

Minister of Justice, following that of Mr. Justice Burbridge, creates a precedent, and the office will now doubtless be eagerly sought after as a stepping-stone to the goal of every lawyer's ambition.

I saw a man with a very rueful countenance in one of the lobbies today. He was an M. P. of recent make and was a victim of the wiles of some of his political brethren of longer experience in the ways and byways of the "House." He had come to the capital from some enterprising country town nursing the fond delusion that he could instruct his fellow-members in the art of playing draw-poker with profit and *éclat*. He sat down last evening at a table in one of those rooms usually allotted to busy members for the purpose of writing therein to their constituents (ahem!) with a most jocund smile on his pleasant face and a brand new chamarré lining to his right hip-pocket preparatory to carrying off the coin that his friends might, in the absent-minded way they have when attending to their political duties, throw into a receptacle that by some strange chance conveniently stands in the centre of the table. To make what threatens to be a long story short, our bucolic member simply "wasn't in it" with the artful old gamblers that he vainly imagined he could give points to, and when he stood up after a night of it, he not only had lost the loose cash he carried about him but had to pledge his indemnity to the extent of \$150! It is not to be denied that the "first session" at Ottawa is instructive in a great many ways to giddy young blades of fifty who are anxious to learn all that pertains to a *fin de siècle* M. P.

Really, it is more pitiable than amusing to see how silly some men of mature years will become as soon as they are emancipated from the restraints of their every day life at home and get up here into the whirl of social and political excitement of a parliamentary session. Whatever is asinine about them gets the ascendancy over all the more sober elements in their mental make-up, and the way they get up on their hind-legs and cavort around is simply astounding to those who have known them only in their domestic environment. Of course there are many men in the House of Commons of sterling moral worth who are a credit to their constituencies and an example to those of whom I have just been speaking; but they are quiet, gentlemanly and unobtrusive in a social way and are completely obscured by these middle-aged roisterers who so obtrude themselves on the view of an observer of parliamentary life as to cause him to form a very incorrect estimate of the character of our public men generally. The most irreligious place I have ever visited in the city of Ottawa on a Sunday is the House of Commons during the session of parliament. Go into the chamber on a Sunday morning during the hours of worship in the churches and you will find many members in their seats writing letters, preparing speeches, and doing everything else but respecting the day or saying their prayers. As for other parts of the building we will pass them over in discreet silence! I venture to say that no such practices mark the sessions of any of the provincial legislatures. No wonder, forsooth, that Mr. Charlton's Sabbath Observance Bill didn't pass the house. I should imagine that a good deal of missionary work would have to be done before such a consummation could be hoped for by the most sanguine Sabbatarian.

What a splendid field of work the House of Commons presents to the brotherhood of St. Andrew and kindred organizations!

Mr. Tarte has taken his seat and begun his inimitable performance of the character of pimp and scavenger. People will take very little stock in this small man's doings when they come to know that he is only actuated by motives of spite and malevolence, which he harbors against the Conservative party for an imaginary grievance suffered by him under some former administration. To a man like Sir John Thompson such an assailant must be very puny indeed. No mud can stick to the present premier no matter by whom flung. His moral armor is as invulnerable to slanderous attack, as his equanimity is impervious to the shafts of satire hurled at him by Mr. Laurier and the lesser lights of the opposition. Through all the orgasm of a hot debate Sir John sits quietly in his seat with a countenance as calm and immovable as if he were watching children at play. I sometimes feel that the new premier is an anachronism. He should have lived in heroic days. I believe if King Arthur had known him he would have asked him to become his knight.

Ottawa.

By-STANDER.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

SHELBURNE.

ITS FISHERIES, MINES, SHIPBUILDING AND OTHER INDUSTRIES—A BANK AGENCY REQUIRED.

Mr. Editor:—

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in furnishing you with the following facts respecting Shelburne and its industries, and I trust that from time to time you will give me space in THE CRITIC for further matter in respect to the commercial, industrial and mineral interests of our citizens. Fishing, our most important industry, is in a flourishing condition. The past season was the best for the shore fishermen that we have had for many years. The run of herring in particular was almost unprecedented, and as they are always sold for cash (generally in Halifax) it puts a great deal of money in circulation during the autumn and early winter. Bank fishing was not so successful as in some former years, but the coming season, with the increase in bounty lately granted, will, no doubt, see a change for the better.

Ship building is in a fairly prosperous condition. There are at present six vessels of various sizes in course of construction. Among these is a sailing yacht upon the most approved American lines, which will be somewhat of a novelty to Shelburne builders. She will be owned by a wealthy Canadian, and when completed will be a most expensive craft. Her lead keel alone will cost over \$1,000. Her deck furnishings will be solid mahogany, her fittings brass, and her cabins will be fitted up most luxuriously. Her builder, Mr. Joseph McGill, has the best wishes of the community in his very difficult undertaking. Work at the Shelburne granite works has been rather dull during 1892, but, judging from the arrival of a number of quarrymen lately, prospects must be looking up. While I am on this subject, Mr. Editor, I cannot help saying that when your city next makes a contract for paving stone, I hope she will not send to Belgium, but try a little nearer home. The stone turned out by the Shelburne Co. is fully equal to any in the world, and it looked hardly fair to go to a foreign country to obtain it at the same price. Shelburne has always been a good customer of Halifax, and an extra hundred men at work here means just that much more money spent in your city. The only serious reverse met with during the year was the burning of Harlow's Trunk Factory, by which a number of hands were thrown out of employment. However, the site was soon after purchased by our enterprising townsman, James R. Bower, who will erect a large wood-working factory thereon, so that we will not be much worse off after all.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I would like to bring to notice the immediate and pressing want in Shelburne town of a bank agency in charge of a reliable man. There was one set up here some years ago, but unfortunately for us the same company had previously established agencies at Barrington and Lockeport, and finding that they had a monopoly of the county, coolly closed up the Shelburne branch, and rendered us dependent on Barrington, Yarmouth, Lockeport, etc. This has continued about long enough.

With the prospect of freer trade relations with the U. S. and direct shipments to U. S. ports, with the construction of a railway from Yarmouth to Lockeport via Shelburne an assured fact, and an increase in business generally, a bank has become a necessity to the commercial welfare of our town.

Hoping that you will give these remarks publicity in your valuable journal, and wishing you all prosperity,

I remain, yours respectfully,

VERITAS.

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Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon

of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are astonished, and look at her like one

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

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