

# Halifax Hotel,

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE LARGEST & MOST COMPLETE HOTEL  
IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

Has been lately fitted with all modern  
improvements, making it one of the  
Leading Hotels in Canada.

H. HESSLEIN & SONS, PROPS.

## ALBION HOTEL,

22 SACKVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

P. P. ARCHIBALD, Prop'r.

This is one of the most quiet, orderly, and well-  
conducted Hotels in the city. Table always well  
supplied with the best market will afford.  
Clean, well-ventilated Rooms and Beds, and no  
pains spared for the comfort of guests in every  
way, and will commend itself to all who wish a  
quiet home while in the city.

CHARGES MODERATE.

## LYONS' HOTEL,

Opp. Railway Depot.

KENTVILLE, N. S.

DANIEL McLEOD, - Prop'r.

**Quicksilver,**  
**Emery Wheels,**  
**Lacing Leather,**  
AND

**Rubber & Leather Belting.**  
FULL STOCKS, SELLING LOW.

Headquarters in Nova Scotia for  
Gold Mining Supplies.

**Metals & General Hardware.**

**H. H. FULLER & CO.**  
HALIFAX, N. S.

**The Yarmouth Steamship Co.**  
(LIMITED)

The Shortest and Best Route between  
Nova Scotia and Boston.

The new steel steamer YARMOUTH will leave  
Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and  
SATURDAY EVENINGS after arrival of the  
trains of the Western Counties Railway, commencing  
March 17th.

Returning, will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, at  
10 a. m., every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at  
Yarmouth with train for Halifax and intermediate  
station.

The YARMOUTH is the fastest steamer plying  
between Nova Scotia and the United States, being  
fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric  
Lights, Steel Steering Gear, Bilge Keels, etc., etc.

S.S. CITY OF ST. JOHN leaves Halifax every  
MONDAY EVENING, and Yarmouth every  
THURSDAY.

For Tickets, Staterooms, and all other information,  
apply to any Ticket Agent on the Windsor  
and Annapolis or Western Counties Railways.  
W. A. CHASE, L. E. BAKER,  
Agent, President and Manager.

## City Foundry & Machine Works

W. & A. MOIR,

MECHANICAL ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS  
Corner Hurd's Lane and Barrington St.

Manufacturers of Mill and Mining Machinery  
Marine and Stationary Engines, Shafting, Pulleys  
and Hangers. Repair work promptly attended to  
ON HAND—Several New and Second-hand  
Engines

## CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

100 and 102 Granville St.,  
(OPPOSITE PROVINCIAL BUILDING.)

The nicest place in the City to get a lunch, dinner,  
or supper. Private Dining Room for Ladies.  
Oysters in every style. Lunches, 12 to 2.30.

W. H. MURRAY, Prop.,  
Late Halifax Hotel.

## HOTEL LORNE,

Main Street, Yarmouth, N. S.

First-Class in every Particular.

FRED. C. RYERSON, Prop'r.

## THE Acadian Hotel

The subscriber notifies the public  
that the ACADIAN HOTEL will  
re-open on

**MONDAY, 26th Inst.,**  
with best accommodation for Permanent  
and Transient Boarders.

GEO. NICHOLS,  
88--Granville Street--88

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.  
OPPOSITE JOHN TOBIN & CO.'S.  
HALIFAX.

Terms, \$1.00 per Day.  
CHAS. ANCOIN, Proprietor.

**FOYLE BREWERY,**  
HALIFAX, N. S.

**P. & J. O'Mullin,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF

**India Pale Ales,**

AND  
**BROWN STOUT PORTER,**  
IN WOOD AND GLASS.

Family orders receive special  
attention.

ALSO,

Of the following well-known Temper-  
ance Beverages:

**Kraizer Beer (SOLE)**

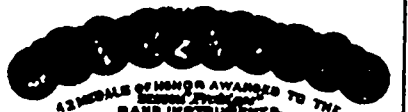
**Vienese Beer (SOLE)**

**Table Beer,**

**Hop Beer,**

**White Spruce Beer,**  
(SOLE)

N. B.—VIENESE BEER is the  
latest, and is recommended as a pleas-  
ant Summer Beer.



**JONES' MUSIC WAREROOMS,**  
57 Granville, Cor. Sackville St., Halifax.  
Pianofortes, Cabinet Organs, Band Instru-  
ments, Shoe Music, etc.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

TO SUMMER.

Sweet summer, thou art come again  
To glad our hearts once more.  
Me thinks thou art more lovely far  
Than thou ever wast before  
We gladly welcome thy dainty tread,  
Thy tender shades of green,  
Thy snowy blooms and coral tints,  
An over-changing scene.  
Thy joyous brooks are running o'er,  
Thy birds are pouring out  
Anthems of richest melody  
From every tiny throat.  
Yellow birds, like sunbeams, stray,  
Are flashing thro' the trees,  
In every wayside dandelion  
Hum the busy bees.  
Oh summer, with thy hopes and joys,  
Thy promises so great;  
You tell us they will be fulfilled,  
If we in patience wait.  
When autumn, with her golden sheaf,  
Returns to us again,  
We'll think of what thou sayest now,  
"Ye labor not in vain."

COLLEEN BAWN.

## THE CAMEL OF THE NORTH.

Some years since a salmon-fishing expedition took me, in company with  
some friends in Scotland, to Salten in Norwegian Lapland. I was the more  
eager in it that it promised to realize a long cherished desire of seeing the  
famous reindeer of the Arctic wastes. that, from its peculiar relations to the  
nomads of those regions, has been termed, and not inaptly, "the camel of  
the north."

I cannot say, however, that the first view, either of the animal or the  
master, was especially prepossessing. A party of Laps were encamped in  
the head of the fjord, to whom I paid my respects on several occasions, at  
company with the chief merchant of Salten, who was kind enough to offer  
his services as interpreter; and thus I secured an opportunity of examining  
a herd of some three-score or more of these members of the cervine race.

All were angular, scrawny creatures that, but for their antlers, might  
readily have been taken for half-starved yearling heifers. Of a dull brown  
color above, and dirty white beneath, with a matted mane a foot long de-  
pending from the neck; short stumpy legs; and enormous splay hoofs made  
more ugly by reason of long fringes of coarse, bristly hair that almost hid  
them from vision, they were very far from the "dainty creatures combining  
the magnificence of the red deer with the grace of the roebuck," depicted  
by Pallas, Buffon and other naturalists, whose writings were the delight of  
my youth.

No deer has such irregular unhandsome horns; a branch of blasted oak  
is a thing of beauty by comparison. More than three feet in length, they  
exceed in height the creatures that wear them, and there was not a pair  
in the lot; but this want of symmetry, as I subsequently learned, is a dis-  
tinguishing characteristic of domestic ruins, and a product of the artificial  
life inculcated. The antlers shot up in a trim and not ungraceful manner  
until near the tips, where they become abruptly palmate or fan shaped. The  
brow antlers, likewise, were broadly flattened, though I discovered one always  
remained undeveloped in proportion to the perfection of its fellow. Females  
wear these ornaments as well as males, a peculiarity that obtains among no  
other deer; and the tips for the most part were knobbed or spiked, with few  
evidences of palmation.

Neither are the reins the timid docile creatures depicted in juvenile  
literature. When roused, more ill-behaved, sulky, obstinate, downright-ugly  
brutes, it would be difficult to imagine. A mere trifle may excite their ire  
at any moment, when they seek to vent their spite upon those with whom  
they are most familiar; and one of my Lap acquaintances exhibited a  
deformed thigh and horrible scar, as a result of an encounter with a favorite  
driving rein, having failed to secure the shelter of his overturned sledge in  
time to avoid its cruel hoofs and horns. Fortunately the fit evaporates  
almost as quickly as it arises.

No amount of handling or domestication will ever reconcile the does to  
parting with the contents of their udders. In response to a request for milk,  
a number of milch-deer were driven into an enclosure, quickly followed by  
their master, who carried a double thigh wound around his body with a turn  
about one wrist, the opposite hand being engaged with the bight in a coil,  
with which he sought to entangle the horns of a doe. His appearance,  
however, was a signal for the whole herd to go dashing about the enclosure  
like colts newly loosed in a paddock. At last the loop reached its aim, when  
our friend was jerked from his feet and dragged hither and thither in a way  
that threatened the continuity of his bones besides seriously endangering  
his nose, but then he did not have enough of the latter to mention, and I  
began to understand why Laps are devoid of nasal organs proportionate to  
the rest of their faces. At last he brought up against a log, by the aid of  
which the mastery was secured, when the deer was dragged to a tree and  
there lashed both by muzzle and horns, and having beaten it with a club  
until wearied, he proceeded to secure the desired supply of lacteal fluid.

Far from affording an abundant supply, the best milch reins yield about  
half a pint per diem, which is obtained from a single milking. It is a thick  
sweetish fluid, far from unpleasant, consisting almost wholly of cream—  
hence is very nutritious—and will stand a deal of water ere it becomes  
inferior to the best cow's milk. The cheese or skier made from it is also  
good: but the butter outranks the most rancid "axle grease," though the  
Laps affect to believe it very superior, but then, stomachs that delight in  
neat alcohol of the highest proof as a beverage, and that esteem the half