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# THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 7, 1887.

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A submarine tunnel between Scotland and Ireland is again being discussed. The latest proposal is to run it from the Mull of Cantyre to Fair Head in Antrim, about ten miles distant.

We would not imagine that the manufacture of articles in mother of pearl could form a very important industry, and yet in Vienna the crude material costs annually \$1,500,000, while the manufactured product sells for \$5,000,000. Thus mother of pearl becomes the father of wealth.

Among the Transbaikal Cossacks the wealth of individuals is measured by the number of horses they respectively possess, and so great is their number that it is estimated that there are 122 horses per 100 inhabitants. In that country a beggar upon horseback cannot be an unusual sight.

Mr. Feink, of the *New York Nation*, is the author of a philosophic treatise on "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty." The subject matter of this work is dealt with from an ancient as well as a modern standpoint, and is discussed in both its national and individual aspect. How to fall in love and how to fall out of love, in other words, how to win and cure love, has a special chapter devoted to it. Mr. Feink is an able anthropologist, and doubtless should be considered an authority upon such matters, but the student will find that a knowledge of human nature is not to be gathered from books—experience alone teaches.

The King of Abyssinia is not content to have the Red Sea littoral under the control of the Italian Government, and he is therefore now advancing on Massowah, at the head of a large army, which is said to be officered by Russians. The Italians hold an Island stronghold in the harbor at Massowah which King John will find it difficult to take, even if he should succeed in making his way to the coast, which Italy will not allow him to do without contesting every foot of ground. Before the end of the month, we will probably hear of battle and bloodshed, but the conflict in that rainless country will likely be short, sharp and decisive.

The sanctity of the marriage tie, which is so disregarded in some parts of the United States that there is one divorce for every six marriages, has hitherto in Canada, with a few exceptions, been very generally respected. Public opinion has strongly condemned the divorce of married persons, and we trust, for the well-being of Canadian society, that it will long continue to do so. Such a spectacle as that recently witnessed in Chicago, when five judges were at one time kept busily engaged in listening to divorce suits, and by decrees of the court made two hundred individuals out of one hundred couples, is one calculated to make sober-minded men think twice.

The Turkish Porte has always had the credit of being a weak-kneed body, but its latest proposition, that Bulgaria should be jointly governed by a Russian and a Turk of princely rank, can scarcely be credited. To be sure it suggests that the joint rule shall last for but three months, and that then the Sobrange, or Bulgarian Parliament, should elect a ruler, but who can measure the consequences of acknowledging Russia's claim to control in Bulgaria. If we are not mistaken, at the close of three months the unspeakable Turk would find that Count Patof or General Procrastinationoff, had obtained such an influence in Sofia as would render the presence of the Porte's representative quite unnecessary.

Why do not the Conservative journals in the Maritime Provinces emphatically express their views as to Mr. Baird holding the seat for Queens County, seeing that he did not obtain a majority of the votes polled. Mr. Baird, returning officer Dunn, and the Conservative caucus of Queens may imagine that honest Conservatives endorse the action they have taken, but if they could know what is really thought of the course they have followed, they would hide their diminished heads for very shame, and call upon the electors to choose their representative in Parliament. Mean, despicable trickery is reprehensible in politics as in the other affairs of life, but if Mr. Baird chooses to stick to his seat he must be content to have the odium of his action stick to him for life.

Previous to its present contract, the gas company of Montreal supplied the citizens with gas at \$1.90 per thousand feet, and having a monopoly of the business, the shareholders in the gas company pocketed an annual dividend of twenty-one and a half per cent. Four years ago, the same company applied for a new lease, offering to put in gas at the rate of \$1.50 per thousand feet, and making the charge per gas lamp \$21.50. A new company of prominent Montreal merchants agreed to supply gas to the citizens at \$1.00 per thousand feet, and making the charge per gas lamp at \$15.00. By some unexplainable means the old company obtained the contract, but an investigation, which is now being held, has already brought to light some curious facts, which indicate that Montreal, like New York, has its aldermanic boodlers. By the way, speaking of the price of gas, why does the Halifax gas company not keep abreast of the age with respect to the reductions in charges. Two dollars per thousand feet is two or three times as much as consumers are charged in other cities. The popular light is the cheap light, and the cheap light insures increased consumption.

## THE CRITIC,

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

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Senator McMaster, to whose princely bequest we referred last week, has endowed McMaster Baptist College to the extent of \$40,000 per annum. This at once places the institution beyond the pale of pecuniary want, and should enable it to do most effective educational work. What would not some of our denominational colleges give to be the recipients of such a legacy? But we must not forget that George Munro's gifts to Dalhousie College aggregate \$20,000 per annum during the life of the benefactor, and the end is not yet.

A French scientist has made an analysis by which he proves that man is comprised of thirteen elements, five of which are gases, and eight solids. The gases are oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine and fluorine, the solids being carbon, phosphorous, sulphur, calcium, potassium, sodium and iron. The average man contains  $3\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of sulphur, and 14 oz. of iron, but the non-average man who explodes without provocation or gets frightfully angry without cause, has more sulphur in his composition than is good for him, while the hard old flinty money-grub has an under share of iron in his constitution.

The railway pass system in Britain has become an intolerable abuse, and the public are beginning to question the right of the richest people in the country to travel over the railways free of expense. Not only do the members of the Royal Family enjoy this privilege, but it is also extended to noblemen and their families, to officials, members of parliament, and other grantees, to say nothing of the poor relatives who are not slow to appreciate the boon of a ticketless ride. The trouble with the pass system is that the public who use and pay for the use of the railways are mulcted for the benefit of the dead-heads.

Mr. Evarts, in a recent speech at Chautauqua, said that the drain of population from the farming lands in the Eastern States had taken from New England two-thirds of her sons. He added: "There will be a returning wave from the West. By and by these deserted lands will be repopulated and will increase in value." This bears out that which we have always claimed, namely, that so long as the Canadian or American West offered free grants of land to settlers, the bone and sinew would go forward to occupy them. We do not object to young men leaving Nova Scotia, if by so doing they can in any way better their positions, but we do strongly deprecate that pessimism which tends to belittle the resources of this grand old Province, and to scatter the seeds of discontent among those who are called upon to earn their bread within its borders.

## TRUTH ASSERTING ITSELF.

We are glad to see that the *Week* is alive to the real character of that stupendous scientific humbug, the Pasteur craze. The recent Royal Commission, in a half-and-half sort of way, reported on it favorably, but the *Week* justly points out that the success of the inoculation is limited to cases of treatment before being bitten. There can scarcely be a shadow of doubt in the minds of those who have studied the subject without prejudice, that the early successes assumed by M. Pasteur on insufficient grounds, generated, together with the craze for treatment, a contemptible scare about mad-dogs, and all the usual brutality of unreasoning fear.

"There is nothing in this controversy," says the *Week*, less satisfactorily established than the madness of most of the dogs whose bite has been supposed to be dangerous, "if an unlucky dog but hung his tongue out in London a few months ago, he ran great risk of having his brains knocked out as well by some nervous policeman." The *Week* might even have gone further, and said that in two or three cases only was there any approach to reliable evidence of rabies. Meantime, perfectly inoffensive animals were killed wholesale with every circumstance of cowardly barbarity, and M. Pasteur revelled in all the joy of a wholesale torture of rabbits and dogs in the preparation of his really valueless nostrum, and the usual horrible experiments in illustration of it. It cannot be too often reiterated that real hydrophobia, rabies, or "rage," as the French call it, is exceedingly rare, that what is generally taken for it is ninety-times in a hundred the result of cruelty, cowardice, or ignorance, that the symptoms developed by persons bitten are generally the product of mental excitement and terror; and that, in all human probability, the true disorder is not likely to affect one human being in a million. This would indeed be in all likelihood far too high an estimate. Yet it is for this infinitesimal proportion of a chance that M. Pasteur desires to inoculate the world at a cost of incalculable torture to helpless animals.

"From the scare," says the *Week*, "which by no means shows that the dogs were madder than the men, has sprung all this desperate clinging to Pasteur, whose influence is, however, on the wane."

## THE ALASKAN OUTRAGES.

In August, 1886, three Canadian schooners were seized by United States Revenue Cruisers, 60 or 70 miles from the American shore, and condemned at Sitka, for killing seals in Behring's Sea. The crews are asserted to have been inhumanly treated, and the results of their industry have been ruthlessly confiscated.

When Russia owned both coasts of Behring's Sea, she claimed sovereignty over it, but her sovereignty was vigorously impugned by the United States. Notwithstanding, therefore, the measureless assumption of the Alaskan judge, who instructed the jury which tried the captured Canadian sealers, and charged them to find the defendants guilty, if it was clearly proven that they had killed seals within 700 miles of the western boundary of Alaska. Mr. Bayard found himself reluctantly, as it would seem, and after long delay, forced to admit that the seizures were illegal, and to direct the release of vessels and crews pending further negotiations. Not the slightest hint of compensation, be it observed, for gross injustice, robbery, and gratuitous hardships inflicted on British subjects, escapes the American Secretary; and, to cap the climax, his order is as coolly ignored by the Alaskan authorities as Parker's signal of recall was disregarded by Nelson at Copenhagen. The United States Revenue Cruisers appear to be entirely at the disposal of the Alaska commercial company, to which the government has granted a monopoly of the seal fishery, and it can scarcely be doubted that the evaders of the President's orders were confident of immunity. This impression, initiated by the suspicious dilatoriness of Mr. Bayard, is strengthened by the resumption of lawless seizures in August of the present year.

Sir Lionel West was informed by Mr. Bayard of the President's orders "for the discontinuance of all pending proceedings" on the 3rd Feb. last, and the intimation was given in reply to a Memorandum of the British Minister, acquainting Mr. Bayard that vessels were fitting in British Columbia for fishing in Behring's Sea; that the Canadian Government desired to know whether such vessels, fishing beyond territorial waters, would be exposed to seizure; and that Her Majesty's Government would be glad of some assurance that, pending the settlement of the question, no further seizures would be made.

The natural construction of Mr. Bayard's language seeming to afford this guarantee, the Canadian sealers were fitted out accordingly, and some of them have been seized in the self-same high-handed manner as the original batch was last year.

We fear that the question will be further complicated, and an additional point given to the American Government by the recapture of one of the vessels from the prize-crew, by her own people. However this may be, it is difficult to resist the conviction that the whole transaction is a deliberate scheme, only too consistent with that disreputable combination of bullying and bad faith for which the diplomacy of the Great Republic, "the home of the brave and the free" (would it could be said "of the manly and true") has become proverbial. American diplomacy seems, indeed, to be entirely based on two principles—to concede nothing, and to come out ahead by fair means or foul—*coute qui coute*. To these ends, means the most shameless, and agents of the most brazen unscrupulousness, are of course never wanting; and whether the means are fair or foul, is apparently matter of almost perfect indifference.

It will probably be found that the Cabinet of the United States is trading on the present difficulties of England, and wishes to strike before Canada

becomes stronger and more consolidated. Whether the game of brag will succeed this time, we have yet to see. Be it as it may, among all the unclean records of American Foreign Policy, the Alaskan outrages, if not atoned for, will stand forth in future history as the most scandalous.

## STANLEY, THE EXPLORER.

The explorer, Stanley, like most men of marked individuality, is the subject of widely varying criticism. When he proposed undertaking his last expedition into the "Dark Continent," some writers for the English press confidently pronounced him a modern Don Quixote, while many who held more moderate views mentally ranked him with the adventurous spirits who tempt the dangers of the Arctic seas, and whose game does not appear to be worth the candle. But it cannot be said that his expedition in search of Livingstone was either chimerical or ill-advised. Nor can anyone whose sympathies are moved by the horrors of the slave-trade in central Africa withhold his admiration for the daring spirit who has gone to the rescue of Emin Bey.

Certainly, Stanley is a remarkable man—one whom nature has especially fitted for the work he has undertaken. Dealing with savages, whose fickleness is a constant peril, he has a special talent for controlling savage nature. At one time, between Stanley Pool and Bolobo, hundreds of his carriers were driven by the hardship of the journey, to the verge of mutiny. At the critical moment Stanley put the ringleaders in irons, and the revolt was averted. While sailing to the mouth of the Congo a terrible combat began between sixty Soudanese and ten times that number of Zanzibar porters. Stanley belabored all within reach of his stick, separated the combatants, assigned each party to a different part of the ship, and peace was preserved.

With his white subordinates, he is anything but popular. He never confides to anyone his plans, never seeks counsel, never excites the presumption of an inferior by making him his equal. "If Mr. Stanley 'old me," says Lieut. Braconnier, "to pack my baggage and be ready to start in an hour, I could not dream of asking him where we were going. He would simply tell me my own duties required all my attention." All who serve under him respect his judgment, and have thorough confidence in him as a leader. His is that self-reliance, that force of character, and that fertility of resource which are indispensable in a man who has to do with barbarians.

## MORE LIFE-PROTECTION.

The lamentable accident which a few days ago caused the death of a child on our street-car track, is only one of the daily occurrences which force upon us the conclusion that human life is not sufficiently protected. During the natal day celebration at Truro, an unfortunate man lost his life under the wheels of a slowly-moving train. Such incidents excite a certain vague sympathy in the public mind; but only those who are eye-witnesses of the accident, or know the personal relations of the victim, seem to realize how distressing is the loss of a single human life. Could man fully enter into and appreciate the sorrow of his fellow-men, more of that ingenuity which is now directed to labor-saving would be employed in life protection. At present such is the indifference of public sentiment to the occasional loss of life, that ever obvious measures of protection are neglected.

In England, and in some of the American cities, the wheels of street cars are encased in a light guard which reaches almost to the level of the track, thus rendering it impossible for the wheel to pass over even a limb. There the public have grown accustomed to this device, and will not tolerate its absence. In Halifax, though the streets are not so crowded, yet the narrowness renders unprotected car wheels quite as dangerous. Last winter, for instance, it was a matter of general surprise that children who were allowed to coast across the line of the street cars were not run into and killed. And even without this source of accident the experience of other cities on this continent, where the streets are wider than in Halifax, shows the desirability of employing this simple attachment.

Furthermore, why cannot a similar protector be placed on the wheels of railway cars? The frequent accidents which arise, like that at Truro, from the attempt to get on or off a moving train could thus be very easily prevented. Railway companies may not think the occasional loss of a life of sufficient importance to warrant any change. But human life is sacred, and the law should protect it. Let the legislators of our country couple with the motto—"Let justice be done though the heavens fall," another of no less importance: "*the life of a man is worth more than the capital of a railway company.*"

The electric apparatus invented by M. Arnould for the indication of an escape of gas is now coming into use. It consists of a copper cylinder containing a bichromate cell, the current being passed through a small platinum wire, raising it to a dull red heat. If in the apartment where the apparatus is introduced there is any gas mixed with the air, the platinum wire immediately becomes brighter, thus indicating the presence of an explosive mixture. The apparatus is exceedingly sensitive, showing even a small leakage.

The U. S. naval board appointed to estimate the cost of building the six thousand ton armor battle ship designed by the Barrow Ship Building Company of England has completed its labors. The last estimates for constructing the hull and fittings are \$1,890,000, and for engines and machinery \$486,000, making a total of \$2,376,000, which is \$124,000 less than the sum appropriated by Congress for the purpose.

CHAT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

Sixty millions of matches are said to be made daily in Akron, Ohio.

A young Irishman, who had just announced his engagement, was asked, "And whom did you propose?" "Faith," said he, "by starlight, and I got her answer in a twinkling."

Advice of an old cab-driver to his successor:—"Always know the exact hour of the train your passenger wishes to take. Reach the station at the very last moment, so that he cannot dispute with you, whatever price you ask."

A pretty young Americaness, whose Christian name is Anna, on receiving a cigar from a young gentleman who had not pluck enough to say he wished to marry her, twirled it playfully beneath her nose, and looking archly at him, proposed the question to him thus, "Havo-Anna?"

Teacher: "Miss Sinnico, please parse the sentence, 'Adolphus married Caroline.'" Miss S.: "Well, 'Adolphus' is a noun, because it is the name of a thing; 'married' is a conjunction, because it joins Adolphus and Caroline, and 'Caroline' is a verb, 'cause it governs the noun."—*Exchange*.

It was a plucky act, that of the English dentist, who, at the Medical Congress at Washington, allowed a California dentist to take two good teeth out of his mouth that they might be planted again in another man's jaw. The California dentist said the thing could be done, and the Englishman said it could not. A scientist who is willing to suffer himself for the advancement of science is deserving of high praise, whether the experiment is successful or not.

Dr. John Vansant, of the United States Marine Hospital at St. Louis, reports that he has succeeded in obtaining photographs by the light of fire-flies, and claims to be the pioneer of this curious, if not highly useful, development of the photographic art. He placed twelve fireflies in a three-ounce bottle, covering its mouth with fine white bobinet. The average duration of the flash of each insect was half a second, and the luminous area on the abdomen was about one-eighth of an inch square. The time of exposure was fifty flashes.

Considerable success has been achieved by a German firm at Cologne with a new antiseptic to which has been given the name of "Carbolinum Avenarius." Like creosote, it may be advantageously applied under pressure to force it into the pores of the wood, and it has also been found very effective as a varnish when applied, like paint, with a brush. Used in this manner it gives a rich brown color to the wood, and consequently is recommended as a substitute for paint to be used for railway carriages, ships, workshops of all sorts, agricultural implements, and especially for exterior house painting. The compound has satisfactorily stood the test of ten years' experience, during which time it has been subjected to trials under all conditions occurring in practice.—*Industries*.

HER GREAT GRANDFATHER.—"I wonder what my great-grandfather would say to me if he could come back to earth," said a young lady lawyer to a newspaper reporter recently. "He was so angry with my grandmother when he discovered that she had gone beyond the four fundamental rules in arithmetic that he kept her shut up for a week on a diet of bread and water, and commanded her to let all books alone forever—except the bible. He thought it a disgrace, poor man, that a daughter of his should be willing to pursue such masculine studies, and when she confessed that she liked to do sums in the Rule of Three, he felt justified in resorting to severe measures to check such unnatural propensities. If he could see two of his great-granddaughters practicing medicine and one aspiring to law, he would think that grandmother's love of study had broken out in a worse form in this generation. What ghostly flagellations he would bestow!" and she laughed, shrugging her shoulders.

HE FOOLED THE TELEGRAPH.—Countryman—That fellow in the telegraph office up there thought he was mighty smart, but I fooled him.

Policeman—You did? How?

Countryman—Oh, easy enough. You see I went in there yesterday to send a message to St. Louis, and told him what I wanted. "All right, sez he, "seventy-five cents." So I paid him the seventy-five cents, and I'll be darned if he did a thing but rap that old brass clicker of his fifteen or twenty times, and then hang the message on a hook.

Policeman—Well, do you call that fooling him?

Countryman—You just hold on, and I'll tell you. To-day I wanted to send another message to St. Louis, but I'll be gosh-darned if I wanted to pay seventy-five cents. So I went up to the office, kinder polite like, and sez I, "Mister, there's a young lady outside as sez she wants to speak to you. I'll tend office for you while you're gone." Well, sir, he hit right away. Off he went in a hurry, and before he got back I had plenty of time to clink his old brass machine all I wanted, and hang my message on the hook just as he did the day before. I know they got it, too, at the other end, for the minute I got through, the old machine went to clicking like blue bl—s, 's much's to say, "All right, old man, we hear you." Oh, I fooled him good, I did. Your Uncle Peter lives in Wayback, but he ain't no fool, he ain't; not by a long chalk, no sir ee'—*Somerville Journal*.

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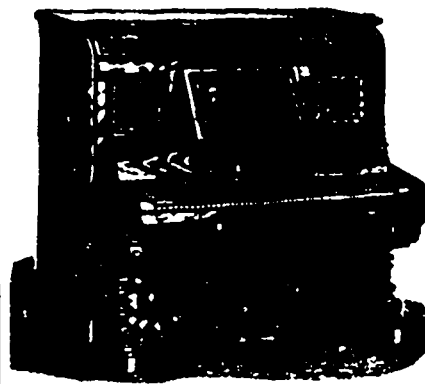
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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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The Civil Service Examinations will be held at Halifax on the eighteenth of November.

Upwards of ninety millions of young fish of every variety taken from the Dominion hatcheries, have been placed in the lakes and streams during the past season.

The railway situation in Manitoba remains unchanged. Premier Norquay has failed to raise the money to build the Red River Valley Railway, and it is thought that for this season, things will remain at a stand still.

The Fisheries Department has completed arrangements for transportation early next month of a car load of live lobsters to the Pacific coast. There is every reason to expect the experiment will be attended with success.

A number of citizens of Halifax propose building a fifty thousand dollar yacht to compete for America's cup. New Scotia proposes to eclipse the recent efforts made by the sons of old Scotland to win back this trophy.

The matter of the division of the school funds of Ontario and Quebec, which has long been a vexed question in the Upper Provinces, is to be settled by arbitration, the arbitrators being Judge Bourgeois and Judge Sinclair, with Sir Adams Archibald as umpire.

Sir William Whiteway, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who was forced into retirement from political life by a combination of his friends and enemies, is again coming to the front as a leader of public opinion, and it is said that he will actively engage in the next political campaign.

Hammocks are now being used in New York hospitals for bed-ridden patients, much to the relief of the weary sufferers. Those who have to do with the sick should take a note of this fact, and see whether they cannot improvise hammocks, such as may be a great improvement even on water beds.

Through speculation in stock, Samuel Johnson, treasurer of the Hamilton Powder Company, became a defaulter in order to make good his losses, and finally, when captured on the United States boundary, ended his days by shooting himself. Johnson's career and fate should be a warning to those who are inclined to be reckless.

A sad shooting accident occurred at Barnsville, Kings Co., N. B., last Saturday. Alex. Vaughan, while out partridge shooting, accidentally discharged the contents of his gun in his side. A boy who was with him, ran for assistance, but losing his way in the woods, no help arrived for several hours, and the wounded man died soon after from loss of blood.

The law with respect to opening letters while going through the mails is severe, but perhaps not too severe. The young man in Digby who was recently convicted of this practice, has just gone to Dorchester to serve a term of five years. Letter-thieves frequently cause unnecessary embarrassment by the destruction of letters which they have stolen, supposing that they contain money.

The Orpheus Club of this city will commence their regular weekly practices on Monday evening next, and promise to bring out several fine musical compositions during the coming season. The following gentlemen have been chosen as a managing committee for the ensuing year:—Mr. S. Sichel, Mr. West, Dr. Slayter, Dr. Milsom, Mr. McDonald, and Mr. Blackmore, with Mr. Porter, Jr., as conductor.

Her Majesty's ship *Canada*, which recently collided with a timber-laden ship, *Peerless*, will have to go to Bermuda in order to dock for repairs. A large hole was knocked in the side of the *Peerless* by the *Canada's* ram, but the war ship also broke a plate, thus allowing the water to fill her forward bulkhead. An investigation has been held, and it is thought that the officer in charge at the time of the collision will fare badly.

Ottawa, Oct. 5.—The steamer *California* foundered on Lake Huron, near MacKinnan, yesterday and sank. So far as can be ascertained the following were drowned:—George Foley, purser, Cornelius Coverton, of Detroit, a passenger, Ella Pappa, of Kingston, a lady's maid, Arthur Hahard, cabin boy, and Robert Grant. The shore for five miles is strewn with wreckage. Captain Trowell says all were supplied with life preservers, and it is probable that all the bodies will be recovered. Those who were saved escaped in boats.

Mr. T. V. Woolrich, of Halifax, has certainly been fortunate in his escape from a lingering and untimely death. Last Saturday week Mr. Woolrich undertook to walk from Mount Uniacke through the woods to the old Jeffrey farm, known as Lakelands, which he proposed purchasing. After travelling for hours, he realized that he was lost, and, although tired and hungry, he pushed forward until night fall, when he reluctantly prepared to sleep in the open air. For the seven succeeding days he wandered about, endeavoring to reach the railway, having heard the whistle of the engine. On Sunday he gained the track, but being weak and exhausted from his long fast and fruitless march, he lay helplessly on the embankment until Tuesday, when he succeeded in attracting the attention of the hands on a passing freight train. Mr. Woolrich's experiences in the wilds of Nova Scotia are scarcely creditable, seeing that at no time could he have been more than two miles from the public road or railway track, between which his ten days' wandering lay.

A new interest in the case of the Montreal boot and shoe agent, Peter Mullarky, who died from suffering from delirium-tremens in the V. G. Hospital, has been created by the discovery that while Mullarky was on his last and fatal spree, he had been robbed of at least nine hundred dollars. Thanks to the vigilance of the police seven hundred and fifty dollars of this money have been recovered from three persons, all of whom claim they were holding the money for safe keeping. How long it would have remained in their possession, had its loss not been discovered, is a question.

An order in council has been passed providing that speckled trout or lake trout and landlocked salmon shall not be fished for in any Nova Scotian or New Brunswick waters between the first of Oct. and the first of April. A change has also been made in the order in council in reference to salmon, which removes doubts as to the illegality of Sunday fishing. The order now stipulates that from the time of low water Saturday evening till low water Monday morning, no one shall fish for, catch or kill salmon in tidal waters, or within three miles of the mouth of any river or harbor frequented by salmon; and during the same period no person is permitted to fish for, catch or kill any fish in non-tidal waters.

Montreal, October 5.—The secret of the origin of many of the recent fires was divulged this morning, when a man named Champagne rushed into the Central police station in a great state of excitement and asked for protection. He told the sergeant in charge that he was being pursued by persons who tried to wrench a secret from him and then murder him. He then told the sergeant that he was the person who set fire to the houses recently burned in St. Jean Baptiste ward, and that his mother had several times attempted to poison him. He was examined by a doctor, who pronounced him insane, and he was sent to the asylum. It seems that his mania was to set fire to houses, and that he had been caught several times by friends at that work.

Victoria, B. C., October 5.—The revenue cutter *Rush* arrived from Sitka, bringing fifty indians and twelve white men, sailors and hunters aboard the seized sealers. She also brought news of the trial of the British schooner *W. A. Saywood*, and American schooners *Annie Sylvia Hardy*, *Lillie L. Kate*, and *A. Alhuap* and *Annie E. Algar*. They were all found guilty of illegal sealing, the claim being that all Behring sea was under the jurisdiction of the United States. The schooners, cargo and property were all forfeited to the American government. A couple of American schooners were valued and the owners deposited bonds to the amount and left for San Francisco. Counsel for the British and American schooners gave notice of appeal to the supreme court of the United States.

Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, in writing to the editor of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, says:—"SIR,—I have been often pained and astonished at the frequent appeals of editors and proprietors of newspapers to their subscribers, urging them to pay their just debts. Catholics at least cannot be unaware of their obligations in this matter. The editors and proprietors, on their part, give their time, the product of a high education and experience, together with their money for stationery, printing and wages to employees, and they expect and should have, in common justice, a return, often by no means adequate, for their outlay. A man who will not pay for a paper he subscribed for, read, and whose contents he enjoyed, is a retainer of another man's goods and is on a level with a thief."

County Exhibitions are in full force this week, and the displays all appear to be well up to the average. The Queens Co. Exhibition opened on Tuesday at Liverpool with an average display, and a fair attendance. The fruit exhibition deserves particular mention, the collection of apples being especially fine. The Digby Co. Exhibition was also opened on Tuesday at Weymouth with a large attendance. The exhibits in all departments except manufactures are well up to the average, the oxen and swine being particularly noticeable. The Cumberland Co. Exhibition opened at Amherst on Tuesday. The attendance was nearly up to the average. Classes 1 and 2—horses and cattle—were well filled, and made a display very creditable to the county. Here, also, the manufacturing exhibit occupies an insignificant place, only half a dozen entries being made. The Halifax Co. Exhibition opened at Dartmouth on Wednesday afternoon with a small attendance, probably owing to the rain. While the exhibits are not numerous, the display is a very good one, the vegetable exhibit being particularly noticeable. The Pictou Co. Exhibition opened at Pictou on the same day, and notwithstanding the rain, the attendance was large. The exhibits are numerous, cattle and horses taking the lead, while pigs and sheep are very scarce. Annapolis Co. held a one day's exhibition at Clementsport on Wednesday. The number of exhibits was very small, but the vegetable and fruit displays were indeed creditable. The municipality of Shelburne held its Exhibition in Shelburne on Wednesday and Thursday. The building and grounds were gay with bunting, and the attendance was large. The fruit exhibit was especially good, proving that Shelburne Co. is quite capable of producing fruit equal to the finest.

The Anti-Prohibition party have carried the State of Tennessee by a majority of from ten to fifteen thousand votes.

The *New York*, a new iron paddle-wheel steamer for the Albany Day Line, has turned out a remarkably fast vessel, making a speed of twenty-one knots per hour on a recent trial trip. She was built by the Harlan and Hollingsworth Company, of Wilmington, and engined by Messrs. W. & A. Fletcher & Co., of New York.

At Pittsburg there will be in operation very shortly incandescent plant having a total capacity of 53,000 lamps. It is interesting to note that in the boiler rooms the furnaces are heated by natural gas, which, by means of regulating valves, is completely under the control of the stokers. It is said that if necessary the change from gas to coal can be made in three minutes.

A company which has just been incorporated in New York proposes to make a tunnel under the East River, to connect Long Island with New York. The tunnel will be five miles in length, and will be worked entirely by electricity.

During a meeting of Anarchists at Jersey City, the disorder became so great that the authorities were obliged to read the Riot Act, after which the police endeavored to disperse the crowd, which resisted with knives and stones, but finally yielded to the officers of the law. One man was fatally injured.

The Colonel of the Montgomery True Blues, of Alabama, has returned to the Governor of Connecticut the colors of the Sixteenth Volunteers, which were captured in April, 1864. The returning of the flag was a graceful act upon the part of the Southerners, and will have a wholesome influence in removing the sectional prejudice which the war engendered.

Lawyer Putnam, of Maine, and Professor Angell, of Michigan, will be the associates of Secretary Bayard in the coming meeting of the fishery commissioners at Washington. Both of these gentlemen are New Englanders by birth, and are supposed to be thoroughly posted upon the claims made by the United States Government. It is not yet certain whether Sir John MacDonald or Sir Charles Tupper will represent Canada.

For the past nineteen years an old man of Cleveland, Ohio, going under the name of James A. McGurdley and several aliases, has been defrauding the United States Government by representing himself to be the attorney of a large number of widow pensioners who were represented as living in Toronto. It was discovered that not one of them lived there, as they had died years before. The pension officers say McGurdley has received at least \$20,000 from the public treasury by means of his scheme.

The *Volunteer*, in her second forty mile race with the Scotch cutter *Thistle*, again gave a good account of herself, and the Americans are jubilant over the result. The official time of the race shows that the *Volunteer* crossed the line twelve minutes in advance of the *Thistle*. Her time being five hours, forty-two minutes and forty-six seconds, and that of the *Thistle* five hours, fifty-four minutes and forty-five seconds. Two facts have been made apparent by this yachting contest. First, that a centre board boat like the *Volunteer* can make the best time to windward, while a cutter like the *Thistle* can take the lead in sailing to leeward.

The Boston *Herald* has been investigating the case of James E. Nowlin, of Somerville, now under sentence of death, in view of the fact that a reprieve is now being sought on the ground of insanity. James Nowlin's great-great-grandfather, Patrick Nowlin, came from Ireland and settled in Falmouth, N. S., and married the daughter of Thomas Manning. This woman was soon after hanged for the murder of a man named Cagan. Nowlin then married Hannah Westcott, and she became the mother of Patrick Nowlin, 2d, who married Sarah Eagles of Horton, and she became the mother of James Nowlin, who married his first-cousin, Sarah Eagles. The last Sarah became the mother of Fairfield Nowlin, who married Mary Card, the mother of the James Edward now to be hanged. The only case of insanity is a very distant relative. Fairfield Nowlin committed suicide in the Halifax penitentiary, while imprisoned for horse-stealing. His brother is in the Dorchester, N. B., penitentiary, for stealing. James Edward has two brothers; one is in prison for burglary, and the other was arrested last week for larceny. The Boston *Herald* says the family is very respectably connected.

"Jenny Lind is recovering from her illness." Such is the tenor of a brief telegram which again awakens the public to the fact that the sweetest singer of the century has not yet passed away. Jenny Lind is now sixty-two years of age, and in general enjoys good health.

Dublin, October 5.—Callinan, moonlighter of the party that killed Constable Whelehan, at Lisconvarne, September 11, who turned queen's evidence to-day, was taken to Eunis to testify against his accomplices, escorted by a strong force of police. He swore to the plot against Sexton, identified seven of the prisoners as having participated in killing Constable Whelehan. Callinan admitted that he had planned a number of moonlight raids in Kerry and Clare; said he had been in the pay of the police list five years; and had received from Constable Whelehan just before raiding Sexton a small sum of money in payment of his share for arranging the raid. This statement caused a great sensation. While returning to jail the prisoners were cheered by the crowds in the streets. The police charged the people and used their batons freely.

A despatch from Mexico says:—"The recent murders and poisoning of persons in the interior of the country engaged in school teaching and editing Liberal newspapers are to-day charged by the *Monitor Republicano* on fanatical rural priests. The *Monitor* gives the particulars of several cases. One of the victims was a Mexican young lady, a Protestant, who went to teach in a small village in the State of Tobasco. She was poisoned shortly after opening the school, and though her life was saved, her reason was destroyed. Another case was the recent murder of the editor of the Liberal newspaper of Vera Cruz, who had attacked the church roughly, and had been denounced from the pulpit by his clerical antagonists. All the victims were Mexican citizens, and the *Monitor* calls for justice and protection of all creeds against the fanatics of the interior. There is much agitation over these disclosures, which are likely to cause punishment to swiftly visit the offenders. The Government seeks to afford ample protection to all denominations, and in the larger cities and towns succeeds in doing so, but in the remote sections of the interior the fanatics are hard to control. There is no disposition to deal leniently with the authors of these astounding crimes, which are condemned by all good citizens without regard to religious differences.

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[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## A LETTER FROM NICARAGUA.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Having in my hands a copy of THE CRITIC (Jubilee Number), I have been amused at "Sketches of Life in Venezuela" by Howard Clark, Esq. In almost every respect the sketch is true of life in this free Republic of Nicaragua, the custom of requisitioning during time of war anything—money, mules, goods, &c., and of catching men to serve as soldiers, is still practiced by the Government here; if they did not catch the fellows they would never be able to raise an army.

Several amusing incidents happened here two years ago in re-catching men during a threatened insurrection and invasion. The officials at "Lancet," the nearest native village, had received orders to supply a company of 100 men. They immediately set to work and caught up over ninety before the people of the place knew what was the matter. These fellows were being put through their goose step, &c., until the guard should be able to catch the few more required to make up the full contingent, and were out on patrol; seeing their chance, over forty (40) of them took to the monte (bush); the guard, after vainly endeavoring for some days to catch or replace them in all the section round, were obliged to be content with and march off less than fifty men. Our laborers were in constant alarm and upon the *qui vive*, until we obtained permission from the Government to retain so many men; several times a false alarm was raised that the *escorta* (guard) was coming, when they all dropped their tools and were out of sight in the monte (woods) before it was known to be a false alarm, and stayed away for a full half day, some would work (keeping a sharp lookout) all day and go off to the woods to sleep at night. An *escorta* can hardly ever appear without some one of the men being missing immediately; it is useless to ask where he is, for nobody ever knows, and the answer from all is the same, "*Quien sabe, Señor?*" ("Who knows, sir?") in a tone of voice as if they had scarcely ever heard of the man, much less have been working alongside of him not ten seconds before.

The justice of the country is on a par with everything else, they pretend to take evidence upon oath, and here the foreigner finds himself at a disadvantage, for he tells all he knows, and they only tell as much as they choose, as I have learned to my cost.

I was robbed less than two months ago, some of my things sold in the village, and, with a great show of law, two of the culprits were arrested, and I thought the matter was coming to a head.

I swore to my opera glasses (anteojos de opera), and my hunting knife has my name engraved upon the sheath, and initials upon the guard also. There is not a person but knows and believes the things are mine, as such things as opera glasses do not exist in the village, and are very scarce in the country at all. I have never seen any here but my own. I have now been coolly informed that for want of evidence I will have to loose my things. I think the administration of the criminal code, and also the code itself, of this country, can be greatly improved upon.

The two principal culprits are named Valentino Valdonado and Lius Baranna, the former in his haste left his machette behind, (it has his initials on the sheath,) in the grass underneath my window the day of the robbery. He also threatened to machete me if I dared accuse him, and the other sold the goods. These are only a few of the bare facts.

It is needless to talk of insults being added to injury after this, if there is justice to be had in this Republic I'll have it if the Consul is not a coward. I am a loyal Canadian from your sister province, New Brunswick, and previous to coming here lived ten years in Fredericton.

Another of the fellows, after the robbery, the man who, I believe, instigated the others, Caesar Garia, also said it was not much good my saying anything, for half a dozen of them could easily come on me with machettes and tie me up and take my keys; if I resisted, so much the worse for me.

After words like these I had *our* restless night, and if you suppose I take my walks abroad without my revolver in my pocket, and not only then, but from daylight to bedtime, you are wrong. There are only two of us whitemen here at present, and, owing to the arrangement of the property, we have to live more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile apart, (a Cornish mining captain named John Hosking, and myself).

The picture Mr. Clark has given of the courtesy of Don Pedro's friends and the Caballeros (Cavaliers) (the fire trappings excepted,) is true in many instances of the people here. They embrace a fellow, lay their head on his shoulder, are overpowered with joy to see him, their best friend, &c., &c.

If they knew how the Anglo-Saxon hated their snakey sliminess, and the light in which he really held it, they would not be quite so lavish with it, but there are, believe me, some true and estimable men also.

Yours truly,

W. H. TIPPET.

NOTE.—A machotte is a large heavy knife more than two feet (2 ft.) long, the constant companion of all the lower class, they carry them in their hand or hanging by their side. They never go abroad without a knife of some kind. Two fellows, Valdonado and his brother, have threatened to kill me. Why? because I object to having myself and the office robbed.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## STRAY SHOTS.

THE CRITIC, in a recent issue, noticed the acceptance by the Pope of an offer made by the Government of New South Wales of an enormous area of land in aid of the conversion of the natives. I believe the grant was open to any denomination, and had it been taken up by any other than the Church of Rome, the objections to a measure tending to a great accretion of power by any branch of clericalism would have been less in degree only.

I have no "furors" against Roman Catholicism—recognizing, *au contraire*, some points in which it stands superior to Protestantism. Still less do I go with the late Prof. Clifford, who, in his "Ethics of Religion," assimilated to himself the axiom "*Sacerdos semper, ubique, et omnibus inimicus.*" But the venerable Church trends perilously near to the brink of that condition in many phases of her policy, and he is a fool (if not a knave,) who is (or pretends to be) blind to her ambition; and indeed her open and never relaxed claim, to dominate the earth in all things, secular as well as spiritual. The N. S. Wales Government has, therefore, blindly committed itself to a stupendous blunder in applying her with the leverage of power of a great territorial acquisition, for game which is not worth a fraction of the enormous cost of the candle. For the Australian savage is not nearly so well worth the saving, so to speak, as our own Indian. He is almost as low as humanity can be, and is fast dying out. In Tasmania, he has been extinct for some years, and, where he still exists, what sort of a Christian can one, from a Methodist Missionary to a Jesuit Priest, make of him?

No wonder the astute Italian statesman who wears the Triple Crown (and, let us say, graces it,) saw fit to accept the benefaction. He is not blind or imbecile, whatever the New South Wales Government may be.

It will take two or three more lickings to drive into the English yachtsman's, and the English yacht builders' heads that greater beam and less draught of water are the conditions required to hold their own with American vessels. Yet, how simple it seems. Every foot of hull under water that the body of sail has to drive through it, is so much dead disadvantage. Sir William Symonds, taking the Greek brig as his model, built even his line-of-battle ships short and of great beam; and, so far as I remember, their draft was less, proportionately, than the older ships, which were long and narrow.

This was certainly the case with the old *Queen*, in her day the largest ship in the navy. Her beam was sixty feet, the same as the *Northampton*, and she sailed like a crack frigate.

I do not think a match is altogether fair between centre-board craft and those without. The conditions are so dissimilar.

We await, and I hope, for his own reputation's sake, we may wait some time, for another novel from Mr. H. Rider Haggard. I say this, not in depreciation of what he has done, for I cordially admire the audacity of invention, but in pursuance of what I said some time ago, that, if he sustains his rapidity of production, he will assuredly write himself out. If you can find space for the following critique from the *Graphic*, it will afford a text for future remarks:—

"Allan Quartermain," the continuation of Mr. H. Rider Haggard's 'King Solomon's Mines' (1 vol.: Longmans and Co.) is, though certainly not surpassing its predecessor in interest, or rivalling in originality, far more successful than is at all usual in the case of continuations. There is no occasion to give any description of the story, for it may be assumed that Mr. Haggard's readers, that is to say everybody who ever reads a story, anticipated well-nigh the earliest of reviews. The admirable romancer who, like a literary Stanley, has made Africa his own, now occupies a place in the world of fiction which entitles him to criticism not of the instantaneous sort, but of the more respectful kind, which follows the public judgment, and approves, disapproves, or modifies. Our interpretation of that public judgment upon 'Allan Quartermain' is that it has proved sound. Ever so slight a tinge of disappointment has colored a verdict of general approval: 'Allan Quartermain' is not all that was expected, but it is a great deal that was not expected—it would scarcely have made a great reputation, but it is worthy of a great reputation already made. And in the character of Umslopogaas, Mr. Haggard has risen to epic heights, of which we had scarcely thought him capable. There is something absolutely Homeric about this great fighting man; one seems to catch the roll of the hexameter when he appears, as if he were another Ajax Telamon. And in all probability Homer—if, *pax* Mr. Gladstone, there ever was a Homer—was as indifferent to thoughts of style as Mr. Haggard, who still writes about as badly as is possible. We dwell the more on this because it seems as if style, on which alone the endurance, as distinguished from the popularity, of literary work depends, is becoming less and less a quality of contemporary fiction. If Mr. Haggard only knew how to write he would be a great novelist as well as a deservedly successful one. In that case he might to the end of his days find something to tell of Africa, actual or imaginary, that would always seem *aliquid novi*—something more than a mere new novel. As things stand, Africa, both of fact and of invented legend, is being worn to rags; and we should be glad to discuss, from the fresh departure that is now due, whether Mr. Haggard is altogether dependent upon the Dark Continent for his inspiration, or whether Africa depends for its interest upon Mr. Haggard. Such fine and daring imagination as his deserves to be accompanied by a less childish notion of humor, a less boyish sense of incident, and a more mature appreciation of which constitutes literature. He is still a young writer, in every sense of the term; he still writes for boys—but it is pleasant to think that the reading world is still so youthful-minded."

Meantime, I adhere to my opinion that "She" is the most brilliant of his books. But, in fact, it is the only one which is grand. "Jess" is powerful, but "Allan Quartermain" is but a sequel, and we know what rank in merit all sequels take. It is no light merit in a novelist when we say of one of his scenes, "What a picture that would make!" Think then what a gorgeous tableau would be the entry of the two Queens in "Allan Quartermain!" I often wonder that no modern painter—the President of



the Academy for instance—has ever tried his hand at Sir Lancelot "as he rode down to Camelot," or Queen Guenivere as

"In mosses mixed with violet  
Her cream-white mule his pasture set."

I suppose scarcely any one in Nova Scotia ever happened to see Westall's picture of Queen Soleyne receiving the Minstrel Knight Arnald of Maraviglia, in La Motte Fouquet's beautiful "Minstrel Love;" thinking of which work of exquisite purity, I wonder what the dull realists who stigmatize Rider Haggard's books as trash, would think of La Motte Fouquet's gorgeous chivalric "Magic Ring." Most people know "Undine," and a good many have read "Sintram," but I fancy few know the "Magic Ring," to which indeed "Sintram" is somewhat of a sequel—or at least a sequel to one of the love stories interwoven in the greater work. But I am wandering. To revert to Mr. Rider Haggard, "Dawn" and "The Witch's Head," are comparatively commonplace stories, yet there is some strong character-drawing in each. Most people seem to like "King Solomon's Mines" best. I confess I do not think it at all equal to "She."

Ouida writes to the *Times* in righteously indignant terms on a fresh outbreak in London of the "cruel and craven craze" for the persecution of dogs, and the monstrous beating to death of these animals by the truncheons of policemen." She justly dwells on the brutalizing tendency of seeing the "guardians of law and order beating to death with slow and savage blows a defenceless animal which has had the misfortune to lose its owner, and finds itself alone in a crowded street." Muzzled or unmuzzled, it seems to make no difference, and Ouida justly stigmatizes "the personal cowardice and nervousness which the agitators of 'science' have so largely fastened in the public temperament" as a dishonor to the nation. "The decay of courage and indifference to animal suffering," she observes, "usually go together, and both of these are visible in the England of to-day."

FRANC-TIREUR.

#### JOSEPH HOWE.

The people of the Maritime Provinces amid all the change and whirl of political life, have not lost sight of one of Canada's absent statesmen, who years since passed away from this life, viz., Joseph Howe.

For years his facile pen and eloquent voice was heard, not only in his own Province, but on the other side of the Atlantic, contending for what was ultimately granted, responsible government; and in all matters of state involving the expenditure of large sums of public money, or matters of good for his native land, the voice and guiding hand of Jos. Howe was heard and seen.

Of his political life it is only meet to say that he met with hearty opposition in many of his schemes and campaigns, and many a well-contested battle was fought in and out of the House of Assembly by this talented statesman.

That he may have erred occasionally is not disputed, but that in his whole political and private life he ever had the interests of his native land and its people at heart, and labored earnestly and zealously for their progress and advancement, is not capable of denial. For this is his memory cherished.

An able speaker and a gifted writer, his spare hours were devoted to the literary world, and he has left behind him a collection of poems, lectures and speeches, which will be seen in the years to come with pleasure and profit by the young Maritime Canadian, anxious to know something of the past. Notably among his speeches, is the memorable address on the organization of the Empire, an address well worthy of perusal. His poems, which have been collected and published, evince much literary taste, while his lecture on eloquence is one well worth a patient reading.

The life letters and speeches of Joseph Howe, were at one time prior to his death, collected and arranged and published by William Annand, of Halifax, at one time the bosom friend of Howe.

We refer to this matter more especially as we now understand an effort is being made to raise a sufficient sum to erect in the Assembly grounds at Halifax, a statue of Howe.

The movement is one that should be heartily commended, and which we trust will succeed, as we believe it is the duty of citizens of any country to erect memorials to men, who have, by their intelligence, eloquence and zeal, fostered and promoted their country's general good, and this we firmly believe Howe did do. We doubt not that there are many New Brunswickers who have kindly remembrances of Joseph Howe, and who would willingly contribute their mites towards this creditable object. The matter is in hands of a committee in Halifax, among whom Prof. Fraser of THE CRITIC is prominent.—*Sussex Weekly Record*.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

#### ASSYRIOLOGY.

I am chiefly indebted to the Philadelphia *American* for the following quotations from the early Babylonian Penitential Psalms, and for the remarks which accompany them, which I lay before your readers in sequence of a few items on this most interesting subject, previously given. For the past seven or eight years Assyriologists have been wont from year to year to look to Leipzig for some new or interesting publications in the field of Assyrian research, and generally with disappointment.

Dr. Zimmern, a worthy pupil of the celebrated Prof. Frederick Delitzsch has recently published a commentary on the Nine Penitential Psalms, which is of high value.

There is nothing in the whole range of the Assyrian literature which

affords so interesting a parallel to literary form in the Bible as do these nine penitential Psalms. In a fragmentary petition to a goddess the poet says:

"Whoever is with sin, thou receivest his innermost petitions;  
If thou lookest upon a man, that man lives;  
Lady of all, queen of humanity,  
Merciful one, to whom it is good to turn, who receiveth supplications."

In a petition to Ishtar:

"O my lady, since the days of my youth, I have been yoked to misfortune;  
Food I have not eaten weeping was my sustenance;  
Water I have not drunk tears were my drink."

But the most pathetic of the whole collection is one not addressed to any deity, but rather narrative in its tone:

"Amidst sighing he sits down,  
Amidst painful cries, in anguish of heart,  
Amidst bitter weeping and bitter sighing;  
Like a dove he complains, day and night;  
To his merciful God he cries like a wild cow.  
Pitiful complaints he raises."

These few extracts serve to show how near the literary efforts of the Assyrians and the Hebrews stood together, and how important is the one for the study of the other. The penitential Psalms are mostly bilingual, that is to say, are given first in Sumero-Akkadian and then in Assyrian. This fact, however, has not prevented Dr. Zimmern from ascribing their origin to the Semitic period. He calls them Babylonian because the best literary effort had its home in Babylonia, and thinks it Semitic because of its spirit, and because of the language employed in the Sumero-Akkadian portion. It is well known that Sumero-Akkadian lived as the sacred dialect of the temples long after it ceased to be a spoken language, and several of the younger Assyriologists, Dr. Zimmern among the number, are now inclined to think that the Sumero-Akkadian handed down to us does not represent the classical language, but rather a stage of development comparable to what we find in monkish Latin. In spite of this opinion, a very ancient date is assigned these Psalms.

In his translation of the texts Dr. Zimmern shows keen powers of interpretation, and in his commentary a wide and discerning familiarity with the works of his predecessors.

Prof. Hommel named the date of composition as between 250' and 2000 B.C., and Dr. Zimmern from internal evidence places it more definitely at about 2300 B.C. Originally outpourings of a contrite heart, they were, like the Jewish Psalter, collected and arranged for liturgical purposes.

It would be impossible here to mention the many contributions this work makes to the understanding and etymology of Assyrian words. They are of such importance as to make the careful study of Dr. Zimmern's book necessary to anyone who desires to keep pace with the progress of Assyriology.

FRANC-TIREUR.

#### MUSICAL ECHOES.

THE NEW MOVEMENT IN CHURCH MUSIC.—There is no doubt that the dull mind of the public is being awakened to the fact that music should have constant place in all churches of whatever denomination. In no place can music be so well appreciated or do so much good; the church is its real home, even more than the theatre or the opera. First, music should find a place in the church, then in the home, then in the school, and then wherever else you like. The churches should give musical services on Sundays and other days, and no church does it duty that does not give its congregation one musical service in the week, besides the usual services. America is the very country for this movement; make it a rule to open all churches and chapels once a week at least to sacred or serious music, and the church will be filled, the interest in it doubled and trebled, and people be drawn to it, that would otherwise never enter it. England seems gradually to adopt something like this plan and with effect. Musical services are being held far more frequently in the churches, and amateur choirs are being formed for them; the churches fill, and music that would have remained a mystery to thousands, becomes now known to them and will be beloved by them. Surely there need be no difficulty about such a movement in America.—*American Musician*.

A little English Opera called "Dorothy," with music by Alfred Cellier, has been running a successful career, and still retains a place among the amusements of London. "Ruddigore," by Sir Arthur Sullivan, has held its own at the Savoy Theatre because of the charm of the music. Each of these works is marked by a degree of originality which the public is not slow to recognize. So-called operas, whose music is a repetition of things by the same writer which have heretofore pleased the public, do not attract in their nominal new forms, and the public soon tire of them.

These operas were designed to minister to the demand for something superior to the ordinary *opera bouffe*, which has loosened its hold upon public estimation, even as the burlesque has been drowned by the flood of contempt which its own extravagances had let loose.—*Musical Times*.

Young Hofman gave altogether five public recitals, and two more visits to London will be made by him during the ensuing autumn and spring. In the meantime a provincial tour has been arranged for him. He is certainly one of the most phenomenal young musicians since the time of Mozart and Liszt. It may be hoped that his strength will grow with his genius, and his genius with his strength. It was not at all surprising to find that other young people have been brought forward in order to show that he is not the only infant prodigy. Concerts have been given by Pauline Ellice, Joanno Douste, and others, but he still retains his superiority.—*Musical Times*.



An artist has just arrived here from the West Indies—a Spaniard—who is the inventor of, and who performs upon, the smallest musical instrument we have yet heard, which can be used for solo purposes. It is made of bamboo or cut from a reed, is three and a half inches long and half an inch in diameter, and when blown emits, within a compass of more than two octaves, the tones of the pito, of a piccolo, but of much more sympathetic quality. There are three escapes. It does not cost more than five cents to make the "Canillito" (canestuto), as it is called, and it can be carried in the vest pocket. The inventor is Cosar Gary Camba, and he is accompanied by a Spanish pianist, Aurelio Ceruolos.—*Musical Courier*.

Dr. Arno was once placed in an awkward dilemma by the vanity of two would-be vocalists, who had gone so far as to record a wager upon the score of their respective merits (!). The doctor was however quite equal to the occasion, for after hearing the first, he said, "You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." Whereupon the second exultingly exclaimed, "Then I win." His surprise may be better imagined than described, when he heard Dr. Arno's uncompromising verdict, "No, indeed, you don't, for you cannot sing at all!"

Those who credit the assertion that there are persons in existence who really dislike music, must remember that many imagine it a decisive mark of intellect to differ entirely from what the world generally believes. We recollect an instance of a man who never could be made to understand what people can find to admire in the works of Shakespeare; and after confessing that, under persuasion, he had attempted to read one of his plays, declared that by suddenly closing the book at the end of the third act he had saved himself from a fit of illness. This was, of course, a smart thing to say; but there was about as much truth in his remark as in the act of the self-styled music-hater, who always ostentatiously left the room when the pianoforte was opened, but unfortunately was once detected in creeping back when nobody was looking. The fact is that the appreciation of high-class musical works is as much the result of education as the appreciation of high class works in any other art; but our own experience proves that every individual is sensibly affected by music, if only appealed to in the right manner. We are led to make these remarks by seeing recently in a periodical a list of distinguished men who, it was said, could not endure music; and being struck with the circumstance of not a single proof being adduced in support of such a statement. Witty men will of course say witty things upon music as upon everything else; but when we affirm that one of the most earnest and enraptured listeners to a slow movement of Beethoven (charmingly rendered certainly) was a man of general culture who declared that he hated "classical music," we may fairly assume that there are many others who may be converted to the true faith by an equally eloquent missionary. Even the well-known sarcastic definition of music, that it is "the least disagreeable of noises," was uttered by one who was evidently as desirous of protecting himself from musical, as from literary bores.—*Musical Times*.

A new comic opera based upon Frank Stockton's sketch, "The Lady and the Tiger," is in course of completion. The rights for this country have been secured by McCaull.

## COMMERCIAL.

While there has been an absence of any actual change in the general trade situation, still a healthy development has taken place, and the whole tone of affairs has continued to be cheerful. The volume of distribution has been larger than in recent years, and, taking the various branches all around, business must be characterized as good—at least the leading staple lines show a very satisfactory degree of animation. The railway traffic returns show a much larger movement than last year, the increased receipts on the Grand Trunk to date being \$926,000, and on the Canadian Pacific, \$589,000 more than those of 1886 for the same period.

A matter that is assuming considerable importance just now, is the expenditure of civic money, especially in the shape of salaries to city officials. The subject has been mooted in the City Council, and some of the Aldermen appear determined to have it thoroughly ventilated. If there is anything wrong—which we are not prepared to say—it should be looked into and rectified. Even if there is not, since suspicions have been aroused, nothing will allay doubt like a searching enquiry. The fact is that much that is done by the Board of Works has to be done without, or rather in advance of, express sanction by the City Council, and that breeds a certain amount of jealousy on the part of Aldermen who are not members of the Board. This is probably unavoidable, and we are inclined to believe that, for their own sakes, those who are members of that Board should be pleased with the recent order of the Council making all meetings of committees open to the public and the press. At a recent meeting of the City Council certain broad insinuations were made concerning advances stated to have been made to the contractor for building the new City Hall in excess of the amount provided by the terms of the contract. Having been made, such statements should be either proved or disproved. They cannot be allowed to drop as they are.

A curious combine—that of the wooden-box men—has recently been formed in Chicago. The result is that prices have advanced 50 per cent., competition have been got rid of, to the annoyance of consumers who have no alternative but to "pay the piper" and to the immense delight of the box-makers, who are now such a combine that they can charge what they please. Of course this state of things cannot last long, for some one will soon step in and furnish boxes at reasonable prices, but, meanwhile, exorbitant figures

are obtained. This incident forms a commentary on the business of our civilized age.

The following are the assignments and business changes in this Province during the past week:—W. S. McDonald, Publisher, Pictou, succeeded by C. D. McDonald; Murdock McPherson, general store, Mabou, assigned to John McPherson.

**DRY GOODS**—Business in this line has been brisk, and some wholesale houses report an increase of orders direct through the mails, while others admit a slightly better volume of trade. Orders generally are not large, but they aggregate to a fair distribution of reasonable goods. Remittances from the interior are rather slow, and will probably continue to be so for some time, because farmers generally have not yet realized on their crops, and, consequently, are not paying their bills.

**IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS**.—A moderate business has been done, with but little change in prices since our last report. Glasgow warrants are cabled at 41s. 2d. General hardware is reported to be a little brisker, as orders for heavy goods are beginning to come in. Tin has been active, and the London market has advanced to £105, which has been a gain of £3 during the week. Copper sales there have been mainly of Newfoundland, of which there are large supplies in the market. Tin plates and Canada plates are in good request, but the latter are scarce and most ready sale. Late London cables are:—Tin spot, £105 5s; Chili bars, £39 15s.; soft English, £12 5s.; spelter, £15 7s. In Philadelphia the rush of orders for iron and steel, as well as for machinery, motive power and tools continues, and business in hand is heavy. Prices there are firm for all kinds of material, crude and finished. Production is no more than equal to the demand, and future requirements are looming up for early and midwinter. Foreign material is dull. Steel-rail mills are booking very few orders for next year's delivery, as the requirements for the early part of the year are well filled, and railroad promoters are awaiting the blowing over of financial uncertainties. There is very little disposition to hold back orders, as an upward tendency is more probable than a downward. Any fresh activity in railway construction would probably crowd prices up and lead to fresh importations.

**BREADSTUFFS**.—The flour market has continued steady to firm, but the stringent scarcity which prevailed for some time is not so noticeable, and there appears to be enough flour on hand now to meet present requirements. There is especially a good demand for strong bakers' flour. Cable advices are very firm for both corn and wheat. Cargoes of wheat off coast were firm, but American wheat on passage or for shipment is held too high to suit operators who are buying Russian instead. Russian corn on passage is firm, and American quiet. In Liverpool wheat is firmly held, and corn strong at 4s. 5d. The amount of wheat and of flour reduced to wheat afloat to Europe is reported now to be 8,280,000 bushels less than a year ago. The Chicago wheat market is stronger, and seems to have recovered from its recent depression. Prices are firm there at 71½c. for October, 72½c. for November, and 74½c. for December. The corn market was also strong, and advancing, quotations being 43c. for October, 42½c. for November, and 43½c. for December. Oats were firmer, and stood at 26c. for October, and 26½c. for November. The San Francisco *Daily News* states that considerable wheat is coming forward from Oregon, largely for account of millers, adding to the already heavy California surplus, and soon the question will arise of its disposition. The farmers and speculators cannot eat it, and, under the present condition of affairs, freights cannot materially decline, and, unless wheat advances abroad, a marked reduction in that cereal must take place here.

**PROVISIONS**.—Local business in provisions has been quiet, and prices are unchanged. In Liverpool, lard is firmer and 3d. dearer, standing at 34s. Pork is unchanged at 77s. 6d., bacon at 41s. to 44s. 6d., and tallow at 22s. 6d. The Chicago provision markets were quiet, and, if anything, easier. Pork closed 5c. lower, at \$12.47½ for January, while lard was without substantial change at \$6.50 for October, and \$6.45 for November and December. Meats were unchanged. The Cincinnati *Price Current* says:—"The total packing in the West for the week has been 150,000 hogs, against 150,000 the preceding week, and 155,000 for corresponding time last year; total to date 4,540,000, against 4,575,000, last year—decrease 35,000 hogs. The Eastern and Southern States are reported relatively higher in supply than the Western surplus States. These estimates, however, as is shown by analysis of comparative exhibits for previous years, cannot be taken as foreshadowing the relative number of hogs to be packed during the winter season, which, for the coming winter, is not likely to be less than last year. In the provision trade the feature of the week has been the break of September and October short rib sides from \$8.90 a week ago, to \$8.05 on Friday—attributed to the manipulation of a controlling operator to eliminate the holdings of some long options."

**BUTTER**.—No improvement can be noted in the butter markets, business being exceedingly quiet, and outside of the local consumptive trade, nothing is doing, but as all fine goods are well held, the market preserves a fairly steady tone. Holders are so firmly impressed with the future of butter that they refuse to come to buyers' ideas, and prefer to store, rather than to shade prices.

**CHEESE**.—The cheese market has continued to be dull and quiet, even cable advances failing to stir speculation. It is only fair, however, to state that the advance in cabled advices is well understood to be merely the change from summer to August makes. Messrs. Abm. Hodgson & Sons, writing from New York on September 23rd, state:—"Our market opened this week with a hardening tendency with encouragement given to country buyers at Utica, Little Falls, and in Western New York to pay higher prices. This has led to much larger receipts than anticipated, and no corresponding increase in the export outlet. Nevertheless, prices advanced here until 12c. to 12½c. was paid for white, and 12½c. to 12½c. for colored cheese, and the market firmly held at these figures until to-day. As we write, some dealers

who either must do or prefer to close out their transactions each week (on policy or other sufficient reason) are offering to sell at 11 1/4 to 11 1/2c., and 12c. to 12 1/2c. for white and colored cheese respectively; while some others hold firmly at higher figures, and will store for a time rather than sacrifice their goods to a loss. The last of August cheese is fully equal September made cheese. The finest September cheese will not be bought in the country only exceptionally to sell here under 12 1/2c. or 12 3/4c. for a while yet."

APPLES.—The market is well stocked with fall apples, and their sale appears to be rather dull. Winter fruit is coming in satisfactorily, most packages being clean and nice. It is too early to give English quotations, but Liverpool advices report sales of American apples at 4s. to 10s. 6d. per bbl., which figures must show a heavy loss to shippers.

DRIED FRUIT.—The market for fruit has been quiet, and business has been mainly of a jobbing character. Prices are firm and unchanged.

SUGAR.—A fair average business has been done at firm prices in refined sugars, and granulated and yellows have changed hands with considerable freedom. Raws are quiet, and, in fact, slow, but prices are quite firm. Shipments of sugar from Barbadoes to the 20th ult., amounted to equal to 68,356 hhd. against 40,742 hhd. to the same time last year.

MOLASSES continues strong with demand fully up to supply. An esteemed correspondent complains because the types made us quote Barbadoes at 36c. two or three weeks ago instead of 30c., which it should have been. Such mistakes are at times unavoidable. Barbadoes exports to the 20th Sept. were 42,016 puns against 32,067 puns for the same time last year.

TEA AND COFFEE.—A good demand for tea has been developed, and a fairly active business has transpired both in Japans and in blacks at firm prices. The coffee market is steady under a good demand.

FISH.—There is scarcely any change worthy of note in the local market, except that split herring are a little easier. There is no present shipping demand, and what fish arrive are bought up and held by a few parties for speculation purposes. Receipts of mackerel continue to be very small, and are confined to 3's and small 2's. No fat mackerel have been caught as yet on our shores. In dry fish nothing is doing, and quotations are virtually merely nominal. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, Oct. 3rd:

"In Labrador herring we hear of sales to arrive of 1,100 bbls. at \$5, about 500 bbls. of which are for Upper Canada firms. In smaller quantities 25 to 50c. may be added to this price. Cape Breton are quoted at \$5 to \$5.25 and 25 to 50c. extra for small jobbing lots. Dry cod continues in fair demand, with last sales reported at \$4 to \$4.25 per quintal. Green cod holds steady, but there is not much enquiry for it, and No. 1, which is the only kind asked for, is quoted at \$4 to \$1 25 per bbl. Salmon is quiet and steady at \$22 per tierce for No. 1 Newfoundland." Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 3rd: We quote best George's codfish at \$4 75 and \$3.50 per qtl. for large and small; Bank \$3.50 for large, and \$3.25 for small; Flomish Cap \$4; Shores \$4.37 and \$3 for large and small. George's codfish are selling from the vessel at \$3, and Bank at \$2.75 per cwt. Cusk \$3.50, pollock \$1.87, slack-salted do. \$2.50; haddock, \$2.50, and hako \$2. Boneless and prepared fish 3 1/2 to 5 cts. per lb. for hako, haddock and cusk, and 5 to 6 1/2 cts. per lb. for codfish, as to style and quality. Smoked halibut 6 to 9 cts. per lb.; smoked salmon 15c. per lb.; haddock 7 cts. per lb. Medium herring 19 cts. per box; tucks 16 cts.; lengthwise 14 cts.; No. 1's 13 cts. Smoked mackerel 11 cts. per lb. Canned do., fresh, \$1.50 per doz.; canned trout \$1.50; fresh halibut \$1.25; salmon \$1.75, lobsters \$1.75; clams \$1.75. Newfoundland herring \$4.00 per bbl. Nova Scotia large split \$5.00; medium \$4; Labrador \$5.50; trout \$14.50 per bbl.; pickled codfish \$5; haddock \$4; halibut heads \$3.50; tongues \$6; sounds \$11.50; tongues and sounds \$8; alewives \$3.50; California salmon \$15; Halifax do. \$17. Clam bait \$5 to \$5.50; slivers \$7. Refined medicine oil 60 cts. per gal.; crude do. 40 cts.; blackfish oil 55 cts.; cod do. 27 cts.; pogie do. 20 cts. Livers 25 cts. per bucket. Fish scrap \$6 per ton; liver do. \$4. Fish skins \$25; fish waste \$5; halibut guano \$6. For the corresponding week of last year George's codfish was selling at \$3.50 and \$2.50 per qtl.; Bank at \$2.50 and \$2.25; Shores at \$2.75; cusk \$2; haddock, hake and pollock \$1.75. Bay mackerel were selling out of pickle at \$13 50 to \$13.75 per bbl., one fare of extra quality bringing \$14 50, and one fare landed early in the season at \$10. Shore mackerel sold at \$22 and \$14 for 1's and 2's, and one small lot of Block Islands at \$37 for extra 1's, \$18 for 1's, \$13 for extra 2's and \$6.50 for tinkers. Choice Block Islands (a few barrels only) had sold for \$40." Messrs. Thomas Daniel & Co, Barbadoes, write under date of the 20th ult. as follows:—"Of Newfoundland cure, sales ex Travellas opened at \$14 for large and \$12 for medium, but cable advices having been received that there were no sailings, prices were advanced by one dollar. Of the Agnes Cairn's cargo, 51 casks of Labrador were sold at \$9, and 250 casks and drums exported to Trinidad and Demerara. For the remainder (large) \$15 is asked. Sales of large, ex Plymouth (of which only a few casks remained) are reported at \$13.50. The large stock of Gaspe cure in divided hands has kept down prices, and the sale of upwards of 800 tubs, ex Alliance, at \$8.50 did not improve matters. We have been selling in lots at \$10 to \$10.50, and have just closed the remainder of what we had at the former rate. We have only to quote the sale of a little lot of salmon, ex Travellas, at \$12.13. No sales of hornings." Havana, Sept. 24.—"Codfish are selling at \$6.25, with rather a languid enquiry, local consumption being limited, and the demand from the interior unusually light. Seal fish continue very dull. The 20 drums haddock which arrived sold at \$5, but orders are small, while hako move slowly at \$4.50, with ample supplies here." Kingston, Ja., Sept. 20.—"There have been no arrivals of your exports, the Lochiel, due last week, having put back, and in the absence of receipts the market has become bare, and the next arrivals must bring enhanced rates. Some hornings and mackerel, which came from New York, were sold at 26s. for the former, and 40s. for the latter. Tierces of fish are also wanted, and we hope you will soon have something here to benefit by our improved markets."

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 Sugar (Cut Leaf, Granulated, Circle A, etc.), Tea (Congou, Fair, Good, etc.), Molasses (Barbadoes, Demerara, etc.), Biscuits (Pilot Bread, Boston and Thin Family, etc.), and other foodstuffs with their respective prices.

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

Quotations below are our to day's wholesale prices for car lots not cash. Jobbers' and Retailers' prices about 5 to 10 cents per bbl. higher than car lots. Markets quiet and weak. Breadstuffs are selling at current cost.

Table listing breadstuffs (Flour, Graham, Patent high grades, etc.) and provisions (Feed Flour, Oats, Peas, White Beans, etc.) with their prices.

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

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various provisions including Beef (Am. Ex. Mess., Am. Plate, etc.), Pork (Mess. American, etc.), Lard (Tubs and Pails, Cases), and other meats with their prices.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

Table listing fish from vessels such as Mackerel (No. 1, 2, 3, etc.), Herring (No. 1 Shore, No. 1, August, etc.), Alewives, and other seafood with their prices.

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

LOBSTERS.

Table listing Lobsters (Nova Scotia Atlantic Coast Packing, Tall Cans, Flat) with their prices.

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

LUMBER.

Table listing various types of lumber (Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, Shingles, Laths, etc.) with their prices.

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

J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Liverpool Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Table listing Butter and Cheese (Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints, Canadian Creamery, etc.) with their prices.

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

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Table listing Wool, Wool Skins, and Hides (Wool—clean washed, Salted Hides, Ox Hides, etc.) with their prices.

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Table listing various fruits (Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, etc.) with their prices.

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

POULTRY.

Table listing Poultry (Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens) with their prices.

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Table listing Live Stock (Steers, Oxen, Fat Steers, Weathers, Lambs) with their prices.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

## SADDLE AND SABRE.

(Continued.)

"Well," said Gilbert, "I never saw such a procession as that in my life in a big race; and now it is over, I vote we forage for food. A north-east wind makes one confoundedly hungry."

"Ah! I'm afraid you'll have to rough it rather in that respect. There is not that magnificent choice of luncheon that generally presents itself at Ascot."

They made their way slowly down the crowded staircase, and went into the luncheon-room, but it was thronged, and there was apparently small chance of obtaining even standing room at one of the tables.

"Ah!" said Jocelyn laughing, "you will have to control your unholy appetite for some time longer. When we do get an opening, it will be useless; these locusts will have devoured everything."

"Let's come away," rejoined Gilbert with a smile. "It's too much for a man in my state to watch his fellow-creatures feed." And the two young men pushed their way downstairs with the determination of assuaging their hunger with tobacco.

They had barely reached the centre of the lawn, when a portly, clean-shaven gentleman, with rosy cheeks and a good-humored smile on his face, suddenly exclaimed, "Good-day, Mr. Jocelyn, I hope you like the chestnut?"

"Best horse I've got, Devereux. I only wish I could afford to come to you for another. You never miss Lincoln Spring, do you?"

"No, nor the Autumn either, but we've come down a large party this time. We're going to have a shy at a couple of the local races. There's a coach load of us all come to see Charlie win, we hope. By the way, gentlemen, will you have a glass of champagne? or maybe you've had no lunch; I know by old experience that it's pretty rough-and-tumble work getting anything to eat in there."

"Well, we couldn't, Devereux, and that's all about it," replied Jocelyn laughing; "if you can give us anything, you'd be doing a real charity."

"Come along," said the old gentleman with a jolly laugh. "The missus, when she has an outing, likes to do it comfortable, and you may depend upon it, when she gets on the coach it's well victualled."

"Manna in the wilderness, by Jove," whispered Gilbert as they followed the old gentleman across to his drag, where the debris of luncheon still lingered.

The two gentlemen were quickly introduced to the ladies, and hospitable Mrs. Devereux insisted upon their coming up on the drag, and having their luncheon "quite comfortable."

"I think we have met before, Mr. Slade," said Mrs. Kynaston, with a bright smile.

"Of course," replied Gilbert, "I remember you at Lady Ramsbury's garden party."

"Ah, Mr. Slade," said the lady, laughing, "I'll give you one bit of advice. There is nothing so dangerous as remembering too much. It couldn't have been at Lady Ramsbury's, because I don't know her, but I came down to one of the big Aldershot field days last summer, and you lunched us all in your mess room before we returned to town. The care Mr. Slade took of me on that occasion made a deeper impression on me than my charms did upon him."

"To be sure, very stupid of me," rejoined Gilbert, coolly, "that's the worst of a London season, one does get places muddled up so."

"Ah, you'll remember me another time. I'm about to embalm myself in your memory. Let me give you some of this pigeon pie, and next time we meet you'll murmur to yourself, 'She fed me when I was hungry.'"

"Thank you," rejoined Gilbert, laughing, "and if you could only guess how hungry I am, Mrs. Devereux. I am perfectly ashamed of my appetite."

"Can't pay me a better compliment," rejoined the lady. "I know, then, my cook has done her duty."

Neither Jocelyn nor Gilbert Slade were in any hurry to quit their new quarters. They could see there just as well as from the Grand Stand, while, as for the ladies, swathed in furs and rugs, there was no temptation for them to leave their seats. Old Tom Devereux was backwards and forwards between the drag and the betting lawn continuously. He had a large and numerous acquaintance, and was constantly shaking hands and exchanging jokes with old friends. Suddenly Gilbert's attention was diverted from the lively conversation he was holding with Mrs. Kynaston by an exclamation from Miss Devereux.

"Good gracious! Mr. Furzedon," she cried; "I never dreamt of seeing you here."

"Ah! I was bound to come down," he replied, "to see how the horse that carried you so well last winter acquits himself in the Hunt Steeplechase; and, from the hint I got in town a day or two ago, I thought I might find it profitable to get here in time for the big handicap."

"And I hope it has proved so," said Miss Devereux.

"Yes, thank you," he replied, "I had a very good race. No, nothing, thank you, Mrs. Devereux, I did all that at the Great Northern before I came up to the course."

"Furzedon?" thought Gilbert, "where was it I heard that name only the other day? Ah!" he muttered to himself, "In Lummer's Coffee Room. That's the man they mentioned as having felled an unhappy wretch in the Haymarket, who hurled after him a malediction so terrible as to have attracted the attention of those fellows who saw it, and they were a festive lot, to whom a row in those parts was no novelty;" and then Gilbert dismissed the matter from his mind, and turned once more to his fair companion.

And now the numbers went up for the Gone Away Plate, and there was great excitement on the top of the drag to see Charlie's performance. Both Mrs. Kynaston and Lettice had a small venture on the success of Charlie's mount, which they regarded as already won. Could they have overheard a conversation between the Major and a seedy, sinister individual at the back of the betting-ring, they would not have felt quite so sanguine about the result.

"Ah, Major," said the latter. "I know your horse well. Knew him before you had him, and you're quite right, he's just the sort to pick up these hunter's stakes on the flat, but, I warn you, you haven't got it all your own way this time. There's another party trying just the same game. I've no idea which of you has got the best of it, but remember there's another horse in the race which is no more a hunter than your's is"

"You're sure of what you say, Prance?"

"Quite," rejoined the other.

"Confound it. I've got a good bit of money on this."

"Well, you tell your jockey to keep his eye on The Decoy. And now, Major, times are hard, and I give you my word that information is worth a sovereign to you."

The Major paused for a second, and then unbuttoned his overcoat and took the coin from his waistcoat pocket, and handed it to his companion.

"Thank you, sir," replied the tout, for such he was. "I've always run straight with you, Major, and I'm quite sure of what I tell you. Your's and The Decoy will run first and second, and it'll be a race between 'em. I hope, for your sake, sir, your's is good enough to win," and thereupon Mr. Prance vanished with the utmost celerity, and immediately invested the sovereign he had just received with a ready money bookmaker on Decoy.

Great was the excitement on the top of the drag as the competitors for the Gone Away Plate, after galloping three quarters of the distance, turned into the straight, and the Major's black jacket was seen with a clear lead, and a cry arose from the Stand of "Rob Roy wins!" "Rob Roy in a canter!" but Mr. Prance had been only too correct in the diagnosis of the race.

As he came away from his field Charlie looked anxiously right and left for The Decoy, as the Major at the last moment had told him that that was the one quarter from which he might apprehend danger. But the gentleman on The Decoy was no neophyte, he had ridden many more races, was far more cunning of fence than Charlie, and quite aware that he had nothing but Rob Roy to beat. Trusting to Charlie's inexperience, the minute he came away he followed directly in his track, the former, casting anxious glances right and left, could see nothing of his dangerous adversary, and though somewhat astonished at the non appearance of The Decoy, Charlie raced steadily home. Suddenly just before reaching the Stand, like a flash he saw the white jacket and crimson belt of Mr. Sexton's mare at his girths. It flurried him a little, no doubt, as the being caught close to home does most men in their first public race, still he kept his head fairly well, and it wasn't till he saw that his opponent had more than collared him opposite the Stand that he sat down and began riding in earnest. But it was no use, his crafty opponent had already got a neck the best of him, and to say nothing of being on perhaps the better horse, was certainly the more experienced "finisher" of the pair. He, too, began to ride his horse in a resolute fashion, and not only held the advantage he had gained but improved it to a good half length before he passed the winning-post.

There was wailing, half earnest and half laughing, on the top of the drag at the defeat of their champion. There were bitter maledictions on the part of the Major as to what he was pleased to term Mr. Sexton's unscrupulous conduct, totally ignoring that Mr. Sexton had only succeeded and that he had failed, that otherwise their proceedings had been precisely similar, and there was considerable hilarity on the part of Mr. Prance who had succeeded in adding three sovereigns to his store.

"Very bad, Miss Devereux," said Slade, "but we can only say to your brother, though defeated, was not disgraced. No man could have made a better struggle for it, and we can only say that it was his ill-luck to encounter an enemy a little too good for him."

I doubt whether Gilbert's uncle Norman would have given quite so merciful a verdict. I think he would have said, "He rides very nicely for a young one, but the old practitioner caught him at the finish. If he had held the most of the commanding position he held when he got into the straight I should doubt The Decoy ever having caught him."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Devereux," said Slade. "Of course, we shall see you all here to-morrow, and then I trust your own jacket will be habited by the winner. In the mean time, Miss Devereux, let me thank you for your kindness to a couple of famishing wayfarers. And now here come your horse and we must say good-bye."

"Good-bye," returned the hospitable old lady. "Good-bye, Mr. Jocelyn. Remember, I shall expect you both at luncheon to-morrow. And with a cordial adieu all round the two young men took their departure.

"Deuced good find that," said Gilbert, as he and Jocelyn walked back to Lincoln. "Very pleasant people, and they have entertained us royally. What are they exactly?"

"People who have farmed in the Wolds for centuries, and on a large scale. The old man is held in the highest respect, and almost treated as a squire by the scattered gentlemen around him. As for Mrs. Kynaston, I apparently know more about her than I do. I hope they'll pull off the Hunt Steeplechase to-morrow, for they were evidently sadly disappointed about being beaten to-day."

## V.

## THE HUNT STEEPLCHASE.

The next day was a great improvement on its predecessor; the weather was still keen, but there was very little of it, and a bright sun not



threw out considerable heat, but also had an enlivening effect on people's spirits. Mr. Prance, in high feather at his yesterday's success over the Gone Away Plate, was, for a gentleman of his saturnine temperament, quite genial, and was laughing and jesting with two or three of his mates—race-course hangers-on—who, like himself, picked up a precarious living in a by no means straight-laced fashion. Suddenly the man's manner was utterly transformed; he started as if he had been stung; and had any of those who had witnessed the *france* in the Haymarket been present to see, they would have noticed the same look of implacable resentment which had so arrested their attention on that evening. The cause was not far to seek, for they had just passed Mr. Furzedon strolling leisurely up the course with a friend.

"Ah!" muttered Mr. Prance to himself, "let me ever have the chance, and if I don't give you quittance in full, Mr. Furzedon, for all I owe you, may my hand and tongue be quiet and numb for ever in this world!"

Mr. Furzedon, quite unconscious of the very questionable blessing invoked on his head, passed on. It is doubtful whether he would have been much perturbed at Mr. Prance's thirst for vengeance had he been aware of it. He was far too conscious of his superior physical strength, to say nothing of his infinitely superior position, to feel any anxiety about any harm such a man as Prance could work him. That the cause of quarrel between the two lay deeper than the blow he had struck him that night outside the supper rooms had been transparent even to the casual spectators, but what that was must at present remain a matter between themselves. One of the first persons the tout came across when he had made his way into the enclosure was Major Kynaston, who was carefully studying his race card.

"Well, sir," he said, "what I told you yesterday was right enough; and it was a very close fit between yours and The Decoy."

"Yes, you were right enough, my man, and, change the jockeys, and it is possible it might have been the other way. Not but what Mr. Devereux rode very nicely; still the older hand, of course, proved a little too much for the young one. Race riding, like everything else, requires a lot of practice; it was pretty well my man's first appearance in public, while Mr. Long has been riding for years. But your information was worth the sovereign."

"Thank you, sir," replied Prance; "if I find out anything to-day I'll let you know."

The Major nodded; he could take pretty good care of himself on a race-course, and was by no means to be led away by what he might pick up from a tout; Prance, he knew from former experience, was worth listening to, and now and again, as in the case of yesterday's race, really had come by a bit of genuine information.

Tom Devereux's drag, it need scarcely be said, was early drawn up opposite the Stand. The ladies were in high spirits, and confident in the extreme about victory to-day in the Hunt Steeplechase. In vain Charlie protested against such extreme confidence. "I've got a good horse, I know, Lettice," he said, "but I may meet a better, just as I did yesterday."

"It won't do, Charlie," replied the girl, "we are bent upon returning victors to North Leach, and mind you don't disappoint us."

By this time the drag was surrounded by several young men, amongst whom Gilbert Slade, Jocelyn, and Furzedon were prominent.

"I suppose you are very fond of racing, Miss Devereux?" said Gilbert Slade, who had climbed to the roof of the drag.

"Fond of it," she replied; "I can hardly say. I know next to nothing about it. We always take the coach to Doncaster, and I have been there two or three times. My father knows Lincoln races well; but neither mother nor I ever came here before; and this time it is in honor of Charlie's first appearance as a rider at the big meeting of his county."

"Then you are ignorant of the glories of Ascot and Goodwood?" said Slade.

"Utterly," replied Miss Devereux. "I know very little of London and its gaieties, although, of course, I am aware what great gatherings of fashion those two race meetings are. We are very plain, humdrum people. A run to the sea when the crops are in constitutes our summer gaiety, though occasionally I get asked to my aunt's in South Kensington. She is papa's sister, you must know, and married a man who was in some kind of business in London, I'm sure I don't know what, but he has left her a very comfortably-off widow, and she knows a lot of people, and I always have a very pleasant time, when I go to stay with her."

"Ah!" I daresay Mrs. — I beg your pardon, what did you say your aunt's name was?" said Slade.

"I didn't mention it," rejoined Lettice, smiling, "but it is Mrs. Connop, and she lives in Onslow Gardens. She is a very bustling woman, who enjoys life keenly, entertains herself a good deal, and goes to everything. I have always had a very gay six weeks with her, and that's all I ever know of London dissipation. You, I dare say, have had years and years of it?"

"I have had my fling," rejoined Slade, quietly, "but I am a soldier, and am very often quartered a long way from London. Just at present I am at Aldershot; but we expect to move northwards in a couple of months, and though I dare say I shall manage a month or six weeks, it will be, like myself, a mere gulp at the wine-cup, but no raining of the goblet to the legs; I only trust that we shall meet."

"I haven't been asked yet," rejoined Miss Devereux, "and that is the first and most important step in my London season! But there, the numbers are up surely for the next race."

"Ah!" rejoined Gilbert, laughing, "I am afraid they have just finished that race, and we have actually been gossiping during the contest. Never mind, it was only a small selling affair, and I don't suppose any of us are really interested in anything but the Hunt Steeplechase."

(To be continued.)

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Tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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By order, **A. GOBEIL,** Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 22 Sept., 1887

**Western Counties Railway.**

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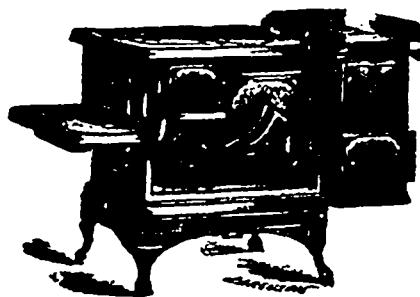
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### A TRIP TO THE EASTERN GOLD DISTRICTS.

(From our Staff Correspondent.)

The rain fell in torrents on Saturday, and no team being procurable, it was impossible to proceed on my way to Tangier, so I concluded to remain in my comfortable quarters at the Oxford mine, until the stage came along on Monday. There is always a stir around a gold mine, and so Saturday was pleasantly passed, and time did not hang heavily on my hands. Sunday was a beautiful day, and I strolled leisurely two miles and a half through the woods, and passed some hours in visiting old friends in East Chezzetcook. The beneficial effects of the regular wages paid out at the mines, are everywhere apparent. New buildings are going up, and the old have been made neat with new paint. Mr. Bird, an enterprising American, has built a large new store in the place, and has connected it with a similar establishment in West Chezzetcook by a telephone line. The telephone is certainly working its way everywhere. Sunday evening the northern lights made the Heavens brilliant, but the colors gradually faded before the light of the moon, and soon disappeared.

Monday morning proved fine, and bidding farewell to my hospitable host at the Oxford, I walked into Musquodobit Harbor, where I met the coach for Tangier at 12.30 p.m.

The Musquodobit River is a most picturesque stream. It cuts its way to the harbor through beds of solid rock, and at one time was a great salmon and trout stream. Now the large saw mill at its mouth pollutes the stream with tons of sawdust, and the river is consequently robbed of its fresh supply. Musquodobit Harbor is famous for its sea trout, and a glance at the register at Kid's Hotel, proves that large numbers of Halifaxians delight to fish and camp in this pleasant locality.

From Musquodobit Harbor to Tangier, a distance of 32 miles, the coach road winds through a pleasant country. Large forests of hemlock and spruce interspersed with groves of beech, maple and birch clothe the rugged hillsides. Rushing rivers—nearly all good fishing streams—are crossed—harbor after harbor is passed at its head—and the drive affords a great variety of views of land and water scape. Ship Harbor is a thriving mill town, and is hemmed in by high hills that almost attain the dignity of mountains. Jeddore, Pleasant Harbor, and the other places passed, all seem to do a thriving lumber business, and this, with fishing, seems to be the principal employment of the people. The roads are fair when skirting the harbors, but exorable when they cross the ridges that separate one harbor from the other.

Mr. Chisholm, the driver of the stage, was most obliging in answering questions, and kindly pointed out objects of interest on the way. He has been driving on the route for years, and seems to be a great favorite especially with the fair sex, who always demand the seat next to him. In one or two places the saw mills have encroached most unpleasantly on the road, their piles of wood and lumber scarcely allowing the coach a free passage. The more I see of the Nova Scotia coast, the more I am impressed with its beauties. From Yarmouth to Sydney it is penetrated by many navigable bays. As manufacturing and mining increase, these bays and harbors will prove valuable, reaching as they do for miles into the interior and being fed by rivers capable of furnishing unlimited water power.

That we were in a gold mining country was made evident by the great numbers of large boulders that were encountered every few miles. None of these had been broken by the gold hunters, but hundreds had never been touched.

At 6.30 p.m., we crossed the Tangier River just below where it tumbles over in pretty falls, and soon after drew rein at the Regina Hotel. The trip was brisk, and I had rather reluctantly to bunk in with a fellow-passenger.

### TANGIER.

As Tangier was the first place in the Province where gold mining was prosecuted, it was to me a most interesting locality. Some 25 or 30 years ago it was a small fishing settlement with no roads worthy of the name connecting it with the outside world. A path led to Shest Harbor, and most of the travel was done by water. It was in the early spring of 1858 that Capt. Peter Mason first discovered gold. The precious metal had been found at Mooselands the fall before by John G. Pulsifer and some companions, and this may have caused the Captain to be on the lookout. Whether or not he had stopped at a small stream (running through property now belonging to the Essex Co.) to water his oxen. As the water cleared he peered at it, and on the bottom discovered a rich nugget of gold.

News of the discovery soon got noised about, and in a very short time over fifteen hundred men were hard at work, not looking for lead, but cradling out the gold as in the alluvial diggings in California. The population grew with all the rapidity of a western mining camp, and in a very short time hundreds of miners' shanties were stretched along the "diggins." They were finally opened up, and wealthy English and American corporations were soon in the field, and Tangier became a great gold mining camp. These were wild days, and Tangier has witnessed some queer scenes.

Although any amount of gold was obtained, reckless mismanagement, poor machinery, extravagant outlay on surface plant, and gold stolen by the miners, worked the usual results, and the companies failed to

money. John Murphy, now at Mooselands, was early on the spot. Leary and Barton opened some fine leads. Captain Archibald, of Salmon River mines, and hundreds of others tried the diggings when first opened. Most of them failed to "strike it rich," but a number of the men who commenced mining at Tangier, have continued at the business, and to day are known as our best miners. Although the district is still, undoubtedly, one of the best in the Province, the numerous failures have given it a set back, and the number of other good districts that have been discovered, have drawn capitalists away, until to-day, only one company, the Brunswick, is doing active mining work, the Essex having virtually shut down.

I will not vouch for the correctness of the details in regard to Captain Mason's discovery, as I have since heard several different stories, all but the only authentic one, but that Capt. Mason made the discovery there is no doubt.

After tea I was directed to the residence of F. A. Wiswell, the manager of the Essex Co., and called upon him. The road was lined with shaft houses and piles of refuse rocks, proving that a large amount of work had been done. The company own a large residence, and have purchased all the property owned by the Satemo Co. Mr. Wiswell was glad to see a representative of THE CRITIC, and gave me all the information at his command in regard to the Essex Co. He took charge of the works some time ago, and has replaced the stamp mills with two Wiswell crushers. He was to have had everything provided to introduce improvements in the treatment of the ore, but has been hampered in his ideas by the management, and the results that he expected to obtain made impossible by interference with his plans.

The mine had been let out on tribute for some time, and, as is usual in such cases, the tributors had worked out the rich spots, and left all the balance standing. This necessitated a great amount of work in placing the mine in good order, and has cost a considerable sum. At the present moment the mine is in fine working order, the mills have been running nicely, and the property is in good shape for making money. Evidently the only cause for shutting down lies in the fact that the company has become discouraged by the small returns.

The Nugget, Nigger and dozen of other famous leads are on the property, and Mr. Wiswell says that in all his mining experience he never saw a better mine. I passed a delightful evening with him, and was introduced to Mr. A. Atkins, his assistant, an English gentleman, who has had great experience in the mines in Australia. Most mining men have been great travellers, and generally prove the best of company. My host and his friend were no exception to the rule, and the time passed so swiftly in listening to their racy anecdotes, that it was very late when I returned to the hotel.

In the morning, Mr. Wiswell shewed me through the mill, which is a large three story building, with a plank roadway leading to the top story at such a slight incline that trams can haul the ore up to the rock breaker. The mill is complete in all its details, and is lighted throughout with electric lights. The boiler and engine-room are spacious and fitted with the best machinery, a small dynamo being connected with the engine and applying the electric light. Assay and retorting rooms, machine shops, battery-room—everything is most conveniently arranged—and it seems a pity that such a fine property should have to remain idle even for a day.

The Brunswick Mining Co.'s property lies about half a mile east of the Essex property, and Mr. Wiswell conducted me thither.

The property is worked by a New York Co., and Mr. C. E. Hayden is the President.

Patrick Coffee is manager, and was found at one of the shafts. He is a well-known minor, and the property in his hands is beginning to pay. The crushing gave 26 oz. from 40 tons of quartz taken from the Forrest lead, and 36 oz. from 35 tons of quartz from another lead. These two leads are the only ones now being worked. The mill, which consists of two five amp batteries, was at work, and we had a look through it. It does its work well, and Mr. Coffee says that very little gold escapes the batteries, and that does is generally caught on the splash plates.

The company own a district five areas in width, by about 3/4 mile in length. As I had to be back at the hotel by noon to meet with Corbin, who I agreed to drive me over to Sheet Harbor, I cut short my visit and hurried off. Mr. Corbin was waiting, so bolting down my dinner I got into a comfortable trap and we were off to Sheet Harbor—18 miles. The horse is a fast one, and we left the miles behind us in short order, reaching Sheet Harbor shortly after three. The road is passable, the scenery nearly repetition of the road from Musquodoboit, and Spry Bay is the principal place passed through. Partridges are very plentiful, and several coveys did rise until the horse was alongside of them, (of course we had no gun.)

At Sheet Harbor I visited the pulp mill, now managed by Mr. Esdalo, of Halifax, who showed me through and explained the process.

The works are, I understand, paying well, and so another industry has been put into successful operation. Space forbids me to more than mention my visit, but any person having the opportunity should not fail to go through the mill.

The M. A. Starr was just coming up the river, and I was enabled to secure a morning paper.

Sheet Harbor is noted for its lumber mills, of which there are two, one belonging to Wm. Chisholm, and one to Mr. Hart. It is charmingly situated, and two fine rivers, the East and the West, furnish abundant water power.

I was anxious to move on, and young Mr. Hall drove me through to Salmon River, within four miles of the celebrated Dufferin mines. Crossing the ferry at Sheet Harbor some three miles in distance was saved, and Whitman's at Salmon River reached at 5 p. m. It is twelve miles by the road, but less than ten over the ferry. For part of the way the road goes through very fine scenery, and Salmon River is a beautiful spot. Mr.

Whitman and I had met at Bridgewater, and he gave me a cordial welcome. He is proprietor of a large country store and a comfortable hotel near by and also "runs" a store at the Dufferin mines. Always up to his eyes in business, he still finds time to travel for the Amherst Boot & Shoe Co., and I can vouch for the fact that as a salesman, it would be hard to find his superior.

He is interested in gold mining, and, in company with some Halifax capitalists, is prospecting about a mile south of the Dufferin mine. He expects to find a good lead any day, and I sincerely hope he may.

I have just returned from a stroll up the road. A thick smoke obscures the moon, and throws a hazy light over the harbor. A vessel lying at anchor with sails set looks like a phantom ship; not a sound is to be heard, and a quiet restful feeling steals over me. It seems at the present moment that I would like to pass the balance of my days in this peaceful, beautiful haven, so I will say  
ADIOS AMIGO.

ERRATUM — In report of Oxford Mine last week the yield of the mine was put "10,000 ounces or say \$20,000" This amount, of course, should have been \$200,000.

The following are the official returns for August so far as received at the Mines Office:—

District.	Mill.	Tons Crushed.	Oz. Gold
East Rawdon .....	Rawdon .....	300	211 1/2
Brookfield .....	Brookfield .....	90	92 1/2
Kempt .....	Cowan .....	1	23
Lake Catcha .....	Oxford .....	59	184
Dar's Hill, Salmon River .....	Dufferin .....	915	353
Whiteburn .....	The McGuire .....	36	170
Tangier .....	The Brunswick Co.'s .....	75	62
Cariboo .....	Moose River G. M. Co.'s .....	31 1/2	10

The following are the official returns for September so far as received at the Mines Office:—

District.	Mill.	Tons Crushed.	Oz. Gold.
Wine Harbor .....	Victoria .....	33	6 1/2
East Rawdon .....	Rawdon .....	390	197 1/2
Lake Catcha .....	Oxford .....	60 1/2	234 1/2
Dar's Hill, Salmon River .....	Dufferin .....	910	319
Whiteburn .....	Cushing G. M. Co. .....	10	21 1/2
Strombuit .....	Tributers .....	79 1/2	78 1/2

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Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway, at River John, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 1st day of October, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,  
A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 9th September, 1887.

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## HOME AND FARM.

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

We are in receipt of the advance sheets of the *American Agriculturist* for October, from which we extract the following:—

**CARE OF WORK HORSES.**—Frequently the farm horse suffers from over-feeding, and from being worked on a full stomach, for farm horses eat all the time, and look lean and wire-coated—two certain proofs of chronic indigestion. Horses which have passed many hours in work, when released from harness are allowed to drink all the water their exhausted systems crave for; then, with the material of a small iceberg in their distended inner organs, they are turned loose to further injure themselves by grazing in the pasture; or, if the farmer is well to do, they go to the barn, and there, tormented by flies, mosquitoes, and other winged pests, devour a carelessly prepared ration, after which the remainder of the night is passed in stamping and fighting insects. Farm horses are overfed, commonly, insufficiently groomed, and never judiciously either housed or clothed. In summer, farm work ought to commence with the rising of the sun, and cease at noon, when men and horses should seek the friendly shelter of the house and stable. The horses just from the field ought then to be stripped of all harness, have their eyes and nostrils washed out, the marks of the harness also washed off, and then be well rubbed with a "wisp"—which simple and inexpensive stable implement is far better for the horse than is a brush, whose coarse stalks irritate the skin and temper of the suffering beast. The wisp soothes and causes a healthy action of the skin, when the horses have been thus attended to, and they have cooled off.

The proper feeding of the orchard is yet a matter not generally understood. Circumstances, in this matter, as in all others, alter cases. Some soils contain a large amount of vegetable matter. The trees make a rapid growth and an excess of wood, but bear no fruit. Stop feeding them with stable manure. Mineral fertilizers and perhaps root pruning are needed to induce the trees to yield fruit instead of wood. I nosphorus and potash are the great remedies. Wood ashes contain both, and its application, even in large quantities, is always safe. Thin, hard soils, which contain little vegetable matter and produce only sickly, yellowish-looking trees and a small annual growth, are generally improved by the application of stable manure. An even coat of this should be spread over every foot of the orchard, and will have the best effect if thoroughly mixed with the surface soil. Even if left on top, however, it will improve the texture of the soil and stimulate the trees to more active growth.—*California Patron.*

A dairy expert, who ought to know whereof he affirms, declares that salt has little if anything to do with the keeping of butter. It has, he added, something to do with the retarding of the decomposition of the unexpelled buttermilk, and this for only a short time, as poorly made butter soon gets rancid—that is, the buttermilk does. It is skill that gives the butter its desirable keeping qualities, not salt. An apparently chemically correct conclusion and hence the logical lesson teaches that the expelling of buttermilk from butter is of more importance than salt in securing its salvation.—*California Patron.*

**THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.**—The recent past and the now present rage for pet dogs has served to give this noble breed of dogs, the Newfoundland, a back seat, and at the recent bench-shows we have found the Newfoundlands conspicuous by their absence. We found specimens of them in nearly every show, but the number of them were comparatively small, and the specimens were by no means always above the average. This should not be permitted, for this noble breed of dogs deserve a better fate, and it will be only a few years before they will again be eagerly sought for, and at high figures. Those who have extra strains of them are carefully hiding their time, and will be sure to receive a liberal recompense for the prank dame fashion has played upon them.

A first-class Newfoundland dog is not merely a handsome, noble animal, but is a useful one as well, and as a companion and guardian for children is unequalled. They seem to take to guarding their master's children as a matter of course, accompanying them on their rambles, and their skill in rescuing children from the water is proverbial. They are very cleanly in their habits, and at night will carefully guard the premises. They can readily be taught to pull children's wagons, giving the little folks a chance to "play horse" on a small scale, while they soon learn to carry bundles and baskets to and from market or store. They attain a weight of from 125 to 160 or 170 pounds. First-class pups readily bring from \$25 to \$30 each. In color the Newfoundland is either solid black or black in main color, with ring of white around neck, or with white on breast and toes. The hair should be strong and wavy and the coat heavy.—*Breeders Journal.*

There is no question but money can be made by every owner of a good sized, sound, well-made mare in breeding and selling colts.

One farmer stated recently that, paying ten dollars for service, if he could sell the colt when weaned for fifty dollars, the margin of profit was greater than in any other branch of farm work. Another says if he can, by paying twenty to twenty-five dollars for service, get a colt that, when three years old, will sell for \$125 to \$150, it is as good business as he cares to engage in. These men are practical farmers who have a keen eye for profit, yet the prices they name are far below the average paid for such colts as they

raise. It is because of the experience of this class of farmers, rather than export breeders, that the *Farmer* urges horse breeding. If profit can be secured at these low prices, then surely it pays to sell weanlings for \$75 to \$100, and older ones in proportion. The great obstacle is the tenacity with which men hold to the old ruts.—*Farmer.*

So often we see accounts of the goring of some one by a bull, and three times out of four the account is extended to inform the reader that this is the first time the animal ever did such a thing, and that the victim never imagined the bull was capable of such action. The vicious bull is regarded with suspicion and handled with care. So he does no one any harm. Look out for the gentle bull. He may be a demon. It is as natural for a bull to be vicious as it is for him to push against a fence. He may not assert this particular characteristic so early in life, but it may develop fully in an instant and result fatally to his victim when least expected. So we repeat it—watch the bull with a vigilant eye. Always expect him to be just ready for an attack, and always be ready to foil his first attempt.

**A NEW TOMATO.**—The Garfield tomato, with its exceedingly rank, coarse, dark foliage and abundant fruit, has proven with many growers a favorite type. The best variety of the Garfield type of tomato, says one of New Jersey's trustworthy horticulturists, in *Orchard and Garden*, is the Potato Leaf, introduced this season by Mr. Livingston, whose skill has given to the public some of its most popular varieties of tomatoes. The Potato Leaf, in addition to the wonderfully vigorous foliage of its type, possesses the advantage of earliness and productiveness, while its fruit rivals in smoothness that of the Perfection or Acme.

If, as seems to be implied, this variety possesses the valuable property of early ripening, it is quite worth the attention of the Nova Scotia farmer.—*Ed. Critic.*

## OUR COSY CORNER.

Last evening, a lady was heard to remark, "I don't see how I could keep house without *Demorest's Monthly*", and as we found the October number of this publication on our desk this morning, we gave it a most careful examination than usual to see what makes it so popular. It is certainly very beautiful gotten up, and the handsome illustrations are chosen alone for their beauty, and to merely "fill up," but are made for a purpose, either to instruct or amuse. But even greater than its artistic merit is its helpfulness, and after going through its numerous departments, we can well see what a friend it must be in the household. For it has information and amusement for every member of the family. If you are undecided what to take the coming year, send 20 cents for a specimen copy of *Demorest's Monthly*, and let it speak for itself. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

The new shades are a trifle more brilliant in effect, and all of the favorite colors are intensified in the new tints.

The various brownish reds, the rose-tinted shades of gray, and many hues of plum are mostly favored among the latest importations of wools, and while it goes without saying, that all the new colors are seen in every class of goods, yet certain shades seem to have more prominence in some fabrics than in others.

For instance: plum, Carmolite (which is a deep grayish purple), dahlia, raisin, or grape, Marguerite, and similar shades of rich bluish purple or purplish blue are most frequently seen in cashmeres and other fine woollen goods; with the Gobelin blues and colder colors, such as serpent, sage, thyme, etc., all greenish olive grays, are most liked in silken textures, such as faille and moire.

The new reddish browns are about equally favored in silks and wools, and the newest shade appears as Morocco, a tint darker than Cuban brown, yet lighter than *acajou*, the popular mahogany color, and which combines more smoothly with moss green, fawn, and Gobelin blue in the material which show these colors in combination. *Ecureuil*, or squirrel, is another favorite shade of reddish brown, deeper yet than Morocco; and then there comes a whole gamut of colors in brownish reds, called Florantine reds, the deepest or brightest shade, which is almost free from the brown tint, is called cactus red, being used most effectively in combination with Havana brown, which has generalized its name a little and appears as Cate brown.

*Tulle*, brick-dust color, is a shade of red which takes for combination some dull green such as *terre*, a deep, dull olive; but most of the lighter reds, such as *terre d'Alsace*, or Alsatian soil, *Cendrillon*, *Cindorella*, *antique*, etc., have an ashen tint modifying the earthy red and softening the dull color to a delicate hue.

**VEAL LOAF.**—Two pounds of veal; one-quarter of a pound of butter; one cup of crushed cracker; one egg; two tablespoonsfuls of butter; half a teaspoonful each of pepper, salt, allspice, sweet marjoram, thyme, parsley, and summer savory. Chop the meat very fine, work in the butter, the raw egg, the cracker crumbs, and seasoning. Press all into a buttered bowl or dish, set in a pan of boiling water in the oven, and bake, covered, for two hours. Fill up the pan with hot water as fast as it boils away. When the loaf is done, set it aside under a heavy weight until it is cool. Turn it out on a flat dish, and slice as it is needed.

## A CARD

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

## RELIGIOUS.

## BAPTIST.

The fifty fifth annual session of the Free Christian Baptist General Conference of New Brunswick, met on Saturday last at Midland, Kings Co., N. B.

Rev. F. M. Young, of Dorchester, N. B., has declined the call to Woodstock.

Rev. J. A. Cahill, who lately resigned the position of pastor of the Baptist church at Carleton, N. B., has accepted the charge of the church at Summerside, P. E. I.

The colored Baptists of Georgia will celebrate next year the centenary of the founding of their first church in that State. There are now in Georgia 1,400 colored Baptist churches, 500 ministers, 2,000 licentiates, and 160,000 members.

## METHODIST.

At the expiration of his term as pastor of Exmouth St. church, the Rev. Robert Wilson will accept the charge of the Queen Square Methodist church, St. John.

Rev. Dr. Macdonald, one of the missionaries to Japan, who is now in Ontario, will shortly be joined by one of the ablest of the mission's converts, a Japanese gentleman named Hiraiwa. They will address missionary meetings throughout the Dominion.

Rev. George Boyd, of Newfoundland, intends visiting a number of the principal cities in Canada and the United States, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions in aid of the Methodist College and Children's Home in Newfoundland, to aid and equip which will cost about \$40,000.

The Rev. David Savage and his band of workers conducted their labors in Grafton Street church last Sunday. Every evening last week the church was crowded.

## PRESBYTERIAN.

The inauguration of the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff as Professor of Church History of Union Theological Seminary, took place in New York on the 22nd ult.

Rev. Dr. Archibald, of St. Thomas, Ontario, while delivering a sermon in his church a few weeks ago, was seized with a fainting spell, and had to dismiss the congregation. He has since been confined to his house by an attack of pleurisy.

The Synod of the Maritime Provinces has been in session at New Glasgow since last Tuesday.

Rev. E. M. Dill has accepted a call from the Presbyterian church at Parrsboro.

Rev. J. M. Allan, of this city, is spending a few weeks in Scotland.

The congregation at Loch Lomond, C. B., which has been without a pastor for some time, has extended a call to the Rev. M. McLeod, of Lingvich, Quebec.

Owing to the students being at College, there will be, it is said, thirty vacant congregations in the Maritime Provinces this winter, and only six men are available to supply them.

Of the 696,767 communicants reported to the General Assembly of the Northern Presbyterian church this year, only 4,129 are in New England. In Pennsylvania there are 147,000, in New York 143,007, in Ohio 75,701, in New Jersey 52,702, in Illinois 48,682, in Indiana 30,957, in Iowa 23,645, in Kansas 19,598, in Michigan 19,115, in Missouri 14,679, in California 11,595, and in Wisconsin 10,227. Fully six sevenths of the whole number are in this central belt across the Continent. South of that belt the Northern church has only 40,000, and in foreign Presbyteries it has 16,198.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Rev. Canon Brock, President of King's College, preached in his turn at St. Luke's Cathedral on Sunday morning last, and at St. George's church in the evening. The prospects of the college are good for the ensuing year.

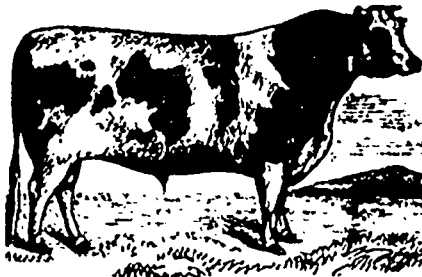
It appears to be almost a certainty that some message or letter from Bishop Pory to the Synod has miscarried. He claims to have given a definite refusal to the offer of the Bishopric. The authorities of the Diocese have not received it.

The Rev. F. R. Murray is still on his tour of collection for the new cathedral in the United States. He purposes to remain there for some weeks yet.

The Rev. H. J. Winterbourne, Rector of Lichino, and late of St. Mark's church in this city, was married in St. Stephen's church on Tuesday last, to Ida, youngest daughter of the late G. R. Anderson.

The Halifax Emigrants Home will be opened in a few days. Its object is to provide a lodging house for emigrants to this country while in the city, which shall be conducted on the strictest total abstinence principles, and under christian influence. It is confidently expected to pay its way, and on its Board of Directors are to be found some of the most prominent churchmen of Halifax.

A full Choral Harvest Thanksgiving Service, to be taken part in by the united choirs of the city, under the direction of Mr. R. King Pooky, will be held in the Garrison Chapel on Tuesday the 11th inst. The singing will be accompanied by the full band of the York and Lancaster Regiment. The sermon will be preached by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kingdon, Bishop Coadjutor of Fredericton.



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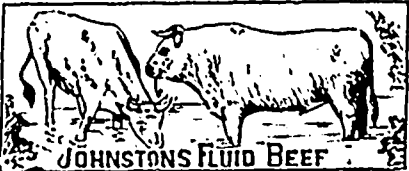
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