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THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

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Commerce, Manufacturing, Mining and Agriculture.

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SINGLE COPY 5 CTS. }

HALIFAX, N. S., JULY 13, 1888.

{ VOL. 5.
No. 28.

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THE CRITIC,

Published every Friday, at 161 Hollis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia,

BY

CRITIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Edited by C. F. FRASER.

Subscription \$1.50 per annum in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE.

Remittances should be made to A. M. FRASER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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 judging for or disapproving of any part of an article or contents of the paper, and after exercising due care as to what is to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A century ago, the population of Europe was about 150,000,000, now it is over 350,000,000.

We agree very decidedly with the *Chronicle* in deprecating the practice of rewarding Government officials with shares of the fines imposed in connection with seizures and violations of the revenue laws. The system is a bad one.

"The American Nation," says the *St. John Globe*, on the 4th July, "is celebrating its birth-day. It is 112 years old, and very healthy," which nobody can deny." We only venture to whisper that the Dominion of its twenty-first birth-day is quite as healthy, considering its age and (fast-reasing) population.

The *Week*, in an excellent sketch of the life of the Hon. William Douglass, perpetrates, apparently without perceiving it, a stinging sarcasm. "Party lines"—it says—"are so strictly drawn that our public men have no chance to make headway, unless they are willing to be branded with the trade-mark (italics ours) of one or other of the political parties." Just so it is a trade mark, and the mark of the meanest, the dirtiest, and the most trade the world has seen.

A city contemporary had an item last week, on the rumored succession of Major-General Cameron to Major-General Oliver, as Commandant of the Kingston Military College. It is to be inferred, that if General Cameron were not Sir Charles Tupper's son-in-law, he would not be persistently called "Mr." Cameron. It is assumed that he "is wholly unfit for the position." We have no particular regard for General Cameron, but he is a scientific officer, and commanded the British side of the International Boundary Commission in 1874, carrying out the work of delimitation with every credit. He is not "Colonel Cameron," but retired from the Artillery in the rank of Major-General. The College is, no doubt, best commanded by an Engineer officer, but that is no reason for depreciation of the position.

They are getting a taste of the "no-rent" agitation in the States. Father McGlynn is the chief promoter. Security in the possession of property lies at the root of society, and is of as much consequence to the owner of a cottage as to the proprietor of a thousand acres. Agitation has destroyed the value of property in Ireland, but we doubt if the United States will put up with the socialistic theory, or would submit to such legislation as swept away from the Irish landlords a capitalised value of \$70,000,000 in five years.

A number of teachers have put themselves on record in regard to the necessity of scientific temperance teaching in the schools. That is the true method. Children so instructed will not require arbitrary Acts of Parliament to coerce them into morality; and when we consider that Canada already stands first among the nations for sobriety, which is entirely due to the lively moral sense of the great mass of her people, it may safely be predicted that the rising generation will witness an immense advance in voluntary self-restraint.

It is noticeable as an instance of the desirability of voluntarism as a general principle in religion and morality, that the experiment of making attendance at religious services voluntary at Harvard, which was begun two years ago, has been justified by ample success. That the general sense of duty and propriety is largely on the increase in the world may be taken for granted, the compulsory measures advocated by aggressive propagandists of all sorts are therefore not only a want of faith in moral suasion, but are insulting to the sense of individual independence and rectitude.

The Japanese are certainly the most remarkable people in the world. They seem to develop to an extraordinary extent intellectual capacity, while they are singularly devoid of the sentiment of religion. Christianity is, it seems, to be authoritatively laid down as the national religion; and, it appears, by reason of any religious conviction whatever, the Japanese savants professing themselves utterly indifferent on that point, but because Christian civilization, Christian sentiment, and Christian ethics, are gaining the mastery, and that it is the religion of the most highly civilized countries.

"A paper in Winnipeg," says the *St. John Globe*, "took advantage of Dominion Day to make a strong declaration in favor of Canadian Independence." Well and good. But is it possible that the *Globe* is veering round from vassalage to the States to Independence? Of the two, we should prefer the latter. "And there are a very great number," the *Globe* continues, "in the great West, who would like to take a hand in at the coming Presidential election in the United States. The West is truly a great country." If a plebiscite were taken in the great West we fancy the *Globe's* annexationism would be found to be altogether "too previous."

The *Miramichi Advance* has got a little mixed about the end of the century, yet the thing is as plain as a pike staff, and the *St. John Globe* and the *Journal of Commerce* are clearly right. The *Advance's* argument that the end of the year one ended the first year of the world's existence is not only utterly irrelevant, but is the baldest of truisms. "Why should it require," the *Advance* continues, "a minute more than a full 1900 years to complete 19 centuries?" Why, indeed? But 1899 years are not 1900, therefore the century is not completed until the 31st December of that year. The twentieth century does not begin till the 1st January, 1901, not 1900.

The verdict in Mr. O'Donnell's suit against the *Times* has been given in favor of the defendant. Of course there is the usual brazen blare that certain letters produced were forgeries, and Mr. Parnell thought it necessary to emphatically assert his ignorance of the doings of murderers. Few people, however, are silly enough to believe that the *Times* would commit itself to forgery, while the persistent avoidance on the part of Mr. Parnell and others, of any legal steps on their own behalf, is far more significant than the most energetic asseverations. The wealthy *Times* is a splendid mark for a libel suit, or a dozen of them, and no one will doubt that men of the calibre of many of Mr. Parnell's co-adjutors would jump at the chance of bleeding the Thunderer if they dared. The general impression will be that of a complicity of which they dare not challenge investigation.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

The world has at present two great Republics—France and the United States—and it may be useful to contrast their methods for electing a Chief Magistrate.

The Frenchman is universally admitted to be the most volatile, and, to that extent, the most unreliable person on earth. This may be the truth.

He sparkles on the surface as does a diamond. His wit effervesces like the bead on champagne. But, though volatile, he is more sensibly so than his American congener—especially in politics.

In the United States, when a President is to be elected, enthusiasm is thrown to the winds of heaven. It permeates every nook and cranny of the social edifice. The presidential campaign is made the occasion of mirth as well as struggle. Still, in the heat of political strife, good nature and sense are apt to be largely supplanted by bitterness and vituperation. Though the law officially recognises no nomination, and every native born citizen, who has not the taint upon him of conviction in the criminal courts of the country, is technically eligible for the Presidency, still parties hold conventions and select the men they regard as the most likely to win the popular vote. In most of the States the tests of eligibility are merely citizenship and the ability to read the constitutions of the State and of the nation, together with a residence of one year within the State, and of six months in the district wherein the vote is tendered. When candidates have been "nominated," the air is for months rent with shouts, the ear delighted (?) with oratory, and party camp-fires burn through the land, politics claiming attention everywhere. When a President is elected, it is for only four years, and he has hardly got a firm hold of affairs before the same performance has to be again gone over. The President of the United States is paid \$50,000 a year for his services in that capacity, and his household expenses are paid by the nation, no definite sum being fixed for that purpose. If he happens to be frugal, he has the opportunity to save a goodly sum in his four years. If, however, he is a liberal entertainer, with high ideas of what befits the Chief of the greatest Republic, and one of the greatest nations on the face of the earth, he will not have much left when he retires from office. Of course, if he has proved himself a wise executive officer, history and posterity will honor his name.

The French way is different. The Senate and Chamber of Deputies, by a majority vote, elect without any nomination, and in very much the same manner that the United States elected its President before political conventions became the style in American politics. There is, however, this difference—that the American Electoral College was created by the Constitution solely for the purpose of making a President and a Vice President, and it has no duties beyond that, while the French Chamber is also the legislative body of that Republic. The Frenchman naturally takes much delight in the event, but there is none of the pyrotechnic display of enthusiasm that is seen in the United States on such occasions. There is more soberness, more solemnity, in this, one of the greatest acts of a Republic—the choice of a chief executive. When France elects a President, it is for seven years. He receives, as salary, \$120,000 per year, and is allowed \$60,000 annually for household expenses. Besides the honor which attaches to his name, if he has been a wise magistrate, he will be a rich man.

The French President is ineligible for a second term, but the American is not, if the people want him.

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

The success which has attended the manual-training branch of the schools in the City of Toledo, O., is worthy of the highest consideration and commendation. It was originated about five years ago, and has steadily grown in popularity and usefulness. Space will not permit us to give in full, but from an open letter of the Superintendent of Schools of that city, we condense the following.—

"In a comparatively humble way it began in a small room, with sixty boys and girls as pupils. They were pupils of the public schools, and did their regular school work in connection with mechanical and free-hand drawing and carpentry in the manual department. The second year, a large four-story building was erected and equipped with steam power, benches, tools, lathes, and forges. Ample room was provided for free-hand and mechanical drawing, special prominence being given to architectural and perspective work. A domestic economy department was added, in which girls study the chemistry of foods and their preparation for the table. A sewing class has been organized, in which cutting and fitting of garments is taught. A class in clay-modeling models the forms and designs used in the arts. The students have increased to about three hundred in all departments, and from the beginning have manifested the greatest interest and enthusiasm for the work. The class-room work proper and the manual-training are so adjusted to each other that there is a harmonious blending of the useful and practical with the highest intellectual culture, that the unprejudiced observer needs but to inspect the work to be convinced of its reasonableness and utility, whilst the ease and grace with which savory and palatable food is prepared in the domestic economy department would mollify the most radical opponent of industrial training. Those who take the manual work do the same amount of mental work in the regular class-room studies as those who have no work in the industrial department.

Manual-training is a successful and satisfactory branch of study in the Toledo schools—not because it is theoretically a good thing, nor because it is given undue prominence and special advantages—but because it is in harmony with the nature of things; has a noble purpose in view; has been well managed; has good instructors; and has proved itself of great value to the pupils."

Is not the example of Toledo worthy of consideration in Halifax?

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Three or four years ago," said Mr. Blake, on the 3rd October, 1874, in his famous Aurora speech, "I took an opportunity to suggest that an effort should be made to reorganize the Empire upon a Federal basis." Mr.

Blake went into the subject at considerable length, treating it with great breadth, and with an eloquence in which he has probably no equal in the Dominion. It is not our purpose to quote from his speech at present, but we mention the views he then held, because it has been so much sought to force the question into a party issue. So long as the present party bitterness exists, any great question will, no doubt, be tortured into this aspect though this particular one is of a nature which should tend rather to the modification of political antagonisms, at least the discussion of it, for, as we have more than once pointed out, the idea bristles with so many difficulties that it will be long before its features can pass beyond the stage of initiatory ventilation. "Not now, not this year, not perhaps during this parliamentary term," said Mr. Blake, and what was true in 1874 still holds good after the lapse of fourteen years. We cannot, of course, say what Mr. Blake's present views may be, but we should imagine they are not likely to have changed in this particular subject. Before long, it is to be hoped, he will resume the place in Dominion politics, from which, however much men may have differed with him, everyone feels he can ill be spared. When that time comes, we shall know what his sentiments are.

Meantime, we shall, whenever we allude to the question, continue to point out the difficulties which beset it. The action of the Government of New South Wales in regard to Chinese immigration typifies a class of obstacles which may at any time arise in one shape or another, and are, as Lord Carnarvon, we think, indicated, more likely to arise as the proportion of European born Colonists diminishes, and that of native-born Colonists increases.

The very point here indicated tends to show how little England has in her power to offer to the Colonists any material advantage, and how probable it is that local interests and Imperial policy may at any moment conflict, in which case it is pretty certain that the former would prevail over the sentiment of Imperial nationality.

It is interesting, however, to find that, at the date of Mr. Blake's speech, the stirring nature of the subject was done full justice to in several newspapers. The *Globe*, a day or two after its delivery, spoke as follows.—

"Still, the subject affords material for interesting and harmless speculation, which, in the course of time, may issue in some arrangement which will fuse the Empire more thoroughly into one united whole, and make the inhabitants of all its different parts so entirely one in sentiment and feeling and aspiration, that the only country they will recognize as theirs will be the British Empire, and the only national sentiment they will deem worthy of cherishing will be one that thinks not of 'Canada first,' or of 'Australia first,' or of 'Heligoland first,' or of 'Norfolk Island first,' but of the grand old British race first, and of all who love their Sovereign, and all who swear by the 'Old Flag,' as first and last and midst as well. 'National sentiment,' if that is another word for a narrow Canadian sentiment, is surely as little compatible with a grand federated Empire as would be the inculcation of County or Provincial sentiment in order to a general loyalty to Canada as a whole. If we Canadians are to take our due place in the Imperial Councils, and bear our due proportion of the consequent burden and responsibility, we must rise not only above Provincial, but Dominion attachments, and have no sentiment short of 'British' in its widest and most comprehensive sense. In fact, however, neither a National or Imperial spirit can be secured by mere resolutions or by meaningless recommendations. It must grow, not by individuals every now and then saying to themselves and to each other—'We must be national,' but by the people of a land generally feeling that they have a country, a history, and a destiny in common, of which they find increasing reason to be proud, and for the advancement and exaltation of which they feel increasingly prompted to do noble acts and live noble lives."

We shall take early occasion to allude to more of the newspaper utterances of that time on the subject in question.

ANNIE LAURIE.

A short time ago, a veracious person, signing himself J. C. Gavin, was inspired—not, we presume, from above—with the idea of informing the public as to the authorship and personality of "Annie Laurie." He kindly explained that he knew "Annie Laurie," her father, and her lover, who was stated to have written the song, personally, with due particulars of locality plausibly set forth. This precious farrago he duly sent to the *Chicago Herald*, which was green enough to insert the rigmarole apparently in all innocence. We waited a little to see if anyone would notice the impudent invention, and presently a letter appears in the *St. John Globe*, signed J. S., which begins with the pertinent remark that Mr. J. C. Gavin "must be a pretty elderly gentleman," Annie Laurie, the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelltown, Dumfriesshire, having been born on the 16th December, 1682. The inventive Mr. Gavin, by the way, puts them down as ordinary farmers. The writer of the charming ballad was a Mr. William Douglas, of Fingland, in Kivendbrightshire, whom Annie did not reward for his immortal poetry with her hand, as she preferred another and a richer suitor, Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Craighdarroch. This gentleman must have been the father or grandfather of that Craighdarroch afterwards celebrated by Burns in his song of "The Whistle," which badge of honor Craighdarroch won, according to the song, by his unsurpassed powers of tossing down great bumpers of claret, defeating in the contest two of the most renowned of Scottish toppers of that day, whom he succeeded in laying under the table.

There ought to be an order with a brass star cross, or medal, for distinguished liars, that men might render them due honor. "The Most Illustrious and Infamous Order of St. Ananias" might be a fitting title for it, and Mr. J. C. Gavin would certainly deserve to be among the first to gain its Grand Cross, though we could suggest a few highly fit and proper candidates much nearer home.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

Dr. Wolcott's (Peter Pindar) description of Dr. Johnson's prose style is commended to the notice of newspaper reporters and writers generally:

"I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives the inch the importance of a mile;
Uplifts the club of Hercules for what
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth to draw
A goose's feather, or exalt a straw;
Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart."

The Romans seemed to realize how obstinate a woman can be when they called her *mulier*.

Lady—How delightful to have such a family of interesting daughters. They will be such resources to you as you grow older!

Gentleman—doubtfully—Ah! ye-es, but the difficulty is to husband one's resources.

"The Old Order Changeth."—By-the-by, I wish you would get me a card for the Duchess of Beaumorris's dance. "I'll try. But you'll have to get a costume from her, or a bonnet, or something as she only asks her customers.—*London Punch*.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.—Grandmother (to Kenneth, who is making her a little visit)—Kenneth, dear, do you love grandma?

Kenneth dear—Yes, I love 'oo, and ma love 'oo, but papa says he finks 'oo is a ole fool.—*Texas Siftings*.

"Jenny" a pig raised at Shado Park weighed, at 6 months old 250, at 12 months 500, and at 2 years 800 lbs., and "Betty," another sow weighed at 22 months and while sucking a litter 855, and at 3 years 1050 lbs. Surely this the triumph of mind over matter!

Mrs. S.: "See, here, my boy, Farmer Brown doesn't like you to swing on his gate." Precocious boy (who has lately been to Sunday-school): "Well, I don't care for Brown, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, or his ass, nor anything that is his."

Many years ago two men were in the barber shop. One had red hair and the other was bald headed. Red hair (to bald head): "You were not about when they were giving out hair?" Bald head: "Yes, I was there, but they only had a little red hair left, and I wouldn't take that."

Another craze in the way of Volapuk, Esperanto or Universal Language is "World English" which Alexander Melville Bell proposes by kindly "amending" our alphabet and spelling on scientific principles. Nine new characters would be introduced for consonant sounds and all the rest of it.

Mistress (to cook)—Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same, makes matters somewhat confusing. Now how do you like, say, the name of Bridget?

Cook—Shure, mum, an' it's not meself that's particular. Oim willun to call the young leddy only thin' yez loike.

Two soldiers, observing a rather fine-looking girl in a milliner's shop, the one, an Irishman, proposed to go in and buy a watch ribbon in order to get a nearer view of the "sweet cratur." "Hoot, mon," said his chum, a Scotchman, "there's nae occasion to waste siller; lets bath gang in an' spur if sho can gie us twa saxpence for a shilling."

The *Scientific American* answers the old question as to the commencement of the next century, that it will begin January 1, 1900. Some years ago the *New York Journal of Commerce*, in response to a question sent from St. John, decided that the twentieth century would begin on 1st January, 1901, and this seems to be correct. It certainly takes nineteen hundred full years to complete nineteen centuries.

If ever Mr. Gladstone comes back to power, he is bound to make the Rev. Wm. Theseby a bi-hop. That worthy minister has just published a "Service of Song" on the life of Mr. Gladstone, and the page headed "The People's William" is occupied by the hymn "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word." Mr. Gladstone says, "I appreciate very much the compliment you have paid me."

FIRST JOLLY ANGLER, (peckish after their walk,) "Got the sandwiches and —"

SECOND JOLLY ANGLER, (diving into crul,) "Oh, yes, here they are, all right, and here's the the whisk— but— tut-t-t, by Jove—I've forgotten the fishing-tackle."

FIRST JOLLY ANGLER—"Oh, ne'mind—we'll get along quite well without that."—*Punch*.

There has been an official enquiry into the loss of the British ship *Athelstan*, which was burned from the spontaneous ignition of her cargo of coal. According to the account given by a London contemporary, during the time the fire was confined below the deck, the captain and chief mate were surprised to find flames issuing from the tops of the iron fore and main masts, which were hollow, and had a number of perforations in them below deck for the purpose of ventilation. They operated like two chimneys, to make a furnace of the ship's hold.

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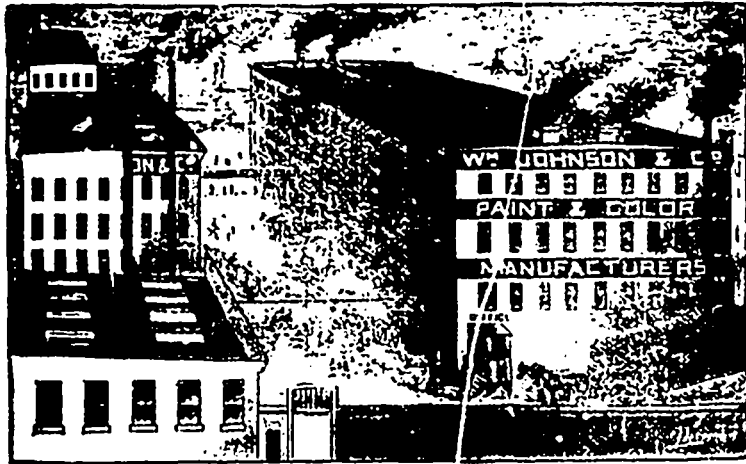
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Those who wish to secure pleasant and profitable reading matter for the winter evenings should note our exceptional offer which appears on page 12. For \$2.50 in cash we undertake to send THE CRITIC to any subscriber for one year, supplying him in addition with seventy nine of the most readable of readable books. Those who are renewing their subscriptions, as well as new subscribers, should take advantage of this offer.

General Laurie has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatic fever.

The Maritime Press Association meets in Moncton about the middle of September.

The arguments in the Prepper case were not concluded at time of our going to press.

During the storm on Sunday week last, seven horses were killed by lightning, at High Bluff, Man.

The delegation from Newfoundland to confer on the subject of confederation, are to visit Ottawa in September.

The Canadian cricketers were badly beaten in the International match at Toronto, last week, by an innings and 87 runs.

David Henderson, Conservative, M.P., for Halton, has been unseated for bribery by agents, and condemned to pay all costs.

Says the *Antigonish Club*:—"The Halifax CRITIC, edited by C. F. Fraser, is a paper that no merchant, mechanic, miner, or farmer, can afford to be without."

The Hon. A. W. McLelan was sworn in as Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia on Tuesday, and will arrive in Halifax to-day. Mr. Carling is acting as Postmaster-General.

H. M. S. *Bellerophon*, (Flag), *Tourmaline*, and *Pylades*, left Halifax, on Wednesday morning for Sydney, C. B., and St. John's, Nfld. They will be absent about a fortnight.

The crops throughout Ontario are said to be likely to be far below the average this year, in consequence of continued drought. The hay-crop is reported to be a complete failure.

The Conservative convention in Colchester county to select a candidate to take Mr. McLelan's place is to be held to-morrow. The liberals meet for a similar purpose on Wednesday next.

The Church of England Institute festival of months closed at the exhibition building on Wednesday night. The 66th band performed during the evening. It is hoped that it has been a success.

St. John proposes to have a dry dock 600 feet long, with a width at the bottom of 50 feet. The proposed dock will be built by a company, with the aid of the Dominion, provincial and local subsidies.

The great Prohibitionist meeting at Montreal does not seem to have done anything great, but it afforded a fine opportunity for Prohibition oratory on the part of some enthusiastic ladies, who did full justice to it.

The Governor-General's Foot Guards, of Ottawa, are in a bad state. Owing to some disagreement between Col. Macpherson and his officers, four or five captains have tendered their resignation. This sort of thing is much to be regretted.

There is no close season in the fool fishery. Another idiot, Flack, has perished in attempting to shoot the Niagara River. His boat was turned over and over, and it was all over with him in four minutes. Pity is wasted on those notoriety-seeking lunatics.

Major General Cameron has it appears been appointed to the command of the Royal Military College. There is no legitimate objection to General Cameron, but we have doubts as to whether the appointment is the most judicious that could have been made.

Another of the brutal and dastardly murders which are disgracing the country has been perpetrated at Shipton, near Danville, Quebec. The victim is again a young girl (Lily Powell) who appears to have been beaten about the head and drowned in a pond. Suspicion points as yet indefinitely.

The following promotions are gazetted—63rd Battalion, Halifax—To be Paymaster, Captain Corbin, *vice* Mitchell, deceased. To be Quarter-Master, with honorary rank of Captain, William Bishop, *vice* Corbin. To be Captain, Lieut. Silver, *vice* Bishop. To be Lieutenant, 2nd Lieutenant Edgar Bent, *vice* Silver.

The Canadian immigration returns for May show a large increase over last year. The total arrivals were 29,165 as compared with 21,229. The five months brought in 69,763 as against 52,093 last year. The settlers during the month were 15,160, an increase of 50 per cent, and the total settlers from January 1st inclusive, were 37,713, as against 27,633.

Nos. 3 and 7 Companies of the H. B. G. A. went to Bedford Range for target practice, and took with them their families for a basket picnic. This would seem to be a good idea, and we hope all concerned enjoyed their outing. In the presence of their families it should be a matter of pride to Militiamen to evince their sense of order and discipline at the Butts.

At a meeting of the Board of Works on Monday last, a proposition was made to send the City Engineer and the Caretaker of City Property to New Glasgow to examine two steam fire engines which that town offers for sale. Ald. Hechler strenuously objected, on the ground that Halifax should not invest in second hand goods in that line, but buy engines of the newest, most approved and powerful patterns possible. To do as proposed would be simply throwing away the money of the citizens which he thought quite unjustifiable. The alderman's ideas were not supported, and the motion passed.

Sir John Macdonald has instituted proceedings against Nathan Michael, tobacconist, for using his name for advertising purposes.

The Huebner-Holmes company has won golden opinions during the week at the Academy. "Saratoga," with which the company opened, and which was repeated last night, gave great satisfaction. Burnard's best piece "Baby" more than sustained the favorable impression, and Gilbert's "Faust and Marguerite," on Wednesday night was a charming rendition of the immortal story. A great characteristic of the company is the evenness of the acting, a point which tells strongly when it is all of a superior quality. "Faust and Marguerite" is to be repeated to-night.

It is particularly to be regretted that the Minister of Justice has seen fit to remit the flogging in the case of the brute Cruse, convicted of indecent assault. What sort of influence was brought to bear in matter of speculation, but no influence of any kind ought to have weight in such cases. This sort of culpable laxity and misplaced mercy is a direct encouragement to low sensual ruffians. No young girl who happens to be alone in an unfrequented spot will be safe if this false lenity is allowed to pass without severe reprobation by the Press.

The Brigade Camp at Chatham, N. B., has passed off with the steadiness habitual to the camps of the Maritime Provinces. Nothing is more noticeable in these camps than the excellent conduct of the men. The rate of improvement in the short time available is rapid enough to satisfy the Deputy Adjutant General, and he is an officer who, without any addition to red tape, is not easily satisfied. The Maritime Provinces have every reason to be proud of their Militia, and we hope to be able to note the attendance of more officers from time to time at the Infantry Schools. The *Miramichi Advance* does full justice to the exemplary sense of duty governing all the officers.

Mrs. Langtry's new play for next season is called "A Love Story."

At the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad a locomotive was begun on June 25th, and finished in 16 hours and 55 minutes.

An expedition for the exploration of the site of ancient Babylon is now being organized under the auspices of the University of Philadelphia.

A disastrous storm visited Kansas City on Sunday night. Two houses were carried away and four people are said to have been drowned. The damage is great.

Terrible damage has been done in southern and central Illinois by heavy rains—20,000 acres of corn are reported under water, bridges washed away, and numbers of farms inundated and the crops destroyed.

The new Duches of Marlborough is said to be really beautiful, but no one ever heard (thru' American newspapers) of an American lady known to fashion whose beauty was anything but perfect to the minutest detail.

It is remarked that there is not much chance for sectarian controversy as between the republican and democratic candidates for the presidency and the vice presidency, since both Messrs. Cleveland and Harrison are Presbyterians, while Messrs. Thurman and Morton are Episcopalians.

An amiable lady of Chicago saturated the clothes of her husband, as he lay drunk on the steps of his home, with kerosene, and set fire to him. Considering she had been in the habit of drinking with him the act was somewhat mean. The man died in great agony; and the woman, who was only 20 years old, confessed under the terrors of conscience.

A notoriety fool named Andrews, (Captain-so-called) who started from Boston, on the 17th June, for Europe in, we believe, the smallest craft, (the "Dark Secret,") that ever essayed a trans Atlantic passage, seems to be reaping the reward of his idiocy. He was encountered and relieved far out at sea, with his rug gone, his lantern broken, stiff and sore from sitting, and he had not had a square meal for three days. There will probably be a "dark secret" in the end, and no one will care a bit more than for the foolhardy blockheads to whom Niagara is the attraction.

The head gardener of the Royal Holloway College, at Egham, gets £300 a year.

Mrs. Shaw, the American whistling lady, is getting ten guineas a whistle in London.

Advices from South Africa say that all available troops at Natal have been ordered to Zululand.

The income of Sir Morell McKenzie in England of late years is said to have been over £15,000 a year.

The Emperor of Brazil has quite recovered from his serious illness, and is to sail for Rio Janeiro on the 5th August.

A new trade is opening up with Australia in apples, the arrivals during the past few months having been considerable.

An unmarried lady by the name of Delphine Baker is about to start a newspaper "on Christian principles," at Jerusalem.

Lord Derby (the elder brother of Lord Stanley of Preston, who is also the heir to that Earldom) has been elected leader of the House of Lords by the Liberal Unionists.

Mr. Manderville has unfortunately died in Tullamore prison. Of course the veracious Mr. William O'Brien declared in Parliament that he had been murdered by brutal treatment.

A point has been raised in the Imperial Parliament as to the admission of foreign men-of-war into fortified ports of the Empire. The Germans exclude them altogether, France and Russia exclude them from their chief ports, Italy limits her admission, and it would seem to be only common prudence in England to follow suit.

A movement is on foot to obtain the Wolseley Park and Etching Hill districts of Cannock Chase as a permanent camp and range in place of Wimbledon.

Mrs. Boucicault, wife of the well known playwright and actor, Dion Boucicault, has obtained a divorce from him in London. Mrs. Boucicault was also awarded costs.

The Duchess of Marlboro has arrived at London. She was cordially received by her sister-in-law, Lady Randolph Churchill, and other members of her husband's family.

Liberal successes in municipal elections in Italy have alarmed the vatican. The pope, who is opposed to the intervention of the clergy, will counsel them to abstain from future elections.

The death is announced of General Sir Duncan Cameron, G.C.B., who commanded the 42nd Highlanders on this station forty years ago, and the forces in New Zealand in 1863 in the Maori war.

A recent despatch says the locust plague in Algeria is becoming worse; 60,000 laborers and two thousand soldiers are powerless. The whole country is devastated, and it is feared famine and pestilence will result.

The disturbed condition of Zululand, it is feared, may culminate in a general rising of the native tribes. Usibipu's followers have united with the Basutos against Dinizulu, and an extensive concentration is taking place.

M. de Giers is said to have informed Sir R. Morier, the British Ambassador, that after this year Russia will wash her hands of interference with Bulgaria. Russia is evidently kept in check by fears of the young Emperor.

There is rumor of the engagement of a marriage between the Czarewitch and one of the sisters of the Emperor William. This is said to have been Prince Bismarck's main reason for opposing the Victoria Battenburg match.

The election of a President has recently come off in Mexico, resulting in the choice of General Diaz for a renewed term. The Mexicans seem to be satisfied that he has been a good President, and wisely, have not sought for change.

The magazine rifle adopted by the French army is said to be the most effective of its kind in the world, and with a smokeless powder and other great advantages, it will prove to be a terrible engine of destruction. It has a range of two miles.

The Pope is keeping the Irish Bishops well in hand. The prelates recently held a meeting which displeased the Vatican, but His Holiness giving them credit for good intentions, has decided to take no further active steps at present.

Prince Alexander, of Battenberg, has had a narrow escape of his life. He and his carriage were hurled down a mountain side, the carriage smashed and the horse killed. The Prince fell 40 feet, but held on to some bushes, and was but little injured.

O'Donnell's suit against the Times has proved a complete fiasco and the general result is damaging to the reputation of the Parnellites, who evidently do not dare to seek justification at law. Mr. Parnell's personal asseverations in Parliament command no credence.

Dr Mackenzie in an interview with a correspondent of the Scotsman totally denies the accuracy of the interview published in the Dutch Dagblad, in which he was represented as admitting that he concealed the cautious nature of the Emperor Frederick's malady to prevent a regency.

It is said that at a State reception Queen Natalie refused to follow the Servian custom and kiss a Foreign Minister's wife, who was notorious for certain of her actions. When King Milan demanded an explanation, Queen Natalie said—"I will leave that agreeable duty to your Majesty."

Monk Widdows has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude in England for acts of gross indecency, in company with another blackguard who was shut up for life. The Stratford Beacon has a great crow over the Methodists and Presbyterians who ran after this fraud, and threw open their churches to him when in Canada, while the Beacon declined to puff him.

O'Leary, ex-fenian, in a letter to the Freeman's Journal, says he does not approve of Parnell's proposal to retain representation of Ireland in the British House of Commons, as it would simply keep open the sore between England and Ireland. No doubt! The keeping the sore open is exactly what suits the agitators who live by it. Mr. O'Leary's approval or disapproval is of exceedingly little consequence, and Mr. Parnell has shown wisdom in the course he has adopted.

Of the late Emperor Frederick, early in her reign Emperess Eugenie wrote as follows: "The Prince is tall and handsome, almost a head taller than the Emperor; he is slight and fair, with a straw colored moustache, a German (as Tacitus might describe him) of chivalrous courtesy, with something of the Hamlet about him. . . . His companion, a General Moltke (or some such name), is a taciturn gentleman, but by no means a dreamer, and, being perpetually on the look out, takes one by surprise with his pointed remarks. They are an imposing race those Germans. Louis calls them the race of the future."

Lord Lansdowne has done a generous act since his return to England in disposing of some land held by him in the neighborhood of Coine to the Small Farm company, an organization which enables farmers of limited resources to get control of small holdings and use their practical knowledge with feelings of satisfaction that their interests in the land were permanent. Lord Lansdowne concurred in the idea of increasing the number of those having a direct interest in the soil, and parted with his property at a price below what he believed he could get for it. The estate sold is in every way suitable for division into small farms.

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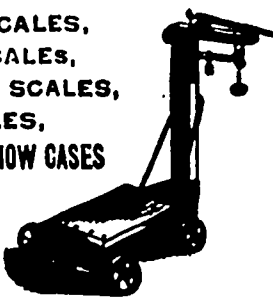
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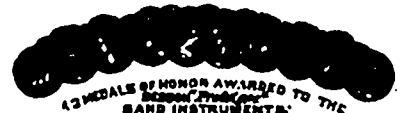
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A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

A writer in the Dublin *Nation* pronounces the following from the pen
of the late Adelaide Proctor, "one of the most beautiful, as it is assuredly
one of the most original love poems" ever penned in the English language.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched—unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh! tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so!

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine could not fulfil?—
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon spirit, Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone,
But shield my heart against thy own!

Canst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That fate and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou—had been to blame.
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall
Remember I would risk it all!

DON'T—IN DRESS AND PERSONAL HABITS.

Don't whistle in the street, in public vehicles, at public assemblies, or
anywhere where it may annoy. Mem.—Don't whistle at all.

(Here, again, the tendency to run to extremes. Whistling is perhaps
more often than not a nuisance. Yet some men whistle beautifully, and
though the first "Don'ts" are essentially all right, there really is no sound
reason why a man should not whistle if he likes when alone, or if his com-
panions like to hear him.—E.)

Don't laugh boisterously. Laugh heartily when the occasion calls for it,
but the loud guffaw is not necessary for heartiness.

(Neither, it might be added, shriek like a hyena, as some detestable
specimens of humanity do when they laugh. We would rather endure the
guffaw than the shrill laugh, which, moreover, always gives the impression
of insincerity.—E.)

Don't have the habit of smiling or "grinning" at nothing. Smile or
laugh when there is occasion to do either, but at other times keep your
mouth shut and your manner composed. People who laugh at everything
are commonly capable of nothing.

(And Don't "smile" too often over the run of a glass, or, if you have
been in the habit of doing so, "Smile (not) as thou wert wont to smile."—E.)

Don't blow your nose in the presence of others if you can possibly
avoid it. There are persons that perform the operation with their fingers,
but this disgusting habit is now mainly confined to people of the lowest
class. Under any circumstances it is revolting to witness the performance,
however it may be done. The Japanese think that our custom of discharg-
ing offensive matter of this kind in a handkerchief, and then stowing it away in
our pockets, is peculiarly disgusting. They discharge it in small bits of
paper, which are thrown away.

(There is a good deal of sound sense, as well as delicacy, in many ideas
and customs of the Japanese.—E.)

Don't gape, or hiccough, or sneeze in company. When there is an
inclination to hiccough or sneeze, hold your breath for a moment and resist
the desire, and you will find that it will pass off.

Don't have the habit of letting your lip drop and your mouth remain
open. "Shut your mouth," is the advice of a *savant* who has written a
book on the subject. Breathe through your nostrils and not through your
mouth; sleep with your mouth closed; keep it closed, except when you open
it for a purpose. An open mouth indicates feebleness of character, while
the habit affects the teeth and the general health.

Don't keep carrying your hands to your face, pulling your whiskers,
adjusting your hair, or otherwise fingering yourself. Keep your hands quiet
and under control.

Don't be over-familiar. Don't strike your friends on the back, nudge

them in the side or give other physical manifestation of your pleasure. Don't indulge in these familiarities, or submit to them from others.

Don't bolt without notice into anyone's private apartment. Respect always the privacy of your friends, however intimate you may be with them. Don't leave a door open that you find closed, or close a door that you found open. Don't slam a door or allow a door to slam of itself.

Don't wear your hat in a strictly private office. This is no more justifiable than wearing a hat in a drawing-room.

Don't carry a lighted cigar into a private office or into a sales room.

Don't pick up letters, accounts, or anything of a private character that is lying on another's desk. Don't look over a person's shoulder when he is reading or writing.

Don't twirl a chain or other object while talking or listening to any one. The trick is very annoying and very common.

Don't beat a tattoo with your feet in company, or anywhere, to the annoyance of others. Don't drum with your fingers on chair, table, or window-pane. Don't hum a tune. The instinct for making noises is a survival of savagery.

Don't be servile towards superiors or arrogant toward inferiors. Maintain your dignity and self-respect in one case, and exhibit a regard for the feelings of people, whatever their station may be, in the other.

Don't go into the presence of ladies with your breath redolent with wine or spirits, or your beard rank with the odor of tobacco. Smokers should be careful to wash the moustache and beard after smoking.

Don't drink wine or spirits in the morning, or often at other times than at dinner. Don't frequent bar-rooms. Tippling is not only vulgar and disreputable, but injurious to health. ETIQUETTE.

(To be continued.)

MODERN PUBLICANS.

The licensed victuallers have experienced a great reverse of literary and social fortune, observes the London *World*, in an article entitled "Publicans and Pharisees." The landlord or landlady of an inn was in old days, and even in days not so very long past, a rather cherished and welcome figure in books and in life. From the landlord of the Tabard in Southwark, who conducted his guests on their Canterbury pilgrimage, to the landlord of the Marquis of Granby at Dorking, and the landlady of the Blue Dragon near Salisbury, mine host and hostess have been types of cheerful and cordial kindness. The Mermaid and the Apollo are scarcely associated more closely with the names of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson than are the Cock and its plump head-waiter with the name of Tennyson. Dr. Johnson's opinion is well known: "No, sir, there has nothing as yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern or inn." To Samuel, "a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity."

The palmy days of landlords and landladies have gone. Instead of deploring with Goldsmith the vanished sign-post as the most significant mark of the decay of the deserted village, or eulogising with Shenstone the kindly welcome of the inn, modern moralisers regard taverns as so many houses of call on the way to the workhouse, the gaol, and the lunatic asylum. Host has once more come to mean enemy. Licensed victuallers—brutally prosaic term, from which all hospitably convivial associations are banished—soon to be regarded as foes of the human race, the proper subjects of pillage and plunder. It is this feeling that has dictated the opposition of the temperance fanatics to the Licensing Clauses of the County Government Bill, in so far as they provide compensation for publicans whose licenses may be withdrawn on general grounds of policy, and without any imputation of blame upon themselves.

Cherchez la femme is obsolete as a maxim of detection. Whenever anything wrong has happened, the rule of morality and police seems to be, "Look for the licensed victualler." Drink is the great source of crime, poverty, and disease, say moralists; and no doubt it is one great source of them; though drunkenness and vice in many cases, perhaps, do not stand related as cause and effect, but are concurrent effects of one and the same cause—a depraved tendency to self-indulgence.

THE KISS IN HISTORY.

The communion of congenial souls by osculation is one of those ancient customs which never grow old. We recollect the reply of the "British Apollo" when asked who invented kissing:—"Ah, madam," said he to his fair interlocutor, "had you a lover you would not come to Apollo for a solution, since there is no dispute but the kisses of love give mutual satisfaction. As to its invention, it is certain that Nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship." There is an old Scandinavian tradition which would have people believe that Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, introduced the kiss into England, just as if the lads and lasses long before Rowena's time had not discovered it for themselves! There is an old rhyme which goes to show that lips were not unused for osculatory purposes at an early day. It says:—

But some reply "What fool would dance
If that when dance is done,
He may not have at lady's lips
That which in dance he woo'n?"

It almost makes one wish he lived during a certain period described by Hone in his queer old "Table Book," when in Ireland they had "kissing bees" on Easter Monday, on which occasion it was the duty of each female to receive "at least a dozen hearty kisses." This was what might be termed

promiscuous osculation, and it is probable that these coronaries were extensively patronised by "yo ancient maiden ladies" of the day.

There was a time when kissing the bride in church gave rise to some ridiculous scenes. As it was considered a high honor to kiss her first, there was a great rush after the ceremony, and the "fair damsel" was often carried out in a swoon. In the "Collier's Wedding" we are shown how—

Four rustic fellows wait the while
To kiss the bride at the church stile.

Time and again genius has been rewarded with kisses. The cheering pit which commissioned the voluptuous Duchesse de Villars to kiss Voltaire during a successful performance of "Merope" did not impose a severe task on the fair lady, nor was the kiss ungraciously received. The Duchesse of Devonshire offered to kiss all those who voted for her favorite Fox when he was in the hot contest for Westminster, and on a par with this enthusiastic action was that of Lady Gordon, who turned recruiting serjeant and offered as bounty a shilling to be taken from between cherry ripe lips by the mouth of the recruit. It is affirmed that many a Highlander was ready to rush into the ranks for a bounty of this kind.

One would suppose that kissing would obtain in Iceland, as the act is said to give warmth to the blood; but not so. A man who osculates an unmarried female against her will (note the *lino*, reader) renders himself liable, and even if he has obtained the lady's sanction her cruel guardian can demand legal reparation! A Finnish maiden—probably of Icelandic origin hearing of our time-honored custom of lip-service, declared that if her liege lord attempted such liberties with her he would find the door locked when he next came home "from the lodge."

Who does not remember the story of the jolly vicar who, when he had obtained the long-sought kiss, wanted another, and another, and when he had taken a score, would exclaim—

"Now to my twenty add a hundred more,
A thousand to that hundred; so kiss on
To make that thousand up a million;
Treble that million, and, when that's done,
Let's kiss afresh as when we first begun."

This might be termed "carrying the joke too far," but the vicar had probably gone back to the days of his boyhood, when kisses were to be had for the asking. We might proceed *ad infinitum* with this congenial subject, but as kisses upon paper are "but a hollow mockery," we decline. As "bluff King Hal" said to Anne Boleyn—

"Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you."

Let us believe that historical kissing has not been a farce.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Messrs C. Harrison & Co., of Cambridge, N. S., manufacturers of Excelsior Package Dyes, Ink Powders, Laundry Blueing, etc., have been established about four years, and altho' the enterprise is still in its infancy, they are doing a snug little business. It is the only one of its kind in the Lower Provinces, and is increasing rapidly and the proprietors anticipate a largely increased business in time to come, the outlook being very good. The Excelsior Dyes comprise every variety of shade and are adapted to all kinds of fabrics as well as hair, paper, bark work, etc. They can be procured from nearly all Druggists and Grocers, and for handiness and ease of manipulation greatly supersede the old fashioned methods of home dyeing. The inks produced are a great economy.

Christie Bros' & Co, of Amherst, manufacturers of collins, caskets, etc., report that their business has increased somewhat during the past six months and that they are extending their trade. They have to contend with strong competition from the Upper Province manufacturers and they also experience some difficulty in procuring a sufficient quantity of good lumber to carry on business. Twenty-five men are employed at present, but when the trade demands, their facilities are such that work could be furnished a largely increased force. The output for 1887 was about \$30,000. The firm have a fair sale for their carriage and truck wgon hubs and have greatly increased their facilities for manufacturing the same.

The packing of lobsters is making very slow progress in the provinces, and it is evident if the date limit by law is adhered to, there will be considerable deficiency. The packers are appealing to the authorities at Ottawa to extend the time, and they are in hopes of securing some concession that will enable them to fulfil their contracts.—*Trade Review*.

Berlin has supplanted Switzerland in the carved wood industry. Six hundred artists in wood carving, about the same number of turners and 700 carpenters are engaged in manufacturing such articles as cigar cases, newspaper and picture frames, napkin rings, etc. This is exclusive of the costly carved wood furniture, the manufacture and export of which are assuming large proportions.—*Id.*

A UNIVERSAL SOLVENT.—The English chemists now say that they have discovered in fluorine a universal solvent. It combines with all metals. In melting with sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium and aluminium, the metals becoming heated oven to redness by the fervor of its embrace. Iron filings, slightly warmed, burst into brilliant scintillations when exposed to it; manganese does the same. Even the noble metals, which at a melting heat proudly resist the fascinations of oxygen, succumb to this chemical siren at moderate temperatures. Glass is devoured at once, and water ceases to be water by contact with this gas, which, combining with its hydrogen, at the

same moment forms the acrid glass-dissolving hydrofluoric acid and liberates ozone.

PHENOMENAL WIRES.—William Riddell & Co., Glasgow, have finished for the Glasgow Exhibition two pieces of wire, one of brass, 65 miles long and 48 w. g. in diameter. The other is of copper, 111 miles long, 48 w. g. in diameter, and was reduced at one process from 22 w. g. to 48, taking forty hours' continuous running to run it off. Except in the precious metals, this length has probably never been exceeded, and certainly never without annealing.

A CELESTIAL FEAST.

The party numbered a novelist, a journalist and a poet, and two ladies, likewise literary folk more or less known to the world. The time was 6 o'clock on a rainy night, and the place was the Chinese quarter of New York, better known as the Bond, where Mott street debouches into Park row.

Picking their way among the pools and pitfalls of the narrow sidewalk, the party halted before an ancient tenement, somewhat more dilapidated than its neighbors, whose door post bore a legend in Chinese—if one could but have deciphered it—informing the hungry wayfarer that here he might eat and be filled.

The novelist, to whose experience in Chinese cookery the rest of the party humbly submitted themselves, led the way into the dusky interior, mounting one flight of stairs, he ushered his companions into a large, square, front room, uncarpeted, and furnished with a number of plain wooden tables and stools. Near a window in one corner of the room one of the tables was set forth with a number of curious dishes. Here the party seated themselves, and prepared for what was to follow.

Two clocks and a stove, together with the tables and stools, were the only strictly Occidental appurtenances which the room contained. In the left hand corner of the apartment stood a broad, short lounge or divan, piled high with pillows, and furnished with a tray containing a miscellaneous assortment of needles, jars, pipes and a lamp which was kept constantly burning. It was occupied at present by a large plump specimen of the Oriental, who lay at length lazily manipulating needle and pipe, and presently the faint, insipid odor of opium circled through the place.

In the opposite corner upon a number of shelves was arranged a marvelous array of crockery, calculated to set a keramomaniac wild. Wonderful tureens, decorated with interwisted dragons, snakes, dwarfed foliage and monstrous humanity; bowls of all shapes and sizes, jars, pots, saucers and utensils whose use would puzzle any but a Chinese, were displayed to the admiration of envious eyes. Below these again were metal utensils of multitudinous shapes, chafing dishes, fish shaped, to contain fish; plates, fowl shaped, to hold fowl, and many formed to contain the nondescript delights which so largely make up a Chinese meal.

Near at hand was the counter for what in English would be the cashier, with the counting frame, ink pot and brush and account books. Over this presided a fat, jovial looking Celestial, who had evidently thriven upon entertainment of his own house. Back of the main apartment the kitchen displayed to view a perplexing maze of articles, wholly nameless to a western understanding, the whole pervaded by a mouth watering perfume and a suggestive sound of frying and frizzling.

Before each of the party was set a cup of delightful tea—many times replenished during the meal—chop sticks, and, as a concession to English ignorance, a very small plate and a fork.

The first dish brought on was the famous Nut-chi-ki. In cold words, it is a preparation of fowl, pork, Chinese mushrooms and a nut somewhat similar to a chestnut. In absolute fact, it is the original ambrosia—the true food of the gods, in whose luscious sauce Jove's beard was daily dipped. Its taste and flavor are simply indescribable—English has no synonym for it, adjectives are feeble and insulting. One of the ladies observed, in passing her saucer for a second help, that it was "heavenly." The novelist, to whom the observation was addressed, had no audible reply to make. With his mouth full he could do nothing but reply fervently with his eyes. The poet devoured in silence; he had found something for which there is no rhyme.

Following this came Foy-yung-darn—an omelet—of which it may be said that no Occidental chef d'œuvre could ever compare with this Oriental work of art in eggs. The Chinese chef had no rival except in his own country. Then came Chow-chop-suy, another mysterious mixture, after eating of which the poet expressed his opinion that nature had done him wrong in not giving him two stomachs. Marvelous comestibles now followed each other in rapid succession, and the diners were reduced to a condition of silent contentment.

It seemed at the point where the menu begins to taper for this to be read from left to right, as if even Chinese ingenuity must have exhausted itself, but there was a knowing twinkle in the eye of the novelist, and his deluded and overfull companions began to suspect that he had prudently reserved a nook for some culinary wonder yet to come. Heralded by birds' nest soup—the king of all soups—it came in the shape of Chow-gow-men, the apex and pinnacle of all things eatable in this world or the next. It is simply a species of macaroni, so prepared as to leave a part soft while a part is cooked crisp. Tasting it gingerly, the party uttered simultaneous cries of delight, and made a combined attack upon the dish, which disappeared with startling rapidity.

The bill of fare is not the work of an inky spider, as it seems, but the passport to delights such as Lucullus never knew, even when he dined with himself. Let any one who wishes to know how to dine hand it to a Chinese restaurateur.—*New York World*.

COMMERCIAL.

The state of general trade has remained unchanged. Transactions in all lines have been small as compared with earlier weeks, as is customary and expected in the current month and in that next following.

The crops are now growing satisfactorily, and fully average returns in every line are expected with every probability of realization.

The cause which led the Government to change its intention of reducing the rate on Savings banks' deposits from 4 per cent to 3½ per cent is one of the mysteries of finance, as the Government must be a heavy loser through continuing to pay 4 per cent. It was expected that about ten million dollars would be withdrawn from the Governments' Savings banks, through the reduction of the deposit rate to 3½ per cent, and means were actually provided for this anticipated withdrawal of deposits, by the loan which the Government negotiated in England for about £4,000,000 sterling. It has already made drafts upon this loan for about \$5,000,000, which has been reloaned to certain banks in Montreal at 1½ per cent, the bulk of which has been re-invested in New York at 1½ per cent, showing that the banks make only ½ of one per cent profit. It is true the market there is benefited by the funds being employed in New York, causing a large amount of capital to be taken off that market. The \$14,000,000 that was left in London cannot be earning 1 per cent in England, so that the Government loses on its 3½ per cent borrowed capital. Bank directors appear to have become very dissatisfied at having so much money idle in their vaults, and have advised the management to push it out. Consequently, the banks take greater risks in lending than formerly. Collateral is therefore taken now that a year ago would not have been looked at. This means an accumulation of bad debts and losses in the future.

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

	Week		Weeks corresponding to				Failures for the year to date.			
	July 6	Prev. week	1887	1886	1885	1888	1887	1886	1885	
United States..	149	204	141	163	112	5,401	5,243	5,588	6,637	
Canada.....	10	25	21	12	19	924	658	564	700	

The following are the assignments and business changes in the Province during the past week:—Theakston, Augwin & Co., hardware, asking extension; Godfrey Bros., grocers, Yarmouth, dissolved, Parker Eskins & Co., retiring, A. M. Shaw admitted; Chas. A. Church, trader, Cheater, sold out to H. A. Church; H. A. Murphy, general store, Middle Musquodoboit, sold out to A. J. Reid.

Dry Goods.—A fair amount of sorting-up orders have been received direct from the customers. Though most of these orders are for smaller parcels than formerly, they come oftener and foot up an average total. The trade is evidently in a transition stage. Travellers report that country dealers are not ordering fall goods as freely as in former years, being apparently inclined to wait until their future requirements are pretty well known, in order to carry small stocks, and then to take the smallest possible chances on the future. Communication—both city and country—is constantly becoming more rapid and certain, and is being more and more availed of by merchants. A country dealer can, by cabling, order English, German, or French goods through Halifax, Montreal, or other houses in commercial centres, and have them out here and delivered in about 16 to 20 days. Whether this will gradually do away with the old system of large wholesale importing houses of dry goods, and confining the order business to agencies, who will only require to keep samples of what they have to offer, the future alone can disclose. It certainly appears as if trade was troubling that way. While some houses complain that remittances are slow and not up to their expectations, others seem to be satisfied. On the whole, it appears that payments are as fairly good as could be hoped-for at this season.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The week has been quiet, with transactions small, and prices unchanged. Although business in Scotch pig iron cannot be called active, a little is doing in the leading brands. A new brand of Scotch pig has been offered on the Montreal market, and seems to meet with considerable favor for its grade, which, we understand, is a medium between Calder, Summerlee, and Gartshonic, on the one side, and Eglinton, Dalwillington, on the other. The new brand is called the Ayrsope. Tin, copper, and other metals are quiet, and a general dullness may be said to pervade the metal trades.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local trade during the week has been merely nominal. The call has been almost entirely restricted to local consumption. Beerbohm's cable reads:—"Cargoes off coast—wheat, demand fair with prices a shade higher; corn—nothing offering. Cargoes on passage and for shipment—wheat firm, probably dearer; corn rather easier. California wheat promptly to be shipped 33s. Liverpool, spot wheat firm. Corn a turn dearer; mixed maize 4s. 8½d.; California peas 5s. 11d. English country markets generally dearer. Heavy rains have prevailed throughout the United Kingdom—especially in England. French country markets are firm. Wheat in Paris is a turn dearer and corn is firm." Latest Liverpool quotations are:—California wheat firm at 6s. 7½d. July, 6s. 8½d. August, 6s. 9d. September, 6s. 9½d. October, 6s. 10½d. December, mixed American maize firm at 4s. 7½d. July and August, 4s. 8½d. October. Antwerp spot wheat a turn dearer." The Chicago grain market has been active and very strong and a sharp advance in prices has taken place. Wheat advanced 1c. to 2½c. to 82½c. July and August, 82½c. September. Corn moving up ½c. to 47½c. July, 49½c. August, 50½c. September. Oats were stronger in sympathy with wheat and corn and improved ½c. to 3½c. to 31½c. July, 26c. August, 25½c. September. The grain markets of New York, Detroit, Toledo and Milwaukee were all strong and prices have moved up all along the line and are firm under the advance gained. Late advices from Melbourne state that the crop prospects of Victoria are bad, owing to prolonged dry weather, which had prevented ploughing, and will make seed sowing late throughout the colony. All that can be said at present is that conditions are unfavorable to grain crops. The coming

wheat crop of southern Russia is said to be two weeks earlier than usual. At St. Petersburg, June 18, the grain trade was dull, and sellers of wheat were coming down in their prices.

PROVISIONS.—Business has been fairly active in this line and a good trade was done during the week. There has been a fair enquiry for hams and bacon at steady prices and lard has moved rather freely.

BUTTER.—A fair local trade was done in butter under a good demand. A number of small lots were sold and a better feeling has prevailed in the market. Prices have been firmer though not quotably higher.

CHEESE.—The local market is very quiet and dull. A Liverpool, G. B.; report says:—"A few choice old colored well kept Canadians are still to be found where buyers are willing to pay 51s. to 51s. 6d., there being no necessity to accept less for satisfactory quality."

SUGAR.—An improved business is mentioned in refined sugars and the price of granulated has slightly advanced for large wholesale lots.

MOLASSES.—It is hard to understand the mystery that appears to attend the molasses market this year. Buyers order only for immediate requirements. It is pointed out that although it is claimed that Barbadoes molasses cannot be bought at present prices at the Islands, it by no means proves that there is none there.

TEA AND COFFEE.—The tea market has been steady, but only moderately active, and country orders have been fair. Coffee has remained quiet, with practically nothing doing.

FISH.—No real change has transpired in the condition of the fish market during the past week. The catch all along the coasts—both East and West—continues to be unusually small. The arrivals of dry fish have been about a fair average, but still an improvement over those of previous weeks.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

Our Price Lists are corrected for us each week by reliable merchants, and can therefore be depended upon as accurate up to the time of going to press

GROCERIES.

Table listing various grocery items such as Sugars (Cut Leaf, Granulated, Circle A), Tea (Congou, Fair, Good, Choice), Molasses (Barbadoes, Demerara, Diamond N.), and Biscuits (Pilot Bread, Boston and Thin Family).

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. Quotations below are our to-day's wholesale prices for car lots net cash. Jobbers' and Retailers' prices about 5 to 10 cents per bbl. higher than car lots.

Table listing various flour and produce items such as Flour (Graham, Patent high grades), Corn Meal, Bran, Pot Barley, and various types of Beans and Peas.

The above quotations are carefully prepared by a reliable Wholesale House, and can be depended upon as correct.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various meat and provision items such as Beef (Am. Ex. Mess, Am. Plate), Pork (Mess, American), Lard (Tubs and Pails), and Hams (P. E. I., green).

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

Table listing various fish items such as Mackerel (Extra, No. 1, 2, 3), Herring (No. 1 Shore, No. 1 August, September), Salmon (No. 1), Haddock (No. 1), Hake, Cusk, Pollock, Hake Sounds, and Cod Oil A.

The above are prepared by a reliable firm of West India Merchants.

LOBSTERS.

Table listing lobster items such as Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing), Tall Cans, Flat, and Newfoundland Flat Cans.

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

LUMBER.

Table listing various lumber items such as Pine (clear, No. 1, Merchantable), Spruce (dimension, good, Merchantable), Hemlock (merchantable), Shingle (No. 1, No. 2, spruce), and L. J. (per m), Yard wood, Soft wood.

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Table listing various butter and cheese items such as Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints, Good in Small Tubs, Store Packed & oversalted, Canadian Township, Western, and Cheese, Canadian.

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer in Butter and Cheese.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Table listing various wool and hide items such as Wool (clean washed, unwashed), Salted Hides, Ox Hides, Cow Hides, No 3 Hides, Calf Skins, Deacons, Lambskins, and Tallow.

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Table listing various fruit items such as Apples (No. 1, new per bbl), Oranges (per bbl, Jamaica), Lemons (per case), Cocoanuts (per 100), Onions (Egyptian, new, per lb), Dates (boxes, new), Raisins (Valencia), Figs (Elem, 5 lb boxes per lb), small boxes, Apples, Stewing, boxes and bags, Bananas (per bunch), and Pine Apples (per doz).

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

POULTRY.

Table listing various poultry items such as Turkeys (per pound), Geese (each), Ducks (per pair), and Chickens.

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Table listing various live stock items such as Steers (best quality, per 100 lbs. alive), Oxen, Fat Steer, Heifers (light weights), Wethers (best quality, per 100 lbs), and Lambs.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer

PATIENCE.

BY RACHEL E. CHALLICE.

(Continued.)

The trusty bailiff, seeing that his master was becoming more and more absent-minded, sent for Harold from London.

It was a sad home-coming for the young student. The Squire moody in his despair, and the house desolate from the absence of the brother, whose name was never mentioned. So, not liking to leave the old man alone, Harold bravely determined to renounce his painting career, and remain as companion to his father in the farming. The Squire was not naturally selfish, but understanding nothing about art, it never occurred to him what a sacrifice his son was making in giving it up. In fact, if any one had asked him, he would have said that no doubt the lad preferred the fresh air and hillsides of the sweet country, to the fog and streets of smoky London. Often when Harold was dense and stupid in some farm matters, a sigh would escape the old man, as he thought of the bright ways and ready help of the absent son. But he never breathed a word of regret, for Davison having left the village at the same time as Charles, the Squire had no doubt but that both the young men were spending the spoils of the cash-box together.

From this slight summary of earlier events, we can understand the drift of the thoughts of Harold, as he sat in his attic studio, after the interview with his father that morning. If it were only possible that this chance of painting a picture might prove a success! How bright and different would his lonely life become if he dared to pursue his art and win his love!

Here the meditations of the young man were interrupted by the Squire calling him to other occupations and interests.

Harold was touched to see how pleased his father seemed at the compact made that morning. Never thinking for an instant that his son's effort in painting might prove a success, the Squire was delighted at that part of the agreement which related to his promise to learn farming.

The old man was nervously anxious that his son should see the best side of everything, so as not to be disappointed with his decision. The young fellow found it difficult to attend to the manifold merits of the soils and pastures, as he pondered in his mind the effects he longed to obtain in the picture of his imagination. However, he successfully strove to put his painting ideas out of his head as they approached Bloxom, the oldest and most trustworthy bailiff on the estate.

The young man was pleased to see something of the old smile light upon his father's face, as he said. "My son is going to learn farming from you, my man, so mind you look after him well. He has been merely dabbling in it till now."

"Ay ay, sir," returned the bailiff "we want a young head about the place."

"But I am afraid you will find mine a very thick one," said Harold with one of his bright, genial smiles, "for I hardly know a potato from a carrot top."

"All right, young gentleman," replied Bloxom, "it will all come in time, only Patience, that's all, only Patience." Harold started, and glanced eagerly at his father, as the word so precious to him was sounded in his ears.

But the old gentleman had certainly not associated the vicar's daughter with the little homily of the bailiff, for he said in his quiet measured tones: "Yes, Bloxom, that is what I always say. Farming like our's cannot be learnt in the go-a-head fashion of the present day. It is a real putting the hand to the plough that does it, and no looking back."

"Ay ay, sir, that be it," was the honest man's hearty reply, as he cast an affectionate look at a rick which was being thatched.

CHAPTER II.

From that day, Harold's time was more than fully occupied. The rising sun found him giving his whole mind to learning farming. True to his compact with his father, he devoted the morning to mastering the value of wool, the time of the sowing of seed, and the proper price to give for cattle. But each day the business became more uncongenial to him. With what a sigh of relief did he turn to his painting, when mid-day had passed. Hardly waiting to take the luncheon which old Bridget prepared for him, he started off with a step firm and swift, and a face bright and hopeful, as his thoughts fled to the prosecution of his picture. The work was made still more attractive by the fact of the beautiful girl consenting to be the model for it. The young man had taken the vicar's wife into his confidence, and explained how he hoped to gain his father's consent to a painting career, by producing a successful picture. The old lady, interested in the young man's ardour and enthusiasm, could not refuse his earnest request that her daughter Patience should sit for him. The plan was a solemn secret between Harold, the young girl, and the mother. Not even the vicar was to know, least perchance he might reveal it in his chats to the old Squire.

Very sweet and pleasant to Harold were the afternoons spent in the oak-panelled parlour of the rose-covered vicarage. The old lady knitted quietly, as she listened to the young man's accounts of his London life. Patience found the time passing quickly as she felt increasing pleasure in the bright descriptive conversation of the artist, which was only interrupted by his having to coax his dog Pat to keep his paw placed on her white dress. Then when the rays of the setting sun falling on his model's head warned Harold that time was up; he sometimes turned the picture to Patience with a despairing sigh at feeling so unable to make it beautiful enough. But the blood mounting to her cheeks, as the speaking loveliness of the face made

her think she had been flattered, she turned away without giving a word of encouragement to the artist.

Thus the glorious autumn days passed away, and with many hopes and last wistful glances, the picture was sent off to London for admission at the forthcoming Exhibition of the Society of British Artists.

The following weeks were fraught with suspense and anxiety to Harold and his sympathising friends.

With the increasing dreariness of the country, farming became more and more distasteful to the young man.

One morning, at the end of November, he found a letter, already opened lying by his plate on the breakfast table.

Harold, forgetting that the similarity of initials might well excuse his father for making the mistake of opening it, felt very angry and annoyed more especially when he found it was a polite refusal of his picture.

Mortification and disappointment having destroyed any appetite the poor fellow might have had for breakfast, he hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and went out to his work of seeing to the ploughing of some fields.

At dinner that evening, Harold was unusually moody and silent, and his father having looked at him once or twice with curiosity, filled his wineglass with some '34 port, and opened the conversation by saying:—

"So I see you have been sending some balderdash to a London Exhibition which does not seem to see the value of it. Well, I'm not sorry for it, for from what I know about such things, it seems it takes money without bringing it. Why you know we can trace our family right back to the time of the Conqueror, but never an artist in the pedigree. We are what is called a true yeoman folk, and now you're all I've left, we mustn't desert our old farming, so stick to it, my boy, stick to it, and I'll make it worth your while."

Poor Harold, who by assiduous attention to the paring of an apple, was trying to curb his irritation, now looked across the shining mahogany table, to where the old Squire sat, and said in a dull bitter tone, "Yes sir, I think you are about right, nothing either beautiful or artistic will have anything to do with this family. I ought to have known better and just settled down to grind, grind."

"Tut, tut," said the old gentleman, "you are getting on very well. Those lambs, they say, have as good a chance for the next cattle show as ever any had. Just patience, my boy, patience."

"Don't speak to me of Patience," said the young man, moving from the table to the fireplace and angrily kicking, with the heel of his boot, a log of wood which lay mouldering in the grate. "I can't stand that, if you want to make me angry, just keep saying that word."

"Hoity toity!" repeated the old man raising his eyes in astonishment at his son's vehemence. Then, recollecting a previous similar outbreak of Harold's when the word Patience had been mentioned, he said kindly but firmly, "you heard my reason, this is just a fancy of your's, which comes from knowing so little of the world. You must see that neither Patience Dacre's father nor I could think of such a thing as a marriage between you. With no money on her side, and you just at the commencement of farming, it would be simple madness. No, look to your lambs, and put all that nonsense out of your head." Harold stood silently, as if absorbed in counting the sparks flying upwards from the burning wood. Then pulling himself together with an effort, he said: "All right dad, that Patience I was thinking of was all a dream. I will just try and get some of the other sort you are so anxious about." Then adding with a little bitter laugh, "I shall not want any afternoons any more now, governor," the young man left the room to fight out his disappointment in the solitude of his "studio."

With the return of the packing case containing his picture, a dull dreary winter commenced.

In his disappointed state of mind, the young man mistook the sympathy of Patience and her mother about the rejection of his picture, as mere pity and partial scorn for his want of success. So as he knew in his own heart that he had staked and lost on this effort all his chances of winning the girl, he kept away from the vicarage and nursed in solitude his wounded pride and feelings.

The Hall during the winter seemed duller than ever, as since the disappearance of the elder son, the Squire declined having any visitors to the house.

These dreary months were very empty to Patience. With the absence of her artist friend, she began to realize how much of her life he had filled. His conversation had led her to read books of which previously she had barely known the names, the sight of his painting had induced her to cultivate her taste for drawing, which before had been hidden. She still read, and she still drew, but books lose half their interest, if you cannot talk them over with the one who recommended them, and drawing becomes dreary if you have no one to show you where you have failed in obtaining the requisite effect.

The Vicar's wife also discovered the sad expression on the hitherto happy face of Patience. When sometimes the sound of distant horse's hoofs was heard, the tender lady looked pitifully at the bright eager expression which would overspread the young girl's countenance, as she thought it might announce the coming of the hoped-for visitor. And when the retreating steps told the disappointment of her daughter's expectation, the mother could scarcely repress a sigh, as she saw the girl's face bend over her work again with that expression of pathetic patience which often comes with hope deferred.

All these early winter days Harold was unremitting in his attention to the lambs, which he intended should take their place at the large London cattle show.

The more mortified he felt at the non-success of his painting, the more he tried, with the dogged determination peculiar to the family, to prove that he was not quite so ignorant of farming as his father thought.

Before daylight, the young man with a lantern in his hand, groped his way through the grounds, and along the road to the place where the lambs were kept. There his quick artistic taste, and firm light touch in preparing the coats of his charges, astonished the old shepherd, who looked on with interest. "Why sir," he said, "they telled me as you could na' handle naught but a paint brush on a picture, and here, I never saw your father himself handle a pair of shears like that. We shall be proud of ye yet, that we shall."

As for the old squire, he was so pleased that his son should be taking more interest in some branch of the farming, that he was warm in his encouragement. And when he found that the pens were really bespoken for the show, and the shepherd quite excited at the idea of taking the lambs all the way to London, a twinkle lighted up his keen blue eyes, and he rubbed his hands, saying to himself: "Why who'd have thought it of Harold? he flies high he does. Now if it had been Charles I should not have been so surprised, because he always took to the farming."

Here recollections crowding the old man's memory, he sat quiet for a long time, whilst the frequent use of his large colored silk pocket-handkerchief showed that his thoughts were anything but happy. Much as he loved his second son, he could never get over the fall of all the fond hopes centred on the eldest. Only seemed yesterday that the little curly-headed rascal was toddling about at his knee, loud in his rapture at calf or colt, and in his prattling way telling his father what a great farmer he would grow up to be. Whilst with Harold it had been different, if he only had a piece of paper or a pencil, he was quite happy trying even as a child to sketch some curly-tailed pig or round-eyed calf.

CHAPTER III.

With the departure of the lambs for London, there came a fresh period of suspense and solitude for Harold.

Doing nothing but tramp about the farms all day, and add up accounts with his father all the evening, he was just beginning to feel life insufferably dull, when the monotony was cheered by the intelligence that the lambs had won the first prize at the Agricultural Show in London. "Shake hands, my boy," said the old Squire trembling with excitement, "you have indeed lived for something. Here I have been these many years gaining silver cups from all the neighbouring shows, and right proud I have been of them," and the old man cast a longing look at the bright array of silver goblets on the sideboard. "But never has a Newton aspired to winning anything in London, that's quite out of my beat. Its nigh upon thirty years since I was up in town, but bless me if I don't run up and have a look at those young upstarts."

When Harold saw that his father's lips were smiling and his eyes shining as had not seen them since the loss of Charles, he felt that glow of pleasure in his heart which comes sooner or later to all those, who in any way try to do something for the sake of others.

Harold indeed won some fruit of the great sacrifice of his London life. Here was some sunshine of success after the heavy dew of depression.

Cheered with the good news about the lambs, Harold at last made his way to the vicarage. There he was most kindly received, but he noticed that Patience was paler and thinner than during those happy days of last autumn.

Both the mother and daughter were delighted to hear of the young man's success, and the elder lady looking kindly at the young man said in her sweet gentle voice:

"You have not told us what has become of our old friend the picture; have you buried it?"

"Yes," said Harold gloomily, "as far as I am concerned, I have buried it in the past with all my hopes."

"Why you are taking a gloomy view of things," returned Mrs. Dacres, and I think it is very unkind to us to put away the picture like that, just because it was unsuccessful. A friend of our's, an artist, is coming to Arundel to-morrow for the sake of his painting. He and you would get on very well together; so, as he will be here to dinner next Saturday, why don't you come too? Bring the picture in the trap, and perhaps he will be able to give you some advice about it."

Harold looked doubtful, but his eyes falling upon the face of Patience turned expectantly towards him, he said, "you are very kind, Mrs. Dacres, I will get my father to spare me that evening, but you know being so much alone has made me a perfect bear. "Well we shall have quite a Zoological Garden," was the laughing reply, "for this artist is named Lyon." So with cheerful good-byes Harold left the vicarage with the promise to come to dinner.

However, the young man had not gone far along the lane, when his pleasant thoughts were exchanged for anxious and jealous ones about the coming visitor. Harold made up his mind that this artist fellow would wish to paint Patience. No doubt he was young, rich and handsome, and falling in love with her, would marry her in no time.

Even the beauty of the early spring brought no pleasure to the poor fellow now. It only seemed to taunt him with thoughts of his imaginary rival, who was coming to paint its lovely effects.

The soft brownish purple look of the undulating woodland ready to burst into leaf, the beautiful coloring of the sky, and the emerald green of the pasture land were all sources of irritation to him, as he thought how the painter would delight on them.

By the time the following Saturday had arrived, Harold had worked himself up into a state of jealous dislike towards the artist visitor at the vicarage.

(To be continued.)

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It was a morning in "balmy" June, but no one would have believed it from the weather, as it was pouring rain and chilly enough for early May. Not a cheering day to start on a journey, but as the first stage was by rail to Mulgrave there was no discomfort to be anticipated, and the prospects were good for fine weather in the future. Once under way and seated in the comfortable smoker of the St. John Express with a jolly company of commercial travellers the weather was soon forgotten. By the time the morning papers had been perused and the stock of *Chestnuts* had been exhausted, Truro was reached, and we were soon off for New Glasgow, leaving our attentive Conductor Duncan to continue on his way to Amherst. The rain still poured down and the mist on the car windows shut out the view, so that the passengers had no resource but books, and the train boy did a thriving business in gaudily covered novels with startling titles. In front of me sat Father Chiniquy, and unobserved by him I had the best of opportunities of studying his outward man. People naturally differ in their opinion of this ex-priest, but no one can honestly doubt his sincerity and benevolence. He is, however "not pleasant to look upon" in abandoning Romanism he had evidently eschewed one teaching of the church and that is cleanliness. The wearing apparel had a decidedly snuffy appearance and the sleeves of his under-shirt, which came even over his hands, would have been improved by a liberal application of soap and water. He was rehearsing to an open-mouthed admirer his persecutions and his triumphs, which was rendered somewhat incoherent by his broken English. I knew that on the train there was a charming young lady on her way home to Cape Breton, but thinking that she was under loving escort, on the wise principle that "two is company and three is a crowd," I did not intrude. It was only as we neared Antigonish that I found she was quite alone and that I had missed a never to be forgotten opportunity of passing my time in her most pleasant company. The sun struggled out as we approached Hopewell and gave us a fine view of the pretty town. It is quite a manufacturing centre, and not far from the station are the Hopewell Woollen Mills, so celebrated for their tweeds and homespuns. At New Glasgow we had a comfortable dinner at the Vendome and met a gentleman who was to have been our travelling companion, but who was prevented from doing more than accompanying us some thirty miles on our way, where he caught the return train to New Glasgow. Doctor Murphy, who is now practicing at New Glasgow, was also met looking prosperous and happy. It was my first visit to New Glasgow, and I trust it may not be my last, as the impression derived from merely passing through it was most favorable. I had a glimpse of the steel and glass works and of some of the quiet streets lined with handsome private residences, but only saw enough to desire to see more. From New Glasgow to Antigonish the road runs through a fine farming country, and the scenery, especially at Merigomish, French River, and Barney's River, is quite picturesque. The hills rise to a considerable height and the rivers, valleys and arms of the sea give a charming variety to the route. At Antigonish the large dwelling and farm buildings of Mr. Gregory perched on a bluff to the west of the station, are striking objects, while the sombre walls of the large and, from the distance, ugly looking cathedral, rise from amongst the neatly printed buildings of the town and seem to frown them down. From Antigonish to Tracadie the scenery is decidedly tame and monotonous, and does not improve materially until Cape Porcupine, like the immense prow of a ship, stands out in bold relief. The inhabitants along the way are largely French, and near Harbor au Bouche, a decidedly French scene was witnessed. In front of a rotten delapidated farm house stood an old Frenchman dressed in shirt and homespun trousers with a broad brimmed straw hat on his head. Behind him was his wife, a tall angular woman also scantily dressed in homespun, with a youngster close beside her. The old man held a flag in his hand which he waved frantically as the train passed, while the woman and the boy gesticulated wildly. The train whistled and the throb made a low bow, the old man removing his hat in the most polite manner. On the return trip the same performance was repeated, and I was then informed by the train hands that not a train passed the house that is not saluted in a similar way. The engineers, drivers and train hands enter into the fun, and the old man's heart is always delighted by a shrill whistle from the locomotive. Who but a Frenchman could enjoy such childishness? At 3:30 p. m., we reached Mulgrave, and went aboard the government steamer Norwegian, which after a few moments delay got underway and soon landed us at Port Hastings. It was cold and raining, and on the passage of the straits we sought shelter in the cabin of the steamer, which we found disgracefully dirty—surely the government can afford to give decent ferry accommodation at Canso!

Mr. Archibald, the manager of a large number of stage routes in Cape Breton agreed to hire us his private conveyance, a most comfortable covered carriage, so, although it was still raining, we determined to push on to our destination—Marble Mountain—distant some 25 miles. We first had tea at the Caledonia Hotel and then started on our drive.

My companion was a native of West Bay, where he had numerous relatives. When only a child his parents had removed to Hants County, and he had not revisited his native place until a grown man, and after he had almost forgotten his Gaelic tongue. A pushing business man of Halifax, he had a few years previously, in connection with his partner, secured all the lime stone at West Bay, originally leased to Michael Brown, and the two, in connection with Mr. George Hattie of New Glasgow, had further purchased all the rights to the marble in Marble Mountain, also formerly owned by Mr. Brown, who is now deceased. My mission was to have a look at those quarries, and I could not have had a more pleasant or valuable companion, as his wife

MINING.—Continued.

relationship gave me glimpses of home life in Cape Breton that would hardly have been open to an ordinary tourist.

The roads had been badly cut up by heavy teams hauling girders for the iron bridges and supplies for the men working on the new railroad, the rain poured ceaselessly down, but protected by the covering of the buggy and the rubber apron in front, and enlivening the way by pleasant chat and soothing smoke, we bowled comfortably along through a rather monotonous country until shortly before dark we arrived at a comfortable farm house, the home of an uncle of my companion, where we decided to spend the night. We drove to the barn without seeing a soul; put up the horse and wore just starting for the house when the uncle drove up. It was a pleasant meeting between uncle and nephew and I was also most cordially welcomed. The aunt was ailing, but on going to the house she at once prepared supper, in spite of our protest that we had eaten, and treated us with a hospitality that was charming. I had never heard Gaelic spoken before, and must confess to having fallen in love with the language at once. I imagined it harsh, but as used in conversation by our host it was soft and liquid and almost musical. The Gaelic grace was solemn and sonorous, and I was charmed with the simple piety of our entertainers. There was here no mere lip service, but a true religion that beautified the cosy home and would have disarmed the most persistent mocker.

After tea, bibles were handed round, and after family devotions, the aunt retired, leaving us to chat and smoke until bed time. Sturdy sons and handsome daughters had gone out from this island home and had carried into the world with them the honesty and perseverance taught, and as a result all were prosperous. One son was in Alaska, and another in the West. A daughter whose portrait showed a handsome intelligent looking woman had married in Maine, and letters and papers just received gave pleasing accounts of the graduation with honors of a grand-daughter. The thriftiness, the love of learning, the piety of the Scottish character, were here well exemplified, and I for the first time realized the reason that both individually and as a nation they are respected.

ADIOS AMIGO.

(To be Continued.)

The following are the official returns for the month of June, so far as received at the Mines Office:

District.	Mill	Tons Crushed.	oz. Gold.
Sherbrooke.....	Miners.....	200.....	41
Salmon River.....	Dufferin G. M. Co's	850.....	220
Waverley.....	McClure	118.....	47
".....	Wallace.....	65.....	10½
Lake Catcha.....	Oxford G. M. Co.....	144.....	220
".....	" (Anderson) 33		23
Whiteburn.....	Whiteburn G M. Co... ..	64.....	112
Fifteen Mile Stream.	Egerton G. M. Co	220.....	102

The "Crows Nest" mine, owned by Messrs Forayth, Hayward, et. al., in Guysborough County, has, we understand, been sold to English parties.

VOLATILE GOLD.—It has long been known that gold is to some extent volatile at high temperature; but it is evidently far more volatile than has hitherto been believed. Mr. Crookes mentioned incidents at the last meeting of the English Chemical Society that he has found gold to boil violently when heated in the oxhydrogen flame, and, in fact to be so volatile that there would seem to be no doubt that it might be distilled in an apparatus similar to that employed by Stas in distilling silver.

Vancouver, in British Columbia, being the Pacific terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, promises to become a most important centre of mineral production. A bonus of \$25,000 has been paid by the city to a company that has undertaken to build smelting works at that point; works that may naturally be expected to command an abundant supply of the requisite ore from mining properties whose products at present are being shipped either to Omaha or to San Francisco at a cost of at least \$20 per ton, but which can now be laid down at Vancouver by the Canada Pacific at a freight cost of only \$4 per ton—so low a rate of transportation that it must have the effect of developing other mines. In fact, though the Canada Pacific was only completed to Vancouver so that a through train could reach there from the Atlantic, on the 23rd May, 1887, since then no less than thirty-eight mining claims have been recorded in the Cariboo district, with 507 at Illicillewaqt, 60 at Donald and a number elsewhere in that quarter. It is to be remembered that British Columbia has produced more than \$60,000,000 in placer gold in the past.

Hempstead County, Arkansas, claims to have recently discovered within her borders a rich coal mine, and also natural gas and coal oil in paying quantities.

NATURAL SMELTER.—On the North Saskatchewan river in the Northwest Territory of Canada, about 80 miles above the town of Edmonton, Alberta, there is an interesting example of naturally reduced iron. Along the river bank a lignite formation crops out for several miles, overlaid by clay shales and soft argillaceous sandstones containing nodules of clay ironstone. These nodules are similar to others found at Edmonton, and proved by analysis to be carbonate of iron, containing 34.98 per cent of metallic iron. The Saskatchewan seams of lignite has at some time been burnt, leaving a bed of ashes, clinkers and burnt clay, in places 20 feet thick, and now covered by a dense growth of grass and underwood. From this mass of burnt clay pieces of metallic iron can be picked out weighing in some cases 15 or 20 pounds.

* * * * *

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* Sang Addison. But hadn't you, for a few years at least, rather look at the firmament from the under-side.

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You are out of sorts, a splendid feeling and appetite one day, while the next day life is a burden. If you drift on in this way you are liable to become Insane. Why? Because poisoned blood on the nerve centers wherein the mental faculties are located paralyzes them and the victim becomes non responsible.

There are thousands of people to-day in insane asylums and graves, put there by **Kidney Poisoned Blood.**

Insanity, according to statistics, is increasing faster than any other disease. Is your eyesight failing? Your memory becoming impaired? An all-gone feeling on slight exertion upon you? If so, and **YOU** know whether this is so or not, do not neglect your case until reason totters and you are an imbecile, but to-day while you have reason, use your good sense and judgment by purchasing **WARNER'S SAFE CURE** and **WARNER'S SAFE PILLS**; medicines warranted to do as represented, and which will cure you.

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HOME AND FARM.

A writer in the *Kentville New Star*, of 35 years experience as an Onion cultivator, says he has not been able to discover any change in those fundamental principles which are indispensable to its growth and perfect maturity. It requires a fine firm texture of soil, drainage and rainfall (or irrigation) at suitable intervals, and if the soil has been exhausted of its fertility by repeated croppings it will refuse to yield a harvest.

In the matter of rotation, we have increasing evidence that with proper tillage and fertilization, onions may be grown upon the same field for a long term of years with reasonable prospect of success. But methods and systems have changed. It was formerly said that the man skilled with the hand hoe who would start early and work hard and long, would be sure to succeed with his crop. While the hard work has not been eliminated, something more is required now. New and improved implements have been introduced whereby labor has been very much abridged.

Chemical fertilizers are more generally used. The demands of the market are constantly changing and there is competition on every side. The successful onion grower of the present time must be not only a willing worker skilled in the use of improved implements, but he must be a well-read, careful observer and able to direct every operation with a well educated judgment.

The soil upon which our onion crop has been grown is alluvial, heavy loam, but easily cultivated, nearly level and free from stones. The recent practice has been to plough in autumn, applying a half-dressing of farm yard manure, to be supplemented with the chemical fertilizers the ensuing season. In early spring we apply to each acre 200 pounds of high grade sulphate of potash, an equal amount of plain superphosphate and 100 pounds sulphate of ammonia, harrow, drag and rake until the ground is very fine, firm and free from all rubbish that would obstruct the seed sower or push hoe. We sow four pounds per acre of yellow Globe Danvers onion seed in drills fifteen inches apart. The demands of the market must, however, regulate to some extent the variety and amount of seed used. The after culture consists in keeping the crop free from weeds and thorough but shallow cultivation, oft repeated, until the crop is nearly grown. We usually apply one hundred pounds nitrate of soda broadcast early in July, and, if the crop seems to require it, repeat the dressing after an interval of a week or ten days.

During the last half of September the crop is ready to harvest, when we pull the onions and allow them to remain on the ground to dry, four or five days before and perhaps as long after removing the tops. Then, if the weather has been favorable, they are in fine condition to store or send to market. We invariably prefer the latter, because it gives more time to attend to other farm work, which always crowds at that season of the year, and also saves cost of storage and re-sorting, though others prefer another course.

The *Cultivator and Country Gentleman* gives the following practical directions for saving manure:—Good farmers generally understand well the importance of saving manure and preventing its waste, but the work is not commonly performed in a neat and systematic manner. If the manure is not drawn out and spread on the fields as fast as it is manufactured or accumulated at the stables, it is frequently thrown out or wheeled out by hand and discharged into irregular heaps, when if it happens to become too dry by heating, or is washed into too liquid a condition by rains, the defect cannot be very easily corrected. If the liquid which has been saved is to be applied or poured on, it is often done too irregularly. Besides, the farmer who likes a handsome appearance in his barn yard, will not esteem such piles of manure for their special neatness.

These objections may be easily avoided. When the manure is wheeled out, lay the foundation base in the shape of a square or oblong, by driving stakes at the corners; and if the pile is a large or long one, inserting stakes at the sides. A wide plank will allow the wheelbarrow to discharge its load as the pile rises, and one or more pieces of plank laid on the top facilitates the work. In this way, the manure is wheeled out and placed where it is wanted, with less labor than for an irregular heap. It is not necessary to make this heap very high, if suitable length or breadth is given to it.

Such a pile may be made more or less into a compost heap, by spreading even alternating layers of any absorbent, such as turf, loam, peat, etc. If litter is largely used in the stables, a little care in wheeling out will give this alternating character to the litter and droppings. The thinner these layers are, the more perfectly the ingredients will be intermixed when the heap rots down. More labor will be required to reduce thick layers, instead of thin ones.

Manure which is well worked together and pulverized, after being thoroughly rotted, is more valuable than manure in unmixed chunks or lumps, and is more evenly spread on land. When there are several hundred loads, on large farms, such regularly made long heaps may be mixed and pulverized with horses and plows and harrows, beginning on one side and working gradually over to the other side. But for garden purposes, the work may be done by hand, using such a tool as Hexamer's prong hoe.

A very important requisite in saving and in manufacturing manure, is to preserve the right degree of moisture in the manure heap. If a large quantity of straw litter has been used, it will probably need some liquid addition, either by leaving it exposed to rains, or by turning the liquid manure upon it. These requirements, which vary greatly with circumstances, will decide whether to place the manure heaps under spacious sheds or otherwise. This care will be particularly needed in the smaller heaps for garden use. Hopper like holes may be cut with a sharp spade after the heap is completed, into which water or other liquids may be poured to impart the right degree of moisture, to be ascertained by inspection.

This systematic management will easily admit the small addition of other fertilizers in thin layers, such as ground bone, plaster, lime, ashes and guano, to give additional strength. The manure thus manufactured will be of great value for many purposes, although a large proportion will be most conveniently and economically applied by spreading at once on the fields as it accumulates from the stables.

THE SHEEP AND THE LAND.—The subject of the improvement to the land by sheep is one that is frequently treated in the agricultural and live stock press, but really it does not seem to be understood to the extent that its importance deserves. It is said that a field that has been pastured by sheep will show a marked increase in any crop that may be upon it. That it will show some improvement in fertility is not to be questioned; and then the clearing of the land of much undesirable growth that cannot be got rid of in any other way is a great consideration. These matters are worth taking into consideration by farmers who have never kept sheep. We are firmly of the opinion, even in the face of the adversity that has stuck to the sheep interests so long, that there is money in sheep.

In addition to its value for feeding, clover is one of the best crops for restoring the fertility of the land. Its roots penetrate deep, and thus bring nourishment to the surface that the ordinary grasses do not reach, and as they have been found to weigh 3,000 pounds to the acre when dried, it will readily be seen what an amount of matter is left in the soil when the pasture is plowed. The decay of this adds largely to the fertility of the soil, and on this account clover is made use of on the land that has been rendered unproductive by constant cropping.

The farmer cannot be too often or too strongly cautioned against fraudulent tree, shoddy, agricultural implement, and other agents and pedlars. The amount of confidence foolishly accorded to those rascals is astonishing, and evinces an unwise credulity hardly creditable. It is to be hoped, however, that the warnings so repeatedly given will in time put the whole agricultural interest on its guard.

OUR COSY CORNER.

DIAMOND LACE.—Cast on thirty-two stitches.

1st row—Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, (over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, narrow) repeat directions enclosed in the parenthesis, over, knit two, over, knit one.

2nd row—Plain until only three remain on the needle, then over, narrow, knit one. (Thirty-three stitches on needle.)

3rd row—Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, (over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, narrow,) repeat, over, knit four, over, knit one.

4th row—Like second.

5th row—Slip one, knit two, over, narrow twice, (over, knit seven, over, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over,) repeat, over, knit six, over, knit one.

6th row—Like second. (Thirty-five stitches on needle.)

7th row—Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, (over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit three,) repeat, over, narrow, knit five, over, knit one.

8th row—Like second.

9th row—Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit three, (over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five,) repeat, over, narrow, knit five, over, knit one.

10th row—Like second. (Thirty-seven stitches on needle.)

11th row—Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit four, (over, slip one, narrow, pass stitch over, over, knit seven), repeat, over, narrow, with the right-hand needle pass the second stitch on the left hand needle over the first one; so continue until but one stitch remains on the needle; knit that one.

12th row—Like second. (Thirty-two stitches on needle.)

Mould can be prevented from forming on fruit jellies by pouring a little paraffine wax over the top, which, when cold, will harden to a solid cake, which can be easily removed when desired.

A plaster cast which has become soiled may be made as fresh and white as when new by spreading starch paste over it with a soft brush. The starch dries, and in scaling off brings with it all the impurities.

To clean a hot porcelain kettle, fill half full of hot water and put in a tablespoonful of powdered borax; let it boil. If this doesn't remove all the stains, scour with a cloth rubbed with soap and borax.

Sulphuric acid will remove spots from brass that will not yield to oxalic acid. It may be applied with a brush, but care must be taken that no drop gets on clothes or skin, as it is ruinous to garment and cuticle. Both bricks or rotten stone may be used for polishing, the latter being preferable for delicate work.

A piece of pointed whalebone or pine is good to clean out corners. Wash your windows with sponge and polish with tissue paper.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

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AVLESFORD, N. S., May 5, 1888.
To the President and Directors of the Mutual Relief
Society of Nova Scotia.

Gentlemen—Your cheque for \$2000 was this day
handed me by your agent, in full of claim for insur-
ance by your Society on the life of my late husband,
James B. Kirkpatrick. This receipt is given expect-
ing that you will publish it, thereby making known
to the public that just claims on your Society are
promptly paid. Yours respectfully,
NANCY KIRKPATRICK, Widow.

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CHESS.

All communications for this department should be addressed— CHIEF EDITOR, Windsor, N. S.

J. F. GREEN, (Eng.)—Much gratified by your kind letter and game enclosed. Shall write you shortly.

DUBUQUE JOURNAL.—Thanks for Nov. received. Exchange with pleasure.

To our READERS.—By a printer's error the word slang appeared instead of stanza, beneath the route problem in last week's issue.

Correct solutions to Problem 40 received from F. W. Beckman, L. M. Wilkins, and J. W. Calder.

CHIESS IN PARIS.—The following game was contested in the annual handicap tournament of the Cafe de la Régence, in Paris, between Baron d'André, well known from his participation in the Paris Chess Congress of 1867, and Mr. Cousins, a strong English player:—

(Irregular Opening)

Table with 2 columns: WHITE and BLACK. Moves listed for Baron d'André and Mr. Cousins.

And white resigns.

(a) P to K3 is rightly preferred here by the strongest players. The move in the text generally proves weak in this opening, as it gives Black an opportunity of transforming the game into an ordinary position of the Sicilian defence, which is justly considered more favorable to the second player.

(b) We do not approve of this move, though it is in a certain measure backed up by the authority of Anderson, who sometimes adopts it in similar positions. Black can always safely shut out this B with the QP, after the proper cautious preparation of P to QR3. We believe that the best eligible post for the KB is at K Kt2 after moving the KKtP to Kt3.

(c) White is unconscious of the hidden danger, which might have been averted by Kt to K2.

(d) Well played. To avoid material loss, White has only the choice of compromising his position on the K side by re-taking with the P.

(e) It would have been certainly better to play the R to B2 in order to get Kt and the QP for the R if Black attacked the latter with KKt; but, curiously enough, if White attempted altogether to save the loss of the exchange, Black would have won the Q: e. g.:

Table with 2 columns: WHITE and BLACK. Moves listed for White and Black.

(f) Finely played, and more immediately decisive than taking the R.

(g) White did not perceive his adversary's ingenious trap, but his game was past redemption anyhow.

(h) To give himself just a small chance of a mistake on the part of his opponent, White ought to have interposed the B; for, though all hope was gone if Black took the B with the Bch, White might have escaped slightly ruffled, if Black took the B with the Kt, by answering P to Q4, followed by Q to Kt5 if then the R attacked the Q.

CHIESS IN GLASGOW.—Skirmish between two strong amateurs at the Glasgow Athenæum, 24th July, 1874. Time, eight minutes:—

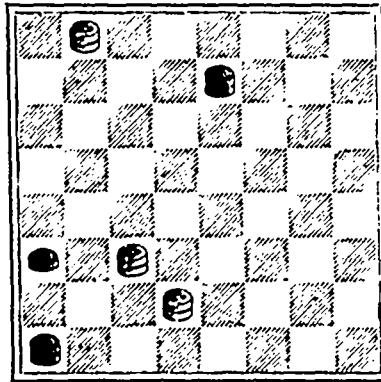
(Ginocs Piano.)

Table with 2 columns: WHITE (Mr. S) and BLACK (Mr. J.). Moves listed for both players.

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

PROBLEM No. 41. By H. Spayth.

Black man—21, kgs.—7, 29.

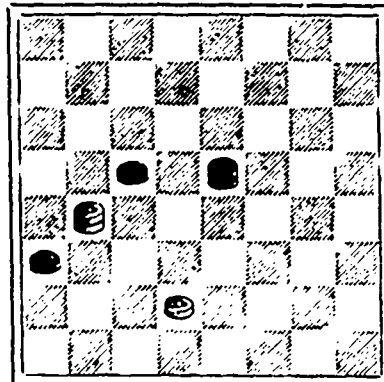


White kgs.—1, 22, 26. White to play and win.

PROBLEM 42.

By Frank Dunno, in Boston Weekly Globe.

Black men—14, 21; kg.—15.



White man—26; kg.—17. Black to play and win.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Checker communications should be addressed to W. Forsyth, 36 Grafton Street, Halifax.

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

Our positions this week, though not specially hard, are neat and well worth study by checker-players.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM 38.—Solved by "Dixie," Antigonish. The position was— Black men 13, 22, 25; white kings, 1, 10, 31; white to play and win.

PROBLEM 39.—As previously stated the position which forms this problem occurred in play between Mr. Robinson, of the Toronto Checker Club, and our Checker Editor. The only correct solution which has reached us was rendered by "Dixie," of Antigonish. The position was, black men 1, 8, 11, 12, king 26; white men 19, 20, 24, 32, king 7; black to move.

When the game was played, the moves and the result were as follows: 26—23 1—6 23—32 8 15 7 16 32 27 16 11 19 1

NOTE.—"Dixie" shows that black could have won instead of white by the following play:—

Table with 4 columns of numbers representing game moves and results.

(a) Black's win is evident from the stage, but we continue the play to finish, as a lesson to younger players.

(1) If 2 7 is played here instead of 2 6 it forces a different play of black as follows:—

Table with 4 columns of numbers representing game moves and results.

And black wins. This end game affords a good illustration of how a player may lose a game, which he has actually played into a winning position, by a little carelessness towards the last.

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