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A Maritime Provincial Journal.

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Commerce, Manufacturing, Mining and Agriculture.

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THE CRITIC,

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The Editor of THE CRITIC is responsible for the views expressed in Editorial Notes and Articles, and for such only; but the editor is not to be understood as endorsing the 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 to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A human form has been discovered at Pompeii, under a doorway, which shows the sandals on the feet, and what is extremely uncommon in such remains, a pair of trousers. It is evident that the man was flying with a bundle, and fell suffocated.

We commented last week on the apparently small amount stated to be the actual value of the work performed on the Panama Canal (\$9,000,000). It appears that there was an error of omission in the source from which we quoted, and that the amount should have been \$90,000,000, so that the difference between the value of the work accomplished and the sum raised—probably over \$130,000,000 is—though great, not so astounding as it at first appeared.

We have been informed by Lt.-Col. Worsley, D. A. G. of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, that an article in THE CRITIC has been imputed to him, and so reported to Militia Headquarters. It is due to that officer to state that the Editor of this paper has never received from him, verbally or in writing, any communication whatever on Militia or any other public matter. THE CRITIC has plenty of sources of information without compromising a public officer.

The manufacturers of Great Britain are not, it appears, very enthusiastic about the United States "World's Fair" of 1892. Great Britain's exhibits in Paris were on a grand scale and contributed largely to the success of that exposition. If she holds back to any considerable extent from the Chicago exhibition it will certainly lessen an element of success. Exhibitors expect to be reimbursed to some extent by sales in the country in which they exhibit, and this source of recoupment is cut off by the American tariff and trade policy of exclusion. But it has been suggested from a free-trade standpoint that a lesson in political economy might be taught to the Americans by ticketing goods so as to show the selling price in England, the selling price including cost of carriage in the United States, and the selling price plus the United States duty. Possibly the United States might object to such a showing up of the results of their ultra-protection. Meantime, taking this idea in conjunction with that of the Dutch of organizing a sort of European boycott of the United States, there is perhaps food for thought.

If the neighboring Republic has heretofore presented itself to young Canadians in the light of an *El Dorado*, it appears that the Dominion has now come to have a similar attraction for the inhabitants of Newfoundland, "an alarming exodus" thence to Canada being now reported. 250 young men recently left Harbor Grace in a body for this country, and there were 100 applications for passage in the steamer *Ashdene*. The captain could only take 50, but the men were, it is said, so anxious to get to Canada that they agreed to sleep on the bare decks if the Captain would take them, and they were transported from St. John's to Montreal at \$5 per head.

The Senate Committee of the United States on Interstate Commerce has recommended that so long as the entrance fee of 50c. or \$1.00 every time an American vessel visits a Canadian port, on the great lakes or their tributaries, is demanded, all Canadian vessels be required to pay like fees in the ports of the United States; and that so long as the discrimination in tolls of 13c. per ton on products of the United States in favor of Montreal or ports below that city on the St. Lawrence River is made by the Dominion Government, a discriminating toll on the tonnage of Canadian vessels should be imposed upon all such vessels every time they pass through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. There can scarcely be stronger argument for urging forward the construction of our own Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

The pension list of the United States continues to increase its formidable dimensions. The House of Representatives has already passed for the current year pension bills amounting to \$140,000,000. This is about \$60,000,000 more than was paid in 1889, but larger appropriations yet are being demanded. The *New York Tribune* points out that the total cost of the great standing army of France is only a little more than \$111,000,000, and the total cost of the German army less than \$92,000,000. Besides the expenditure for pensions the American army costs \$30,000,000. This is no doubt a grand provision for all sorts of bogus, as well as real, warriors of the Civil War and "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," but contribution to which the Canadian is not likely to appreciate very highly.

Between the middle and the end of May between 9 and 10 in the evening, Mars, which is now in the favorable position of an unusually good "opposition," may be seen in the south-east, not very high above the horizon, in the constellation Scorpio, the leading star of which, Antares, affords an interesting comparison with the planet. Antares (Alpha Scorpii) is a star of the first magnitude, though not a brilliant rival to Mars in his present position. But the juxtaposition is interesting from the redness of the star, to which it owes its designation, Ares being the Greek name for Mars, and Antares of course his rival or antagonist. It is supposed by astronomers, probably with justice, that the red stars are suns whose heat is far on the wane. The white or blue stars are probably the hottest, while yellow suns, like our own, occupy an intermediate place in the scale.

An Ontario contemporary of high standing has the following: "It is not very long since Pasteur was accorded a prominent place in a popular competition to name the biggest humbug of the century. But if the statistics recently published by his institute are true, he may now have the laugh on his detractors. According to these statistics, no less than 7,893 persons bitten by mad dogs were treated by the Pasteur method between January 1, 1886, and December 21, 1889. Of these 53 died. Since the percentage of deaths among persons ordinarily bitten by mad dogs is placed by physicians at 15.90, it would appear that 1,265 lives have been saved by the institute." Our contemporary's information is imperfect and two facts render it misleading. First, there is no evidence whatever that a majority of the animals were really rabid—the thing has been a gigantic scare. Secondly, M. Pasteur's necrology totalled 186 up to April, the statistics having been very carefully gathered.

More than once has it occurred that the romance or the satire has been the unconscious precursor of scientific discovery. When the moons of Mars were discovered it was found that Swift had ascribed a satellite to that planet in Gulliver's voyage to Laputa. Specimens found on the coast of Newfoundland verify Victor Hugo's Devil Fish, and Jules Verne's submarine vessel has become a fact in the hands of French torpedo-boat scientists. The French submarine vessel, immersed at a depth of six feet, is reported to have passed under five torpedo boats ranged side by side, feigned an attack on an English vessel, cut the chains of five buoys, thrown out of gear the screw propeller of a war vessel and deposited a false torpedo under a raft. Notwithstanding this apparent success, however, we are disposed to think that under the conditions of actual warfare not only the new submarine vessel, but torpedo craft of all sorts will be found to be less formidable than is popularly supposed.

It is to be feared that a large proportion of our farmers are behind the times. It is not unfrequently matter of comment in the Press that so many of them pay so little attention to the vegetable garden. Not one farmer in a hundred has anything like a rotation of vegetables, yet an acre of garden thoroughly cultivated would exceed in profit ten acres devoted to anything else. The farmers of the New England States find a ready and profitable market in their canning establishments; but in Nova Scotia a canning factory would find difficulty in getting raw material. There is a strong conviction setting in in favor of a more liberal vegetable diet as preservative of health, and our farmers ought to place us beyond any difficulty in the matter. There is, again, an outcry about the recent increase in the price of meat consequent on the recently enhanced duty on the foreign product. This ought also to stimulate stock-raising both to the profit of the farmer and to the benefit of the consumer. We certainly ought to be able to supply our own meat, while the duty should keep out the competing American article.

The great explorer availed himself of his reception at Guildhall to give England what might be called "a piece of his mind." After returning the customary thanks, Stanley observed that "the Congo might have belonged to England had Englishmen listened to his lectures between 1878 and 1884. Belgium was reaping 100 per cent, England might have had Africa (Mr Stanley is reported as putting it), but her journalists see everything through opaque glasses. Germany to-day has the lion's share, and cannot fail to win in the long run. The Germans have a wide-awake Monarch. Major Wiseman had no notion of Quakerism, peace societies, anti-enterprise companies, and namby-pamby journalism, all of which were clogs to every hearty endeavor. He hoped the Government would remember his companions, and not chill their young souls with the neglect which first warped poor Gordon after his heroic achievements in China." Perhaps if any man is capable of penetrating English apathy Stanley is that man, and it is to be hoped that his words may have some effect, not only with regard to African affairs, but in such matters as the very serious questions of the rights of Newfoundland, and those of the Fisheries and Behring Sea.

The *St. John Globe*, commenting on the case of General Middleton, observes, with justice, that that of General Luard, "who was recalled merely for an unfortunate speech made at a military dinner, could in no way be compared to General Middleton's." We had occasion recently to express our opinion that the fault from which the public suffers is careless or interested selection. Probably the best Commander of the Militia we have ever had was Sir Patrick McDougall when he was Adjutant-General, then the Commanding Officer of the Force. Col. Robertson Ross, though much liked and much disliked, was also an able Commander. Sir Selby Smyth, though a good officer, was not remarkable. General Luard was the first man who dared persistently to tell the Force plain truth. But General Luard had the unfortunate drawback of an imperious and violent temper, and an utter want of tact, whence ensued his downfall. General Cameron owes his appointment to the Royal Military College to his connection by marriage, and General Middleton is probably more indebted for his to the fact of his having married a French-Canadian lady than to his Service record, though the latter was good. Selection should be made with a view to the fitness of the officer to his peculiar, and not very easy duties. In view of the inevitable difference between Militia and Imperial Force discipline, suavity and temper, combined with firmness and great common sense, and the faculty of noting shortcomings without offensiveness, are the desiderata. Such a man as Colonel Lane, for instance, would probably make a successful Commander of Militia. The position, however, is a somewhat thankless one, unless the Minister is a man of the stamp of Sir George Cartier, who selected his department because he was proud of it, and his heart and soul were in his work. The Ministry of Militia is no berth for pettifogging politicians.

There appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for March an article on marriage by Mrs. Mona Caird, the outspokenness of which astonished many, displeased some, and was only seen to be reasonable by those who are perhaps ahead of their day in thought concerning justice and reform. Mrs. Caird, a lady who has all the courage of her convictions, is criticised in the April number by Clementina Black, with great penetration, moderation and grasp of the conditions. On the whole the reviewer does not disagree with Mrs. Caird to any considerable extent. She places in contrast the nature of the marriage relation between persons who "are not controlled by any sense of equal rights on the part of their neighbors" and the higher "class of self-controlled men and women imbued with respect for one another's freedom of action." It is, no doubt justly, surmised that a high standard of education—and, it might also have been said, the increased facilities of women for earning their own subsistence—makes them more independent of marriage, and at the same time raises their standard of marriage. This position is illustrated by reference to numerous marriages of Cambridge Fellows since the restrictions were relaxed, in which the wives have been "highly cultivated women, in the truest sense the equals of their husbands," and out of which a lady who lived among them testifies that she had not known one unhappy union. It is impossible to enter, within the compass of an editorial note, into many interesting points of the subject, though we may briefly refer to it again, but the key-note of the advanced tone of thought struck in these articles is that marriage should be made "a companionship of equals without any predominance on either side." It is a curious fact that the French, in their reasonably happy marriages, have been somewhat in advance of British sentiment and practice. The French wife is often the trusted business partner of her husband, and also often the managing one, while the nature of the tenderly confidential personal relation is emphasized by the term "mon ami," (my friend), by which the French wife is accustomed to address her spouse.

The correspondent of *Imperial Federation* whom we quote in another note on the Newfoundland question next addresses himself to that of the right of Canada to defence, and in this also we agree with him. "In July last," says Mr. Lyman, "you suggest that the Colonies, and therefore Canada, get quite as much defence as they pay for. Though you waived this point, I, at least, am not prepared to do so, and reply that Canada has paid every penny that she was entitled to pay under the constitution as it exists, and more. If the constitution is anomalous that is Great Britain's fault, not ours, as she made it. I said that Canada has paid more than she was bound to pay, and, as an instance, I recall the Fenian raids, when Canada was invaded by those who were England's enemies rather than her own. The expense of repelling them fell chiefly on us; and when, in the negotiations for the Washington Treaty, the one Canadian representative, Sir John Macdonald, one among ten, suggested that the claims for losses inflicted by the Fenian raids were, so far as they went, a fair offset to the Alabama claims, the American Commissioners simply refused to acknowledge them, and the English Commissioners hadn't backbone enough to press the matter."

We have not seen the Franco Newfoundland question anywhere, or by anyone, more clearly set forth than by Mr. H. H. Lyman in a letter to *Imperial Federation* of 1st May. As it seems to us a question not to be paltered with by the Imperial Government, and, as we take precisely Mr. Lyman's view of it, we cannot do better than re-produce portions of his letter:—"While I write, the most ancient Colonial possession of the British Crown, the island of Newfoundland, is in a blaze of indignation over what the people believe to be a further sacrifice of their rights to French aggression, and talk is heard of an appeal to the United States for annexation as a way of escape from an intolerable injustice. This whole question of the French rights and aggression in Newfoundland must be settled, and that speedily, by an extinction of these rights, or grave disaster may result. England is solely responsible for this trouble, and must remove it if she does not wish to lose the Colony. What matters it to a rich country like England if the buying out of the French rights should cost a few millions sterling? She is responsible for the blunder, and must pay for it, and will do so, if not in gold then in Empire. For if the British flag is replaced by the stars and stripes in Newfoundland the loss will not stop there, but the process, once begun, will not be stayed until Britain's Empire on this continent has passed away."

From the more general question of defence Mr. Lyman passes to that of the Behring Sea outrages, and with forcible plain speaking sets forth the simple facts of the case; and if the summing up has an ugly look we may be sorry, but we cannot dispute the application. "As to the Behring Sea dispute, permit me to draw your attention to the extraordinary difference between Great Britain's treatment of this question and her action in regard to Portugal. For years past the British flag, which is as much ours as yours, has been no protection to Canadian vessels upon the high seas, but has been insulted with the utmost impunity, vessels seized and confiscated, crews imprisoned, and other outrages too numerous to mention, and when we appeal for protection—and, mark you, we have no power to send armed cruisers to protect our own vessels upon the high seas—we are told to have patience, that the Government is in communication with the Government at Washington, and is not without hope of arriving at a satisfactory settlement, and this farce goes on from year to year, and our seamen are prevented by these acts of piracy from following their lawful calling. But a Portuguese officer in a remote corner of Africa ventures to commit some aggressive act, not as serious as those perpetrated on our vessels by United States revenue cutters, and instantly Lord Salisbury sends the Portuguese Government a sharp demand for reparation, enforcing it by a threat of a naval demonstration in the Tagus. Now, what is the reason for this difference? Your suggestion of 'votes counting four on a division' will not apply, as Africa is no more represented than is Canada in the House of Commons. Americans say that England is a coward and a bully, bullying small nations which she knows dare not fight her, and cringing to big ones that she fears may do so. Is this true? It looks like it."

The doubts which have been raised as to the efficiency and humanity of execution by electricity have again stimulated controversy as to the expediency of abolishing the death punishment altogether, and a new impetus has been imparted to the advocacy of humanitarians by the execution of Rd. Davis in England for the murder of his father, while the clemency of the Crown was extended to his younger brother. The murdered man had for years pursued a course of inconceivable brutality towards his wife and children, and the young sons were exasperated to compass the unnatural husband and father's death. The older was the executive party, but the younger the deeper plotter in the conspiracy. Petitions poured in for commutation, but Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, was inflexible, and his action has drawn down upon him the indignation of a large portion of the British public. It is clear that isolated cases and novel considerations ought not to influence men's minds, but they do, and there is a large body of people who have it to say that the relaxation of extreme severity in criminal law has never been followed by increase of violent crime. On the other hand the State of Maine found it expedient to revert to capital punishment after having abolished it. We should be glad to feel convinced that the death punishment, which we look upon only in the light of a deterrent, could be safely done away with. Our doubt is whether the average murderer would not be less deterred from his purpose by the outlook of penal servitude than by the certainty of death, or whether his mind is not rather of the cast of that of the ruffian who commits minor brutal offences, on whom the prospect of the lash is unquestionably the most efficient preventive.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE MERCURIAL YOUNG MAN.

I.
Sighing like a furnace,
Over ears in love,
Blind in adoration
Of his lady's glove.
Thinks no girl was ever
Quite so sweet as she,
Tells you she's an angel,
Expects you to agree.

II.
Moping and repining,
Gloomy and morose,
Asks the price of poison,
'Thinks he'll take a dose.
Woman are so fickle,
Love is all a sham,
Marriage is a failure,
Like a broken dam.

III.
Whistling, blithe and cheerful,
Always bright and gay,
Dancing, singing, laughing,
All the livelong day,
Full of fun and frolic
Caught in Fashion's whirl,
Thinks no more of poison—
Got another girl.

—Summersville Journal.

He—I am sure you would like my brother. She—I have no doubt I should. I am told you two are so different.

Lulu (who has been very ill, and suddenly awakens)—“Am I in heaven, mamma?” Mother—“No, dear; we are still with you.”

A Wise Course.—“I fell over the rail,” said the sailor. “and the shark came along and grabbed me by the leg.” “And what did you do?” “I let him have the leg. I never disputos with a shark.”

A young man led a blushing female into the presence of the Rev. Dr. Carpenter: “We want to be married,” he said; “are you the Rev. Mr. Carpenter?” “Yes,” replied the genial minister, “Carpenter and joiner.”

High Artists.—Old lady—Is there anything you can do around the house if I give you a good meal? Tramp—Yes, marm; I kin make yer hair curl wid a lecturo on Wagner, an' me iron' here can give practical illustrations on der piannyforty, ef you've got one.

Bobby—“What animal is that, pa?”

Pa—“That is an old hyena,” Bobby.

Bobby—“Why, pa, that doesn't look a bit like you. Ma doesn't know what she talks about half the time, does she?”

Now governess (impressively)—“Oh Tommy, you've made a blot. Now, when I was a little girl and made a blot on my copy-book, I used to cry.” Tommy (earnestly)—“What! really?” New governess—“Yes, really cry.” Tommy—“What an awful little duffer you must have been.” —The Jester.

Stranger (out West)—“See here! I want you to arrest these two men over there for forcing me into a game of poker with them and then swindling me.”

Policeman—“Y'r nek'n' too much, stranger, I can't arrest them gents. One's th' honored mayor of this ere city, an' th' others th' chief of perlice.”

Mrs. Fangle — Lizzie, what time was it when that young man left last night?”

Lizzie—About 11, mamma.

Now, Lizzie, it was two hours later than that, for I distinctly heard him say as you both went to the door, “Just one, Lizzie.” You can't fool your mother.

Some one 's calculated that it takes sound thirty-two and one half hours to go round the world. This suggests an interesting experiment. Some morning get up early and go out upon the back stoop and yell. Then attend to your regular duties that day and the next, and when the afternoon of the next day comes, go home and stand on your front stoop and hear the yell which you let out the day before come back to you after its trip around the world.

He Made Them Comprehend.—Missionary (lecturing in Kentucky)—Yes, my friends, the people are responding nobly! Why, just think of it—we raised, last year, \$119,050! Enough to buy 100,000 suits of clothes! (No applause.) Missionary—Yes, my friends, 100,000 suits of clothes! (Waits for applause, but none comes.) Missionary (desperately)—Or 1,190,500 glasses of whisky (Audience, to a man, rises to its feet and shrieks with excitement.)

Madame Carnot rivale the ex Empress Eugenie in the thousand little ingenious devices she practices for securing popularity. She visits hospitals, assists at bazars, entertaining all classes, and showers down little acts of kindness upon all whom she encounters. Above all she never misses an opportunity of appearing in public resplendent in lace, velvet and feathers, all of which have been purchased in France; the wife of the president being much too patriotic to have any dealings with foreigners. She sends direct to Normandy for her laces, to Lyons for her velvets and silks, and whenever she pays a visit to a town noted for its tissues or laces she makes large purchases before leaving.

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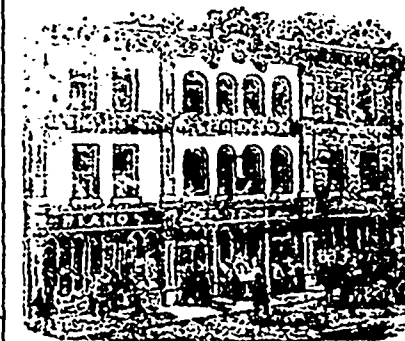
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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials. SEND FOR ESTIMATES.

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.

Chief Justice Johnson of Montreal has been knighted.

The Si Plunkard Co. opened at the Academy last evening, and play again this and to-morrow evening.

The inquest on the remains of the victims of the Longue Point fire shows that seventy lives were lost.

Thomas Frame was thrown from a waggouette, a wheel of which caught in the car track on Barrington Street, and had his arm broken.

It is said that the vessels which have already sailed for the port of Quebec make up the largest fleet known for the past twelve years.

The steamer *Halifax* sails for Boston from Halifax every Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock A. M. instead of 10 o'clock as heretofore.

The receipts of the Inland Revenue offices at Toronto for the month of April were \$92,782.75, an increase of \$2,719.95 over the same month last year.

A despatch received by Mr. Geo. E. Boak says the schooner *Riversdale*, before reported ashore at Grand River, C. B., is likely to be floated after lightering.

Burglars jugged off the safe from the mounted police barracks in MacLeod last Tuesday week, carried it a quarter of a mile, broke it open and secured a thousand dollars.

On Tuesday some acid in the cellar of Hattie & Mylius' store on Hollis Street caught fire, but the firemen were quickly on hand and the blaze extinguished, the damage being small.

The will of the late Thos. Werkman, of Montreal, has been probated. His estate is valued at \$401,600. The special legacies amount to \$250,000, and his public and charitable bequests to \$151,600.

Our North-West Territories will hereafter be known as the Western Territories of Canada. The tacking on of the word "Canada" was necessary to distinguish the Canadian from the American Territories.

The Queen Hotel property on Hollis Street was sold by Sheriff Archibald on Tuesday and bought by T. R. Jenkins for the sum of \$27,480. It was sold subject to the lease held by Mary J. Sheraton.

An English syndicate is said to be arranging for the purchase of the cotton mills under the control of the Dominion Association, and it is reported that Mr. Gault, the president, has gone to England to arrange details.

After a violent gale of wind and heavy rain on Tuesday evening lasting till Wednesday morning the weather cleared, a genial warmth prevailed, and a perceptible hue of spring green pervaded the trees. Spring, we hope, has fairly come at last.

Rufus Somerby, manager of the "Japanese Village," is in town arranging for the appearance of his new, novel and unique entertainment, Mr. Somerby was in Halifax 26 years ago when he managed "the theatre of art" at the old Temperance hall.

The dearth of home news, consequent on the political occupation of our contemporaries, has continued during the week. We suppose every one will be as glad as we are that the elections are over, and that we may indulge a hope of the cessation of the extreme virulence of mutual party abuse.

The Parisian on her recent trip out ran on an iceberg off the Banks in a fog. She was going six knots. The vessel lay on her starboard side for about a minute and then recovered apparently without much damage. The firmness of the officers prevented panic. The great steamer also very nearly ran down a sailing vessel in the same fog.

On the eve of the election Premier Fielding was presented by the employees of the Province Building with a handsome portrait of himself, accompanied by an address which was read by Dr. Allison. The Premier made a feeling reply, and requested that the presentation be not announced until after the result of the election had been ascertained.

We have to acknowledge a well got up little volume of verse—"Fancies of Boyhood"—by Edward Blackadder of Wolfville. The poems and verses were all written, we are told, between the ages of twelve and nineteen, and are much what might be expected of juvenile essays in verse. The preface, however, as well as a certain facility in the verses, indicate some power of expression if the writer should be fully impressed with his subject.

We are in receipt of a booklet of some 70 pages—"Stray Leaves from the Book of Wonders"—by the late L. L. Davison, edited by Bau Zeene, with a preface by Harl Harlee, published at Wolfville. The title was, it seems, adopted humorously by way of a sort of anti-climax. The little work consists of a number of light sketches and verses, indicative of developing literary ability on the part of the deceased young writer.

The preliminary investigation in the case of Daniel Robertson charged with the murder of William Robertson, was concluded at Westville on Wednesday. Robertson was sent to the supreme court for trial. Both the deceased and the prisoner hitherto bore respectable characters. No motive is assigned for the crime except that the men were in liquor. Robertson is a young man of about 21 years of age and was to be married in a week or two. Deceased, it is said, was also going to be married shortly.

The Local elections on Wednesday passed off quietly and resulted in the return of the Fielding Government by, as far as we can judge at the

time of going to press, a decreased majority. All lovers of good government will rejoice at this, as the former Liberal majority was decidedly too large for the comfort of the Liberal party, or the chances of the Opposition in thwarting unwise measures. Below we give a list of the candidates on both tickets. Those marked thus * both sides concede are elected. Those marked thus ? are still in doubt:—

County	Liberal	Liberal-Conservative
Annapolis	—Hon. J. W. Longley * H. Harding Chute *	C. S. Harrington, Q. C. Benj'n Starratt
Antigonish	—Hon. A. McGillivray * C. F. McIsaac *	J. J. Cameron, M. D. Arch'd McPhee
Cape Breton	—Joseph McPherson * Angus J. McDonald *	Wm. McKay, M. D. Colin Chisholm
Colchester	—F. A. Laurence * Geo. A. Clarke *	Wm. A. Patterson Israel Longworth
Cumberland	—Thos. R. Black R. L. Black Indt.	Geo. W. Forrest * Wm Oxley *
Digby	—E. E. Tupper * A. M. Comeau * Hogan German	R. G. Munroe Danl. LeBlanc
Guysboro	—James A. Fraser A. J. O. Maguire O. S. Weeks	A. F. Cameron * Hamilton Morrow *
Halifax	—Hon. W. S. Fielding * Hon. M. J. Power * Wm. Roche *	Hugh McD. Henry, Q. C. Patk. O'Mullin J. J. Stewart
Hants	—Allen Haley Archd. Frame	T. B. Smith * Adams McDougall *
Inverness	—Hon. D. McNeil ? John McKinnon ?	Angus McLennan, M. D. ? John McKeen ?
Kings	—Alfred P. Welton * John E. Starr	Barclay Webster * T. R. Harris
Lunenburg	—Hon. C. E. Church * John D. Sperry *	Chas. A. Smith Jas. F. McLean
Pictou	—John Yorston Jas. D. Macgregor * R. Drummond	William Cameron ? Chas. E. Tanner * Alex. Grant *
Queens	—A. M. Hemeon * Rd. Hunt *	L. S. Ford C. A. Bowlby
Richmond	—Joseph Matheson * Capt. Abram LeBlanc *	David A. Hearn Roderick Ferguson
Shelburne	—Hon. Thos. Johnson * W. F. McCoy, Q. C.	A. K. Smith Chas. H. Cahan *
Victoria	—John A. Fraser * Norman E. McKay, M. D. J. J. McCabe Indt.	J. L. Bethune, M. D. * McLeod Indt.
Yarmouth	—Albert Gayton * William Lav *	Jacob Bingay Mathurin D'Entremont

William Starnicker was discharged last week from the penitentiary at Empire, Ga., after having served 16 years of a life sentence for a murder of which he is just discovered to be innocent.

A farmer of Bentleyville, Pa., his wife and son were found murdered last week. The murders were supposed to be due to the foolish craze of keeping large sums of money in the house, as the murderers are thought to have secured about \$8,000.

We are indebted to Prof. F. C. de Sumichrast for a list of the Canadian Club of Harvard University, which is notable for having appended to the roll of present members a long list of Canadians who have attended that seat of learning during the present century. The lists from Nova Scotia are very lengthy.

Tremendous efforts have been made by the Louisiana State Lottery Company to bribe the State Legislature for the extension of the Company's charter. They have offered \$1,000,000 a year for 25 years. The fact speaks volumes for the mischievousness of the Company, but Governor Nichols is understood to be resolutely opposed to renewal, and will veto the bill if passed by the Legislature.

Two Mormon elders, who have been prospecting for converts in Vermont, have been well served out. They had proselyted eight young women, among whom was the daughter of a man named King, and the wife of another man. These persons with several of their neighbors pursued the Mormons, and, capturing them, tied them to trees, and after stripping them flogged them unmercifully. They then loosened them and began firing on them. The Mormons ran into the swamp and have not been seen since. The young women were taken home and every one of them was well switched, their parents making each one whip the other. The community has been intensely excited over the event, as there is no doubt the elders perished in the swamp.

A sculling match has been arranged between Peter Kemp and William O'Connor, the Canadian oarsman.

Striking riots were rife all last week among miners and others in Spain and Portugal and among various classes in Hamburg. Collisions had occurred with some loss of life and injury to many of the rioters.

Ex-King Milan of Serbia is having a lively time at the hands of Queen Natalie, who is showing him up in every possible public manner, including a serial story in which his adventures with a new Nana are given at length with no reticence as to names.

It would appear from various items of British news that Mr. Gladstone is not taking a very active part in parliamentary debates, and there is talk of future leadership of the Liberal party, jointly or severally, by Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt.

Advices from Sydney state that the greatest flood in the history of Australia occurred April 18 at Bourke on the river Darling. The river broke through the embankment surrounding the town and submerged it to a depth of three feet. Bourke is now in the midst of an inland sea 40 miles wide, and many buildings are collapsing.

It is said a marriage has been arranged between Mr. Henry M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant, who is young, artistic and much admired, Miss Tennant is a daughter of the late Mr. Chas. Tennant, and has become well known through her clever pictures in the Academy and other galleries. The marriage will probably take place early in June.

There has been an irremediable rupture of the business relations between Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert, arising out of the objection of the latter to certain expenses in the mounting of "The Gondoliers." Mr. Gilbert has signed a partnership with Mr. Alfred Collier, and Sir Arthur will probably collaborate with Mr. George R. Sims.

General Mirabel, who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the French army, enjoys a high reputation as an administrator and commander, and is devoted to the Republic, which seems to be now more solidly established than ever before, Boulangerism being practically dead and the pretenders, both Napoleonic and Bourbon, of little account.

The Master of the Rolls for Ireland has authorized a writ against Capt. O'Shea, who some time ago brought an action of divorce against his wife, naming Mr. Parnell as co-respondent, to enforce the provisions of Mrs. O'Shea's marriage settlement, and to compel Capt. O'Shea to transfer to her certain interests which are menaced by bankruptcy proceedings which have been brought against him.

On the occasion of the recent rising at Puerto Alegre, Brazil, the troops, after firing a volley and killing and wounding many, joined the citizens in deposing the Governor. Advices confirm the reports of disorders throughout the Provinces of Rio Grande do Sul. The populace, it is stated, will reject, by force of arms if necessary, the new banking laws of Dr. Barbosa, the Brazilian Minister of Finance.



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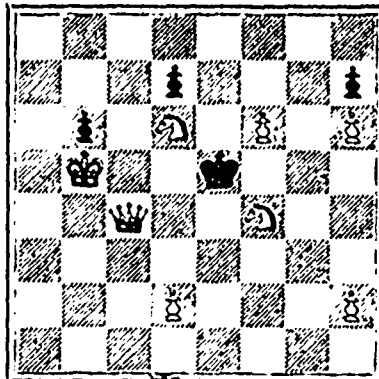
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CHESS.

Solution to Problem No. 20, R to B3. Solved by C. W. L. and J. W. Wallace.

PROBLEM No. 22. BLACK 4 pieces.



WHITE 8 pieces. White mates in two moves.

GAME No. 23.

Played at Bradford, March 8th, in the match Yorkshire vs. Lancashire. GIUOCO PIANO.

H. H. Waight, Yorkshire. E. Mitchell, Lancashire.

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| 1 P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2 Kt to KB3 | Kt to QB3 |
| 3 B to B4 | B to B4 |
| 4 Castles | Kt to B3 |
| 5 P to Q3 | P to KR3 |
| 6 Kt to B3 | P to Q3 |
| 7 P to KR3 | B to K3 |
| 8 B takes B a | P takes B |
| 9 Kt to KR4 | Kt to K2 |
| 10 Kt to R4 | B to Kt3 |
| 11 Kt takes B b | RP takes Kt |
| 12 P to KKt3 c | P to KKt4 |
| 13 Kt to Kt2 | Kt to Kt3 |
| 14 P to KB4 | KtP takes P |
| 15 P takes P | P takes P |
| 16 Kt takes P | Kt takes Kt |
| 17 B takes Kt | P to K4 |
| 18 B to R2 | Q to K2 c |
| 19 Q to B3 | R to KB sq |
| 20 Q to B5 | Kt to R2 |
| 21 Q to R5 ch | K to Q2 |
| 22 Q takes RP | Kt to Kt4/ |
| 23 R takes R | R takes R |
| 24 B to Kt3 | P to Kt4 g |
| 25 P to KR4 | Kt to B6 ch |
| 26 K to Kt2 | R to B3 |
| 27 Q to K3 | Q to Kt2 |
| 28 K to R3 | Kt to Q5 |
| 29 R to QB sq | R to B6 |
| 30 Q to Kt5 | Q takes Q |
| 31 P takes Q | R takes B ch h |
| 32 K takes R | Kt to K7 ch |
| 33 K to Kt4 | Kt takes R |
| 34 K to B5 | K to Kt2 i |
| 35 K to Kt6 | K to B sq |
| 36 K to R7, and wins. h. | |

NOTES.

- (a) B to Kt 3 appears preferable. The text move opens black's bishop's file and strengthens his centre.
- (b) Opening another file, and therefore of questionable merit.
- (c) Risky, having castled behind these pawns, and his opponent not having castled K.
- (d) Good, obtaining the lead, and ultimately a winning position.
- (e) We now prefer black's game, which should have been successful.
- (f) R to Kt sq ch, and if 23 K to Rq, then R to Kt 4, followed by Q R to K Kt sq, appears a more effective policy.
- (g) A melancholy instance of masterly inactivity. R to B 6 is our suggestion.
- (h) He thought he saw it all to the

end, and under ordinary circumstances he would have been quite right. Kt to K7 is met by R to Ksq. (i) Kt to K7 would draw at least, either now or next move, (k) Mr. Waight "pulled it out of the fire" in charming style, and not a moment too soon.—Sheffield Weekly Independent.

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Surplus,	-	\$230,248.66
		1889.
New Assurance,		\$2,369,500
Total	"	17,711,404
Premium Income,		561,293
Total	"	721,973

RESULTS OF BUSINESS OF 1889.

Increase in Assurance,	-	\$948,467
" Assets	- - -	341,140
" Premiums,	-	51,190
" Surplus	- - -	51,664
Surplus Earned	-	\$115,689

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NOW IS THE CHERRY IN BLOSSOM.

Now is the cherry in blossom, love,
 Love of my heart, with the apple to follow;
 Over the village straight fall now
 Merrily years and days the swallow.

At nightfall now in the dark marsh grass
 Awakes the cherry and sings old sorrow;
 The evening star is dim for the dew,
 And the apple and lilac will bloom to-morrow.

The honeysuckle is red on the rock;
 The willow floats over the brook like a feather;
 In every shadow some love lies hid;
 And you and I in the world together.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

READING THE RIDDLES OF THE PAST.

Think what marvelous things have turned up, from under ground, or from out-of-the-way corners above ground, during the last hundred years, and especially during the last fifty years.

Two Roman cities of the days of the apostles, that had lain buried for seventeen centuries, have been in large part excavated out of compacted earth and ashes, or out of soft volcanic rock, and every year in the streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii, or in the corridors of the National Museum at Naples, our tourists "personally conducted" stand face to face with pagan Italy as she was at her favorite watering places, with her homes and shops, her parlors and boudoirs and libraries, her small politics, her fashionable temples, her public amusements and her private vices.

To-day the trained scholar reads down the side of an obelisk of the days of Moses as he would read down a column in the morning's newspaper.

It was not till near the middle of the nineteenth century, while "higher critics," with that solemn bumpiousness which seems a necessary incident of their useful and fascinating study, were assuring us that the accounts of Nineveh were merely mythical—that there never had really been any such place—that we were startled by the thrilling discoveries of Botta the Frenchman and Layard the Englishman. From the weather-worn and grass-grown mounds along the Tigris they had unearthed the monuments and documents of a civilization which had already passed into ancient history when Rome was an infant. Here was a vast and sumptuously illustrated volume of primeval history, legend and literature, and all we could do was to gaze and wonder at the illustrations. Who should read us the accompanying text—the miles of inscription carved on slabs of alabaster—the thousands of columns written on cylinders of clay in minute characters—unknown characters of an unknown language upon unknown subjects? How to read "the handwriting on the wall" was the most impossible task ever set before antiquaries—an equation in which all the quantities were unknown quantities. It was the most splendid piece of patient guess-work in the history of scholarship, the first step in the reading of the cuneiform inscriptions, that gave us the new science of Assyriology.

Following just in the line of the recovery of Nineveh and Babylon comes the sudden revelation, within these dozen years, of the mighty and splendid and hitherto unknown Empire of the Hittites. The discovery of the Hittite Empire by Professor Sayce and Dr. Wright came opportunely just when the learned world was ready for it. We had had mention of the Hittites in the Old Testament, from Genesis to Kings—not later. The records of Egypt and Nineveh were beginning to talk copiously about some unknown people with a name like Hittite; and the indubitable carvings "in the rock forever," coming to light just at this juncture, fitted into a vacant place in Biblical and historical knowledge like the last piece of a dissected map.

It is not strange that the wonderful tales of the unearthing of Pompeii, and then of Nineveh, should have worked in the mind of young Schliemann in his Homeric enthusiasm, making him feel that he must see the inside of the mounds which all travellers described as on the traditionary plain of Troy, but which not one of them had ever bethought himself to tap with a pickaxe and a spade. What wonders revealed themselves to his first strokes—the Troy of Homer and of Virgil—the ashes of that conflagration from which the pious Æneïd brought forth his father, Anchises, on his back—the Treasury of King Priam, with jewels that false Helen may have worn, and the helmet from which may have nodded the plume of Hector to terrify the child Astyanax—all this, is it not written in the fascinating pages of the famous digger? Intoxicated with his success, he follows back the wily Ulysses to his native Greece, and compels the ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns to surrender the treasures they have been keeping for us these thirty centuries.

No wonder that after such exploits of individual enterprise the matter of exploration, and especially this underground work, should come to be organized by societies and by governments. The rules for successful digging are formulated into a science. The pursuit of hidden treasure has grown from a fad into a learned profession. The archaeological society that are at work in Greece, and have given back the city of Olympia to the light of day, the Palestine Exploration Society, the Egyptian Exploration Fund and the little party under the patronage of the University of Pennsylvania and the direction of Professor Peters, rummaging in the mounds of Babylon—these are the exploring organizations that are most attracting the world's attention at present. And among them the Egyptian explorers, by their amazing and splendid successes, working "wonders in the fold of Zion," are early foremost.

The "find" which has most dazzled the eyes of the world—the congregation of mummified Pharaohs at Deir-el-Bahiri—and that which is even more significant to scholars—the more recent discovery of a great collection of manuscripts at Medinet-el-Fayum—stir the imagination to conceive what possibilities are just before us. The Fayum manuscripts are all in fragments,

to be sure, but there are thirty thousand of them; on papyrus leaves, on paper, on parchment, on leather; in eleven different languages, of dates covering a thousand years, and the latest of them a thousand years old. They include what Gibbon would almost have given all the rest of his library to possess—a file of imperial edicts from 93, A. D., to Constantine, and then down the Byzantine line to A. D. 641. They include fragments of Homer and Thucydides of the second century; heretofore the oldest known manuscript of Thucydides was of the eleventh century. They include scriptural fragments in Greek from the fourth to the seventh century. And they include one little scrap of Greek writing on the story of the Lord's supper—only a few words—over which the learned world held its breath for a time. Was it a part of that Gospel of the Gnostics, of which we know only by the abusive language of their orthodox enemies? Or was it from that "Gospel to the Hebrews" which is known to have been current in Egypt in the second century? Or was it (thrilling question!) a torn leaf from the longed for *evangelium*—the original Gospel which critics say must have preceded our four existing Gospels? Perhaps it was not any of those; but it might have been.

Four or five years ago our scanty store of primeval Christian literature was suddenly enriched with the most precious writing of Christian antiquity outside of the canon of the New Testament—a writing not less ancient, perhaps, than some of the canonical books themselves—"The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." This invaluable little manuscript turned up where it was not expected. Thirty years before, a French explorer reported from that very place, the library of the "Convent of the Holy Sepulchre" at Constantinople, that there was nothing of much value there, except to recent history.

But even as we write the story comes that the same Greek bishop, Bryennios, who found "The Teaching of the Twelve," has found one of the great desiderata for which Christian scholarship has been hungering for centuries. The earliest mention of the Gospel of Matthew relates that this disciple wrote "the sayings" of our Lord in Hebrew. And Jerome, the translator of the Bible into Latin, declares that this Hebrew Gospel of Matthew was still kept in the library at Cæsarea, and that he had seen and transcribed from a copy of it preserved by the "Nazarene" Christians at Berea. If only we could find this Hebrew Matthew, what questions it would settle—and what questions it would raise! And now comes a rumor, provokingly vague, that Bryennios has found this very thing. The "Library of the Sepulchre" will prove to have been well named if out of its age-long silence and darkness shall come the resurrection of two such dead and buried treasures.—*Leonard Woolsey Bacon in Lippincott's Magazine for April.*

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

In a notice of the Oxford Manufacturing Company in our issue of the 9th inst., it is stated "they have shipped several lots of cloth recently to the Pacific coast. The bulk of the demand, therefore, is imported goods of finer grades of wool than this country produces." The above should read "the demand there," instead of therefore.

BUILDING OPERATIONS.—Messrs. G. A. & H. S. Flett, brick manufacturers of Upper Nelson, are erecting a factory for the manufacture of doors and door frames, sashes and window frames. This firm is also erecting a store and dwelling house. They have also added to their wharf so that schooners can now lie alongside and load brick. They are doing an extensive business, and Upper Nelson is to be congratulated upon having such enterprising business men residing there.—*Advocate.*

Mr. Ketchum, of the Chignecto Ship Railway, was in Ottawa last week. It is said that he has arranged for the building of six one thousand ton steamers to carry produce from the gulf into the Bay of Fundy over his railway. Contracts are to be made at once with Kingeton locomotive works for an engine to draw the ships.

The Windsor Foundry Co. last week shipped eight tons of cast and wrought iron work to Kingsport, to be used on a large ship now being constructed there by C. It. Burgess.—*Windsor Tribune.*

The enterprising citizens of Amherst, N.S., are endeavouring to establish in their town the necessary plant for the manufacture of cordage, etc., from flax. It is to be hoped that the fullest success will attend their efforts. The flax is a crop easily grown. It does not require the richest land, and in ordinary seasons an ample return will be given for the labor spent upon it. The seed of the flax is by far the strongest food that is grown in Canada, containing 35 per cent. of fat, which when fed either whole or with the oil partially extracted, in the form of cake, will prove invaluable in the fattening and breeding stables. Large quantities of flax are grown in Ontario, and the seed sold to the factories, where the oil is pressed out and the pomace sold at a high price to feeders.—*Maritime Agriculturist.*

It is said that a new kind of butter is being made from coconut milk in Germany. The London *Times* says that the coconuts required for this industry are imported in large numbers from India, chiefly Bombay, and that the trade seems likely to attain great importance.

Cheap sugar in England has done much to build up the enormous jam business of that country, its consumption having become almost universal; it being used by the poor classes as a substitute for butter. Over 30,000,000 barrels of sugar are used yearly in the jam and preserve factories of that country.

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM 166.—The position was :
Black men 10, kings 6, 18; white
man 26, kings 1, 11; white to play
and win.

11 7 6—2 22 17 21—17
18—14 1 6 14—21 5 9
26 22 2—9 7 5 w. wins.

GAME LVI.—Single corner.

Played between Sergt. Muir and
Willie Forsyth.

11—15 27 24 13—22 21 14
22 18 6—10 26 17 10—17
15—22 24 19 15—24 24 27
25 18 9—13 28 19 31—24
8—11 18 9 8—11 19 16
24 20 5—14 1—17 13 12—26
10—14 25 22 1—5 31 6
29 25 11—15 a-13 9 white
4—8 22 17 b 14—17 wins.

a This move should have lost, but
evidently the little fellow anticipated
exactly what his opponent played and
so secured a win.

b Black might have won here by
11—15.

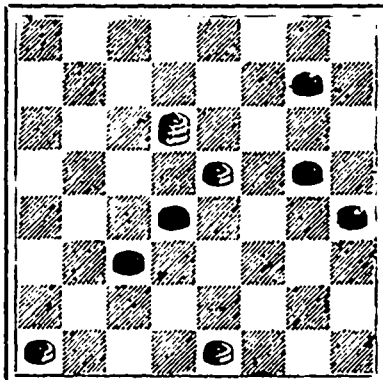
V. r. I.

31 26 2—6 13 6 1—17
11—15 20 16 14—18 19 15
32 28 6—9 23 14 12—19
15—24 17 13 10—17 26 22
28 19 3—8 21 14 drawn.

PROBLEM No. 168.

By H. D. Lyman.

Black men 8, 16, 18, 20, 22.



White men 15, 29, 31, king 10.
Black to play and win.
This is a fine end game.

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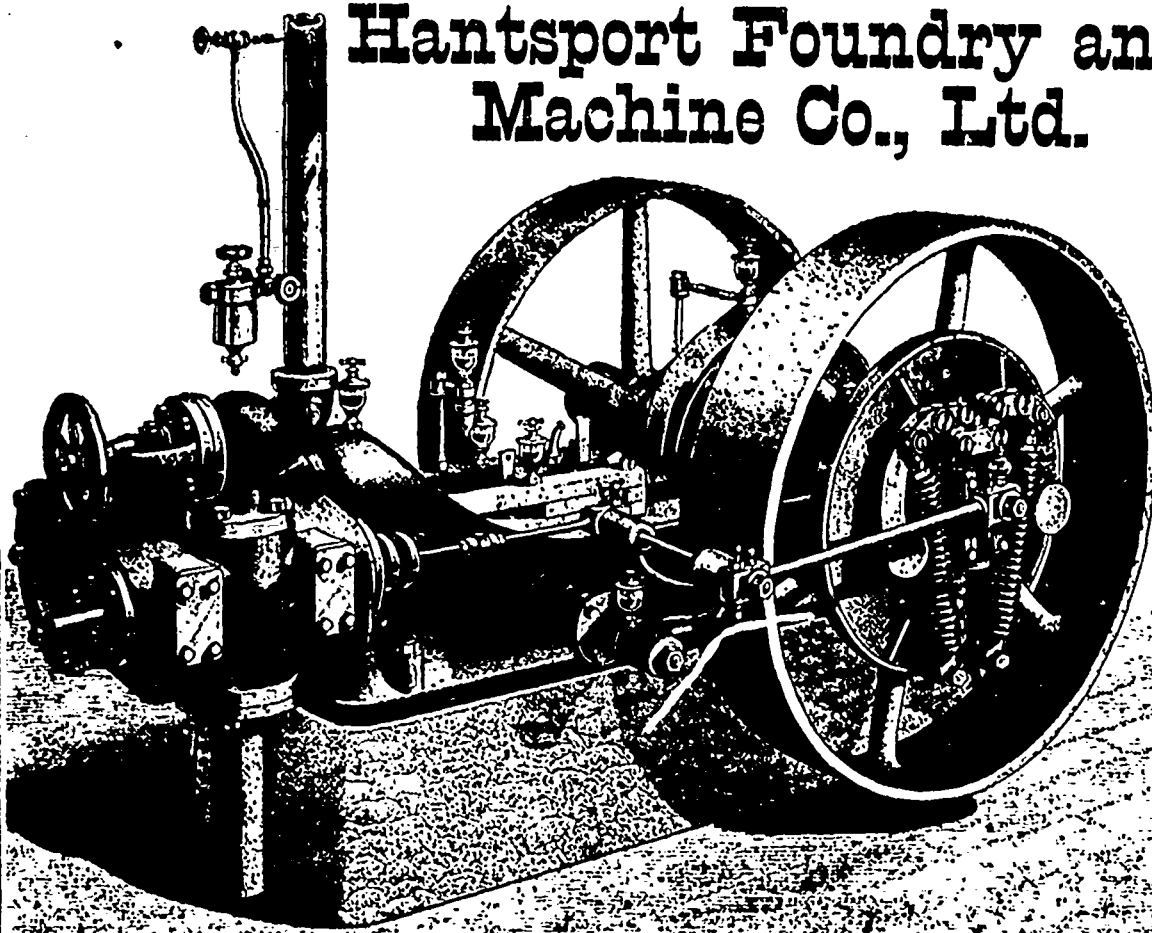
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**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

RESULT:
I take My Meals.
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE
ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON;
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Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil
and Hypophosphites of Lime and
Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incip-
ient Consumption BUT BUILT
ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I
LARGELY FEEL AS EASILY AS I DO MILK.
SCOTT'S Emulsion is put up only in Salmon
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Being very much reduced by sickness and almost
given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your
PUTTNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a
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
EMULSION.**
EMERY E. MURPHY,
Liverty Stable Keeper.

CITY CHIMES.

The Bohemian Girl, like most of her sex, is decidedly attractive, but when she gets herself in costume and is placed in an operatic environment she is always sweet and pleasing. At least such was the opinion of those who saw the Bohemian Girl at the Academy of Music last week. The Orpheus Club, which has evinced both enterprise and ambition, deserves credit for the manner in which it performed this over-popular opera. Mr. George E. Book, as Count Arnheim, assumed his role with great success. Mr. Gillis, as Thaddeus, did some capital work on Friday evening, after having been physically fortified, which demonstrates the truth of the saying, that "it is impossible to work on an empty stomach." His rendition of the beautiful solo, "When Other Lips and Other Hearts," was remarkably good. Mr. MacDonald took the part of Florestine admirably, while Mr. King Pooley sustained his reputation as a good actor in the part of Devilshoof. Miss Louise Laine has evidently found preparation for this opera season very exhausting, and, although her singing in the part of Aline was bright and spirited, the lady's physical weakness was sadly apparent, more particularly at the close of the opera, when she appeared to be completely prostrated. Mrs. Hagarty, who is now recognized as a capital actress as well as a good singer, took the part of the Gypsy Queen with rare success. The chorus and orchestral works were first-rate, although our recollection of the score at the close of the Gypsy chorus is at variance with the manner in which the Club performed it; however, a note or two is perhaps not worth considering unless you happen to be the maker or endorser. The operatic season of this year was decidedly better than that of last spring, and we hope to hear "Martha" or some equally pretty opera in '91.

Mr. and Mrs. Doering, whose musical talent, the former as 'celoist and the latter as solo-pianiste, has made them very acceptable to Halifax audiences as well as personally popular in musical circles, have been solicited to accept an engagement with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston. Their offer is of course a tribute to their professional ability, but we understand that they are unwilling to sever their connection with Halifax, a decision which is eminently satisfactory to their numerous appreciative friends in the city.

The virtues of the mineral water of the Wilmot Springs are very widely known throughout the Province, and it will be a surprise to us if the sale of this water, when bottled in firm of apollinaris or as Royal Belfast ginger ale, is not very extensive, in fact the curative qualities of the water are such that these alone should make its use very general, but when put up as now in an attractive and palatable form, who would say what limit to place upon its consumption?

The inhabitants of the south end of the city, especially those residing upon South Park and Morris Streets, have been annoyed for the past few weeks by the noxious odors arising from the burning of refuse from the city dumps. The Aldermen for Ward 1 should visit the locality and see if something cannot be done to cork this over-powering perfume.

PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

The Dominion Parliament was prorogued last Friday.

There comes a time after a long session in which the impatience of members to return to their homes seems to outweigh their sense of duty as legislators, consequently, the conclusion of such a session is often marked by a sort of hurry-scurry—*saute qui peut*—devil take the hindmost—and some required legislation is sure to be scamped.

The Government has been unfortunate this session in having on its hands three or four scandals of unusual attraction, due to its supporters. There is but little to complain of in its conduct regarding them, but they are much to be regretted. They have all borne, or will bear, their legitimate fruits.

According to Sir John Thompson the Government of Newfoundland stood pledged that the Bait Act would not be enforced against Canadian vessels, and it was matter of surprise that the promise seemed to have been disregarded.

Some members seemed to think that the length of the session might be an excuse for an additional sessional allowance grab, but Sir John Macdonald promptly set his foot down on the idea.

Among other matters which it seems to have been found convenient to shelve, we regret to have to record the subsidy to the Short Line between Edmunston and Moncton.

Unfortunately for the completion of business, Thursday was a Statutory holiday, and the House was adjourned from Wednesday to Friday, when the bills reported from the Senate were passed, and the royal assent given to the legislation of the Session. One amendment to the Banking Act provides that torn and defaced bills need not be accepted in payment of a debt. This was urgently protested against, but was concurred in from want of time for reconsideration. It is perhaps not a very mischievous provision, and may lead to setting some limit to the continued circulation of ragged notes, while, as the bill does not go into operation until 1st July 1891, there will be time to re-consider the matter next session.

The Premier, in answer to a question by Mr. Mitchell, said that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries having been dangerously ill, which had delayed his return, he (Sir John) Macdonald could not make a definite reply on the Fisheries question, but intimated, generally speaking, that the negotiations were proceeding quite satisfactorily.

It would appear that the Government does not intend to call upon General Middleton to pay for more than the value of one eighth of the Bremner furs confiscated by his high-handed order, which is not altogether satisfact-

ory, and before Parliament meets again that gallant, but somewhat avaricious officer will no doubt be beyond the reach of Canadian parliamentary jurisdiction. Unfortunately, "the evil men do lives after them."

COMMERCIAL.

The continued prevalence of unseasonably stormy weather during the past month or six weeks has materially affected adversely the development of the spring trade, but as during the past week the weather has been better trade has somewhat awakened, and we may confidently anticipate an increased volume of business as the roads throughout the country districts become dry, thus affording better facilities for the transportation of goods from point to point. It may, therefore, be anticipated with good reason that a fair amount of trade will be accomplished this spring.

The clause in the new bank bill which proposed that the Government should take over all unclaimed balances was very properly withdrawn, the banks being permitted to retain the money as usual, as they are, of course, the only rightful custodians of funds entrusted to their care. Any infringement on these rights, as we have previously pointed out, would have amounted to an unwarranted confiscation of property and interference with the privileges of the individual. If depositors had seen fit to appoint the Government the guardian of their money they would have done so by placing it in the Post Office Savings Banks themselves. These unclaimed balances will, however, have to be advertised in the papers with the names of their respective depositors at regularly stated periods. This will enable those who have forgotten their deposits to claim them, while the heirs of the deceased depositors will have a chance of establishing their claims. In giving publicity to unclaimed balances a great public good as well as a simple act of justice will be effected.

The most important revision of the Bank Act, which goes into force on the 1st of July, 1891, is that pertaining to the note issues, which have been made slightly more secure by a mutual guarantee or redemption fund of 5 per cent, amounting to \$1,600,000, to secure a total bank circulation of \$30,000,000. This may, or may not, be sufficient to prevent the temporary depreciation immediately after bank suspensions, which has caused so much loss among a class of involuntary creditors that can least afford to stand the loss. If all future failures should be confined to the smaller institutions, and if they should occur only at extended intervals, the revised law may prevent a depreciation in the notes of the suspended banks. Still, should one or more of the larger banks ever become involved in difficulties the new Statute would afford no more protection to the public than they had before it was enacted.

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

	Week		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date.			
	May 16, week	Prev.	1889	1888	1887	1890	1889	1888	1887
United States..	151	152	199	180	142	4441	4769	4249	4297
Canada.....	16	26	31	24	20	740	734	759	820

DRY GOODS.—Trade continues quiet and most of the travellers are out on sorting-up trips. Their reports so far do not speak of a thoroughly satiated factory business. One favorable fact should be borne in consideration, however, that retailers have been buying so sparingly in the past that they will absolutely want something as soon as their small stocks of summer goods are broken into. Just at present, with farmers busy with seeding and other causes, business in this line is quiet.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The week under review has been dull, and no improvement in the demand is to be noted, while the weak feeling previously noted has become more pronounced. On the other side the speculative market in pig iron is very unsettled, the fluctuations in Scotch warrants being of constant occurrence—one day up and the next down. No. 2 Middlesboro is very weak, being down to 41s. 3d, the lowest point yet reached. There has also been a decline in certain makers' brands. Prices here are so unsettled that our quotations are to be regarded as only nominal. Tin plates are firmer and 6d. higher. Canada plates are easier. Tin is strong and advancing, the rise in silver having sent it up with a bound. Ingot tin in this market is firm. Copper is steady.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local market has been quiet, and is confined to a consumptive demand. Bearboim's cable reports wheat and corn quiet. Spot wheat at Liverpool firmer, while corn is steady. The weather in England is fine. French country markets are a turn firmer. In Chicago liberal local selling caused a partial weakness for a time, but the market averaged strong. A despatch from that city says:—"There was too much selling on sunshine, and we advise caution in selling, except on good hulges." Corn has been steady and quiet without special features, the cash demands being a little less urgent. At St. Louis wheat advanced ¼c. to ½c., and at Toledo ½c., while in Duluth an advance of 1½c. was secured.

PROVISIONS.—The local provision market rules firm, but the trade is light. Dealers are very confident, and say that the only thing that will bring prices down is a drop in rates by packers, which they assert is unlikely. The only change in the Liverpool provision market is a decline of 3d. in tallow. In Chicago hogs were 5c to 10c. lower. Cattle were 20c to 25c. lower.

BUTTER.—Receipts of butter are growing larger, but trade is quiet, and the market is, on the whole, much easier in feeling. Newly arrived goods which are at all off color are being offered at easier prices. In fact this class of butter seems to have no friends in the trade, and rather than have stock stick receivers are willing to accept any reasonable or fair offer. Best fine, fresh goods with good color remain steady, with a sufficient trade passing to use up the arrivals at good prices. Irregular and mixed lots are hard to sell, while old butter remains very flat, with no sales reported.

CHEESE.—The cheese market is without change, the offerings on the market so far being unimportant. There has been some business in new

A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA.

(Continued.)

At that moment a startling incident occurred. There was an awful flash of lightning, accompanied by a terrible peal of thunder, and Olivia, clinging desperately to the swaying bough on which she sat, saw what looked like a ball of fire fall straight from the sky and bury itself in the body of the bull. The poor creature bellowed piteously, bounded forward convulsively, and then fell to the ground a helpless mass.

Then the long-delayed rain descended like a torrent; and Philip Grantley, galloping up to the beech-tree, found Lady Olivia standing beneath it pale, trembling, and with her clothing already drenched.

"How very imprudent! What could have induced you to cross this field after the caution I gave you about the bull? You are not hurt, I trust?" he exclaimed hastily, springing off his horse and hurrying towards her.

She shook her head and tried to answer him, but could not force the words from her lips. To give her time to recover herself, he turned back a few paces to pick up her hat, which was lying where she had dropped it in her flight. He returned to her with his prize, contemplating it however with rather a rueful countenance.

"I really don't think it will be of any use to you if you do put it on; but I don't know. By-the-way, if you don't mind——"

Thrusting one of his hands into the pocket of his saddle, he produced a large orange-colored silk handkerchief. This he gravely folded shawl-fashion and presented to Olivia. Then, taking of his brown velveteen coat, he placed it upon her shoulders, turning deaf ears to her vehement refusal to make use of the extra covering.

"You must wear it, please. I'm afraid it smells of tobacco; but it will keep off some of the rain, although I fear you are very wet already. You don't suppose that I should think of allowing you to cross this field unprotected from the weather as you are? Why, I could hardly persuade myself to leave a beggar-woman in such a place!"

As he spoke he held up the coat for her to pass her arms into the sleeves in such a determined manner that she thought it was wiser to yield.

"I cannot thank you enough," she said rather forlornly, as she held out her arms helplessly in the heavy brown velveteen sleeves, which were several inches too long for her, and was constrained to hold up her chin, under which she had already knotted the orange silk handkerchief, while the steward deliberately turned up the stiff collar of the coat round her throat and buttoned the garment securely over her bosom. "But what am I to do, and where am I to go, Mr. Grantley? I can never get home in such heavy rain as this; and that poor bull—can nothing be done for it? Is it quite dead?"—with a shudder.

"Quite dead, I regret to say," he answered gravely. "No doubt every bullet has it billet, and I suppose much the same rule applies to thunderbolts, but I must confess that I wish this one had taken aim anywhere else, or, at any rate, that I had the money I paid old Bartholomew for that bull safe in my pocket at this present minute. My first investment on your behalf, Lady Olivia, has been rather an unlucky one."

"Never mind. I shall always consider it all my fault. If I had not forgotten your warning, most likely the bull would not have been killed. I wish I knew how to get home. There seems no prospect of the rain ceasing, and poor Val will be frightened to death. Depend upon it she is at this moment on the point of despatching a telegram to Colonel St. Arbyn to tell him that I have mysteriously disappeared!" exclaimed Lady Olivia, with a slight hysterical laugh at her own misfortunes.

Mr. Grantley scanned the sky between the dripping branches of the tree that sheltered them before he turned to answer his companion.

"There is nothing for it that I can see but for us to run to my cottage, where my housekeeper can at least light a fire for you by which to dry your clothes, while I send a messenger to the Manor House to tell Miss Vallance where you are, and to bring back wraps and shawls for you at once," he said at last. "In this deluge the Steepway would be actually impassable to you on foot, even if I could accompany you, which, with my horse, would be impossible. The rain is likely to last another hour at least, and in the meantime you are running a terrible risk of cold. Oh, no—I'm not afraid for myself!" he added, laughing, as Olivia glanced involuntarily at his striped red-and-white flannel shirt sleeves. "Such an old hand as I am ought to be impervious to any weather. But, if you are ready, I really think we might make a start; we shall not better ourselves by remaining here, and I think all the thunder has passed away—at any rate, for the present."

Determined to make the best of a difficulty into which she had been led by her own imprudence, Lady Olivia followed the steward obediently across the sodden field, deciding that her desire to engage a Punch-and-Judy show for the hay-field treat was likely to cost her rather dear on the whole.

It was not more than five minutes' walk to the cottage, a picturesque little house standing at a corner where three roads met just at the entrance to the village; but, encumbered by the weight of her wet skirts and by Mr. Grantley's close-buttoned coat, the walk seemed interminable to her ladyship. She was very thankful when she found herself snugly established in an old-fashioned leather rocking-chair in the little sitting room, while her host knelt on the hearth at her feet, busily engaged in setting light to the fire already laid in the grate, and devoting all his energies to coaxing the wood and coal into a cheery blaze.

"There! You are wondering where I could have served my apprenticeship to be such an adept at managing a refractory fire?" he exclaimed at

last, rising to his feet with a sudden flush and rather a forced smile, as the bright flame roared up the chimney, and he detected Lady Olivia's searching eyes fixed on him in some curiosity. "I don't suppose any of the men belonging to your London world could turn their hands half so effectually to housemaid's work, but it is a good thing to be independent of all help, and it is a lesson learnt in infancy, you know, by all Australians."

He paused suddenly, as though anxious to note the effect of his last words, and Lady Olivia took them up with eager interest.

"Australia! And you never told me? And we have been wondering all this time what made you so different, so——"

"Unlike everybody else—eh?" he said, laughing good-humouredly, though with a look of decided relief. "Ah, you have found out my secret now, Lady Olivia! You see what comes of young ladies transacting business matters for themselves and putting advertisements into the newspapers on their own responsibility! How can you tell that you have not engaged a ticket-of-leave man as your new steward? I may justify before long all the very uneasy suspicions which I am certain your worthy companion, Miss Vallance, entertains respecting me." Then, changing his tone as he saw the color rise in Lady Olivia's delicate cheeks, he said seriously, "Forgive me! Do you think I do not appreciate the kindness and good faith with which you and all those about you have received a stranger; and do you suppose it possible that I could do anything to forfeit your confidence? I have never had the least intention of concealing from you that I am of Colonial birth; half a dozen times since I have known you I have felt inclined to explain to you the very commonplace chain of circumstances that has thrown me across your path. I can tell you something about myself now if you care to listen—only first you must write a note to Miss Vallance to inform her of your whereabouts. My old housekeeper, Mrs. Clitheroe, can take it over to the Manor while I entertain you with a cup of tea in true Australian fashion."

Opening a small davenport he placed writing-materials before his visitor, and proceeded with methodical neatness and care to arrange a little brown tea-pot, two cups and saucers of some dark blue ware, and a small japanned tea caddy upon a very occasional table.

Her note finished, Lady Olivia watched Philip Grantley's operations with undisguised interest. The now blazing fire warmed her, and gave an air of home-like comfort to the little room. The large arm-chair in which she sat was a luxurious lounge after her uneasy position in the beech-tree; Wrinkles lay on the great bearskin rug at her feet, sleeping peacefully; a refreshing breeze laden with sweet scents coming in at the open latticewindow, mingled with the fragrance of the tea on which Mr. Grantley had just poured boiling water from a little brass kettle standing on a spirit-lamp at his elbow.

All the Bohemianism in Olivia's nature was roused at the prospect of the impromptu meal in such unconventional circumstances. Her natural gaiety and her sweet happy laugh were contagious. Old Betty Clitheroe, hastily putting on a clean check apron to carry a crusty brown loaf and pat of butter into the cottage parlor, was fairly "mazed," as she expressed it, to find the mistress of Thornwood contentedly pouring out tea for herself and the steward from the little brown tea-pot, and making Wrinkles balance a lump of sugar on his flat black nose.

After a while Lady Olivia remarked—

"I am going to emulate the man who, on meeting a friend just returned from India, said that of course he must have come across his wife's cousin, John Smith, out there! But seriously, Mr. Grantley, having passed all your life, as you tell me, in Australia, it is not impossible that you may have known something of a Mr. Desmond, whose father emigrated to Sydney many years ago and died there, leaving a son who was next heir to the St. Kevin's title at my father's death? I have always felt rather curious about that man," she continued, reflectively, "because when the time really came, and everyone was dreading the advent of a Colonial cousin, he wrote and announced his intention of remaining in the place where he had been born and bred, without assuming any of the family honors that were his by right. It seemed rather a plucky, independent sort of thing to do. He must be very different from most people, who, as a rule, would almost sell their souls to get a handle to their names, even when, as in our case, there was hardly a farthing to support it."

"Probably your relative, having been born and bred in a region where titles are unknown, did not estimate his inherited honors at their proper value," suggested Philip Grantley, carelessly. "Kangaroo Bill, who has taken up a successful cattle-run, or Fleecy Jim, who owns seven thousand sheep, and drives one of his own bullock-teams laden with their wool to the distant railway-station, would be a far more important person in Australia than an out-at-elbow peer, though he owned a pedigree as long as my arm. I seem to have an indistinct remembrance of meeting a man, the owner of a big cattle-run near Sydney, who, according to one of his stockmen, might have been a lord in England had he chosen; but, as far as I can remember, he did not call himself Desmond, and, if he is the person to whom you allude, he had nothing about him, I am sure, to attract a woman's fancy!"

He spoke with some impatience, and Lady Olivia laughed mischievously.

"How do you know, Mr. Grantley? Women have strange notions sometimes! At this moment I feel myself seized with an overwhelming desire to make the acquaintance of my relatives in the Bush, and should like nothing better than a ride on a wool-waggon, perched up by the side of Fleecy Jim! By-the-by, was that your title when you were out in the wilds? I suppose not, or you would hardly condescend to act as steward of Thornwood now."

Philip Grantley smiled as he took down a large volume from one of the book-shelves near him and turned over the leaves, contriving however that his guest should obtain only a mere passing glimpse of a number of

unmounted photographs which it contained, until he paused at one particular page and held it open before her. It contained a likeness of himself dressed in the striped flannel shirt, high loose riding boots, and broad-brimmed hat of an Australian settler; beneath the picture was written in his own hand the words "Dandirly Dan."

"You see I'm the real article—no deception about me whatever," he remarked, with rather a nervous smile, misinterpreting Lady Olivia's silence as she gazed earnestly at the photograph. "You can understand now all my shortcomings in society, can you not? You can imagine that I feel myself more at ease when riding down a savage bull and driving him into a cattle-pen than I should be holding skeins of silk or turning over pages of music in a lady's drawing-room. That name 'Dandirly Dan' has stuck to me ever since I was quite a little chap. My mother—" He paused, turning rather pale as he met his listener's tender glance. "I don't suppose any woman brought up as you have been, in purple and fine linen, can realize what she was to me. Her courage, her constancy and endurance—" He brushed the back of his hand across his eyes in a boyish way that became him well. "I am a fool, but I can't speak composedly of her yet, even to you, who are so sympathetic! I was going to tell you that, although a colonist herself, her grandfather had been an Englishman and a great musician. My mother had a fine voice and ear, and encouraged every one about her to sing. 'Dandirly Dan' is the title of a old part-song that some of the men on our run picked up from her, and used to sing over the camp fire when I was quite a little fellow. I generally joined in the song, and went by the nickname ever afterwards."

He stooped to replenish the fire, and Olivia glanced with interest over the book of photographs which he had left in her hands.

"Is this a picture of your farm, or whatever it was? Oh, Mr. Grantley, how could you ever leave it?" she exclaimed, pausing to examine a photograph of a large and prosperous homestead beautifully situated beneath the shade of giant trees, with a chain of high mountains behind it.

The steward glanced over her shoulder, and resolutely drew the volume out of her hands.

"How could you imagine me owner of such an estate, Lady Olivia?" he said. "Life in Australia is full of reverses. A hail-storm ruins one man's prospects; a bush-fire destroys in a few hours the patient industry of months; a wealthy sheep-owner falls a victim to a long-continued drought, watching the poor animals he has so carefully tended starving slowly to death month after month under the cruel clear sky and the burning sun. It would take nearly a lifetime of successful enterprise to own such a farm as you have just admired."

He leaned one elbow on the little wooden mantelpiece, and looked down thoughtfully at Lady Olivia, lounging easily in the elbow-chair.

"All this time I have never told you how it happened that I found my way from the antipodes to Camersham," he continued after a pause. "Six months ago England and I were strangers. I was born and bred, like your relative, on an Australian cattle-run. My father died when I was very young, so that I cannot remember him. My mother kept everything together. When she was gone"—he spoke with evident effort—"I made up my mind to leave everything that could remind me of her, and take a look at the old country which I had never seen. I landed at Liverpool without having the slightest idea of my ultimate destination, and in my depressed condition the thought of the whirl and bustle of London filled me with dread. All my life I have been accustomed to country pursuits, and a town existence appears to me intolerable. By chance I picked up the *Field* newspaper in the coffee-room of my hotel, and saw your advertisement for a steward. With your own name and address appended, it seemed straightforward and simple enough. It offered me what I wanted—rest and quiet, and an opportunity of seeing something of English country life and English farming. The remuneration mentioned was sufficient to content me. Fortune favored me in a chance meeting with Sir James Champion, whom I had known some years previously in Sydney, where I had rendered him a service. He was only too willing to write the few words of recommendation which I forwarded to you as a voucher for my respectability. You see"—with a smile—"all Miss Vallance's dark suspicions about me, which are so legibly portrayed in her countenance, are quite misplaced, Lady Olivia. I am only a very commonplace villain after all."

He turned as he spoke to replace the book on the shelf from which he had taken it; and, as he did so, a photograph fell from it and dropped at Lady Olivia's feet. She picked it up and looked at it. It was a faded portrait of a young girl dressed in a by-gone fashion, and bearing a striking resemblance to the steward's own handsome face.

"It is very like you. It must be your mother—is it not?" questioned the mistress of Thornwood softly.

"Ye," he replied, "when she was quite a young girl—before—"

Lady Olivia was reading the words scrawled in discolored ink beneath the portrait.

"Judith Grantley," she said slowly. "Before her marriage, did you say? Then she—your father—" It was her ladyship's turn to pause and blush now, as her companion turned away abruptly from her.

My mother's maiden name was 'Grantley,' he said rather stiffly; "but—I have always chosen to bear her name—I—"

As he hesitated, apparently undecided whether to say more, the parlor door opened, to Olivia's intense relief, and old Betty Clitheroe put in an appearance.

The groom had arrived from the Manor with wraps and an umbrella for Lady Olivia. Would her ladyship please to start for home at once, as Miss Vallance felt anxious about her, and the rain had ceased?

(To be Continued.)

SOUTH-END

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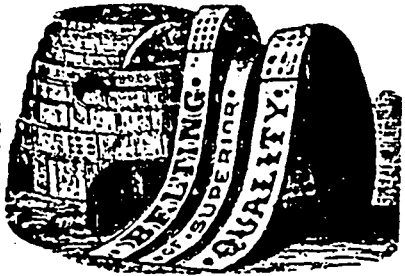
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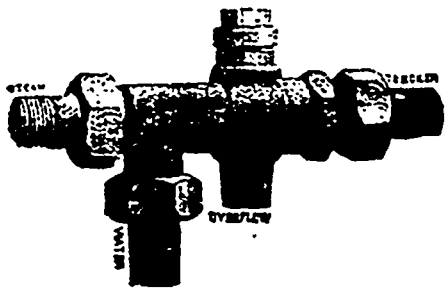
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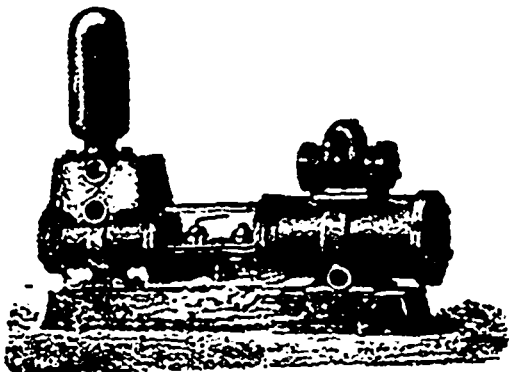
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MINING.

WIREBURN.—The returns from the Wireburn Mining Company for April were 120½ ozs. gold from 120 tons quartz crushed.

Miner will please send his name in confidence to THE CRITIC office, as it is against our rules to publish anonymous communications.

Below will be found a timely letter on the International Exhibition of mining and metallurgy to be opened at London July 2nd next. It is most important that Nova Scotia should be well represented, and the Local Government could in no better way show their interest in mining than by voting a sum towards collecting an exhibition of minerals to be sent to London. If it is to be done it should be done at once, as there is no time to spare

PRINCE'S LODGE—It is reported that specimens of ore from the Gray areas have been sent to Boston, and that active work in this district may soon be begun.

The Editor of the Critic.

HARRIGAN COVE, N. S.

DEAR SIR,—As you have always shown yourself ready to further the mining interests of the Province, I beg to call your attention to the fact that an International Exhibition of mining and metallurgy will open in London on July 2nd, at which it is most important that Nova Scotia should be well represented. I do not think that those engaged in mining in this Province realize how important it is that Nova Scotia should show up well at such exhibitions. It is not merely necessary to show fine specimens but plenty of them. I do not believe that more than fifty people out of the 4,500,000 visitors to the Colonial Exhibition some few years ago knew that there were any specimens from Nova Scotia, the exhibit being limited to four in a side room. On the other hand the Colony of Queensland showed a large number of specimens and had a small mill at work. The walls of the mill building were covered with plans, sections and sketches relating to the Colonial mines. During the exhibition, stock of Queensland mines was floated on the London market to an amount of about 5,000,000 dollars at a premium of some 4,800,000 dollars more, and in the year following a sum of about 4,000,000 dollars was obtained for gold mines in the same colony. From New Zealand, although her exhibit was far smaller and there was no mill to draw spectators, gold mines were sold in the exhibition year to the value of 2,500,000 dollars. The above statement refers only to gold mines, many coal mines, silver mines, &c, being sold, besides, for instance, from New South Wales three colliery properties for 200,000 dollars. One silver mine (British Broken Hill) 5,000,000 dollars; from Victoria, three gold mines for 1,500,000 dollars; from Queensland, two silver mines 1,700,000 dollars, and many other Colonial mines too numerous to mention. Of course the present exhibition will not have so many visitors, but there will be quite as many if not more of the class who take an interest in mining. If the capitalists of Europe, who have poured their money lately into South Africa to such an extent that the market value of the mining companies floated in London in three years is now 850,000,000 dollars, could be led to turn their attention to mining here there would be good times for everyone connected with or dependent on mining, and the farmers would benefit by having a better market at home. Although gold mining is not the most stable industry, it is the best industry to bring a young country to the front. As the years pass on Nova Scotia must depend more and more on her mineral wealth and the industries connected with it. If individual mine owners do not care to send specimens to advertise their own mines, for the sake of their country they might send some. An organized effort should be made to get a good exhibit, to publish returns, &c. A committee could collect specimens better than individuals, obtain subscriptions for freight charges and rent of area, and endeavor to get a good position in the building.

Shall Nova Scotia, the nearest British colony but one to Great Britain, the richest country in the world for its size as regards mineral wealth, be without a worthy exhibit when committees are being organized in Denver and in other distant lands, not part of the Empire, to send at a great cost the best collection of minerals that can be obtained there.

Yours faithfully,

G. F. MONCKTON.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RAT PORTAGE REDUCTION WORKS.—The buildings of the Lake of the Woods gold and silver reduction works at Rat Portage are fast assuming shape. In fact, the main building is about completed, and the foundations for the engine house, the furnace house and the laboratory are being laid, and they will be rushed along as fast as possible. As the works will, when completed, be one of the institutions of the country, a short description may not be uninteresting.

The works are located just across the bay from the town, on a rocky promontory jutting out into the lake, on the south side of the C. P. R. track, and about 100 yards distant therefrom. The company owns 2½ acres of land, which was purchased from the Hudson's Bay company. The building which is erected on this land is in the main 115 feet long by 106 feet wide and 75 feet high, in all five stories. It stands on a ledge of solid native quartzite granite, and is built of heavy timber and is well put together. The sum of \$2,000 so far has been expended on rock-work alone. This embraces the foundations of the main building, the furnace room and the laboratory. The company intend constructing 150 feet of wharfage to facilitate the handling of home ore, which dockage can be extended to 1,000 feet if necessary, as the site is surrounded by water on three sides. These docks will afford ample storage for the ore to be brought in from the Lake of the Woods district. A switch is to be put in by the C.P.R., and ore beds to accommodate foreign ore will be built. The ore bins will be situated 11 feet above the

level of the top of the rock-breaker, and will be run in cars by gravity. The ore bins in the building will occupy the top stories, and will have a capacity of 210 tons. The ore from the dock will be brought in by a steel cable over a tramway and dumped directly into a rock-breaker, the cable being worked from the engine. The ore when dumped into the rock-breaker will be reduced by it to the fineness of chestnuts and wheat grain, and will drop through the breaker into large steel buckets attached to an endless chain belt. The ore will be carried in these buckets to the bins, 40 feet above, having a capacity of 210 tons.—*Tribune*.

ONTARIO—*Manganese*.—Mr. Hille, chemist, of Port Arthur, says that he was shown the other day a small piece of a mineral, which, in the opinion of the prospector and others, was supposed to be an iron ore, but was soon recognized by him as a manganese ore of a fair grade. This is, so far as we know, the first time that this mineral has been found in our district, and should it occur in such deposits as to warrant a profit in mining and shipping, it would add a great deal to the importance of our mining camp. At another time we may inform our readers about the use of this class of ore.

THE BEAVER.—Captain Hooper says that the diamond drill has been stopped at the North Bluff and that he has commenced sinking. Good silver was found by the drill, which is now at work in the low ground between the house and the mine. They are going to catch the main vein there and see what is in it.

SILVER MOUNTAIN.—Mr. Macdonell, the new manager, is expected any day from England. Capt. Thomas Tretheway remains in charge till he comes. Good ore is being taken out right along.

GOLD NEAR TESSALON.—There is gold in Ontario, and lots of it. This is the opinion of residents of Thessalon who have visited the gold district and examined the gold bearing rocks. Mr. W. L. Nichols, Crown Land Agent and Clerk of the Division Court, who was in the city yesterday, is quite enthusiastic over the prospect. He says the ridges on which the gold is found lie between the settlements of McPhee's and Coward's Valleys, about twenty miles north of Thessalon, and about thirteen miles from the nearest point on the Soo branch of the Canadian Pacific. The ridges run in places four hundred feet high, and along them the lodes crop out here and there for miles, in some places twenty-five feet wide. Mr. Nichols had with him some samples of quartz taken from a vein in the township of Galbraith, which were very rich in gold, and he stated that assays of some of the samples obtained from that locality showed \$45,000 of gold to the ton. Of course this was selected quartz, but he is confident that the average will prove that mining for gold in these ridges will yield rich returns. The discovery was made last fall just before the snow came, and little was done then further than an examination of the surface indications; but since Mr. Nichols arrived in Toronto he has received letters from Thessalon confirming his expectation that the deeper they went the richer the vein. Prospectors are already taking up the land, and wherever the settlers will give an opportunity the mineral rights are being purchased at good prices. It is stated that the lot of 160 acres, which includes the spot on which the discovery was made, sold recently for \$7,000.—*Globe*.

TO DEVELOP THE MINES.—Another new Canadian enterprise is announced in London, England, called the Lake Superior Queen Silver Mining Co. The object is to acquire and develop mining property in the Thunder Bay District; the capital is \$175,000. The English board is fairly good. John McDonald, of Winnipeg, is the only Canadian member of the local managing board.—*Algona Herald*.

QUEEN'S COUNTY ITEMS from the *Gold Hunter* :—

MOLEGA MINES.—W. H. Banks, Caledonia. The result of the last clean-up at the Malaga Mine, was 215 ounces, from 84 tons of quartz.—*John McGuire*.

MOLEGA NOTES.—Messrs. Weston and Randall, capitalists and mining experts from the States, spent last week in Molega looking over the mines. They express themselves as being extremely well pleased with the District, and predict a great future for the mines.

Mr. Myers, a resident of Surinam, S. A., is quartered at the "Molega." He is largely interested in Placer Mines in Dutch Guiana and is here for the purpose of catching on to our ways of quartz mining.

Mr. Ballou, Supt. of the Boston Mine, is receiving congratulations over his first clean up from ore crushed for him at the Molega Mining Co's mill, 173 ozs. from something over 100 tons of ore.

The Molega Mining Co. has just completed two test runs with the following results:—From 12 tons North Lead ore, 18 ozs. gold; from 15 tons Rabbit Lead ore, 70 oz. gold.

Mr. Ballou, Supt. of the Boston Gold Mining Co., at Molega, cleaned up the first brick on Saturday last. From about 130 tons of quartz crushed, the result was 173 ounces of gold. This is very encouraging, and in all probability the company will proceed to erect a Mill. Mr. Ballou leaves for Boston in a few days.

The Graves Mine is turning out rich quartz. From the Dunbrack Lead some of the best gold that has yet been taken on that property came out last week. The Cole Lead is also showing well.

The West Mine had a test made last week. From five tons of quartz crushed, a result of 9½ ounces of gold was obtained. It is expected the new American Co. will close a bargain, and that operations on a large scale will shortly be inaugurated.

It is reported that silver has been discovered near Hantsport. An old miner examined a piece of rock, and says it contains pure silver.

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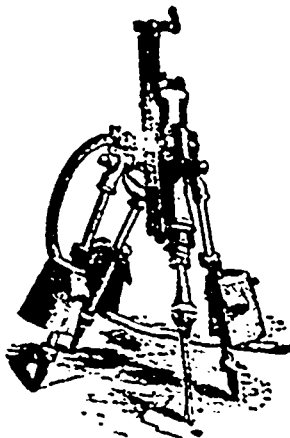
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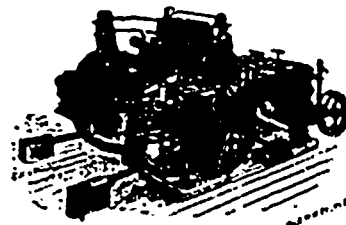
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BEYOND RECALL.

I am an average sort of man, but I once had more than my average share of misfortune.

Like the ordinary young man of the period, I indulged in flirtations, some airy, some grave, with various young ladies, who from time to time took my errand fancy. Most of these perfectly understood my altogether unintending attentions, know in fact as much of "Cupid's First Primer" as I did myself. But alas! among them was one who did not understand the rules of the somewhat delicate game. A speaking glance with her carried the value of an avowed declaration; a tender headsqueeze meant "asking papa," while anything yet more caressing almost amounted to naming the day.

I found out this lamentable ignorance, and promptly withdrew from Miss Matilda Pointcome's society before it should be too late, for I would not have willingly hurt the feelings of a fly, far less those of a pretty girl!

Thus far the record of my youthful follies. Very soon after the above little episode I became a changed character, having fallen deeply and truly in love with a certain Miss Dare, and being convinced that there was something better in life than the frivolity I had hitherto indulged in. Not for worlds would I have "flirted" with Julia Dare; the matter was far too serious. I determined to propose and by letter, as being the easier method; for, though bold enough with others, I was no better than a bashful school-boy where she was concerned.

Accordingly one evening I hurried home with a fixed resolve to put my fate to the touch without further delay. Paper and pens lay before me, and I was just about to begin when a letter arrived in a strange handwriting (a woman's undeniably). Was it? Could it be? Absurd. Why should she write to me? I tore it open and looked for the signature—Matilda Pointcome!

"What the deuce does she want?" I ejaculated.

It was an extremely decisive, slightly dictatorial note requesting an explanation of my prolonged absence after such pronounced (!) attentions, and demanding whether rumor spoke truly in assigning me to another lady. I laid it down rather gravely. Some day I would tell Julia all about it. Really I wasn't to blame for the girl's foolishness, yet somehow I felt rather mean about it.

"Wanting in good breeding and delicacy?" Yes, undoubtedly she was, but perhaps I had been a little wanting in some things too! Then once more I essayed to write my love-letter. I believe, without being conceited, that I really produced a very touching composition. I took pains with the caligraphy too—just one or two blurred words to testify to the depth of my emotion, and the rest as fair as copper-plate. I was in the act of folding the all-important missive when my friend, Fred Easy, came in. Scrambling my writing materials together somewhat sheepishly, I turned to greet him.

"Hullo, old fellow!" cried he, "you look warm" (no doubt I did), "had a row with your landlady or—"

"No row at all, only rather a big fire and I sat over it—reading."

"H'm," with a glance at the dying embers (it was a warm April evening) and the folded newspaper.

We smoked a pipe and had a chat together, then Fred took his leave. It wanted just three minutes to post-time. I made a frantic dash after my letter; it should go that night. I could bear no more suspense. I put it into an envelope, fastened, directed, and stamped it; then snatched my hat and dashed off to the pillar box round the corner, arriving there one second before the "man of letters."

Home again; I felt easier now that the Rubicon was fairly crossed, and, ringing for my frugal supper, proceeded to gather up my writing materials.

"Ah, that note; better burn it." Some impulse seized me. I would read it once more. O powers of all sorts! my own letter to Julia and—the other note was gone!—gone!—gone to her! Yes, I had folded my letter—I remembered it all then—just at the instant my friend entered.

I rushed out like a madman, but alas! I knew that the box was cleared, and not a vestige of a letter carrier could I see anywhere. I ran all the way to the nearest Post Office, only to be stared at as if I had been a lunatic, and coldly told that the N—Road pillar box was not in that district. I rushed out again, and, seeing in the distance a man with a post-bag, flew after him. But my excited incoherent demands attracted the attention of a passing policeman who sternly told me to stop that, or I must come along with him.

I fled once more to the other neighboring Post Office. Frantically I dashed into the shop.

"Could I possibly have a letter back which I—posted by mistake—N—Road pillar—most important. I will pay."

"Now then, young man, we understand all about that little game of yours. Won't do here, I tell you."

"What do you mean? I—I—I tell you I made a mistake,"

A derisive smile passed over the man's face; a suppressed titter ran round the shop. I rushed forth once more, home this time, arriving there just as my landlady was about to enquire for me at the very place the "bobby" had threatened to convey me to—viz: the Police Station.

I never closed my eyes that night. I thought of drowning myself, but—it seemed vulgar; of charcoal—but I had none; of pistols—but I didn't want to rouse the neighbors.

A week later I sailed for Zululand, and for over five years remained hidden there, hearing nothing of Julia.

Then, I couldn't stand it any longer, and came back. Doubtless she was married long since, but I should like to—well, to know the worst.

Would you believe it—such is the pervers—(no, she's looking over my shoulder) such, I mean, is the constancy of the feminine mind that—just because I didn't—no, I mean, on account of my nice feeling in running away, she—well she agreed to have me; simply, so she said, to save some other woman from the possibility of such a worthless husband!

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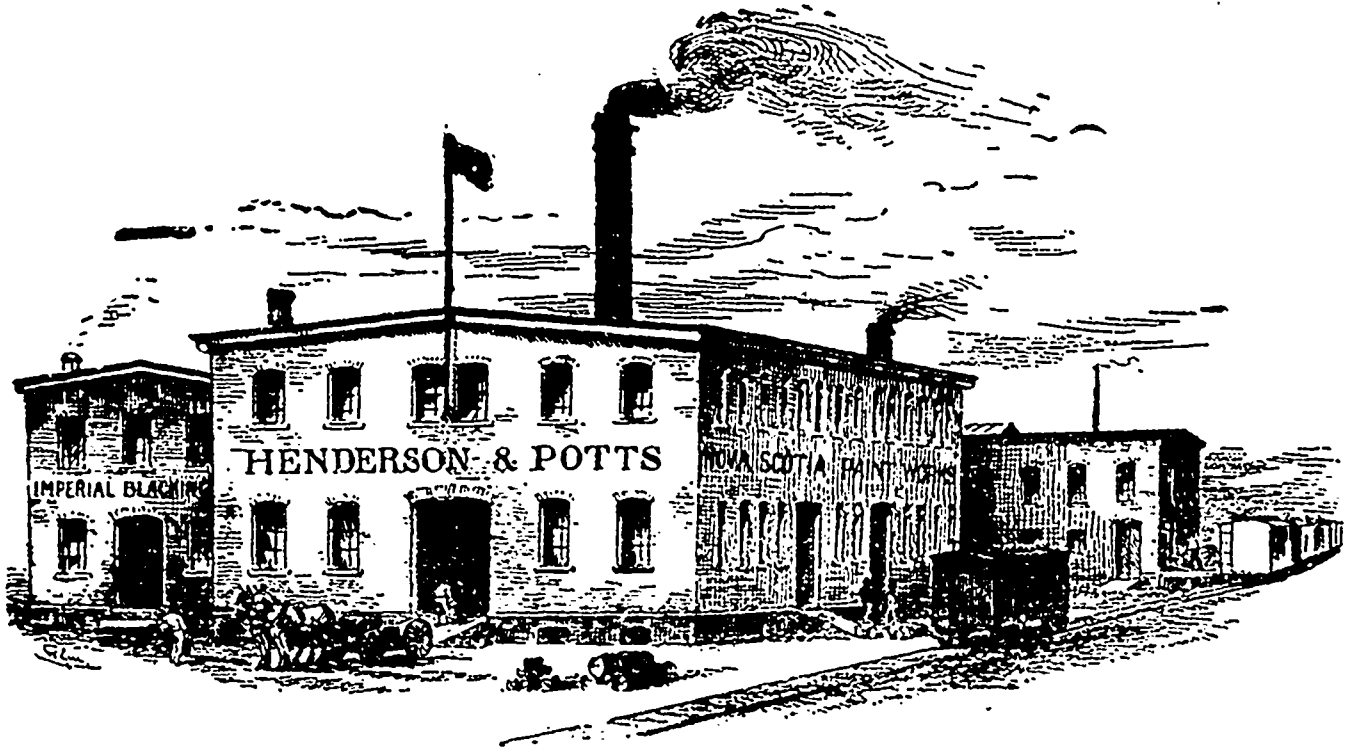
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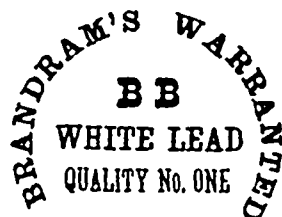
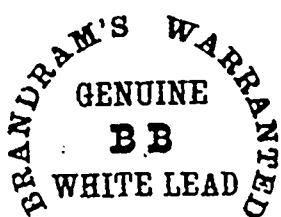
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