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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

One Thibault, of Montreal, in a lecture recently delivered in that city, prophesied that Boston would in fifty years be a French-Canadian city and the centre of a French-Canadian nation. There is no saying, of course, what "revenge the whirligig of time" may bring about, but considering how much recent investigations have upset the sanguine and premature estimates of ardent French-Canadian nationalists as to the supposed abnormal increase of their race, such predictions as the above seem decidedly airy.

The King of Italy recently announced that the discriminating duties against France would, with the consent of parliament, be shortly abolished. This is only one of the points recently made by King Humbert which go to show that, notwithstanding the heavy burdens which have been entailed on the kingdom by the necessity of keeping up her large naval and military establishments, the influence of continued peace, a free constitutional system of government, and improved educational institutions have been powerful enough to more than counter-balance her large expenditure. The unification of Italy, like that of Germany, was an event undoubtedly beneficial to Europe, both constituting important checks on the ambition and restlessness of France, and every observer of European politics will rejoice in the advancing prosperity of a kingdom which now fairly takes rank as one of the great powers.

A curious little story came to us which we should hardly credit were it not well authenticated. A young Canadian—having from it does not matter which end of the Dominion—graduated creditably out of the Kingston College and obtained his commission in the Royal Artillery. Returning to Canada to take up an appointment which had fallen to him, he invited a popular bank official, an old friend, to dine with him. No other guests appeared, but the gallant young soldier unfortunately thought it necessary to apologize to his friend, with some awkward circumlocution, for having had no one to meet him, by informing him that his brother officers did not much care to be introduced to Commercial Johnnie. The bank gentleman, being a very good fellow, was more amused than angry, and told the story to his club friends and others as a good joke, though of course he lost no time in wishing his exclusive young acquaintance good evening. We fear after all the Dominion and even its Military College may now and then turn out a cad! Meantime the Banker goes among his friends by the name of "Commercial Johnnie."

Harvey, the man who killed his wife and two daughters, was hanged last Friday, the Government having refused to commute his sentence on the ground of insanity. Had this murder occurred in the United States the murderer would, very probably, have been acquitted on that score, but in Canada clearer evidence than has been adduced in this case is required to substantiate irresponsibility before a murderer can escape the legal penalty of his crime. It is, however, to be regretted that the execution was an exceptional piece of bungling. The weight was light and the drop insufficient, so that the wretched man actually perished by slow strangulation.

Lady Dufferin, all whose works are redolent of humor and interest, has been publishing a book on her life in India. Some of the specimens she gives of the English used by the natives are very amusing. One addressed the English resident at Bhurtpore as "Honored Enormity!" Another, in treating of the horse, observed that "he is a very noble animal, but when irritated he ceases to do so;" a third, taking a higher flight on the theme of "riches and poverty," wrote, "In short the rich man welters on crimson velvet while the poor man snorts on flint." Those who remember the fun of Lady Dufferin's adventures in Egypt of "the Hon. Impulsia Gushington" will look for her volume on so prolific a theme as the experiences of a vicereine in India, with great expectations of a literary treat.

A correspondent of the Quebec *Morning Chronicle* states that the survey for the Short Line from Edmunston to Moncton has been very successful, and that an excellent location has been found which will not exceed 200 miles in length and passes through the heart of New Brunswick, opening up a valuable country. It is stated that this will shorten the distance from Quebec to Halifax by 110 miles as compared with the I. C. R. It will, it is stated, make the distance from Montreal to Halifax almost exactly the same as by the "Short Line" via Sherbrooke, and as it will pass altogether on Canadian territory and over very much lower summits than the Sherbrooke line, it will be preferable to it in every respect. We do not vouch for the accuracy of these statements, but if correct they are of considerable importance to Halifax.

A number of Toronto young roughts have been disgracing themselves and their city by a display of blackguardism on the occasion of the entry into the city of Archbishop Walsh to assume his new position. The young ruffians used grossly insulting language and made use of missiles, one or two of which struck the Prelate, fortunately without seriously injuring him. That a community of quiet citizens cannot welcome the diocesan head of their church into a Canadian city without insult and maltreatment is outrageous, it is only to be hoped that some of the malefactors may be caught and punished for their ruffianism. The above was written before Archbishop O'Brien's letter on the subject appeared in the *Recorder*. The occurrence took place too late for our editorial notice last week, and we fail to see what it has to do with our supposed impartiality. We are not conscious of being given to "unmanly insinuations" against the Irish party, with which the Archbishop charges us, and we are unfortunate in differing from His Grace's implied opinion on the subject of Metis heroes.

"How," says that excellent periodical, the *St. John Educational Review*, "is English grammar taught in our schools, and is it yielding results commensurate with the time and energy expended upon it?" The *Review* proceeds to give a circumstantial instance of the efforts made by a father to assist his son, who was settling into a condition of despair over this hopelessly complicated study. The father took the questions to a distinguished scholar and teacher of philology, who could not answer the questions "in any terms which would have satisfied the teacher of the boy or the author of the text book." "They were then shown to the very highest authority on such subjects to be found in this country, a gentleman whose attainments in the science of language are celebrated by the world of scholars. His answer to these questions was a strain of unmingled invective against teacher, text-book and school system which could tolerate such wasteful folly in instruction." This is not the first time we have inveighed against the ruinous taxation of the scholar in brains and time by the pedantic empirics who have succeeded in fastening their preposterous grammatical processes on the schools of the country, and it is our opinion that half the time devoted to their absurdities spent on the old Eton Latin grammar, or an English grammar pruned down to a like simplicity, would afford the ordinary student all he wants to know to enable him to write and speak his native tongue with tolerable correctness and propriety. As it is, it is well known that neither of these ends is accomplished by the present methods, a fact which will excite no surprise if we consider the specimen which we give in another note, of the portentous rubbish with which our unfortunate children are perennially dazed and bemuddled,

The latest marine infernal machine is a floating battering ram, invented for America. It consists of a cigar shaped boat, made entirely of thick steel, and operated by the captain only, who is lodged in an invulnerable turret. "Such a contrivance as this is capable of sinking the largest ironclad with the greatest ease," says the exchange from which we quote, but the easy assumption remains to be proved.

About the utterances of Mr. Erastus Wiman, and their general tendency to detach the Dominion from its British connection, and to make it tributary to the United States, there can be even less question than of those of Mr. Mercier. It is pertinently asked by the *St. John Evening Gazette*, "What sort of a figure would our wholesale merchants and manufacturers cut under Commercial Union?" The simple question is—Is Canada to be herself or to merge into the uninviting Union to the South of us. To those who believe in their own country and its grand future, Mr. Wiman cannot be otherwise regarded than as a public enemy of the Dominion.

The reading public is, it seems, being oppressed with a run of "replies" to *Robert Elsmere*. "Replies" of any sort, as books, are generally uninteresting, and we should think those to *Robert Elsmere* are likely to be exceptionally so. We can only account for the recent rage for that book—which is after all not, as we think, so powerful a work as Mrs. Lynn Lynton's *Under which Lord*—by the supposition that comparatively very few people have ever read enough of the best works of criticism and controversy on theological subjects to enable them to form any sound opinions of their own, the consequence being an idea that any tolerably clever polemical novel embodies the newest wisdom or the newest wickedness according to the tone of mind of the reader.

The death is announced, at the age of 79, of Martin Farquhar Tupper, a somewhat voluminous author and poet, known to most readers chiefly by his *Proverbial Philosophy*, a book of thoughts and arguments treated with some originality. In spite of much contemptuous criticism, which was perhaps partly due to its being written in hexameters, its publication brought him into a considerable degree of popularity, which was perhaps more justified by the purity of the sentiments embodied than by the actual merit (of which, however, it is not destitute) of the poetry. Mr. Tupper also produced two or three novels, and a number of hymns, ballads and other poems, which are comparatively little known. His life was mostly spent in retirement at his maternal estate near Guildford in Surrey, where, we believe, he died. In 1851, however, he visited the United States, where, if we remember rightly, his reception was very cordial, a visit which, it may be presumed, prompted the production, in 1875, of a play founded on incidents of the American Revolution, in which Washington and contemporary characters were introduced.

One of the latest theories started as to the origin of the Brazilian revolution is the somewhat curious one that the Emperor himself encouraged and promoted it. *Prima facie* this would seem to be a somewhat extravagant idea; but it is after all not beyond possibility. The Emperor has been in every sense a liberal and progressive monarch, and may be credited with insight into the probabilities of the future. His daughter, Dona Isabel, was undoubtedly less popular than himself, but her husband, a Prince of the House of Orleans, found still less favor in the eyes of the Brazilians, and it is perhaps possible that Dom Pedro, in view of the dissatisfaction of a powerful interested class at the sudden abolition of slavery, may have thought that, by the comparatively mild sort of revolutionary action now taken, a more violent uprising in the future, when his own prestige would be no longer available to modify it, would be happily averted. To the disaffection of the slave-holders may be added the rising general tendency towards republican forms of government, which, combined with the apparent readiness of the army to acquiesce in the new departure, may, if the theory be correct, be found in the long run to have justified the deposed Monarch's supposed course of action—"Wisdom is justified of all her children."

Referring to another note on the subject of grammatical instruction in schools we give as a specimen of the stuff with which children are uselessly worried the following farrago, originally quoted by an American paper, the *Alliant Constitution*, from a text book used in that city. We do not hesitate to use it as a specimen, as we have seen passages in our own school grammars quite as blank of all sense of utility. "A cognate equivalent, or elliptical accusative, may be used with a passive verb. The cognate or equivalent noun is often omitted and a neuter adjective used, limiting the cognate notion understood. An adjective limiting a complementary infinitive agrees with the subject. The complementary infinitive is an accusative of direct object or limitation. The infinitive passive of an intransitive verb is used as a complement of an impersonal expression. The complement of a concessive sentence is an adverbial proposition. The adverbial is often used for the adjectival relative. Dependent casual propositions are introduced by the casual conjunctions. Principal propositions in the oratio recta become infinitive propositions in the oratio obliqua." "It is almost beyond belief"—says a contemporary commenting on the question, "that this jargon is given to children to commit to memory. As to understanding it, that is a task to which the author of the book himself is probably not equal. If the effect of studying grammar is to read, write and speak English, the time wasted in filling the head with this rubbish would be much more profitably spent in studying the masterpieces of English literature and in the practice of English composition."

It is stated that Stanley, who is now expected to reach England by the end of January, will give the benefit of his experience to Mr. McKenzie, who is organizing the government of British East Africa. The *Times* expresses a hope that he may be induced to undertake the administration of the East African Government, and a belief that he might be willing to become a British subject to that end. However that may be, there can be little doubt that, should such an event come to pass, the great adventurer's energy and consummate knowledge of the country and its conditions, would eminently fit him to advance British interests in such a position. We trust it may come to pass.

Habitual drunkards in Sweden and Norway are liable to imprisonment and, during their incarceration, are submitted to a plan of treatment, which is also elsewhere known to produce a marvellous curative effect. The inebriate is made to subsist entirely on bread steeped in wine. The patient at first takes it without repugnance, but soon tires of the diet, and presently conceives towards it the strongest loathing. A few days of the treatment begets an aversion which is thought, and in many cases has been known, to be permanent. A continued diet of spirit would probably have a quicker effect, but would not be as innocuous. The idea is, of course, not a novel one, but it strikes us that a little practical legislation in some such direction would be a vast improvement on the intolerant theories which aim at the subjection of the individual responsibility and freedom of action of persons who can use without abusing them the good things which man has been endowed with the ability to produce.

The Vermont State Commissioner of Agriculture has recently issued two circulars, pointing out the very low rates at which deserted farms in that State could be obtained. In the second he says:—"Great interest has been manifested in the facts brought out by previous circulars relating to farms once fruitful and occupied by industrious people, but now left uncultivated with houses empty or gone." Much of this farming land the Commissioner states to be good, especially for dairy farming, and there are some 300,000 acres of them. Great efforts are said to be making to induce Swedish immigration, with a view to their being taken up. Yet the people who have elected to desert these tracts of land have had all the advantages accruing from the boasted "market of 60,000,000," which our pessimists so persistently din into our ears as the grand panacea for any and every ill the Canadian farmer is supposed to suffer from. As this is not mere newspaper report, but the distinct statement of a State official, it is a legitimate basis of opinion, and we must say we are unable, in the face of it, to see where the great boon to Canada of the aforesaid market of 60,000,000 lies, when it seems so evidently ineffective to enable its own countrymen to maintain themselves in their own holdings, especially when we consider that it is the advantage of the New England reciprocity which is so strongly insisted on in the interests of Maritime Province Farmers.

Notwithstanding certain denials and qualifications by Mr. Mercier of the language he is reported to have used in the United States on the subject of the sentiment in favor of annexation, which he is pleased to ascribe to a large proportion of his compatriots, there is reason to believe that he did express himself in terms grossly incorrect in point of fact, and unbecomingly to any true-hearted Canadian. M. Mercier's general attitude is in fact aggressive, and opposed to Canadian autonomy. In an address to the National Club a week or two ago, M. Mercier said:—"Let us hope that * * * we may not be called upon in any of our Provinces to have recourse to reprisals, and to remind majorities who may be unjust that there is a minority which stands in need of protection." Being asked if these words were intended as a threat to the Protestant majorities of other Provinces, M. Mercier is said to have replied, "Not as a threat, but surely as a warning." The subject in discussion was the separate school question, one on which there may be much to be said on both sides, and certainly no one wishes that a French speaking minority in any Province should be placed by law at any disadvantage as compared with their fellow-citizens of British origin. There are other points into which we cannot enter in this issue. But what we wish to point out is that, on some of them, M. Mercier's general tone is so distinctly aggressive that it is not impossible it may one day breed no inconsiderable trouble.

One feels a sort of pity for the blustering and self-glorifying tendencies which prompt the American Press, or at least a portion of it, to make such an awful fuss about the dozen or so of respectable men-of-war they have lately set afloat and are building. The *New York World*, always on the gush in that sort of thing, is especially tickled at the sending to sea of four of the new ships—the *Chicago*, *Boston*, *York Town*, and *Atlanta*, under Admiral Walker. Their destination is the Mediterranean "on a promenade excursion for the benefit of the old world," which effate hemisphere will doubtless be duly awed and impressed, especially as England has only a squadron of about 25 vessels there, eight or nine of them high class ironclads, and France probably as many. This prospect, however, hardly satisfies the *World*, which goes on to say—"Why not send the Admiral and his fleet to Rio Janeiro. The presence of these war ships from the great Republic would carry encouragement to the new-fledged Republic of the South. It would ensure order and give assurance of sympathy much needed at this juncture." Why on earth "this magnificent fleet" is wanted in Brazilian waters, and what American cruisers have to do with ensuring order where order does not appear to be in the least threatened, would puzzle a courier. We wonder if the *World* and papers that scream in the same key ever feel foolish after gushing over in this style? Probably conceit and self-complacency are too ingrained to leave room for any other sentiment or idea.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

There is a time when all men fear,
The season is at hand,
When Discontent lifts up its head
To scann a grieving land.

The iceman leaves you double weight
And makes you leave a sigh
To think how welcome 'twould have been
Some time in last July.

The plumber gains and waits with glo
The bursting water pipe;
The coalman grabs your pocketbook
At one studendous swipe.

The fiend who haunts each office room
Will see but to ignore
The sign with letters big and bold,
Which says: "Please shut the door."

The actor soon will walk the track
And wish he had a sled.
You catch a cold and sit and wish
That you were good and dead.

—Merchant Traveller.

Some men are born witty. Others have a good memory and some witty friends.

It is a mistake to suppose that worth makes the man. Worth makes the woman; Poole makes the man.

The way a Milwaukee justice does it:—"Have him?" "Yes." "Have her?" "Yes." "Married; \$2."

It is said to have been a Boston woman who, on board a yacht, spoke of a motherly zephyr, meaning thereby a spanking breeze.

If Chicago does not succeed in getting the World's Fair she may still have the proud satisfaction of furnishing the site for the Cronin trial.

A fortunate man.—"Yes," said the stranger, "I have made over \$2,000 this year by parachute descents." "You are a balloonist, eh?" "No, I am an undertaker."

English artists and English art critics are having a quarrel. The artists say that the critics don't understand art, and the critics say that the artists don't understand criticism. They're both right, possibly.

They have had some queer sacred entertainments in the East, but nothing to compare with one given in a Colorado town on a recent Sunday evening and which was advertised as "A Grand Sacred Dog Fight."

The Last Rose of Summer.—Artemus Ward or some other smart fellow once remarked that the rose was of three kinds—the white rose, the red rose and the negroes, the last of which particularly by any other name would smell as sweet.

Miss Tart, of St. Paul, is suing a young man for breach of promise. After the wedding day was set, he wrote her a letter backing out of the engagement, and ending with the words:—"Good-bye, sweet Tart, good-bye." This naturally made her a sour Tart.

"Maud," he said softly, as he pulled out the tremolo stop in his larynx, "will you marry me?" "No," she answered, with all the earnestness of sincere conviction. He paused as if in deep thought, and then said: "Strange, strange how a simple word revives scenes and impressions that have passed away. I am almost certain that I have heard that before."

Everybody knows the late Lord Mayor of London, Sir J. C. Whitehead, commenced life as a commercial traveller, but it is known to only a very few that the present Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Isaacs, was at one time in his early career an operatic singer. He has a baritone voice, is an excellent musician, and still sings a capital song, particularly in the evening when the company is congenial.

The first recorded account of almanacs is given in the year book of Henry VII. The earliest almanacs in England were printed in Holland on small folio sheets, and happily some of these have been preserved, because it was customary to paste them within the covers of old books. The earliest newspapers are stated to be coeval with the reformation of Luther, and Germany was the land of their birth.

A Change of Name.—Mary had a little brute, as fat as it could waddle, and everywhere that Mary'd scoot this little pup would toddle. It tagged her down the street one day close up behind her buggy; oh, how it loved to run away, this naughty little puggy. 'Twas always doing something wrong when Mary turned her back; and all the time he seemed to long to walk the railroad track. One day, when Mary was at church, this frisky little scamp, thought he would leave her in the lurch and go and play the tramp. So down upon the ties he trod, the ones the poor tramps use, till worn out on the ties he squats, and drops into a snooze. He, fast asleep, did not observe—ah, sad indeed the story—the fast express come round the curve; that pup went up to glory. There came along a butcher man who once had loved that pup, and with a brush and big dustpan he swept that poor dog up. Next Wednesday Mary got him back; he did not look the same; he would not come when she called "Jack!"—Bologna was his name.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to Nicholson, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

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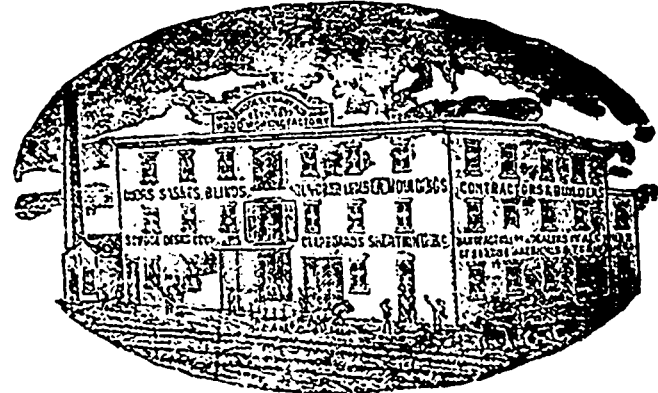
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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials,
SEND FOR ESTIMATES.

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. Milne Fraser.

Recently we sent our accounts to subscribers, many of whom are considerably in arrears, and who must understand that we have reached the end of our tether, and now demand immediate payment. Failure to respond will oblige us to take proceedings unpleasant alike to ourselves and to those in arrears.

Sleighting is reported to be excellent in and around Montreal.

Rufus England, Conservative, has been elected in Broms, Quebec, by a majority of 197.

The Quebec Legislature has been summoned to meet for despatch of business on January 7th.

The snow is sixteen inches deep in Quebec city. The recent storm did much damage to shipping.

The trial of William J. McDonald for the murder of Mrs. Macrae of St. John was to begin yesterday afternoon.

The Scott Act has been sustained in Fredericton by a majority of 68. There is much rejoicing among the temperance party.

It is positively denied by the Minister of Militia that there is any truth in the report that 10,000 militia were to be massed at Kingston next year.

The thermometer is reported to have been down to 22 below zero in Montreal; in more fortunate Halifax it only managed to get down to 5 above on Tuesday night.

The opening day's sale of the Christmas number of the *Montreal Star* is stated to have exceeded 34,000 copies, 10,000 ahead of the first day's sale last year.

The Allan steamship company has appealed to the Privy Council from the recent judgment of the Vice-admiralty Court at Quebec re the *Polynesian-Cynthia* disaster.

The Laval-Victoria University trouble in Montreal has been settled by the parties to the union agreement binding themselves to accept the Pope as arbitrator in the matter.

Mr. R. G. Leckie, late Managing Director of the Springhill mines, has been appointed Manager of the Londonderry Iron Works. He took his position on the 1st inst.

Messrs. J. F. Stairs, of Halifax, and Graham Fraser, of New Glasgow, have been visiting Ottawa in the interest of the proposed scheme to erect large iron and steel works at New Glasgow.

The remains of the late Lt. Col. A. K. Mackinlay arrived in Halifax in the *Damara* on Saturday last. The funeral took place from the residence of his son on Monday afternoon and was largely attended.

Large shipments of Finnan haddies are being made from Digby to the Upper Provinces and Winnipeg. They are sent across the bay to St. John and thence by Short Line railway. Formerly they were shipped *via* Boston.

St. John is greatly excited in some quarters over the ghost of a colored man named Jackson, who died about twelve months ago. The ghost is employing the time honored methods of making strange sounds and showing himself at intervals.

Philip McInnis, a brakeman, had both his legs crushed at Richmond yard on Tuesday night. They were amputated below the knees by Dr. Farrell, but the unfortunate man has succumbed to the shock of his injuries. He leaves a wife and six children.

The first of the Y. M. C. A. Popular Talks was given by Prof. J. G. MacGregor on Tuesday evening, when an attentive audience listened to his instructive remarks on "The Circle of the Sciences." The subject will be continued next Tuesday evening by the same gentleman.

The November number of the *Universal Review*, the great London artistic illustrated monthly, contains part two of Mr. Bliss Carman's *Corydon*, the trilogy in memory of Matthew Arnold of which the first part appeared in the *Atlantic* last April. Mr. Carman is now employed on part three.

The question of a monument to the late gallant Major Short has been informally discussed in the road committee of Quebec, two propositions being broached, one to purchase the lot on which he lost his life, to erect a monument on it hereafter, and the other to obtain permission to place a suitable memorial stone in the wall of any house erected on it.

A fire broke out in the machine shop in connection with the Nova Scotia Steel Company's works at New Glasgow on Tuesday, and spread to the main building. The men in the works soon had streams of water playing from the hydrant and the New Glasgow fire department also soon arrived on the scene. After an hour's hard work the fire was got under control. The loss will not hinder the company in their work, as the heavy engines, furnaces, etc., are not damaged. It was a narrow escape.

The semi-annual meeting of the Wanderers' A. A. Club was held in the Halifax Hotel on the 28th ult., when the reports of the officers and various sub-committees were read and proved satisfactory. The cricket season was shown by the report to have been particularly successful. The financial affairs of the club are in a most flourishing condition. The reserve fund amounts to upwards of \$400. There are 322 members on the roll besides 31 lady members. The committee expressed regret at the death of their late President, Lt.-Col. A. K. Mackinlay. A notice of motion was given to make the first year's dues \$10 instead of \$5. Also a motion limiting the age at which boys shall be eligible for membership to sixteen years.

The "didn't think it was loaded" excuse has often been given after the thoughtless person has maimed or killed a victim, and now we hear of a "didn't think it would go off" accident at Bridgeport, C. B. A young man named Grace was playing his violin before two young women, who were dancing, when suddenly one of them, named Day, drew a self-cocking revolver from her pocket and pointed it at Grace. She pulled the trigger and the revolver went off. The bullet entered the young man's head behind his ear and came out on the other side. It is expected that he will recover.

The North British Society and their guests held their annual dinner in honor of St. Andrew at the Halifax Hotel on Monday evening. About eighty-four sat down, among whom the clergy were well represented. After well testing the merits of the menu, which met with approval, the messages from other societies were read by the Secretary and answers to them despatched. The toasts began with "The pious memory of St. Andrew," proposed by the President, Mr. William Nesbet, which with the various other loyal toasts which followed, were duly honored in coffee. The speeches were good, as was also the singing, such well known vocalists as Mr. S. Crawford, Mr. D. C. Gillis and others contributing to the pleasure of the evening in this respect.

The Christmas Number of the *Toronto Globe* is in every way worthy of the enterprise of that journal. Admirably printed—with liberal margins—on excellent paper, its photographic illustrations are of a high quality. The illustration entitled "Harmony"—a lady at the piano-forte—is very pleasing and strikingly natural. The colored illustrations are only rather too highly colored, and are lacking in repose of tone. This is true even of the pretty one, "Our Friends," a study of a little girl with two dogs, but the fault is still more apparent in the illustration of the uniforms of the Canadian Militia, among which surely such brilliancy of color was never seen. If it had only been a little toned down it would have been admirable. Nevertheless the whole number is a most creditable production. We have not space to refer to the literary matter, which, however, is excellent.

The U. S. Senate opened in Washington on Monday. There were 372 members present.

Two thousand Chinese laundrymen in New York have formed a combination and will advance prices 15 per cent.

Matters are more hopeful in Lynn, Mass. Over \$30,000 has been subscribed in the city for the sufferers.

New York insurance men say that on account of recent heavy losses rates will be advanced all over the country.

A man was instantly killed in Gloucester, Mass., the other day, by attempting to shut off an electric light with a wet iron gaff.

There is no truth in the story that General Lord Wolseley has accepted General Fitzhugh Lee's invitation to assist at the unveiling of the statue of Lee.

The *Tribune* building at Minneapolis, Minn., ten stories high, occupied by the *Tribune* and Minneapolis department of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and numerous business offices was burned last Saturday. Eleven lives are believed to be lost, and the damage is placed at \$250,000.

Following close upon the disastrous fire at Lynn came the news of a four and a half million dollar blaze in Boston. The fire started on the 28th ult. in the six story building, owned by Jordon, Marsh & Co., and occupied by Brown, Darrel & Co., on Bedford St., corner of Kingston St. It was soon beyond control. Four brave firemen lost their lives, and another died at the hospital from his injuries. Over two acres of territory covered by magnificent structures was laid desolate by the flames.

Under any circumstances the gum-chewing habit is as unpleasant as it is an unnecessary one. Of course it is not as nasty or as unwholesome as tobacco-chewing among men, but we fancy, if only on account of the facial contortions induced by it, no really ladylike girl or woman would consent to disfigure herself, or compromise her sense of delicacy and good breeding, by attempting it. The following item culled from an exchange, however, shows that other and more serious consequences than a little vulgarity may ensue from the habit, and we trust its further publication may operate to the discouragement of the practice. "A few days ago Amy Murphy, living in New Bedford, was chewing gum, and not feeling well, gave the gum to another little girl. The latter chewed it, and passed it to two other playmates. The four girls were soon afterward taken down with diphtheria, and two have died. The physicians say the disease was carried from the Murphy child to the others in the chewing-gum."

The Parnell Commission is closed. It had long ceased to excite any interest.

Dom Pedro and party arrived at St. Vincent on Sunday, in the steamer *Alagoas*.

A Scotch weekly paper announces that it will shortly publish a stirring and tragical love story written by the Marquis of Lorne.

An epidemic of influenza prevails at St. Petersburg, the Czar and Czarina being among the victims. Half the population is afflicted.

The Russian Minister of the Interior is preparing a scheme to check the increasing immigration into Russia, especially of Germans.

The Geographical Society is arranging to give a grand banquet and splendid popular and official reception to Stanley on his return.

Admiral Rarib Pacha has sailed for Crete. He is the bearer of a decree of amnesty which is conditional only, as it deprives the Cretans of certain liberties or privileges which they now enjoy.

Mr. Parnell is said to be missing again. His whereabouts is unknown, and his prolonged absence causes much anxiety to his adherents.

The Egyptian Government has sent the Khedival steamer *Mansourah* to meet Stanley at Zanzibar, which will greatly hasten his return to Europe.

It is stated that the betrothal of the Czarewitch and Princess Maud, youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, will shortly be announced. It is understood that the Czarewitch greatly admires Princess Maud.

The Portuguese Government will announce to the European powers that Portugal is ready to prove unbroken occupation of the African territories now claimed by England, and furthermore that Portugal is determined to maintain possession of the territories in dispute.

A settlement of the dock laborers strike at Bristol has been effected by compromise. The questions of employing foreign labor and abolishing middlemen were waived. The strikers lost in wages the sum of \$50,000 and the merchants suffered severely in consequence of the strike.

Signor Mariotti, State Secretary to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, has, it is stated, found a document proving that Giordano Bruno was stripped naked, bound to a pole, and burned alive, and that he bore his martyrdom with great fortitude. The document is to be published.

Fire broke out in the steamer *Villo de Marseille*, at Marseilles, on Nov. 28th, and exploded 3,000 barrels of gunpowder stored in the vessel. All the windows for a mile around were shattered and fragments of the ship were picked up 500 metres from the scene of the disaster. No lives were lost.

Three hundred thieves of London were banqueted at St. Giles Christian mission on Monday. The police took no advantage of them and no arrests were made. The only qualification for invitation is the fact of having been convicted of felony. There was a great crush of spectators from high stations in life.

The famous gold diggings and mines in the Province of Carabay, Peru, formerly worked extensively by the Spaniards and Portuguese, are now exciting great interest. With the advance of civilization and the improvement of roads, enterprise is taking rapid strides in that district where there are immense mineral and vegetable sources of wealth.

The New York *Herald's* Commissioner has met Henry M. Stanley, Emin Pasha, Lieut. Stairs, Mr. Johnson, Dr. Park, and 560 men, women and children. The great explorer's hair is quite white and his moustache iron gray. Emin Pasha is a slight, dark man and wears spectacles. The latest despatch from Zanzibar says that Stanley has arrived at Bagamoyo.

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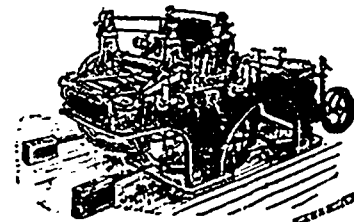
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very short time my health began to improve, and
the longer I used it the better my health became.
After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last sum-
mer performed the hardest summer's work I ever
did, having often to go with only one meal a day.
I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S
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Sails from Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every
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Through Tickets to New York and all
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IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

"Is marriage a failure?" Well, let me see—
A curious question to put to me.
I'll look in my sweet baby's eyes so blue
And seek there an answer to give to you;
And into a mother's large eyes of gray,
The stars of my night and my suns by day,
Perfecting the joys of my quiet life—
So hark to the answer of babe and wife.

The one cannot speak in a learned strain,
But still her soft cooing to us is plain.
And infantile Sanscrit does just as well,
For old is the story her accents tell.
Her soft little fingers are on my face,
And fondle my cheek with a childish grace;
And there in her eyes is the answer true.
"Is marriage a failure? Well, not with you."

The little one's mother stands near me the while,
Regarding us both with a happy smile,
And laughs at the oracle's wise reply;
Then kisses her cherub lips. While I
Gaze into the depths of those eyes of grey
That look up at me in their lovely way,
And see in their shining the answer true.
"Is marriage a failure? Well, not with you."

What more would you have? This is proof enough
To me that your words are the inmost stuff;
For marriage is just what it's made, no more,
And ever has been since the days of yore.
So hence with your sceptical sophistry,
For this is a truth that I always see
In eyes like the dawn and in eyes of blue.
"Is marriage a failure? Well, not with you."

Liverpool Echo.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—Did you every see a "nursery yacht?" Its other name is a "baby walker." The best one that I have seen is manufactured by a western firm, but there are a number in the market. They are moveable supports, I take it for granted you know, for toddling babies. This particular one is circular, about tall enough to reach to baby's shoulders, and rests upon four spreading feet arranged so it is impossible to upset the "walker." The feet are fitted with castors, and the slightest impulse moves it over the floor. Baby who has reached the up-climbing and down-tumbling stage can be stood inside this little contrivance, that has a horse or a lamb or a pig to amuse the infant explorer, and there he may push himself about, learning to use his little feet, and all without any danger of bumping his nose. There is a little seat at the proper distance below the upper railing that he can sit upon if he likes, from which he cannot tumble off, since all about there is the supporting frame. It is easily possible to improvise a nursery yacht from humble materials, and it is especially useful where the baby's nurse is housekeeper in-chief and must leave him much to his own devices. These, as every mother knows, are to climb up beside every available article, and tumble down almost as often. The "walker" not only holds him up, but supports him so that he can move about.

So you think I am dreaming dreams when I count upon there being one of these fine days a lessening of drudgery in housekeeping. Let me quote from *The Forum*. "The city of the future will not build houses in squares giving to every house an individual kitchen and prison-like back yard. It will rather build them all around an open square, and the part now disfigured with the kitchen will be given over for a household sitting room or nursery, opening into a great, green space, where children shall play in safety, and through which the free air of heaven shall blow into the houses surrounding it. In every square will be found a scientifically constructed building containing a laundry and a great kitchen, supplied with every appliance for skilled and scientific cookery, and also for sending into every dining-room any desired quantity or variety of food. The individuality of the home and the home table will be preserved, and the kitchen smells and waste and 'hired girl' will all be banished."

Hasten the day!

Fraulein Traubman, of the German Opera Company of New York, sang here in a concert a few nights ago, and besides singing beautifully she wore the sweetest dress. It was a white dotted muslin, the foundation being very fine and soft, and the spots as large as a silver quarter. The skirt was full and straight, and hung over a white twilled silk lining. The waist, cut V-shaped back and front, was gathered on the shoulders and again (being drawn into a point back and front) just below the waist-line. A wide sash of white surah outlined the waist, being pointed back and front, and was tied at the left side in loop and ends. Inch-wide silk ribbon was looped diagonally across the full skirt, apparently confining the fullness low down over the skirt, and holding a spray of leaves and small blossoms. The full sleeves ended at the elbow. Anything simpler for an evening frock 'twere hard to conjure up. Anything prettier I have not seen this season. With the dress went white slippers; long-wristed, undressed white kid gloves, a white feather aigrette for the hair, and a posy of blossoms to carry in the hands.

Hints of Christmas work are rife. Oh, the pity of it! That the lovely custom of gift making at the season of especial peace on earth and good will toward men should be dragged in the dust, as it so often is. Shall we never get back again to the ideal, not of giving to Margaret because Margaret gives to me, or because I know she "expects something," or because she knows I know she expects something, and not for any sordid, selfish or other pitifully weak motives, but because out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and the hand giveth. Do you not always want to deliver a course of lectures upon the fitness of things and all manner of other &

propos subjects when you find Janet making a tidy for Harold, and Harold in retaliation buying Janet a smoking-set, while they both send a book to their friend the author, and a thimble to the dressmaker, and a painted plaque to the artist? Oh, it is not a bit over-drawn this sketch of senseless present-making. It is a lovely custom, this of gift-making, but only when rightly, not when wrongly, observed. There are heart-aches caused by pitiful strivings to outdo one's neighbors, to keep up appearances—that juggernaut—to do all manner of things that are contrary to the spirit of the day, year in and year out, enough—well enough at least to teach people common sense and a truly Christmas feeling. Is it not so? If we were true to ourselves and our circumstances, and to the Christmas spirit, should we not do quite different every Christmas from what we did last year, and from what we shall drift on with the tide and do this year? It really is worth while to take a stand for righteousness in this matter of giving presents, not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of those whom we influence. The first wrench away from "doing as everybody else does" is hardest. After that it is surprisingly simple to be true to one's self, and to act according to the best light upon the matter in hand or in heart or in both. There is a truly pleasurable excitement in the making ready of pleasant surprises for those near and dear to us, but we may be sure some point is being unduly strained when our efforts make us "glad when Christmas is over." Now, how many times have you thought and said that very thing? And was it not because you were caring little for the spirit of Christmas Day, and much for the opinions of Mr. Smith, and Mrs. Brown, and Miss Robinson? Denying one's self to give is often truly pleasurable, but crucifying the truth and making of the spirit of giving a weak and meaningless bulletin of one's means and not of one's friendly meaning is a bitter mockery. The poet is right—"The gift without the giver is bare."

By all means keep your band of temperance workers in active service. But do not stop with distributing tracts. The most effective preventive and reformatory work is done by setting up blessings in the places of the curses. It is not convincing to the populace to dilate upon the evils in the whiskey bottle, and continue to let the bar room be the one place in the city, town or village where there is light and warmth and jolly company free to all comers. Coffee houses and reading rooms and decent amusement halls, free as are bar-rooms, are proving the best temperance lectures. Faith without works, you know, is futile.

Put silk passomonterie on your black silk dress, not jet, and make with leg o' mutton sleeves gathered at the shoulders and tapering to close fitting sleeve at wrist, draped waist, girdle, princess back, and full, straight skirt front.

Devotedly yours,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

STRANGE WORLDS.

Professor Flower, President of the British Association, has recently said that he agrees with Sir John Lubbock in the opinion that in what we call the lower animals there may be "fifty senses, as different from ours as hearing is from sight, and that even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we can not hear, and colors as different as red from green, of which we have no conception. * * The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of color which we cannot see, of sensations which we cannot conceive of." In other words, it may not be in the starry heavens alone that there are "other worlds than ours;" such worlds may exist upon our own planet, and the intelligence of insects may be in contact with the universe through channels of sense which are unknown to us through experience, and such creatures as have senses bearing likeness to the five that man possesses may live in a universe totally different from that with which man is acquainted. On the part of Sir John Lubbock this opinion is not mere speculation. He has been led to it through long and close study of insect life, and although the theory does not meet with universal acceptance among scientific men, and, indeed, was warmly opposed by the late M. Paul Bert, who maintained that the world of lower animals is essentially the same as ours, yet there are many reasons to believe that Sir John takes a true view of the subject. Experiments made by Notthast some years ago go to show that a common house fly, for instance, can not see clearly at a distance greater than a millimeter, and that the utmost limit of its vision is two feet, while it is extremely doubtful that within that limit a fly can distinguish colors. A fact like this has a clear bearing upon Darwin's theory of the way in which plants are aided or retarded in the struggle for existence by insect perception of color. Lubbock seems also to have shown through spectrum experiments with ants that these insects cannot appreciate light-waves, or rather vibrations of the other, until those vibrations exceed the bounds of color as we know it, and that they hear no sounds appreciable by our ears. Under the ultra-violet—that is to say, under the most intense chemical rays of the spectrum—ants were thrown into the most violent perturbation, while they went quietly about their business under the color rays. A pistol shot over their heads caused not the least disturbance except that which was occasioned by the mechanical jarring of the earth and air, and sound, plainly, was not to them what it is to us. It is not their minuteness that gives ants another world than ours, but the construction of their sense-organs. To depart now from the insect world. It is a generally accepted theory that what are called the "rods and cones" in the human eye are the true organs with which we distinguish colors. These organs are wanting in many animals, as, for instance, they are wanting in the eyes of sharks and roaches among the fishes, and in hedgehogs, moles and bats among mammals, so that, if the analogy holds good, these animals can have no sense of color. Among birds, the owl is but scantily supplied with rods and cones, while birds of prey which fly by daylight, as gulls do, are most plentifully endowed with

them. Through examination of the human eye and the way in which it perceives color, it has been concluded that to frogs the whole world they see is yellow, while to certain birds the entire visible creation must seem red—the sky, the sun, the flowers, all, in short, that comes within the range of their vision is red, because the construction of their eyes permits of the perception of no other color. To them the world must appear as it does to us when we look through a piece of red glass. This train of thought could be carried much further. Observations recently made in Italy in regard to the microbe of malaria show that at a certain period of its development this microscopic creature has enemies to fight in a globule of blood, and that, in order to escape from them, it makes use of its flagella or whips, with which it tries to beat off the inimical microbe that is bent on absorbing it, and generally ends by doing so. Here certainly is intelligent adaptation of means to ends, yet how different from ours must be the world that the malaria microbe finds within a drop of the blood that runs within us! The universe appears to be as vast downward as it is upward.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

On an invitation from Mr. J. Estes Wilson, Superintendent of the Welsbach Lucande cent Gas Lamp Co., our correspondent visited the factory at 16 Upper Water St., and was shown the process of manufacture of the lamp. In a large room on the second floor is the office of the superintendent and the knitting machine, where the webbing is prepared by an ingenious machine manufactured for the purpose; also a "dark room," where tests are made with a photometer to give the candle power of the lamp and to display the lamp in the day time. Here also the lamps are put together and boxed for shipment. The room adjoining presents a busy scene; 15 or 20 girls are hard at work in their different departments making the "mantle," which is the main source of the light. In a small room off the main room is what is called the "hot room," the temperature of which is 110 degrees—here it is only possible for the girls to work 4 hours a day. Then comes the burning process, which requires great skill on the part of the operator. After going through its several processes it ("the mantle") is then inspected and is ready for transportation or home use. Mr. Wilson informs us that he has 1,000 in use in Halifax, and they are all giving great satisfaction, not one complaint having been made as yet. The burners are being put in general use all through Canada, and the prospects for a large business are very good.

GROWING TOWNS AND INDUSTRIES.—It is but a few months ago that the ratepayers of Kentville were called upon to decide by ballot as to whether they should continue to remain part of a Municipality or take upon themselves their own government and become an incorporated town. Fortunately for the minority, the majority voted for incorporation, and in the short time that has elapsed since then what has been the result? To-day Kentville is a town that any dweller in may be justly proud of. It has the best water supply of any town or city in the Province, not only in quantity and force, but also in purity, its streets are daily becoming worthy of copy by other corporations; its moral tone is high; and look at it as you wish, its ratepayers have good reason for satisfaction with their town and with the officers that govern it. Besides being the head of affairs for the Windsor and Annapolis R. R. (which Company, besides the principal offices, have their construction and repair shops here) it is the terminus for the Cornwallis Valley R. R. Of private dwellings there is a great scarcity, there not being a furnished house in the town vacant, but several new ones are at present being built, and the way real estate is advancing in value is really astounding. The last addition to the town is a foundry. The writer had the pleasure of being present a few days ago when the first casting was made, and though done hurriedly and chiefly with the intention of testing the furnace, the results were first class in every particular.

The Foundry is known as The Lloyd Manufg. & Foundry Co, limited, the practical man of the firm, Messrs. Lloyd & McLeod, being men who have spent many years in the business, and proved themselves both at home and abroad to be first class in their particular calling. The buildings and grounds are already very extensive and costly, everything either in the shape of buildings or plant being the newest and most improved. Upon making enquiries I found that the company are prepared to make three sizes of shingle machines either of hand or power feed. Cast steel cylinder stove machines, latest improved Rattray saw mills, heading rounders, in three styles and sizes, stove planers and jointers, surface planers, buzz planers, all kinds of mill work, including shafting hangers, and mining machinery of all kinds, and castings of all kinds either for new work or repairs. On the ground is a bed of the finest moulding sand that it is possible to obtain, in fact the sand of itself alone is reported to be a fortune to the company.

The enterprise of the town does not stop here. I understand that an Electric Light Co. is in formation and that the town will shortly be lighted by that modern light instead of as at present, and I doubt not that before many more months, there will be another addition in the shape of a boot and shoe factory.

TRAVELLER.

A. Robb & Sons shipped within a few days a shingle machine and one of their new lath machines to Mahone Bay, N. S., also one of their Hercules engines with Monarch boiler to Liverpool, N. S.; one of their mill rigs complete with rotary mill, Monarch Economic boiler, and Hercules engine, portable trimmer, smoke stack, with saw, belts, etc., to Kent Co., N. B.; and yesterday they turned out of their boiler works another Monarch Economic boiler for the new electric light station. They are having a busy time shipping their new steel wood furnaces, and are filling orders for this popular furnace from all parts of the provinces.—*Exch.*

CITY CHIMES.

At an early hour on Tuesday afternoon a pretty wedding took place in St. Luke's Cathedral. After the scrimmage which occurred at the last wedding the order which prevailed was refreshing. The church wardens have made a rule that no one is allowed entrance to the church except those who have provided themselves with tickets, which can only be obtained from the Rector. At half-past two the groom, Mr. William Wallace, of the Bank of Montreal, took his place, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Henry Wallace. After a trifling delay the bride (Miss Gertrude Kinnear) arrived, escorted by her brother-in-law, Mr. Arthur Wiswell, who also gave her away. The bride was attired in a handsome white silk with a long train. Her tulle veil was gracefully looped with orange blossoms. The bridesmaids, three in number, wore Miss Stephenson, Miss Frances (Dot) Lawson and Miss Mamie Wallace, sister of the groom. The bridesmaids' dresses were unique, combining as they did the lightness of summer with the warm touches needed for the cold of winter. Miss Stephenson wore cream silk made in the prevailing style without a collar. Miss Lawson and Miss Mamie wore cashmere dresses, and all the bridesmaids had scarlet silk sashes with scarlet hats entwined with green, they carried bouquets in the shape of sheaves of scarlet salvia and delicate ferns. Rev. W. B. King performed the ceremony, which was choral. The processional hymn was "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," and many hearts responded to the fervent wishes expressed in it. After the service a reception was held at the house of the groom's parents on South Park Street. After the cake was cut some of the gentleman excelled themselves in speech-making. Hon. A. G. Jones made some happy remarks as also Mr. Wallace. Much laughter was evoked at the expense of three prominent bachelors of the city, who embrace all professions. Some of the costumes worn by those present were very handsome. Mrs. Wallace, a gray costume trimmed with Moire, with a dainty bonnet of gray with a cluster of pink roses nestling in its folds. Miss Wallace wore terra cotta. Mrs. C. Kinnear, light gray with garnet bonnet and white shawl. Misses May and Muriel Kinnear, garnet velvet with white hats and plumes. Mrs. Wiswell, brown silk, Mrs. J. Brown, a handsome silk velvet trimmed with sable, a seal plush wrap with fur to correspond, black bonnet, Mrs. Brown carried an exquisite bouquet which was the admiration of all beholders. Mrs. Wm. Lawson, black silk with cream roses. Mrs. Walter Lawson, of Windsor, black with salmon trimmings. The Misses Lawson looked charming in terra cotta costumes with gray furs. Mrs. Stubbing wore black silk with a garnet cloak, and Miss Blanche appeared in green and gold with a cluster of yellow rosebuds. Mrs. A. G. Jones, brown with sealskin coat, Miss Hattie Albro, an old blue costume, Mrs. M. Grant, a light gray tailor-made costume, etc. It is impossible to do full justice to the many gifts that were so spontaneously sent with warmest wishes to the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. W. Wallace have gone to their future home, Montreal, via St. John, Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Troop and their family will shortly leave their residence, Maplehurst, in Dartmouth, for the Queen Hotel, where they intend spending the winter.

The Garrison Chapel was the scene of a bright little wedding on Tuesday afternoon, when Miss Hattie Beamish was united to Mr. Charles Hole, son of the late rector of St. Paul's. The bride looked charming in white lace and satin with pearl trimmings and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Maude Abbott, Miss Maude Beamish, Miss Louie Tupper and Miss Blanche Beamish. Their dainty costumes were white with delicate embroidery with touches of pink to relieve the whiteness. The groomsmen were Messrs. W. B. Kellogg & Carl Stayner. The groom presented his bride and her attendants with handsome fans. The officers of the 66th P. L. F. sent a handsome clock in token of their good wishes.

Last Friday and Saturday evenings wound up the performance of Rosedale. Rosedale is undoubtedly a very pretty melodrama, and there is quite enough in it to bring out the capabilities of the troupe. There is something very satisfactory in the perfect coolness of Mr. McDowell's rendition of the part of Lieut. Elliot Gray, which he also looked well. The ladies were all good, and the supposititious gypsy brother of Matthew Leigh was especially excellent. The only thing that struck us at all unfavorably was a little over painting of faces, which has a slightly unpleasant and unnatural effect. However, we live and learn, and it becomes borne in upon us that gypsies and other doubtful characters of rough and burglarious propensities do not live and move and have their being as other mortals, but that their normal mode of going about is not erect as that of their fellow beings, but in a doubled up and crouching attitude, with a stealthy but elastic stride, which we should think must be exceedingly tiring and uncomfortable, but it is no doubt highly effective as an indication of character. Only we have never happened to encounter this peculiar style of progression in real life. However, we are only amusing ourselves, not cavilling, for the McDowell Company is, all round, an exceedingly good one. "The Big Bonanza" is on this and to-morrow evenings, and next week will open with "The Black Flag." We understand the 63rd rifles have done very well in the way of benefit with Rosedale.

Miss Hattie Seeton, one of our city's fair daughters, was married to Mr. Charles Edward Stewart, R. N., at Plymouth, England, on the 20th of November.

We have had laid on our editorial table a sprig of lilac with fresh green buds protruding from the parent stem. The sprig was picked in St. Luke's garden on Tuesday.

Mr. J. Y. Payzant and family are leaving Dartmouth, where they have resided for 14 years, and will occupy the house No. 66 Spring Garden Road, recently occupied by the late John Crerar. The Misses Payzant are being educated in England, and when they return will doubtless prove an acquisition to Halifax society.

COMMERCIAL.

No particular alteration has occurred in the prevailing conditions of the various branches of wholesale trade, which are considered to be generally satisfactory. The present is the quiet season in some branches, and, though those who expect activity at this period have not had their anticipations fully realized, they have yet done on the whole a respectable and steady business. Dry goods and fur men are anxiously waiting for the advent of cold weather, as are also hotel keepers, lumbermen, livery-stablen and others, as it will give an impetus to their respective lines of business, and its effects will thus be satisfactory. Two facts that are looked upon by merchants as healthy symptoms are an improvement in the month's collections for November and the continued strength of the iron market. Though the returns have been fair there is still room for considerable improvement. Dealers realize that whatever is to be done in collections must be done between now and the first of the New Year, as after that time it will be more difficult to reach debtors until next summer.

The following are the Assignments and Business Changes in this Province during the past week:—Alfred Banks, genl. store, Barrington Passage, adv store for sale; A. Horsfall, drugs, Yarmouth, admitted John H. Harris, M.D., as Harris & Horsfall; they succeed to the business of Ewan & Co., books and stationery; W. E. Butler, Pub. Times, Weymouth, succeeded by W. A. Laundry; Bartlett Foster, trader, Middleton, assigned to R. J. Phinney in trust for benefit of creditors; A. E. Mills, Publisher, Truro, assigned to W. N. Miller in trust for benefit of creditors; E. Emino, fish market, Dartmouth, assigned to Geo. Keys in trust for benefit of creditors; Wm. Wilson, hotel, St. Margaret's Bay Road, sold out to John Shand; Geo. Myer, Ritecy's Cove, consent to Leila Myer his wife to do business in her own name; Wheatly & Zwicker, victuallers, Halifax, dissolved, Wheatly retires, business continued by Howard B. Zwicker; N. S. Steel Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, partially burnt out, insured; A. E. Mills, Publisher, Truro, succeeded by Firman McClure.

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

	Week Prev.		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date.			
	Nov. 20, week	Nov. 23	1888	1887	1886	1889	1888	1887	1886
United States...	265	259	261	235	238	10372	9166	8739	9490
Canada.....	36	31	31	29	23	1482	1566	1175	1079

DRY GOODS.—There are some slight symptoms of improvement in this branch of trade, but no marked betterment as to volume can be expected until cold weather with snow sets in. The movement during the week has not been exceptional, but is of a steady kind confined simply to the satisfaction of immediate wants; this being more especially the case with the city retail trade. A satisfactory feature is that orders for spring delivery are even now fair, and it is judged from the indications that the volume of trade in this connection will prove satisfactory. All wholesale houses are now engaged in getting up their spring samples, and some travellers are already out with special lines of woollen goods. The tone of the market is unchanged, and firmness is the prevailing feature, especially in the case of woollens.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The position of the local market has remained steady without important change. The situation elsewhere is characterized by the same features that prevailed a week ago. Materials of all descriptions command fully as high prices as ever, and buyers maintain the same spirit that they have latterly, and are buying only what they actually want. What transactions have taken place, however, prove conclusively the strength of the market and show that sellers have the upper hand. In some cases of negotiation for future delivery buyers have shown considerable anxiety. The volume of business during the week shows an ordinary steady trade. Tin plates have shown some activity locally, and a fair amount of trade has been done in them. Advices from the other side show continued strength, especially in the line of manufactured iron. A cable from Liverpool states that crown bars are at £9 5s.; sheet iron £9 15s., and hoops and bands in proportion, with makers well filled up with orders ahead. Lead is also upward in tendency. Public despatches speak of easiness at Glasgow in pig iron, but no other intimation has been received. Copper continues firm and upward.

BREADSTUFFS.—There is no improvement in the market here, sales being slow at about last week's rates. In strong bakers' there is an active competition between Upper Province millers, and prices are reported to have been severely cut. In many cases it is said that sales have been forced at figures that are below the cost of production. Beerbohm's cable reports, "cargoes off coast, wheat and corn nil; cargoes on passage and due for shipment, wheat firmer, corn strong. Liverpool spot wheat quiet but steady; corn firmer. French country markets slightly better." In Chicago the grain markets have fluctuated but little and quotations have remained practically unchanged.

PROVISIONS.—Local provisions have been quiet during the week, there being only a small demand for actual immediate consumption. Dressed hogs are in somewhat light supply but no change has taken place in prices. In Great Britain prices are cabled as steady, though the demand is reported rather slow. Figures in the United States are unchanged. In fact a comparatively dull period exists all round and we do not anticipate any marked change for the next few weeks.

BUTTER.—There is nothing to report in connection with the butter mar-

A DISGRACE TO HER FAMILY.

(Continued.)

He came of a chivalrous line, and the blood of his ancestors flowed in his veins.

"Hang it all," he said to himself. "I can't muffle myself up and let that plucky little girl get wet to the skin. She looks like a drowned rat already."

The eldest son of a nobleman, good-looking, comfortably off, and possessing a voice and manner which had a peculiar fascination for women. Captain Falconer, during the years he had dangled about town, had been a good deal petted and run after. Mothers knew his worth, and married ladies counted it a feather in their caps for him to be seen in their train.

He was smiled on, fêted and encouraged, and exposed to numerous temptations.

But whatever his faults might be, he was a thorough gentleman, and when divested of the artificial veneer with which Society had coated him, a brave, honest, upright fellow. There was no especial reason why he should give up his waterproof to Maggie. Dozens of other men surrounded him, who looked indifferently at the dripping girl, and into whose heads it never entered to sacrifice themselves for her sake. If she got wet, she got wet, that had nothing to do with them.

But Keith Falconer was made of rather finer elements, and he could not see a woman suffer without offering every assistance in his power. Call him a fool, or Quixotic if you like, but this was the secret of his great social success, and why he was simply adored by the opposite sex.

Taking the white waterproof coat, which his groom tendered him, he went straight up to Maggie, and lifting his hat, as if she had been a young princess, said:

"Forgive me if I introduce myself to you, Miss Brotherton, as your mother's tenant, but you are getting most horribly wet, and I want you to oblige me by putting this on."

Maggie was very cold. Her lips were blue, her teeth chattered, and she was just beginning to feel the odious sensation of icy water slowly invading her innermost garments. But as she listened to this courteous and unexpected address, in spite of her illness the warm blood suddenly leapt in one hot wave of color to her cheeks.

It was a novel sensation, anybody wanting to give up a thing for her. She was not accustomed to it, and it roused a curious tumult of emotion in her girlish breast.

She glanced at him shyly with two, soft grey-green eyes of kittenish hue. "Thanks, you are very kind, but I—I'm afraid you mistake me for some one else."

"Indeed! Are you not a Miss Brotherton?"

"Yes; but I'm only Maggie."

"Only Maggie!" he exclaimed, struck by the unconscious pathos of her tone. "What difference does that make? Have you not as good a right to be considered as your sister?"

"I—I don't know. You see I'm never supposed to count."

"Do you mean because you're so young still, Miss Brotherton?"

"Perhaps; I'm not quite sure; but please don't call me Miss Brotherton. Nobody does."

"What am I to call you then?"

"Maggie. It's so much less formal, and I don't feel as if I could answer to Miss Brotherton."

"Well then, Maggie—since you give me leave to call you so—it distresses me to see you getting so wet."

"That's very funny."

"Why funny?" he retorted, a little piqued by the observation.

"Because nobody else cares twopence whether I'm soaked to the skin or not."

"Well, consider I am not like anybody else, and that I do care."

He lowered his voice persuasively, and it sounded very, very soft in Maggie's ears.

"Really, Captain Falconer," she said, with growing embarrassment, for, after all, she was only a child, who knew nothing of the world and its ways, "I'm quite used to it."

"Used to what?"

"The rain," ducking her head as she spoke, so as to allow a small stream to trickle from the brim of her hat to the ground.

"H'm! That's a shocking bad reason. No reason at all, in fact. Come, Maggie. I hope you and I may be friends, but I'm a very autocratic person, and I like to be obeyed. So put on this coat, there's a good girl, and don't make any more fuss."

She stared at him in astonishment, whilst an uncomfortable moisture, of which she felt heartily ashamed, rose to her eyes. Luckily the rain washed it away before he could possibly detect it, which was a mercy ever to be thankful for. It would have killed her with shame to let him see her crying like a baby, just because he had spoken a few kind words to her. What a miserable idiot she would have appeared.

"I—I don't wish to seem rude or ungrateful," she answered in a curiously subdued, and rather unsteady voice. "But really I can't put on your coat. It's—taking it from you."

"Won't you do me so very slight a favor?" he said, with the caressing look of his blue eyes which so many women had found dangerously compelling ere now. Maggie made no attempt to meet their gaze. A strange tremor passed through her frame, and all of a sudden her heart felt as if it were several sizes too large for her body.

Before she knew what she was about, she found herself struggling into

the sleeves of his mackintosh, whilst he leant forward in the saddle and helped her.

"There! Isn't that ever so much better?" he said cheerily.

"Yes, if you had a coat too, but it makes me feel so selfish."

"Indeed! didn't I see you performing a similar act for your sister a short time ago?"

Maggie colored.

"Yes, but that's different."

"In what way?"

"Geraldine has a delicate chest and requires care."

"You may have one too for all you know, for you scarcely give your lungs fair play."

She laughed outright. A clear, merry laugh, good to hear in its freshness and joyousness.

"Not I. I am as strong as a horse. Woa, Poiecat," as the mare began to fidget, and kept throwing up her head impatiently. "Stand still if you can."

"That's hardly a lady's horse you're riding, is it?" he said.

"It depends on what you call a lady's horse," replied Maggie mischievously, for she was beginning to recover from those strange sensations that for a few seconds had made her feel so very unlike herself. "Most people consider when they have got some poor, worn-out, old screw in the stables that it is the very thing to mount their female belongings upon."

"You're mare isn't a screw," he responded with an amused smile, for this ugly little girl's chatter was infinitely fresh and artless, like a draught of pure water after high spiced wines. "She looks like a young 'un."

"That's what she is," said Maggie, whose tongue could wag fast enough whenever horse-flesh became the topic of conversation. "She's one of Jack's."

"Oh! indeed, and who might Jack be, pray?"

"Haven't you heard of Jack? But I forgot you're a stranger. He's my brother, the only one I've got, and—and" tremulously, "I miss him terribly."

"Are you and he such great friends then?"

"Oh! yes," and her face lit up in a way which somehow made Captain Falconer wish he had a sister to be as fond of him as Maggie evidently was of this brother of hers. "I can't tell how miserable I have been since Jack left. There's nobody to talk to."

"You have your sisters. Can't you talk to them?"

"Yes, but that's not the same thing. They don't care to lark about as Jack and I do."

"Oh! you lark, do you?" asked Captain Falconer, immensely amused.

"Yes, tremendously. We have no end of fun."

"And I suppose Master Jack teaches you to talk slang, eh! Maggie?"

Her little wet face turned scarlet at this reproof, good-humored as it was. She hung her head and made no reply. Only she wished perhaps for the first time in her innocent life, that she was more like what a well brought up young lady should be. The deficiencies of her manners and appearance were painfully borne in upon her.

"And were has Jack gone to?" enquired Captain Falconer, after a somewhat prolonged pause, sorry to have caused her so much distress, and resolving to guard against it in future.

"He went to Australia. He had some friends over there, and he said he might never get such a good opportunity of seeing the world again. He is coming back in a year, and as soon as the girls are all married, and have found good husbands, I'm to live with him as his housekeeper."

"And have you no thoughts of finding a husband also?" he asked, smiling broadly.

She made a grimace and shrugged her shoulders in a deprecating manner.

"No-o-o, I don't see what would be the use."

"Why not?"

"For a very simple reason. Because no one would have me."

"You seem to entertain a singularly modest opinion of yourself, Maggie."

"How is it possible for me to entertain any other? I'm ugly, and I know it. The girls are always telling me so, and even Jack, who loves me as dearly as I do him, says the same. It is absurd trying to ignore the truth because it is not pleasant. No, Geraldine, Lily and Rose are sure to marry, and perhaps even Matilda, but I never shall." And she looked him straight in the face, with a pair of honest, slightly wistful eyes.

Oddly enough he would have given a ten pound note to have been able to disprove the statement. Why, he could not tell, but that was his impulse. He had a kind of instinct that when the poor little soul spoke so openly of her ugliness it would have afforded her infinite comfort to find the point disputed. With nine women out of ten he would have had no hesitation in doing so, but there was a childish simplicity about the girl, accompanied by a rare straightforwardness, which rendered the slightest deviation from truth impossible. He thought her plain, and he could not frame his lips to assure her she was not. And yet the longer they conversed the less he considered it. Her absolute unconsciousness, humility and freedom from vanity had all the greater charm for him, because in his intercourse with women he had but seldom met with these qualities. He began to regard her more attentively. After all there was nothing repulsive about her ugliness, and that was the great point. You could sum her up in two words, plain but pleasant. Thus thinking, and with the recollection of his latest experiences still vivid in his mind, he said gravely.

"Don't trouble about your looks, Maggie. Beauty is not everything, and on the contrary often proves a fatal gift, which women abuse sadly; and many derive neither happiness nor profit from it."

"So they say," she retorted. "Yet every woman would like to possess

beauty, if she could. See what power it confers. Without any trouble it places within her reach all that goodness, talent and intellect fail to obtain."

"Ah, Maggie, so you think, but you talk like a child. By-the-bye, how old are you?"

"Me? I'm eighteen. My birthday was on the seventh of this month."

"Just twelve years younger than I. Well, do you know, Maggie, I venture to prophesy that when you get to my age you will alter some of your opinions. I began life by worshipping beauty, just as you do at present, and now that I am thirty years old, and have seen nearly all the lovely and fashionable women of Society—women who go out night after night, and whose career is a sort of triumphal progress while it lasts—I have come to the conclusion that one sweet, fresh, country girl, pure in mind and in body, is worth the whole lot of them put together."

"I don't know anything about fashionable women," said Maggie, simply. "Some come to our Hunt ball, but I don't see them, because I'm not out."

"Child," he said, with sudden emotion. "Take my advice, and don't seek to make their acquaintance. It can do you no good. Keep your youth and innocence as long as you can."

He spoke so earnestly, and with so much bitterness, that Maggie felt he must be alluding to his past life. It shot through her mind that he was referring to Mrs. Thorndyke, the beautiful woman to whom he had lost his heart, and she felt very, very sorry for him. She was a romantic little person in her way, and had already conjured up sundry pictures of the handsome Keith fading away on account of an unrequited passion. Her sympathies, at any rate, were entirely enlisted. She was devoured with curiosity to know the true history of his love for Mrs. Thorndyke, but was much too bashful to allude to it.

Further conversation was now put a stop to by the rain slackening, and as the body of the Field cantered across a grassy meadow, the wind at once hit off the line, and ran very prettily for about twenty minutes. During this little spin Captain Falconer had several opportunities of admiring Maggie's horsemanship.

Polecat was by no means an easy mare to ride, and never having carried a lady before, she kept trying to sidle away from the habit, and gave a flourish of her heels whenever a gust of wind came and blew the hem under her. Maggie however rode her with consummate skill, and throughout the day, whenever hounds ran, Captain Falconer saw the queer little figure in the big white waterproof well to the fore.

But it was a disappointing hunt. Scent proved extremely indifferent, and although there were plenty of foxes, they baffled their pursuers in every instance. To make matters worse, towards three o'clock it set in for a regular wet afternoon, the rain coming down in torrents. Lily and Rose had already gone home, and Maggie was just going to follow their example, when she looked round and saw Captain Falconer approaching with a similar intention.

"I'm as fond of hunting as most men," he said. "But I don't think this is quite good enough. Do you?"

"Hardly. I shouldn't mind the rain if we were having any sport, but under the circumstances it seems wiser to beat a retreat."

"I think so too. Will you show me the way, Maggie?"

"Most certainly. Fortunately, we have not very far to go."

"That's good news. How far are we from home?"

"Only about two miles. That's the beauty of living in the centre of a Hunt instead of on its outskirts. Anything over six miles we think quite a long distance."

They put their horses into a brisk trot, and moved on at a rapid pace, it was too wet to converse either with comfort or pleasure, and nothing reduces people to silence so quickly as a certain amount of physical misery. Just outside the village Maggie pulled up, and said:

"We are now within a couple of hundred yards of the Manor House now, and I shall walk Polecat this little bit. Baines never likes our bringing the horses back hot to their stables."

"He is quite right. It will do both our hunters good to ease them."

"Won't you come in?" asked Maggie, as they neared the Manor House.

"No, not to-day, thanks. It is too wet. But I shall look forward to paying my respects to your mother to-morrow afternoon."

"Very well, I will tell her," said Maggie. Then she cleared her throat, and with a desperate effort, for this fashionable ex-guardsmen made her feel painfully shy, added, "I should like to thank you properly, Captain Falconer, for lending me your coat, but I am such a bad hand at saying pretty things; only—only," and her voice trembled, "I feel your kindness all the same. It was so wonderfully good of you, and I shall never forget it."

"Nonsense," he replied, in an off-hand manner. "What are men for except to take care of the ladies?"

"I—I'm not quite sure, but I'm inclined to think that even Jack, good as he is, would not have parted with his waterproof when it came on to rain."

He laughed.

"I'm not better than Jack, surely?"

"Not all round, of course. But you might be in one way. Jack does not care much for women, and I suppose you do?"

"Aha, Maggie! you want to know too much. At any rate I feel immensely flattered at being equal to Jack in any respect. And now, good-bye."

She stretched out a little hand, clad in a dripping woollen glove, and he shook it warmly. As he looked into her ugly, pleasant face, a sudden impulse made him say:

"By-the-bye, Maggie, if I come to-morrow you will be in, won't you?"
(To be Continued.)

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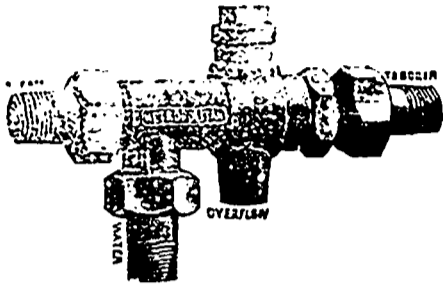
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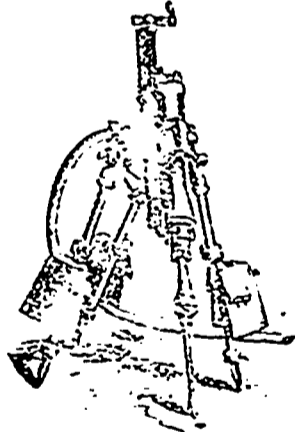
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MINING.

A letter is published in the last issue of the *Canadian Mining Review*, dated Halifax, Nov. 20th, which advocates the granting of bonuses to the parties sinking shafts in our gold district to depths of from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. This, to a certain extent, bears out the views expressed in our last issue, but goes rather further, as our idea was to give the bonus to the first party proving that gold did exist at these depths. This we think is all that could be expected from the Government and all that is required, as once lot it be demonstrated that gold does exist in our loads at greater depths than 1,000 feet, and then there will be no difficulty in procuring capital to sink deep shafts in all the districts. The writer of the letter makes a bitter attack on a well known and competent mining engineer under the guise of instructing the Inspector of mines in his duties. He says: "Were the Inspector freed from the petty details and time exacting duties of the Deputy Commissioner, it would afford time and opportunity for the doing of much good and the giving of much help in a judicious and authoritative way; e.g. by condemning obsolete and extravagant devices and methods; by discouraging the expenditure of large sums upon unproved properties; by encouraging and promulgating sound principles and systems of mining, and known and tested methods of milling and reduction; and in general, by frequent visits to the mining camps to unite the confidence and consultation of the men in charge of the mining industries. And in this connection it may be said that advice coming in such a way, from an authoritative source, is always well pondered over and considered, if not followed; but the practice which seemed to obtain last year, of sending to certain gold districts an irresponsible person, having no knowledge of the mining business, either by training or by practice, and who has not the confidence of the mining managers, but whom on the contrary they know to be a novice, should be condemned. Mining men are very receptive of ideas, and, as a rule, eager to learn; but they are very quick to detect incompetency, and to reject what they believe to be unreliable." The writer of the letter in this case has evidently allowed his spleen to get the better of his judgment, as in all other respects the ideas he advances in his communication are valuable and worthy of serious consideration.

MONTAGUE.—*Editor Critic*,—According to our anticipation the Montague mines have improved in appearance both on the Annand and Rose properties. On the former mine they have just struck, in sinking east of No. 4 shaft, a 20 inch roll spotted with gold, and before your next issue there will be something handsome ready for the mint. As to the Rose Mine, any person who has seen the last quartz hoisted from the shaft will be fully satisfied as to what the result must be. This is no boom, but simply to let the world know that we have gold mines that proclaim themselves on their own merits, and that the Montague district has not its superior in the Province.

MOLEGA.—Some of the finest ore ever seen in this section of the country was taken from the main shaft of the noted Rabbit Lead a few days ago. The ore is completely dotted throughout with large nuggets of gold, and it is estimated by competent judges that it will yield fully 100 ounces to the ton. Owing to the scarcity of miners during the summer months the Chester Lead had not been worked. During the past six weeks operations were again resumed, and from present appearances this lead bids fair to become fully equal to the famous Rabbit.

Supt. Ballou, of the Boston Gold Mining Co., is rushing things, having already erected a blacksmith and carpenter shop, sunk four shafts on the Rabbit Lead, and cut about 100 cords of wood. We understand that about a dozen dwellings, besides the mill, will be built on this property in the early part of the coming spring.—*Gold Hunter*.

SALMON RIVER.—In November the returns of the Dufferin Mine were 149½ ozs. gold from 800 tons of quartz crushed.

OLDHAM.—The Oldham Gold Mining Company returns for November 148½ ozs. gold from 117 tons quartz crushed.

SOUTH UNIACKE.—The Thompson property is now being heard from, the Eastville mill returning for November 19½ ozs. of gold from 9 tons of quartz crushed.

BROOKFIELD.—The Philadelphia Company continue to make regular returns, the yield in November being 89 ozs. from 140 tons quartz crushed.

WINE HARBOR.—The "El Dorado" mill in this district returns from July to August 146½ ounces gold from 176½ tons quartz crushed, and from August to Sept. 59 ozs gold from 131 tons of quartz.

Mr. Alex. Hart, while at work in the shaft at the American Mining Co., Whiteburn, met with a slight accident on Wednesday evening of last week. Two holes were loaded with dynamite. Hearing a report, he and his mate descended the shaft, thinking both charges had gone off, but unfortunately only one being discharged, the other firing as they got down. Quite a weight of rock fell on Mr. Hart, causing a temporary paralysis of the lower extremities, his mate being slightly cut with the stones. Dr. Aitken was summoned and attended to their injuries.—*Gold Hunter*.

BIG GOLD BARS.—Speaking of big gold bars, the Mining and Scientific Press of San Francisco says:—An item has started the rounds of the press taken from the Montana papers that the largest gold bar ever made in the

world has just been cast at the U. S. assay office in Helena, Montana. The bullion came from three mines, the Spotted Horse, Drumlummon and Jay Gould. In shape it is a section of a pyramid, the base being 18x7½ inches high, and top surface 17x6 inches. Its weight is 6,945 ounces, or about 500 pounds avoirdupois. The bar was shipped to Minneapolis to be placed on exhibition there. As soon as the exhibition at Minneapolis is over, the bar will be re-shipped to New York and placed on exhibition in that city. The display will consist of four bars of lead for a base of the monument, four bars of copper for a second course, four bars of silver for a third, and on top of the whole to rest the \$100,000 gold bar, and the monument will be surrounded by specimens of quartz and ore from all parts of Montana. This will be a first rate monument of Montana's mineral resources, but the claim that the bar is the largest ever made is incorrect. One was made in this State in 1882 by the North Bloomfield Mining Company, worth \$114,000.

The writer of these paragraphs had the pleasure of seeing that bar at the time. Its weight was 511½ pounds troy. The length was 15 inches, width 6 inches, and depth 7 inches. It contained 630 cubic inches of gold, worth about \$19 an ounce. The mould was cast at the Nevada City Foundry, from iron produced at Clipper Gap, in this State. The dimensions of the mould were: On top, 17 inches long and 7 inches wide; on bottom, 16 inches long and 6 inches wide. It contained 715.20 100 cubic inches. The thickness was three-quarters of an inch on the sides and one inch on the bottom.

It was in 1873, if we remember aright, that the Spring Valley Company, this State, sent down to this city a bar worth \$41,000, which they thought was the largest ever made. At the request of the company we made inquiries and found one had been received here from Helena, M. T., worth an even \$50,000, and several others worth \$35,000, \$41,000, and \$40,000 had been made. The Spring Valley Company (Cherokee Fiat, Butte county, Cal.) then made a thirty-five days run with 1,000 inches of water and with a partial clean-up of 800 feet of head flume and 14 under currents, produced a bar worth \$72,273, weighing 299 pounds. Then they shipped another worth \$99,000. The North Bloomfield hydraulic mine then made a run and turned out the biggest gold bar ever made, worth \$114,000. This all came from one run of one mine and, notwithstanding the recent Helena bar from three mines, still remains the largest ever made. There is a model of the bar in the museum of the State Mining Bureau in this city.

THE EAST RIVER RAILWAY AND IRON MINES.—We notice with pleasure the energy displayed by the Midland Railway Company, and the rapidity with which they are pushing railway construction on their line. Some hundreds of men are employed, and everything points to an early completion of this road. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Leslie for the manner in which he has labored on behalf of his company since he came to Nova Scotia. Believing in the great riches of our province, and its large iron deposits, he has secured the formation of a wealthy American company, who, with some provincial men as corporators, are now spending thousands of dollars in building a railway to the head of the East River, and hope in the near future to start smelting works in the county.

A New Glasgow company have also surveyed a line which they propose building, but as yet they have not commenced operations on the road outside of preliminary work. We do not expect to see the two railways built, but we hope that both companies will soon have furnaces erected, and energetically push forward the iron industry in Pictou county, and work with that friendly rivalry which should exist, when for both there is sufficient market and to spare. The early development of this work means for our banner county unprecedented prosperity, and when the smelting furnaces are started we expect to enter on an era of prosperity hitherto unknown.

We wish both companies the utmost success. To the Midland company who are now fast building this railway we extend our heartiest congratulations for the speed in which they are prosecuting their work. The completion of the East River Railway, and its probable extension to the Atlantic seaboard, will be a great boom to Eastern Nova Scotia, and may become part of a direct line from the West to Britain. This road will pass through a beautiful country, and will open up avenues of trade and new business lines not known before. We trust that the assistance of everyone will be given towards the completion of this road and the operating of our iron mines. Let our citizens extend a helping hand, and instead of throwing cold water on the movement or circulating false reports, encourage every effort towards the accomplishment of this, the greatest work in the county. Let our government, whose aim should be to foster everything which aims at the country's welfare, offer that tangible support which should always be given without opposition to bona fide companies, and which may always be considered as a legitimate expenditure of public funds, repaying to the Province by increased trade and prosperity, an amount ten fold to that paid out of the Provincial Treasury.—*New Glasgow Enterprise.*

The Nova Scotia Gold Miners' Association held a meeting on Tuesday evening in the Halifax hotel. There were 15 members present. B. C. Wilson, of Waverly, occupied the chair. Four new members were elected. Sheriff Archibald, F. W. Harding, Geo. L. Gowland, and Alfred Smith. The subject of discussion at the meeting was stamp mills. It was a very animated one and lasted for a couple of hours. The meeting adjourned to meet again on 3rd of January.—*Herald.*

ISAAC'S HARBOR.—A new ten stamp mill has been ordered for the Palgrave Company, to be the best that money in skilful hands can procure.

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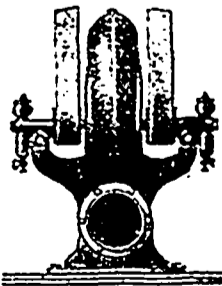
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A LITTLE GREEN UMBRELLA.

Poor Meadows! I know him well. We used to travel together by the same train morning and evening for several months before we became acquainted. At first I misjudged him. He was a gloomy, morose sort of fellow, about thirty, with a long black moustache, which he continually fingered.

He was far from ill-looking, yet, from the very outset, I took an unreasonable dislike to him. In my hasty way I set him down as a sulky beast, with some hideous crime preying on his mind. His thoughts seemed always woolgathering, and when addressed suddenly he would start nervously.

I fancied he might be a defaulting stockbroker, or a cashier absconded from some country bank, seeking a hiding place at Streatham.

The man fairly haunted me. If I went by an earlier train than usual he was also early. Did the exigencies of my business keep me late in town there he was, standing at the London Bridge barrier, as gloomy as Banquo's ghost. Even if by chance I came down from Victoria he was there too. In fact had he been my shadow he could scarcely have followed me more persistently.

But what aggravated me even more than his constant society was a little sage green umbrella which he always carried. I never once saw him without it. He took it everywhere, to town, to church, to the theatre; if he went for a lonely stroll on the Common it accompanied him, and even when he stood at his front gate smoking or gardening, that umbrella was sure to be perceived somewhere close at hand.

In midsummer, when the sun did his level best to burn everything to a cinder, Meadows carried the green umbrella.

In mid-winter, with snow 12 in. deep on the ground, while everybody else went about in ulsters, he still carried his absurdity, no more protection against the falling snowflakes than a Malacca cane.

Not content with travelling by the same train, he always travelled in the same carriage as myself.

I had a first class season ticket. So had he. I smoked in the morning and generally abstained in the evening. So did he. If I sat with my back to the engine, he sat facing it. If I reversed my position, so as to enjoy the current of air from the open window, he sat with his back to the engine.

We eyed each other frequently. I am afraid I stared at him aggressively; whilst in his gaze was a timid, shrinking look as if he desired to shun observation, which only strengthened my impression that he was an undiscovered evil-doer.

At last, quite by accident, we struck up an acquaintance—and it was destined to last. I should never have spoken first. I did not like the look of him sufficiently.

A hatbox of his, lying in the rack above his head, fell with considerable force upon my unprotected skull. I resented this as an outrage, not on the part of the hatbox, but of the owner.

He apologised in such a frank manner, so utterly at variance with his personal appearance, that I warmed towards him immediately.

For several months we travelled together, as constantly as of yore—and by that time were on pretty confidential terms. So confidential, indeed, that one night as we were coming down by the 8.05 (a delightful train, which stops at every station, and very often between them too) I said, banteringly—

"Why don't you speculate in a new umbrella, Meadows? Try a different color, for a change. Crimson, say, or yellow. If you were to open a subscription list amongst the boys"—a select clique of rioters with whom we occasionally travelled—"I'm sure you would soon raise the necessary funds"

He colored violently, and said—

"Although we are very good friends, John, I do not see that you have the right to make insulting remarks at my expense."

This startled me considerably. For some moments I was too astonished to utter a word, but at last I managed to say—

"I'm very sorry, Arthur. No offence was meant. Don't be angry, there's a good fellow."

"Don't refer to it again, then," he said, testily. "It is no business of yours what I do, is it? I hope you will not forget yourself again."

After this reproof, I promptly changed the subject, and the umbrella question dropped. There was evidently some mystery connected with it, and, though I am not naturally inquisitive, yet my curiosity was so far aroused that I told myself I should not feel happy until it was appeased.

I was not kept long in suspense. The very next evening we again came down by the same slow train. We were alone in the compartment and I was a little uneasy. Meadows was greatly excited about something. His cheeks had a color in them—a rarity indeed—and his whole face seemed aglow. He was always highly eccentric in his behavior, and I was afraid he was mad. Ten minutes alone with a madman would not be a cheerful prospect, even to a tolerably brave person, and I make no particular claim to bravery.

But he quickly re-assured me. Directly we left the station, he held out his hand, saying in clearer tones than were his wont, "I owe you an apology, John, for my rudeness yester-evening. You referred to this"—he touched the little green umbrella—"and I spoke sharply. I am sorry, and to show my regret, I will tell you what no man has ever heard before, the darkest page from my life's history, unless, of course you do not wish to hear it."

Unless I did not wish to hear it? Why, it was the very thing I was most anxious to learn. But it would not do to appear too curious.

"If it will do you any good to tell me, Meadows," I replied, "do so by all means."

So, looking steadfastly out at the grass covered railway banks—during the entire narration he never once met my eyes—he began—

"I am speaking of an event which happened ten years ago. I was then twenty-one, ambitious, energetic, eager to make my way in the world, enthusiastic, and in love. It sounds absurd, you think, but I tell you, John, a 'boy' of twenty can love as truly and as strongly as any older man. Did I not love her? My God, have I ever ceased to love her?"

She was two years my senior, tall and fair, the fairest of her sex. I will not describe my darling to you. I could not do so adequately, though her image is imprinted on my mind in lines that no time can efface. I will only repeat that I loved her as no other woman has ever been loved. It is said, 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' In a way that is true. Her sweet influence is now guiding me, coming to me from Heaven. She was too pure for this earth, so God took her first, to wait for me there.

We had been engaged for several months, and, immediately on my coming of age, the date was fixed for our wedding. A few days before that day we were walking together on the banks of a Welsh river. It was a broad stream, rather than a river, and here and there fell over a deep precipice, forming a cataract. In places, also, were tiny cascades, far less terrible than the cataracts, over which the huge mass of water thundered, sending up high into the air dense columns of foam.

The stream came from a mountain near by, so of course it ran very swiftly towards the sea. On our side the bank rose about six feet above the river, sometimes overhanging the clear water. Opposite us towered lofty trees, swarming with twittering birds. The leaves were just turning to a deep yellow tint, and altogether it was a charming scene.

But, as you may imagine, we paid little notice to the beautiful landscape. Mabel was carrying a little silk umbrella, this one, which she infinitely preferred to any parasol, and I was smoking a pipe. We were castle-building, as lovers are apt to do.

All of a sudden Mabel said, 'Arthur, what should you do if I were to fall in there?' She pointed to the rushing torrent. I answered her in the same merry tone. 'Well, I suppose I should look about for the next best girl and marry her instead. If you once get in there you would never come out alive.'

'Good bye, then,' she exclaimed, 'I will release you and give you the opportunity.'

She flung down her umbrella and ran towards the edge. I followed quickly and seized her in my arms.

'I can't spare you just yet,' I cried, laughingly. 'I'm not tired of you already. But I will throw you in if you wish. It would not be suicide then, but murder?'

'Promise to jump in and rescue me then!'

'Of course. Just like a hero in a story book,' I replied, and I prepared to hurl her into the water.

She entered quite into the spirit of the joke, and struggled violently to free herself, and then—

Though his face was turned from me I could see an ashen hue creeping over it like the gray twilights of death.

"And then, somehow, I never knew how it all happened—my memory cannot properly recall the scene—the earth beneath us crumbled and gave way—and slipped down. Mabel uttered one piercing shriek, and next moment she was struggling in the swift current. I leaped in and struck out desperately. About three hundred yards lower down was a cataract. Unless I could overtake her before she reached it she would be swept over. For my own safety I had no thought. What was life worth to me if her's were in danger.

I never swam better before or since, for the prize was the price of my lifelong happiness. Arm over arm I struggled along. Right before me I could see the falls, and hear the roar of the water as it dashed upon the rocks beneath. A yard more and I saw to my agony that Mabel was unconscious. She was a splendid swimmer, but the fright had done for her.

Another yard—was I gaining on her or not? The current was running even more swiftly as it neared the precipice, and it flashed upon my mind that, though I might overtake Mabel, I could never return to the bank through that irresistible torrent. Well, I thought, we shall both be borne over together. It was better so. I saw my darling's body disappear, and then the whole terrible scene was blotted out. I heard a thud—my head struck violently against a rock, and I knew no more."

He was still gazing out of the window—the same faraway look on his white face. I dared not interrupt the train of bitter memories which his story had aroused.

I reproached myself keenly for having revived these painful recollections. It was all my cursed curiosity. I appreciate now the pain my foolish question caused him.

"Several months passed before I recovered consciousness, and then I learnt all. The doctors told me I had had a severe attack of brain fever, so severe that many a time I was given up. The turning point came just as I opened my eyes. If I had not done so I should have passed away as in a sleep. Oh! why did I recover? Why did a merciful Providence bring me back to life?"

Just as poor Mabel's body was hurled over the falls, I struck against a rock, and remained fixed in a crevice for several hours. Then some passers-by discovered me, and rescued me after great peril and difficulty. I would have thanked them had they sent me over the falls too. Why should I live now Mabel was gone? And such a horrible death too! Three days before our wedding, John!

The green umbrella was found soon after where she had thrown it. Now you can understand, perhaps, why I value it. I have no greater treasure on earth. Some day I shall go to join her. God grant it may be in the same way!"

I rushed forward and clasped his hand in sympathy. I could not trust myself to utter a word.

"I had another bereavement," he continued, with a bitter laugh. "A few years later my widowed mother was drowned in the wreck of the *Princess Alice*, my second loss by drowning, there are never two but three. Who will be the third? God knows. But here's our station. Good night." He left me abruptly, for his heart was full, and I never saw him again.

When I went indoors my wife said, "How strange you look, dear. Have you been working too hard to-day? Or has anything worried you?"

I replied: "I have just listened to a story which I once wanted to hear, but which now I shall regret over having heard."

My wife is not inquisitive, so the subject was not pursued, and until quite recently she never knew what Meadows had told me.

Immediately after this I lost sight of him completely. I heard he had gone away for his holidays—the irony of that word to such a man! but time passed and he did not return.

One morning a friend of his met me, and we travelled up to town together. Presently he said—

"Oh, you know poor Meadows, didn't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "what of him?"

"He is dead."

Dead! A horrible thought struck me.

"How did he die?"

"Drowned."

Drowned! Then my suspicion was right.

"Drowned? How? Where?"

"He was at Bognor for his holidays. One morning he was walking along the esplanade in his usual melancholy manner. The sea was rough. A woman bathing had got into difficulties, cramp or something. Meadows went in after her, saved her life, but lost his own. It was a most heroic rescue. Noble fellow!"

One word more. I was left his sole executor. He must have made his will after telling me his story; for to me was bequeathed, as a special legacy the little green umbrella.

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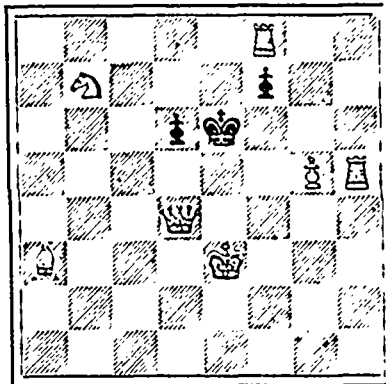
Solution to problem No. 107, Kt to KB5. Solved by C. W. L., J. W. Wallace and Mrs. H. Moseley.

PROBLEM No. 109.

By B. S. LLOYD, New York.

From the Week.

BLACK 3 pieces.



WHITE 7 pieces.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

GAME No. 90.

One of the eight games played by Dr. J. H. Zukertort, blindfolded and simultaneously, at the Leytonstone Chess Club, Feb. 7, 1885.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| WHITE | BLACK |
| Dr. Zukertort. | Mr. W. H. Jones. |
| 1 P to K4 | P to K3 |
| 2 P to Q4 | P to Q4 |
| 3 Kt to QB3 | Kt to KB3 |
| 4 B to KKt5 | B to K2 |
| 5 P to K5 | KKt to Q2 |
| 6 B takes B | Q takes B |
| 7 Q to Q2 | P to QR3 |
| 8 Kt to Q sq | P to QB4 |
| 9 P to QB3 | Kt to QB3 |
| 10 P to KB4 | P to B4 (a) |
| 11 Kt to B3 | Castles |
| 12 B to Q3 (b) | P takes P (c) |
| 13 P takes P | P to QKt4 |
| 14 Castles | Kt to Kt3 |
| 15 P to QKt3 | B to Q2 |
| 16 Kt to K3 | P to KR4 (d) |
| 17 P to KR3 | Q to Kt5 (e) |
| 18 Q takes Q | Kt takes Q |
| 19 B to K2 | QR to B sq |
| 20 Kt to Kt5 | P to Kt3 |
| 21 KR to B sq | R takes R ch |
| 22 R takes R | R to B sq (f) |
| 23 R takes R ch | Kt takes R |
| 24 P to KKt4 (g) | RP takes P |
| 25 P takes P | Kt takes P |
| 26 P takes P | KtP takes P |
| 27 B to R5 | K to B sq (h) |
| 28 Kt to Kt2 (i) | Kt to B8 |
| 29 Kt to R4 | Kt takes P |
| 30 Kt (R4) to B3 | P to R4 |
| 31 B to B7 | K to K2 |
| 32 B to Kt8 | P to R5 |
| 33 Kt to R4 | Kt takes P |
| 34 Kt to Kt6 ch | K to Q sq |
| 35 K to B2 | P to R6 |
| 36 Kt to B8 | P to R7 |

a Up to here a routine variation of the French defence has been adopted, and one which is a favorite with Mr. Blackburn. At this point, however, it is usual to play 10 P to QKt4, and the following frequently occurs: 11 Kt to B3 P to B4, 12 Kt to K3 Kt to Kt3, and the position is recognized as pretty equal. From here may spring tactical manoeuvres of a high order, as plenty of scope is offered both sides for display of skill.

b There is little to choose between

this and B to K2, but the latter is usually preferred. The move adopted gives more play for the Queen, though it is liable to be forced to retreat; this was probably what White sought.

c This might have stood until preparations had been made by first assisting the release of the QB. P to B5 is not to be despised; it gains a little time, and helps to cramp White. It would have to be followed by P to QKt4 and Kt to Kt3.

d Fearing 17 P to KKt4. e We prefer 17 Kt to Kt5; in fact, played on the previous move, it would have influenced White's intentions.

f The RP can be captured, but Black did not care to permit the White R to have access to his game.

g 24 P to R3 appears more feasible, but it has an apparent drawback, since it compels the withdrawal of a Knight from offensive for defensive purposes, in order to protect the QP; the policy however, is false.

h The only move to save the Pawn. i More protective measures were necessary; this practically gives away the best chances for a draw.—Western Advertiser.

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

The proprietors of THE CRITIC offer two prizes—to consist of books on Checkers—to those subscribers who shall send in the greatest number of correct solutions during the current year. No entrance fee required.

OBITUARY.—Mr. John Robertson, of Berwick-on-Tweed, died about the middle of the last month at the house of a relative at Abergeldie, Scotland, in his 74th year. He was for nearly twenty years editor of the Berwick Advertiser. He was also a distinguished checkerist, and played many matches with such men as Wylie and Martins. He was the author of "Robertson's Guide to Draughts," which we made last year our first prize to solvers of problems in this column. He was an authority as an analyst of the game, and his demise will be much regretted in checker circles on both sides of the Atlantic.

PROBLEM 143—Not having received any solution to this problem as yet we withhold our method for a week, in order to give our solvers an opportunity to further study the situation. The position grew out of game 36 and was as follows:—Black men 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 19; white men 13, 17, 20, 21, 24, 25, 27, 28, 30, 32; black to play and win. At the same time, to give full latitude to solvers, we explicitly stated that we did not confine them to proving a win from that point, but would permit them to take up game 36 at any point and show a victory for black.

Our Shubenacadie friends would greatly oblige if they will favor us with the games played at the recent match, as we have failed to obtain some of them.

PROBLEM 144.—By a singular omission we failed to state that in this problem the terms were black to move and win.

GAME XXXVIII—NELSO.

Played between James Le Brocq (black) and W. Forsyth (white), the latter playing blindfold:—

10—15	11—16	11—15	29—25
22 17	26 23	18 11	2 6
6—10	2—6	9—14	30—26

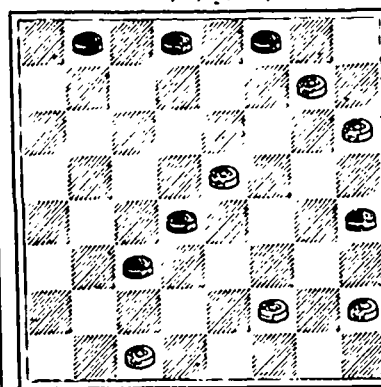
17 14	29 25	11 7	6 9
9—18	6—10	14—21	25—22
23 14	30 26	22 18	9 14
10—17	10—17	21—25	22—25
21 14	21 14	7 2	15 18
1—6	1—8	25—30	25—30
24 19	25 21	2 6	14 17
15—24	7—10	10—15	30—25
28 19	14 7	18 11	17 21
11—16	3—10	13—17	26—30
26 23	26 22	6 10	21 17
16—20	8—11	17—22	30—26
25 21	32 28	10 15	drawn.
8—11	9—13	22—25	
31 26	21 17	11 7	
6—9	5—9	25—29	
23 18	28 24	7 2	

PROBLEM No. 145.

A correction of Wylie.

By Mr. J. Stark, Broxburn, in West Lothian Courier.

Black men 1, 2, 3, 18, 20, 22.



White men 8, 12, 15, 27, 28, 30. White to move and draw.

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