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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

EDITORIAL NOTES	1, 2
CONTRIBUTED.	
Letter to Cousin Caryl	"Dinah Sturgis" 6, 7
Our School Books	Howard Murray 7
Jottings from Ottawa	"Dixie" 8
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Chit-Chat and Chuckles	3
Draughts—Checkers	4
City Chimes	4
Parliamentary Review	4, 5
News of the Week	5
Poetry—If We Know	6
Industrial Notes	7
Commercial	8, 9
Market Quotations	9
Serial—The Old Red-Brick House	10, 11
Mining	12, 13
Chess	13
A Boarding House Incident	14, 15
Our Cozy Corner	15

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The first month of the year had not passed over when the deadly catastrophe got in an instalment of its work. One of the usual terrible accidents occurred in Indiana, and a number of passengers were burned to death in full view of their fellows but with no chance of rescue. How long are the Railway Companies to be allowed to risk human life with "a light heart" and perfect callousness to their responsibilities?

Our Halifax business men are to be no longer divided, and in their combination there will indeed be strength. The first and most important question that is to engage their attention is the providing of facilities for handling the ever increasing quantity of freight which is seeking an inlet or outlet to this port. In this work our city fathers should lend their aid and prove that Halifax has faith in itself, and that its future does not entirely depend upon the Federal government. Dartmouth should also be on the alert, as her possibilities are great, and the inducements to make the eastern side of the harbor a railway terminus are too obvious to need mention, but Dartmouth will never be a pushing place until she rouses herself and appreciates what united action can accomplish.

Some doubt appears to have found its way into the minds of authorities on military education as to the efficacy of competitive examinations for commissions. Lord Wolseley, we know, as well as many other competent judges, does not esteem them very highly, and his remark, in his "Soldier's Pocket Book," that the worst staff officer he ever knew was one who had passed the most brilliant and successful examinations, will be remembered by many. Of course no such rule or observation holds good in all cases, yet there is no doubt something in the idea. At all events some people have begun to think that the better system would be first to get a man with the heart and stomach of a soldier, and then graft as much of the student on him as is necessary. Certain it is that British officers rarely failed in the old days when there was no cramming, while at the same time the advance of science has rendered absolutely necessary a higher standard of information. The probability is that the cramming system is not only overdone, but made to include much unnecessary and pedantic matter.

In the death of Father Perry, the distinguished Jesuit astronomer, from dysentery off the coast of Cayenne, both the world of science and the Catholic Church lose a conspicuous ornament to each. The late Father was certainly the greatest astronomer of the Jesuit order since Father Secchi, whose name stood in the very first rank. That he was sent out by the English government to South America to observe the recent lunar eclipse was sufficient evidence of his standing in science. Like Father Secchi in astronomy, and the late lamented Francois Lenormant in biblical criticism, he challenged the praise due to the combination of high scientific attainment with piety and devotion to his Church. The Rev. Father was only in his 57th year at his untimely decease in the prosecution of his mission.

An unexpected and far from weak opposition has, it seems, developed itself in the United States Senate against the renewal of the sealing monopoly of the Alaska Company. It has apparently been initiated by Senator Plumb, who has introduced a bill providing that after the termination of the present contract the sealing shall be carried on under the direct supervision of government officers, and that all the seals taken shall be sent to San Francisco, and there sold in open market to the highest bidder. Mr. Plumb would devote the revenue so raised to the education of the Alaska natives. It is satisfactory to learn that the proposal has secured a much more extended support than was at first anticipated by its friends. If the Alaska Company could be ousted there is no doubt that the Bering Sea question would lose much of the acerbity imparted to it by the intrigues of an irresponsible, grasping and unscrupulous syndicate.

The new departure of the Bank of England in consenting to the manufacture and circulation of one pound notes is an event worthy of comment. Notes of this denomination have always been current in Scotland, but the Bank of England has been conservative on this point 'till now. The measure is a very desirable one, not only as an addition to convenient forms of currency, but as some saving of the loss—much greater than would be thought—to gold coin by abrasion, the recoupage of half sovereigns, almost entirely from this cause, costing the country some £21,000 annually. It is thought that the new £1 notes will lead to the issue at no distant date of ten shilling notes, or even of notes of lesser denominations. It has been supposed by some that the new notes had some relation to the partial adoption of a silver basis, but it does not appear to be really anything but a measure of promoting public convenience with an incidental advantage of economy.

It is now proposed to change the boundaries of the city wards, increasing the size of wards two and three and decreasing the size of ward five. Ward five is altogether too large and populous and should be decreased in size, but we think that this would be better accomplished by increasing the number of wards in the city to eight or nine, than by adding portions of ward five to other wards. A better plan would be to make the Western boundaries of the wards as now constituted at or on a line with Robie St., dividing the portions of the city west of that street into two or three wards. The Western portion of the city is now simply the tail end of the six wards and as a consequence the residents of that section have to put up with such small favors as may be granted them after the claims of the wealthy and most populous heads of the ward have been attended to. The tail can't wag the head and therefore the roads and sidewalks of the western portions of the city are always in a disgraceful condition, and will remain so until the wards of the city are so divided as to give it representation in the Council.

The last annual report of the New York Board of Charities gives the number of insane in that state as 20,000, or one in every 300 of the population. The increase in nine years is appalling, being no less than 62 per cent. The state is said to have been more prosperous during this than during the previous nine years and has been very active in sanitary reform. The conditions of life for the masses are, except in some quarters of great cities, comparatively easy. It might therefore appear that the tendency of population to congest in towns and cities has been an operative cause of the alarming increase of lunacy. But it appears that the condition of the two Dakotas in this respect is no better, and the number of lunatics is so large that the great amount of destitution in those States, and the disappointment of home-sickness incidental to new settlements, have been adduced to account for it. It is further suggested that the wear of modern life on this continent, and the anxious pursuit of less simple ends than sufficed for a past generation, may also have borne a part in the increase of insanity. It is very probable that this last factor is to a considerable extent answerable, yet all these causes combined seem to fall short of accounting for so alarming an increase of mental disease.

The County of Haldimand, Ont., has gained an unenviable notoriety in election matters. The Supreme Court has recently unseated Mr Coulter for the third or fourth time for corrupt practices, and his opponent, Dr. Montague, has also been unseated more than once. When a constituency develops so marked a tendency to unblushing venality, it may well become a question whether it be not a fit subject for punishment by temporary disfranchisement.

We notice a renewal of the endeavor to make the Canadian farmer believe that he is down-trodden and oppressed, and going fast to the "demnition bow-wows." Without attempting to penetrate the true inwardness of these passionate wails we can point out to the Nova Scotian farmer, at all events, one direction in which he might add a little to his means of livelihood, and that is by taking the trouble to make good butter. The general quality of the article at present supplied is a disgrace to our farming community, and the butter-makers never seem to consider that a better article will always command a higher price.

An event of considerable importance occurred on Sunday the 26th ult., in the opening of the C. P. R. telegraph line direct from Halifax to Vancouver. Naturally a good deal of ornamental, complimentary and mutually congratulatory telegraphy was indulged in by all sorts and conditions of men, of any pretence to be representative. This is all well enough for a start, but what the public look or at least hope for from the break of the monopoly of the Western Union, is some appreciable reduction in the rate for long distances. At present persons telegraphing, say to Calgary, N. W. T., have to pay \$1.45 for ten words, and a lady the other day paid sixty cents for wiring the single word "yes," to a point 100 miles north west of Brandon. One might almost cable to Great Britain for these amounts.

It would seem that effete old England has not yet fallen altogether behind the age even in electric contrivances. An electric indicator of the names of railway stations is coming into use in England. A magnetic apparatus turning a roller on which are printed the names of stations in good visible letters is fitted over the window of every carriage, with an electric bell to call the attention of passengers to the change. The instruments are connected in series, and are under the control of the guard, who changes the name by a simple touch of a button before the train stops. It is devoutly to be hoped that this arrangement may find its way into use in this country, and that it may come to pass that our ears may be spared the unearthly howls of brakemen announcing the names of stations in an idiom utterly unintelligible to the vulgar.

The *New Glasgow Eastern Chronicle* has the following:—"In conversation with an observing old lady in the country the other day, she remarked: 'We are always hearing of improvement in the towns, but of none in the country. Here it is the same, year after year.' The reply was made to her, 'Oh! but you surely have something new now and then, christenings for instance.' 'Indeed,' she said, 'there are very few of them in comparison with former years, and we that are left are not bothered much with christenings.' What she said is only too true of many districts, even in this county of Pictou." We were rather under the impression that marriages throughout Nova Scotia had been decidedly numerous for the last year or two, but we must suppose that Pictou is an exception to the law which leads us to believe that the marriage rate is a tolerable sure indication of national prosperity.

The *New York Marine Journal* has the following:—"Canada's little game is to get the first cable to the Sandwich Islands, arrange trade relations and put on a line of subsidized steamers. The grasping at the Pacific trade, which belongs by right to the United States, has long been a favorite policy with Great Britain, and Canada wants to have a large finger in the pie. The welfare of our shipping in the Pacific trade demands an American cable to the Sandwich Islands and Japan, and such legislation by Congress as will enable it to compete with British shipping now crowding ours to the wall." The *Marine Journal* should have kept this *morceau* until July or August, the coolness of its insolence would then be delightfully refreshing. "The Pacific trade belongs by right to the United States!" What about Australia? The Pacific trade, or at least a full share of it, will fall, as the *St. John Evening Gazette* justly observes, "to the country that has the most enterprise and possesses the best facilities for carrying it on," and in these requisites Canada will be found to be, to say the least of it, fully the equal of the United States.

It is rather a pity that the *Catholic Press* continues to vilify the memory of Giordano Bruno, to whom public honor was recently done at Rome. It would be much better to leave Bruno alone. The thinking and literary world is perfectly aware of the merits of a man who was centuries in advance of his age, and nothing that can be said by those short-sightedly interested in his defamation can alter the calmly rendered verdict of literary criticism. When it is said, as we have seen it written in a recent article, that "he had no friends when he was living and no admirers after his death," the assertion is simply a mis-statement. It is sufficient to know that he enjoyed the friendship of such a man as Sir Philip Sydney. Montaigne excepted, there is scarcely a philosopher of the 16th century who has been more frequently the subject of research and comment by modern scholars. He was a man of immense mental activity and boldness of thought, and the successors of those who, in the repression of mind, burned him at the stake with the customary cruelty and intolerance of the times in which he lived, would do wisely to let his memory rest for what research finds it to be worth.

The Makololos, whom Serpa Pinto mowed down with his Gatling guns, are the representatives of the faithful few who accompanied Livingstone in his great journey across Africa—a journey which revealed to the Portuguese themselves the course of that Zambesi at whose mouth they have been seated for four centuries. The remnant of these Makololos, instead of returning to Livvanti, elected to settle on the Shire, where they finally thought they would be under the ægis of Britain; and there they carved out for themselves a State, and took under their protection many native tribes who were unable to defend themselves from their enemies. The British flag, which they have recently accepted, is merely the outward and visible sign of an actual allegiance which has lasted for years.

The *Manitoba Colonist* is authority for the statement that "the territories have a new set of policemen, who are likely to make things lively for a class of offenders, who have hitherto, to a great extent, escaped being interfered with. The Indian Department has appointed a number of the most reliable young men on the reserves as policemen, whose duty it is to preserve order on the reserves and generally to look after Indians and their doings. On the night following their appointment they made a big haul of their brethren on charges of being drunk and buying and having intoxicants in their possession, most of whom got a warning to be more careful in future. The system of having native policemen on the reservations in the United States has been found to work well, and will probably prove equally well adapted to this country. The native police wear the comfortable and showy uniform formerly issued to the headmen of the bands." We were not aware of this new departure, but, if the statement be correct, it is no doubt a good one—only that one part of it seems to illustrate the old proverb that new brooms sweep clean.

M. Pasteur has succeeded in inoculating the world with such a scare of the really very infrequent occurrence of rabies that it is with pleasure we quote the sensible utterance of a physician on the hasty slaughter of dogs:—"It is a great mistake, often a fatal one, to kill a dog that has bitten a person, until it is established that the dog is mad. Imagination causes more deaths by hydrophobia than neglect does. Once the dog is dead there is no chance of proving it had not rabies; the patient is predisposed to think it had. His fears get hold of his nerves and work on them until they induce the dread disease, visions of which are being constantly conjured up to the mind's eye. A dog after inflicting a wound should be caged and watched, and it were even well if some dissimulation were practiced to make the patient believe the dog was all right, even should it develop symptoms. If people only knew how powerful cauterization is as a remedial agent few would die of rabies." As a matter of fact known to those who have studied the details of the question, it has remained absolutely unknown whether, in the immense majority of the cases treated by M. Pasteur, the animal from whose bite the patients were supposed to be in danger of hydrophobia were mad or not, and the rational presumption has been that they were not. There is a miserable sort of cowardice in people who demand the summary despatch of a dog which, under some provocation or other, has bitten them. We have been bitten by dogs a dozen or so of times in our lifetime, and we should have been heartily ashamed of ourselves if we could have so far yielded to panic and revenge as to put an end to a poor brute's existence for a temporary ebullition of ferocity. In most cases of which we have had experience the savageness was more the result of fear than of any actual vice, though, of course, there are animals of exceptional dangerousness. We should even disdain to cauterize, unless the state of the animal was doubtful.

In continuation of the subject of the Portuguese difficulty we quote from the *London Free Press*, which thus sums up the position:—"In establishing the Mozambique tariff in 1877, the Portuguese publicly recognized that the confluence of the Shire with the Zambesi was the point beyond which they had no jurisdiction. At the instance of the British Government they established a custom house at this point, which marked the limit of their control. When the Congo treaty was negotiated a definite arrangement was incorporated as to the Portuguese boundary for the future. This was fixed at the confluence of the Ruu with the Shire. The treaty, owing to other circumstances, was not ratified, but the agreement arrived at as to the Portuguese boundary remains a tangible record of the views of the two Governments, and failing this agreement the Portuguese boundary should properly revert to its original point at the confluence of the Shire with the Zambesi. Portugal, therefore, never occupied or possessed the Shire-Nyassa region, and she has herself distinctly admitted the fact that her boundary is limited by the Ruu. On the other hand, Britain has the best of all possible titles to the occupation of a country to which nobody laid claim, by our missionary and trading stations. Religion and commerce have gone hand in hand in winning the people over to civilization. During the last twelve years alone, some £150,000 has been expended in developing the country, by establishing means of communication and by various other means, educational, industrial, religious or medical. Into this scene of peaceful, religious and civilizing work comes Major Serpa Pinto, with his army well furnished with Chassepots and Martinis, his armed steamer, and his Gatling guns, and proceeds to massacre all who stand in his way. It is stated from Lisbon that he was only engaged in surveying for a railway. That is the Portuguese excuse. It is utterly worthless. He had no right to invade the territory beyond the Ruu, either to make a railway or anything else. The Portuguese have no moral or legal right to lay a finger on the British mission and trading stations." Portugal receives but little encouragement from the other European powers, except France, which is just now very Anglophobic.

GIFT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES

DOG LOVE.

Talkin' about love an' all
This high-flown affection,
Why, man alive, you can't call
It love at all, in connection
With that of a dog.

No use argyin' one way or t'other.
This question's settled in my estimation :
Feller for gal, and child for mother,
May be called love, but it ain't in relation
With that of a dog.

Just read the papers—that's all to it—
Breaches of promise an' sich like actions :
Man sez he'll do, and then won't do it
Life is chuck full of such transactions ;
Taint so with a dog.

When a dog loves yer, he loves yer
Through thick and thin in the same queer fashion,
Taint nothin' like them turtle doves yer
Read about with their silly pas-ion,
This love of a dog.

Take old love over there sleepin',
Side o' the cook stove, the dingy old sinner,
I'd bet a bill that purp's a kyeplu'
One eye on me, and be a sure winner ;
I know that dog.

I've tried women, also hosses,
And ain't got nothin' to say agin either ;
But for downright lovin' when hard luck crosses
Yer pathway, I tell yer neither
Is shucks to a dog.

—F. W. Shibley, in Boston Globe.

Barring the feathered world, it is true that many swallows make a lark, and very often a goose.

Ought to See the Other Boy.—Mrs. Smitem—Bobby, you bad boy, have you been fighting with Tommy Simson agin? Dear, dear! I shall have to get you a new suit. Bobby—That's nothing, ma. You ought to see Tommy Slimson. His ma may have to get her a new boy.

Inspector—Are you familiar with the requirements of an elector, sir? Dennis—Phwhat's that? Inspector—Are you entitled to vote, sir? Dennis—Faith an' O' am that. It's tin days O've been in the counthry, and it's four toimes o've registered to-day already.

An American who recently saw the King and Queen of Portugal says : —“The King is a fine looking young man, about thirty years of age, decidedly blonde, of medium height, well built and with a graceful carriage. The Queen, who is a daughter of the Comte de Paris, is considered beautiful, but if she were not a Queen would be called simply a very pretty woman.”

All our life long the praises of the nineteenth century have been sung at us, its achievements dinned into us, and the change rung on “this great nineteenth century” until we have got tired of it. We therefore take comfort in the thought that this sort of thing can last but a few years more. We take it that they will wait till the new century has outgrown its swaddling clothes before they will make life a burden to us by crowing over “the great and glorious twentieth century,” and by that time we will be in our grave and out of hearing of the din.

In the old haggling way of trade it was customary to demand a great deal more than the asker hoped to get. One time, on the Texas frontier, a man came into camp riding on a mule.

“How much for the mule?” asked a bystander.

“Jist a hundred dollars,” answered the rider.

“I'll give you five dollars,” said the other.

The rider stopped short, as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted.

“Stranger,” said he, “I ain't agoin' to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yourn.

Man's Lot Deprived of Woman—If there were no women, men would have no object in life; their mustaches would cease to interest them; they wouldn't care a Chinaman whether their collars were ironed well or not; they would have nobody to nurse them when they had the toothache, or to keep them from believing they were going to die when an old-fashioned stomach-ache had its grip upon them. There would be no one to make ice-cream, and no small edition of fish and blood to hug. There would be nobody to fight against being kissed and then to snuggle up to a coat-sleeve and take it as naturally as a cat does cream.

Most important of all, there would be nobody to write against, to complain of and to love with all your heart and soul. Without women men would never get to heaven, and without them they would never have a taste of the other place on earth. So, when the bells are ringing in 1890, if Tom has any sense whatever, he'll put his arms around the woman he is fondest of, thank the good God for her- and wonder, as she does, what in the world he'd do without her.—' Bab.'

CONSUMPTION CURED—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 220 POWER'S BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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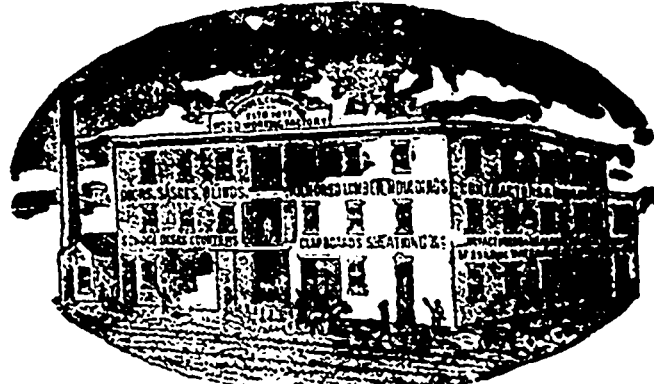
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DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

It was understood that a checker tournament was arranged to come off in Toronto beginning on the 11th instant, and we have anxiously scanned the columns of the *Mail*, of that city in the hope of getting some detail about it, but so far without satisfaction. What is the matter? Has the project fallen through? We hope that it has been merely postponed, and would suggest that if the time should be fixed for the summer or fall, players from a distance would probably find it more convenient to attend than in the depth of winter.

SOLUTION.

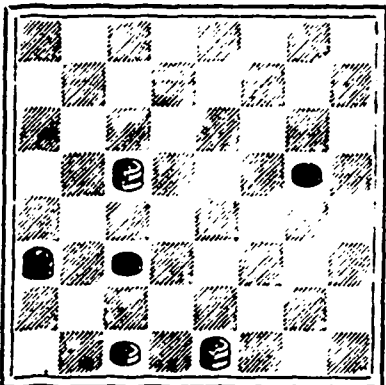
PROBLEM No. 152.—By Wm Brooks, Dartmouth. The position was:—
Black men 7, kings 22, 23; white men 12, 17, king 13; black to play and win.

7-10	8	3	1-3	7	7	14
12	8	2	—30	30	25	25-21
23-26						b. wins.

Var. I.						
3	8	26-21	11	15	13	22
30-25	17	14	22-18	18-25		
8	11	10-17				b. wins

PROBLEM No. 154.

By Mr. A. Clarke, Aberdeen.
Black men 16, 22, king 21.



White man 30, kings 14, 21.
White to play and win.

This is a gem from the *Aberdeen Free Press*. We will send a late copy of the *American Checker Review*, to the person giving the best solution of the above.

The *Aberdeen Free Press* of the fourth of January copies the following from an unknown source, and we regard it as of sufficient interest to warrant us in reproducing it:—

"It has often and confidently being asserted that there is nothing in the game of draughts, but people frequently express opinions which are both crude and thoughtless in inception. That 'ignorance more frequently begets confidence than does knowledge,' is a truism of which Charles Darwin himself, who wrote it, was extremely conscious. It is one which applies equally to draughts philosophy as to natural philosophy. It is certain that, poorly as we moral southern folks estimate and appreciate this game, compared with our harder-headed brethren of the North, (it is quite a national game in Scotland, and very popular in the northern counties), it is in reality one which, as to its inherent peculiarities, its age and history, its position in the current literature of the day, prove it to be well worthy of study, and calculated to afford an intellectual domestic amusement surpassing many other pastimes. Though apparently simply in its nature the earnest student will soon discover that it is extremely

abstruse and big with possibilities, and we warn him that it is not to the careless observer or heedless player that its subtleties, its intricacies and its combinations are unfolded. No! he stop at the outset will more completely dwarf an aspirant in the game than the mistaken notion that the acquirement of a fair amount of knowledge will suffice to shut up the term of study in measureless content. No, it is only to the careful, painstaking, persevering student that the real merits and morals of the silent game are discovered."

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CITY CHIMES.

The fancy dress carnival in the Exhibition Rink on Tuesday evening was a great success. The decorations were grand, and when the scene was lighted with two thousand lights of various tints, it seemed like fairyland. There were about two hundred and fifty skaters in costume on the ice, and the spectators must have numbered about three thousand. Very few of the costumes were new, and many that had made their first appearance at the world's fair two summers ago were noticed. The d-dressed number of dorkies and such like ugly costumes and characters was an improvement over former carnivals. The quadrille of all nations was very pretty, as was also the Maypole dance. The troupe of Bedouin Arabs on horseback were new in Halifax and attracted considerable attention. The music was particularly good, the West Riding and 66th bands furnishing splendid programmes. Owing to the mildness of the weather the ice became very wet as the evening wore on, and those who were unfortunate enough to lose their perpendicular found their experience anything but pleasant. There were but few however who suffered in this way and the carnival was voted a success by all who attended it either as skaters or spectators. The Children's Carnival will take place on St. Valentine's day, February 14th.

The next Orpheus concert will take place on Tuesday, the 18th inst.

Prof. Seth, of Dalhousie College, gave his "talk" on Wordsworth in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Tuesday evening. The lecture was very interesting, and included a sketch of the poet's life and a comprehensive and loving criticism of his poetry. Dr. Arthur Morrow presided.

Hon. J. W. Loughley delivered a lecture in Grove Church Hall on Tuesday evening to a good audience on "Men I have met." The lecture was under the auspices of Grove Division S. of T., and was exceedingly interesting.

Miss Lulu Warrenton gave two dramatic recitals in the Academy of Music this week. It was unfortunate for the lady that the carnival at the rink had to be postponed until Tuesday, her opening night, and so drew many people away who would otherwise have attended the recital. Those who were present were much pleased with the entertainment. Miss Warrenton is very attractive in appearance, being tall and graceful, and her voice is very clear and distinct. From the beginning to the end of the programme she held the attention of her audience, and the variety of the selections which she interpreted showed the versatility of her talent. The pieces which were given in character were most appreciated, the sleep walking scene from *Macbeth* and *Meg Merrilies* being about the best. Miss Warrenton's costumes were handsome, and she changed them with a commendable alacrity, considering the fact that there was no orchestra to lighten the time between the numbers. The management apologized for this fact on the first night, as the band was obliged to be present at the carnival, and promised that there should be a full orchestra present on Wednesday evening.

PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

Some members of the opposition complain that the number of employees in the civil service has greatly increased and that larger salaries are paid than are necessary. Speaking of the civil service, it is stated that a number of young Britishers have been engaged, and in order to reserve the appointments for young Canadians a bill has been introduced which provides that a five years' residence in Canada shall be one of the qualifications for those seeking office. This appears to draw a dividing line between the people of Britain and Canada, which is at variance with the idea of Imperial unity. It is proposed to enact a law making it compulsory for engineers in charge of stationary engines to be certificated. This will necessitate many practical men passing an unnecessary examination, but if the bill can add a jot or tittle to the safety of life and property, it is worthy of consideration. Mr. Mulock has succeeded in pressing an address to Her Majesty the Queen, in which the loyalty and devotion of our people is clearly set forth. This assurance of attachment to the crown is sorely necessary, but its adoption may have the effect of putting a quietus upon some irresponsible scribblers, who assert that annexation to the United States is our destiny, and that annexation sentiments permeate the public mind. The French support to Mr. Mulock's address was strong, cordial and complete. There is an agitation on foot to obtain a rebate upon corn which is used as feed, just as there is a rebate on corn used in the manufacture of starch. To our mind it would be better to abolish the corn duty, as a rebate upon corn fed out to animals would be difficult to adjust. The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1891, have been brought down, and show a total of \$46,727,494, of which \$5,122,700 is to be expended on railways and canals. The Dominion Franchise act, which has cost much gold to establish, and which apparently works smoothly, has been attacked upon the ground that the Provincial Franchise Acts supply all the machinery necessary for obtaining correct lists of voters. The Provincial Acts are not uniform, the qualifications varying in different Provinces, and the Dominion Act was adopted in order to secure perfect uniformity throughout Canada. We should like to see the Dominion as well as the Provincial Acts abolished, and manhood suffrage, with simple registration, substituted in their stead. This would save the country a heap of coin and give to every intelligent citizen his birth right. Clark Wallace is hammering away at his bill for the incorporation of Orangemen. Some years ago this question was agitated in Nova Scotia, and the Orange body steadily increased in number while the agitation was in progress, but since the Provincial Act of incorporation was obtained the society has steadily lost ground, and to-day there are but

very few of our young men who are enrolled as members of the organization. What the fate of Mr. Wallace's bill will be it is impossible to predict, but should it pass, the agitation would die out, and Parliament be relieved from an annual annoyance.

A bill has been introduced by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries to prohibit the deposit of sawdust in any navigable stream, and lumbermen are to be given a year to provide other means of disposing of it. The subject should have been thoroughly ventilated by a parliamentary commission before fresh legislation was entered upon. Senator Macdonald, of British Columbia, is to introduce a bill imposing two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$500 on Mormons who may indulge in a plurality of wives. We have hitherto failed to see why the law of bigamy should not suffice to meet the polygamous evil, but if special legislation is necessary perhaps the only drawback to the measure proposed is that the term of imprisonment is too short. The two ends of the Dominion are at all events in unison on the flour-duty question, the British Columbia members having memorialized the Government not to increase the present impost. The Government has appropriated \$25,000 for importing the finest barley from England for distribution among Canadian Farmers at cost. This will ensure seed of uniform and guaranteed quality, and of the kind wanted in Great Britain. In committee of supply the Opposition scrutinized numerous items of Ridau Hall expenditure. Some of the criticisms were no doubt trivial, but it is the legitimate function of an Opposition, and is a valuable check on extravagance.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Senator John Macdonald died at Toronto on Tuesday morning.

The Manitoba and Ontario legislatures opened on the 30th ult.

The Prince Edward Island Government was sustained in the elections last week.

The Halifax *Acadian Recorder* announced the seventy eighth year of its existence about a fortnight ago.

We have to acknowledge a very useful, large-sized calendar, containing an advertisement of the Fischer pianos, from the Halifax Piano and Organ Company.

John A. Fraser, M. P. P., and Dr. N. E. McKay, of Halifax, have been unanimously chosen as liberal standard bearers for Victoria in the ensuing local election.

Wm. J. McDonald, who was found guilty of sending poisoned candy to Mrs. McCrae, with the plea of insanity, has been sent to the N. B. Provincial lunatic asylum.

A six year old boy named Bonang, living in Dartmouth, was playing with a revolver last Friday and shot himself in the stomach, the ball passing through his body into the floor. He died on Saturday.

Judge Smith, of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, died on Saturday afternoon at the Queen hotel in the 64th year of his age. He had been in ill health for some time. The funeral took place on Monday.

The annual meeting of the W. C. T. Union was held last Friday afternoon, Miss Robertson, president, in the chair. Reports were read and adopted and officers for the ensuing year elected. The meeting was an interesting one.

Hattie & Mylius opened their new branch drug store at the corner of Morris and Pleasant Streets on Saturday. It is handsomely fitted up, and as it is the only drug store in the south end of the city will no doubt prove to be a most desirable acquisition.

Charlottetown is having a poisoning sensation. Mrs. J. M. Sutherland, who has been ill for some time past, instead of becoming better under the doctor's treatment became worse, and on having the medicine analysed the doctor found arsenic in it. A Mrs. Weeks who left Charlottetown on Saturday has been arrested at St. John on suspicion.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Infants' Home was held on Monday. Rev. A. Simpson presided. The report for the year was read and adopted and officers elected. The report shows that there remained in the Infants' home on the 31st December, 1888, 17. Received during 1889 50. Adopted, 11. Died, 9. In the Home on the 31st December, 1889, 47.

W. S. Symonds, of the firm of W. S. Symonds & Co, iron founders, died very suddenly at his residence in Dartmouth on Saturday last. Mr. Symonds was out on Friday, but complained of feeling ill, and went home early. During the night he was seized with paralysis of the heart and died about 4 a. m. Mr. Symonds was the last of five brothers, all of whom died suddenly. He leaves a wife but no family.

The Y. M. C. Association held its thirty-sixth annual meeting last Friday evening, the president, J. C. Mackintosh, in the chair. The several sub-committees presented their reports. There are now 583 names on the membership roll, 61 of which were added during the year. The president, J. C. Mackintosh, was re-elected by acclamation and six vice-presidents and a general committee of thirty-two were balloted for.

The annual meeting of the Sailors' Home, Seamen's Rest and Scamen's Friend Society was held in the Home on Thursday night of last week. Mr. J. C. Mackintosh occupied the chair, and a number of prominent citizens had seats on the platform. The reports for the past seven months were read and adopted, and a number of ladies and gentlemen appointed to be a Board of Directors for the ensuing year. The reports show a large amount of work

done by the several committees. During the past seven months 373 merchant seamen and 450 men-of-war sailors have boarded and lodged in the home. The work carried on by the ladies has been very successful in making the home attractive, and tends to elevate the sailors, morally, socially and spiritually.

The U. S. Senate has passed the direct tax bill.

Dr. Edward McGlynn is critically ill with bronchial troubles.

Geronimo, the great Apache warrior, is now teaching a Sunday School class and posing as a "heap good injun."

English syndicates have invested the modest sum of \$205,000,000 in the various branches of American industry since May, 1888.

Four women, three children and five men were burned to death and one woman and three men were seriously injured in a fire in Boston on Sunday. A man who lived in the house saw three men quarreling about midnight and one threw a lighted lamp at another. This was the cause of the fire.

John Kunze, the Cronin suspect, now on \$3,000 bail, walked into Judge Clifford's Court on the 31st ult. with his attorney and demanded a new trial in accordance with Judge McConnell's decision. The State attorney was not ready to go on with the trial, and the case was continued to next term.

The house of Mr. Tracy, Secretary of the United States Navy, at Washington, was completely destroyed by fire on Monday morning. Mrs. and Miss Tracy were burned to death, and Secretary Tracy was rescued in an unconscious condition. A French maid named Josephine lost her life. The fire is supposed to have been started by the woodwork taking fire from the heated furnace pipes.

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IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should—
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
All the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain,
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, ju t the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

--Woman's Work.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl.—My dissipation at present, one form of it at least, is cooking-schools! Truly and honestly, as we used to say when we were children, I am going to no less than three! It happens this way. First there was the Boston cooking school, one of the institutions of the city as much as the Art Museum or the Public Garden is. Of course one has to go there. Then at the School of Domestic Economy there is a course of demonstration lectures in which a specialty is made of plain food. So since one needs to know how to cook the simple things as well as the fancier dishes, I go there. And then comes Miss Parloa, the apostle of cooking, who started the movement in this country to make the science "understanded of the people," and as this is her first appearance in Boston for eight years of course I go to hear what she says, and to see how she does it.

First a little moralizing, and then I'll tell you how to make just the nicest pudding.

This is what I want to say. Cooking is a science, it must be exactly done. The inferior cook thinks accuracy of little consequence. Now the preparation of food involves pretty nearly all the actions and relations known to chemistry. There is a point in the proceeding always before which the union, say, of two substances, is incomplete; after which it is over-done. Now the accurate chemical cook—and every good cook is more or less of a chemist whether she knows it or not,—learns in one way or another just how long a time to allow for each process in the preparation of any dish, in order that it may be "just right" to the taste, and more than that, so that the best qualities of the ingredients are brought out, and it is rendered most wholesome. For this is the point after all. Aesthetic conditions do count, but primarily we eat to live, and we should eat the things that do most to make our bodies perfectly nourished. Though the person still exists who "does not care how a thing looks," she yet does well to become a good cook. It means saving money, saving much time when she once learns how to work to advantage, and getting the greater good out of the food she prepares.

Now when a first-class cook, who knows the science of cooking from its a, b, c's up, says "boil 5 minutes," or "add the milk drop by drop," or do this or do that—a direction that to ignorance may seem arbitrary—it means that to do anything else will not give as good results; that after five minutes the action of the heat toughens the substance, or that less time does not unite the substances perfectly, or that adding more milk at a time and before it can be properly stirred in will make it curdle, and so on unendingly. The next best thing to bring under personal teaching is of course to have good directions, plain and full, to follow, and they must be followed to the letter, and not only that but in the spirit. "Beating fifteen minutes," for instance, means just that, and not stretching five minutes good work over that space of time, with resting spells here and there! Every woman who has cooking to do should own Miss Parloa's books! She uses them herself, so good cook or bad cook can get something, much, everything from them.

Dear, dear! Well the pudding recipe will keep, and I want more to answer your questions about the "newest things in bed furnishings." For one thing there is the brass bedstead, warranted not to tarnish. This is draped with cretonne or silk that harmonizes with the scheme of color in the room. There is a canopy, draperies looped back, a valance and a spread and bolster all of the same material. White spreads and shams are used only by those who have them on hand, and who do not aim to be in the fashion. Often charming people these are, too, believe me. The fashionable bolster that appears during the day time is laid aside at night along with the spread to match, and the sleeping pillows are brought out from the closet where they have been stowed while the bed was on dress parade. The day bolster is shaped like a straight stove pipe; it is perfectly round, hard and solid as can be. It is as long as the bed is wide, and the ends are finished as the round end of a sofa or lounge is, the material being gathered to a point and fastened, and finished off with a covered button,

rosette or something of that nature. Wooden bedsteads are not draped, but have the spread and bolster to match the carpet and wall paper just the same. The real French bedstead with high head-board and foot-board has two round bolsters, one across the foot and one across the head.

The idea, you see, is to present a divan-appearance to the bed. A bed dressed in white is a discord in any but the room furnished in perfect harmony with it, and that means a scheme of color too delicate to be at all common. Even in the lovely white and gold boudoir of milady Fair the coverlet and round pillow on the polished brass bedstead are of silk in delicate white or gold design. Aside from the æsthetic consideration, this idea of a day dress for beds is a good one. Shams always suggest tumbled pillows underneath; white furnishings mean a good many more pieces for the laundry; washing heavy white spreads moreover often enough to keep them immaculate is hard work, and soon makes them the worse for wear. By all means then welcome the decorative, sensible day-spread and round bolster to accord with the chamber.

A young woman whom Francon know at school is earning an excellent living repairing watches. She had good eyesight, was deft-fingered, and had a liking for fine mechanical work. She learned the trade, does good work, and has more than she can do brought to her. She says she likes it, as it is clean, not taxing, does not wear out her clothing, and as she walks a good deal out of business hours, and goes to the gymnasium for exercise, she does not find the confinement irksome. A watch manufacturer told me the other day that women are better suited to this kind of work than men are.

Do you know I ran across Emin Pasha's aunt the other day in Pittsburg! She is a Mrs. Kolson, and came to this country when Emin (whose real name is Joseph Schnitzler) was a mere infant.

If you are doubtful about your guests whom you have to dinner being able to amuse themselves by talking to their neighbors, you can add novelty to the affair by having a topic of conversation announced with each course, insisting that during that course the matter prescribed is the only one to be talked about. Put the topics on the menus, say, "New figures for the German," with the soup; "The future of the newspaper," with the fish; "The destiny of man," or "Huckleberry Finn," or some other book, or some other matter with the roast, and so on. Suit your subjects to your guests, you know, so that every one will find his hobby, if not with the oysters then with the ices, and have a chance to distinguish himself. With this plan, you see, no one can be bored for very long, at any rate.

Yours devotedly,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

OUR SCHOOL BOOKS.

To the Editor of *The Critic*:

DEAR SIR,—I had my attention called this morning to an article under the above heading, which appeared in *THE CRITIC* of January 10th, finding fault in a general sort of way with several of the text-books in use in our public schools, and I see that in your editorial notes in referring to the article you invite further discussion and criticism.

The subject is of great importance, and ought to be of great interest, not only to all those who have or expect to have children in the public schools, but also to all those who have the welfare of the rising generation at heart. If improvements can be made, and if Philomathes by his letter be the cause of such improvements being brought about, then far more than the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where before there was only one will he be a benefactor and deserve the thanks of the community. Thus far, however, I cannot see that he has done anything more than attract attention to the subject. To secure the banishment of a book something more is wanted, I imagine, than the bold assertion of an anonymous writer that "it is faulty and objectionable from every point of view." I have not come forward to speak in defence of the "English Grammar," about which I know nothing, but such a statement without any backing would not go very far to convince me. Let us have something definite to go upon.

But Philomathes' learning has a wide range. He does not confine himself to English Grammar. In the course of his letter he does not hesitate to deliver himself in oracular fashion on the subject of Latin Grammar. Herein he would have done well to limit himself to the same vague generalities as those with which he started, but he is rash enough to venture upon some definite criticisms, and the result is suicidal. Poor fellow! he means well, but he doesn't know. "A Latin Grammar has fallen into his hands." Unhappy Grammar, verily thou hast fallen into the hands of the Philistines! He quotes some "deliverances of the volume," with the comment that "one does not need to go further than Virgil to prove that the above rules have no foundation in the language; the rhythm of Latin verse nullifies and falsifies every one of them." Therefore the book is condemned beyond all hope of redemption, and we are treated to a homily on the enormity of getting books from the United States so long as any sort of books can be got from England or Scotland.

I feel almost afraid to take the part of the Grammar against such a learned man, and one who can use so many big words, (he surely has been making a study of Sam Johnson lately,) but, as I had something to do with the introduction of the Grammar in question, some sort of defence for it against this scathing criticism may be looked for at my hands. Well, my reply is that the obnoxious "deliverances of the American instructor" are correct in every particular, and that Philomathes is in blissful ignorance of the fact that in Latin there is an accent of prose as well as an accent of poetry, and that the one is essentially different from the other. If Philomathes be really a Philomathes he will feel grateful to me for giving him this hint, but one can't help wondering how far back in point of time his claim to that title extends that he should not have acquired such an

elementary piece of knowledge. He curtly dismisses the volume with the remark that he "cannot pursue the subject further than merely to say that the Grammar throughout is faulty as in its first pages." Now, admitting that, what has been proved? I am quite ready and willing to admit that the book does contain other things just as "faulty" as those pointed out by our severe censor, and some even more so, but these latter I hardly look for Philomathes to find out. To borrow some of his own language, it appears to me that "to the ordinary apprehension it would have been better for his reputation if having examined the work" he had observed a discreet silence. For the future I would commend to his notice the homely Latin proverb: "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

With regard to the idea of instilling patriotism into youthful minds through the medium of Latin Grammar, I can only exclaim with Mr. Squere as he dosed the unhappy inmates of Dotheboys' Hall: "Here's richness!"

Apologizing for trespassing upon so much of your valuable space,

I am, yours respectfully,

HOWARD MURRAY.

Classical Master, Halifax Academy.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The St. Croix Soap Manufacturing Company's factory is thoroughly equipped with all the modern machinery for turning out soap of all kinds. Their output is chiefly high grade laundry soaps, of which "Surpris-" soap is the leader; with Soft Foam, a white flating soap, and White Cross Granulated soap, a soap powder, next in output. Their factory is supplied with five large kettles or pans which give a capacity of about 25,000 boxes per year. They employ eighteen hands altogether during the entire year, with the exception of two or three weeks in winter when about half the hands are at work. This year, however, the outlook is that the factory will be run full capacity the full year. Their goods find a large market in the Maritime Provinces, and in Montreal district, and are very extensively advertised in the Maritime Provinces, and to a lesser extent in other parts of the Dominion.

A. Robb & Sons, of Amherst, shipped one of their lath machines to River Philip a few days ago, and have very lately sent to Moncton for the I. C. R. a portable hoisting machine with engine attached. The mill sent to Mr. Fownes, Pollet River, had been started, and Mr. Fownes expresses himself as more than delighted with the way it works, cutting a fifteen inch dry birch log with 40 lb. pressure, and the engine did not slack speed any. The Messrs Robb also sent out from their boiler works last week a new Monarch Economic boiler to Summerside, and as the season closed very early at Point du Chene, the boiler had to be sent via Pictou. The shunting engine took out of A. Robb & Sons' yard yesterday a boiler and engine for Campbellton, N. B. and another for Ottawa.—*Exchange.*

CHEESE FACTORIES.—The second annual report of the four Antigonish cheese factories has been published in the *Eastern Echo*. The total number of lbs. of milk used for the season of four months ending with October, was 1,893,704; the average price paid per 100 lbs. 76½ cts.; total number of lbs. of cheese made, 185,179; average number of lbs. of milk to lb. of cheese, 10.95; average price of cheese per 100 lbs for season, \$9.53; amount paid to patrons, \$13,859.12; manufacturing, boxing, etc., \$3,705.58; total cheese sales, \$17,562.70. July was the best month for milk and the production of cheese, indeed it appears, from the table published, to have been the best all round month in the season, except that 75 cts. was paid per 100 lbs. for milk in September and 95 cts in October. It, however, took 10.56 lbs. of milk in July, as against 9.12 lbs. in October, to produce a lb. of cheese. The report goes on to state that "the result of the cheese business during the past season shows an increase over 1888 of 60 per cent. The average price of milk, which was only one half cent per 100 lbs. less than last season, would have been more had it not been for the great shrinkage in milk caused by the drought of the latter part of the season when the price of cheese was highest. About two-thirds of the season's make was disposed of to Mr. Chas. H. Harvey, of Halifax, and the balance shipped to England and Newfoundland, all of which sold for the highest market prices, every cheese being warranted. Notwithstanding the fact that the past season has been one of the hottest and most trying cheese makers have had to contend with for many years, not a cheese has been thrown on my hands, nor has any rebate on accounts of defects in quality been asked. The reputation of our cheese is now so well established in our home market we are not likely to have any surplus to ship to the English market for some time to come. I purpose operating two more factories next season, which, with the anticipated increase of milk at the others will probably increase the entire production of cheese to 150 or 175 tons.

L. C. ARCHIBALD,
Proprietor.

Messrs. Stairs, Son & Morrow, Halifax, N. S. have just purchased a carload of the "Dodge" patent pulleys for the Nova Scotia trade, in which they report a brisk business.

Rhodes, Curry & Co. sent to Halifax a carload of flooring and finish this week, also a quantity of sheathing to Port Hawkesbury. The factory is running at full capacity.

The lobster pack of Westmoreland, N. B., during the past season amounted to 9,514 cases, or 456,672 pounds.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

JOTTINGS FROM OTTAWA.

The fourth session of the sixth Parliament has entered upon its third week, and very little business of national importance has been transacted. This long delay in getting down to the work of the session appears to be an expensive and unnecessary bit of philandering with duty which our legislators might very becomingly and conveniently dispense with. The cause of this procrastination is not with the Government, but is attributable to the tardy arrival here of a large number of the members of the Commons, which occurs every year. Neither Government nor Opposition care to proceed with measures involving divisions without being able to muster their full strength when the occasion calls for it. Fully a month's time might be saved to the session, not to speak of the very handsome amount of public monies to be thereby economized, if our legislators would make it a rule to be present at the opening of the session. At this late date over sixty members are absent from the Commons; some of these, it is true, are delayed by illness, but private business is the deterrent in the majority of cases. This is a public nuisance that should be promptly abated. If Mr. Speaker can't be induced to declare it to be a contempt of the House to put in a tardy appearance without sufficient reason on other than private grounds or sickness, let each constituency go after its traitor representative with a stick!

The guerilla warfare of the session began at an earlier stage than was anticipated when Mr. Dalton McCarthy on the 22nd ult., introduced his bill to amend the North-west Territories Act, by abolishing the dual language in the Territories. It seems that this is only a part of the policy Mr. McCarthy pledged himself to during his visit to the West in the fall, the complement to it being a legislative crusade against separate schools in the Territories. It was plainly to be seen that the eloquent leader of the sanguinary "Equal Righters" was not in touch with the House in his plea for the bill. It is due to him to say that his address was moderate in tone, and that he escaped giving cause for offence to the French Canadian members in the way he discussed so delicate a subject shows that his tact is master of his tongue. Of course the mere introduction of such a measure could not fail to act as an irritant on the excitable French nature, and that Mr. Lariere's rejoinder (probably spoken in the tone Mr. McCarthy objected to) was a vigorous and impassioned one, was quite to be expected. The bill passed its first reading after some remarks deprecatory of its introduction by Mr. Chapleau and Mr. Laurier. This was only a preliminary skirmish, the real battle will fought out on its third reading.

I have heard a great deal of speculation over the true significance of Mr. McCarthy's political heresy on this deplorable question, one which would involve a menace to our national integrity if Canadians were of a more volatile nature than they are, and which revives the bigotry of ancient history. It has been said that his political ambition is great, and that he hopes to form a party which will win success on this new issue. Such a supposition does little credit to Mr. McCarthy's ability to appreciate the trend of public opinion in the country at large, and does not take into consideration the fact that he has been repeatedly urged to accept office in the present Government, but has persistently declined. It has also been advanced that he is fostering the movement in order to make money out of it, just how the money is to be made has not been demonstrated, but it strikes me that one of the foremost lawyers in Canada, with a practice netting him not less than twenty thousand dollars a year, could employ his time with more pecuniary profit in the business of his profession rather than by devoting it to a political propagandism which is emphatically discouraged by the solid business men of the country. Neither do I believe that Mr. McCarthy's action is prompted by a vanity for theatrical display, because those who know him best declare him to be simple in his tastes. To my mind he is one of the many examples history affords us of men of great abilities, who, possessing sound judgment in most of the concerns of life, mount some illusive hobby and run amuck with it to the utter undoing of any success they had once achieved. Mr. McCarthy sincerely believes that the privileges accorded to the French-Canadian race threaten the subversion of British ascendancy in this country, and that unless a halt is called now in their political aggrandisement, the shade of Wolfe must soon witness a second struggle for supremacy between the two races on the Plains of Abraham.

There will be no more pleasing incident during the session to those who have the consolidation of the Empire at heart, than Mr. Mulock's motion on Wednesday, the 29th ult., for an address from the House of Commons to Her Majesty, conveying an assurance of the unwavering loyalty and devotion of the Canadian people to Her Majesty's person and Government. The address deprecates the public statements that have been from time to time made, calling in question the loyalty of Canada to British connections, and declares an unwavering determination at all hazards and sacrifices to aid in maintaining the integrity of the Empire. Although the irresponsible utterances of cranks and hirelings hardly called for this supreme and authoritative repudiation, perhaps no better answer could be given to the supercilious insolence of some of the press and public men of the United States in declaring that Canada had grown tired of her present condition, and was ready to fall like a ripe plum into the mouth of their republic. It is also an effectual rebuke to those (Sol.) White-livered Canadians who have lately thought it no shame to chant the praises of annexation while owing allegiance to the British Crown.

I am convinced that the Ontario Press have struck rock bottom in the depths of shamelessness to which it is possible for them to descend. Not con-

tent with gloating over the ostracism of Mrs. Foster, the wife of the Finance Minister, from Government House, (which was simply on the ground that she was divorced and married again,) they have been base enough to publish a fictitious interview with Hon. Mr. Foster, in which they attribute to him remarks which he never would have dreamed of using, and which are manufactured out of whole cloth. It has come to a pretty pass when the right of personal security is compassed by the press at will, and one has no redress except by the tedious and uncertain medium of a law-suit. The license of the press demands a correction. We want a censor who shall have the right to arrest the assassin of reputation on view, and bring him to punishment with as little delay as the law provides in the case of misdeameants and malefactors.

How well Pope's description of the libellous newspaper hack fits his successor of to-day:—

"A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine."

DIXIE.

COMMERCIAL.

No material alteration in the general ruling condition of trade has been witnessed during the current year and no symptoms of improvement to the existing dullness have been developed. In fact trade is very quiet, and it is now certain that the turn-over this season will be restricted below the average. The reason for this is the fact that a conservative policy seems to actuate every one and, although in some trades fair orders for spring delivery are reported, there is a certain amount of hesitation about going ahead until the course to steer is made perfectly plain. The unfavorable character of the past fall and of the winter so far is used as an argument why a very careful policy should be pursued, as most country dealers will have very considerable stocks of winter goods that they will be forced to carry over another season. When all the facts are summed up it will be found that there are good reasons for expecting the general volume of business to be of smaller dimensions this year than for several recent years. So far as dry goods and its allied branches are concerned at least this is certain to be the case, for all statements received concerning them are in support of this view. Reports from travellers are unsatisfactory, while manufacturers of woollen goods claim that their orders are so small on the whole that they will not require any great supply of fresh raw material, and that they expect to run over until they commence booking for next season before any additional supply in quantity is spoken for. Other trades, though they have not precisely the same conditions to cite, are influenced by their probable general effect. The shoe men, while they speak of fair orders, are proceeding very cautiously about filling them. In iron and metals the movement has not set in, but buyers do not appear to relish the firm position of values and are, as a rule, holding off for concessions which it is questionable whether they will get, for existing conditions point to the opposite, and importers are acting in accordance. Business in this branch has not, however, actually commenced, and in heavy iron travellers are not yet out. Taken on the whole it seems that trade this season will be of the quiet and cautious kind.

The following are the assignments and business changes in this province during the past week:—Muir & Blackadar, sail makers, etc., Halifax, dissolved, Wm. Muir continues the ship chandlery business as Wm. Muir & Son, and C. H. Blackadar continues the sail-making business as C. H. Blackadar & Son; Murray & Chisholm, store, Westville, dissolved; John Morse, Amherst, assigned to Arthur Casey in trust for benefit of creditors; Jno. A. Logan, blacksmith, Sheet Harbor, assigned to Ronald McInnes in trust for benefit of creditors; G. Fraser, hotel, Truro, adv. hotel for sale; F. H. Chambers, genl. store, Newport, assigned to W. M. Christie in trust for benefit of creditors. Mr. Jas. A. Scott, genl. store, late of Gore, Hants, now of Milford, denies the statement published last week that he had assigned to Jas. N. Trider, and states that there is no Jas. N. Trider living in that neighborhood.

DRY GOODS—The position of this market has shown no alteration during the past week, and business continues to be of moderate dimensions; in fact trade can only be characterized as dull. On some lines of specialties travellers are furnished with their spring orders, and they are on the whole fair, but not up to last year's average. Travellers for the general houses, however, are returning unsatisfactory reports. There seems to be great difficulty in inducing purchases, buyers preferring to hold off as long as they can before setting their names down for anything. To be brief they are inclined to take hold of only such stock as they feel reasonably certain of turning over without delay. All the houses are anxiously waiting to see how payments for the month will turn out.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS—There has been no new development since our last and the quiet feeling then noted continues. The only movement there is consists of a few small sales that occur at intervals, the purchases being at prevailing quotations. In truth the market is merely a nominal one so far as values are concerned, for there have been no sales of standard brands in sufficient quantity of late to make a price. Buyers, having enough stock to carry them a while longer, are holding off in the expectation of more favorable terms, but they are not likely to get them, as the conditions point in the opposite direction and higher prices appear more probable. Advices from the other side quote continued firmness, for the fluctuation in warrants, though it has a certain effect on prices, does not alter them materially. Taken as a whole the entire market is firm.

BREADSTUFFS—The local flour market has been without feature, only a small jobbing business to supply actual consumptive demands being in progress. Beerbohm's cable says:—"Cargoes off coast, wheat nil; corn slow;

do. on passage and for shipment, wheat quiet but steady; corn in strong demand, considerable done; Liverpool spot wheat, very little enquiry; corn easier. French country markets quiet. In Chicago wheat was weak and broke 7/8c. Wheat in New York was weak and declined 3/8c. to 1 1/8c. The St. Louis wheat market fell off 3/8c. to 7/8c. In Toledo wheat was 3/8c. to 7/8c. lower.

PROVISIONS.—There is nothing of special interest to note in the local provision market which has continued quiet and unchanged. Dressed hogs have been quiet with heavy weights dull and hard to move. Light weights have been in small supply, and met with a fair demand. In Liverpool, G. B., pork and bacon were quiet but steady, while lard was 3d. and tallow 6-1. lower. In Chicago pork was weak and broke 17 1/2c to 22 1/2c. Lard and short ribs were steady and firm. The hog market was unchanged. The cattle market was fairly active and firm.

BUTTER.—The butter market shows no alteration, and the prevailing quietness shows no indication of a break. Business is purely of a jobbing character, and is mainly confined to enquiries from grocers for the better lines of stock which they pick up as required. On the cheaper lines, though some deny it, there is reason to believe that concessions are made to effect sales, but as business in them is small prices are nominal. Messrs. W. Heafy & Son, of Liverpool, G. B., write:—"The supply of continental has been more than equal to the demand, and owing to the continued mild weather trade has ruled rather slow. There is, however, no change in value. Choice Irish is practically exhausted, and the few remaining on hand show signs of age. Buyers are rather indifferent. Fancy American creameries sell readily. Medium sorts continue dull and neglected, and to effect sales in any quantity much lower prices than we quote would have to be accepted."

CHEESE.—There is nothing new in connection with the local cheese market to report. The feeling remains the same with more or less running around to see what can be picked up in the cheaper lines of stock. The cable is unchanged at 51s. 6d. Although no change in values can be reported there, still a better feeling has prevailed and more trade passed. A good enquiry continues for lots between 40s. and 50s. Goods of lower grade have been in improved request. The market closes steady.

FRUIT.—There has been no noticeable activity in the fruit market during the past week, and both green and dried continue quiet and firm. Currents are firmer under strong advices from the Greek markets, but no alteration has taken place, although it may occur shortly, stocks here are not heavy and they are offered sparingly at existing quotations. We hear of no feature worthy of note.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.—A fair business in sugar has been doing during the week, the demand having been fairly active, and sales were made without difficulty at quotations. Molasses has been quiet and steady with a moderate demand at unchanged prices.

TEA.—In teas business has been on the whole fair during the week, though the amount of the transactions is not very large. The enquiry for low grade Japans has been good and there has also been some request for medium grades. Early May teas are scarce and in demand. In blacks not much has been doing and greens have also been generally quiet.

COFFEE.—In coffees trade has been very quiet. There has been some enquiry in a languid way for Jamaicas, but at prices which were too low to permit business to be accomplished. The feeling is firm for all sorts, but very few transactions have taken place. New York advices show a very firm feeling all round, but little or no animation, and dealings in spot and allot lots have been restricted through firm holdings, while the jobbing business is of a moderate character. At Havre the coffee market is cabled as steady under small receipts there and at productive points as reported.

FISH.—The local fish market has remained dull and uninteresting. Though nothing is received ex-vessel, prices ex-store are somewhat easier, and figures are readily shaded to effect sales. There has been no local improvement in the position of haddock. The slight movement in Montreal appears to have been merely a temporary one, ruffling the surface for but a moment. Green cod is enquired for here at high prices, but there is no supply on hand. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, February 4—"The past week has been a fairly active one in this market, as retailers are getting their stocks in order for the Lenten season, the consequence being a considerable turn-over during the week with prices well held. Green cod, under a good demand, scored a further gain on the advance noted last week, and stocks now in first hands are pretty well reduced. We hear of sales of No. 1 large at \$6 50, and the range is higher than that at \$7, while Nos. 1 and 2 are also higher in accord with the first named. Labrador herrings meet with fair enquiry, and have been selling at quotations (\$3 75 to \$4.) while Cape Breton are almost run out. In Newfoundland frozen herring there has also been a fair business, and we heard of a carload sale to-day at \$1 30 per 100; the jobbing price, however, is \$1 50. Mackerel are firm at quotations (No. 1 half bbl. \$11 to \$11 50.) Other fish are in sympathy, and the market is a steady one." Gloucester, Mass., February 4—"The receipts of frozen herring during the past week have been very liberal, but active competition from abroad leaves but a small stock on hand. Other receipts are limited and movements light as usual at this season of the year. We quote frozen herring \$1.25 per 100; new Georges codfish \$6 per qtl. for large, and \$4.75 for small; bank \$4 50 to \$5 for large, and \$4 for small; late caught hand line Western bank \$5 50; shore \$5 to \$4 for large and small; cured cusk \$3.25 to \$3.50 per qtl; hako \$2 25; haddock \$3.25; heavy salted pollock \$2.25; English cured do. \$3 per qtl; Labrador herrings \$6 25 per bbl.; medium split \$5; extra No 1 do. \$7.50; Newfoundland do. 5; Nova Scotia do. \$5 to \$6.25; pickled codfish \$7; haddock \$6; trout \$15; Halifax salmon \$23; Newfoundland do. \$22." The Havana market is flat, and no favorable change is reported from any of the West Indian and South American markets

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

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

GROCERIES.

Table listing various grocery items such as Sugars, Tea, Molasses, and Biscuits with their respective prices.

BREADSTUFFS.

Markets dull; prices easy on all kinds of breadstuffs. The Quebec firm that invested over half a million dollars in Manitoba wheat can only see their profits in the future, if at all. Nothing hopeful in the immediate outlook. The present condition of things shows how short-sighted the wisest business men may be. Everything has been pointing towards an advance in breadstuffs for weeks past, whilst the market to-day is heavier than it has been any time during the crop year. Whilst we are not changing our quotations, we may say that close buyers, with hard cash, can get under them.

Table listing various flour and breadstuff items like High Grade Patents, Good 90 per cent Patents, etc., with prices.

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

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various meat and provision items like Beef, Pork, Lard, etc., with prices.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

Table listing various fish items from vessels such as Mackerel, Herring, Codfish, etc., with prices.

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

POULTRY.

Table listing poultry items like Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens with prices.

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

Table listing live stock items like Steers, Oxen, Fat Steers, etc., with prices.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer

LOBSTERS.

Table listing lobster items like Nova Scotia, Tall Cans, Flat, etc., with prices.

J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Head of Central Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUIT

Table listing various fruit items like Apples, Oranges, Lemons, etc., with prices.

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE

Table listing various butter and cheese items like Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints, etc., with prices.

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

WOOL, WOOL, SKINS & HIDES.

Table listing various wool, skins, and hides items with prices.

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

LUMBER.

Table listing various lumber items like Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, etc., with prices.

THE OLD RED-BRICK HOUSE.

Somewhat back from the village street stood an old red-brick mansion, upon the walls of which the blood-red leaves of a Virginian creeper glowed brightly by the side of more sombre ivy. It was a snug cosy old place, with a large fruit and flower garden at the back, facing the sunny south and washed at the lower edge by a deep dark river. No such fruit and flowers grew anywhere in the neighborhood as in this garden, where downy peaches and purple plums ripened on the wall, and rosy apples and luscious pears bent down the branches with their own precious weight. But there was no fruit on the trees now; the apples had been gathered long since, and lay in the store-room on a carpet of withered fern—the branches of the trees were well-nigh leafless, the neatly trimmed hedge was russet and brown.

It was about six o'clock on a gloomy November evening, a drizzling rain which had been falling steadily all day making the roadways and footways of the little Irish village anything but agreeable. A young man with head bent down and overcoat tightly buttoned across his chest was walking rapidly along the almost deserted High Street. He went in by the iron gate and hurried up the steps of the red-brick ivy-covered house.

The door was thrown open almost before his hand was off the knocker, and a flood of light shone upon the dismal scene outside.

"Oh, Frank, how good of you to come!" exclaimed a girl's glad voice.

Then the door was shut, and all outside was darkness and gloom once more. Inside the house, in the light and warmth of the hall, stood the young man called Frank, taking off his great-coat; and a young lady in a white dress and rose-coloured ribbons was standing watching him. His closely-cropped hair, full moustache, and erect figure proclaimed him an officer in the army. He was indisputably handsome; and it had not been difficult for him to steal the heart of the fair girl at his side. He was her ideal; and his face was lighted up by a proud fond smile now as he looked down into the radiant brown eyes that were raised shyly to his.

"And how is my wild Irish rose?" he enquired, laughing, and taking her hands in his. "What have you been doing all day, Nora?"

Nora laughed, showing the pretty dimples in her cheek.

"I have been very busy. I have made tea-cakes on purpose for you, although papa said you would not come."

"But I have come!" he cried, laughing too. "Perhaps I guessed about the cakes. You are finding out all my little weaknesses, Nora."

And then Frank Hilliers followed his little sweetheart as she led the way, and his eyes rested fondly upon the graceful figure before him, with the small head and its crown of shining brown hair set so proudly on the fair white neck.

Captain Hilliers was proud, and justly so, of his future wife; he loved her not only for the fair bright face that had at first taken his fancy, but for her own sweet winning self.

"Here is Frank, papa!" Nora announced, opening the door of the dining-room, where Colonel Despard was standing before the fire, watching his youngest daughter Daisy, who was playing with a couple of dogs.

The Colonel was a fine soldier-like old fellow, with a face bronzed by exposure to tropical skies; and the empty sleeve pinned across his chest showed that he had seen some of the rough side of military life. He turned to Captain Hilliers and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Well, Frank, and so you braved the rain? Somebody has been watching for you all day. Daisy, my child, don't tease!"

Daisy, in her white frock, was doing her best to attract the attention of Captain Hilliers, having sundry pleasant recollections of surprises in the shape of chocolates and bon-bons.

"Daisy!" exclaimed Nora reprovingly, from her place at the head of the tea-table.

Daisy looked round triumphantly as she found herself raised on to the Captain's knee, and cried saucily—

"I shall if I like. He is as much mine as yours."

"Capital!" exclaimed Colonel Despard, laughing. "Well done, Daisy!"

Nora blushed vividly, and tried to hide her confusion behind the urn, hastily preparing some bread and jam to keep Miss Daisy quiet.

"Tea is ready, papa," she said, when peace and quiet were at last restored.

"We must try our duet to-night," observed Captain Hilliers, taking a chair next to Nora.

"Yes," she replied softly, with a happy smile playing about her lips.

The duet was sung, and many songs besides, and the evening came to an end all too soon. At last Captain Hilliers rose reluctantly to go.

"I shall see you at church to-morrow," he said, holding Nora's hand in his, as they stood in the hall exchanging a few parting words. "Now, good night, my darling, and run in out of the cold."

He looked back at her as she stood at the open door, smiling up at him, then ran down the steps and went out once more into the rain.

As he reached the gate, it was opened hastily by a man in a waterproof coat, who pushed past the Captain and went quickly to the open door where Nora was still standing. Frank turned as the stranger exclaimed, in quick eager tone—

"Nora, I must speak to you!"

"Oh, no—you really must not!" replied Nora.

But, in spite of her remonstrance, she remained a few minutes talking to the new-comer; and Captain Hilliers, as he wended his way home, felt rather curious concerning the identity of this mysterious person. Two months previously he and Nora had been strangers; now they had agreed to live out their lives together. How little he had thought, when he had accepted his uncle's invitation to come over for the shooting, that a woman's face, golden-

brown hair, and sweet shy eyes would prove so attractive to him that, instead of tramping the turnip-fields patiently, he would spend most of his time at this old red-brick house, or in wandering with Nora and Daisy along the quiet country-lanes.

Meanwhile Nora and the man in the waterproof coat stood and talked; and perhaps Captain Hilliers might have been jealous had he known that the stranger was a dark-eyed, good-looking young fellow with an earnest pleasant voice, who held Nora's hand in his as he said—

"You must tell me. When is Nelly coming back?"

"On Wednesday. But, oh, Jack, papa is as determined as ever! He would have kept Nelly away till your regiment left; but Uncle Henry has been taken ill, and Aunt Fanny has had to go to him; so of course Nelly must come home. But, Jack, it is of no use your trying to go against papa!"

The young man raised his head, and there was a very resolute look on his face as he replied—

"Your father has no right to make our lives wretched; and I will marry Nelly in spite of him!"

"Hush, hush—you know that is impossible! Perhaps papa may relent in time."

"In time! A nice look-out! Nora, one word! Think of it as though it were your own case; would you like it?"

A deep blush tinted Nora's cheeks—it was a home-thrust.

"No," she answered frankly, "I should not."

"Very well; and yet you talk coolly to us of waiting, of hoping, when there is no hope! Do, like a dear girl, give us all the help you can!"

Nora shook her head.

"I don't think I ought. Papa would be very angry if he thought I was talking to you now."

"Well, if you won't help us, promise, at least, that you will not betray us, not even to Hilliers! Promise me, Nora!"

"Yes, yes—good night! Do go now, Jack, please!"

* * * * *

"Does it take so long to say good-night?" questioned Colonel Despard playfully, as Nora returned to the drawing-room.

Her eyelids drooped before his glance; she despised herself for deceiving her good kind father, and she stood leaning against the chimney-piece, looking with thoughtful serious eyes into the fire, and feeling guilty and ashamed. Then she knelt down at the Colonel's feet, and, resting her arms upon his knee, looked up into his face.

"Well, my child," he said, laying his broad hand over both hers "what is my little Nora thinking about?"

"Nelly, papa," she answered, in a low tone.

"Then why look so sad, dear?"

"Oh, papa, because she is so very unhappy!"

"Nonsense, Nora! What is she unhappy about? Because I would not allow her to marry that foolish young fellow and go out to India to starve on nothing a year? Believe me, child, I know the world better than you. This is only a boy-and-girl fancy that will soon pass away; and, as I told young Hamilton, in a year's time he will thank me for having cured him of his folly; and so will Nelly too."

"No, papa—it is more than a mere fancy!"

"Silly child!" said the old man, smiling at the eager upturned face.

"You think, because you are in love yourself, that all the world must be in the same lamentable condition."

"Papa," returned Nora earnestly, "will you not allow Nelly and Jack to wait for each other? Do, papa darling!"

"No—once and forever, no!" replied her father sternly. "It is in kindness to both of them that I refuse to sanction such a thing. On this one point I am immovable! Nora, never refer to the subject again!"

The girl said no more; her mission had failed; and she went up to bed that night thinking her father was very hard-hearted and unkind not to let her sister Nelly and Jack Hamilton marry when they were so fond of each other.

Meanwhile the absent Nellie was growing gay and hopeful again at the thought of home. Long and bitterly had she wept when, in spite of tears and entreaties, her father had remained firm in his decision, and told her, sternly but kindly, that she must think no more of Jack, nor he of her.

Down in the old garden however the two lovers met for the last time—partly by accident, partly by design. Poor little Nelly wavered between obedience to her father and love for Jack; but love prevailed. How could she, knowing Jack was waiting in his boat on the river, sit patiently in the drawing-room? The struggle between her conscience and her heart was a brief one. Jack was going away for ever. One last look, one parting word, might alleviate the bitterness of the separation. So Colonel Despard never knew of the last farewell between his daughter and the young lieutenant, nor how, hand clasped in hand, they had knelt side by side and vowed in the sight of heaven to be true to each other until death.

For lack of gold these two were parted; and Nelly was sent to England in order that she might forget the dream of her life.

* * * * *

"Who is that, Nora?"

Captain Hilliers was walking by his little sweetheart's side on their way home from church when the same man who had been talking so earnestly to Nora on the night before passed them. Frank noticed now that he was young and good-looking, and that, as he bowed and raised his hat, Nora flushed and glanced at her father as she returned the bow.

"Who is he?" the Captain asked again.

"He is a Mr. Hamilton," replied Nora evasively.

"Oh, a friend of yours! I saw him talking to you last night."

Nora's eyes were raised to her lover's face with a quick startled expression; then her eyelids drooped and her cheeks flushed beneath his gaze.

Captain Hilliers looked earnestly at the downcast face beside him. Who was this Mr. Hamilton? Some old admirer of Nora's perhaps. He did not like the idea. They walked on for some time in silence, then he said—

"What did that fellow want to say to you last night, Nora?"

"Why do you ask me, Frank?" answered Nora, in a low frightened tone.

The girl's agitation was plainly visible; for she was afraid that Colonel Despard would overhear their conversation.

"Why do I ask you?" rejoined the Captain. "I may as well say, why don't you answer me?"

"Because there is nothing to tell," replied Nora quickly, remembering her promise to Jack.

"Or rather you won't tell!" persisted Frank, looking and speaking as if he were annoyed.

For the first time since they had known each other they parted almost coldly; but they met at evening service again, and Captain Hilliers, watching Nora's face during the sermon, was ashamed of his suspicions. When as they were coming down the aisle Nora's eyes wistfully sought his, he warmly pressed the timid hand she held out to him, and, reconciled, they walked home together with a grateful sense of the peace of the Sunday evening stealing over them.

* * * * *

Captain Hilliers and his uncle sat opposite to each other at breakfast on Monday morning in the snug warm breakfast room at Hilliers Court, looking out over the broad acres of wood and moorland, where the dark branches of the leafless trees were outlined against the wintry sky. A bright fire roared and crackled in the grate, the table was spread with an abundance of good things, and the room had an air of comfort and luxury.

The post-bag had just been brought in, and they were both deep in their letters. Presently the Captain looked up and said—

"I say, uncle, here's a bore! I shall have to go up to Dublin."

"What to do, Frank?"

"Oh, Tom is coming over about a horse, and nothing will do but I must choose it for him!"

"I see. And when must you go?"

"By the mail this afternoon; and I dare say I shan't get back till Wednesday."

Breakfast over, Captain Hilliers sauntered about for a while, and finally wandered off in the direction of the village. It was a clear and rather frosty morning with a bright blue sky, and the air was laden with the odour of dead leaves. He found little Daisy alone in the drawing-room, lying on the rug, poring over a lesson-book.

"Where is Nora?" he inquired rather eagerly.

"I don't know; she was here a minute ago. Perhaps she is in the garden. Look, Frank—Nora is going to wear that lovely dress at the ball!"

"Very pretty," said the Captain surveying the black net dress trimmed with silver ivy-leaves.

"I wish I was grown up," sighed Daisy.

"And so you will be in time, Daisy. See—here is something better than ball-dresses—sweets enough to last you a week! Now I must be off to look for Nora."

The lesson-book received very little of Daisy's attention after that. She sat down again contentedly on the hearthrug, and Captain Hilliers hurried off in search of Nora. He went through the flower-garden, and under the arch in the hedge, then wandered slowly down the kitchen-garden, and at last found Nora beside the river under a large elm-tree, leaning over the low wall talking to some one in a boat.

She turned with a start at his approach, and the boat darted away down the river, creeping well within the shadow of the wall. With a flush of annoyance, Frank saw that Nora's companion was Jack Hamilton.

Feeling deeply her want of confidence in him, he waited for her to speak, to volunteer some explanation; but Nora, not knowing what to say, held her peace; and her lover, more hurt and annoyed than he cared to confess, concluded that she had some motive for her silence on the subject. He would not condescend to question her; so the game of cross purposes began—a small beginning that led to a great amount of unhappiness.

Nora thought Frank was rather out of temper that morning; and, when he was gone, she went up-stairs to her own room and wept bitterly. What had annoyed him? she wondered. What had made him so cold and stern? He had not seemed to care when he said he was going away, and they would not meet for two whole days. Oh, what long days they would be to her!

* * * * *

Nelly arrived the next evening, very weary after her long journey. It has been wild and rough in the Channel, and the traveller looked pale and tired as she stood once more before the fire in the old home while her father chafed her cold hands. Nelly's lips were quivering; this coming home stirred feelings that would not be suppressed.

"You had better go to bed, darling," said Colonel Despard kindly, looking at the heavy sad eyes. "Poor child, you are tired out! Nora will bring you some tea."

When Nora went up-stairs a few minutes later, carrying a small tray laden with dainties, she found Nelly lying on the bed with her face hidden on the pillow, sobbing almost hysterically.

(To be Continued.)

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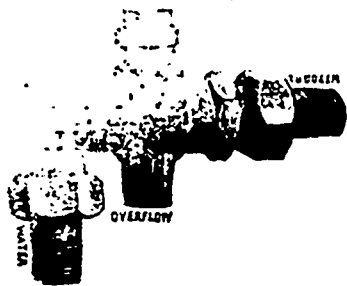
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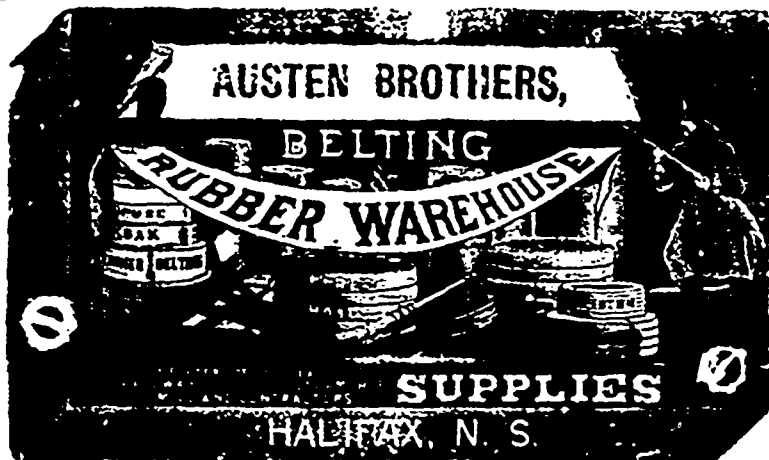
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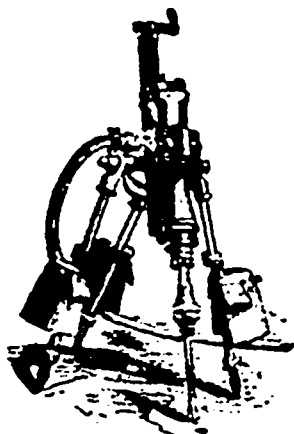
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MINING.

A Sad Drawback to Nova Scotian Gold Miners Through Neglect of Publication of Geological Survey Maps.—The way in which the Geological Survey of our valuable gold fields is carried on is of very great loss to gold miners. The survey of the gold fields of Nova Scotia was begun in Guysborough County in the month of September, 1883, and has been continued ever since west along the Atlantic coast, and not a map published to show what the staff has been doing. Such map is supposed to show the anticlinal and synclinal folds, dips and strikes of the stratum, the boundaries between the whim and slate zones which stretch almost in an east and west direction through the entire length of the gold fields. It shows where these zones or belts have been denuded or rubbed away by glacial action. The course of drift transportation, the turns and breaks in the anticlinals, the granite and gneiss areas, and where they have interrupted and metamorphosed the whim and slate; the nature of the gold bearing stratum, how stratified and folded, and the relation the stratum bear to foreign gold producing countries. The report accompanied with the map gives a full description of everything connected with the geological survey of that field, but without the map the explorer or prospector has no use for such report. The map is his first guide, then if necessary he may refer to the report regarding the nature of the country and its geological formation, and when anticlinals have crossed roads, rivers, lakes, stillwaters, berrrens, etc. Seeing that Senator Abbot is about to introduce a bill to enlarge the scope and usefulness of the Geological Survey, it would be well if some of our Nova Scotian Senators and Members of Parliament would assist the Directors of the Geological Survey as they did in previous years when they got the Geological map of Cape Breton published.

A good geological map of fields so noted for their natural wealth as the gold fields of Nova Scotia should have been in circulation long ago, as is plainly apparent from the time since the Survey was commenced in Guysborough and Halifax Counties. There is reason to believe that the Survey may as well be done away with under such delayed management, either that or take an opportunity to advance to the public the result of its work. Were the gold fields and formation free from natural obstruction, i. e., the immensity of drift accumulations, forests, peat bogs, swamps, lakes and stillwaters, miners and prospectors could "probably" void of Geological maps get along, and thus trust in God and keep their powder dry. In this case they could leave the Geological Survey maps to whenever time, space or money might permit their publication, that is, when most of our gold mining locations have been discovered or where the formation has been void of drift accumulations. We have every reason to believe that other portions of the gold fields heavily covered with this drift or glacial deposits would require a carefully compiled Geological map, showing gold bearing anticlinals, and thus save the miners trouble and expense.

The drift is frequently found so rich with quartz blocks or boulders containing gold that thousands of dollars have been spent uselessly in search of the lode or anticlinal from which such drift has been transported. In many cases the lode or anticlinal may have been miles north.

Whenever the drift is found auriferous the miners set to work excavating trenches "north or south" in the drift, across the leads or lines of stratification. Sometimes they are rewarded after labor and expense. The method above mentioned led to the discovery of the Montague Anticlinal, by the well known and experienced miner, Mr. George W. Stuart, now of Killag Gold Mine. In a similar way the Moose River Anticlinal is said to have been discovered by Mr. D. Tuquoy. Several other gold-bearing anticlinals in the Province have been discovered in like manner.

The Geological Survey, in this way, has been greatly aided, so many mines and anticlinals already having been discovered and worked that it is only right that the Geological map be published at once for our guidance, and on a scale of one mile to one inch. If published on a smaller scale the value of the map is rendered useless to the miner.

JOHN MACMILLAN, Explorer.

There was great activity in mining in England in 1889, or rather in the promotion of mining companies. Mr. Edward Ashmead's statistics for that year show that 378 companies were floated with a total capital of £41,015,425 or \$198,924 \$11.25. Whew! it almost takes one's breath away, and to think that not one penny of this vast sum found its way to Nova Scotia.

These mining companies may be classified as follows: 10 for precious stones, 148 for gold, 21 for silver, 18 for lead, 13 for tin, 9 for copper, 4 for quicksilver, 1 for uranium, 35 for coal and iron, while 80 are exploration companies chiefly for gold. The mining attraction for 1889 was centered of course in the dark Continent, the number of companies floated on South African properties being 145 with a total capital of £16,651,975. To show the enormous profits made by vendors and promoters and the insufficiency of the working capital provided Mr. Ashmead gives the figures of the past three years. In 1889, of 138 companies taken as an example with nominal capital of £23,344,000, the total purchase price was £16,644,873, leaving only £5,327,127 working capital or 23 per cent. To this inadequacy of working capital the collapse of many promising ventures is largely due, and the evil is on the increase, the percentage in 1887 being 26 per cent. and in 1888 25 per cent.

The Morning Post in an article on "gold production" in 1889 states that the yield has been much greater than in the previous year. In Queensland alone the yield was £3,000,000 in value, while South Africa and South America more than double their last year's product. The celebrated Mount Morgan Mine, in Queensland, alone produced £1,827,000 in value, and other mines in the same district give promise of large future returns. The

most important gold discovery of the year is alleged to have been the result of an exploration undertaken of the region between the Made do Dios River and Peru, in South America. The district has been only recently traversed by civilized men, and the eminent engineers who have sampled the ore found in enormous quantities thereabouts, declare it contains 7,000 oz. in every three tons, and that the Province of Sandia alone possesses gold to the value of £300,000,000. Such a field would indeed prove a notable accession to the sources whence our stocks of metal are obtained. It is to be hoped the report is true. The Dominion of Canada does not figure in the *Post's* article as a producer of precious metal, but some day, we hope in the near future, the gold fields of this Province will produce so largely that the Dominion will not be passed over in articles giving the gold production of the world.

SOUTH UNIAKKE.—It is reported that Mr. Withrow has sold his interest in the Withrow Mine.

MONTAGUE.—A very rich lot of quartz was struck at the Annand Mine on Saturday last. But they are doing this all the time.

I. Matheson & Co., have just secured the contract for a fifteen stamp crusher and forty horse-power compound engine for the well known Hall-Anderson property at Fifteen Mile Stream. This mine has for the last four years been known as the Egerton G. M. Co., and is said to have paid handsome dividends to the owners. It has lately been sold to a new company, principally New Glasgow people, and with a capital of \$25,000 should prove to be a good paying mine. John McDougald, M. P., is now putting up a 10 stamp mill in the same district, and has expended a large sum in erecting dams, flume for water power, buildings, etc.—*Herald*

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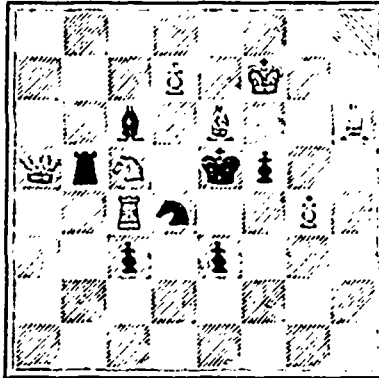
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PROBLEM No. 6.

By J. W. Wallace, Wolfville, N. S.
BLACK 7 pieces.



WHITE 8 pieces
White to play and mate in 2 moves

GAME No. 7.

Played in the international tournament (first round), April 10, 1889.

SCOTCH OPENING

WHITE Tchigorin.	BLACK Gausberg
1 P to K4	P to K4
2 Kt to KB3	Kt to QB3
3 P to Q4	P takes P
4 Kt takes P	B to B4
5 B to K3	Q to B3
6 P to QB3	KKt to K2 a
7 Kt to B2 b	P to Q3
8 QKt to QR3	B takes B
9 Kt takes B	P to QR3
10 B to K2	Q to K3
11 P to B3	P to B4
12 P takes P	Kt takes P
13 Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
14 Castles	B to K3
15 B to Q3	Q to B3
16 R to K	Kt to K4
17 B to K4	Castles QR
18 P to QB4	Kt takes P
19 B takes P ch	K takes B
20 Q to K3 ch	K to B
21 Kt takes Kt	Q to Q5 ch
22 Q to K3	Q takes Kt
23 Q takes B ch	Q takes Q
24 R takes Q	QR to K
25 QR to K	R takes R
26 R takes Rd	K to Q2
27 R to K4	R to QKt
28 P to QKt3	R to K4
29 K to B2	R to QB4
30 K to K	R to QR4 a
31 R to K2	R to KR4 f
32 P to KR3	R to QR4
33 K to Q	P to KK4
34 P to QR4	P to KR4
35 R to K4	R to Q1 ch
36 K to B2	P to QR4
37 P to QKt4 g	P takes P
38 R takes P	R to KB4
39 K to Q3	P to R5! h
40 K to K3	P to B4
41 R to Kt2	R to K4 ch
42 K to Q2	R to K
43 K to B3	R to K6 ch!
44 K to B4	K to B3
45 R to Q2	R to R6! i
46 P to R5	P to Q4 ch

White resigns.
a For the benefit of the young student, we will state that so far this is the safest and most approved method for defending the Scotch. 4 Q to R5 for Black is very risky, though it brings about lively work for off-hand play.
b First introduced in match play by Mr. Blackburne in the Vienna

tournament of 1882. 7 Q to Q2 is generally preferred.
c This does not turn out quite as well as White had expected, unless he was working for a draw.
d Although the position has the appearance of probably ending in a draw game, Black has slightly the advantage on account of his centre pawns, one of which is passed.
e 30 R to B7 would be useless, as White would answer, 30 R to K2, and the change of pieces would give him the better chance for the draw.
f In order to start White's KR.P, which will weaken his position on that side.
g Very weak indeed, uniting Black's pawns on this side, without the remotest chance of doing anything with his own passed pawn.
h Holding White pawns on this side.
i This ends it. Mr. Gunsberg's ply from the twenty-sixth move has been a perfect example of scientific precision.—*Boston Post.*

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A BOARDING HOUSE INCIDENT.

I was living in a boarding house in—let us say Gower Street. I was one of seven, five males and two females. I was a countryman transplanted to town; how I came to be there was simply from pure vanity. I had an idea that I was too good to be thrown away in the country. Let it pass—it was years ago and I was younger then and more foolish; I am only writing as a witness of the events that happened. I was not an actor.

There were five of us only when I pitched my camp in Gower Street; our hostess was of the usual "widowish" type. A portrait of the dear departed hung over the mantelpiece. It was some six months after I had been domiciled in the lodgings that the strange things happened that lead me to write this narrative.

As I said, I was young and vain, country bred and laboring under the mistaken delusion that I only wanted a fair show amongst my fellowmen to come to the fore. It was a vain delusion. I had just come to that conclusion when two new boarders entered our select little assembly. I was then a clerk in a stockbroker's office—I may as well state my social status.

The newcomers were man and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Tuckett; she was good looking, and we, viz, the old boarders, all admired her. I need scarcely say we all disliked him. Now, I am not going to describe Mr. and Mrs. Tuckett. Let me abide by my former description, that he was the beast and she the beauty; also that their room was underneath mine, and owing to the scandalous way in which houses are run up in London, I got the benefit of a good deal of conversation not meant for alien ears. I could not help it. I vow on my honor that I often stuffed the bedclothes in my ears until suffocation was imminent, but through it all I heard! I heard! The first thing I heard was about half-past ten o'clock one night, and then I heard the beast say in a gruff tone:

"Bring me the bootjack."
 "Would not any other Jack suit you, dear?" said a soft voice in persuasive accents.

"Ha," I heard, ground through clenched teeth, "you dare to play upon that hated name! But no matter—my time will come."

Then I heard a heavy sigh, and nought but whispered mutterings. What could it mean? Bribson was not the man meant, his christian names were "Vane H. court," at least he said so. What was this hated Jack? I was soon to find out.

It was a week after this that, in mounting the stairs to my room, I saw a used envelope lying on the landing. I picked it up. It was directed to "V. C. Tuckett, Esq." And that was not all. On the back was pencilled the following awful memo, "He dies at five."

When I descended to dinner I looked to see some mark of coming trouble on the features of the beauty or the beast. There was none. Unblushingly he glanced around and indulged in his usual remarks.

Unconsciously she looked at her plate and drove us frantic with her distracting beauty. Perhaps it was five in the morning when the tragedy was to take place; I made up my mind to wake and watch. I noted Bribson, our great masher that evening, he was calm outwardly, but the evidence of a slumbering volcano was apparent beneath that tight, stiff collar. I dared not take him into my confidence, for he had often told me of the violence of his temper when rendered uncontrollable by stories of unredressed wrongs, and I thought it would not be safe to let him know what was about to happen. There might be two victims instead of one. Meantime who was "Jack?"

I examined the envelope again and again, but, beyond seeing that it was a man's handwriting, could get no further clue.

"He dies at five," I muttered as I went to bed; "I will see that he does not," was the solemn oath I administered to myself. That night I heard voices. The brute said:

"Has Jack come yet?"
 The beauty said, "No, I have not seen him."

"Then bring me my poison" said the beast, and I heard no more.

Poison then was the weapon to be resorted to, and how could I combat that? I made up my mind finally that I would seek Bribson and get advice from him. I sought him—that is to say, I invaded the sanctity of his bedchamber; I am sorry to have to state that he was lying on his back snoring great guns and looking as unlike a "masher" as anybody could. I felt rather nervous about awaking him for fear he would, on the impulse of the moment, fly at my throat and strangle me. However, I touched him and said:

"Wake up, old man; I have something to say to you."

He woke up, but his first words were incoherent. He muttered something about his watch being outside the door and his boots under the pillow; beyond that I could make no sense of it. I aroused him thoroughly, in fact I shook him regardless of danger until he sat up and was able to converse with me rationally. Then the whole nature of the man awoke. I had always regarded him as a humbug connected with little love affairs, but I must say that under present circumstances he behaved like a man.

After I had told him all I dreaded and suspected he got up, sought after an ancient foil he had in his possession, and which, as he said, his great grandfather had fought two duels with. With this in his hand, and to tell a true story, a short and scanty night raiment, he solemnly assured me that no harm should be done under that roof that night whilst he lived and wore a sword. I remember his shifting his foil from his right hand to his left and shaking me by the hand, saying:

"Rely on me, old fellow. Just you go to sleep and I'll see that no mischief happens."

Then I left. I was frightened that he might hurt himself with the foil, but he assured me that there was a button on the end of it, and subsided into bed, calmly embracing it.

I retired, not exactly comforted, but still hoping that nothing desperate would happen. I listened anxiously for several hours, but heard no sound of strife, and finally fell into a deep slumber until the birds awoke me in the early morning. Then the terrors of the day flashed upon me.

Jack was to be poisoned at five. Was it now five or half-past? I was uncertain in which. Proximately it was only ten minutes to five. I made up my mind to go down and see Bribeon. He would probably be awake and on the watch with his deadly foil.

What were my feelings as I stole down the stairs? Could Mrs. Tuckett have an old sweetheart of the name of Jack? Could the brute or the beast (for by each name he was known) have got to feel a jealous hatred that nothing but blood could quench? Should I be the means of securing a fellow-creature from a violent death impending?

I stole sily downstairs. As softly I knocked at Bribeon's door, and was rewarded by the appearance of that warrior armed and ready.

We waited. In fact, we waited hours. We heard the "boots" come up and collect the boots. We heard him bring them back again. We listened and waited. No signs of bloodshed, no poison. At last the breakfast bell rang. Then we agreed to go and dress. We descended to the breakfast room looking hurt and gloomy.

Mr. and Mrs. Tuckett were in their usual places, looking—as always—beauty and beast.

Bribeon was calmly silent—watching, but I know now what a fearful volcano lay smouldering beneath.

Jack, apparently, had not been killed. At least, if so, his death had been noiseless. We had no facts to go upon hitherto.

Then a brilliant idea struck me. What if I confronted Tuckett with that letter which I felt sure was endorsed on the back in his own handwriting? I determined to do so.

In my blindest manner I addressed the man whose life I felt was at my mercy.

Bribeon like a man, as he was, edged up and stood steady for any emergency, with the foil of his grandfather in waiting.

"Mr. Tuckett," I said, "is this your envelope, and do you know the meaning of this memo thereon?"

He looked at it, this man of iron nerve. Then he laughed.

"Of course I do. I dropped it on the stairs the other day, and have been rather put out by missing it. I was wondering who could have found it."

"Sir," I said—and I trust in that supreme moment I preserved the dignity of manhood—"can you dare to acknowledge the sinful weight of crime conveyed by the notice on the back of that envelope?"

"Certainly," he replied. "What in the name of fortune do you mean?"

I stared at him in awful horror at his guilt. He glanced at the envelope.

"Jack dines at five," he said.

Then he turned to me again.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "My old friend, Jack Manning, asks me to dinner. I pencil a memo on the back of the envelope and you find it, and calmly accuse me of some awful crime. What do you understand?"

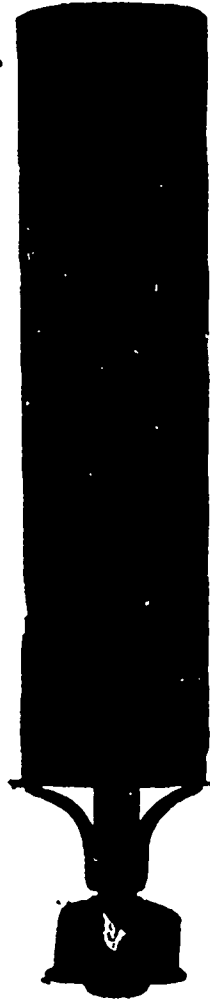
I think I'll draw a veil over the rest of this story, but I wish people would write a little plainer.

OUR COSY CORNER.

No material enjoys greater favor this year than cloth, both for the smartest of walking costumes and in combination with velvet, faille, sicilienne and poplin for the most dressy of demi-toilets; and now it is reported that one of the leading dressmakers is about to bring out some decoileté cloth confections for dinner and opera wear. It seems that this fabric lends itself very kindly to Renaissance decorations of velvet applique and needlework, and besides we must have something now under the sun. Fancy a dress of sieux rose colored cloth of such exquisite quality as to be almost as soft and glossy as velvet, with a decoration of leaves and flowers in shaded silk with veinings of gold and panels of crimson velvet. A sleeveless bodice, arranged to fit the figure by means of side seams and a few flutes only, has a V shaped decoration of the embroidery and a puff of velvet at the shoulder. Pale-t heliotrope cloth is wrought with silver, willow green with black in the Empire style, and cream white, tea-rose, petal tinted, orange, or apricot cloth is bordered with Russian sable or perhaps feather trimming of the same color. Cloth is also made up in combination with striped plush, black and white plush with white cloth, black and scarlet with black, and, more striking still, plush of two shades or ruby red in combination with fir green. The two fluted breadths at the back and the tablier in front are of the plush, and a tight bodice of plush is laced down the front with inch-wide crimson laces finished with oxidized silver tags and worn under a Figaro jacket of green cloth. These bright, broad laces with their fanciful tags are quite the thing for lacing bodices and sleeves as well, and are tied on the outside in little bows. All sorts of innovations and novelties are now being introduced, not merely in the decoration and arrangement of material, but in the cut and fashioning of the waist. Seams are shortened and changed in shape, those of the shoulders especially being curtailed until the sleeve is half way up from the curve of the shoulder to the throat. Side seams are brought so far forward that they almost displace the darts, and the latter are frequently dispensed with altogether by leaving the extra fullness pleated in at the waist. When the dress fabric drapes scarfwise over the shoulder, there is no shoulder seam at all in the material, and the most complicated and puzzling arrangements for fastening characterize all new gowns. Some bodices fasten at the back, some at the side, and others in a most mysterious way by a multitude of concealed hooks and loops in front.

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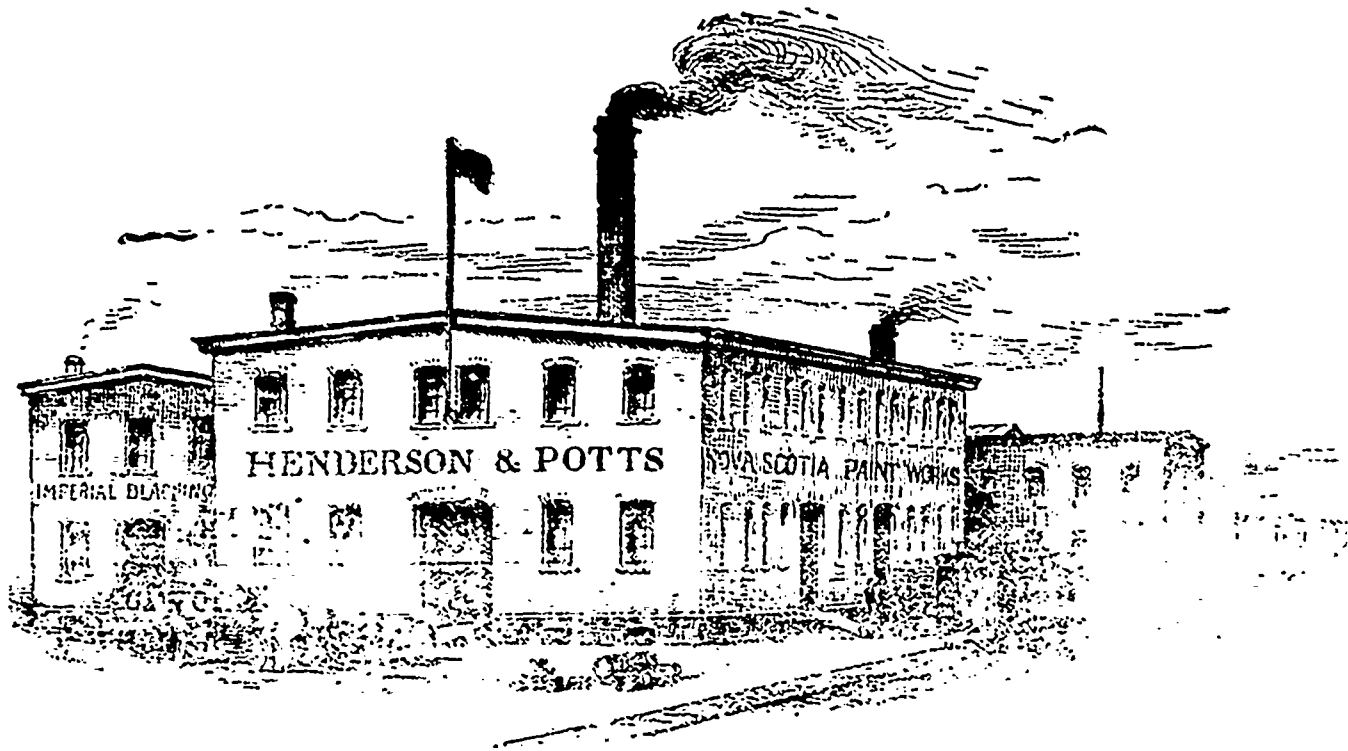
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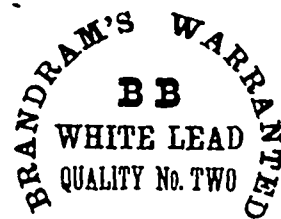
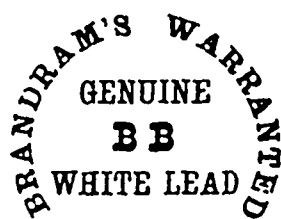
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