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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 his 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.

The United States Government has procured from the British Admiralty a full and complete model of the iron clad Agamemnon. This looks as if Uncle Sam was beginning to appreciate the defenceless condition of American sea board cities, and had resolved upon building up a navy, beginning with the construction of one modeled after Britain's most successful ironclad.

Novelty in journalism is the order of the day. Interviewing has been the fashionable craze, but it now gives place to a new departure. A Syndicate of newspapers in the United States will shortly publish a department headed "The School of Experience," in which self-analytical sketches will be given by the leading literary, professional and business men now living. Pope Leo, the Marquis of Lorne and Labouchere, will, it is said, contribute papers.

Some silicious pebbles which are quite numerous in the quaternary gravels of the Loing valley, France, have been described by Meunier. These stones—about an inch and a half in diameter—are remarkable for being hollow, and enclosing liquid water, together frequently with a loose stony nucleus. Meunier supposes that the water must have penetrated the pebbles through their minute pores, for not a sign of a crack can be seen even by the aid of a strong glass.

During Succi's fast he is said to have lost less than a pound of flesh per day, and yet he fenced, swam, and engaged in other athletic sports. Succi's mysterious red liquid must have contained strong nourishment of some kind, otherwise the Italian Signor would not have retained sufficient force to engage in fatiguing exercises. Stefano Merlatt now proposes to outdo Succi by subsisting upon filtered water for fifty days. His experiment will be made in Paris.

Cumberland County, so says the *Amherst Gazette*, will yet become the banner railway county of the Dominion. The Joggins railway will be extended to Advocate Harbor; Parrsboro', by direct railway communication, will become the shipping port of the Acadia Iron Mines, and the air line will give the towns along the north shore the railway facilities they require. So much has been accomplished in the way of railway construction in Cumberland during the past sixteen years, that it would not be surprising if the prophetic dream of the editor of the *Gazette* came to pass.

A report just published by Dr. Eck shows that the average death-rate in European Russia is 68 per cent. higher than in England. This means that, roughly speaking, three Englishmen live as long as five Russians.

France is playing with fire. She hopes by union with Russia to overturn British predominance in Egypt, and at the same time to allow Russia to do as she will in Bulgaria, without the dread of England's demanding her to halt. The alliance of Republican France with despotic Russia is ill-assorted, and must be fruitless in result.

Yarmouth is proverbial as an enterprising town. This or that industry may languish, but Yarmouth is enterprising still, branching out into some new line. When wooden ship-building was at its height, Yarmouthians were kept busy, but upon its failure, manufacturing was seized upon as the next available resource, and it has come to pass that the once famous ship-owning port of the west, is now an important manufacturing centre. It is the people that make the business of a place.

The photographing of persons in winter costume and of winter scenes has a tendency to give this country a bad name abroad. Just fancy the Dominion being represented in the Lord Mayor's pageant by a hugh car containing an imitation iceberg, and imagine the impressions of our land which the casual observer would gather from this supposedly symbolical trophy. It must puzzle those who saw the Lord Mayor's procession to understand how a country whose chief product was ice, could make such a splendid agricultural exhibition at the Colinderies.

Taxation is under all circumstances far from agreeable, but while we in this country have to bear a fair share of such burdens, both direct and indirect, we are better off than many of our fellow citizens in Britain, who not infrequently are taxed directly at the rate of six shillings on the pound. A country parson, writing to the *Essex Chronicle*, gives the following extract from the balance sheet of his "benefice." Dr.—Gross income, £396. Cr.—Poor rates, £48 9s. 8d.; land tax, £30 7s. 6d.; house duty, £1 6s. 3d.; highway rate, £6; income tax, £11 6s. 6d.; tenths, &c., £1 4s. 6d.; total deductions, £108 12s. 5d.

Even Frederick Douglas, who stands at the head of the African race upon this continent, affirms that the color line in the United States is not obliterated. Forty-one years ago Douglas was a fugitive slave; and while in England, two ladies of Newcastle purchased his freedom for £150. To use his own words, provided with this title to his own body, he returned to America to do battle for the cause of emancipation, with what success is well known. Douglas has been Marshal of the United States, Registrar of Deeds for the district of Columbia, editor of several important newspapers, and a successful lecturer upon many and varied subjects.

Unmarried ladies of the better class in Copenhagen never feel dependent upon others for their support. An Assurance Company has been in existence for many years to which the fathers of girl babies pay a small annuity until the children are twenty-one years of age. The young ladies are then entitled to a suite of apartments in an elegant establishment, and are supplied with pin money during their spinsterhood. In the event of marriage, all rights enjoyed as maidens lapse, and as the majority of those assured do marry, the funds of the organization have grown correspondingly large.

The old Scottish capital has more than once been doomed by the prophetic seer to woes innumerable, but her escape in the past from the prophesied disasters has not prevented a brother Wiggins from rising and predicting her destruction. According to this last prophet, Edinburgh has three earthquakes in prospect; about A. D. 1896 (Rev. viii.), about 1900 (Rev. xi.), and about 1901 (Rev. xvi. 17), in the course of which "every wall" of Edinburgh and the other doomed cities "will fall to the ground." There are to follow "dreadful wars, revolutions, famines, pestilences, and rise of Napoleon as the great military, democratic, despotic, red Republican, socialist, anti Christ, to world-wide dominion for three and a-half years, about 1897 to 1900, with the massacre of millions of Christians for refusing to receive his mark." All this makes one feel as if he had been born in the wrong century.

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES.

Not long since, a clergyman in addressing his congregation in this city, took occasion, to administer a little wholesome advice as to the necessity of each one "keeping up with the times." The reverend gentleman expressed his belief that the people of Halifax were lacking in enterprise, apparently being content with that which had already been attained, and having a decided objection to anything which might disturb their present state of somnolent respectability.

Unfortunately, the truth of the clergyman's remarks must in a general

way be admitted. Halifax is in a groove, its manufacturers and business men stick closely to the old ruts, and appear to make little effort to make this city take the position which nature evidently intended her to occupy. They seem to rely upon our natural advantages, and upon the good time coming, rather than seize upon the opportunities at present within reach.

In the same way our professional men appear well satisfied with the respectable positions they have severally won; and aside from the daily round of their duties, they take little interest in either improving or advancing themselves.

In social and literary circles there is a supreme air of quiet, occasionally one more ambitious than his fellows breaks the monotony of the dull flatness which reigns, but the effort is spasmodic, and ends in his retiring within his domestic circle, or seeking the companionship of the authors whose books line his shelves.

Is it our isolated position, our climate, or our surroundings, that make us such dead and alive beings; we lack vim, go, push, enterprise, individually and collectively, and hence our progress is snail-like. There is, however, one subject in which our people are keenly interested, and one class of men who fully appreciate the advantages of keeping up with the times: we refer to politics and politicians.

Everybody is more or less of a partizan, and does what he or she can to push on the interests of the favored party, and the politicians are wide awake, ready to seize upon any opportunity which will give themselves and their party an advantage over their opponents.

The very existence of this political activity proves that our isolated position, our climate, and our surroundings, do not prevent our citizens taking a live interest in the subject.

If we could infuse a little of this political life into our commerce, our business, our professions, our literary and social circles, what a city would this Halifax of ours become. Men who for party or any other purpose would then cry down Halifax, or belittle the resources of our Province, would be hooted out of the city as unworthy defamers and detractors.

Halifax has now, unfortunately, too many of this class; and it is the dead weight of these croakers which is dragging her down to a third rate position among the commercial ports of the continent. Let us shake off our lethargy, and go to work with our coats off, if we wish to make Halifax the great entrepot of the trade of the Dominion.

AN IRISH CRISIS AVOIDED.

According to the Irish National and anti-National journals, the month of November has passed by with but few agrarian disturbances, the landlords having, in the majority of instances, appreciated the inability of the farmers to pay in their customary November rents. Liberal reductions of from 15 to 40 per cent of the rent charge have been made on all sides, and the tenants have been prompt in their payments. This state of affairs must be satisfactory to both landlord and tenant; but there is still among the landlord class many Shylocks who demand their pound of flesh without a drachm's reduction, and who insist that the law, which has been framed in their interest, should be carried out to the very letter. At first blush, it does seem but just and fair, that a tenant farmer should discharge his obligations to the full by paying his landlord the rent agreed upon; but upon reflection, most persons will come to the conclusion that the landlord and the tenant are co-partners, the one supplying the capital in the form of land, buildings, etc., and the other the labor which is required to make the earth yield its fruits. The landlord's share of the year's produce is taken in rent, but it is evident that, if he demand during a bad season the same rental that he would receive in ordinary good years, the losses would fall exclusively upon the tenant, who, in nine cases out of ten, would be least able to bear them. In olden times, the landlord always received a certain proportion of the grain, roots, or other produce harvested; thus, in a good year, his rental would be relatively high, and in a bad year correspondingly low. Fixed rents are comparatively a modern institution, and it has been found in practice, that for agricultural holdings they are always the cause of more or less friction between landlords and tenants. But the Irish farmers are in a peculiar position with respect to rents, these being, owing to the density of the population, relatively far higher than they are in England. A farm, which in the latter country would rent for £80 per annum, would in Ireland be held at from £110 to £120, and the tenant would have to deduct the difference in these rents from his share in the profits of the year's business. Exorbitant rentals and a succession of poor crops, have reduced the majority of Irish farmers to a state approaching penury, and had their landlords insisted upon the full payment of rentals, the list of evictions during the month of November, would have been increased by thousands. As it is, a crisis has been avoided, which might have resulted in civil war.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Modern scientific research has rendered intelligible even to the mind of childhood many phenomena which to early mankind were unfathomable mysteries. The forces of nature were regarded as supernatural beings, surrounded by a halo of myth and legend and propitiated by worship and sacrifice. It requires a vivid imagination to picture the feelings of child-like wonder, awe, and adoration, the simple, illogical theories, the vague, wild speculations which sun and moon, earth and sea and wind, produced in the mind of the savage hunter of the stone or iron age. And there is something touching as well as poetical about

"The poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind."

He is a struggling, acting, silent poet, an idolator it may be, but never an atheist. Civilized man is much less disposed to see God in the wind or in anything else. To him the tempest is simply the natural effect of a fluid acting in accordance with well-known physical laws. He calmly attributes the matchless tint of the rainbow to the dissolution of rays of sunlight in passing through a lens of water.

Nor, indeed, need we regret that so much of the wonderful and poetical thus perishes at the hands of science. As a compensation, man's mind is the more logical, his mental vision the more clear and far reaching, his fund of thinking-material the more extensive, while his enjoyment of natural phenomena is not the less keen for its being more rational. So long as the physicist confines his investigations to outward things, he has work to do. But let him beware of carrying his scales, his test-tube and his blow-pipe into the sanctuary of the human mind. Let him not think to analyze into material elements the intangible thoughts and feelings of man. It is only a few weeks since a materialistic busybody announced the discovery that courage depended upon the measure of blood-propelling power in the machine usually called the heart. In other words, when we read of a Havelock, a Nelson, a Wallace, or a William Tell, we simply infer that these men had powerful blood-propellers!

The results of this scientific discovery are too great to be at once realized. For instance, military nations will at once found establishments for the development of propelling power in the heart. On the other hand, the non-combatant population will no longer resent the imputation of cowardice; they will simply obtain a doctor's certificate to the effect that their force-pumps are weak. And now that a beginning has been made, other qualities will doubtless be attributed to other physical causes. No man need excite our admiration or incur our envy; his good qualities are the effect of merely physical agencies. Nor need anyone be held responsible for misdeeds which are the resultants of known forces. What a calm, philosophical, self-satisfied world we shall be!

GREAT ARMIES AND THEIR COST.

The social upheavals which are constantly recurring in European countries are due in a large measure to the tremendous weight of taxation which the people are called upon to bear, and this, too, not for the construction of great public works, but for the maintenance of colossal armies, which, on a peace footing, in the Great Powers of Russia, Austro-Hungary, Germany, France, and Great Britain, aggregate 2,300,000 men. It can readily be understood that the maintenance of such a force is a great drain upon the surplus wealth of these countries, and that the cost falls principally upon the shoulders of the industrial and agricultural classes. \$750,000,000 is the annual cost of keeping up the armies and navies of the five Powers referred to, a sum which, if turned into productive channels, would confer incalculable benefits on the toiling masses.

It seems paradoxical that on the continent of Europe, where civilization has reached its highest development, the largest proportional expenditure is required to keep the standing armies in such a state of efficiency as to prevent the aggression of these Powers upon each other, but it would seem that instead of improved civilization having reduced the necessity for such military armaments, the very reverse is the case, and each year the evil grows apace.

The following statistics, culled from the Statesman's Year Book, will give an idea of the relative fighting strength of the Powers referred to:—

"The nominal strength of the Russian Army is two million three hundred thousand men on a war footing, and nearly eight hundred thousand on a peace footing. The effective strength of the French Army under colors is about five hundred and ten thousand soldiers; but in time of war, including all reserves, it amounts to a total of three million seven hundred and fifty thousand men. In 1884, the German Army, on a peace footing, consisted of four hundred and thirty thousand privates and nearly twenty thousand officers; while on a war footing the total strength amounts to a million and a half of privates and thirty-six thousand officers, exclusive of the Land-sturm. The Austro-Hungarian Empire shows two hundred and seventy thousand men and seventeen thousand five hundred officers upon a peace footing, and can muster one million and fifty thousand privates and thirty-two thousand officers in time of war."

Finally, Great Britain's effective force on land and sea is about 248,000 men on a peace footing, while on a war footing at least 600,000 men could be called into active service.

Small wonder is it that Russia finds it difficult to meet her financial obligations, seeing that the annual cost of maintaining her army, etc., is \$235,000,000. France comes next with a yearly expenditure of \$170,000,000, closely followed by Britain with an outlay of \$160,000,000.

The German army is large, but the outlay for maintenance is comparatively small, \$115,000,000 having been found sufficient. The same remark is true of Austro-Hungary, which expends annually for military purposes \$70,000,000.

The United States, which, happily for its people, is far removed from the jealous rivalries of European Powers, contains a small army of 30,000 men, at an annual cost of about \$60,000,000, and hence the country is able to wipe out the public debt at a rate which it would be impossible to keep up, were it not for the insular position it occupies. If Great Britain occupied an equally favorable position, the national debt could be obliterated in less than half a century. How long the European States will be forced to groan under their excessive weight of armour, cannot be predicted; but it may safely be asserted that the dawn of the millennium will lighten the world's horizon before the maintenance of standing armies comes to be regarded as useless and unprofitable.

TIT-BITS.

A cynical bachelor of another city says woman is a good deal like the accordion. You can draw her out, but she "makes music" if you attempt to shut her up.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Uncle John," said Annabelle, "you must congratulate me. I am graduated." "H'm!" grunted Uncle John, "so is our old thermometer out in the barn, but what is it good for?"—*Boston Transcript.*

A celebrated lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

"Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied, slowly, "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared to yours."

"That broth's no guid," said a grumbling youngster at the dinner table in a Scotch farm. "Weel, weel," says his mother, a quiet sort of body, "if ye don't dak' yer broth you'll no get ony beef, an' if ye tak' yer broth you'll no need ony."

A NIGHT OF LABOR.—Everybody now knows what the poet meant when he sang "Tis midnight on the stormy deep, and still my lonely watch I keep." It was a Waterbury, and he was sitting up all night to wind it, so that he might know when to get up in the morning.

A TREAT.—Mrs. Mulvaney: "Indeed, ma'am, and it's miserable I am. I'm just on my feet wid the pain in my back, an' Jimmy he's as bad off; he has a cough on him that sounds like an empty bar'l. Cough for the lady, Jimmy."—*Jack and Jill.*

The following lines were written as a tribute to an ill-tempered door-keeper of a New York public library:—

In front of ancient Hades,
Where never shone the sun,
There sat a dog named Cerberus
Whose three heads grew like one.

But at our public library,
As anyone may see,
There sits a modern Cerberus
Whose one head grows like three.

There is a worthy clergyman who is very absent-minded and has a short memory. It is a common habit with him in the pulpit to forget something, and then, after sitting down, to rise up and commence his supplementary remarks with the expression, "By the way." A few Sundays ago he got half through a prayer, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without closing. In a moment or two he arose, and pointing his forefinger at the amazed congregation, he said, "Oh, by the way, amen."

'Tis sweet to wander on the sand,
And hear the music of the band;
To fish remote from vulgar view,
Catch minnows and pneumonia, too;
To have your hips firmly placed
About a pretty maiden's waist,
In short, to have a jollier time
Than can be writ in prose or rhyme,
But hopes are sadly rent asunder,
For the whole business costs like thunder.

The other day, at Hawarden, a clerical guest was awaiting luncheon with Mrs. Gladstone, while her husband was in an upper chamber. The clergyman sought to console his hostess on the defeat of the Home Rule bill by the very proper and pious remark that, no matter how black the outlook at the moment might be, there was One above who might be trusted to make all things right in the end. "That's quite true," Mrs. Gladstone replied, "quite true; and he is in excellent spirits even now, as you will see presently when he comes down stairs."

A THOUGHTFUL EDITOR.—The editor of a paper in the far West has decided not to exchange with any paper which uses the word "relegate," and other words of that character. He says:—"This darn foolishness is got to stop. When a busy editor is about to clip out an article from an exchange to use as a leader, he discovers that it is chock full of these hisalutin words. And he knows if he prints it his subscribers will curse and swear, and some of them will go gunning for the editor. So at the last moment he has to write up a thrilling local, or shove in a patent medicine 'ad,' that has been dead six months. Hereafter we shall not exchange with such papers. When we want big words we can find plenty of them in our old speller and definer."

In a certain town lived a good deacon who had two sons, thirteen and fifteen years of age, respectively. Going to the barn one day, he heard some chattering in the hay-loft, and, listening, detected such expressions as "I pass," "Down she goes," "Make it spades," etc. Rightly divining that his boys, in company with some neighbors, were engaged in his abomination, a game at cards, he secured a good-sized cudgel, and quietly mounted the ladder. Just as he stepped into the loft, one of the hopefuls asked, "What's trumps?" The old gentleman answered, as he laid about him with the cudgel, "Clubs is trumps, and it's daddy's deal."

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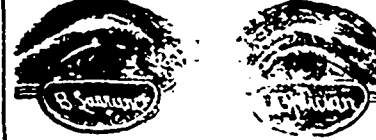
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JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher,
MONTREAL, 4th August, 1886.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

It is now over two years since THE CRITIC was established. Its readers have had a good opportunity to judge of the tone, character, enterprise, and worth of the journal, and if they deem its merits are worthy of their continuance and support, we ask their co-operation in still further increasing its circulation. Any subscriber renewing his subscription will, upon forwarding to this office \$2.50, be entitled to two copies of THE CRITIC for the ensuing year, one to be mailed to his own address, the other to any person he may desire. Ask your neighbor to club with you for THE CRITIC when you next renew your subscription; or, if you have a brother, son, or relative, resident in any other part of Canada or the United States, send in your order for two copies, and we will send the absent one THE CRITIC for the next year, post paid.

The Government has decided upon the route of the Cape Breton railway. It will run via the Grand Narrows direct to Sydney with a branch line to North Sydney.

The Montreal city council has resolved to appropriate \$50,000 to establish a superannuation and accident fund for police, firemen and civic employes, payable in five yearly instalments.

Our wage earners are rolling up a handsome sum to their credit in the Government and Post Office Savings Banks. The amount thus far deposited and still remaining at call is \$38,500,000.

It has been decided that the cable between Halifax and the West Indies should be laid from Halifax to Sable Island, thence to the Bermudas, and eventually to Jamaica.

Among those who shook hands with Michael Davitt upon leaving Montreal, was an English pickpocket who served three years with him in Dartmouth jail, and who approached him on the occasion for a character.

The new electric light by which the North St. Depot is illuminated, is a decided improvement, and the travelling public will appreciate it. To arrive after dark at a gloomily lighted depot gives persons a poor idea of Halifax.

The total number of officers and men composing the force on service in the North-West rebellion of 1885, to whom grants of land or scrip were issued, is 5,367, of whom 409 were officers and 4,958 non-commissioned officers and men.

Moncton, which has now 7,000 inhabitants, aspires to be something more than a great railway centre. Her merchants, with an eye to the future, are about establishing a Board of Trade, so as to secure for the young city those commercial advantages to which she is entitled.

The inhabitants of Glenwood are dyking in the inlet known as Goose Bay. Between 300 and 400 acres of excellent land will in the course of a few years be reclaimed. The dyke between Robert's Island and Eelbrook will be broad enough for a waggon road across its top.

The winter service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland will be maintained as usual this winter by the "Northern Light," under the command of Capt. Finlayson. It has not yet been decided as to whether or not the Arctic steamer "Alert" will also be employed in this service.

An enterprising Montreal importer purchased and brought in free of duty as works of art, a number of paintings. These the customs authorities have pronounced as daubs, insisting that duty should be paid upon them. Just who is the art critic in the customs department is not stated.

Westport, Digby Co., has petitioned the Dominion Government to lay a cable between Westport and the mainland. The people of the island are at present without telegraphic communication, and the proposed cable with extensions on land would be of great service to both Westport and Freeport.

The Kentville Chronicle reports that a strange wild animal has several times been seen on the road to Hall's Harbor, crossing the North Mountains. Captain Morris was recently chased by the animal after dark, and being unarmed, sought shelter in a barn round which the animal prowled all night. The animal is supposed to be a huge wildcat or Loup cervier.

The Imperial Institute which is to be founded as a memorial of the jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen, is not likely to be in operation before 1889. Meantime Canadians who have exhibits in the I and C. Exhibition will have them returned at once to Canada, except such as may be forwarded to the Australian Exhibition to be held at Adelaide, South Australia, in 1887.

Mr. Bell, one of the inspectors of the Hudson's Bay Co., has just returned to Montreal after having visited 40 stations upon the North Saskatchewan. He reports a great falling off in the capture of muskrats and estimates that 100,000 of these fur-bearing animals were smothered last spring in the Saskatchewan through the sinking of the ice in the low water. The output this season in all lines will be considerably lower than usual.

Three Canadian millionaires are local preachers in the Methodist church. They are W. E. Sanford, of Hamilton; G. A. Cox of Peterboro; and John Macdonald, of Toronto. Mr. Sanford is a Conservative and a coming Senator; Macdonald is an independent Reformer who very soon tired of Parliamentary life; and Cox is a Reformer who, standing high in the councils of his party, is on the road to a seat in the Dominion House.

Rev. H. Bool has recently imported one of the newly invented Pamp-hengos which is capable of producing dissolving views 10 feet square. Mr. Bool has recently been lecturing upon Temperance, also upon Pilgrim's Progress, illustrating the subjects lectured upon with appropriate pictures. The reverend gentlemen will be in Halifax on the 11th inst., and will remain in the city one week, during which time he will be open to engagements.

The "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor" in Halifax is a most deserving organization. During the winter months it provides work for able-bodied and industrious men who may be out of employment. The Association assists but never pauperizes its beneficiaries, and the men who accept work under it never lose their self-respect. They do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. The Association should receive the encouragement of the philanthropic in the community.

The milk dealers of the city and the farmers from the country who supply them are at loggerheads over 1½c. per gallon in the price paid for milk. The dealers complain that competition is making their business unprofitable and demand that the price of a four gallon can of milk shall be reduced from 35 to 30c. The average retail price of a can of milk sold by the quart is not less than 96c., giving the dealers a handsome profit outside of freight charges. Somebody must be making money out of the business or else the consumers are not paying at the rate of 6c. per quart for pure milk.

The want of a hotel of a good class in the north end of Halifax has been long felt. Proximity to the railway station is a great desideratum to travellers leaving by the early trains; while, to people living in the country, a house in which ladies can stay when going to north-end entertainments is a great convenience. This need has been recently supplied by Mr. Priest of the Revere House, the new part of which has been fitted in a style leaving nothing to be desired by passing occupants. The Revere has the advantage of a most kindly and attentive hostess in Mrs. Priest, and the charges are quite moderate.

The North British Society of Halifax celebrated the festival of St. Andrew by a dinner at the Halifax Hotel, on Tuesday evening last. The President, J. A. Turnbull, a Scotchman by birth, discharged his duties as chairman in a most satisfactory manner. The menu included ten courses, which were put on in a manner highly creditable to the Messrs. Hesslein. After the 120 members and their guests present had discussed for two hours the good things provided, a programme of loyal toasts and patriotic songs was gone through with most successfully. The St. Andrew's Societies of St. John, Montreal, and Toronto, celebrated the festival by balls.

Arichat says: The Government have failed to appoint any successor to the late Sheriff Fuller yet, although the appointment has been expected daily ever since the vacancy occurred, the evident intention of the statute being that such vacancies be filled as they take place, otherwise sheriff appointments might be postponed indefinitely. It appears the Government measures the requirements of Richmond by the standard of their own inclinations, for which the county ought to be thankful. It is said one of the representatives is desirous of posing in politics as a sort of "Old to-morrow" as his ambition is to be regarded as a second Sir John A. McDonald. Arichat looks commercially progressive deceptively, on account of the number of vessels that now lie at anchor in the harbor for lack of steady employment. In a few weeks they will lay up until Jack Frost abdicates his icy throne in Nova Scotia, and the music of the organ grinder will again be heard in the land. Political stock has somewhat fallen on account of the belief induced by recent rumors that the Dominion elections will not take place until next September. An American vessel, the A. P. Elliot (?) grounded near the south shore of the harbor on the night of the 27th of November, but by the aid of a few hands she was got clear again without having incurred any visible loss. The temperance organization here is doing good work. The society is largely attended, and still new members come. The meetings are usually both pleasant and instructive, and the society have a commodious well-built hall with appropriate appointments.

The New York Monument fund for General Grant increased one dollar during October.

The old Puritan spirit is still alive in Boston and its influence is now being felt in bringing about the proper observance of the Sabbath. Jews may object to keeping Sunday as the seventh day, but so long as it is the law of the land that Sunday should be observed, they should be obliged to conform to it.

The Sioux and the Crows have had a bloody fight on one of the Dakota reservations. It was a Helen-of-Troy affair, all about a beautiful squaw named Anna, whose charms caused a Crow to seek her hand. In the fight which ensued her tribe was worsted, and the Crows sang the old song, "Siouxanna, don't you cry."

The United States purpose holding an exhibition in London during 1887, for the purpose of encouraging trade between Great Britain and the Republic. The success of the Colindere will make our cousins doubly anxious to have their exhibition first-class in every particular. Next year Londoners by the thousands will be doing the Yankeries.

New Ulm, in Minnesota, is probably the only city on the continent in which German is the official language of the Municipal Council. The Mayor and all the Councilmen are Germans, and all business is transacted in German. However, the German Post, which had been the official organ of the Council for twenty-three years, has just collapsed, and every document will now have to be translated into English for publication in the Review, its successor.

A New York girl of fifteen, who had taken lessons in "First Aid to the Injured," was in Fallsburgh, N. Y., recently, when a boy was thrown from a wagon and his leg broken. She at once put her knowledge into use, set the leg and he is recovering fast.

It appears that a way has been opened by which the wholesale "skipping to Canada" of defaulters may be interfered with. The grand jury of Winnipeg, Manitoba, has returned a true bill against Stewart, the Western Union Telegraph embezzler, for bringing stolen money into the Dominion. If the case succeeds similar suits will immediately be brought against other fugitives.—*Craftsman*.

On Friday last the Great Western Glass Company, of St. Louis, discharged all the men and closed their works. Mr. Cordova, Secretary-Treasurer, says they were obliged to take this action in consequence of the drinking habits of most of the men, rendering them so unreliable that the works could not be operated in a proper manner. The men pronounce the statement a deliberate falsehood.

Eight persons have already died from injuries received during the anarchist riots in Chicago. The ninth has been saved from death by a skillful surgical operation. A piece of the dynamite bombshell had lodged in the outer fatty covering of the heart. The surgeon bored a hole through the breast bone, and inserting a pair of tweezers drew out the fragment. The operation was successful and is regarded as a triumph in surgery.

The first number of the Anarchist Journal, "Autonomie," has been prescribed by the police of Berlin.

In a recent encounter between the British troops and a Burmese band of marauders, 143 of the latter were killed without the loss of a single soldier.

Seven shocks of earthquake were felt in Smyrna on Saturday last. This city is one of the oldest in Asia Minor, and is the supposed birthplace of Homer.

The fact that Russians in Bulgaria have been placed under French protection is regarded in the European capital as signifying that the triple alliance is dead.

The Government of Queensland has offered to establish and pay all the expenses of a government in the Island of New Guinea, if the Queen will approve of it.

Four thousand Indian and native troops are to be despatched to Burmah to reinforce the army of occupation. General Roberts is preparing for eventualities.

The Sultan of Turkey is evidently well pleased with General Kaulbar's mission to Bulgaria, as he has conferred upon him the decoration of the order of Medjidie.

It is affirmed in Russian circles that the Czar is willing to accept any arrangement that the Emperor William advises for the settlement of the Bulgarian question.

The heirs of the late Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort, will construct a public museum, in which will be exhibited the Rothschild art treasures, the richest in the world.

Admiral Hamilton, commanding Her Majesty's fleet on the China station, has notified the Admiralty that it will require 3,000 troops and three forts to be built to retain Port Hamilton.

The statue of Richard Cobden, the apostle of free trade, was unveiled by his daughter on Friday last at Stockport. The Marquis of Ripon delivered an address on the benefits of free trade.

Four thousand men are to be sent to Ireland to reinforce the troops stationed there. The Government has determined to suppress the meetings of the Irish league, and if necessary to prosecute the leaders.

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter, in which he expresses the hope that Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain will abate their opposition and explain their course or distinctly refuse to co-operate with the Liberals.

British Parliament will meet on January the 14th. The Government has asked for the whole time to deal with procedure rules, but this being contrary to all precedent, it is not likely the programme will be adhered to strictly.

Science states that an examination by an oculist of the eyes of 1,100 persons who work by the incandescent electric light, fails to show any injurious effects produced by that light. The arc-light may cause eye-trouble if in too close proximity.

Manlio, the youngest son of Garibaldi, has with his mother's consent become a member of the Roman Catholic church. His father was a bitter opponent of the Pope's temporal power, and it was mainly through his exertions that Rome became once more the chief seat of political government in Italy.

The Bulgarians, since the refusal of Prince Waldemar to accept the throne, have been in a quandary as to whom they should nominate. It is now seriously proposed at Sofia to elect an American. If this idea were carried out, it would bring the Russian and American eagles in dangerous proximity.

Reliable advices from Zanzibar say that a rupture between the French and the Hovas is imminent. The Queen of Madagascar has instructed General Willoughby, her chief commander, to brook no further aggression by the French residents. It is rumored that General Willoughby has sent a strong protest to Premier DeFreycinet.

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For the Upper Provinces, and second mails for the United States, New Brunswick and principal offices on the line of the Intercolonial Railway at 1.25 o'clock, p.m.

Second mails for Stellarton, New Glasgow and Pictou at 1.25 o'clock, p.m.

Second mails for Bedford, Shubenacadie and Truro at 4.20 o'clock, p.m.

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RELIGIOUS.

CATHOLIC.

Garibaldi's son has been baptized in the Catholic faith.

St. Peter's Cathedral, Montreal, which is now nearly completed, is built on the same plan as St. Peter's at Rome. It will cost \$5,000,000.

The "Catholic News" says that Rev. Angus Chisholm, D.D., who was ordained in Quebec last June and won such distinction during his course in Laval University, has been appointed professor of Mathematics in St. F. X. College, Antigonish, N.S.

Mr. J. G. Baillarge of Quebec has donated \$10,000 to the Governors of Laval University to establish a chair of Literature and Eloquence in that institution.

Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland, has presented to the American Catholic Historical Society a pectoral cross formerly worn by the late Archbishop Hughes of New York. This lamented prelate gave it to Archbishop Walsh of Halifax, who presented it to the late Most Rev. Dr. Hannan, from whom Bishop Gilmour got it.

The great astronomer, the Hon. and Rev. George Talbot, died recently at Passey. The distinguished scholar was for 16 years Chamberlain to Pius IX. He was a graduate of Oxford and a convert to Catholicity.

BAPTIST.

Rev. C. H. Haverstock, late of Margaree, C. B., has entered upon his duties as pastor of the Baptist Church at Economy.

A call from the Baptist Church at Mahone Bay to the Rev. D. W. Craudall has been accepted. The reverend gentleman will enter upon his duties immediately.

The Rev. J. E. Bill of New Brunswick, son of the well known Baptist minister, has accepted a call to Chegoggin, Yarmouth.

Granville St. Baptist Church has been purchased by the Orpheus club, and will be used as a concert hall.

According to the records Mr. Spurgeon has received into the Tabernacle in London, 10,809 converts. This number does not include those from other churches.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. A. Falconer late of Trinidad, has received a unanimous call from Prince St. Church, Pictou.

The Foreign Missionary Committee are desirous of securing the services of a missionary to accompany the Rev. Mr and Mrs. Annand to the island of Santo in the New Hebrides.

During the past few weeks Presbyterianism in Scotland, Ireland and the United States has lost a number of its most distinguished theologians.

Arrangements have been made for instruction in elocution this term in the Presbyterian College, Halifax.

METHODIST.

On Friday evening last the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of London, delivered a very entertaining lecture in Grafton St. Church, on Canada.

African converts of the Methodist missions in Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, numbering 10,000, have raised a jubilee fund of \$75,000.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States aimed last year at raising a million dollars for missions, and at the close of their financial year had collected within seven thousand dollars of the amount. This year it is proposed to raise a million dollars from collections alone, and not to include legacies.

Charles St. Church of this city last week contributed the large sum of eleven hundred dollars for missionary purposes.

Last Sunday the Rev. Dr. Lathern preached his farewell sermon at Amherst. He comes to Halifax to take the editorial chair of the *Weekly*.

The Board of Foreign Missions for the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States has appropriated \$106,272 for work in China, and \$446,600 for Germany. In addition to these sums over \$200,000 has been set apart for work in South America, India, Italy, and Bulgaria.

There are 1,000 Indians in the North West connected with the mission of the Methodist Church of Canada.

The seventh annual report of the Methodist Sunday School Union, just issued, states that the number of teachers and scholars is 1,005,576, an increase of nearly twenty thousand over the previous year. Of this number 223,082 are enrolled as members of the Church.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The ensuing ordination of the Lord Bishop of N. S. will be held in St. Paul's Church on Sunday, Dec. 19th, when three candidates will be ordained to the Diaconate.

Rev. F. Lowe has taken charge of the parish of Summerside, P. E. I.

Rev. Canon Liddon has been appointed Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The proposed Church House to be built in London as a memorial of Her Majesty's Jubilee, appears to be meeting with much opposition. Everybody has a scheme of his own which he desires to air. But that such a building is much needed there can be no doubt. It is thought that it could not be built for less than \$1,200,000. This is a large sum, but not too large for the Church to raise to commemorate such an event.

A new Hall of residence for women students has been opened at Oxford. "St. Hugh's" is intended for students who cannot afford the expense of Lady Margarets or Somerville Hall. The charge is £45 for board and about £15 for fees. Admission is limited to members of the English Church.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Miles Standish is to have a statue in Boston. It will be in a sitting posture, which is wrong. Miles should be more standish.

The following summary has been made of the value of life insurance in the world:—Great Britain, \$2,600,000,000; United States, \$2,000,000,000; Germany, \$670,000,000; France, \$650,000,000; Austria, \$225,000,000; Australia and New Zealand, \$190,000,000; Canada, \$66,000,000; Russia, \$53,000,000; and Sweden and Norway, \$46,000,000—a total of \$6,500,000,000.

In climates having a difference of seventy degrees in temperature between the hot and the cold seasons, a railway track of 400 miles is 338 yards longer in summer than in winter. Of course the length of the road remains the same, but expansion forces the lengths of metal closer together, making an aggregate closing up space between the rails of nearly a yard in each mile.

A new French decoration has been created. "Industrial Medals of Honor" are to be conferred on those deserving work-people who have served over thirty years in the same manufactory or commercial establishment on French soil. The medals are made in gold, silver, and bronze, and bear on one side the effigy of the Republic, and on the other the inscription, "Honor and Labor," with the recipient's name.

If it were possible to rise above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, we should see nothing but an intense and sharply-defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no diffusion of light without an atmosphere or some similar medium to act upon; but if the air about us extended to a height of 700 miles, the rays of the sun could not penetrate it, and we would be left in darkness. At the depth of 700 feet in the ocean the light ceases altogether, one-half of the light being absorbed in passing through only seven feet of the purest water.

On the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea a curious phenomena is in progress. The Kara Bobhaz is an estuary nearly separated from the main body of the sea by a bank through which there is an inlet. The evaporation from this gulf is so great that a current continually sets in from the Caspian; and as there is no return current the water of the gulf becomes more and more saliferous, and a deposit of salt is in course of formation. In time this gulf will be cut off from the Caspian, and will then be dried up and become an extensive salt-bed.

The *British Weekly* publishes the results of a census of the worshippers at the morning and evening services at the churches and chapels of London, on Sunday, October 24. Out of a population of over 4,000,000 about 460,000 were present in the morning and about 410,000 in the evening. At St. Paul's in the morning, 1,663 were present, and in the evening, 3,403; at Westminster Abbey, in the morning, 1,721; at Archdeacon Farrar's in the morning, 1,730, and in the evening, 1,362. Mr. Spurgeon heads the Dissenters by a great distance, his attendance being 4,519 and 6,070. He is followed by his pupil, Mr. Archibald G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, who returns 1,691 and 1,831; and by Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, with 1,325 and 2,415.

An Italian savant has discovered a new and simple method of catching fish. The bait is a musical one. As we all know, the sense of hearing is extraordinarily developed in fish. It appears that while the slightest noise scatters them in all directions, a musical note, especially that produced by the human voice, attracts them, on hearing it they stop suddenly in their course. Sig. Saretti, discovering this fact, embarked one morning on the lake of Geneva with a party of friends. He possesses a very fine, deep bass voice, and striking up a national song he proved to his astounded companions the truth of his assertion. They were able by means of an aquascope to perceive the eagerness with which the piscine population gathered around the little life boat. Casting over the nets they had brought they instantly made a catch as has rarely, if ever, been known on the lake; and they may be said, indeed, to have made another "miraculous draught of fishes." —*Gazzetta del Popolo*.

Thackeray, in one of his novels, says:—"There are more clever women in the world than men think for. Our habit is to despise them; we believe they do not think because they do not contradict us; and are weak because they do not rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of this cleverness rises every day. When I say that I know women I mean that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever met is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever! They are constantly exercising cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman, faithful in house bills and shirt buttons, obedient to her lord and anxious to please him in all things; silent on politics or literature, and, if referred to, saying with a smile of humility:—'Oh, women are not judges upon such matters; we leave learning to men.' 'Yes,' says Jones, 'attend to the house, my dear, and leave the rest to us.' Bewighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure; she knows your weaknesses and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle."

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

ON HEARING A LADY READ THE "ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE."

This supreme song of him who dreamed
All beauty, and whose heart foreknew
The anguish of vain longing, seemed
To breathe new mystery, breathed by you;

As if the rapture of the night,
Moon-tranced, and passion still, were stirred
To some undreamed divine delight
By sudden singing of a bird.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

King's College, Windsor, N. S.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

It is surprising how rapidly events culminate in this progressive age.

Since my last contribution to THE CRITIC we have had an election, in which the so-called Repeal party were overwhelmingly victorious.

All eyes are turned now to see whether the party in power will succeed in separating Nova Scotia from the Union. It has fallen to my lot to be a sad witness of the dissolution of the American Union with all of the horrors of a long civil war, which followed in the wake of the Secession of the Southern States of America from their Union with the Northern States, and I fondly trust that no such calamity will ever overtake the Dominion of Canada; but still the people should be on the alert, as it was designing demagogues and politicians that plunged our neighbors into an internecine war. If the sanction of the other Provinces in the Federation can be obtained as well as that of the Imperial Government, then Nova Scotia could free herself from the Union, but not without. It must be recollected that the Confederation of the Provinces was wrought out by peaceable means, and revolutions of this character never revolve backwards.

If this Union had been accomplished by the sword, the case would have been far different, as the sword never does, it never has, and never can submit other than a physical arbitrament in matters of conscience, of abstract principle, and of inalienable right; but when the Union of the Provinces was affected by peaceable and legal means, it must seem to all men, except designing demagogues, that Nova Scotia is fully committed in every particular to sustain the Confederation Act. The people of Nova Scotia should remember the prophetic words of that distinguished Statesman, the Hon. Judge Johnston, on this subject. Said he, "Time, in its all-powerful crucible, will test the matter—will show the worth or worthlessness of Confederation. The sanguine see in the future a rising nation, united to the parent State, yet free in its own action under the red-cross-banner of England, copying her institutions and cultivating her principles, emulating her example, appropriating the memories of her glory and rivalling her fame, with a territory extending from ocean to ocean, the great highway between Europe and the far east, and inhabited by many millions of brave, free, and prosperous people, Nova Scotia in the van, will be the great workshop and harbor for the commerce of the confederacy."

With sentiments like those at the christening of the confederacy, how silly must appear the vaporings of a few politicians on the subject of "Repeal" to the intelligent electors of Nova Scotia at this late date. Since the Confederation of the Provinces, perhaps no country on this continent has progressed more in a material point of view than Nova Scotia; and notwithstanding the depression in business that overtook the Dominion in 1873, (caused by the shrinkage in values in the United States after the close of the civil war), yet, Nova Scotia, with her varied resources, withstood the shock of the great financial crash, and is steadily advancing on the road to prosperity. Since her union with the Provinces, railroads have been built, light houses and buoys guard our rocky shores, telegraph lines have multiplied around the coast, our fisheries are fostered and protected, cotton and woollen fabrics are now manufactured at home, sugar refineries and paper mills have sprung into existence, iron, steel and wood works have been erected, the mining interests are increasing with marvellous rapidity, grain elevators have been built, the dry dock at Halifax is in progress, our agricultural and pomological interests have kept pace with other countries, as has been demonstrated at the "Colonial Exhibition" in London, breadstuffs have declined in favor of the consumer at least fifty per cent, (Nova Scotia is dependent on other countries more favorably situated for raising grain for her breadstuffs), towns are becoming cities, and villages are growing into towns—all of these things that go towards making up the wealth and prosperity of the country have taken place under the Confederation Act, and no efforts of the old rusty "repeal hatchet" have ever been able to fell a single "branch" from the "giant tree" of Confederation.

The Stewiacke and Musquodoboit people are greatly interested in a Railway scheme that will accommodate and connect both sections with the Intercolonial Railroad. Surveys have been made, and the routes are said to be practicable for the building of a Railroad so as to accommodate both sections. If the people will unite on the route through these beautiful fertile valleys, the subsidies promised will, in all probability, be granted; if not, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that the Governments will grant a subsidy to one and not the other.

VETERAN.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A steam barrel and shingle mill is now being built in Upper Falmouth, Hants. The builder and owner, Mr. William Patterson, is pushing the work forward rapidly.

A fine carriage shop, 52 feet by 28 feet, and two stories in height, has

just been constructed in Wolfville. The owner, Mr. Chas. H. Borden, has the reputation of being a first-class carriage-builder. In his new premises, Mr. Borden will be able to carry on a more extensive business.

Messrs. Pidgeon & Mosher of Windsor are about starting in that town the manufacture of superphosphates. Their prospects of success are said to be good.

The foundry of Burrell & Johnson, at Yarmouth, is receiving a large number of orders for mining machinery. The stoves, steam and fire engines and boilers manufactured by them are also in great demand.

Eighty hands are now employed in the factory of the Duck and Yarn Company, all of whom are kept employed on full time. The building of this company is a credit to Yarmouth.

The Post Office and Custom House in New Glasgow, the Pictou Bank, and many public buildings in other parts of the Province, have been built of grey free stone, taken from the "Bollville Free-stone Quarries," owned by Adam McKeon & Sons. The quarries are well situated for shipping by land or water.

Messrs. D. Fullerton & Co., of Pictou, are doing a thriving business as manufacturers of doors, sashes, blinds, etc. The firm is well and favorably known among builders and contractors.

The Pictou Iron Foundry is one of the best equipped in the Province. Its proprietors, Messrs. W. H. Davies & Sons, take a just pride in the castings turned out by them.

Messrs. J. Simpson & Co. have just erected at Springhill a new carriage and sleigh factory, 32 by 22 feet. The work turned by this firm has an excellent reputation wherever it is known.

The Oxford Furniture-Co. has taken a good contract to supply the fittings of a new post office in Cape Breton.

James Harris & Co., of St. John, have been awarded a contract for building one hundred coal cars for the Intercolonial railway.

The Windsor Foundry Co. have supplied Minor Foster, of Caledonia, with an engine, boiler, and outfit, for a 10 stamp crusher, and will shortly ship the outfit for a 25 stamp crusher, to be put up on the property owned by Mr. Webster Eaton, of Muluth, at Chester Basin.

Messrs. A. W. Brown & Bros., of Springhill, manufacturers of sashes, doors, mouldings, etc., are about erecting a new factory, the premises which they at present occupy being found too small for the business which they are carrying on.

Messrs. Chute & Hall, organ manufacturers, of Yarmouth, are doing a good business in the Western Counties, and are encouraged by the success which they have already achieved.

GREEK RELIGION.

The sunny, buoyant atmosphere of Greece, the ripple of blue water about the Ægean Isles; the grateful shade of the silvery olive-grove, and the rainbow glitter of the oleander and lemon blossom, seem to have passed into the life and religion of the Greeks from the earliest dawn of their history. We are far from the abstract metaphysics of the Indian, the massive brute-force element and animal worship of Egypt, or the dry utilitarianism of China, but everywhere is color and light, and a certain great and child-like rejoicing in nature. The Greek was the first who coupled the good and the beautiful together. His goodness consisted in wisdom, temperance, and reverence for the gods. His ideal of beauty was the human body; indeed, he had such an opinion of human nature itself and its various perfections, that, instead of making man in God's image, he deliberately made his god in the image of man. The Greek race, like the English, was a curious composite of foreign elements, out of which that something, which we call national genius, born of climate, *entourage*, and confluence of many psychic forces and social tendencies, created a unity which proclaimed itself to all outer barbarians by an assemblage of states, all speaking the same tongue, worshipping the same gods, and devoted to the same or similar games and exercises. The unity of the Hellenes or Greeks, whether merchants at Massilia in Gaul, or at Oribia on the Euxine, or at Cyrene in Africa, reminds one of the freemasonry of the English tourists who meet and salute on the summit of the Pyramids, or beneath the snowy spray of Niagara. As England claimed Norse, and Roman, and Saxon, and Celtic blood, so the wealth and variety of the Greek nature can be traced far back to the dawn of history in the blending, on one and the same peninsula, of the swarthy Egyptian colonies of Cecrops and Danaus—the Phrygian sea-kings of Pelops and the Phœnician adventurers under the mythic Cadmus. This is no place to dwell upon the outlines of Greek history; yet it is difficult to mark the religious characteristics of a people without some reference to the great events and personages under which the national religion has grown up or declined and withered. The overthrow of Darius at Marathon is not unnaturally marked by a reawakening of piety. The repulse of Xerxes at Thermopylæ, and the annihilation of his fleet at Salamis, could not fail convince those who were few in number but united and heroic, that they were the special favorites of the gods, against whom the million javelins of

the Eastern barbarians would be hurled in vain. On the very same day another great victory was obtained by the Sicilian Greeks over the Carthaginians. Greece, B.C. 480, was victorious all along the line; offerings to the gods were made amidst universal rejoicings, especially to the Delphic Oracle, now profusely enriched by grateful devotees. The history of the Peloponnesian War—the rivalry between Athens and Sparta, which served at once to develop and contrast the intellectual vigor of the one with the moral and physical stamina of the other—the weary squabbles of the minor Grecian States amongst themselves, the Macedonian supremacy, the culmination of Greek conquest and military glory under Alexander; the triumph of Greek art under Phidias; the foundation of Greek legislation under Solon, Lycurgus, and Draco; the art of administration under Pericles, of oratory under Demosthenes, of poetry and the drama under Eschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, of philosophy under Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle—belong to the general history of Greece, and their casual connection with the spiritual life of the people can only be slightly indicated in a bird's eye view of Greek religion. When the mixed colonies began to settle down, they exhibited what we should call the most "catholic" tendencies in religion. They adopted all the gods they could hear of, about thirty thousand in number, and for fear of leaving out any, altars to "unknown" deities were, down to the late days of Paul, by no means uncommon. The early shrines of Greece rose, like the old Hebrew shrines, on hilly uplands to the "Unknown," to the "Merciful One;" but the rude altars, and temples almost as rude, that early crowned every high hill, where the cloudland of an unknown heaven reached down to mingle with the ascending smoke of burnt sacrifice, yielded in nothing to the sacred groves, where in the grateful shade the worshipper seemed oftentimes to hear the footsteps of sylvan deities walking as in a garden "in the cool of the day." The wily satyr was not seldom found lurking in ambuscade, and the playful wood-nymph passed swiftly, rustling the forest leaves that parted to receive and close again upon her shining form. At evening, across low marsh-lands in autumn, by the shallow rifted pools smitten with sunset, the great god Pan himself had been sighted afar off, sitting huge and dark against the throbbing sky, and wild enchanting melodies from his reed pipes came floating with the sighing of the night wind and the cries of startled waterfowl as they rose and fled like inky spots against the crimson sun-streaks. Sometimes the water-nymphs were almost, but never quite, surprised, bathing in the cool vale of Tempe; the gleam of their white bodies would flash on the surface of the stream only to be quickly buried beneath the wave. An immanent deity seemed everywhere to the teeming imagination of the Greek precipitated into a multitudinous personality; not an attribute of nature but it glowed, or flashed, or languished, or warbled itself into exquisite life, parodying or bettering the human and familiar appearance of man, woman, or child. But these thirty thousand minor personalities which surrounded and comforted the primitive Greek, who were bound to him by strange and sympathetic ties of valued mimicry, and charged like specialists to attend to his wants and protect him generally—were not productive of any confusion. The symmetrical genius of the Greek tempered his Pantheism with Polytheistic order, and the hierarchy of great gods ruled over by King Zeus reduced this Polytheism into something like a further almost monotheistic unity, shadowed forth by vague belief in a Moira or supreme fate, which was but another name for the mysterious Ananke, or Principle of Necessity, to which even the greatest of the gods must bow. The large scheme or framework arranging all minor divine personalities is in the Greek mythology singularly clear, graphic, and suggestive. To the Greek mind, until his philosophy corroded the very substance of his religion, the old mythology appears to have been a tolerably complete and satisfactory statement of the world as he saw it and loved it. In his scheme everything fitted in with the perfection and harmony of a Greek frieze or a Corinthian capital.—*Good Words*.

AN EXAMPLE OF PERSIAN JUSTICE.

On the side of the high road to Shiraz, thirty miles before the city is reached, going north, stands a bare pole. This marks the place where the body of Sergeant Collins was found after his murder. Sergeant Collins was an inspector of the telegraph line: a man of great personal bravery. He had been a sapper, had been at rough the China war, and had nearly completed his service for pension: an old soldier of the best type, rough, honest, and thorough. Accompanied by his wife, two servants (a man and woman), and two muleteers, he started on his inspection duty. Collins was hardly convalescent from a fever attack when he started, and he had no choice in travelling but to lie on a mattress slung on a loaded mule. At early dawn one day a muleteer suddenly cried, "Sahib, they have blocked the road;" and, looking ahead, the Sergeant saw some men in front who were covering him with their guns. At the same moment these men ordered him to dismount. Now the Sergeant was the best shot in Persia. "Bo off!" he shouted, firing his revolver twice. The robbers rushed in, firing as they came; and Collins was hit in two places, death being instantaneous. After beating the lifeless body with their iron-headed sticks, the robbers blindfolded and carried off the wife and the two servants, detaining them in a dell till after midnight. At the persistent instigation of the English Minister at Tehran, the Persian authorities arrested the three principal robbers. Another of them committed suicide to avoid capture; another had died from a gunshot wound, apparently inflicted by Collins. But the Persian authorities, though they had got the criminals in gaol, seemed very loth to bring them to justice. At length Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, C.S.I., our Agent at Shiraz, succeeded in goading the Prince-Governor, H.R.H. Zil-es-Sultan, into trying the prisoners. The proceedings were very curious. There was no doubt of the guilt of the men, but there were no witnesses of the murder. The Sergeant was dead; his wife and his two servants had been frightened out of their wits; and the muleteer declared that he could

remember nothing. The English in Persia justly felt that it would be a serious thing to allow the assassins to escape, and yet the difficulty of bringing their guilt home to them in the regular legal way seemed all but impossible. What was to be done? Well, in Persia justice, though at times very blind, is swift as a rule; and often arrives at correct conclusions by tortuous paths. The Zil-es-Sultan, finding that the English Minister would not remain satisfied, ordered the robbers to be brought before him. There was no court, in our sense of the term; no robed judges, no array of counsel, no jury. The Prince-Governor himself embodied the law. Half a dozen courtiers lolled against the wall, their arms respectfully crossed upon their breasts. Seated on a silk mattress in a corner of the room, his back supported by gold-embroidered cushions, the young Prince twiddled his moustache, or played with the jewelled hilt of his sabre, or toyed with the buckle of priceless brilliants which formed the central ornament of his plain waist-belt. The three men were dressed as villagers usually are, in tall felt caps, and long felt coats. When they were hustled into the hall of audience they were still heavily ironed, for these men are often desperate criminals, and would not hesitate for a moment to murder their gaolers if they thought they would thereby secure a chance of escape. On entering the royal presence, they bow almost to the ground. "Salaam!" they shout in a kind of chorus; your villager or tribesman never speaks, he always shouts. "How do you like prison?" says the Prince nodding to them with a smile. In reply, the bandits assert their innocence, calling at every sentence upon Heaven and the Prophet. "Are we not harmless tribesmen, we who live in your Royal Highness's shadow? May we be your sacrifice!" The Prince still smiles blandly. "Ah, my friends," says he, "I too am a Mussulman. We are all Mussulmans here; and—and in fact—an unbeliever more or less doesn't much matter. You have truly done a good deed. I shall not really punish but reward you. That you killed the Feringhi there is, of course, no doubt; and so I must punish you nominally. What I propose to do is to cut off a joint of one finger of each of you. But what is that? Nothing. Your dresses of honor are ready. You will put them on and will be instantly liberated. And now, my children," says the smiling Prince, "tell me all about it. How did you manage it, eh?" The astonished and delighted prisoners received this speech with a burst of joy. All shouting at once, they hastened to give the Prince full particulars. "The European fired twice from one pistol—may we be your sacrifice!—and then we all fired together, rushing in on him. He was but a European—may your shadow never be less! We trust in the clemency of your Royal Highness! May we be your sacrifice!" The smile faded from the face of the young Prince-Governor; his likeness to the Shah his father becoming very apparent as his countenance darkened into ferocity. He had got at the truth; and, without more ado, nodded with appropriate significance to his chief of police the Farrahbashi, a burly black-bearded man who stood behind the criminals. The prisoners were removed; they were hurried into the public square, in which the palace stands, and there their throats were cut. The bodies lay exposed till sunset, a terror to evil-doers. A red granite tablet in one of the Christian churches at Julfa, subscribed for by the engineer officers and non-commissioned officers in Persia, commemorates the death of Sergeant Collins.

REPRESENTATIVE BANKING.

He was a youth, although not very old. One day his father brought home a little bank to keep his savings in.

"Now, Willie," he said, "we'll start a bank."

"I choose to be Cashier," interrupted the boy.

"Very well, you can be the Cashier, and I will be the Board of Directors. Then you and your two sisters and your mother and I will be all depositors. Now, I will put these five nickels in to start with. What will you do?"

"I'll put in my seven pennies and a two-cent piece," he responded.

His mother dropped in a couple of dimes, and each of his sisters a nickel. During the next two weeks numerous deposits were made, and all ran smoothly. Then one morning paterfamilias found himself short of change, and abstracted a dime from the bank for car fare. But the eagle eye of the young Cashier detected the shortage, and he promptly took what was left.

The next morning the young financier's father, wishing to instill a little more business knowledge into his head, said:—"Now, Willie, suppose one of the depositors wished to draw out some money, what would you do?"

The boy simply pointed to the bank, on which was the following placard: "Payment Suspended."

"Why Willie, what does this mean?" inquired the father.

"Directors overdraw their accounts, so the Cashier skipped with the rest," was the laconic response.

"You don't mean that you have taken the money that was in there, do you?" in a painful surprise.

"Yes."

"But don't you know that that is not honest?"

"Huh!" exclaimed the boy scornfully, "did you ever hear of a Cashier letting the Directors get ahead of him? Well, I guess not. You bet I know a little business. When the Directors begin fooling with the finances the Cashier cleans out the bank every time."

"My boy," said the father admiringly, "some day you will be a great financier; but first you have a few things to learn. Never wait for the depositors to prosecute. Now come with me to the wood shed."

"Father," replied the youth persuasively, "can't we compromise this matter in some way? If you won't prosecute I'll see that the bank resumes payment, and won't say anything about the Directors drawing out money on the sly." It was compromised on that basis.—*The Rambler*.

A BARREN TITLE.

(Continued.)

"It's no use, mistress, not a bit," said the kindly sergeant. "If they two can't reach the child nobody can. The poor thing's out of its suffering by this time."

"No—no—no!" cried the woman, passionately. "The fire hasn't reached the little room at the back yet. My pretty one's waiting there—waiting for her mother to fetch her, and—O my God!—you won't let me go!"

From the midst of the little crowd of gentlemen quietly smoking their cigars Lord Loughton stepped forth and walked to the foot of the ladder. "What are you going to do, my lord?" asked Mr. Wingfield, anxiously.

"I am going to see for myself whether the child cannot be got at," answered the earl, as he proceeded to turn up the collar of his overcoat and to fix his glass in his eye.

"But its madness—sheer madness!" urged Sir James Hance.

"If anybody could save the child the firemen could?" said Mr. Plume.

"In any case I'll go and see for myself," persisted the earl.

"Let me beg of you, my lord, to listen to reason," said Mr. Wingfield, laying a hand on the earl's arm.

"Only a washer-woman's brat," said Captain Van Loo, with a shrug. "The world holds plenty more of the same breed."

The earl said no word more, but began to mount the ladder. Up he went, slowly and carefully—being no longer so young as he once had been—past the first window, past the second, with their greedy tongues of fire that strained forth to sting him. An utter silence fell upon the crowd. They all knew by this time who the third man was. Nothing could be heard save the regular beat of the engine and the subdued roar of the flames. Men's hearts throbbled faster, women's eyes brimmed with tears. The poor despairing creature down on her knees gripped fast hold of the policeman's hand as though it were an anchor of hope, and prayed as she had never prayed before that the brave gentleman might find her one pet lamb and bring it back alive to its mother's arms.

The top was reached at last, and the firemen held out their hands and helped the new-comer into the room. Of what passed among the three men those below knew nothing, but a minute after the earl joined the others they were all lost in the smoke that filled the room. It was a time of slow agony to the waiting mother below. A thousand eyes were fixed on the little window. First one dark figure and then another could be dimly discerned for a moment, as they came for a breath of air before plunging into the smoke again.

All at once a great shout rent the sky, and the mother knew without looking up that her child was saved. "That's him in the middle—that's the earl with the child in his arms!" she heard those round her say. "Now he's given the young 'un to Jim Durham, and Jim's coming down with it first of all. That's the earl following him, and that's Frank Webber coming last."

Down they came, one after another, the foremost fireman with the child in his arms. Nothing could now restrain the mob. They swept away the thin barrier of police and crowded round the ladder, every one pressing forward to shake hands with the earl.

But the earl could not shake hands with any one. While he was still some five or six feet from the ground a veil seemed to drop suddenly over his eyes, the strength went out of his hands and knees, and he fell backward like one dead. A hundred arms were held out to catch him. Then, and then only, it was seen how terribly he was burned.

"We must carry him to the George," said Mr. Wingfield, sadly; "and let some one hurry for the best doctor that can be had for love or money."

CHAPTER XIX.

P. P. C.

The Earl of Loughton lay dying at the George Hotel, Brimley. They had not ventured to move him to Laurel Cottage. For the first day or two some hopes had been entertained of his recovery, but before long certain symptoms developed themselves which left no room for doubt as to what the final issue must be.

The dowager countess was in Scotland when she heard the news. Slingsby Boscombe read it out aloud to her at the breakfast-table. They were visiting among some family connections in the Lothians.

"It was the deed of a hero!" said Slingsby, enthusiastically, as he laid down the paper.

"It was the deed of a *ganache* who would risk his life for the sake of a nine days' notoriety," snarled the countess. "Read the two last lines again."

"The latest reports add that little or no hope seems to be entertained of the earl's recovery," repeated Slingsby, from the newspaper.

"Then it is quite possible that the earldom may be yours before you are many days older."

"Oh, Lady Loughton!"

"Why profess a regret which I cannot feel? I tell you candidly that I hope the man won't recover. You and I must start for Brimley by the next train. Meanwhile, you had better telegraph to Mr. Flicker to meet us there."

The countess and Mr. Boscombe reached Brimley Station next forenoon, where her ladyship's carriage was awaiting their arrival. Slingsby, never having met the earl but once, had a dread of being looked upon as an intruder at such a time, and would much rather have stayed away, but

the countess altogether scouted his objections, and insisted upon taking him with her; and she was certainly too old to venture on such a journey alone.

Slingsby wished most heartily that the fire had never happened. So far as he was concerned, if the earl were to die matters would be brought to a climax far sooner than was convenient for him, and his secret marriage be a secret no longer.

The first thing the countess did, after reaching the hotel, was to seek a private interview with Doctor Ward.

"A lamentable affair this, doctor," she said, extending a couple of frigid fingers, and motioning him to a chair.

"Very lamentable, indeed, madam."

"May I ask what the condition of your patient is by this time?"

The doctor did not answer in words, but gave his eyebrows and shoulders a simultaneous shrug.

"Dear me! as bad as that, eh?" The countess intended both her words and the tone in which they were spoken to be sympathetic, but the look of satisfaction on her crafty old face altogether belied her intentions.

"I presume there will be no objection to my seeing your patient in the course of the day?"

"If the earl himself has no objection, madam, I can have none. Indeed, I may add that any relatives or friends who may be desirous of seeing his lordship had better be summoned with as little delay as possible."

"Except myself, his lordship has no near relatives," said the countess. "I will, of course, stay with him till all is over."

Her ladyship having disposed of a cutlet and a glass and a half of old port, and, having had a forty minutes' snooze in an easy-chair, sent word in to the earl that she should like to see him if he were at liberty to receive her. The earl gave orders that she should be admitted at once.

But, before this took place, Lord Loughton had requested that a telegram might be dispatched to Clement Fildew. It was sent in the name of the landlord of the hotel, and ran as follows: "You are wanted immediately at the George Hotel, Brimley, on a matter of life and death. Do not delay."

Clement wondered greatly at receiving such a summons, but at once prepared to obey it. The most likely solution that presented itself to him was that he was wanted to paint the portrait of some one who was *in extreme*, so he went prepared accordingly.

The countess and Mr. Boscombe had reached Brimley about one o'clock. The train Clement traveled by was expected to reach there about 4.30. As it happened, Mr. Flicker went down by the same train.

The countess entered the dying man's room with hushed footsteps, and, going up to the side of the bed, she gazed down with steel-cold eyes at the white face upturned to meet her own. Suffering had already done much to refine and ennoble a face which at one time had lacked little on the score of manly beauty. The hard, worldly lines had been smoothed out, and with them had vanished a certain sensuous fullness of outline which of late years had developed itself more and more. But when the earl's eyes met those of the countess, they lighted up with somewhat of their old gay, malicious twinkle.

"I am grieved to find you in this condition," said her ladyship.

"And I am grieved to be so found. *Mais c'est la fortune de la guerre*, and it were useless to repine. I regret that I am not in a condition to entertain your ladyship more becomingly."

"You do not suffer much pain, I hope?"

"None whatever now, and that's the deuce of it. While there was pain, there was hope; now there is neither, and here I am, left in the lurch."

"While there's life, one should never give up hoping."

The earl made a slight grimace.

"I knew, and your ladyship, after your interview with Dr. Ward, doubtless knows, that there is but one thing now to look forward to. But I shall not be so ill-mannered as to be long a-dying."

There was silence for a little while. The countess seated herself on a chair by the bedside. Presently the dying man said, in a musing sort of tone, "Perhaps I may fall across Cousin Charley when I get out yonder. Who knows? If we should meet, I wonder whether he will recognize me, and whether he will be sorry that he did not lend me that three thousand pounds, which would have made my life such a different one. In any case, I won't forget to give your ladyship's love to him."

The countess moved uneasily on her chair.

"It is possible that your ladyship and I may meet in the Elysian Fields before long," resumed the earl, speaking in a slow, calm way, very unusual with him. "Time flies, and none of us grow younger. I suppose they keep a list of the latest arrivals of persons of distinction. If they do, I shall not fail to consult it frequently, and look out for your ladyship's arrival."

"This is terrible," muttered the countess to herself. "The man is a perfect heathen."

After a little while the countess said, "If there is anything I can do for you—if there are any little wishes or commissions you would like to have attended to, I need hardly say that you may command me in any way."

"You are very kind," said the earl, and then, after a moment's pause, he added, dryly—"as you have always been. But any little wants or wishes of mine will naturally receive attention at the hands of my son, Lord Shoreham."

"Your son! Lord Shoreham?" gasped the countess, as she rose slowly to her feet, and drew herself up to her fullest height.

"Precisely so. I am expecting him every minute. I shall be happy to introduce him to your ladyship."

Words would be powerless to express a tithe of what the dowager felt. For a little while her wrath was speechless because it was too deep for

utterance. Her face looked like that of some fabled witch, with its expression of concentrated venom and suppressed rage. Her head began to wag portentously, and in a little while her tongue recovered from its temporary paralysis.

"A son, eh?" she cried, and her voice rose to a half-shriek. "So then, you die as you have lived—a swindler to the last!"

"No missiles from your tongue, madam, can reach me now," said the earl, with an easy smile. "I have got beyond their range. Your ladyship's cunning has over-reached itself and fallen on the other side."

At this moment there came a tap at the door, and the head of the nurse was intruded into the room. "Mr. Clement Fildew to see your lordship," she said, in appropriately subdued tones.

"Show him in at once," said the earl, and next moment Clement entered the room.

He gazed around for a moment, and then his eyes fell on the pallid, sunken face on the pillow. "Father! you here!" he cried, striding to the bedside. "They told me that I was wanted by the Earl of Loughton."

"I am the Earl of Loughton, and this"—turning to the countess—"is my son, Clement Fildew Lorrimore, otherwise Lord Shoreham."

The countess stared for a moment or two into the young man's bright, handsome face, and then her hands grasped the bed as if to support herself. Turning to the earl with a grin of fiendish spite that showed the whole range of her artificial teeth, she shook a yellow claw in his face, and then, with many strange noises and gurglings under her breath, she tottered slowly from the room.

Ten minutes later her horses' shoes struck fire from the pavement of the inn yard as they started on their journey to Ringwood, carrying with them the dowager, Mr. Boscombe, and Mr. Flicker, the latter of whom, for once, came in for a terrible wiggling from her ladyship, for having omitted to find out that "that wretched creature" had a son in hiding.

Father and son remained closeted together for upward of an hour. Then Clement came out and summoned the nurse. The earl was tired and wanted to sleep. Clement took his hat and went for a long walk. Time and solitude were needed to enable him to familiarize his mind in some degree with the astounding news that had just been told him. Later in the day the earl sent for him again.

"In a tin box," he said, "labeled with my name, and deposited at Hellish's bank, you will find all the documents necessary to enable you to prove your identity, which the other side will no doubt compel you to do before admitting your right to the title. Wellclose has instructions with respect to my will, and he will bring it in the morning to be signed and witnessed. It's not much that I have to leave you, my boy—more's the pity: Merely a few paltry hundreds, the result of one or two lucky speculations. Yours will be a barren title indeed. But if you are a wise man you will speedily alter that state of things. You will give up painting, of course. Who ever heard of an earl that painted pictures, except it were for amusement? Equally, of course, you will marry money. The exigencies of your position render that imperative. There are the two Misses Larkins—good, modest, lady-like girls, though their father was a pill doctor. Each of them will have fifteen thousand pounds when she comes of age, and, no doubt, Orlando would give another five to secure an earl for his brother-in-law. You might do worse. I'll speak to Wingfield about you to-morrow, and see whether you can't have the railway chairmanship as my successor. Marry Fanny Larkins, and stick to Wingfield; there's your programme, and in a dozen years, if you play your cards well, you ought to be worth a hundred thousand pounds."

To all this Clement yielded a tacit acquiescence. If his father's last hours would be rendered more easy by the thought that everything would be done in accordance with his wishes, why disturb him by urging anything to the contrary? Soon he would be where the sum of this world's troubles and anxieties is of less account than the lightest snow-flake that drops through the midnight on the summit of Mount Blanc.

The earl passed a restless night and was a little light-headed at times. He seemed better in the morning, and was able to see Mr. Wellclose for half an hour. During the rest of the day Clement never left him for more than a minute or two at a time. It was evident that he was growing weaker with every hour. He ceased to talk much as the afternoon advanced, but seemed content to lie with closed eyes, but not asleep, and with one of Clement's hands in his—thinking, who shall say of what!

As the autumn daylight was deepening into dusk he fell asleep, and Dr. Ward, coming in about that time, pronounced it doubtful whether he would wake again. Nor, indeed, did he, to the extent of being conscious of where he was, or of recognizing those about him. By and by his mind began to wander again. At five minutes before twelve he died. His last faintly murmured words were: "Where's your hand, Kitty! I can't see you in the dark."

When the earl's will came to be read it was found that he had left Clement all he had to leave, with the exception of fifty guineas to the child whose life he had saved at the expense of his own.

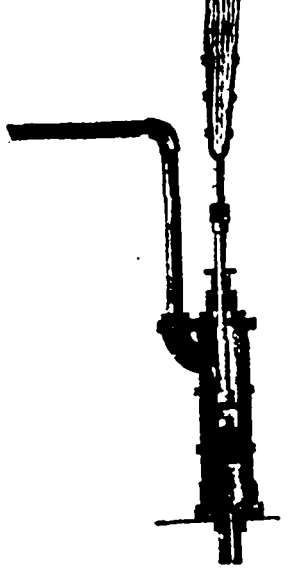
As soon as the funeral was over, the earl being buried in the same grave with his wife, Clement went quietly back to his painting. Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Plume had proffered their services in various ways; but Clement loved his art too well to be tempted from it into the more glittering paths of financial speculation. He went back to his studio as he had left it, plain Clement Fildew. Not even to Tony Macer did he breathe a word concerning the strange things that had befallen him. He simply said that his father was dead, and that was all. Not from his lips should the world ever hear a word respecting that title which he was told he could now claim, but which he was determined utterly to abjure. Not even to Cecilia would he speak of it till they should be husband and wife.

(To be Continued.)

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MINING.

THE CRITIC'S ASSAY DEPARTMENT.—THE CRITIC has on several occasions called attention to the necessity of the Government appointing a Provincial Assayer. The expense connected with sending samples for assay to the States, deters many finders of minerals from having them tested, and sections of the Province containing valuable deposits of mineral thus remain comparatively unknown. Besides, there are risks of the samples falling into the hands of dishonest analysts, who throw them to one side, and drawing on their vivid imagination, write out an analysis, favorable or unfavorable, as it suits their mood. It is an easy way to make a fee of from ten to fifteen dollars, and the hardened conscience of the analyst is not troubled by the fact that his report may cause the abandonment of a valuable mineral deposit, or the expenditure of a large sum of money to develop a really worthless property. Feeling that the need of an analyst is a crying one, which should be at once supplied, THE CRITIC has made arrangements with a thoroughly competent and reliable mineralogist, who will give an honest analysis of all samples handed him. Farmers, farm hands, and sportsmen, who are ignorant of all knowledge of mineralogy, often find specimens of minerals which they would like tested, simply to know the quality of the mineral contained in the ore; and in cases of this kind, (where results can be expeditiously arrived at), the analyst will charge a fee of only two dollars. In more difficult cases a higher fee will of course have to be charged, and where there is a combination of metals, and different processes have to be gone through with to determine the several mineral constituents, an additional fee will have to be paid for each process. The price of analyses will therefore vary from two to eight dollars, according to the actual labor and expense incurred by the operator in making the analyst. Instances have been known where assayers have tested really valuable minerals and reported them worthless, and then (profiting by the depression caused by their false analysis) have sent out their agents and bought up the properties for little or nothing. Recognizing this fact, and also understanding the importance of the strictest secrecy, THE CRITIC is happy to inform its readers that the high character of the gentleman to whom it will submit samples for analysis, is a sufficient guarantee that careful, painstaking analyses will be made of all ores sent, and that the results will only be known to the analyst and the sender of the sample.

We have had considerable difficulty in prevailing on our friend to undertake the work, as he feared that it would not prove sufficiently remunerative to pay for the outfit required, but now that he has consented, and is prepared to attend accurately and promptly to all assay business, we trust that he will be liberally patronized.

Patrons having samples of ore for analysis should send them to "Analyst, care of A. M. Fraser, Business Manager of THE CRITIC," and should also remit a fee of two dollars. If more should be required they will be duly notified.

BONDING MINES.—Giving bonds of mines for periods of from three to six months, is a system much in vogue in this Province; and when the bondees are capitalists, and have entered into the contract honestly, it certainly is one of the fairest ways of disposing of a mine. It gives the bondee an opportunity of testing the value of the mine, and if it proves worthless, they escape from the speculation with the loss of only the cash actually spent in proving the property. Still, the system has been much abused, and as in all cases where dishonesty has been practiced, the mine owners have been the sufferers; great care should be taken before bonding a mine. Speculators with hardly enough capital to pay their hotel bills, but claiming to represent capitalists in the States or in Europe, frequently pay us a visit and bond properties right and left. We have known cases where these bondees have prevailed on the mine owner to advance them the money to develop the property or pay their passages to the land of the capitalist, and in all these cases the mine owner has been left in the lurch. In other cases, they secure a bond of the mine at a reasonable price, and then try to dispose of it at such a high figure that they defeat their own purpose, and at the end of three or six months the mine owner regains possession of his property, only to find that it has been permanently injured by the bondee, and that the season is too far advanced to do anything with it that year. Instances have been known where dishonest bondees have discovered the great value of the property, and have then set systematically to work to depreciate the mine. Work is stopped, the shafts are allowed to cave in, and the bond is forfeited. The mine owner is disheartened, it may be in debt, and in the end these tactics result in his disposing of the property at a tithe of its value. Ultimately, he discovers that the purchaser was a tool in the hands of the original bondee, and that he has been swindled out of a valuable mine. Again, parties having properties of their own to dispose of have been known to bond similar mines, simply to keep them out of the market until their own had been sold.

The poor mine owner, in his anxiety to obtain the necessary capital to develop his mine, is led into all kinds of traps by oily-tongued speculators, and the "freezing out" process is too often applied with success. Bonds may be drawn in the most careful manner, imposing the severest pecuniary penalties for non-compliance with their terms, but where the bondee is peniless, they are not worth the paper they are written on.

But where due care is exercised, and the bondee is a man of well known financial ability, and of high character, a bond allowing the purchaser to prove the property is fair to all parties concerned. The Lake Lode mine, of the Caribou district, which was reported upon in the last issue of THE CRITIC, is an instance in point. Here the bondees had one of their number at the mine during the three months that the bond was in existence, and also had reports made by reliable experts. The result was, that the mine was purchased for the price agreed upon, \$30,000. In this case, both pur-

chasers and sellers are satisfied; and the latter will find enhanced enjoyment of their well-earned money in the knowledge that they have given full value in return.

Where properties are undeveloped, no matter how fine the prospect may be, purchasers should in all instances insist on a bond, allowing them sufficient time to prove the value of the mine. A mine owner who is afraid to have money expended in opening up his property, should be left severely alone. He is right on refusing a bond when he is uncertain of the standing of the parties; but where this is not questioned, and abundant security is deposited, his refusal to give a bond should be considered convincing evidence that his mine is worthless.

MOOSE RIVER.—Andrew McGregor and others are working the Montreal property, and are meeting with fair success. The best work in the district is being done by Mr. Touquoy on his valuable property, and indications point to the fact that Moose River is destined to become one of the greatest gold mining centres in the Province.

GOLD MINING.—Rumor says that active operations in this line are being carried on almost within the town plot of Shelburne. The present owners, it is said, in their political enthusiasm, have conferred upon it the name of the prospective independent candidate, Gen. Laurie. The discovery has been made to the westward of the falls bridge, near the residence of Mr. George Durfee, and under the superintendence of a well-known stone mason, granite boulders are being removed, but little gold found.—*Cape Sable Advertiser*.

This is certainly wonderful, if true, as granite boulders are not generally considered the best indications of the precious metal.

MINING MATTERS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—Since writing you last, matters in mining have been very quiet. The Mineral Vale property at New Ireland, Albert County, is working away steadily. The new engine and boiler placed in the mine give them every satisfaction, and crushing and smelting go on regularly. Have not heard of matte shipped to Swansea for test yet. If I do, will let you know later. The owners of the property feel very much encouraged.

The manganese mines at Markhamville are being worked steadily, and constant shipments of the ore to the United States and Great Britain are being made.

The Mayflower mine in the vicinity of new line road continues to show good deposit, and probabilities are that a sale of this property, or a portion of it, is not far distant.

Parties in Truro, N. S., are prospecting for manganese in the vicinity of Peticodiac, under the direction of one generally known as Miner Brown. It is said fair showing is being made, but as yet no bonanza.

Your correspondent was shown to-day a sample of manganese, and also a sample of galena, from Bay Shore, so called. The manganese, although only surface samples, shows evidence of being a good article, while the galena is certainly a magnificent specimen. The party who has both properties bonded, says there is large showing of both, and is prepared to enter into negotiations with persons wishing to invest in such properties. Failing this, he will endeavor to open the manganese mine himself shortly. Information concerning these properties can be had by applying to THE CRITIC office for proper address, etc.

A copper mine (sulphuret of copper) in the LeTete district, in Charlotte County, N. B., has recently been bonded, with fair prospects of sale being effected.

NATURAL GAS.—Long as man has been on this planet, he as yet is not aware of all that is on the earth, much less under it. Petroleum wells have a great antiquity; but it is only of late years that mineral oils have been found literally in hundreds of places. In boring for oil, natural gas has been discovered. A few years ago it was considered a marvel, but to-day there are numerous holes in the earth through which gas flows in a never-ceasing stream; nor is it to be found alone in the region southeast of Lake Erie. It has been discovered at so many different points, that it is now beginning to be suspected that wherever coal is found oil and gas are not far off. Natural gas effected a revolution in the iron trade of Western Pennsylvania. Makers of steel now dispense with coal and save large sums by using gas, not only as an illuminant, but also as a fuel. There is reason to believe that our large cities will eventually be supplied with natural gas brought in pipes from the regions where found, and which will be sold for half the price of coal gas.—*Demorest's Monthly*.

As both oil and gas should be found in close proximity to coal, it seems strange that our large coal companies have done nothing to test their properties. Spasmodic attempts have been made to bore for oil in Cape Breton and Pictou County, but want of capital has prevented systematic work. Where success is so certain of a rich reward, capital to sink oil or gas wells should be easily obtainable.

NOVA SCOTIA STONE.—Samples of precious stone are shown from Nova Scotia. They are of the hardness of the amethyst family, and can be obtained in fairly large quantities, in crystals or in solid massive deposits, of all colors from a very light to a very dark purple and from a clear crystal to a very dark, smoky quartz. Several pieces have been cut for jewelry, and are very pretty. It could be used in large pieces for the ornamentation of the interior of public or private buildings such as hall ornamentations, mantels, floors, and numerous other purposes.—*Chicago Mining Review*.

The editor also states that some fine specimens of the stone have been presented to the *Mining Review* cabinet by Mr. Adam McKay.

THE MARITIME PATRON, AND ORGAN OF THE Maritime Provincial Grange—Patrons of Husbandry.

"In Essentials Unity—In Non-essentials Liberty—In All Things Charity."

[All communications intended for this column should be sent to the editor of the Maritime Patron, EDWIN S. CREEK, M. D., Newport.]

In the columns of United States Agricultural journals are always to be found advertisements of "Canada Hard Wood Unleached Ashes" for sale, to be delivered in car lots of from 14 to 20 tons. It may not be, we are sure it is not, necessary to say one word to any farmer in the Maritime Provinces about the value of wood ashes, but these advertisements prove that farmers in the Upper Provinces of the Dominion must be either lamentably ignorant, or almost criminally careless concerning their own interests, or United States farmers would not have the privilege of purchasing Canadian ashes.

On the face of it, these advertisements place our Canadian farmers in very unfavorable contrasts to their brothers of the plow across the border. Until our farmers have learned to appreciate the value of this fertilizer, would it not be well to try an appreciation of National Policy in the shape of an export duty on ashes?

The composition of wood ashes varies very greatly with the kind of wood, etc. The Connecticut Experiment Station reports as the average composition of Canadian ashes unleached (average obtained from 13 samples) Potash 5.77 per cent, Lime 38.99, Phosphoric Acid 1.17. Another average of 13 samples from household fires, according to analysis made by Dr. F. H. Storer, gives 8.50 per cent Potash, and 2.04 per cent Phosphoric Acid. Ashes contain other elements of plant food besides those mentioned, indeed they contain all the elements of plant nutrition except nitrogen; but as all soils are supposed to have enough of the other inorganic ingredients entering into the composition of plants, we have given the proportions only of those that possess a high cash value due to the demand for them. The percentage of lime in ashes is given, not on account of its cash value, but because ashes have an important chemical action, due to the large percentage of lime which they contain.

Leached ashes have lost a large proportion of their potash, phosphoric acid and lime, but enough remains to make them quite a valuable manure. An average sample of leached ashes analyzed at the Connecticut Station gave 1.41 per cent Potash, 28.85 lime, and 1.15 Phosphoric Acid.

For the information of those who wish to form an idea of the amount of potash and phosphoric acid in a given quantity of wood, it may be stated that in a cord of dry oak wood which will weigh from 2300 to 2400 lbs., there are 2.3 lbs. Potash and .5 Phosphoric Acid; and that in a cord of hickory wood, weighing between 3400 and 4300 lbs., there are 4.3 lbs. Potash and 1.3 lbs. Phosphoric Acid. $\frac{2}{3}$ tons of dry beech wood will yield about one bushel of ashes.

The intrinsic value of ashes must of course vary with the proportion of valuable fertilizers which they contain, and the cash commercial value must depend upon supply and demand. One authority which we have just consulted places the value of unleached at not less than 40c. per bushel, and that of leached at between 14 and 17 cents per bushel. Another authority (Prof. Kedzie, of Michigan) says that one hundred pounds of wood ashes contain 16 lbs. of potash, worth 80c; $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of soda, worth 2c; 67 lbs. of lime and magnesia, worth 8c; and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. phosphoric acid, worth 26c; and that if the manurial materials contained in 100 lbs. of ashes were purchased in the market, they would cost \$1.16.

It was no part of our original intention to say anything about the application of ashes as manure, but merely to point out their value as plant food and the enormous loss occasioned by their export. It may, however, not be amiss to remind our agricultural readers that ashes contain a large percentage of lime, which, as every farmer knows, occasions the rapid decomposition of organic matter, and the liberation and loss of volatile organic ingredients, as for instance carbonate of ammonia; and that therefore they should not be applied to manure unless in a compost or immediately before being covered in the soil. The best way of applying ashes is probably as a top dressing to meadows, grain crops, fruit trees, which latter are very greatly benefitted by a free application, not only in the quantity, quality, and size of fruit, but in the growth of healthy wood and bright clean bark. A Connecticut farmer reports having purchased 1500 bushels of Canadian leached ashes, part of which he applied to grass land at the rate of 100 bushels to the acre, and thereby doubled his crops of hay wherever applied. The effect of the application was visible for twelve or fourteen years. These ashes were also applied to corn and potatoes with equally satisfactory results.

The importance of Agricultural Education, its bearing upon farm production, and consequently upon national wealth, is generally admitted, but we are slow to adopt any of the many means to this end. How very small a proportion of the Agricultural class of the Maritime Provinces belong to Granges, Farmers' Clubs, or Agricultural Societies, are instructed in the first principles of Agriculture in common schools or elsewhere, or take any of the many excellent Agricultural journals, which are among the best and cheapest of Agricultural Educators, to say nothing of their value in other respects.

These reflections are brought to mind just now by the receipt of the December number of the "American Agriculturist," which is really a most remarkable production, surpassing its predecessors, and that is saying a great deal. From the vignette on the front cover to the expressive Ivory Soap tableaux on the back cover, the illustrations—of which there are three full

pages and some half a hundred smaller ones, are good—the larger ones really artistic.

The illustrations and descriptions of mechanical, household and labor-saving devices, are alone, in any one number, worth a year's subscription. "Walks and Talks on the Farm" are always entertaining as well as instructive. The article in this number on "The Action of Nitrate of Soda," by Joseph Harris, should be read by every farmer who wants to know about the hitherto and even yet mysterious relations of nitrogen to plants.

We cannot even mention the interesting and instructive articles that are crowded into this number, but must not pass unnoticed the sketch of the Country Lives of the Former Presidents of the United States by celebrated authors, and the accompanying engravings (18x24 inches in size) of their homes, which have been during the current year, one of the chief and most valuable attractions of the "American Agriculturist." As an Agricultural Educator, this journal is unsurpassed by any of its many rivals and competitors—and in some respects it surpasses all, and especially in the enterprise exhibited in giving these biographies and fine engravings to its subscribers. The Presidents of the United States have been a credit to the people who have elected them, and their lives might well remind our Canadian youths that they "can make their lives sublime," but these former presidents, from farmer George Washington down, are especially worthy examples.

The American Agriculturist people talk about "Annexation!" Well, so long as their efforts are conferred to annexing our Canadians as subscribers, we say—go ahead—annex all you can! The more you can instruct us the better. Make us better friends and neighbors too, if possible, but Canada for Canadians, and the Union Jack to wave over us.

For sample copies of "American Agriculturist" address, David W. Judd & Co., Publishers, 751 Broadway, N. Y., inclosing 6 cts. in stamps.

WATER FOR STOCK IN WINTER—A large proportion of the food of our animals is used to keep up the temperature of the body to about one hundred degrees. Cold weather, damp barn-yards, cracks in the barn or sheds, want of bedding and exposure to storms, greatly increase the consumption of food to no good purpose. Much more regard is now paid to the comfort of our stock in these respects than formerly. We think, however, many fail to realize the loss of food sustained by compelling animals to drink ice-cold water. Water as it comes fresh from the well has a temperature of about fifty-five degrees. When allowed to stand until frozen over and the ice then broken, and pieces of ice suffered to remain in the water, the temperature speedily falls to thirty-five degrees. Experiments are reported which seem to show that it pays to artificially warm the drinking water for milk cows. Be this as it may, no one can doubt that water at fifty-five degrees is cold enough for health. That water that an animal drinks has to be raised to the temperature of his body, say one hundred degrees. And, of course, it requires much more fuel in food to raise a pailful of water from thirty five degrees to one hundred degrees than a pailful of fresh water from fifty five degrees to one hundred degrees. If the heat required to warm the pailful of water twenty degrees was derived from hay, or straw, or grain, the loss would not in many cases be severely felt. But, as a matter of fact, this heat is obtained from the consumption of fat and flesh, or butter and cheese. This is expensive fuel. We are well aware that it is not always easy to furnish animals water free from ice. We fill the trough with water, and the cows, and sheep, and horses do not drink as much as we expected, and the next morning there is a thick layer of ice upon the water. In such a case, break the ice in as large pieces as possible and pull them out with a potato hook or rake. Do not leave them to melt in the water. Pump plenty of fresh water for the animals.—*American Agriculturist for December.*

Mr. Mehan says that many now-a-days who want to plant trees in the spring, buy in the fall, and plant all temporarily thickly together, no matter if the stems are a foot or more deep in the ground, in some nook sheltered from drying winds. Here they remain till spring, sheltering one another, as well as being sheltered. The advantage is that the wounded roots heal over, and when replanted in spring, push into growth a couple of weeks before those then freshly taken up. Besides this, there is the great advantage of having them on hand to plant just when you are ready, instead of having them rushed in just as something else is sure to demand immediate attention.

SUNSOILING.—Great difference of opinion exist as to the benefit to be derived from subsoiling, and we think some of the benefits most recently attributed to it are fallacious. It is contended that subsoiling allows the surplus fall of rain to sink down into the subsoil, forming a reservoir to draw moisture from to feed the plants in time of drought. In light soils, unless on a clay subsoil, this cannot be done, as the water would precolate through it. On heavy soils, unless thoroughly underdrained, the water standing in the subsoil will melt it down and make it more compact than it was before, the subsoil in general being naturally more porous and loose than it can be artificially made. If the land is underdrained, the water will not remain in the subsoil, as it will sink into the underdrains.

We tried subsoiling thoroughly both in underdrained and undrained land, and discontinued it for the reasons above given, as in heavy land not underdrained it was positively injurious, while in thoroughly underdrained land, if the subsoil was good, we found it much better to have two ploughs going—one immediately after the other—the last one throwing the subsoil on the top. By doing this late in fall the action of the frost in winter would disintegrate the clay, when it should be harrowed in spring, then cross-ploughed and harrowed again, thoroughly mixing the subsoil with the surface soil. If the subsoil is bad and injurious to vegetation the less of it that is brought to the surface the better, and plants can derive no benefit from their roots going down into it, so that subsoiling would be useless.

We owned an old French farm on the Detroit River that had been cultivated for 150 years with shallow ploughing, four to five inches deep; at this depth the sole of the plough had formed a glazed hard-pan about two inches in thickness, and after heavy rains the surface soil got so saturated with water that it could not get through this glazed strata, and it was perfect mud. By running two ploughs, as above advised, the hard stratum was broken up and the water got down to the more porous subsoil, greatly increasing the crops. Previous to this, clover would not grow, being always winter-killed; after, it grew most luxuriantly.

We would, however, advise the farmer to go slow in this; let him under-drain a small part of his field and plough deep, as above recommended, turning up the subsoil. In some cases it might not make much difference the first year, but by manuring the land frequently and raising hood crops, both the sub and surface soils would get thoroughly incorporated with the manure, giving about double the depth of good soil for the roots to run in that they could get before.—*N. Y. Weekly Witness.*

MILK AND BUTTER TESTS OF JERSEY COWS.—Correspondents of the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman* give the following results in milk and butter tests of Jersey cows. Maud Pogis, 24240, from Aug. 2nd to Aug. 8th, inclusive, gave 207lbs. of milk, producing 14lbs. 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of well worked butter, salted 1 oz. to the pound. The greatest yield of milk on any one day was 30lbs. 8 oz. The test was made two months and four days after the birth of her first calf. The daily feed consisted of 2 qts. yellow meal, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ qts. wheat bran, 2 qts. ground oats, and 14 qts. oil meal, with fair pasture.

Damask Rose, 22065, tested one month after the birth of her first calf, gave in the seven days including the 12th and 13th of July, 218lbs. 2 oz. of milk, producing 16lbs. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of well worked butter, salted one oz. to the pound. Greatest yield on any one day 31lbs. 8 oz. Daily feed, 2 qts. yellow meal, 2 qts. wheat bran, 2 qts. ground oats, 1 qt. oil meal, and fair pasture.

Minnie of Oxford, 12806, 7 months after calving, was tested from Aug. 10th to 16th inclusive, getting 8 qts. ground corn and oats mixed, and 2 qts. oil meal, with good pasture, gave 247lbs. of milk, producing 17lbs. butter, salted 1 oz. to the pound.

What would our farmers think of a record of 16,153lbs. of milk and 950lbs. of butter, the yield of a relative of Minnie of Oxford? 'Tis a pretty good average cow with us that will give 150lbs. of butter per year. This shows plenty of room for improvement, and for adding to the wealth of the country.

THEORIES OF VENTILATION.—George Eliot never made a sharper definition than when she called generalization the faculty that enables man to make a greater fool of himself than any other creature (or words to that effect). And there is, perhaps, no other branch of science in which man has so grossly or persistently made a fool of himself as in generalizing laws of ventilation from a part of the physical properties of fluids without cross-examining the supposed laws very strictly by experiment. A respected correspondent, who sends us from Utica some thoughts on this subject, falls not into bad company, but into the best, when he assumes that the impure air in the house is to be displaced by an opening upward for the escape of the warmer and lighter elements, and by an opening downward to permit the descent of the heavy carbonic acid. It is true that warmth lightens air, and sometimes makes the house air lighter than that out of doors, and so capable of slowly descending. It is also true that carbonic acid is heavier than air, and if free would sink to the ground. That it is not thus free to sink, however, leaves existence possible for breathing creatures that walk on the earth, and that otherwise would be all smothered like the dogs in Mr. Bergh's proposed carbonic acid chamber. This wonderful power of the atmosphere to absorb and diffuse other gasses somewhat equally throughout its vast expanse is essential to the existence of life, and is notably instanced in the nearly equal diffusion of carbonic acid at all heights, whether in the interior of houses and public halls, from the floor to the ceiling, or in the open air from the foot to the very summit of the highest mountains. Experiment has thus overturned entirely the plausible preconceived theory, long universally accepted, and still usually acted on, that the carbonic acid lies near the floor and must be drained off at that point. Only when confined air has become saturated by an enormous supply of this gas will the excess fall to the bottom of the room or swell and displace the air with a suffocating substitute. Until then the extra warmth of the gas as it issues from the lungs or gas burners facilitates its diffusion upward and prevents any material inequality, even temporary, in the mixture at different elevations.—*Sanitary Era.*

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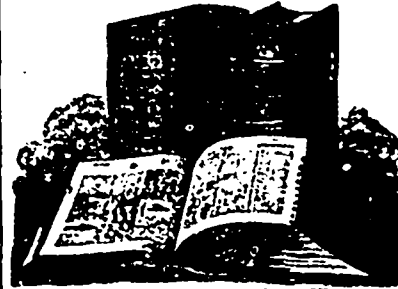
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