

## WESTWARD HO!

## LUNENBURG, MAHONE BAY, AND BRIDGEWATER.

THE PROSPECTS FOR GOLD.

(Special from the Staff Correspondent of THE CRITIC).

On boarding the comfortable steamer the *City of St. John*, at 7 A. M., on Thursday morning last, your correspondent found quite a number of passengers, most of them with dejected looks that spoke of unusually early rising, hurried breakfast, or more like no breakfast at all. Although early, it was uncomfortably hot, and it was a relief when the lines were cast off and the steamer swung out into the cool breeze that just rippled the waves of the harbor. The breakfast bell brought consolation to many, but your correspondent did not partake. It was not his first sail, and with the knowledge that comes from experience, and despite the scriptural injunction to "cast your bread upon the waters," he closed his purse. By the time that Point Pleasant was reached the breeze had stiffened, and our coats and wraps came into demand.

Amongst the passengers were a number of clergymen, with their wives and daughters, returning from the Synod; a jolly party of Halifax yachtsmen on their way to secure a new yacht; and a few tourists, bent on exploring the beauties of the coast of Nova Scotia. A choppy sea rose as we passed St. Margaret's Bay, and it was amusing to note how soon the deck was cleared of its fair occupants, most of the clergy soon followed, and only a few old stagers remained, smoking their pipes and apparently enjoying the discomfort of their fellow passengers. One vivacious, handsome girl held out, and was rewarded by a great amount of attention, which she received with a coolness and indifference that proved that she was accustomed to rule with iron sway. As we neared Chester and threaded the Island's protected passages some of the ladies again appeared, but oh, how altered! Truly, sea-sickness is a great leveller, and any but the most realistic charms are sure to be dispelled by its ravages.

Your correspondent would like to dilate upon the picturesque scenery of Chester Bay, which, however, must be seen to be appreciated, but as his mission is to write up the gold mines of the province he must desist.

Oak Island, one of the Chester group, is celebrated for having been the scene of extensive mining operations in a vain search for the mythical treasures of the famous Capt. Kidd.

We remained at Chester only a few minutes and then sailed for Lunenburg, which was reached at 3 P. M. Here your correspondent disembarked, but must not dismiss the *City of St. John* without paying a passing tribute to its officers, who, from highest to lowest, vied with each other in kind attentions to the passengers.

Lunenburg, with its snug harbor, its picturesque situation and surroundings, its handsome churches and commodious shops and residences, is one of the prettiest and most thriving towns in Nova Scotia; add to this, the generous hospitality of its people, the cordial welcome extended to strangers, its fine bathing and yachting facilities, and one is forced to wonder why it is not overrun with tourists.

Very little of a mining nature is now being done in the vicinity. The Ovens on the headland, at the entrance of the harbor, so celebrated for its alluvial washing, is now largely owned by Mr. Jost, the postmaster. He in connection with some practical men from the States, is about erecting a crusher and putting up an improved washer and an amalgamator, which it is claimed will save all the light gold. May success attend their efforts. The Indian Path mine, which is close by, and which is supposed to be a continuation of the Ovens leads, has a new and well equipped crusher erected, but for some reason best known to its owners, no work of importance has been or is now being done.

Lunenburg is the home of a few capitalists who venture their cash in pushing the mining resources of this province, and your correspondent interviewed a few of them.

The Hon. Senator Kaulback, whose fine residence commands a charming view down the harbor to its mouth, was one. He was plunged in grief over the sad and sudden death of his son who had been buried only a few days, but received your correspondent kindly and gave him much valuable information. He said he was not at present engaged in any mining operations.

Mr. Anderson, one of the leading merchants, also gave much information, not only about the gold mines, but also about trade prospects of the fishing industry. Being a thoroughly practical man of great experience, his advice is invaluable on trade matters.

Every subscriber to THE CRITIC rendered valuable assistance and aided your correspondent to prosecute his inquiries, by all means in their power.

He was particularly indebted to Wm. Gatez, Mr. Knight of the *Progress*, Col. Fuller, and Mr. Chesley, the Judge of Probate, for numerous favors. Mine host King, of the well-known King's Hotel, by his superior cuisine, cleanly, comfortable rooms, and assiduous attention to the wants of his guests, has fairly won the large patronage accorded his house.

On Friday evening your correspondent bade a regretful adieu to Lunenburg and in company with the editor of the *Progress* drove over to Mahone Bay. The beauties of Mahone Bay should be sufficient to attract numerous visitors, but unless the hotel proprietors are willing to indulge in the use of a little printer's ink, they are not likely to reap the harvest they deserve.

Mr. Knight is interested in a new find at Mahone Bay, but, as he has not yet concluded to take up the property, wishes to keep the location a secret. He informs me that a small lead has been found, from which the surface has been stripped, but the shaft has not been sunk deep enough to prove whether the quartz is gold bearing or not.

Messrs. Mills and Langille have opened up a large lead, some five miles

from the first and have sent 50 loads of the quartz to Yarmouth, to be crushed. No return had been received, but Mr. McDonald of the Royal Hotel, will doubtless furnish the information when it comes to hand.

Doctor Pickles is a warm friend of THE CRITIC, and is well posted as to mining prospects hereabouts. He tells a good story of how he set the people wild with the gold fever last year. As he made no request to keep the matter secret THE CRITIC must have the benefit of it. It was a simple expedient but it worked like a charm. Taking a piece of barren quartz, he, with considerable artistic skill, touched it here and there with gold foil. Taking this sample he showed it to several of his friends, with strict injunctions to secrecy. The result was that the news flew round like wild fire that the doctor had found a lead and had samples studded with gold. The result can be easier imagined than described. Suffice it to say that the doctor still keeps the sample and whenever he wishes a good laugh he takes it from its hiding place.

I need say nothing in praise of the hotel beyond the fact that Mr. McDonald, formerly of Nine Mile River, is the caterer.

This afternoon your correspondent, dusty and weary, drove into Bridgewater. This is evidently the Mecca of his pilgrimage to the Westward. The hotel has a fair representation of mining men and this is the point from which to make trips to the several surrounding mining camps. The conversation here is all of gold, gold leads, mining machinery, and big finds. Several Duluth men are here with abundant capital, and mining is evidently on the boom.

A local band is discoursing a fine selection of music in front of the hotel, the main street of the town is alive with people. Pretty girls with sheepish looking lovers, ancient maidens dressed to kill, "who would not tolerate a lover—not they;" respectable, middle-aged townsmen, the inevitable boy, all are enjoying themselves, and the time seems propitious to join the throng, so

ADIOS AMIGO.

## LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Correspondents desiring questions answered, must address all communications to "Legal Department, Critic Office, 161 Hollis Street." Our correspondents must observe the following rules:—

1. Begin your enquiry by stating your full name and address.
2. State the fact first, and then put your questions in regular order, marked 1, 2, 3, etc.
3. It would be advisable to put initials, or a *non de plume*.
4. If you require a private answer, enclose \$1.00.

*Lodger.*—I rented a room from A; who had rented the house from B. I have furniture in the room to the value of about \$125. I always paid A \$3.00 each week for the room, and my rent is all paid. Now B, the landlord, has levied on my furniture for the rent which A owes him, and has advertised it for sale.

- (1.) Has he authority to do so?
- (2.) If not what action must I take to recover?

*Ans.*—He has no right to sell your furniture if you take the following action:—

You shall serve the landlord or sheriff with a declaration in writing stating that A has no interest in the furniture distrained upon, and that the furniture belongs to you, and if the landlord shall proceed with the distress he shall be deemed guilty of an illegal distress, and you may apply to the County Court Judge.

N. S.—What are the subjects of the Provincial Legislatures?

1. The amendment of the constitution of the Province.
2. Direct taxation for Provincial purposes.
3. The borrowing of money.
4. Establishment and payment of Provincial officers.
5. Public bonds.
6. Management of prisons, hospitals, asylums, charities, within the Province.
7. Municipal institutions.
8. Granting of licenses,—shop, saloon, tavern, auctioneer, and others—in order raise of money for municipal purposes.
9. Local works, such as canals, lines of steamships, railways, etc., within the limit of the Province.
10. Incorporation of Provincial companies.
11. Marriage in the Province.
12. Provincial Courts.
13. Generally all matters of a merely local or private nature in the Province.

## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

## CURRENT NOTES.

Sunday's service at St. Paul's Cathedral in celebration of the opening of the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign was a most impressive one. The service was for the benefit more particularly of Colonial and Indian visitors, of whom some 1,000 to 1,200 were present, and of the Corporation, who made a state attendance. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon H. S. Holland, who happily dwelt upon the strength of the social spirit, especially as manifested in nationality. When, he said, we of the Old Country, had now and again lost touch with the sense of what it was to be Englishmen, our brothers, who had gone to make their homes under other skies, had roused us from the slumber in which the jewel that we held might slip out of our idle and careless hands. Our hereditary throne was the very core of our traditions. Its stories were interwoven with the texture of our memories.