5th of September next. She will bring a large number of supernumeraries for the fleet and also ten new guns for the warship *Canada*.

Says the *Truro Sun*:—"Some handsome and unique fences have this season been erected in Truro. Several iron fences receive many euconiums, those previously noticed as well as one recently erected by Mr. A. Murray on Pleasant street. The post and wire fence recently erected by the Messrs. Sutherland on Elm street, is considered to be very neat and attractive. Then again the absence of dividing fences on the front lawns is a commendable feature, notably on the handsome properties of G. P. Nelson and S. E. Gourley. Indeed when one gets in the vicinity of the Methodist church and looks at the properties we have named, together with the handsome premises of J. N. Snook and others, the impression is irresistible that the street is well named. Off this runs Muir Street, with its many handsome cottages, and when the doctor runs the new street through to Prince, where the old house now stands, it will undoubtedly be a handsome centre."

James Russell Lowell died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., on Wednesday morning.

It is stated in New York that Adelaide Randall, the comic opera prima donna, has separated from her husband, Charles T. Atwood, and that a suit for divorce will soon result. Miss Randall recently sang in Halifax.

A British vessel and an American vessel have been seized for illegal sealing in Bering Sea by U. S. revenue cutters. The British schooner *E. B. Marvin* was transferred to the British ship *Nymph*. Eighty sealing vessels are said to be in Bering Sea.

A letter has been received at Lewiston, Me., from Lieut. Peary. It is dated God Haven, Disico Island, Greenland, via Copenhagen, June 29th, and states that the *Kite* arrived at God Haven on June 27th, and was to sail immediately for Uppernavik. All on board were well.

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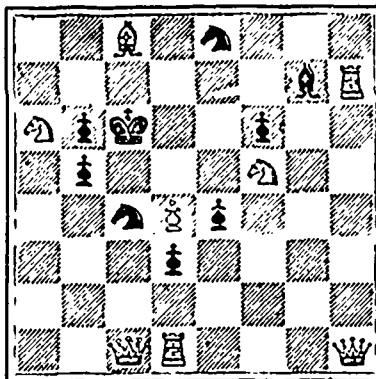


By Col. J. PENNINGTON MACPHERSON, M.A., A.D.C.
The above work from the pen of a nephew of the deceased Statesman, which was mainly written during his lifetime, and under his supervision, will be the ONLY authentic and complete account of Sir John's public and personal career. It will comprise about 7,100 pages, and will be splendidly illustrated, and in every respect a fitting memorial of the late Premier, and an invaluable contribution to CANADIAN HISTORY.
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CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 78.

First prize Two-move Problem "Bahn Froi" Tournay.
By L. R. Young, Utrecht.
From *Jamaica Gleamer*.
BLACK 9 pieces.



WHITE 8 pieces.
White to play and mate in 2 moves.

GAME NO. 79.

The following pretty off-hand game was played recently between Mr. L. Van Vliet and Mr. N. Jasnagrodsky.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| Van Vliet. | Jasnagrodsky. |
| 1 P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2 P to K B4 | P tks P |
| 3 Kt to K B3 | P to K Kt4 |
| 4 B to B4 | B to Kt2 |
| 5 P to Q4 | P to Q3 |
| 6 P to B3 | P to K R3 |
| 7 Castles | Kt to K2 |
| 8 P to K Kt3 | P to Kt5 |
| 9 Kt to R4 | P to B6 |
| 10 Kt to Q2 | Castles |
| 11 Q Kt tks P | P tks Kt |
| 12 Q tks P | B to K3 |
| 13 B to Q3 | Q Kt to B3 |
| 14 Q to R6 | B to R6 |
| 15 B tks P | B tks R |
| 16 Q B tks B | K tks B |
| 17 R tks B | Kt to Kt3 |
| 18 P to K5 | R to R1 |
| 19 R tks P ch | K tks R |
| 20 B tks Kt ch | K to B1 e |
| 21 Q to B6 ch | K to Kt2 |
| 22 Q to B7 ch | K to R3 |
| 23 Kt to B5 ch | K to Kt4 |
| 24 P to R4 ch | K to Kt5 |
| 25 Kt to K3 ch | K to R6 |
| 26 Q to B5 ch | K tks P |
| 27 Q to B2 ch | K to R3 |
| 28 B to B5 mate. | |

NOTES.

- a It reminds one of olden times to get into the "hair-breath escapes" of the imminent deadly breach," of a King's Gambit.
- b Most authorities now recommend —P—Kt5 Black having the better game.
- c This is a deviation from the ordinary line of play.
- d This may be allright on account of Black's pieces being undeveloped on the Queen's side. In any case it makes the game both lively and interesting.
- e Had Black now played K—Kt, White could do nothing more than draw by perpotual check.

—The Week

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"THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD."

W. E. Earle, of the Earle Publishing House, St. John, N. B., informs us that part of the MSS. for Col. Macpherson's "Life of Sir John," which his firm is publishing, is already in the printer's hands, and that Prospectus copies will be ready for canvassers in a few days. The book will be sold only by subscription through authorized Agents. Owing to the relationship and personal intimacy of the Author with the subject of his biography, and the access to documents and other matter supplied by the family of the late Premier, this biography will be the only authentic record of the deceased Statesman's career, and it is the only book on the subject written with the concurrence of Sir John.

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WHAT OF THAT!

Tired Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze,
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that!
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn then to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hart! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

WASTED LOVES.

What does God with all the wasted loves
He sees thrown down? The friendships strangely changed.
(How, none know wholly,) answering eyes estranged,
And grasping hands transformed to empty gloves!
—The pleading words which cannot win reply,
Save scoff or silence, and the kindly deeds
Which fall on stony ground or choke in weeds!
The withered hopes of which strong hearts may die—
How can God suffer these? With gentle might
He claims these wasted loves as his by right,
And some day we shall find them in his care,
When stunted shoots to stately blooms have grown.
—Nor shall their beauty be for us alone,
The hands which threw them down shall have their share!

—Good Works

BOOK GOSSIP.

"Mr. Perkins, of Nova Scotia, or the European Adventures of a would-be Aristocrat," is the title of a short story by Miss Carrie J. Harris, of Wolfville. It has been for some weeks on our table, over-topped by many others claiming prior distinction, but at last we have given it a thorough reading, and are ready to pronounce upon its qualities. The authoress shows considerable talent, which, if cultivated and directed in suitable channels, may result in works of more value than this, her first effort. While the book as a whole will not bear criticism, we cannot but commend the excellent taste and feeling displayed by the authoress in showing off the ridiculous nature of the upishness of the newly wealthy Perkinses. The European adventures of the scion of the family should prove a warning to all who are too much exalted by the sudden accession of wealth—of which we trust there are few Nova Scotians to match the hero of the story. Published by J. J. Anselw, Windsor, N. S.; price 30 cents.

"The Maid of Honor," by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, is a clever historical novel, the scene of which is laid in the dark days of France. It opens "on the Volcano, 1789," a chapter in which the hapless Marie Antoinette figures, and the state of the court of that fair and foolish queen is disclosed. The story deals chiefly with the life of the beautiful maid of honor, Gabrielle, Merquise de Gange, who endured from her loveless husband and his heartless and scheming brother Pharimond an overplus of persecution on account of her wealth and beauty. The final thwarting of the base designs of Pharimond is a real gratification to the reader, whose sympathy is enlisted from the first for the frail woman who seems so completely at the mercy of the conspirators. The plot is well worked out, and the interest sustained from first to last. It is one of the best novels brought out this spring. D. Appleton & Co., New York; Town and County Library; 50 cents.

"Consequences," by Egerton Castle, is another number of the above library, and is well worth a reading. The author is new to us, but we shall be glad to welcome other works if they equal this. The main idea of the book has been utilized by other writers, but so well are the details of the second life of the hero, first George Kerr, and then David Fergus, worked out that the lack of freshness in the scheme may be overlooked. The story is of thrilling interest throughout, and only in the finale do we find ourselves somewhat disappointed. There is a slight lack of attention to detail there that makes it appear ridiculously as if Lewis Kerr had not stopped to dress, but had gone forth in his night-clothes to follow his father. The story concludes in this wise: "The gathering sunlight had grown upon the dull day and driven the mists aside, and turned the drenching wet of leaf and grass blade to a tangle of diamond and gold. Shoulder to shoulder, under the promise of a glorious noon, went father and son together across the moorland, on their way out into the world." Of course it must be left to the imagination to fill in the toilette, otherwise the situation is ridiculous.

The August *Popular Science Monthly* deserves especial notice. It opens with one of Dr. Andrew D. White's able Chapters in the Warfare of Science, entitled "From Fetich to Hygiene," which gives a terrible picture of the ravages of epidemics when prayers and saintly relics were relied upon to check them. Another illustrated series, which promises to be very popular, is begun in this number by Prof. Frederick Starr. It is on "Dress and Adornment," and the first paper, dealing with "Deformations," describes various modes of cutting the flesh, tattooing and painting the skin, filing the teeth and flattening the skull. Somewhat similar is Dr. R. W. Shufeldt's paper on "Head-flattening Among the Navajo Indians," also well illustrated. Two further instalments of the discussion about the devils and the herd of swine are printed; one by Mr. Gladstone, entitled "Prof. Huxley and the Swine-Miracle," the other being "Illustrations of Mr.

Gladstone's Controversial Method," by Prof. Huxley. J. Jones Bell writes of "Ginseng in Commerce," and there is a sketch of the Prussian astronomer Argolander, with a portrait. The editor writes on "Science and Wealth," urging that some of the wealth which science has produced should be bequeathed to aid scientific research. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; fifty cents a number, \$5 a year.

A cablegram announces that Amelia Rives has sailed for the United States, where she will arrive soon after the appearance of her latest novel in the August number of the *Cosmopolitan*. After nearly two years of silence the new story of Miss Rives will be received with the greatest interest by those who enjoyed her earlier work. Married, travelled and in every way matured, her latest production is said to be worthy of the talent which gave such great promise.

Apart from the baccarat scandal, Gen. Adam Badeau, of Grant's staff, who was afterwards Secretary of Legation in London, and saw much of the English aristocracy, writes an article on "Gambling in High Life." "The Dukeries," by Po-ham Clinton, is another article which will please those who take an interest in the great country houses of England. Thomas A. Janvier, who is always delightful with his pen, gives a quaint sketch of the old ducal town of Uzès.

Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 29 of their International Series, "Misjudged," a novel, by W. Heimbürg, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis.

We have received a copy of "Tourmalin's Time Cheques," from Sergel & Co., Chicago. It has already been reviewed in these columns.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, which would have been noticed ere this but for the absence of the literary editor, Mrs. Catherwood begins what promises to be a very fascinating historical romance entitled "The Lady of Fort St. John." Mrs. Catherwood has written several times on incidents in Canadian history with great success, in fact her best work has been done in this line. This makes interesting reading for Canadians, and surely no land is richer in romantic history than our own. The heroic Marie de la Tour is the central figure of the story under notice. It is a wonder that this lady's story has not long ago been seized upon by writers. One point we observe Mrs. Catherwood is astray on. She writes: "Presently, with clatter of hoofs on the pavement, and a mighty rasping of the half tree which they dragged, in burst eight Sable Island ponies,—shaggy fellows, smaller than mastiffs, yet with large heads. The settlers were hastily cleared away for them, and they swept their lead to the hearth. As soon as their chain was unhooked these fairy horses shot out again, and their joyful neighing could be heard as they scampered around the fort to their stable." We are tolerably familiar with the general characteristics of Sable Island ponies, but we have never yet seen one anything like as small as a mastiff. Mrs. Catherwood must have been thinking of the Scotland pony, which is much smaller than the Sable Islander. Save for this inaccuracy, the instalment of the story is well worth reading, and all who take an interest in our wealth of historical romance ought to follow it up as it appears in the *Atlantic*. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park St., Boston; \$4 a year.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

PLANTING OYSTERS.—The Minister of Marine and Fisheries proposes planting Shediac Harbor, as well as Summerside Harbor, with oysters, with a view of restoring the fisheries in these localities to their former productiveness. Mr. Richard Lunt, who has had considerable experience in oyster culture, was in Shediac a few days ago, at the request of the Fisheries Department, to inspect the old beds and report upon their condition for receiving oysters for breeding purposes. He informs us that the beds are in prime condition, and that excellent results may be expected from the venture. We hope to see the work proceeded with at once.—*Agriculturist*.

The plant for the electric light is being put in the building secured for the purpose in Digby. Very soon that town will be lighted with electricity.

The Misener mill at Edgar, Colchester North, N. S., is again running, Mr. Misener having made fresh purchases of logs which are being trucked to the mill.—*Canadian Lumberman*.

The new saw mill at Burlington, N. S., the property of Messrs. F. A. Clark & Sons, is doing a lively trade, considerable lumber being shipped to Boston.—*Canadian Lumberman*.

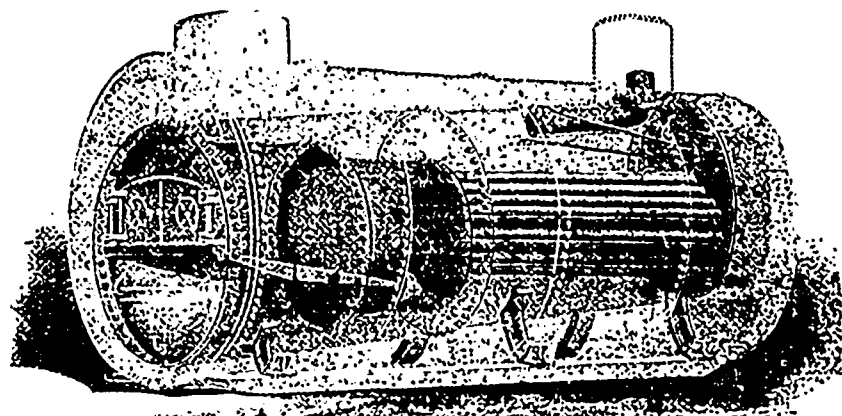
A PATENT WRENCH—Messrs. J. Weir & Son, of Moncton, have secured the right of manufacture for the Dominion of a pipe wrench, which has been patented in the United States and Canada. The wrench is highly spoken of, and it is said can be manufactured a great deal more cheaply than any other pipe wrench on the market. The Messrs. Weir have already commenced the manufacture and are preparing to push the business extensively.—*Times*.

THE SPOOL WOOD BUSINESS.—Mr. Risteen, of Boston, has purchased two big blocks of birch land on the Miramichi—one at the Sugary and the other at the Bathurst road, near Connell's—and is negotiating for another block near the Douglstown quarries. His firm will build two or three mills for sawing either bolts or spools.—*Chatham World*.

An error occurred in our article on the Wilnot Spa Springs Company last week. It was with reference to corks. We stated that 100 gross a month are used, where should have said that since January \$2,500 has been paid for corks, and over 2,700 gross have been used since February 17th, which is an average of over 400 gross a month.

A. ROBB & SONS.

All departments running full blast. Heavy Stocks on hand of Iron Pipe, Steam Fittings, Hose, Belting, Packing, Oils, Copperine, Emery Wheels, Saws, Lace Leather, Inspirators, etc. Orders filled promptly for Engines, Boilers, Rotary Mills, Shingle Machines, Lath Machines, Turbine Wheels, Saw filers, School Desks, Fence Railings, Creatings, Church and Fire Bells, Bone Mills, Steam Pumps, Oil Filters, Governors, Hay Presses, Portable Forges, etc.



Loss Heavy, but Health and Pluck left yet. ESTABLISHED 1848. AMHERST, N. S. Send along your Orders and Remittances and thus help us out and up.

H. D. WARREN, PRES. & TREAS. CHAS. N. CANDEE, SECTY.

The GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER MAN'G CO. of Toronto, MANUFACTURERS OF MONARCH, RED STRIP & LION RUBBER BELTING, SUCTION HOSE, STEAM & AIR HOSE, For ROCK DRILLS, VALVES, PACKINGS, SPRINGS, Etc. Rubber, Cotton and Linen Fire Hose. Men's Macintosh & Rubber Surfaced Clothing. Main Office and Warerooms, 43 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT. Branch Offices, Montreal & Winnipeg. Factories, Parkdale, Toronto. Correspondence solicited.

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Pilsen Beer is ready for use in Private Families.

COMMERCIAL.

The week has not exhibited any special change in the condition of general wholesale or jobbing business. The hopeful feeling noted during the past month or so still continues unchecked, and, unless unforeseen disaster should assail the crops, there is every reason to anticipate a really good business during the rest of the summer and the fall. Local business generally is good all round, and orders from travellers are still showing a good, healthy feeling in the country. Prices are pretty firm all round with a tendency towards a rise in certain lines. About two-thirds of the hay crop of this province has already been garnered, and reports from every section show it to be an unusually large one and in prime condition. Potatoes, grain, and fruit are all looking well, and the indications are all favorable to a large yield. In Ontario it is stated that there will be a large surplus of wheat for export, and the North-West will be even better if the frosts only hold off till the grain is actually gathered in. Remittances in all lines continue to keep up fairly well—better than was hoped for a few weeks ago.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW OF HENRY CLEWS & Co.—NEW YORK, August 8, 1891.—During the past week the Stock Market has shown more activity and some recoveries in prices; but the advances have been mainly due to increased sales by the 'bears' having created sudden demands for covering 'shorts,' while there seems to be no improvement in the real spirit and tone of the market. No sooner is one line of 'short' contracts liquidated than another is put out at the consequent advance; which is evidence of increasing determination on the 'bear' side. The disposition to sell has been increased by the notable weakness of the Gould stocks, and especially of Union Pacific, which seems to have no friends either here or in Europe; and if Mr. G. is not an active 'bear' he is at least counted, in street opinion, as a passive one, which for practical purposes is reckoned as being almost the same thing, as it leads others to sell with all the more assurance.

All the symptoms indicate that it is hopeless to expect any extravagant buying spirit until there are stronger indications of a removal of the prevailing distrust than at present exist. The booming tendency of good crops is now little heard of, for the reason that there are so many serious obstacles to that factor having the effect upon prices that would attend it under normal conditions. How much of our grain can Europe take? What prices will Europe pay for our wheat? In what form will it pay for it,—in gold, in goods, in returned securities, or even through borrowing in the United States? If the payment is not made to a liberal extent in gold, what will be the resources of our banks for meeting the Western Fall drain of currency? And if securities should be returned to even but a moderate extent, what would be the ability of our market to receive them? And, again, how far will the present unsettled condition of European finances tend to embarrass the financial and commercial markets under the extraordinary importations of American grain that will have to be made?

These are the kind of questions that are now occupying the attention of the speculative interests. Every one of them has a direct and vital bearing upon the value of securities; and yet it is impossible to form a satisfactory judgment about the probable outcome of any one of the problems. A general feeling of uncertainty is the result; and uncertainty is even more demoralizing than a clearly understood actual catastrophe. It paralyzes enterprise, causes a general taking-in of sail, contracts credit, discourages buying and encourages selling, and produces a shock of general apprehension. No doubt, the current adverse probabilities or possibilities are exaggerated in the public mind; but that is a consideration of little practical value; for in a dubious situation it is but human nature to discount and prepare for the worst that may happen, and prudent men are always found willing to make a sacrifice in order to escape possible disaster. While, therefore, it may be conceded that fear is now exaggerating more or less the gravity of some aspects of the foreign situation, yet that fact cannot be expected to prevent a great deal of realising on securities and therefore cannot be trusted to avert a consequent decline in prices.

The resumption of the silver agitation is also calculated to encourage this distrust and is actually amounting to a pretty stubborn 'bear' factor. The apprehension on this account, however, is perhaps more due to the seriousness of the view taken of the situation that would arise should a free coinage law be actually enacted, than it is to any positive expectation that such a measure will really find a place in our statutes. Politics, however, are in an abnormally confused condition. Parties are willing to buy success through almost any concessions to popular clamor; and, however repugnant free-coinage may be to the common sense and the moral sense of a majority of our people, it is not impossible that the fundamental principles of a sound currency may be sacrificed to win a small minority of misguided voters. There is therefore uncertainty about the final outcome of the silver agitation; and but a small degree of uncertainty about a matter so vital to investments and to the general welfare of the country is quite sufficient to depress the Stock Market.

These uncertainties have their natural effect upon the banks and upon lenders generally. The reasons that are inducing European banks to accumulate cash and hold to it tenaciously are causing our own banks to keep their loanable resources within easy reach. They will lend on call to any extent and at almost any rates; but time loans can be procured only with the utmost difficulty and upon a class of collaterals that are very scarce. It is true that the last bank statement showed an amount of surplus reserve 118 per cent higher than that of the same date in 1890 and 1889; but it is also true that the West will have a wholly unprecedented surplus of wheat to send East, which places us in a condition of very delicate dependence on the problematical disposition of Europe to exchange its gold for our grain. Under these circumstances, it would be almost impossible to borrow

large amounts of money for long purchases of stocks even did conditions happen to encourage such purchases.

On every side, therefore, influences seem to favor a continued conservative policy."

Bradstreet's report of the week's failures:—

	Week Aug 7. week.		Weeks corresponding to Aug. 7.			Failures for the year to date			
	1891	1891	1890	1889	1888	1891	1890	1889	1888
United States.....	218	260	165	173	186	7335	6355	7032	6277
Canada.....	20	20	25	31	40	1140	995	1018	1073

DRY GOODS.—There is very little new to report in dry goods since our last issue. The continued fine weather is having a most telling effect upon the crops, and is consequently producing a general improvement in business. Orders taken so far this season are generally, if anything, rather smaller than in the last season, there seeming to be a growing tendency, on the part of retail merchants to visit the city in the fall—a change that merchants look upon with satisfaction. Under the heading of "Long Credits and Dating Ahead" the *Trade Bulletin*, Montreal, remarks: "The majority of our wholesale dry goods men candidly admit that the two great evils they have to combat, are long credit and the custom of dating ahead, both of which have been so long established that they almost despair of any permanent reform being accomplished, owing to the keen competition that exists in this line of business. 'If I were to insist upon not giving more than three months' credit and decide not to date ahead,' said a well-known representative of the wholesale dry goods trade of this city, 'why I would at once lose a good portion of my business, for the reason that other first-class houses would be only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of offering the very terms that I had refused.' We saw at once the force of this argument, and of course had to admit that the much needed change could only be effected through an agreement entered into by the whole trade. We were given to understand, however, that this had been attempted with unsuccessful results, as certain wholesale houses, after signing an agreement to curtail credits to a stated period, took advantage of the movement by resorting to the mean artifice of appearing to observe the spirit of the agreement by accepting notes for the amount of goods purchased at the curtailed date mentioned, while at the same time breaking the compact in the letter, by a tacit understanding with the customer to renew his note in order to extend the time to the original long date that was sought to be done away with. And by such contemptible means, it was discovered that those who observed the agreement honestly, had their customers stolen from them right and left, and ever since that signal failure to reform the long credit system, our best houses seem to have abandoned the idea of accomplishing the much needed change by concerted action. Still, it is contended that never in the history of dry goods trade was a modification of the system of giving long credit more needed than in the present day, and it is hoped that the recent steps adopted by English houses in withholding the long credits they have been accustomed to grant the Canadian trade, will have the desired effect of forcing a curtailment of credit upon the weaker firms, and then the strong ones will gladly fall into line."

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The pig iron market is quiet, business during the week being unimportant. Cables show no change in makers' brands, but ocean freights are advancing as the fall season approaches. Bar iron furnishes nothing special, there being only a quiet jobbing business to note.

BREADSTUFFS.—The flour market is steady with merely a fair local trade doing. Beerbohm's cable reports wheat and corn in England steady, but with nothing doing. The weather there has been cold and wet. The Liverpool public cable reports wheat quiet, demand poor, holders offer moderately; corn dull, demand poor. In Chicago the wheat market fluctuated considerably, but within narrow limits, declining, however, only ¼c. to ½c. A Chicago firm telegraphs:—"Foreign wheat markets are lower, cables quoting Liverpool weak. London was unchanged, but Berlin, Antwerp and Paris are all materially lower, and we think some large lots bought long ago at higher prices for foreign account have been sold out."

PROVISIONS.—The local provision trade continues very quiet, and prices are unchanged. In Liverpool the market was somewhat easier, but quotations remain as before. In Chicago the provision market held steady. The hog market was 5c. lower. That for sheep fell off 10c., and cattle evinced a decidedly downward tendency. This state of affairs is quite usual at this season when the consumption falls off materially and the majority of the active dealers are off on their vacations. A few weeks more will bring cooler weather, and will wake up the trade to a considerable extent.

BUTTER.—There is little doing in butter; holders still hang back more or less. New fresh butter is coming in more freely, but there is as yet no accumulation in this line, the demand for a really good grade being about equal to the supply. Some from the Upper Provinces has been received which is of excellent quality, and is carefully made and well packed. A London letter says:—"Muggy weather and slightly larger arrivals prevented the rise in butter that was expected, and a quieter feeling pervades the market, quotations, instead of advancing, have in some cases receded. Dutch has gone back 1½ guilders, Brittany baskets 2s., and other qualities in somewhat similar proportions. There is a very dull feeling prevalent. American sells up to 90s. for creameries, and down to 74s. for ladies."

CHEESE.—This market remains as before with quietness a prominent fact. Finest is as firmly held as ever, however, and our quotations require no alteration. A London report is:—"Demand for cheese continues of a consumptive character, the higher prices cabled from the other side completely knocking out whatever of speculation there is here. There is a tendency to firmness, which the fact of the make being small will tend to intensify, and prices—now 41s. to 46s. and up to 48s. for now, and from 53s. to 56s. for Septembers—look well like going higher."

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Eggs.—This article continues to be in comparatively small supply, owing to most farmers being too busy with haying and other operations to bring them to market. But, as it is known that considerable quantities are accumulating in the country, the tendency of prices is to recede.

DRIED FRUITS.—There is no activity to note in dried fruit, as buyers appear to have supplied themselves pretty well of late. Stocks of currants and raisins are now very much reduced and it is doubtful if there is any quantity in first hands.

SUGAR.—The market for refined sugar is still very active, and refiners find it difficult to supply the demand for granulated. This demand is likely to continue for some time yet, as the wholesale houses find it impossible to catch up to their country orders.

MOLASSES.—Locally the molasses market is active. The stocks on hand here are small, and holders are by no means anxious to sell. In Montreal the French houses are cutting the prices right and left in their race for business.

TEA AND COFFEE.—The local tea market is rather brisk, black and green teas being steady at former prices. There is no change in the coffee market, which continues quiet with stocks small, but prices are firmly maintained.

FISH.—There is nothing new to note regarding our fish market. The complaint of a scarcity of bait continues to be general. This, of course, hampers the progress of the industry and reduces the catch to a minimum.

No other remedy for Pulmonary troubles combines so many good qualities, nor proves so generally efficacious as Puttner's Emulsion. For sale by all medicine dealers, only 50 cts. for a large bottle.

CANADA Have You Seen It? Do You Take It? Only ONE DOLLAR a Year. Sample Copies Free. Speaking of the June number the Calgary Daily Herald says:—"Twelve such numbers constitute the best dollars worth of literary matter to be had in Canada."

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GOLD LEAF FLOUR. We want to say to the 5,800 subscribers to THE CRITIC, that GOLD LEAF FLOUR is second to no high grade winter wheat patent flour on the market. To the trade we must say you cannot purchase anywhere as good an article for the same money.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES. Our Price Lists are corrected for us each week by reliable merchants.

Table with columns for SUGARS, TEA, MOLASSES, TOBACCO, BISCUITS, and HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS. Lists various items and their prices.

Table with columns for BREADSTUFFS and FLOUR. Lists various flour types and their prices.

Table with columns for FISH. Lists various fish species and their prices.

Table with columns for PROVISIONS. Lists various food items and their prices.

Table with columns for BUTTER AND CHEESE, SALT, and other provisions. Lists various items and their prices.

Table with columns for BUTTER AND CHEESE, SALT, and other provisions. Lists various items and their prices.

JUDGE NOT.

(Continued.)

"No. How should he? I'll tell you exactly how it was. It really is most curious. I went over to spend the day yesterday with the Catherwoods, and in the morning we went for a drive. On the way, about a mile from a village called Bramley, and three or four from Rickmansworth, I noticed a very pretty cottage standing in a large garden, and asked who it belonged to. Mrs. Catherwood laughed.

"That's Willow Cottage," she said, "and no one knows who is the lord bountiful, though there is no doubt the inmate is some swell's *chère amie*. She lives here with an old woman for servant, and never goes out; but she has been seen in the garden. She is a very pretty girl, has lived at the cottage some years, but her 'protector' has kept his secret well."

"Naturally," continued Mrs. Weston, "I thought no more about it; but on our return home we passed the cottage again. It had come on to rain, and we were holding up our umbrellas. A man was standing by the gate, just about to enter, whose figure I recognized at once. At that very instant he turned his face, not looking towards the carriage, but so that I saw his face as plainly as I see yours. My dear, it was Max Deverell. You know what a striking man he is, you can't easily mix him up with anyone else. I lowered my umbrella at once, for fear he should see me, and he went through the gate and up to the house. So that's how he spends his time when he is supposed to be at the Court about 'estate business,' 'orsooth."

Beryl sat like a statue.

Not once during this recital had she stirred; she hardly seemed to breathe: her cheeks, even her lips, had grown marble white, her heart was strained to breaking.

If only the hideous story stood alone! If only there were not so many things rushing upon her tortured brain to make it seem at least possible. Was this the secret that Max kept from her? Was this why he had not written? Why, as Beryl remembered now, he had evaded promising to write?

He had not said he was going to the Court; she herself had assumed it, and he had not contradicted it.

It was not the steward's letter that had summoned him, but that other, the letter he had received the day before, and the postmark of that was Rickmansworth.

How horribly all things tallied! And, yet, what was Beryl thinking of?

It could not be; it was impossible! Max so false to her! Max, who loved her so, a traitor!

She must get away out of the crowd and jangle of tongues or she would go mad.

But even in this agony Beryl remembered that social need of keeping up appearances.

The story would be all over London to-night, since Mrs. Weston had it to tell; but the wife would bear herself proudly, people should not be able to say, "Her face shows that she has heard."

With all her strength she strove for outward composure, and succeeded so well that when she emerged from her seclusion—the gossips had moved away by now—no one could notice anything, but that she was very white; and the heat and closeness of the room would account for that.

She bade adieu to her hostess with graceful ease, and was driven home; and then the battle began.

"Was it true? Was it true?" rang through her soul with ceaseless iteration, and the mocking fiends answered her:

"Why not? What did you know of Max Deverell when you married him, after knowing him for less than three weeks? What could you, a country-bred girl, know of a man of the world? Most men live double lives, if guileless women like you only knew it. Why should your idol be better than his fellows? You knew there was a secret in his life. What secret need a man have from his wife but something of this sort? Oh, he loves you, no doubt, better than he loves this woman; but, perhaps, he is obliged to humor her, or she may betray him to you; or he is simply the slave, as men often are, of a woman he has ceased to care for."

Were men such traitors? Was Max Deverell?

"I will not believe it," Beryl said, with ashen lips. "I will prove it a lie or a terrible truth."

Prove it! But how? Meet her husband face to face and charge him with the sin? No, Beryl dared not do this; she feared to trust herself, feared lest her heart should betray her woman's pride, and make her forgive what she condemned as foulest treason.

Again was the fatal path made easy for her.

"Willow Cottage, a mile from the village of Bramley, three or four from Rickmansworth."

Could not her own eyes prove the truth or the falsehood of Mrs. Weston's story? Falsehood of intent, it could hardly be.

Mrs. Weston had no motive for relating a pure fiction; but it seemed to Beryl impossible to believe that there was not some mistake. However well the parts of the puzzle fitted each other, no proof but that of her own senses could satisfy Max Deverell's wife.

There was one only way to secure such proof, and that way Beryl, young, impetuous, inexperienced, took.

She would go down to Rickmansworth; she would find out this cottage, and watch it to see if her husband was really living there, or visited it.

But to-night it was too late; it was already dark, she could not reach Rickmansworth in time to do anything; and almost unknown to herself,

she clung to the hope that Max might write from Deverell, or return the following day, and the mystery be explained.

But when the next day came, there was neither letter nor telegram, and Max Deverell did not return.

Then Beryl, who, mentally, was like one moving in a dream, though she preserved external self-command, and thought of every detail, as if she had been in the calmest frame of mind, made her preparations.

An early afternoon post brought her several letters; and one of these, she told her maid, required her instant attention. She must go without delay to the friend who had written it. Would madame have the carriage? Certainly not; a hansom would do.

Beryl dressed herself hastily and simply in dark garments, and in ten minutes was ready. The hansom was summoned, and she stepped into it, and was driven away.

With that same forethought and attention to detail that had marked her conduct all through, she dismissed the hansom about half a mile from home, and going down a street, called another, and was driven to Euston Square, *en route* for Rickmansworth.

Beryl, be it remembered, though bred in the country, was independent, and accustomed to going about by herself.

She was a stranger, therefore, to the tremors and bewilderment that beset a fashionably brought up young woman who finds herself suddenly thrown upon her own resources, and, for the first time in her life, out alone.

She took a second class ticket to Rickmansworth, and drew her veil over her face as she seated herself in a corner of the carriage. Fortunately, for her, the day was mild, but not wet. It was growing dark, however, when she reached Rickmansworth, and Beryl felt somewhat fearful of walking through the country roads after daylight had gone.

Even in the daytime at home she had always had Del with her. But she was driven on by a master motive that dwarfed all minor fears.

She was in that *exaltée* state induced by great suffering, as well as by great joy, and difficulties usually considered insurmountable were as nothing to her now.

When she alighted at the station, she walked out into the town, and asked, in a small and ill-lighted shop, the way to Bramley. She was told it. It was a straight road, and Beryl set out, walking swiftly.

It was three miles, she was told, and Willow Cottage, she knew, was a mile beyond the village.

The distance was nothing to Beryl, who could walk twelve miles or more at a stretch; but she began to tremble inwardly when she got quite out into the country and the deep dusk of the approaching night, and reflected that she would have to return in the same manner at a later hour along this lonely road.

Still, she never thought of turning back; and, as a matter of fact, passed no one but a couple of farm-laborers plodding home from work, and they only said "Good-night, missis," and were in a minute lost in the darkness.

Bramley was reached within three-quarters of an hour; but Beryl, fearing to ask for Willow Cottage, passed through the village, and out on to the lonely road again, with its hedgerows and trees, and damp, dull fields stretching away on either side.

By-and-by her heart began to beat faster as she saw through the gloom the outlines of a hedge that seemed to border some private domain; and then came to her, with a shock that surely, she thought, might have occurred to her long ago, that she was not likely to make any discovery.

On a winter evening the house would be closed up; if Max were in it she would not see him; and she could not, as some women in like circumstances would, go to the door and, demanding to see him, face him in the very presence of the woman for whose sake he had deceived his wife.

"But it is so mild," she reflected, "they might come into the garden."

Yes, this certainly was Willow Cottage.

Beryl had reached the gate now, she could catch a glimpse of light evidently proceeding from the windows.

She laid her hand on the gate. It yielded to her touch.

She passed within the garden and glided noiselessly towards the house.

There was a deep porch before the door; a window close by was closed, the curtains drawn across it.

Beryl could not even discern whether there was any light inside; the light she had seen proceeded from a smaller window, which was evidently that of the kitchen, for a clatter of crockery came from within.

She leaned against the wall, sick with anguish.

If she could only know the truth!

Mark! what was that?

A touch on the front door; someone was opening it.

In an instant Beryl was behind the bush, effectually concealed, but able to see as well as to hear.

The door opened, and two figures came out into the trellised porch, distinctly outlined in the broad glare of light behind them—a woman and a man; the woman small, fair, pretty, dressed in rich cloth and fur; the man—Max Deverell.

And Beryl looked at the two with hard, dry, glittering eyes, and did not cry out or faint; did not even stir.

The soft south-west wind rustled the leaves of the evergreen, but the woman hidden under their friendly shelter was motionless.

She saw her love, her trust, her honor, the whole universe, shattered at her feet, and still she did not move; outraged, betrayed by the man whom she could almost have touched as he stood by another woman's side, she yet watched and waited, yet hoped, with the very madness of hope, that spoken words might give the lie to acts.

The girl spoke first—a low, clear voice, but not, as Beryl's finely-attuned ear at once detected, a lady's voice.

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"It was so hot indoors, but, ah, how black the night is!" She shivered, and drew closer to her companion. He put his arm about her, and she nestled to him with a happy sigh. "You won't leave me again, will you?" she said wistfully.

"If I leave you," Max answered, with caressing tenderness, "I will come back again. You can spare me for a little while, Lillian, dear?"

"Ah, you have some other love!" exclaimed the girl excitedly. "I will not trust you!"

"Hush, Lillian! you are my only love."

"Your true wife!" she said, growing calmer. "Nothing can undo that, can it?"

"No, nothing, my wife," he said, holding her to him, and his voice trembled.

Lillian lifted her face for his kiss, and he bent down and put his lips to hers.

His wife! What then was the woman who heard the avowal from the lips that had pressed her own a thousand times with all the passion of a man's strong heart? Had he lied to her, Beryl Clavering, or to this fair-haired woman he held to his heart now? Was there no faith nor honor under heaven? Was the whole world a huge lie?

They turned away, these two, and re-entered the house; the door closed behind them, shutting out the light that had shone on such hideous treason; blotting out the light for ever from the soul of Beryl Clavering.

CHAPTER XI.

FLIGHT.

At ten o'clock at night Beryl reached her home, if home that could be called in which she had no more a place. She went to her dressing-room and rang for her maid. The maid went up at once. The lights were turned low, and Mrs. Deverell was sitting at her davenport, and scarcely turned round as she spoke quickly:

"Louise," she said, "my friend is very ill; I must return to her the first thing to-morrow. I shall have to be off very early, so no one need get up. Let Williams order a cab to come round at half past six. That is all. I am writing a note for Mr. Deverell, to be given to him when he returns, so that he will know where I am."

"But madame must have some breakfast."

"Nonsense, Louise! I shall be in time for breakfast. Why, when I lived in the country I have walked three miles before breakfast. I shall not want you any more to-night."

"Very well, madame," and Louise retired, somewhat puzzled.

There was something not quite *en regle* in these proceedings; but, still, the maid had no thought that her mistress was doing anything wrong. Madame adored her husband, and he adored her; so there was no danger of her leaving him.

But Louise's opinion on that head might have been shaken had she seen Beryl's actions when left alone. The girl hastily put into a large carpet bag a few changes of apparel and some jewels and money, and having done this she made another effort to write to her husband—though husband, alas! he was not.

Again and again she had tried and failed; her brain was in a whirl. When at length the letter was finished it was sadly incoherent, but she could do no more; she was utterly shattered and distracted; her one wild idea to fly from this house—from the man who had so betrayed her; whom she still loved with such passion, despite the unpardonable wrong he had done her. She dared not wait, dared not incur the risk of meeting him; she was swept down the torrent of her agony, and shame, and terror; in truth, Beryl, at this time, was hardly in her right senses.

She passed the night pacing up and down her room, in such torture as only those could fully understand who have passed through a similar experience; and in the morning she enveloped herself in a large fur cloak, put on a small fur cap with a thick veil, and stole noiselessly downstairs, bag in hand.

The cabman was punctual.

Beryl stepped into the cab, and told the man to drive to Charing Cross. But she took no ticket there.

She simply watched until the cab was out of sight, and then she walked out into the Strand, and straight up to Euston Square, where she took a ticket for Liverpool.

Among the passengers by the White Star Liner that sailed that afternoon for New York was Miss Margaret Calton.

So Beryl Clavering put the wide Atlantic between herself and her betrayer.

CHAPTER XII.

A LETTER.

"Is Mrs. Deverell at home?" asked Max of the footman who opened the door to him.

The man changed color.

"No, sir; she went away the day before yesterday to see someone who is ill, I think, sir. I think she left a message with Louise."

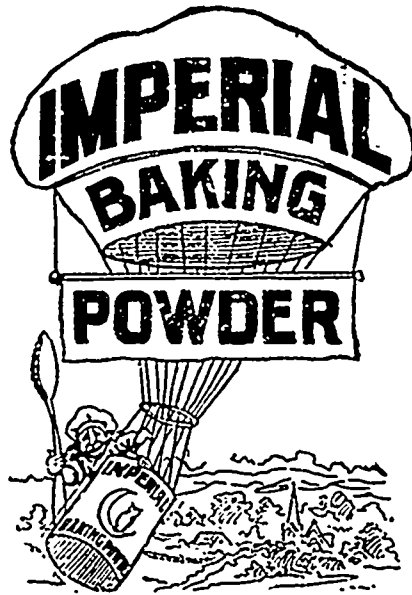
"Thanks," said Deverell quietly, though an odd chill went to his heart.

"Send Louise to me. Ah, here she is."

The maid came forward and gave her master the note Beryl had left.

He took it from her, and went straight to his study.

(To be continued.)



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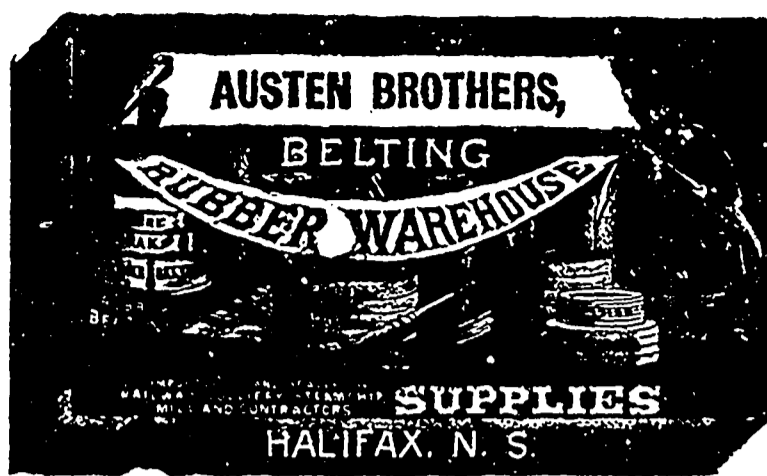
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MINING.

QUEBEC MINING ROYALTIES.—The question of mining royalties is being very widely discussed throughout the Province of Quebec at present on account of the enactment made by the Provincial Legislature relative to the royalties or taxes to be collected from the mines in the Province. The particularly obnoxious clause is that specifying the amount or rate to be levied. The following is the clause referred to:—"From the first day of May, 1891, a royalty shall be levied in favor of the Crown upon every mine which is now, or may hereafter be, sold, conceded or otherwise alienated. Such royalty shall, unless otherwise determined by letters patent already granted, consist of a percentage of three per cent. of the merchantable value of the products of all mines and minerals." This is considered a high rate of royalty, and the General Mining Association of the Province of Quebec have been petitioning the Dominion Government to disallow the Act. One of the reasons urged is that the rate is so high that in many cases it would take all the profits of the mine to pay the royalty. Another strong reason is that mining men will be averse to investing in the face of the tax, and so the mining industry of the Province will be retarded. In mines where the output is large, or in the case where all present profits are being turned into the development work, or again, in the case where the product is unsold for a considerable time, the payment of a royalty of two per cent. of the gross product becomes a very considerable burden. Accustomed as we are in Nova Scotia to a scale of royalty taxes varied according to the different kinds of mining products, an attempt to treat all alike seems to us very "ill advised legislation" even for Quebec. As we believe the royalty question will be revived in Nova Scotia before long, in the direction of a reduction of specific royalties, we would like our readers to favor us with their views as to the effects of the taxes in their special branches of mining and the directions in which they look for improvement. We intend to continue agitating for a more enlightened acknowledgment of the mining industries of the Province from the general body of the Legislature.

The following are the official returns for July so far received at the Mines office:—

District.	Mill.	Tons Qtz.	Ozs. Gold.
*Sherbrooke.....	Miners.....	35	5½
Oldham.....	Concord.....	5	3
Caribou.....	Moose River Co.....	200½	.36½
† ".....	D. Touquoy.....	270	77
Uniacke.....	Phoenix.....	95	9
".....	Withrow.....	27	33
Lake Catcha.....	Oxford.....	317	111½
15 Mile Stream.....	Egerton Co.....	375	246½
Mortared Gold, as returned by Thos. Barker from Scraggy Lake			8½
	* 9 tons quartz.		
	26 " dump.		
	† Surface soil and dump, 164 tons.		
	Quartz.....	106	"

SCRAGGY LAKE.—We notice that Thos. Barker, the prospector, has his name on the July list for 8½ ounces mortared gold. We trust that he is finding the long looked for loads of Scraggy Lake. This locality has several booms, but the difficulties encountered in getting supplies and machinery to the spot, and in doing prospecting work, have in a large measure prevented the opening up of a mining camp. The drift and indications found at different times have been very encouraging, and we trust Tom and his partners are on the track of a "big strike."

MOOSE RIVER.—Our veteran friend Mr. Touquoy is among the successful ones on the Mines office returns of gold for July. His July gold baby of 76½ ounces is as handsome as the others. Mr. Touquoy is still working both hard quartz and alluvial, and demonstrating the reality of mining and milling work where there is a large margin between cost of production and value of gold obtained, which shows itself in his case in a comfortable bank account.

ROBURITE.—Our roburite friends are winning good words from the Pictou Co. coal mines for their explosive. A late number of the *Stellarton Journal* gives a number of testimonials as to the efficacy of roburite and the growing favor it is receiving among the mines. With the march of chemical discovery the addition of business push will cause a commotion among the explosives companies that will benefit the mining people by a knocking down of prices. Fire away, gentlemen who are selling explosives, and let the competition commence!

A NEW FIND OF SPECULAR IRON ORE IN PICTOU CO.—A correspondent kindly furnishes us with the following item of interest:—"W. S. Williams, of Montague, has found a deposit of specular iron ore in Pictou Co." Our correspondent says the ore is of extra value, being a quality of ore that the Londonderry Iron Co. has had to import from outside the Province. Mr. Williams's find being only half a mile from railway, and of a quality that should sell readily to the Londonderry Iron Co., we trust that he has struck a good thing. Mr. Williams's friends will be pleased to hear of his good fortune.

COLORADO MINERAL PALACE.—We were much interested in reading an account in the *Canadian Mining Journal* of the structure erected in Pueblo, Colorado, for the exhibition of the minerals and mining products of the State of Colorado. The building, of brick and wood, is 243 feet in length

and 142 feet in width. The whole building is decorated in the most expensive style of fresco painting, the principal subjects being the wild flowers of Colorado. There is a large fixed stage representing the interior of a mine, lined with minerals of every kind and hung with glittering stalactites, besides which there are all the usual appurtenances of a western mine visible, burros, jack mules, etc. The mineral display is magnificent, representing every kind of ore, marbles, granites, clay, galena, coal, etc., giving a most complete idea of the wealth of minerals abounding in Colorado. One of the most valuable exhibits is a \$75,000 collection of native crystallized gold. The Pueblo smelters exhibit a trophy in the shape of a pipe organ, the different parts of which are made from lead pipe, lead bars, copper ingots, pigs of lead, etc., to show the different products of the works. There are two art galleries in the building.

NEW BRUNSWICK ROYALTY ON MINES.—For the benefit of our readers who are not familiar with New Brunswick mining laws we print a comparison between the royalties levied in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

NEW BRUNSWICK.		NOVA SCOTIA.	
Gold and Silver.....	2½ per cent.	Gold and Silver.....	2 per cent.
Coal.....	10 cts. per ton of 2240 lbs.	Coal.....	7½ cts. per ton of 2240 lbs.
Iron.....	5 cts. per ton of 2240 lbs.	Iron.....	5 cts. per ton of 2240 lbs.
Copper.....	4 cts. on every 1 per cent. in a ton of 2240 lbs.	Copper.....	4 cts. on every 1 per cent. in a ton of 2240 lbs.
Lead.....	2 cts. on every 1 per cent. in a ton of 2240 lbs.	Lead.....	2 cts. on every 1 per cent. in a ton of 2240 lbs.
Tin and precious stones.....	.5 per cent. of value.	Tin and precious stones.....	.5 per cent. of value.

SPRING HILL MINES.—There are now 1 400 men and boys employed in the collieries. The pay roll for July will be some \$40,000.

GOLD HUNTER ITEMS.—Operations at the Rosignol Mine, Whiteburn, have proved very encouraging. The leads cut so far are showing well both east and west.

Mr. Nash has had his mill at the Kempt gold mines, Yarmouth County, completed, and will go on with his operations at once. He has a ten stamp mill, automatic feeder, rock crusher, and other improved machinery.

ROBURITE.—In fulfilment of a promise made last week, we give the opinions of three practical miners in reference to the use of Roburite. We do it in the hope of removing a prejudice that may exist against it in a certain quarter. Every miner, ay, and every citizen, should help rather than retard the introduction of any new explosive which will lessen the dangers attending coal mining.

Mr. Thomas Hale, of Westville, says:—"When I first began to use Roburite—some six months ago—I was considerably prejudiced against it, but now, after having used it for that period of time, I have come to regard it as equal in every respect to powder, so far as efficacy of work goes, and what is more to the point, perfectly safe. Indeed without the cap you may tell your readers it is as safe as corn meal. I have never yet, without the cap, noticed it to flame. We have used it in gasy places and saw no flame. I think it is as cheap, cap included, as powder, that is,

after one has had experience with it. It is not poisonous to use; if one ate it it might be. Never think of looking for water to wash the hands. For the first day or two after using it we experienced slight pain over the eyes, but we soon became accustomed to the slight fumes and feel now no inconvenience. I would rather not use powder again in a fiery mine. Roburite I consider perfectly safe."

Mr. John Henderson, miner, Westville, says:—"I not only consider Roburite equal to powder in the way it does its work, but superior, and dear as it may be I consider it cheaper. We have a very heavy fall to blow down. Formerly we could scarcely get enough powder in the hole to blow it down. An 8 inch cartridge of Roburite does the work every time. I would rather use it than powder. We can stem a hole in 'no time,' and above all there is the sense of security and safety."

Mr. James W. Reid, shot firer, McGregor pit:—"The men the longer they use Roburite, like it better. In fact some of them never again want to see powder in the mine so long as there is gas. It does its work well, and it is quite safe to use. In using powder there was always a dread. There is no such dread now. It may be a little dearer than powder, and the cartridges are too stumpy—or too tight for the holes bored by the punches in use, otherwise it is far preferable to powder in a gasy mine."—*Star Jour.*

IT IS HARD to get the ear of the Chronic Dyspeptic HE HAS LOST HOPE.

I would like to talk for a few moments to every hopeless Chronic Dyspeptic who notices this advertisement, being especially anxious that those who are "sick and tired" of trying so many remedies and have concluded to fight it out and suffer for the rest of their lives, should remember that there **IS** a cure for every disease, and Chronic Dyspepsia has **SEEMED** incurable because the right remedy has only lately been discovered. "Dyspepticure" differs wholly from all other remedies and is an important discovery in the treatment of Chronic Dyspepsia; it is taken but once a day—at bedtime, and by acting directly on the Stomach, completely restores to it the powers of Digestion; when Digestion becomes good the blood is enriched, circulation improves and strength returns; the MANY miseries of the **CHRONIC DYSPEPTIC** soon disappear as good Digestion **ALWAYS** drives away Disease.

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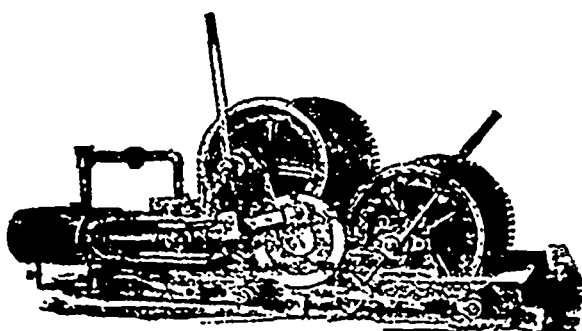
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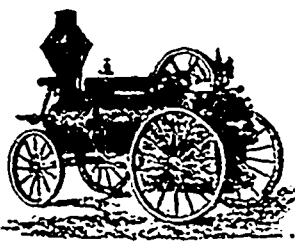
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62 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

For Catalogue C and prices.

Chemical Laboratory, Dalhousie College,
Halifax, N. S., July 31st. 1891.

Within the last few months I have purchased promiscuously, at RETAIL GROCERY STORES in this City, packages of

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER,

and have subjected same to Chemical Analysis. The samples were found to consist of Fresh, Wholesome Materials, properly proportioned. This Baking Powder is well suited for family use, and has been employed, when required, in my own house for many years

GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., L. J. D.
Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland.

MINING.

ANALYSES OF NOVA SCOTIA COALS AND OTHER MINERALS.
By E. GILPIN, JR., A.M., F.G.S., INSPECTOR OF MINES, ETC.

[From the Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute of Science, Session of 1890-91.]

(Continued.)

A similar mineral found at Lepreaux, near St. John, New Brunswick, was analysed by me some years ago, and proved to contain an amount of ash nearly equal to that of the Mabou sample. As the percentage of ash in an ordinary commercial Anthracite of fair quality should not exceed 10 per centum, it will be seen that these deposits are far below the standard.

Cumberland County Coals.

The following analyses are of samples of coal from seams opened out recently by Mr. E. Sharp and others, of Amherst, at Stanley, a short distance east of the Styles' mine. The samples were all from the crop, and more or less covered with clay.

4. Sample No. 1, marked from "North" Seam. Hard and compact, breaking with a cubical fracture; color black, with a bright lustre; no visible pyrites, and no mineral charcoal on deposition planes. Its composition was:

Moisture.....	2.35
Volatile combustible matter.....	35.86
Fixed carbon.....	53.86
Ash.....	8.43

100.00

Sulphur..... .52

Coke moderately compact by fast coking. Sample kindled readily, and burned with a long white flame, and gave a moderate amount of smoke.

5. Sample No. 2, marked "Bottle-Glass" Seam.

Coal fairly compact, hard, and breaking with a conchoidal fracture; color black and lustrous, with a few thin, dull layers; streak black. A few visible crystals of pyrites and a little mineral charcoal. The partings held a few films of rusted calcic carbonate. Composition:

Moisture.....	3.82
Volatile combustible matter.....	30.15
Fixed carbon.....	56.13
Ash.....	9.90

100.00

Sulphur..... .75

Coke slightly coherent by fast coking; sample ignited readily and burned with a moderate amount of smoke.

6. Sample No. 3, marked "Canneloid Coal from upper part of Eight feet Seam."

Coal hard and compact, with cubical fracture; color dull black, with brownish-black streak. Burned with clear white flame, and left an ash equal in bulk to the original fuel. It yielded:

Volatile matter.....	36.50
Ash.....	63.50

100.00

This composition represents a moderate amount of volatile combustible matter.

7. Sample No. 4, marked "Bench of Eight Feet Seam."

Coal fairly bright and compact, fracture uneven; a little mineral charcoal and a little visible pyrites. Composition:

Moisture.....	4.10
Volatile combustible matter.....	29.85
Fixed Carbon.....	59.13
Ash.....	6.92

100.00

Sulphur..... 1.25

Coal burned readily with good flame.

8. Joggins Main Seam.

Coal bright and lustrous, breaking with little dust and a cubical fracture. The planes hold a few films of calcspar and pyrites. A sample representing both benches yielded:

	Slow Coking.	Fast Coking.
Moisture.....	1.115	1.115
Volatile combustible matter.....	32.582	34.050
Fixed carbon.....	60.013	58.565
Ash.....	6.290	6.290

100.000

100.000

Sulphur..... 1.25

Some years ago, in a paper read before the Montreal meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, I gave the average composition of the coals of the Cumberland coal field as follows:

Moisture.....	1.46
Volatile combustible matter.....	33.69
Fixed carbon.....	59.35
Ash.....	5.50

100.00

From this it will be seen that the seams of coal represented by the analyses given in this paper compare favorably with the average.

(To be Continued.)

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

All communications to this department should be addressed directly to the checker Editor, W. Forsyth, 36 Grafton Street.

NEWS.

The differences which arose between Messrs. Reed and Barker as to the amount of the stakes for which they should play have been adjusted. The match for the "World's Championship" and a stake of \$1,000 has been arranged to open in Chicago on the 14th of September next. Thirty games are to be played from restricted openings.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. McKAY, Sydney - You appear to be correct, but the play will be submitted to Mr. Forsyth when he returns.

Correct solutions have been received from the following:—McGill, Yarmouth; "Alpha," Ottawa; E. Morton, Milton, N. B.; A. S. McKay, Sydney; J. E. Cox, Montreal; and "D. S. M." We are glad to observe that the interest in this column appears to be growing.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 234.—The position was:—black men 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 10, king 26; white men 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 21, 22. White to play and win.
12 8 5-14 15 6 26-17
3-12 13 9 2-9 21 5
14 9 6-13 17 3 W. wins

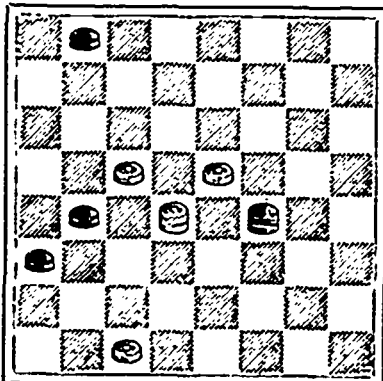
GAME NO. 114.—SINGLE CORNER.

Played at Glasgow, between Mr. Fraser of Dundee, and Mr. R. Martin, from the *American Checker Review*

11-15	13-17	1-6	9-13
22 18	21 14	30 26	17 14
15-22	10-26	3-8	6-9
25 18	31 22	19 15	15 10
12-16	4-8	16-19	19-23
24 19	22 17	23 16	
16-20	8-12	12-19	
26 22	17 14	26 22	
8-11	11-16	7-10	Fraser
29 25	25 21	14 7	won
9-13	6-9	2-11	with
28 24	32 28	21 17	black.

PROBLEM 236.

By E. Kelly of Winnipeg.
Black men, 1, 17, 21, king 19.



White men, 14, 15, 30, king 18.
White to play and win. Beginners will find that they will meet some difficulty in reaching a satisfactory ending to this problem.

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OF LIME AND SODA.
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Keiler and Morton.
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CAPERS, etc.
TRUFFLES, CAPERS and OLIVES.
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CANNED and POTTED MEATS.
CONDENSED MILK, Swiss and Truro.
BISCUIT, English, American & Canadian
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CITY CHIMES.

Our Society will no longer greet us weekly,—it is to become a monthly, and the first issue as such will appear as an exhibition number. The editor says the paper will be “possibly the first monthly that Halifax has produced.” A writer in one of the daily papers referred to the *Provincial or Halifax Monthly*, thus showing that the new monthly had at least one forerunner, but on investigation we find that Halifax in the olden days did more than this. As far back as 1790 we find the *Nova Scotia Magazine*; from 1826 to 1828 the *Acadian Magazine*; from 1830 to 1833 the *Halifax Monthly Magazine*; then in 1852 and 1853 the *Provincial or Halifax Monthly Magazine*; and last of all the *Maritime Monthly*, published in 1873. This is quite a list of literary achievements, and some magazines were of a standard that would not shame the present day. The *Provincial or Halifax Monthly Magazine* was edited by the late Mrs. Lawson whose initials, M. J. K. L., are well known to the reading public, and was the best of the magazines above named. We wish *Our Society* success in its new role.

The Park and Gardens are well patronized by large crowds of citizens and visitors on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. It is a long walk around the Point, but not too long for our healthy, energetic young people, and the refreshing, invigorating air which greets one on the shore road and up through the leafy, shady walk is undoubtedly the best cure for ennui or lassitude. The Gardens just now are at the height of their glory, and whatever Louis C. Elson, Esq., the musical critic of the *Boston Advertiser*, who has very unjustly, and we think very unnecessarily, cut Halifax to pieces, may have to say derogatory to our city, he certainly could not have visited our Gardens or Park, or his tune would have had just a few notes that were not utterly discordant. The beauties of our city are many, let us make the most of them.

Such a large number of festivities were planned for last Saturday (this last day of the week seems to be the weekly gala day of Halifax,) that when the morning came with its cloudy doubtful sky, many were the expressions of disappointment and impatience. The rain, thunder and lightning of the forenoon certainly did not give much encouragement, but about three o'clock the sun shone through the clouds, and many of the numerous excursions and sports were successfully carried out, though a few were necessarily postponed. The club house of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron was well patronized; of course, it being ladies' day, the fair sex was exceedingly well represented, and as the race neared completion excitement waxed high. The *Youta* came home ahead, closely followed by *Lenore*. Each of the competing yachts had one or more ladies as members of her crew, and therefore the interest was more than usual, and the afternoon was much enjoyed by competitors and spectators.

St. Paul's Church was well filled on Tuesday evening, and an excellent programme carried out. Mr. Hutchins, the new organist of the church, delighted the audience by his excellent rendering of the numbers selected, and Mrs. Percy Lear gave two solos, which were highly appreciated by an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Wilson, tenor, and Mr. Dodwell, bass, appeared to good advantage, and the recital was all in all very enjoyable indeed.

The Studley Quoit Club's hodge podge, postponed from Saturday afternoon, was held on Monday at the grounds of the club, and was largely attended by a select and fashionable audience, who went home delighted with the afternoon's entertainment.

We are glad to see that the Halifax Ladies' College is to be in running order again by September 9th, when it will open with a complete staff of teachers. It was with great regret that we saw this admirable educational institution closed early in the summer on account of a visitation of the dread disease diphtheria, and we trust that the thorough overhauling the building has received may have thoroughly eradicated all traces of it.

Every one who has occasion to cross the harbor now comments on the improved appearance of the ferry boats *Halifax* and *Dartmouth*. They have been painted a pleasing yellow and olive green with black funnels. The upper decks of these boats afford a splendid position from which to view the harbor, and are thoroughly appreciated by all lovers of beautiful views. The natural beauties of Dartmouth, or rather the surroundings of Dartmouth, are not as well known as they should be. In no place we can think of are there so many pretty walks and drives near by. In Halifax one must needs walk a long distance to get anything besides the park and other well-known and loved walks, but on the other side of the wetness that divide us from our sister city we find very charming spots not more than twenty minutes walk from the ferry. The lakes are particularly beautiful from either side, and present a greater variety of scenery to the eye than is obtainable at the North-west Arm. We advise our pedestrianizing friends to explore for themselves. They will not have cause to regret it.

Picnics in galore; societies, Sunday schools and private parties are all hard at work trying to enjoy life in this midsummer weather. It is too bad that our enemy, the fog, sees fit to arise every evening, as it certainly dampens the ardor of enthusiastic picnickers, takes the curl out of the fair ones' bangs, and altogether proves very unpleasant. We hope for clearer evenings next week, so that the August moon may be enjoyed to the full, and our pleasure parties not end in obscurity and fog. Park St. Sunday School advertise their annual picnic at Hosterman's for Thursday next, which, if the weather proves favorable, will in all probability be a success,

as very few excursions have been made this summer to these grounds, which in former years were so very popular, and which are really the most delightful retreat for these gatherings that the city affords.

The two days' cricket match between the Wanderers and the Leicester-shire clubs, which was begun on Friday and finished on Saturday afternoon resulted, as the boys say, in “a walk over” for the Wanderers. We are proud of our Halifax boys, the red and blacks having no need to fear competition with any cricket teams, and they have done well this season.

Excursions were very much in order last Saturday afternoon, and notwithstanding the frown of Dame Nature at their starting, the pleasure-seekers were favored with a delightful afternoon. The North British Society and their friends had the steamer *City of St. John* and enjoyed their sail around the Harbor and Basin very much. Refreshments were bountifully provided, and the whole affair was voted one big success.

The Union Protection Company had their annual hodge podge at MacNab's Island on Saturday afternoon, the steamer *Highland Mary* taking down about fifty members and their guests. A very enjoyable affair was the verdict of all present.

Not long ago a visitor in our city made a remark which set us thinking; it was to the effect that while many, very many bright happy faces are to be seen every day on our streets, in the cars, etc., yet a great number of our Halifax ladies, even young girls, constantly wear an expression of thorough discontent. Now this ought not to be. We would not, don't for a moment think we would, have them wear a perpetual smile or a forced expression of happiness, but if they will only take off the frown and look as though they found life worth living, we warrant they will feel ten per cent. happier. Of course every one has some things to worry about, “Into each life some rain must fall, some days be dark and dreary, etc.,” but undoubtedly it is our duty to ourselves as well as to others to be cheerful. Nature surely intended us to be fountain springs of brightness and social life, and not travelling monuments of melancholy. Life is worth living, and if we in Halifax are not contented with our lot we should be, so, as it is much in habit, let us cultivate bright, contented expressions and note how it will make the pretty girls prettier and the plain ones much more attractive, to say nothing of the good it would do others. Someone has well said that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness all around.

While coming from the north end of the city one day this week, the idea struck us that many who live in the south end and rarely have occasion to pass through Gottingen St. have really no idea of the flourishing state of trade on that one street. Of course all through the north end are numerous “grocery corners,” occasional small thread and needle shops, etc., but when one comes to Gottingen St. he must necessarily stop and wonder at the growth of business there within the last few years. North-ends need not now go “to town” for any of the necessaries of life unless they wish, for surely every thing is provided for their accommodation on this busy street. There we find three or four good drug establishments. Close by is the People's Photographic Studio, which we learn is doing a good business in reproducing the bright and attractive faces of our enterprising north end friends. Before passing south we must not forget to speak of a well stocked stationery store, where the latest papers, magazines, books and other like articles may always be obtained. The good market and first-class grocery establishment is a credit to the street, and the crowd to be found there on every evening, Saturday especially, recalls to mind a line of Byron—“All human history attests that happiness for man—the hungry sinner—since Eve ate apples, must depend on dinner.” The numerous dry goods, millinery, boot and shoe, grocery, china and glass, gentlemen's furnishing and variety stores which meet the eye, very many sporting fine plate glass fronts, make one feel assured that a great deal of the money of the north-end citizens must change hands on Gottingen St., and the fact that the north-end branch of the People's Bank has been doing a flourishing business ever since its establishment early last spring, goes to prove this assurance. But we have not even yet enumerated all the branches of trade that are located and carried on in this one street of the north end of our so-called slow city. We find painters, paper-hangers, picture-framers, tonsorial artists, pork dealers, bakers, shoemakers, tea dealers, jewellers, tinsmiths and plumbers, each carrying on a thriving business, and giving satisfaction to their large circle of customers. Sad to say, we have to note the sign, “Licensed to sell, etc.,” among the others in this busy mart, and doubtless the proprietors are contributing their usual amount of work towards piling up misery in many homes while filling their own treasuries. The fruiterers of Gottingen St. deserve more than a passing glance, for in season and out their windows display a most tempting array of deliciously fresh and well assorted fruits. Now at this season especially do they invite the weary passer-by to taste and see, and the sound of the cool soda fountains, the thought of ice cream and the delicious profusion of good things, lure many to the counters of these well-kept places of business. Indeed we would like all to appreciate the fact that not only Granville, Hollis, Barrington and Argyle Streets are to be termed the principal business streets of our city, but that Gottingen must certainly have its place as one of the most successful centres of trade. The north end also has a newspaper all its own, *The Northern Light*, which, though mainly an advertising medium, gives many newsy items in its columns. Now that the Street Railway Company is extending its lines through Gottingen Street to the north-western portion of the city, our north-end citizens will soon have almost everything that man or woman could desire in the way of accommodation and convenience.