

THE CRITIC:

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DEVOTED TO

Commerce, Manufacturing, Mining and Agriculture.

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THE CRITIC,

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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 sentiment 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.

There must be some mismanagement and want of forecast in the P. O. Department, when there have been no five-cent stamps at the Halifax Office for at least (to our knowledge) a week. Of course it is not a matter of very great importance, there being no unbearable hardship in using a two and a three; still, it should not be.

We have frequently referred to the rabbit pest in Australia, and the extent of the nuisance seems still to be on the increase. One station in New South Wales, for which the Government received in the form of rental \$14,000, was last year a charge upon the provincial treasury to the extent of \$55,000, expended in exterminating the rabbits. A reward of \$125,000 is now offered to the inventor who discovers some means for ridding the country of these prolific bunnies.

We suppose it is pretty well known by this time that the European news furnished to the cis-atlantic press is unreliable. "Europe," says the *British American Citizen*, "is in a state of chronic unrest, because London correspondence and New York newspaper bogus cable despatches are manufactured to suit the American market. There is no industry in which so much care is taken to suit the customers' taste as this of newsmongering, and none in which so much humbug and ignorance is displayed in the treatment."

It would appear from the following description of their new infantry arm that the French have not been idle in equipping their forces with an improved weapon. "The new Leble gun is described as very effective. It is a repeating rifle, throwing a small steel-pointed ball, which is propelled by a newly invented smokeless powder of great power. The balls revolve at the rate of 1,000 revolutions a minute, and are effective at a distance of a mile and a half. In recent tests bullets at 500 yards penetrated a brick wall eight inches; and, it is said, that at a mile they will pass through a man as easily as at ten paces. The cartridges are so small that a soldier can carry 200 rounds. One hundred and sixteen rounds has heretofore been the maximum." This sounds formidable, but there are some disadvantages about a very small bullet, and we feel the want of details as to the effects at short ranges. Very likely, however, the new rifle is an effective arm.

A collection of Irish music, magnificently bound and illuminated, is to be sent to Mr. Gladstone from New York.

No wonder that the people of Cuba yearn for Home Rule, and covertly advocate annexation to the United States. Within the past ten years Cuba has paid into the Spanish Treasury about \$376,000,000 and even the loyal Spanish residents can scarce plead an excuse for maintaining a union, the advantages of which are so unquestionably one-sided. Cuba has a population of one and a half million persons, and soon she, with her white and colored citizens will, if Uncle Sam keeps a bright look-out, form part of the great American Republic.

When the Comte de Paris issued his manifesto we remarked that the indifference with which it was treated by M. Grevy's government indicated, possibly, a consciousness of strength in the Republic. The result of the late crisis, which might have been so formidable, goes to confirm our idea that republican institutions have really acquired a firm hold on the mind and sentiment of France. We partly based this opinion on the fact that a whole generation has now nearly grown to years of maturity since the overthrow of the Empire.

There is sometimes a good deal of—as it seems to us—unnecessary and offensive fuss made by the street-car conductors in hurrying up passengers' fares. When the cars are over-crowded, as they often are, it is frequently a matter of quite a little time and manœuvring to get your fare passed up, or to navigate to the front to drop it into the box yourself, or to get change, and as far as our observation—which is pretty continual—goes, passengers are for the most part careful enough, and as expeditious as is at all necessary. The street cars are, on the whole, well conducted; let their authorities guard against any offensive nonsense.

The Gloucester Fishery Union recently passed a series of resolutions, one of which reads as follows.—"Resolved, That we neither use nor desire to use Canadian waters for practical fishing, but simply ask that our commercial rights there shall be defined by our own Government, and when defined, maintained." The contrast between theory and practice strikes us as being somewhat marked. However, the Gloucester Fishery Union evidently thinks itself quite virtuous and magnanimous in insisting that "we will cheerfully conform to whatever construction *our own* (italics ours) Government shall place upon existing treaties and legislation!"

The coal beds of China are five times as large as those of all Europe, while gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, iron, marble and petroleum are found in the greatest abundance. Owing to the prejudice of the people, the mines have never been worked to any extent, it being the popular belief in China that if these mines are opened thousands of demons and spirits would come forth and fill the country with war and suffering. Some day China will rise and cast off her superstitions, and there are signs now visible of the coming awakening. When she does, she will be a great power in the earth. Who is it that says the world will be one day Teuton, Slav, or Mongol?

The Dartmouth ferry boat crossing from that city on Friday, encountered a boat with two small boys who had lost their oars, and were benumbed with cold. The ferry-boat is not the handiest of craft to manœuvre, but she managed to effect a rescue after some time, during which the most remarkable part of the business was the vociferous excitement of the male passengers, twenty of whom shouted themselves hoarse with as many different exhortations to the poor boys what to do. The scene excited some calm speculation on the part of some ladies who were in transit, as to whether as many of their own sex would have lost their heads, and behaved as ridiculously as the Lords of Creation—such specimens as were present.

Bad taste is by no means confined to the individual. Public bodies frequently commit themselves to it, and sometimes whole communities are inoculated with perversion. The Board of Admiralty often misnames Her Majesty's men of war "in a way we despise," but the most rotund instance we have become aware of for a long time, is the craze that has seized the people, legislature, and premier of New South Wales to change the name of their colony to "Australia." One is at a loss to understand the state of mind which not only admits, but fights strenuously for, an idea so innately and patently inappropriate. The *Times* devotes an amusing and sarcastic leader to it, and the other great colonies seem hardy to know whether to take the presumption as a jest, or to be seriously angry about it. Perhaps N. S. W. will by-and-by return to her senses.

1888.

Well, dear Friends, Subscribers and Readers, Christmas has passed, let us hope merrily to most. It now remains to us to wish you and all the world A HAPPY NEW YEAR. That which is now so fast drawing to its close will recur to us as one, perhaps, more than usually chequered in its reminiscences. If hereafter the notes of rejoicing for the jubilee of a reign purer and more fortunate than has perhaps ever fallen to the lot of earthly monarchs re-echo in our ears, they will be tempered with the remembrance of an abnormal list of catastrophes by flood, by tempest and by accident, not unfrequently chargeable to neglect of precautionary safe guards. If, on the one hand, the fair rewards of agriculture and the peaceful prosecution of our various industries demand a tribute of thankfulness, it is impossible not to feel that our contentment might be less alloyed, and even our material gains perhaps greater, but for the spirit of faction, disunion, want of faith in our country, and want of courage to stand shoulder to shoulder in her support, which have been too apparent and too tangible to be ignored.

Abroad, Europe may be thankful even that the war-cloud is still suspended, and, though threatening and heavily charged, has not yet burst, and probably now cannot discharge itself for three or four months to come.

The old countries—our own countries, we mean—England, Scotland and Ireland—like ourselves, present a spectacle of, on the whole, fair material prosperity; but again, like ourselves, though in a more aggravated form, of the evils of unscrupulous political faction.

The general fusion of ideas resulting from the thorough ventilation the Irish question is now receiving, and the consequent increase, on the whole, of mutual toleration, seem, at the close of 1887, to admit a gleam of hope of some subsidence of the flood of bitter waters. May that hope, if as yet dim and faint, gather light and strength with the advancing year.

Perhaps, if we choose to be fancifully inclined, we may augur well of the coming Child of Time from the numbers which compose it, or at least from the last three of them. There is much virtue (or otherwise) in triplés. If, in the system of agadistic enigma with which both Jews and Greeks of the Neronian Empire were familiar, 666 was the "Number of the Beast," being the essential number of tribulation, toil and imperfection, and constructed out of the letters of the name "Neron Kesar," no less was 888 similarly evolved from the Greek letters of the name of Jesus (Iesous) a number which typified their opposites, peace, joy, perfection.

May the coming year fulfil the weird; and let, us in the words of the Laureate—

"* * * trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pain of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

Ring out the Old, ring in the New,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

WHOM TIME MOVES WITHAL.

It is not uninteresting on the immediate Eve of the New Year, to think for a moment of the ages of personages who, from birth, rank, genius, or other cause, occupy a position of prominence in the eye of the world. Some of these have attained a term of years so prolonged that it is more than probable another annual summary will miss some name of mark, for we only mention such as are of what may be called somewhat advanced age.

If it were not fitting to give the *pas* (and *place aux dames*) to Her Majesty, who will be 69 next May, we might begin with the more real alternate rulers of the United Kingdom, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, between whom there are 20 years of difference. Lord Salisbury will be 58 on the 3rd February next. Mr. Gladstone was 78 yesterday. It has been a frequent mistake of late to speak of Mr. Gladstone as being 79, and there is often a confusion about ages, which seems to arise in this way. Some one speaks of, we will say Mr. Gladstone's 79th birth-day, and some one else at once sets him down as being 79 years old. Of course, a 79th birth-day is the beginning of the 79th year. The 78th was completed with the previous day. The birth-day which comes when a child is one year old, is his second birth-day. Mr. Gladstone was born on the 29th December, 1809.

There are two Royal Personages, who, though standing in very different degrees of interest to the world, are alike remarkable for their length of days. One is the grand old Emperor William, the other the venerable Duchess of Cambridge; both were born in 1797. The Emperor will be 91 in March, the Duchess in July.

Two Field Marshals, of widely different reputations, were born in 1800 and therefore go with the century. One is Von Moltke, the other the Earl of Lucan, who commanded the British Cavalry in the Crimea.

A younger, but prominent soldier, Lord Wolsely, will be 55 next June. Three venerable Admirals attract attention by their age.

Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Provo W. P. Wallis, is 97. He was, we believe, born in Halifax, and as Second Lieutenant of the *Shannon*, brought her and her prize, the *Cheapeake*, into Halifax Harbor in 1813. He was posted in 1819.

Sir Wm. Fanshawe Martin, Rear Admiral of the United Kingdom, and the Senior on the Retired List, is 88. He was a post captain of 1824.

Admiral Henry Eden, who stands next on the Retired List, was posted in 1827, and is 90 years of age.

Lady Burdett Coutts will be 74 in April.

Tennyson and Browning are both about the same age, 75 or 76. Whittier is 80.

Cardinal Manning is also about 80, and Cardinal Newman 84.

The redoubtable M. DeLesseps, of Suez-and-Panama Canal fame, is 83. Sir John Millais, the great painter, is 59.

As a centenary, the death of Prince Charles Edward, the young Pretender, may be borne in mind when we come to the 31st January—that event having taken place on that day, 1788. That of his brother Henry, the Cardinal of York, and last of the Stuarts, did not occur, if we remember rightly, till 1809.

HALIFAX NUISANCES.

Three or four weeks ago judgment was given by Mr. Justice Frazer in the case of a Miss Gilmour versus the corporation of St. John. A verdict was rendered against the city for culpable negligence in the care of the sidewalks, whereby serious injury was caused to the plaintiff in whose favor judgment was recorded to the amount of \$2000.

This case may well stand as a warning to our own City Council. The City of Halifax, considering its extent and population, carries an amount of tax which may well be called enormous, but the state of the public highways within its boundaries affords but little evidence of a judicious expenditure of it.

At any moment the city might find itself called on to pay damages arising out of the state of its sidewalks. The cobble stone carriage-entrances here and there are dangerous in weather slippery either from frost or wet, especially to females. Young, active and expert women evade them by balancing along the curb-stone—its narrow enough—but elderly ladies are often deficient in the necessary gymnastic powers.

The raised drains across the sidewalks in some parts are particularly dangerous on dark nights, and plank walks might surely be laid over a large extent of streets which now entail a helpless slipping about in mud more or less liquid or sticky.

Everybody anathematizes the winter ice-nuisance, but no such thought seems to occur to the "patres conscripti" as determination to abate it. If property owners are not rigidly compelled, as they ought to be, to clear the ice from their frontages, they ought at least to be made to sprinkle ashes. But we know how it goes in small cities. Every merchant or shopkeeper has his civic clique. The last thing he would think of conforming to in his own high and mighty person is obedience to any bye-law which might interfere with his smallest convenience, and he would accordingly make it cheerful for his ward representatives if he were coerced. It is the same thing with the frequent shameful obstruction of the footpaths by goods permanently exposed on them. Any stiff and stern chief of police, endeavoring to do his duty without fear or favor, would probably have a short time of it, and not a merry one.

Some of the curbs at the street corners are exceedingly dangerous, and we have noticed some corners, where, at the bi-section of the angle, the pavement is actually raised to a convex, rendering it almost impossible in icy weather to attempt to round the turn on the sidewalk at all.

The general state of a large portion of sidewalk throughout the city is very bad, and cellar-ways and man-hole traps are too frequently left open or insecurely fastened.

If some of our hackmen (we do not say all) dressed themselves more decently, kept their cabs cleaner, refrained from coarse and profane language, not infrequently to be heard opposite the Grand Parade, and cultivated civility of demeanor instead of insolence, it would not only be more satisfactory to the respectable public, but would also probably be money in their own pockets.

We have more than once before called attention (and we have been requested on many hands to do so) to the intolerable nuisance of the deafening racket made by trotting drays and heavy carts, both in the business and quiet portions of the city. A bye-law ought certainly to be passed restraining these gentry with their rattle-trap vehicles to a walk. Is there an alderman brave enough to incur the wrath of the carters and truckmen?

We respectfully tender these little items to the Corporation of the City of Halifax as a New Year's tribute of our good will and consideration for their reputation and interests.

We have been rather in the habit of regarding the cheek and counter-cheek features of the American constitution with disfavor; but the recent French crisis induces some reflections from a new point of view. As the French constitution now stands, the Legislature can force the resignation of the President by refusing its confidence to any cabinet which is willing to work under him. The chambers, therefore both make and unmake the President. It would be no great stretch of imagination to conceive a Radical majority in the British House of Commons unmaking the British monarchy. But the President of the United States, his cabinet, and the whole Executive, are independent of the Legislature. He is responsible only to the people, and the Executive to him. The Legislature, particularly the Senate, can annoy him, but nothing short of impeachment can depose him. Herein is much food for thought.

It is not an unpleasant reflection to begin the New Year with, that the great English medical scientist, Mr. Spencer Wells, says that the average duration of human life in Great Britain has increased during the last fifty years from thirty years to forty-nine years. The annual death rate has also decreased in the last 115 years in a very marked degree. In London, in 1744, it was 48.1 per 1,000; in 1846, it was 25 per 1,000, and 1885, it was only 19.3 per 1,000.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE BLITHE NEW YEAR.

Sing me a song of the blithe New Year,
Of the blithe New Year, that cometh in view,
Let your voice ring out full loud and clear,
Sing I sing mayhap as the angels do,
Sing of a life with a higher aim
Than living for self, not for the world,
Let every note in your song proclaim
The banner of peace and hope unfurled!
Sing me a song where each rhythmic note
Shall picture life both noble and grand,
That song and words through all time may float,
And clearer grow on the farther strand,
If minor chords in the song shall blend
With rare sweet strains the while between,
It is but what shall be to the end,
Those notes must come to each heart, I ween.
—*Geil Hoopler Howard*

The speech of the tongue is best known to men God best understands the language of the heart.—*Warwick*.

"I am at your service, ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing her silverware.

Marriage certificates with divorce coupons are being introduced in Chicago, and are becoming very popular.—*Tid Bits*.

It is a shame for a rich Christian to be like a Christmas-box, that receives all and nothing can be got out till it be broken in pieces; or like unto a drowned man's hand, that holds whatever it gets.—*Bishop Hall*.

She (witnessing a game of foot ball)—What are they doing now, George?
He—They're putting Brown, one of the half backs, into an ambulance.
Four of his ribs are broken and his spine is bent.

She (enthusiastically)—Oh, isn't it all so very interesting and exciting?
—*New York Sun*.

Mistress (who had been out)—Why, Bridget, where is the statue of the Venus of Milo?

Bridget (fresh importation)—Wan av them Oitalian image men, mum, come along an' said that he cud fix it as good as now for fifty cents, mum, an' I laved him the job.—*New York Sun*.

In a recent letter to the *London Times*, Prof. Max Müller contends against the view set forth by Professor Sayce in his address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science that the original home of the Aryans was not in Asia. Prof. Sayce, following Dr. Schrader of Jena, and other German scholars, transfers the original home of the Aryan stock to Scandinavia or Lithuania. Canon Isaac Taylor has supported Prof. Sayce's view in a paper read before the Anthropological Institute.

A certain gentleman from the North being of a genealogical turn of mind, believed that he discovered in his pedigree some remote connection with the Royal Stuart blood. Going south, he made much of this presumed relationship, until he was generally spoken of, in bated breath, by his innocent English friends, as "a descendant of the Stuarts." At a large public gathering he was thus mentioned, and the description instantly engaged the rapt interest of a stranger a new arrival from Caledonia. "A descendant of the Stuarts!" he cried. "Eh, sirs, I'd like fine to see ano' o' the old Royal race." "Then there he is," answered his interlocutor, pointing him out—"there—the gentleman standing in front of the fireplace." "Gude sakes!" said the astonished Scot; "that's my ain brither Jock."

For a good, every-day household angel give us the woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is the paragon, and if she cannot laugh at Yuletide, when can she? Home is not a battlefield, nor the one long unbending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty—one no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try, and surely now is the "acceptable time" when family and friends meet round the Christmas fire and table, and, for at least one day, sink their cares and troubles out of sight.

When a grave of an old Viking was opened recently his skeleton showed that he had been laid to face the setting sun. He had worn a woollen surcoat, edged with a frilling of gold, and buckled at the neck with a golden clasp. His belt was of stamped leather, fastened by two gold buckles. Over his lap was his shield, round, two feet across, with the underside of wood and the outer of bronze, with a rim of iron. His hands were placed across his shield as if to clasp it to his breast, and on them had been bracelets of bronze, with serrated edges and rims of gilded silver. His two-edged sword of iron, 30 inches long and sheathed in wood, lay at his side, and close at hand was a dagger of iron and a barbed javelin. To the right of his feet was a bucket, such as the Saxons carried on their war ships, made of the same materials as his shield.

FOR RICKETS, MARIASUS, AND ALL WARTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN, *Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites*, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Ricketts and Mariasus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—*J.M. Main M. D., New York*. Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

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11 JACOB STREET, HALIFAX.****Valuable Coal Mining Property
FOR SALE,****Situated in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia,**

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Styles Mining Company's Property.

This property consists of five square miles, and is only distant from the celebrated Spring Hill Coal Mines, seven miles. It is on the north dip of the Spring Hill coal basin, and the out-crop has been traced for two and a-quarter miles.

Two seams have been developed, the upper being 6 feet in thickness, and the lower, which is separated from the upper by a thickness of strata of about twenty feet, being four feet in thickness.

The indications point to the existence of other seams on the property.

The coal is of superior quality, and has been pronounced by consumers the

Best Coal for Domestic Purposes they have ever used.

For Gas and Steam Purposes, it is unequalled.

The late Mr Hartley, a most efficient member of the Geological Survey of Canada, reported as follows:

"The analyses show the coal to belong to the class known as highly bituminous, in fact, cooking coals in character very similar to those of the North of England, known as North Country, or NEWCASTLE HADLEY COAL."

"The high rate of volatile to fixed combustible matter should render the coal in common with the Newcastle Coal, which it resembles, an admirable gas coal, while in the amount of sulphur it falls much below the average of Newcastle Coals, (which contain about nine tenths of one per cent., as determined by the Admiralty Steam Coal Tests), therefore the gas obtained from it should be very easily purified."

"The coke of the coal appears in every way well adapted for iron smelting, as it is firm and rather compact, and in content of ash and sulphur, will compare most favorably with that from any coal in the Province."

The position of the Styles mining areas is very advantageous in relation to the opening up of the seams, and also of connection with the Intercolonial Railway, which passes within a mile and a-half of the property.

The Spring Hill Mine is acknowledged to be more advantageously situated for shipping its coal than any other mine now being worked in the Province. The Styles Mine is quite as advantageously situated, and commands the coal markets of Montreal, Quebec, the United States, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland.

The new tariff has given an impetus to the manufacturers of iron, and as the coke of the Styles seams is specially adapted for iron smelting, the probabilities are that in a few years a home market will be found for most of the output.

Parties desiring to purchase will be furnished with full particulars on application at

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Those who wish to secure pleasant and profitable reading matter for the winter evenings should note our exceptional offer which appears on page sixteen. For \$2.50 in cash we undertake to send THE CRITIC to any subscriber for one year, supplying him in addition with seventy nine of the most readable of readable books. Those who are renewing their subscriptions, as well as new subscribers, should take advantage of this offer.

Parliament (the Dominion) is to meet on 31st Jany.

The new Conservative paper, the *Empire*, was to appear on the 27th instant.

Mr. Cochrane (Cons.) has been returned to the Dominion Parliament for E. Northumberland by a majority of 126.

The organization of the new department of trade and commerce will not be carried out until after the session of parliament.

The S. S. *Batavia* has arrived at Vancouver, B. C., after a most tempestuous voyage of 16 days and twenty-two hours, from Yokohama.

The buffalo seems to be not quite extinct even yet, if it is true, as reported, that a large herd has been seen 100 miles west of Battleford.

The appointment of Shakespeare, M. P., as postmaster at Victoria, will necessitate a new election there, and the writs will be used within a few days.

The western Infantry Schools of Instruction are overcrowded, and applicants are offering to forego travelling allowances if permitted to go to Fredericton.

It is understood that the petition for the repeal of the Scott Act in Westmoreland covers all the legal requirements, and a polling day will shortly be fixed for the contest.

Some carefully prepared statistics, recently published, show that while the New England States have doubled their population in a half a century, the Canadian Provinces have done twice as well.

A shooting affray occurred on Wednesday week at Myrtle, Ont., between two whiskey detectives and some anti Scott Act persons. Robert Brown, bar-tender of Port Perry, was fatally injured.

A series of bridges, to afford communication between Canada and the United States at the Sault Sainte Marie, is on the point of completion. This new international highway will be of great importance.

Mr. Norquay, Premier of Manitoba, has resigned, and Mr. Harrison has very rapidly formed a new ministry. Mr. Norquay indignantly denies that he has been offered official inducement by Sir John to resign.

Geo. Mann & Co., of the liquor-tea company, Toronto, have assigned with liabilities \$60,000, and assets \$40,000. The Central bank is the principal creditor. Other creditors are tea and book houses in New York and England.

The number of sudden deaths occurring during the Christmas week has been remarkable. They include Mr. Roche and Mr. Henderson, of Halifax, and Mr. Owen Conolly, said to be the wealthiest citizen of Prince Edward Island.

The *St. John Sun* says that Wiggins has scored a point, as he predicted a green Christmas. We do not quite see it. We understand a green Christmas to mean a soft one, and, though very fine, the Christmas week has been quite hard and cold.

Some busybodies and quidnuncs in England have been amusing themselves with discussing the state of the Militia of Canada, of which they know less than nothing. It is probable, however, that their promptings come from the disaffected here.

Six commissions in the Cavalry or Infantry of the Line are to be granted to officers of the Active Militia of Canada under certain regulations which are gazetted. Age, 19 to 22, must have served 15 months, and pass a rigid medical and literary examination.

Surveying operations in connection with the fortifications to be erected by the Imperial Government at Esquiault are being carried on by a detachment of Royal Engineers, in charge of Lieut. J. I. Laing, a graduate of 1883, of our own Royal Military College.

Enlistment for the new school of infantry, at London, Ont., will be commenced very shortly. The strength will be the same as that of the other schools—one hundred. The barracks are about ready for occupation, and the school is to be opened in April.

There is a rumor that the Dominion Government is about to take over the Canadian Pacific Railway, giving a perpetual guarantee of 3 per cent. on the stock. If there is any foundation for it such a transaction should be narrowly watched, and would require the fullest discussion.

The Imperial small arms committee have been conducting a series of tests of a new magazine rifle submitted to them, and the results have proved so satisfactory that they have been communicated to the Militia Department at Ottawa. They report a mean deviation of curvature of only twelve inches in one thousand yards, and no recoil when the shot is fired. These improvements are likely to cause a revolution in the use of small arms.

The sheep ranch of Ira Wilson, at Cadboro Bay, opposite San Juan Island, B. C., was seized by Customs officers, on Saturday last. The proprietor was accused of smuggling sheep and other stock on San Juan Island to various parts of Vancouver Island. Three hundred sheep, and other stock, were seized, and the matter referred to Ottawa. Wilson acknowledges having smuggled, and has put up enough security to cover the seizure and probable fine.

Mr. Langham, the well-known cattle exporter of Belleville, Ont., has just received through Lord Dufferin the appointment of manager, in India, of the cattle estates of the Nizam of Hyderabad, who will be remembered as having given \$2,000,000 towards the fortifications and defence of India a short time ago.

We have to acknowledge a very artistic calendar, with a Christmas greeting, from the Passenger Department of the "Chicago and North Western Railway." The tone of the colored engraving of two handsome dogs, and of the sporting scene above them is admirable, and quite novel in this sort of thing.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co., the proprietors of "Minard's Liniment," etc., have published an extremely pretty calendar for 1888, a copy of which they have kindly sent to us. This enterprising firm claims to have increased its sales 50 per cent. during the past year, and is preparing for a large extension of its operations.

A fatal dynamite explosion occurred at Brookfield on Friday morning last, by which four men were killed, and a man badly, and a woman less seriously, injured. The disaster was caused by the foolishness of A. Macdonald, (killed,) who persisted, against remonstrance, in thawing frozen dynamite in a kettle on the stove. The bodies were frightfully mangled.

Messrs. P. W. Ellis & Co., of Toronto, have just entered into a contract with the Dominion Rifle Association for the manufacture of a large number of silver medals annually distributed by that body, and which hitherto have been made in England. The samples shewn were fully equal to the imported article, and the Association decided that the work should for the future be done in Canada.

The Victoria or St. Patrick's hall on Ann Street, in Quebec, the property of St. Patrick's literary institute, was totally destroyed by fire at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 28th. The flames were prevented from spreading with difficulty, as an easterly gale was raging. Miss Hamilton had her leg broken, and the roof fell on four firemen, all of whom were promptly rescued, Mathew Gorman being the only one seriously injured.

Another railway collision! this time, fortunately, without loss of life, but resulting in injury to one man, the destruction of a number of coal and freight cars, and much damage to two engines. It occurred on the Pictou Branch, about 6½ miles from Truro. Luckily one train was going slow. But again, the mischief came about either from disobedience or misapprehension of orders as to the point of crossing. In the one case, the heaviest culpability—in the other, the grossest carelessness. Again, therefore, in either case, we demand, in the name of the public, which is at their mercy, special legislation and special punishments for the crimes and misdemeanors of railway officials, high or low.

The special committee to enquire into the charges brought against Mr. Chief Inspector of Licenses Mackasey met on Thursday of last week, when the accusers brought forward several small boys and two men, who testified to having observed infractions of the curious law, entitled the "License Act of 1886," together with a clergyman, who "gave away" some members of his congregation, who, he said, had "fallen into his arms in a stiff condition." But no attempt was made to connect Mr. Mackasey with these infractions, or even to show that he could have been cognizant thereof. After wasting an entire evening in taking useless evidence, the committee adjourned till the 5th proximo, when the complainants promise some more "evidence," which will, in all probability, prove as irrelevant as that which has gone before. The committee and the Council deserve much credit for the patience with which they have listened to the complaints of cranks; but we submit that their time is too valuable to themselves and to the city, to be thrown away in this manner.

Ripe tomatoes are hanging from the vines at Talahassee, Fla.

A man was plowing on the 16th of this month at Newton, Mass.

Great suffering and death from extreme cold are reported from Kansas.

St. Paul, Minn., claims to have spent more than \$11,000,000 in building this year.

It is reported by special telegram from New York, that the venerable Emperor William died on Wednesday.

The thermometer was reported as low as 51 degrees below zero in the mountainous parts of Western Colorado about the 22nd inst.

At the request of the American plenipotentiaries the next fisheries conference has been postponed from the 4th to the 7th January next.

Mrs. Ada List, of Chicago, was shorn of her long tresses on Wednesday night. While she was placing a letter in a pillar box, a man slipped up behind her, and, with a very sharp knife, clipped off the braid which hung down her back.

A great strike has been ordered on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway and Coal Company. 60,000 men say they can support a six months' strike. The company is preparing to fill the strikers' places, but the coal industry will be paralyzed for a time.

Another of the cool bank robberies, now becoming so frequent, was recently perpetrated by F. McNeally, a teller of a bank at Saco, Me. This latest specimen of bank-clerk rascality took \$3,500 in cash, and \$279,000 in bonds, made his way to Montreal, and afterwards indulged in a tour in Europe and Egypt. Coming to Halifax he was arrested. He seems to have regarded the bonds as a means of making terms with the bank, and, altogether, to be about as cool as this species of villiany has developed.

Professor Schurman, well known to Halifax, is spoken of with increased appreciation. There is no doubt that he will stand high in the ranks of modern philosophers.

Singular explosions have occurred in the sewers of Rochester, N. Y., blowing man holes all over the city. They are said to have been caused by the sewers becoming permeated by naphtha.

Mr. Parnell's health is much improved.

Aubertin, the assailant of M. Ferry, is delirious, and is likely to die.

Advices from New Zealand state that the Colonial Parliament has passed the naval defense bill.

Sailors are deserting from H. M. S. *Triumph*, Flagship of Rear Admiral Heneage, in San Francisco Harbor.

Surgeon-Major Cross has been found guilty at Cork of the murder of his wife by poison, and has been sentenced to death.

Arrests of Members of Parliament, Editors, and other prominent Nationalists continue to be made in Ireland for violations of the existing law.

The Pope must have curled his lip at the demonstrativeness of the President's jubilee gift—a copy of the United States Constitution gorgeously got up!

Much feeling is evinced in Europe for the Crown Prince in his affliction, and prayers are put up in his behalf by "all sorts and conditions of men."

That great white elephant, the poor old *Great Eastern*, has come down at last to be sold to a metal firm for £16,100, and is to be broken up for old metal.

Three steel steamers, of 3000 tons each, will be built at the Fairfield yard on the Clyde, to run in the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Japan and British Columbia service.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has had to give up hunting with the Meath hounds, because the Meath farmers resolved that they would not allow the Viceroy to hunt over their lands.

Mr. Gladstone left Hawarden on Monday, *en route* to the continent. 5000 persons gave him an enthusiastic welcome at Chester. He was greeted with mingled cheers and groans in passing through London.

A number of Bradford firms dealing with large German houses, have received notice that Volapuk, the newly invented universal language, will shortly be used by them for the purpose of international correspondence.

Mr. Goschen, M.P., recently delivered a long and interesting address at the meeting of the London Statistical Society, showing that small fortunes had of late years increased in number, while larger ones had diminished.

The Liverpool *Post* says the Queen is greatly irritated by the remarks in the newspapers over the tacit approval of pugilism shown by the Prince of Wales in his visit to Sullivan. Her Majesty has expressed her annoyance in a letter to his royal highness.

It is stated that observations are being made on the French coast and in the Channel, by French Government officials, with a view to laying down a cable across the Channel for the purpose of establishing telephonic communication between London and Paris.

The Mitchellstown land court has made a reduction of 22 per cent. in rents on the Countess of Kingstown's estate. A year ago the tenants on that estate demanded a 20 per cent. reduction. This was refused, and since that time the tenants have carried on the "plan of compaignu."

Advices from Sydney, N. S. W., state that the French Commandant of the New Hebrides has been ordered by his Government to evacuate the Islands in January. A French company is buying land from the natives of the New Hebrides for the purpose of establishing trading stations.

There has been a rumor of wholesale dismissals of English captains and officers of Belgian steamships, who are, it is said, to be replaced by German officers. These measures are supposed to have a political significance and to indicate that, in case of war, Belgium will stand by Germany.

An "affair of honor" of the absurdest kind has just come off in France. The belligerents were so infuriated that they could not wait, but took the weapons nearest their hand, which happened to be cross bows. With cross-bows one can shoot tolerably straight, and one of the two fools was hit.

A warrant has been granted in the Bow Street Police Court for the arrest of Gen. Millen, the head of the Clan-na Gael Society, and Melville, formerly agent of the Society in London, who are charged with being connected with the dynamite conspiracy in which Callan and Harkins are alleged to have been engaged.

Mr. Stead, the sensational editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has not improved his reputation by originating a public funeral for Linnell, who met his death in the Trafalgar Square disturbance. Linnell is known to have been drunken and dissolute, and deserted his child to go to the parish workhouse. It is doubtful whether he met his death at the hands of the police, or whether he fell drunk on the steps and broke his legs.

The following is going the rounds of the press:—Swinburne has published a lampoon on Mr. Gladstone, under the title of 'Citoyen Tartuflé.' Pierre Joyeuse was born in Normandy, Marseilles, Dauphiny, Rouen, or Tououse, according to the birthplace of the people he seeks to deceive. He began political life as a clerical royalist, but changes with every phase of French politics until the restoration of the monarchy, when he disappears forever under a universal vomit of disgust."

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RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

"Ring out, wild bells," the radiant moon, Fond stays her silver course to hear; To night earth's tired hearts crave a boon, "Ring out, wild bells!" and bring them cheer. "Ring out, wild bells!" in tones of love, Whilo now the yule-tide fires burn low, Ye breathe a message from above, Ring out amid the falling snow. "Ring out, wild bells!" the dying year, Tatters on the brink of time, "Peal out, without a dread or fear, "Ring out, wild bells!" his requiem chime. "Ring out, wild bells!" a peace to those, Who know to-night the hand of grief; Who weep beneath the old-year's blows, "Ring out, wild bells!" a grand relief. "Ring out, wild bells!" o'er the bridal spray, Ring out above the fair young bride; Let all your pealing raptures play, "Ring out, wild bells!" let joy bestride. "Ring out, wild bells!" o'er ivy form, Where fond the parting tear is shed, Let your sweet music calm the storm, Ring out a glory for the dead. "Ring out, wild bells!" a blessed vow, Ring out above the new-born life; May no dark shadows cloud that brow, "Ring out, wild bells!" a true to strife. "Ring out, wild bells!" for young and old, For those that choose the "better part," "Ring out, wild bells!" the greed of gold, "Ring in," the pure and true of heart.

—M. M. Hughes, in Toronto Educational Journal.

MUSICAL ECHOES.

The editor of the American Musician, Mr. T. C. Fround, thus describes the debut of young Hofmann in New York:—

Within the memory of the present generation no event has so profoundly moved the musical and art circles of the Old World as the appearance of Josef Hofmann, the child who already in his fifth year proved his marvelous musical gifts to his parents and their friends, and in his seventh year proved them to the public at large. This was three years ago, since which time he has appeared in Berlin, Paris, Loudou, and other large cities, where the excitement he caused was unprecedented. Rubinstein declared him to be "the marvel of the age," and Saint-Saens gave it as his deliberate opinion that the lad had nothing more to learn as a musician.

That he confounded the critics, astounded the musicians, and by the time he finished the opening piece, a concerto by Beethoven, roused the audience to the wildest enthusiasm, is now matter of town talk.

When Adolf Neuendorf led to the piano a boy scarcely over three feet in height, dressed in a knickerbocker suit, who did not even look the ten years he has reached, and the audience realized that this infant was about to attempt a concerto by Beethoven from memory, and to undertake to hold his own with an orchestra of 100 musicians, and that, too, in so vast an auditorium as the Metropolitan Opera House, a cry of astoushment went up. The thing was impossible!

The lad quietly seated himself, deliberately scowled up his piano-stool, nodded with the ease and confidence of a veteran to Mr. Neuendorf, and the performance began.

At the end of the first movement there was a wild burst of applause. At the end of the concerto the men were on their feet waving their hats, while the women waved their handkerchiefs and the orchestra gave a "fan-fare" on their instruments.

In a journalistic experience of nearly twenty years I have witnessed no such scene before.

As one old and experienced musician, who voiced the opinion of his class, said, "Had I not seen it with my own eyes and heard it with my own ears I never would have believed it."

Now, the extraordinary part of Hofmann's playing is that he does not play like a boy but like a man. You cannot say of him, "He plays wonderfully for a boy." If he were a grown man his performance on Tuesday night would instantly entitle him to rank with all the greatest artists and musicians and above most of them.

His technic is perfect, his accuracy phenomenal, his taste exquisite, his memory marvelous, and his wrist-power simply extraordinary. It is not my purpose in this article to enter into any detailed criticism of Josef Hofmann as a musician and composer. I desire simply to place on record my own impressions of his first performance in this city and the circumstances under which that first performance was given.

Following the Beethoven concerto came some "variations" by Rameau, in which the lad displayed a facility that it was scarcely possible to realize, were it not that the fact was before one.

His own compositions—a berceuse and a waltz, which he played later—displayed him as a composer. Of the merit of these works opinions are much divided, the majority, of whom I am one, being inclined to accept them as evidence of decided genius.

When he had played them a representative of Mr. Abbey appeared on the stage and stated that in order to prove that Hofmann really possessed power as a composer, the management would be grateful if some musician in the audience would come forward and play a theme of some eight or ten bars, on which the lad would improvise.

Mr. Guricx, the renowned Belgian pianist, accepted the invitation. The

result was a triumph. Indeed, to tell the truth, by the time the last number of the programme—the Weber polacca by Liszt—was reached, the audience had tired themselves out by applauding. Not so the boy. He was as fresh as ever, and played this difficult and spirited composition with so much life and energy that one could scarcely credit that he had been at the piano almost continuously for two hours.

It was, however, in the Chopin selections—the nocturne in E flat and the waltz in E minor—that he interested me most. To play Chopin successfully requires a rare combination of rare gifts. Especially in his treatment of the waltz the boy displayed a musical intelligence that could be taken as a model for artists.

Such praise may seem fulsome, overdone, out of place. My only answer to the skeptic is, "Go and hear him."

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

HALIFAX COTTON FACTORY.—We presented ourselves, in a singular number, at the door of our only cotton factory last Friday on a visit of inspection, to be met with the reply that no one could go through the factory unless accompanied by the manager, and that, too, only on one day of the week. This rule, irrevocable in future as the law of the Medes and Persians, was relaxed in our favor by the courtesy of the manager, Mr. Louis Simpson. He has been compelled to enforce the rule stringently, because hardy British tars and gallant soldiers made the place their happy hunting grounds, and people from the country regarded it as one of the sights of Halifax. Discipline, rigid as on a man-of-war, reigns supreme in English factories, and, unless Nova Scotia wishes to take a back seat as a manufacturing country, the same discipline should be observed in all her enterprises.

At the south end of the factory is a single storied building where the cotton is mixed and delivered over to the tender mercies of the blowing machines. These machines seem terribly in earnest, as they turn out the cotton in snowy laps ready for the carding engines. A capital Lancashire story is told about the firm, Messrs. Lord Bros., who for thirty years have made the construction of these machines a special study. It must be understood that the machines were originally called "devils."

One day a parson, strange to the district, happened to be riding in the train with a rough-looking customer, whom he addressed as follows:—

"Where do you live my good man?"

"Whod me? Why I lives at Hellshore (Helmshore.)"

"Pray, how are you employed there?" asked the parson nervously.

"Whod me? Why I tends two devils for Mester Lord!"

The parson ought to have shaken hands with him, but, instead of that, he changed his seat at the next station.

The second floor is used as the card room. The carding engine, in its present perfected state, is the most wonderful and delicate machine used in connection with cotton spinning.

Here it is that yarn is generally made, or marred. Its work consists of clearing away notes and seed shells, and, at the same time, laying the fibres all one way.

Next, to the drawing frames, where the cotton is doubled and drawn out into a gradually attenuated sliver. Then to the slubbing-frame, where the sliver receives its first twist, and rises to the dignity of becoming a soft thread. The intermediate and roving frames are on the same principle, and they continually double, twist, and reduce the soft thread till it reaches the requisite size for final treatment in the spinning machines.

In the third story are the spinning machines. These are of three kinds. Ring frames spinning warp yarn; mules spinning worst; ring frames spinning worst. These last machines are the latest triumph in cotton machinery. They are made by Mr. Samuel Brooke, of Manchester, and we were shown two frames spinning forties worst, superior to any mule yarn, with the extraordinary production of thirty hanks per week. It has been supposed that in counts as fine as forties and upwards, the mule held an unassailable position, but now it has been beaten, beaten badly, both in quantity and quality. We could not help noticing that the leading men on the mules are English. Sad to say, that while our Nova Scotian girls—bless them!—take kindly to the factory and become fair workers in every sense, our males are a failure and resemble the lilies of the field, in that they toil not, neither do they spin. None of the rooms are completely filled, and it is to be hoped that ere long the directors will see sufficient inducement to put as much machinery in as the mill is capable of holding, thereby reducing the cost of production to the lowest possible point. The present number of spinning spindles is 10,000 in ring and doubling frames; 8,500 in mules: total, 18,500. The ground floor contains 400 looms, of which 350 are at work, and the other 50 will be got to work as soon as the new sizing machine is ready. There is room altogether for 150 looms. A great improvement has recently been effected in bringing together, into a building erected for the purpose, all the preparation machinery for the weaving. Including, as it does, the latest English machine, replete with every recent improvement, in the shape of a handsome sizing machine, made by Henry Livesey, of Blackburn, Lancashire. This is probably the most compact room of its kind in Canada.

The mill enjoys an excellent reputation for both cloth and yarns. Owing to the difficulty of keeping pace with the large demand for its warp yarn during the past season, preparations are now completed to produce a larger quantity of what is acknowledged to be the best warp yarn throughout the Dominion.

Although the factory has not, hitherto, done much for its shareholders, there are unmistakable signs that the dark lane, overshadowed so long by the difficulties which beset a new industry, has come to a distinct and bright

turning. With such a board of directors, aided by their energetic and painstaking manager, Mr. Simpson, a name long associated with cotton spinning and weaving in Lancashire, we venture to prophesy a brilliant future for the Halifax Cotton Factory.

The foundation of this success is based upon the discrimination which recognizes England and English machinery as foremost in the art of spinning and weaving cotton.

The directors have never—like some western factories have done to their cost—coquetted with that dangerous plaything, American-made cotton machinery.

COMMERCIAL.

It is well before entering upon the cares, responsibilities and interests of the New Year to glance over the business facts of that just expiring.

The year 1887 has been, on the whole, a remarkably prosperous one, especially for the dwellers and traders in this Dominion. Crops of all kinds have been abundant. Severe storms have not swept our land nor destroyed our merchant fleets. No extensive conflagrations have taken place in our cities. Of course, there have been some fires, and some big ones—as two or three in Montreal, which were strongly suspected to be of incendiary origin,—but none of the appalling disasters that caused wholesale destruction to life and property such as we have seen in past years.

Excellent prices have been obtained for the products of the field, the farm and the dairy, so that the average farmer is probably more comfortable relatively than in previous years. The position of cheese has been remarkable. It reached a very high figure in England early in the season, and, strange to say, this figure was held during the summer and fall. In other years, as good prices have been reached, but it has heretofore been spasmodic, and not sustained, while this year it has been steady and firm, with a good demand for what we could or would spare to send over.

Another extraordinary episode was the tremendous corner in wheat that was built in June in Chicago, Cincinnati and San Francisco, whereby wheat was slowly and laboriously pushed up point by point till it reached the figure of 93 cents—a much higher price than it was worth in Liverpool, after paying carrying and other charges. Then followed the disastrous crash. The country hurried its wheat to market in immense volumes far larger than the speculators expected, and much faster than they could take care of it. Suddenly the corner broke, and wheat ran down in a few hours 20 to 22 cents, involving total ruin to hundreds. It was said, at the time, that a number of Montreal and Toronto speculators lost heavily, but as most of these men were not, properly speaking, in business, their losses affected no one but themselves to any great extent. One good effect was brought about by the disaster, and that was that it brought into a strong light the pernicious nature of gambling stock operations through "bucket shops" so-called, and energetic measures are being taken, in Montreal especially, to suppress them. An "institution" of this sort has had a footing here for over a year, but it does not seem that any great harm has been done, or is likely to be done by it, because our people are extremely cautious, and are satisfied with small profits or losses, rather than hold on to their investments, in the hope of increasing the one or minimizing the other. So long as they continue to act in the conservative way that they have hitherto done, no one can make or lose very much. As far as we can judge, \$1,000 or \$2,000 will cover the profits or losses of any operator there during the year. To illustrate the dangerous tendencies of this species of gambling, and the ruin, disgrace and misery that it may entail, we quote the following from a contemporary:—

"Edward L. Harper, the managing director and wrecker of the Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati, has been found guilty of embezzling the funds of the institution, in order to run one of the most stupendous wheat deals on record. Harper was carrying no less than twenty million bushels of wheat in Chicago, with the funds of the Fidelity Bank; but he failed to control the market, wheat poured in from all parts of the country faster than he could take care of it, and prices broke suddenly about 20c. per bushel, making a total loss upon his holdings of about \$4,000,000. The depositors and shareholders lost everything, and Harper is now serving his sentence of ten years in the penitentiary of Columbus. A very painful scene was witnessed in court when the sentence above referred to was pronounced: Harper was told to stand up. He did. There were tears in his eyes, but he never trembled. Sentence of ten years in the penitentiary, the full penalty of the law, was pronounced against him. An affecting scene followed. Mrs. Harper, who had up to this time controlled herself, threw her arms around her convict husband's neck and wept passionately. She buried her head on his breast and refused to be comforted. Harper himself was somewhat unnerved. He cried a little, and wiped his eyes several times with his handkerchief. The suffering wife regained her composure, although her sister, Miss Matthews, cried like a child. The strong man stood erect with tears coursing down his cheeks, and no other signs of emotion, save his blanched face. Behind his chair with bowed head sat his wife in an agony that had no better manifestation than the wringing of her hands. Tears did not come to her relief. Miss Matthews, far more demonstrative, still repressed sobs, and in her own distress reached over to try to comfort her sister by a touch. So they sat, while the court with impressive solemnity recited the usual form of sentence, saying the evidence left no doubt of the defendant's guilt, and that the offense merited the highest penalty of the law. The silence that followed was broken by Mr. Blackburn making a last request from the court. That was that the order for imprisonment might be suspended. He gave as a reason that there was much business to be attended to by Mr. Harper, in which his wife was closely concerned, and it would be extremely difficult to attend to it unless Mr. Harper could remain here for a few days. But the court was relentless. Judge Sago said there could be

opportunity for his wife to see him in Columbus, and he repeated the order to the Marshal to convey him to goal at once.

Thus ends one of the saddest chapters of gambling, linked with crime, in the present century; but the strange and criminal infatuation that takes hold of men who once taste the intoxicating cup of illegitimate speculation is unaccountable. There was Harper, worth over a million dollars in his own right, the managing director of the foremost bank of Ohio, receiving a handsome income and married to one of Cincinnati's fairest daughters, with a fine promising boy as his heir, and yet, with all the happiness that a prince need crave for, we find this mad gambler risking it all on a reckless and criminal speculative throw, with other people's money as well as his own. He threw and lost, and in that headlong fall which swiftly followed was buried his name and character for ever. To his beautiful and devoted wife and promising boy we hope the world will be kind. We also trust that Harper's fate will be a warning to others who are amenable to the wreck and ruin which lurk within the gambling spirit of the age."

The Intercolonial railway continues to be run as a government work, and, it is claimed, at a loss. The proposition that was alleged last winter to have been made to sell it to a wealthy German syndicate has not been carried out, though it is stated that negotiations looking to that end are not as yet concluded. If the German syndicate shows that it is able and willing to go earnestly to work to develop the vast iron and other mineral resources of the northern and eastern portions of this province, and of New Brunswick, its proposals, if not such as to entail loss to the country, might be entertained, provided also that the Government retain guarantees against oppressive freight and passenger rates. We are influenced in this view of the matter, by the fact that the usefulness of the Intercolonial as a government railway, will be practically brought to an end by the completion of the Short Line Railway, which event is expected to occur early next spring. The I. C. R. cannot then keep the field as a competitor for the ordinary freight and passenger traffic, and must depend mainly on local business, the development of which in turn depends on the energy with which the great mineral, agricultural, and other resources with which the section of country through which it passes abounds. In connection with this railway we recall with gratification the fact that about a year ago THE CRITIC became convinced that there was much less rolling stock in possession of the railway than the requirements of the public demand, and mentioned the fact. The superintendent denied that this was true, but on our insisting that we were well informed, an enquiry was instituted, with the result that \$300,000 worth of new rolling stock was ordered to be at once procured. In this instance THE CRITIC rendered good and disinterested service to the public. It feels sufficiently rewarded in having benefited the community.

Appropos of railway business in this city, it is daily becoming more and more necessary that very much larger terminal accommodations should be provided at the earliest moment. The proposition that the government purchase the block of land and buildings thereon bounded by North, Lockman, Cornwallis and Upper Water Streets for railway purposes, seems to hang fire. We are free to express our opinion that this is a mistake on the part of the Minister of Railways. The rapid increase of freight coming to Halifax for shipment to and from Europe, and the growth of our inter-provincial trade should be promptly met by the railway department with generous accommodations in the way of warehouses, rails, etc. If this trade continues to increase at the present rate, even the block spoken of will soon prove too small to facilitate the movement of goods as the public has a right to expect and demand, and further extension will become necessary in either a southerly or a westerly direction. The number of steamers arriving, either to discharge or receive freight, is growing at a rapid ratio, and ample accommodations must be provided at once. Neglect of the business necessities of Halifax must result in this progressive age in shunting the handling trade that is now being attracted here to other ports, and it will be extremely difficult to bring it back if we once lose it.

A good deal of trouble has been caused in the line of lighting the streets, through the attempt of the Gas Company to recapture the contract, and to obstruct others who tendered for the work. This attempt was aided—doubtless unconsciously—by the Board of Works, in failing to take a decided stand, and the city was unlighted for several weeks. At last the new contractors have got matters straightened out, and are putting in satisfactory work.

The Nova Scotia Telephone Company has become a reality during the past year, and is rapidly making its connections with all parts of the province. It promises not only to greatly facilitate the transaction of business in different parts of Nova Scotia, but also to make handsome returns to its shareholders.

It is, of course, impossible to say, until something is known of the results (if any) of the fishery negotiations: whether any settlement is, or is not, as far off as ever. The positions that both countries occupy are—to say the least—undignified. Canada, with somewhat of the disposition of a Shylock, requires her "ounce of flesh," and, resting on the literal rendering of a treaty now growing old, is not altogether clear of the imputation of disregarding the courtesy demanded by the comity of civilized nations, and the rights of peaceful neighbors. On the other hand, the United States plainly declares that it will not submit to the pretentious claims of a "colony," and insists that vessels bearing the "gridiron" shall receive the same kindly and friendly treatment in Canadian ports that they do in say Chinese waters. The growing feeling of irritation led to the appointment of an international commission, which has held several formal meetings in Washington. But, as it has been distinctly announced that no intimation of the nature of its deliberations will be made until they are concluded, there is no safe ground for the surmises indulged in by the press of either political party. There is, however, a very prevalent impression that the

American diplomatists have proved unyielding, and that if an agreement is to be, it can only be by Canada abating her claims "under the treaty," and making concessions to the spirit of modern international ideas of comity and justice. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that if the American catch of mackerel has been phenomenally small this year, that fact has not in any perceptible degree increased ours. We have had more vessels and more men, with the best and latest appliances at our command, employed in the fisheries than ever before, but the result has not been such as we were induced to believe that it would be. If we have, as the Americans contend, netted the part of the "dog in the manger," our action cannot be said to have, so far, proved a "conspicuous success." The Commission has adjourned to meet again on Saturday week, but we are not sanguine that any practical results will be reached. The Americans "want the earth," and the water as well, and are strong in their belief that patient persistence and uncompromising self-assertion will secure both, as far as this continent and its surroundings are concerned.

President Cleveland, in his annual message to Congress, strongly advocated such a modification of the tariff, as to almost amount to an advocacy of free trade. This has alarmed the large majority of the nation, who are firmly wedded to the idea of "America for Americans, and no concessions to foreigners," and is not at all unlikely to secure the defeat of his party at the polls next November. Meanwhile, any recommendations that he or his cabinet may make will very probably be viewed with strong suspicion by Congress, and, especially so, any suggestions looking towards better relations with Canada. Although, as we have got on so far well enough without intimate trade connections with our southern neighbors, it cannot be denied that, with the expansion of our trade, and the development of our natural resources, we should be all the better for larger possible outlets. It should be the aim of our government to supply us with these in any way not incompatible with our honor as a people.

In civic matters the year has been somewhat unsatisfactory. A good Mayor and Council were elected, and they have displayed unusual assiduity in attention to business, but their efforts have been to a large extent neutralized by the action of irresponsible parties, who have occupied the time of meetings by complaints and petitions, to which the Council felt obliged to lend an ear, though individually its members must have felt and known that no sense of reason guided the memorialists.

The iron tariff was largely increased at the late session of the Dominion Parliament, which was held last spring. This increase was greeted with unanimous disapproval from persons in the trade of all shades of political opinion, and by the independent portion of the press. The result was, that an Order-in-Council was issued suspending the operation of the new tariff as respects iron, steel, and cognate materials, till the end of the fiscal year. This gave importers who had ordered their stocks before the change a chance to equalize their calculations with the realities. Since then, the Council has been engaged in "tinkering" with the tariff, and nearly every *Gazette* announces some changes, so that importers are kept in a state of uncertainty as to what rate they will have to pay on their goods when they come to hand. This uncertainty does not stimulate enterprise.

However, despite the idiosyncracies of the various governments ("too numerous to mention") by which we have the happiness and privilege of being ruled, this City and Province are in a prosperous state, and we are justified in indulging in the brightest anticipations for the successful business events of the incoming year.

THE WEEK.

As is natural when the year draws towards its end, business assumes a quieter aspect, but in Halifax a fair movement has transpired for the season. No change worthy of note has occurred in the leading staple lines, and prices have remained on the whole, stationary. Payments generally are well met, and few complaints on that ground are made.

The following are the assignments and business changes in this Province during the past week:—Murray & McMillan, victuallers, New Glasgow, dissolved, Ernest Murray continues and liquidates; McLou & Gillis, grocers, Antigonish, dissolved, R. L. McLean continues and liquidates; Benjamin & Marks, Brookfield, dissolved, Robt Benjamin continues; Hill & O'Brien, livery, Halifax, dissolved, Frank Hill continues; Mulgrave Woolen Mill Co., manufacturers, Upper Stewiacke, winding up business; Stephen Hilsley, general store, Berwick, about retiring from business; Wm. Matheson, general store, Thomson, assigned to O. C. Cummings.

DRY GOODS.—Trade in this line has ruled quiet, except in some lines of holiday goods. Travellers are mostly at home, and will not start out again till about the second week in the new year. The stocks to be carried over will not be excessive. Everything is in good trim for the opening season.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—A fair trade has been done in iron and hardware, and prices have a firm tone. Glasgow warrants are cabled at 42s. 9d., Chili copper bars at £80 7s. 6d., and tin at £166.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour has been quiet and steady, with prices unchanged. The demand is light, and confined to small lots. Beerholm's table says:—"Cargoes off coast—wheat, firm; corn, nothing offering. Cargoes on passage and for prompt shipment—wheat held steadily; corn, dull. Liverpool spot wheat, firmer, do. do. corn, strong. Wheat and flour in Paris, firm. Liverpool standard California wheat, including club white, 6s. 6d. to 6s. 9d.; mixed maize, 1s. 11½d.; Canadian peas, 5s. 6½d." There has been a stronger feeling in the Chicago wheat market, and prices have slightly advanced. Quotations are 77½c. for January; 78½c. for February; 81½c. May. Corn has been firm at 48½c. January; 49½c. February, and 51½c. May. Oats have been unchanged, and stand at 30½c. January and February, and 32c. May. The New York wheat market was stronger.

PROVISIONS.—Owing to the late unfavorable weather for packing, packers

SADDLE AND SABRE.

(Continued.)

The man could ride as well half-drunk as sober, save in one respect; and it is just that which invariably cuts short the career of a jockey who takes to drinking, namely, that in the critical moments of a race he lost his head. Instead of taking advantage of every point in the game, he failed to note what his antagonists were doing; he got muddled, he timed his rush either too soon or too late. That deadly rush of his, for which he had once been so famous, and which had stretched so many races out of the fire on the very post, was now apt to be delivered at the wrong time. He who had been wont to measure his supreme effort to the very stride, now either won his race two lengths before the chain, or perhaps the same the other side of it, but he failed to win at the winning post. Gradually his riding fell away from him; owners naturally ceased to employ a jockey upon whose sobriety there was no dependence. The same pitiless authority whom we have quoted above as giving such a laudatory opinion of Bill Smith's riding, now said, "that he threw away more races than any man in England." The great stable of the North, which had held first claim on his services for many years, had now withdrawn its patronage; and the world generally frowned on the once-famous jockey. Still, every now and then he astonished the Turfites by a bit of brilliant riding worthy of his best days. It was evident that his right hand had not lost its cunning, nor his nerve failed him; and that if only he could keep from drink, the man was as fine a horseman as ever. Ah! the infinite conjectural probabilities of those "ifs!"

Bill Smith took the neglect of his old patrons bitterly. That he had lost the greater part of his business soured the man. True, it was from his own fault; and in his own breast he most likely acknowledged that it was so; but it rarely happens that upon these occasions a man does not put his own sins upon other people, and think all the more hardly of them on that account. In his palmy days, too, Bill Smith had been arrogant and coarse of speech to most of the Turf officials with whom he came in contact; a bully amongst the younger jockeys; and a very unscrupulous rider, to say the least of it, among those of his own standing. A man like this has not many friends when the tide turns against him; and, though his brethren of the saddle were chary yet of provoking the rough side of "Black Bill's" tongue, they made no disguise of their satisfaction when he threw a race away in consequence of his besetting failing. Two of his old friends there were who stood staunchly to him, in spite of his transgressions, and these were Norman Slade and Sir Ronald Radcliffe.

"I can't quarrel with the old fellow, Norman," Sir Ronald had observed after one of Bill Smith's later *puccios*. "He's put me in for too many good things in his time for that, but I'll back him no more. He simply threw that last race away by coming too late."

It would have been well for Sir Ronald if he had adhered firmly to that resolution.

"Well," said Slade, after a pause of some minutes, "very little sleep does for me as a rule, but I feel tired to-night, and, as you know, when in the country am always an early man in the morning. I think I'll be off to bed. Shall you be out with the horses to-morrow morning?"

"No," returned the jockey. "I'm not rid of this confounded gout yet, and I am especially ordered to be careful about taking cold. You had better wrap well up, for you'll find the air confounded keen on the wolds."

"I know all about it," rejoined Slade. "I suppose I shall find Tom Parrott in charge?"

"Yes, he is a right good lad, is Tom. I don't know how I should get on without him, for I've been able to look after the horses very little all this winter. Sure you won't have anything more before you go?"

"No, good-night," rejoined Slade, as he picked up a handle-candlestick off the sideboard, "and I hope the enemy will let you sleep to-night. When you come down to breakfast I shall be able to tell you what I think of the three-year-olds."

Bill Smith replied with a grimace, and, turning to the fire, observed, as Norman left the room. "There's mighty cold comfort in that."

A little before eight the next morning saw Norman Slade attired in breeches, garters, stout boots, and shooting-jacket, plodding up the winding road that led to the plateau. There, walking up and down, clothed in the rugs, were some half-score horses bestriden by stable-boys, the whole evidently under the control of a little man riding a clever-looking little pony, and who, though he was every day of five and thirty, was perhaps better known by the *soubriquet* of Bill Smith's head lad than by his legitimate appellation of Tom Parrott. The string, with one or two exceptions, were the property of Bill Smith himself, for few people cared to entrust the preparation of their horses to a man with Bill's unfortunate reputation. If he could not curb his propensity for strong waters when such urgent call upon his facilities was demanded as on the racecourse, was it likely that he would put any check upon himself on the training-ground? And the Turf, like all other professions, requires sobriety among its votaries.

Tom Parrott cantered briskly towards Norman the minute he saw him striding across the grand expanse of springy turf. It was not that he was going to do anything that all the world might not have seen, but he had all the instinctive jealousy of most trainers at finding his charges watched in their work.

"Mr. Slade," he exclaimed, as he recognised his visitor. "Blamed if I didn't think it was one of those woundy tents. Not, I am sorry to say, that we have anything worth their spying about, but I can't abide the varmin'."

"Glad to see you looking so well, Tom," rejoined Norman. "No, Mr. Smith told me last night you had nothing in the string that you had any hopes of. 'Tis so, sometimes, the stable gets clean out of form, and hasn't a horse in-training good enough to win a saddle and bridle. Next year luck changes, and you sweep the board. What work are you going to give 'em this morning?"

"Well, they'll do a little slow cantering, and then old Knight of the Whistle will lead the three-year olds a smart mile spin. It's time to get on with them, you see, Mr. Slade; if they're ever to addle their keep, they ought to begin at the Newmarket Spring Meeting."

"Just so," said Norman. "You use the old gallop, I suppose? I shall go and stand about half up the rise of the finish, and then I shall see them well extended."

"Can't do better, sir," replied Parrott; and, turning his pony short round, he cantered back to his charges.

Slade made his way to the coign of vantage he had mentioned, unshipped his glasses, and gazed lazily at the horses, as on the other side of the down they went through some slow exercise. Presently he saw four of them walk quietly down to the mile-post, and knew that he was about to see the cream of Bill Smith's lot gallop. There was no keener race-goer than Norman Slade. No man more thoroughly loved racing for sheer sport; he could be as deeply interested in the issue of a trial on those Yorkshire wolds as on the result of the Derby; but still it was with languid curiosity he awaited the forthcoming gallop. There could be little interest in seeing a few notoriously bad horses scurry over their mile in an exercise gallop. Suddenly his attention was aroused; before the quartette had gone a quarter of a mile he could see that the second, a slashing big brown colt, had got his head up, and was fighting with his rider. Another few seconds, and, dropping his head, he makes an angry snatch at the bridle, bolts out of the Indian file in which they are galloping, tears past old Knight of the Whistle, and comes thundering along the gallop by himself.

"Got clean away with the lad," muttered Norman, as he watched the boy throw himself right back in his saddle, and strive in vain to check his horse; "but what on earth does old Bill mean by saying his three-year-olds are no good? If that's not a galloper I never saw one. What a stride he has! and how well he brings his quarters under him; now he is really going."

In vain the boy pulled; the big brown colt had completely overpowered him, and was bent upon doing a gallop entirely on his own account that-morning. Norman watched him keenly as he swept past him, breasting the slight ascent like a lion, and going a good quarter of a mile past the termination of the gallop before his rider succeeded in pulling him up; he did so at last, and turned his mount a little ruefully to walk back. "It's well," he muttered, "that Parrott is in charge this morning instead of old Bill himself." Although it is at times impossible to prevent it, yet trainers look with considerable disfavor at a boy who lets his horse get away with him; and with a violent-tempered, course-tongued man like Bill Smith such mistake was met with a volley of abuse. By this time Tom Parrott had joined Slade, and, walking his pony alongside of him, they both proceeded to meet the culprit.

"Well, you young duffer," exclaimed Parrott, "what possessed you to let him get his head up like that? You might have known that he would twitch the bit out of your hands directly he dropped it again. Now don't say you couldn't help it. In the first place, you should have helped it; and in the second place, if I thought you could have helped it, you'd get your walking ticket this afternoon;" with which rather contradictory rebuke Mr. Parrott closed his lecture.

"Stop a moment, boy," said Slade authoritatively; "I want just to look your horse over;" and Norman's practised eye at once took keen stock of the colt's understandings.

"Can't see much of him here, Tom; but I'll have a good look at him in the stable, where you can strip him for me; his legs look sound enough."

"Ob, he's sound as a bell," rejoined Parrott; "if he was only as good as he is sound he'd do."

"What do you call him, and how is he bred?"

"*Belisarius*, by *Triumph*, out of *Darkness*," rejoined Parrott laconically.

"As stout blood as any in England," remarked Norman; "and what's more, Tom, as fine a mover as I've seen gallop for some time. Mr. Smith told me last night that he had tried all his three-year-olds good for nothing. Do you mean to tell me that brown colt was in the trial?"

"Yes, sir," replied Parrott, "and well beaten off."

"Well, Tom," said Slade, "did you see the colt go this morning? Can you shut your eyes to that? Who rode him in the trial?"

"One of the boys," replied Parrott. "I forget at this moment which, but I can easily ascertain."

"Do, Tom, as soon as we get back. I'll lay pounds to crowns the trial's all wrong. I'll come round and have a look at *Belisarius* in his box after breakfast."

And with that Slade strode away down the hill to satisfy the keen appetite that a morning on the wolds is wont to induce. "It's all nonsense," he said to himself, as he stepped smartly out in the direction of the farmhouse. "That trial was all wrong, I'll lay guineas to gooseberries; old Bill was most likely too ill to superintend it himself, and, at all events, no doubt never rode in it. Tom Parrott's a good head boy, but putting horses together is a little beyond him. If Bill had ridden in it he would have known what every horse in it was doing. As it is, I fancy *Belisarius* is a great big lazy colt that takes a great deal of getting out. I don't suppose any of them ever saw him gallop till this morning. Well, come, I'm going to have a more amusing week than I reckoned on. I've at all events found out something to do. I've got to discover the rights of that trial, to induce Bill to try them again, and also to ascertain whether that big brown colt is entered for any stakes worth winning."

XVIII.

TRIAL OF BELISARIUS.

As Norman entered the house his host called out to him from the parlor, "Is that you, Mr. Slade? Come along in, and we'll have breakfast up in a twinkling. I feel more like myself this morning than I have done for some time; the talk with you last night did me good."

"Glad to hear it," replied Norman, "I'll just run upstairs and wash my hands, and be with you in less than five minutes."

No sooner had Slade entered his bedroom than he dashed at once to his portmanteau, and eagerly took from it a volume of the Calendar, bearing the title of "Races to Come." He turned over the leaves quickly. Yes, there it was, Belisarius, by Triumph, out of Darkness. It didn't take Slade's practised eye long to run over the horse's engagements. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "if I should prove right, and my opinion be confirmed at the subsequent trial, I've discovered a gold mine. Here's a three-year-old entered for all the big races of the year, whose name has never been even whispered among racing-men, who has never run, and whose very owner regards him as good for nothing. Now this is real fun. If we have got hold of a slyer, what a dressing we will give those South-country stables. As for money, we can win as much as we please over him. Properly worked, Radcliffe, Bill, and myself may stand to win perfect fortunes with very little risk." And, so saying, Norman Slade went downstairs to breakfast.

"Well, Mr. Slade," exclaimed the jockey, as Norman entered the parlor, "I hope you found an appetite upon the moor if you found nothing else. I suppose you saw all my rubbish."

"Rubbish, are they?" ejaculated Norman, "perhaps so. I wonder what you'd take for the three-year-olds Knight of the Whistle led in their gallop this morning?"

"Have you got a commission?" inquired the jockey, eyeing his guest keenly. "If you have, you may take those three for a monkey, and I shall think myself well out of them."

"Well, Bill, you take my advice, don't you be in a hurry to part with those three for five hundred until you know a little more about them. How did you try them last back end?"

"They had a six-furlong spin with old Knight of the Whistle, as true a trial horse as ever was foaled. Two of 'em were tried at weight-for-age, but Belisarius I rather fancied, so I put him in at seven pounds less. The old horse cleaned out the lot, and as for my fancy, he finished last of all."

"You neither saw it nor rode in it, I suppose," rejoined Slade.

"I certainly didn't ride in it, and I only half saw it. I was very ill, and it was a very misty day, and I left the management of the whole thing to Parrott."

"Well, then," retorted Slade, "I maintain your trial is no trial at all, and that you know nothing about your own young ones."

"You're a very jidy judge, Mr. Slade, and know a bit what you're speaking about," rejoined the jockey, not a little nettled, "but if you think you can teach me my business you are confoundedly mistaken."

"Never supposed I could teach you anything, Bill," replied Norman, perfectly unmoved, "but no man ever lived who didn't make a mistake at times; and he never did so without there being a looker-on with half his brains who could point it out to him. If you had been well enough to ride in it yourself, I should look upon that trial as conclusive. You weren't, and I look upon it as all skittles."

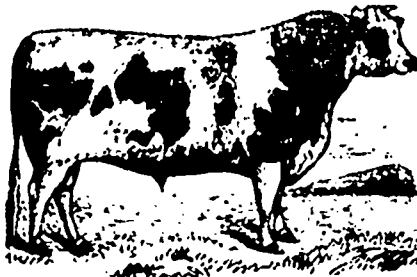
"I know what I'm about," rejoined the jockey, sulkily. "I'll come to you when I want to know the time of day, thank you; in the mean time you can't say you're invited to risk money on anything of mine."

"Now, do listen to reason, Bill," rejoined Norman, quietly, "don't say anything now, just turn it over in your mind. Give me three or four days to worm out what I can about that trial. You have got nothing to do, remember, but to get well, and just before I leave you get on that brown colt, and see whether Knight of the Whistle can give him twenty-one pounds over a mile."

At first the jealous irritable old jockey bluntly refused, said that he had satisfied himself about the brutes, that he was not going to trouble himself to get into the saddle to see how far Belisarius was behind a good horse, that Slade had better not waste his time in the experiment of turning Yorkshire geese into Epsom swans, but in his inmost heart Bill Smith began to ponder over what his guest had said; he knew that Norman Slade was a really right good judge of a thoroughbred. He had had in the first instance a great opinion of Belisarius himself, and in his best days the man's natural egotism had invariably prompted him to little belief in a trial in which he had not taken part. No man had more often expressed his disbelief in the issue of what he designated a "mooddling gallop," and he was forced to admit that this trial of his might strictly be described as such. As for Slade, he was much too clever a man of the world to touch upon the subject for a couple of days. He was up every morning to see Belisarius do his work, and the more he saw of him the more convinced he was that he was a good horse. He had got hold of the boy who rode him in that rough Yorkshire gallop at the back end of last year, and by dint of bribery, cajolery, and intimidation, had at last wrung from him the confession that he had been so bad with boils on that occasion as to be perfectly unfit to ride, and quite unable to do justice to his horse.

Norman Slade communicated his discovery to Smith, who received the intelligence with a savage execration and a muttered growling, in which strong expletives and such terms as "Break every bone in his body," "Cut the little devil in two," &c, were alone audible; but Slade eventually smoothed him down, and pleaded that he had pledged himself the boy should go scatheless if he told the whole truth.

(To be continued.)



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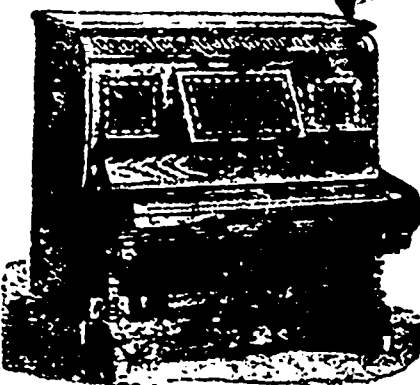
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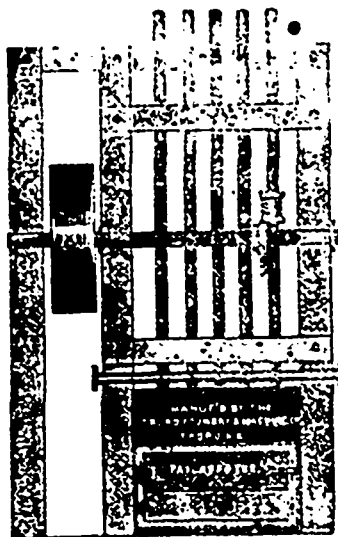
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MINING.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the last meeting of the Nova Scotia Gold-Miners' Association the constitution and bye-laws have been engrossed and now lie in THE CRITIC office where parties qualified for membership will please call and enroll their names.

The first annual meeting will be held on February 3rd, 1888, when the election of regular officers for the year will take place, and when the dues of members become due and payable.

The next monthly meeting of the Association will be held at the Halifax Hotel at 2.30 p.m. on January 3rd next, 1888.

I. L. WADSWORTH,
J. M. REID,
JOHN ANDERSON,
T. N. BAKER,
JOHN MCGUIRE,
Committee on membership.

The year 1887 is fast drawing to a close and it has proved in many respects a most satisfactory one to the gold mining industry.

It may be that in the amount of gold extracted the year will not prove a particularly notable one, in fact that is a point on which we shall be unable to comment until the returns are all in, which will hardly be until the latter part of next month.

One of the best signs of the future prosperity of the industry lies in the fact that numbers of thoroughly competent mining engineers and managers of mines have come from abroad, and by their success have proved that the gold-mines of Nova Scotia are perfectly safe investments. There is here a practically unlimited field for the investment of capital under skillful and honest management, and the best feature of the year lies in the fact that capitalists in both England and the States have taken considerable pains to inquire into the value of our gold-fields, and the investigation has proved so satisfactory that the coming year will witness thousands of dollars of foreign capital invested in our mines.

It must be admitted that the mines purchased with United States capital, and managed by American miners, have heretofore proved much more successful ventures than those owned and managed by Englishmen. This has been most unfortunate, as the gold-mines of Nova Scotia have thus, most unjustly, been given a bad name in the English market, while the fault, in nearly all cases, has lain with extravagant and incompetent management. We say in nearly all cases, as the fact remains, and we are sorry to have to confess it, that in two or three cases English capitalists have been made the victims of most bare-faced swindles.

They have placed confidence in oily-tongued middle-men, and without the precaution of a preliminary investigation, have purchased properties which most any of the mining engineers of the Province would have pronounced worthless. The advent of Captain Nicholls, a thoroughly trained mining engineer into the Province was most fortunate. He is cautious, economical, and industrious, and has earned the confidence of English mine investors by years of valuable services. Properties recommended by him will find ready purchasers, and it only requires a few successful ventures to give Nova Scotia mines the high rank they deserve in the London market. Once tap the world's great centre of capital, and all the money that we honestly want to develop our gold-mines will be forthcoming. Captain Nicholls has visited gold properties in all parts of the Province, and makes no secret of the fact that he considers Nova Scotia as promising a field for mining as there is in the world. Mr. J. C. Ashton is another new arrival who has the ear of English capitalists, and the coming year will doubtless see him opening up and managing a most promising mine in one of our new gold districts. Fresh from the much advertised gold fields of South Africa, he has already been confirmed in his opinion that Nova Scotia offers superior inducements to the investor in gold-mines. With the truth in regard to the value of our gold-fields placed before the English capitalists; with a large increase of the numbers of investors from the States, and with renewed vigour infused into our own miners by the success of the past year, the gold-mining outlook for 1888 is indeed most promising.

Mining men, if they do not at present acknowledge it, will soon be forced to admit that THE CRITIC has lent valuable aid in bringing about the present hopeful state of the gold-mining industry. In honest mining there is nothing to conceal, but on the contrary the fullest details of mining operations should be published, so that capitalists in all parts of the world may be made acquainted with the advantages we have to offer.

Believing in our gold-mines, we have endeavored by all means at our disposal to collect reliable mining news, and our efforts have been so far successful that we are now quoted by the most reliable mining papers in Europe and the States. Thanking our numerous correspondents in the different mining camps for the trouble they have taken in furnishing us with news, and trusting that the year 1888 will add largely to the number, we wish them a happy and prosperous New Year.

ALUMINUM STEEL.—The Cowles Electric Smelting and Aluminium Company of Cleveland, O., are now exhibiting what they call aluminium steel. In a sample bar of iron welded to a bar of Siemens-Martin basic steel with one-fifth of 1 per cent. of aluminium added, no line of weld can be seen. The characteristics of the steel appearing to extend far into the iron. Without the aluminium, a clearly defined weld is visible between iron and the same steel. The same firm show a forged bar of aluminium bronze, with 10 per cent. of aluminium; this broke at 36 tons per square inch of original section, with 60 per cent. elongation.

MINING.—Continued.

TANGIER.—THE GOLD-MINERS' ASSOCIATION.—Those who have taken the initiative in the organization of this Association have been constantly met with the question: "What do you propose to accomplish?"

The Constitution and Bye-Laws have been published, but the Constitution of any Association can only, of necessity, set forth its objects in very general terms, and, of course, can give no indication of the specific mode of their accomplishment.

It is very desirable, that before the election of officers takes place at the meeting in February, the Association should have enlisted the sympathy and practical support of a large number of those mining men who are eligible for membership, in order that the organization then established may be as thoroughly representative as possible.

In view of this fact, it seems to me important that some one should set before the mining men of the province the possibilities which are open for accomplishment to such an organization, if ultimately successful.

The great need of the gold-mining men is unquestionably, as the Constitution sets out, the interchange of knowledge and ideas.

Gold-mining differs from many other modes of mining, in that the circumstances under which it is prosecuted are so varied that set rules will not apply, and, therefore, varied and constantly increasing knowledge is a necessity to its successful prosecution.

How is this knowledge to be attained? Either by experience, which is costly, or by attrition with those practical men who have been there and paid for it. In proportion to the opportunities which the Association provides to its members for this interchange will be its success.

It seems to me, therefore, that the first object to be attained by the Association, in however humble a manner, is a gold-miners' exchange or headquarters. If the Association is sufficiently strong, financially, to secure a desirable room in a central location in the city, with a proper person in constant attendance, its future would, I think, be to some extent assured.

Such an exchange, properly conducted, would soon become the centre towards which all mining men would gravitate on their arrival in the city. They would soon learn to make their appointments with each other at the rooms, go there to write their letters, and put in their spare time while in town getting useful information. In time, all mining papers and periodicals would be found there. The best collection of ores in the province could easily be got together. Any person having new machines or processes in connection with mining or milling, would very naturally send plans or models to the Miners' Exchange. A bureau of information might be established under a system of registration for the use of members seeking machinery, or having such to dispose of, as also for those in search of practical workmen and over-men, and those desiring situations as such. It would not be beyond the scope of the Association, when its finances permitted, to provide at the exchange for the use of its members correct plans of all the gold districts, with the latest information in reference thereto. And, eventually, such a fund of information would be gathered, as the property of the Association, that access to it would be worth to any man engaged in gold mining many times the amount of his subscription for membership.

Nor is this idea of an exchange, with its proper fruits, the only probable outcome of a successful Association. The monthly meetings of the members should be fruitful in the interchange of ideas, based upon actual experience. In time these might take the form of written communications, the practical and valuable ones being preserved after the manner of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

That the gold-mining industry suffers constantly because of the lack of knowledge of metallurgy and mining chemistry among the class of men who have acquired a practical knowledge of mining and milling, is admitted by all who are in the business.

It is quite within the province of an Association such as this to supply this want by inaugurating a course of lectures on these subjects in connection with some institution of learning, open to the attendance of members as they found opportunity.

I have not by any means exhausted the list of the agencies by which the Association might be made useful and profitable to its members, and to the industry of which it will be the exponent, and I may have omitted some important ones which do not suggest themselves; but I think I have written sufficient to convince every one eligible for membership, that it is to his personal interest to come down with his name and money, and thus help to give the Association a good send-off. J. H. TOWNSEND.

A vein of mineral seventy-four feet from the surface, has been discovered in West Galena, adjoining the famous Comstock lead, from which \$6,000,000 of mineral were taken. The new mine is mineral bearing, nine feet wide, and is 600 feet long, seventy feet of which have been proved. It is thought to be the biggest mining bonanza discovered for several years.

METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE THICKNESS OF BOILER-PLATES.—The *Austrite Zeitung fur Mechindustrie* calls attention to a method discovered by M. Lebateur for defining the thickness of boiler plates or other objects where it is difficult to arrive at this information without actual measurement. He spreads a layer of tallow one-tenth of an inch in thickness upon the metal, and a similar layer upon a piece of known thickness. Both are then subjected for a certain time to the action of a small heated instrument, resembling that used by medical men in cauterization. The tallow melts, and a thick metal is a better conductor of heat than thin metal; the tallow melted upon the thicker plate occupies a greater space than that on the inner sheet. From the appearance of the two plates the relative thickness is then calculated.

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HOME AND FARM.

This department of THE CRITIC is devoted exclusively to the interests of the Farmers in the Maritime Provinces. Contributions upon Agricultural topics, or that in any way relate to Farm life, are cordially invited. Newsy notes of Farmers' gatherings or Grange meetings will be promptly inserted. Farmers' wives and daughters should make this department in THE CRITIC a medium for the exchange of ideas on such matters as more directly affect them.

Wishing our agricultural friends and patrons a happy and prosperous New Year, and being thoroughly impressed with the importance and dignity of their calling, we present to them a few notes on the estimation in which it was held in antiquity, as we think the reading of the farmer should not be confined exclusively to dry details of every day business and production. We find the following in the *American Breeder*:—

Rome had an agricultural literature unsurpassed by any of modern times.

This from Virgil: "The farmer may praise large estates, but let him cultivate a small one."

In the best days of Ancient Rome no higher praise could be bestowed upon a citizen than to give him the name of a good husbandman.

Pliny reports the sending to the Emperor Augustus 400 stalks of wheat grown from one kernel; and another stool sent to Nero, from Africa, contained 340 stalks.

Cato said: "Our ancestors regarded it as a grand point in husbandry not to have too much land in one farm, for they considered that more profit came by holding little and tilling it well."

Plows for heavy and light soils, double plows, plows almost the exact models of those now in use in the South of France, in Italy and in Spain, were in Rome 400 years B. C. The Romans also had hoes, spades, harrows, rakes and many other farm implements.

The importance of forestry was fully appreciated by the ancients, and much written about. Pliny wrote: "Men should plant trees while young, and not build till their fields are planted, and even then they should take time to consider and not be in too great haste, to profit by the folly of others."

In an early period of Roman history the highest and most honorable occupations of her citizens were war and agriculture. Commerce and merchandising were considered plebian pursuits. When Rome ceased to choose her generals and statesmen from those who sprang from the obscurity of the farm, her power and greatness began to wane.

Palladius, who probably lived in the first century of the Christian era, wrote fourteen large volumes on agricultural topics; one was introductory and generalization of the subject; each one of the following twelve contained matter especially adapted to one of the twelve months; thus each month had a volume adapted to its needs and labors; the fourteenth was a poetical treatise on, and descriptive of, grafting fruit trees. The precepts and practices of this old writer show a wonderful similarity to those of the present day.

Manures were saved with care, especially the excrement of fowls and birds; composts to absorb and utilize liquid manures were common; clover was sown for the purpose of plowing under; grain stubbles were often burnt over for the ashes; and the advantages of rotation of crops were all practiced by farmers who tilled the soil 2600 years ago. It is very probable that we might learn some valuable truths from lessons that were taught to farmer boys "when the world was young." In fact we are now re-learning the old lessons, for the science of agriculture was one of the lost arts which was buried in the impenetrable blackness of the dark ages. For 1600 years man got his sustenance from the earth, but agriculture—as it was, and is now beginning to be—"was without form and void."

The following is an extract from the letter of Mr. Naylor, which we acknowledged, and to which we drew attention in our issue of the 16th inst., on the subject of dehorning cattle, which we now publish, together with the English notice referred to, in accordance with Mr. Naylor's request:—

Halifax, N. S., 10th December, 1887

To the Editor of the Critic:

DEAR SIR,—I notice in a recent number of your paper a reference to the practice of "dehorning" cattle pursued in some parts of the United States, and a subsequent enquiry from some of our farmers for information on this subject.

I wish to inform you and your readers, with your permission, that the penalty for such an act in Nova Scotia is, for each animal, fifty dollars fine and costs, or three months imprisonment, or both fine and imprisonment at the option of the magistrate. I inclose you a poster distributed by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, giving particulars of a case in which a farmer was fined seven pounds twelve shillings for such an offence. I would be much obliged if you would publish the case as printed, for the information of our farmers, so that they may not be led into doing wrong through ignorance of the laws.

Yours faithfully

JOHN NAYLOR, Secretary.

"HORRIBLE CASE OF CRUELTY TO CATTLE AT LEYBURN.—Before Lord Bolton, the Hon. A. C. O. Powlett, and other magistrates, at the Town Hall, Leyburn, yesterday, John Todd, farmer, Arrowthorne, appeared at the instance of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to answer a charge of ill-treating and torturing eight heifers, by cutting off their horns, on the 11th inst. William Wake, laborer, Hunstan, stated that on the day in question he was called upon by the defendant to assist him in fetching eighteen Irish heifers out of a field on the farm and putting them into a fold. One of the animals was then tied firmly up by the defendant so that

it could not stir about, and with an ordinary saw he cut away the horns close to the head. Blood flowed in considerable quantity during the operation, and the animal stamped and moaned very much. After seven of the heifers had been treated thus, Wake, becoming disgusted with the work, refused to help further. Todd continued the process however, and did not desist till fourteen were denuded of their horns. Mr. Choyce, officer of the Society, said that on the 23rd inst., he visited the farm of the defendant, in company with Superintendent Walmsley and a police constable. He told Todd the object of his visit, and was informed by him that the practice of cutting off the horns was a custom in Scotland, and that he intended taking the horns off the other four of his heifers. The defendant at the same time expressing his willingness to allow Mr. Choyce to see the animals. Mr. Choyce went into the fold yard and examined the heifers. The wounds were just beginning to heal up, but there were holes in the head of each in which the finger could be inserted. The surrounding parts seemed to be very tender when touched. Mr. Broad, Member of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, gave evidence as to the great cruelty of the practice. Witnesses were called by the defendant to prove that cutting off horns in the manner he had done was not uncommon in Northumberland and the North. As it was stated that this was the first case of the kind in England, the magistrates inflicted a fine of 1s. and costs in each case—in all £7 12s.—with the alternative of 56 days' imprisonment. The fine was paid."—From the *Yorkshire Post*.

OUR COSY CORNER.

Nowadays, when economy is the chief aim of woman, a few useful hints will not be amiss.—indeed, they may enable some prudent sister to restore to its original color and beauty some cast-off party dress, sash ribbon or faded garment that she had despaired of ever utilizing again.

To clean colored silks, make a strong lather of soap and boiling water (soft soap is best), and when you can bear your hand in it put in the article. If the material is strong it can be rubbed as in washing. Rinse quickly in warm water, into which a little oil of vitriol may be added if the silk is bright yellow, crimson, maroon or scarlet; but for orange, brown, fawn or similar shades omit the acid. Gently squeeze, roll in a coarse sheet and wring slightly.

For pink, rose and their shades add only enough lemon juice or vinegar to give the water a sour taste. A small quantity of baking soda or pearl ash will restore all the shades of blue and purple.

After squeezing and hanging to dry, make a sizing of gum water by steeping half of a white kid glove in a quart of water. Rub the sizing on the wrong side of the goods with a sponge or clean white woollen rag; then pin it up to dry, or if the garment has been ripped, roll it over a curtain roller. A weak solution of copper dissolved in the water will restore the color to olive-green.

To remove stains from silk mix together in a phial two ounces of essence of lemon and an ounce of oil of turpentine.

To clean white brocaded silk and satin, mix sifted stale bread-crumbs with powdered blue, and rub it thoroughly all over the goods; shake well and dust with clean soft cloths; if there are gold or silver flowers rub the flowers with a piece of crimson velvet to restore their color.

Another method is to pass the material through a solution of fine hard soap, at a hand heat, drawing it through the hand. Rinse in luke-warm water, dry and pin out. Brush the right side the way of the nap with a clean clothes-brush and then dip a sponge into a size made as above and apply it to the wrong side; now rinse out a second time and brush and dry near a fire or in a warm room.

Another method, if the fabric is not very dirty, is to strew French chalk over it, and brush it off once or twice with a hard brush.

THINGS NOT TO DO.—Do not carry a gold-embroidered handkerchief; it is bad form.

Do not wear light-green gloves stitched with black; they are not fashionable.

Do not wear white, gold or pale-blue kid slippers for full dress; they belong to the queens of the opera bouffe, not to the drawing-room.

Do not use pale-blue ink; it suggests rather the awkward secretaire of some country farm-house than the dainty *ecrivain* of a woman of society.

Do not wear a veil with a border, unless you are sure it will be becoming; it often makes the face look as if it were cut off at the border line.

Do not arrange your hair in the outstanding Greek knot if you are going to wear a gown with the present pronounced style of tournure; it will certainly produce the effect of one tournure for the gown and another for your head.

Do not be deluded into buying so-called inexpensive gold braid embroidery; it will soon tarnish and show that it certainly was never worth its weight even in copper.

Do not believe because so many hats are seen on the street that bonnets are no more; they have by no means lost their vogue for receptions, homes and elaborate theatre parties.

Do not be too ready to believe an unpleasant word about your neighbor; to pass judgment upon a friend, or to take a malicious delight in his condemnation; whatever your private opinion, never let your spoken judgments be any but the most charitable. To say nothing of any higher considerations, it is bad form to censure others. It is the fashion to be merciful; to refrain from casting the stone, to leave the bitter word unsaid and check the thrust of malicious wit. La mode and charity have joined hands; do not attempt to divorce them, for their union will tend to make women sweeter, gentler, and more womanly.

RELIGIOUS.

METHODIST.

Bishop Carman, General Superintendent, has been engaged this month in addressing missionary and educational meetings in the Methodist churches of the Province.

It has been finally decided that the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States shall be held in New York, commencing May 1st.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has built more than 4,000 places of worship in the Southern States since the war. These represent a membership of 400,000.

There are five branches of Methodism in England. The indications are that they are drawing nearer to each other, and that union may reasonably be looked for in a few years. Such a union would effect a remarkable saving of men and means.

Previous to last year there were forty ministers in the N. B. and P. E. I. Conference whose salaries did not exceed \$450. The effort already made to supplement these salaries had increased the amount received by them to \$511.

PRESBYTERIAN.

A special effort is being made in the direction of church extension in New York. At a meeting lately held, presided over by Dr John Hall, \$60,000 were subscribed. It is hoped to raise \$200,000 yearly.

Rev. D. M. Gordon was inducted into the pastorate of St. Andrew's church on Tuesday evening by the Presbytery of Halifax. A reception to the new pastor was held last evening in the basement, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Suitable addresses were delivered by a number of the ministers of the city.

Miss Helen J. Chalmers, a daughter of the famous Dr. Chalmers, died lately in Edinburgh.

Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston, has not fully recovered from his illness.

During the past five years the Presbyterian Church increased in Manitoba 104 per cent. An effort is being made to raise throughout Canada a special fund of \$25,000 to carry on the work.

Rev. Mr. Pitblado, of Winnipeg, has received a call from a Presbyterian church in San Francisco. The stipend offered is \$5,000.

The appeal for the sum of £10,000, which has for its object to put the Foreign Mission fund of the Established Church of Scotland in a healthy condition, is proceeding satisfactorily.

The last issue of the Presbyterian *Review* of Toronto comes to us in holiday dress, and presents a fine appearance. It is one of the best of our religious exchanges.

The Joint Committee appointed by the last General Assemblies of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches, met in Louisville some days ago, for the purpose of taking steps looking to a union of these bodies.

Rev. W. R. Cruickshank, of St. Matthew's church, Montreal, has declined the call extended to him by St. Andrew's church, Perth, Ont., one of the largest and most desirable charges in Canada.

BAPTIST.

On the 14th instant the Rev. J. H. Jenner was ordained and inducted into the pastorate of the Baptist church at Brookfield, Queens Co.

Rev. J. A. Ford, late of Milton, Yarmouth, will in a few days take charge of the Baptist church at Fairville, N. B.

Five Baptist churches are in course of erection in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The New York Baptist City Mission has seventeen mission churches in a German population of 300,000, there are five Baptist churches, with a total membership of about 800.

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, a son of the famous London preacher, is pastor of a Baptist church at Auckland, New Zealand, which has a membership of 745. The Sunday schools connected with the church have a membership of over 800.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Christmas in the churches was well observed, and well attended. The festival never loses its charm, nor its power.

Cheering accounts come from President Brock, of King's College, as to the way in which he has been received in the United States, where he is endeavoring to collect money towards the King's College Endowment Fund. His way has been smoothed for him, and much valuable assistance furnished by Rev. Dr. Winslow, of Boston, who, with President Barnard, of Columbia (formerly King's) College, New York, received the degree of D. C. L. at the Excœcna in June last.

A paper has been published by Rev. E. M. Saunders, in answer to Canon Brock's sermon on "Infant Baptism," containing a quotation from Hippolytus, a Bishop of Italy, which, if substantiated, is a serious blow to those who think that the practice was universally prevalent in the third century. Perhaps Dr Saunders will give chapter and verse in the original. It is now thought by some that the English prelates will hardly care to commend a gentleman for the Bishopric of Nova Scotia, since the Synod cannot give a guarantee of his election.

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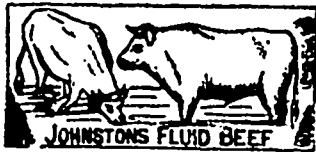
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