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# THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 27, 1885.

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## THE CRITIC,

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Some form of "Home Rule" is almost certain to be conceded to Ireland by the next British Parliament.

Mr. Bright, speaking at Birmingham last week, said that in his opinion the days of landlord influence and landlord oppression will soon pass away forever. He himself desires a redistribution of land, abolition of the game laws, and a re adjustment of the present system of taxation.

It is to be hoped that our present Local Government will not go to the country without effecting a radical change in the assessment law. A wise and equitable plan of assessment is needed and desired by the country, and may be made a strong plank in the Local Government's election platform.

The French people are distressed over the lack of proper coast and harbor defences. They now propose spending \$25,000,000 in coast and harbor fortifications. This is a large sum to expend in order to keep neighbors from trespassing; if the French policy were less bellicose, the money might have been devoted to more remunerative public works.

It is estimated that the annual catch of fish in Europe and North America is equal in weight to that of 42,000,000 sheep. The harvests of the sea are gathered by upwards of 600,000 men, and are calculated to aggregate in weight 1,500,000 tons. The great cosmopolitan industry employs a fleet of 160,000 fishing vessels.

The Provincial Government has wisely appointed a commission to obtain statistical and general information so as to enable the Legislature to deal intelligently with a revision of the assessment law. The agricultural, mining and fishing interests are well represented in the commission; not so the manufacturing interests, which appear to have been overlooked. The following gentlemen constitute the new board: Mr. Israel Longworth of Truro, Chairman; Mr. Richard H. Brown of Sydney Mines, C., B., Mr. Thomas T. Keefer of Bridgewater, and Mr. John L. Brown of Wolfville.

At the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, to be held in London next May, it is proposed to exhibit specimens of the work done in Canadian schools. Mr. Ouimet, Superintendent of Education for Quebec, has issued circulars to the teachers of that Province, asking for: A photographic view of the school building; anything peculiar to the institution in the way of school-books and apparatus, specimens of the daily exercises of the pupils in writing, drawing, arithmetic, needle-work, tapestry, &c. We understand that our Superintendent purposes taking steps to have the Nova Scotian schools represented also.

Visitors to Cape Breton County speak of the coal fields of the Island as being exclusively in the vicinity of Sydney. If Inverness had the railway to which its population and capabilities entitle it, the coal mines of Broad Cove and Chimney Corner would be as well known as are now those in Cape Breton County. But Inverness County must have, *shall have* justice. One of the finest agricultural counties in the Province has too long been kept in the background by being deprived of the boon of railway communication.

How long is the Island of Cape Breton, to which the treasury of this Province owes so much, to be treated as if it were an incubus to the Province? Young Cape Bretonians are even now beginning to agitate quietly for "Home Rule." They say they have waited patiently long enough for justice at the hand of the "powers that be," and have been treated almost with contempt;—"and still we wonder why don't they get Home Rule for Ireland."

Another phase of the land question in Britain is likely to be brought into prominence at the next session of the British Parliament. The estates of many landlords are already mortgaged up to their full value, and are virtually owned by London Jews and other usurers. The real question in the land problem is therefore not unlikely to become a bondholders' question, and if it should assume this form, legislation may take the shape of scaling down the usurious burdens of many estates to such an extent as to make a great reduction of rents conveniently possible.

In referring to the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the *Chicago Canadian American* says: "Canada will be pardoned if she rises up and yells when the connection is made with British Columbia. Our neighbors can boast of having the longest continuous line of railway in the world. They can confidently assert that no nation of equal population ever undertook, and carried through, such a stupendous project as the Canadian Pacific, a road that, as Col. Pat. Donan would say, presents one cheek to be kissed by the Atlantic and the other by the Pacific. Good luck to it and the people who have built it!"

A Lunenburg man wants to know why Nova Scotia does not supply Ontario with fish. It appears that Ontario last year bought fish from the United States to the value of \$350,000, and it is claimed that the greater part of the fish thus imported from across the border was first bought in Nova Scotia. The only explanation of this passing of trade into an unnatural channel lies chiefly in these two facts: Boston fish merchants send agents through Ontario every year; Nova Scotian fish dealers await the coming of orders instead of sending out men to seek them.

The *London Times* of Oct. 28th, contained a letter from a writer signing himself "B," in which the execution of Riel was urged on the following grounds:—"1st, Rebels in general, unlike other criminals, do not incur the penalty of shame, and, unless they are treated with correspondingly greater severity, the offence has an attractiveness for men of a certain type. 2nd, The reward of success in rebellion is great. Unless this inducement to rebel is counterbalanced by severe punishment in case of failure, the safety of society will be endangered. 3rd, The rebel is the direct cause of violent crime in others. 4th, Riel is a particularly mean rebel, willing to keep quiet for a consideration. 5th, It was not his first offence. 6th, The heinousness of his crime had been tacitly admitted by his friends when they thought it necessary to enter the plea of insanity. This plea had been rejected by a jury."

From an interesting and exhaustive description of Labrador, which appeared in the September and October numbers of *Harper's*, we clip the following:—"Nature's tidbit here is a rock. Geologists would have much to tell of the granites, gneiss, traps, basalts, porphyries that generally compose the coast. But the general reader needs chiefly to imagine all these rocks heaved up along the sea, in high cliffs deeply cloven, in gentler slopes, in islands often of jagged and picturesque forms, in bold headlands, in the shores of deep, narrow, shadowy bays, in the banks of winding channels; then these varied forms in some places set off by veins and strata of strong colors—snow-white, red, rich purple, brown, grey, deep green, black, the whole either bare or covered with moss; ponds of beer-colored rain-water in the hollows of the rock; a river now and then coming into the clear sea with a current of dark water; once in a great while a few trees at the mouth of a river. With these features in mind he sees Labrador."

## EVENTS OF TO-DAY.

It is comparatively but a few years since the ocean cables were successfully laid—but what a wonderful revolution these agencies for the transmission of news have brought about. Epitomes of the speeches of Gladstone, Chamberlain, Salisbury and Churchill now appear in our daily papers within twenty-four hours of the time at which the speeches were delivered. A quarter of a century since, the utterances of British statesmen

would not have been read by those living upon this side of the Atlantic, until the arrival of the English mail with its budget of papers containing the press reports, this would probably be twelve or fourteen days after these papers were published.

Had it not been for the cable, the rebellion in Eastern Roumelia, the Servian attack on Bulgaria, and the result of the conference in Constantinople would remain unknown to the people of this province for at least a month after the events referred to took place, while from other portions of the world, news would scarcely reach us for many months.

In very truth "electricity has annihilated space," so that to-day we feel a live interest in the elections now going on in Britain, in the Balkan difficulties, and in the British Expedition to Burmah.

According to the latest despatches, the political contest in Britain promises to be one of the keenest party battles that has ever yet taken place upon the British soil. Salisbury, the Conservative leader, holds his party well in hand, and even the refractory Churchill feels obliged to check his radical propensities and stick close to his chief. Salisbury is by no means a Conservative of the old Tory school, he believes in domestic reforms, limited home rule, and a vigorous foreign policy, his platform will undoubtedly be supported by the good common sense of the electors. Gladstone is handicapped in the struggle by the man who aspires to be his successor, and the responsibility of defeat will lie at the door of Chamberlain, his too-radical lieutenant. Chamberlain's advocacy of graduated taxation, free education and allotment of land, will have the effect of estranging the more moderate Whigs, while Gladstone's record of vacillation awakens no feeling of national pride in the breasts of the electors. There is, however, in this contest, one factor which is an element of uncertainty, and this is the vote of the newly enfranchised Hodge and his two million associates. Whether the positive policy of Salisbury or the negative one of Gladstone will secure this vote, must for the present remain in doubt.

The difficulties in the Balkan Provinces grow more complicated day by day. Prince Alexander has incurred the displeasure of the Russian Czar, and assistance from that quarter cannot be counted upon. King Milan of Servia, bent on territorial extension, appears resolved to crush the life out of the new Bulgarian state, and the Sultan refuses aid to the Prince, unless Roumelia be restored. Indeed, so complicated have the Balkan difficulties become, that he is indeed a wise statesman who can foresee the end.

The British expedition is fast approaching Mandalay, and in a few weeks the annexation of Burmah will be announced; with it, the British Empire will absorb a territory equal in extent to nine Provinces each of the size of Nova Scotia.

#### PROSPECTS OF THE IRISH HOME RULERS.

The London correspondent of the *New York Herald* speaks of eighty-five seats in the British Parliament as now certain to be secured by the Irish Nationalists. The forecast of the *Herald's* correspondent almost exactly tallies with that of the *New York Times'* London correspondent, which is as follows:—"The Nationalists will carry sixty-three constituencies in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. In Ulster, out of thirty-three seats, the Nationalists will carry nineteen, and in Liverpool they hope to gain two. Then, of the doubtful places that are to be contested by Nationalists, the followers of Parnell are likely to win three or four."

It is estimated, moreover, that in England and Scotland between eighteen and twenty-one members will be returned, pledged to support the programme of Parnell, on the sole condition, which has been freely conceded by the Irish National leaders, that it shall contain nothing tending to the dismemberment of the Empire. This is not an unreasonable estimate: in some fifty-five or sixty electoral districts in England and Scotland, the Irish and those that go with them on the land question are confessedly numerous enough to turn the scale in favor of the Tory or Liberal candidate, according to his attitude towards the Irish Home Rulers. Altogether, it seems that Ireland's prospects of getting justice are now better than ever before.

#### INTER-PROVINCIAL TRADE.

A series of ably written articles from the pen of Hon. J. W. Longley, has recently appeared in *The Week*, on the subject of Confederation. In his endeavours to prove that the different provinces of the Dominion have no natural bond of Union, the writer assures us that there is practically little trade between Nova Scotia and Ontario. One is naturally led to inquire how much truth there is in the assertion; and, if true, whether there is not a natural and obvious remedy for this state of affairs. From the face of things, it might be expected that an extensive trade should exist between the two provinces in coal, flour, fish, manufactures, and occasionally in potatoes and other agricultural products. A considerable inter-provincial trade is done in flour, coal, and manufactures. If the manufactures, as some people complain, are imported into, instead of being exported from, the province of coal and iron, the fault does not lie in a forced union. Nova Scotia is no farther from Ontario than Ontario is from Nova Scotia. If Nova Scotian fish has not an extensive market in Ontario and the North West, it is not because the people of the latter parts of the Dominion do not eat fish. Ontario imported last year \$355,000 worth of fish from the United States, most of which came originally from Nova Scotia. Here, then, is an opening for an extensive trade with Ontario; and what is true of Ontario is true of Manitoba and the other inland portions of the Dominion. This year the potato crop in Ontario suffered very much from wet weather; the potato dealers of the Maritime Provinces can find there a ready market for their potatoes. It seems as if the Nova Scotian manufacturers were beginning to extend their operations into the inland provinces. The *Herald*

recently pointed out that in a single number of the *Montreal Journal of Commerce* there were between forty and fifty advertisements from Nova Scotian manufacturers: the *Journal* for the same week of last year not having a single one. Let our importers, our fish dealers, our miners, and our manufacturers make a vigorous effort to obtain a place in the markets of the Upper Provinces, and then we shall see whether or no the commercial interests of the different parts of the Dominion are such as to cement their union. If the persuasive tones of the drummer from Boston, Montreal or Toronto had never been heard in our midst, our trade relations with these cities would have been very limited. Surely "the game will work both ways."

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—THE PROPOSED SUBWAY.

The Archbishop of Halifax and Senator Howland are stoutly advocating the construction of a subway under the Straits of Northumberland. Several English and American engineers of eminence have pronounced the plan quite practicable. The tube is intended to be four miles in length, and of sufficient diameter to admit of a train of cars passing from shore to shore. Prof. Bull, of New York University, and H. H. Hall, Esq., of the New York Submarine Tunnel and Tube Co., and others from abroad, have personally examined the site, and are united in their endorsement of the practicability of the scheme. The cost is variously estimated at \$2,500,000, \$3,000,000, \$4,000,000. The advocates of the scheme state that an offset to the Government subsidy required is found in the annual outlay of \$40,000 by the Government in steamboat and ice-boat communication—a sum which secures the performance of the service so unsatisfactorily and inadequately that, unless the subway is constructed, a much larger annual outlay must be made in the public interests. The opening of the subway, it is claimed, would end the deficits on the Prince Edward Island Railway, and thus again effect a saving of public funds. If Archbishop O'Brien and Senator Howland can make Parliament see the necessity of the work as clearly as they see it themselves, the money needed will no doubt be granted.

#### WHEAT, FLOUR AND BREAD.

The question of the price of bread, and the relative values of different kinds of wheat have recently engaged the attention of some able writer in the *Montreal Journal of Commerce*. The most nutritive constituent of wheat, and consequently the best test of its value, is gluten, a substance also existing in the muscles and flesh of animals. Wheat, then, can supply this substance, and thus take the place of animal food. The more of this gluten a wheat possesses, the more nutritive that wheat is. Manitoba hard wheat contains 23.86 per cent. of gluten, while soft wheat contains only 11.65 per cent. Between these two varieties range hard Minnesota, hard Venezuela, hard African, hard Laganrog, half-breed French wheat, in the order named. Montreal bakers find that flour made from Manitoba wheat gives better results than that made from the famous Minnesota wheat. This fact, coupled with the opening of the Canada Pacific Railway, will materially change the source of the flour supply for these Eastern Provinces of the Dominion.

It is also alleged that the best bread can be made from a mixture of Manitoba wheat flour with Missouri soft wheat flour. The latter variety of flour lessens the tendency to become crusted when the bread has been cut. The other kinds of flour are generally used on account of their cheapness, much in the same way as potatoes are used in England. In this way the Montreal bakers explain away the fact that they sell their 4 lb. loaf for 18 cents, while in some Canadian towns the same weight of bread costs only 10 cents. The explanation may have some weight; if so, it implies that the people of the towns referred to eat an inferior article. But part of this great difference in price undoubtedly goes to swell the gains of the baker. An extremely liberal computation of all the expenses of production places the price of a 4 lb. loaf made from the best of wheat at 12½ cents; and the real cost is probably less than this. It is altogether likely that Montreal men, as well as others, add enough cheap flour to place the cost of bread below 10 cents. Why bakers are beyond the influence of competition is a mystery.

#### CAPE BRETON.

The Island of Prince Edward has a railway from one end to the other and is likely soon to have a sub-way to the mainland. The Island of Cape Breton, with about the same population, with at least equal fishing resources, and with incomparable mineral wealth, is yearly suffering more and more for want of railway facilities. Any political party that still persists in denying justice to Cape Breton will, we hope, be driven to the wall by the sense of right and justice that still obtains in this Province. It is because we have at heart the future good of the whole Province that we are earnestly desirous of seeing Cape Breton's claims recognized in a tangible manner, and we have no doubt that thousands of intelligent voters will show, if necessary, at the next election, that their views on this matter are identical with ours.

Think of it, intelligent men of this province—not only to P. E. Island, but to Vancouver also, means of communication have been given which are yet denied to Cape Breton, and yet Cape Breton has paid twenty times more to the revenue of Nova Scotia than both the others ever have to the revenue of the Dominion. No wonder that Cape Bretonians talk of entering the Dominion as a separate province! Their doing so would be a move hurtful to Nova Scotia Proper, but certainly beneficial to themselves. But we advise our Cape Breton friends to bide a little; there is good sense enough in this province to do them justice if only it be thoroughly roused to action.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1—An early fruit, also a drug
- 2—Resembling both, but neither gold nor brass.
- 3—Applicable to books, knowledge, arts.
- 4—Invisible after 12 o'clock, noon.
- 5—Your exclamation on solving this puzzle.
- 6—A bilious party.
- 7—An early English tribe.
- 8—The place for public discussion.

The initials and the finals two Provinces do make,  
That to-day, in Europe's politics, have very much at stake,  
And I hope that to the Editor it clearly may appear,  
That who solves this, be deserving of THE CRITIC for a year.

C. A. C.

THE CRITIC will be sent free for one year to the person giving the only correct answer to above puzzle. When two correct answers are sent in, THE CRITIC will be sent free for six months to each of those answering correctly. Answers should arrive at CRITIC Office before Tuesday P. M., marked answer to puzzle.

Answer to Double Acrostic, published last week:—

1. TERRAPPIN
2. H O M E
3. ESCHERW.
4. CHARYBDIS
5. R I P
6. I D E A
7. T H U M P
8. I D L E
9. COMMONP.

THE CRITIC Newspaper.

TIT-BITS.

THE CZAR IMPROVES KOMAROFF.

I much regret, Sir Komaroff,  
This Penjeh incident.  
(You know that to the letter  
You did my full intent.)

Why did you slay those Afghans  
And make me break my word!  
(Come here, my dear old fellow,  
I'll deck you with a sword.)

Take that and do hereafter,  
Precisely what you're told.  
(It is a "sack," dear general,  
But 'tis a sack of gold.)

I trust that this rebuking  
Will not leave need for more,  
(Oh, twist the lion's tail again,  
I long to hear him roar.)

—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

Dudekins.—"Professor, I want to ask you something. If I stand on my head the blood all rushes there, doesn't it?"

Professor.—"Of course it does."

Dudekins.—"Now, when I stand on my feet, why doesn't it all rush there?"

Professor.—"Because there is no vacuum in your feet."

It is but the trivial incidents in the lives of public men that frequently illustrate their character, and there is as much interest manifested in the anecdotes which belong to the sphere of current social gossip as in the more ambitious records of the historian.

General N. B. Forrest, the famous Confederate cavalry leader, visited New York shortly after the close of the war. One day, while riding down town in a Fifth Avenue stage, a dude of the most pronounced type entered, and took his seat in the corner opposite the General. While searching his pockets for something, the youth withdrew a large envelope from which a number of papers slipped and were scattered on the floor. He picked up those within reach, and turning to Forrest, who looked like "a member from the rural districts," said, in the drawing, consequential and supercilious tone peculiar to his class:—"I say, can you read those papers?" The General grasped the situation in a moment, and extending his arm until the cuff and shirt sleeve separated, exhibiting a broad expanse of wrist, replied, with well-assumed country patois:—"Wall, I jis' kin, stranger, an' that's about all." Then he drew himself up to a sitting posture again, and looked innocent, while the occupants of the stage roared, and the embarrassed dude proceeded to help himself, and as quickly as possible leave the unsympathetic company.

An old gentleman, who, to judge from his shaking sides, heartily enjoyed the scene, now changed his seat for one next to the General, and remarked to him:—"Stranger, excuse me for the question, but where are you from?" "Arkansaw!" was the rejoinder. "Well," said the old man, "I've always heard that an Arkansian is a sheol of a fellow, and now I believe it. Shake hands, stranger." He was doubly delighted a few minutes later, when, on arriving at the New York Hotel, Forrest introduced himself in propria persona, and invited his now-found friend to become his guest at dinner.

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Who have printing to do.

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Clerks, Auctioneers,  
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And will come or may call

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In fact there are few things  
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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The North British Society intends celebrating the Festival of St. Andrew, on Monday evening next, by a dinner at the Halifax Hotel. Mr. R. Baxter, the new President, and his popular corps of officers, will, no doubt, make the affair a grand success. Members are expected to turn out in full force, and there will, doubtless, be a good sprinkling of guests. The North British dinner is an event always looked forward to with pleasure by Halifaxians.

Vegetable ivory was, a few years ago, supposed to be of no commercial value, but now it is used for many articles of commerce, among which are the so-called ivory buttons. A large and beautifully made stock of these goods are to be seen at Neal, White & Co.'s wholesale dry goods store.

The new Albion Hotel is being well patronized. Its proprietor appears to understand how to please his guests.

Visitors to the city will find no difficulty in satisfying their tastes in the dry goods line, if they give the establishment of Wm. Moody & Co. a call.

The new style ash chamber-suits that A. Stephen & Son are offering are a marvel of cheapness.

J. E. Morse & Co. are offering for sale a variety of teas. This firm has the reputation of giving satisfaction to its customers.

The Bulgarians have shown that they are not to be daunted by the first successes of the Servians. The latter have been driven from the Dragoman Pass, which the Bulgarians now occupy. The Servians having besieged Widdin, a drawn battle was fought on Sunday. Turkey wants the belligerents to agree to an armistice, but the Bulgarians want to drive the Servians from Bulgaria, and bid fair to do so.

Quebec has been "demonstrating" ever since Riel's execution. The demonstration have expressed unbounded condemnation of Sir John and his French-Canadian supporters, and a general desire to have Canada for the French-Canadians. A platform is in course of preparation, the principal plank in which is expected to be adherence to the leadership and policy of Edward Blake.

LONDON, Nov. 22.—A despatch to the *Times*, from Calcutta, says that five thousand people have been drowned, and a hundred and fifty villages submerged in Orissa, by a cyclone, and that 1,241 square miles in Moorshedabad and Hudda districts have been devastated.

Upwards of seventy new buildings have been erected in Amherst during the present year. Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co., who have under contract the new Post Office in that town, are rapidly pushing the work to completion. The interior fittings will be put in within a few days. The same firm is just finishing, for private parties, seven dwelling houses, built at a cost of from \$1,000 to \$4,000 each. The factory of Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co. is running night and day, in order to keep pace with the immense amount of work on hand. Enterprise pays even in Nova Scotia.

The Government forces in Peru have finally succeeded in defeating the rebels.

Sir John Macdonald left on Saturday last for England. It is authoritatively stated that the settlement of the fishery question is the business which he has in hand.

The new Railway Station at Dartmouth will be finished this week. The contractors, Messrs. Rhodes & Curry, are to be congratulated upon the manner in which they have fulfilled their contract. The new station is a substantial structure.

In a supplement to the Newfoundland *Commercial Journal* appear the names of the vessels lost during the recent gale on the coast of Labrador. They number in all 66.

*Harper's Magazine* for December contains many excellent articles respecting the Christmas festival. The paper by Dr. Henry J. VanDyke, Jr., deals with the celebration of the nativity of our Saviour in the early centuries of the era. George William Curtis, in his usual happy style depicts the Christmas and Thanksgiving Festivals, as observed in the United States. Dudley Warner, the author of "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing," advocates with his customary pleasantry the observance of a National Christmas in the United States. He thinks the holly and the mistletoe of the Middle and Southern States should be used for Christmas decorations in American homes, and deprecates the importation from abroad of these symbols of peace and good-will.

Small-pox is steadily decreasing in Montreal, and as steadily increasing in Charlottetown. Vaccination is progressing rapidly in Halifax, and should the disease break out, the people will be well prepared.

Bears are said to be plentiful near Wentworth Station. Last week, a little girl, 10 years old, was walking along a road, about three miles from there, accompanied by a little dog, when she saw a bear approaching. With a presence of mind which is astonishing in one so young, the child climbed a tree. The little dog engaged Bruin's attention until some men appeared on the scene, and frightened the latter away.

Last Saturday, a foot-ball match was played at Wolfville, between teams of Acadia and Dalhousie Colleges. A goal was kicked by Acadia, under protest from Henry, of Dalhousie. In the early part of the game, the Acadians allowed a foul, also claimed by Henry. Newspaper correspondents are now finishing the game.

Mr. Parnell refuses the nomination offered him by the Irish section of Liverpool.

Mrs. J. J. Ritchie, of Annapolis, and Mr. James McD. Oxley, now residing in Ottawa, are the winners of the prize offered by THE CRITIC for the best story. Upon the recommendation of the committee the prize was divided, as announced in our last issue. The two stories—"Agatha's Love," by Mrs. Ritchie, and "Told by the Superintendent," by J. McD. Oxley, will appear in our Christmas number. Several of the other stories sent in are well written, and reflect credit upon their respective authors. The Raveronds G. M. Grant and G. O. Hucatis, Professors J. G. Schurman and C. G. D. Roberts, F. Blake Crofton, and others, have contributed papers for the Christmas number, which will appear early in December. Subscribers to THE CRITIC will, of course, receive a copy of the "Christmas Extra." Single copies will be sold at Five cents each. Booksellers and others are requested to send in their orders before the 7th of December.

We learn from a special despatch to the *Herald* that great indignation is felt by both political parties in Ontario at the action of the *Globe* in calling upon the electors to unite with the excited rabble of Quebec, and of J. D. Edgar, M. P., in going to Montreal to confer with the Rouge leaders. A profound sensation was created in Montreal on Sunday last, by a powerful address by Rev. Father Dowd, on "The duty of the Irish Catholics in the present emergency." Father Dowd warned his people to have nothing whatever to do with the agitation going on among French-speaking people in Montreal.

The number of French Canadian M's P. that have declared their intention of opposing the Dominion Government, on account of the execution of Riel, is now said to be over thirty.

The French Canadians show but little foresight in allowing themselves to be worked into a frenzy over the fate of the arch-rebel, Louis Riel. They are adopting the most effectual plan of uniting against themselves the rest of the Dominion. Had Riel been a Scotchman, Irishman, or Englishman, he would have been hanged in 1870. Since he was akin to our French-Canadian friends, he went Scot free. Since he was not allowed to escape this year to start another \$4,000,000 rebellion, French Canadians complain of injustice! What essence of nonsense!

A special despatch to the *Halifax Chronicle* says:—"French Canadian priests express themselves against the National [French] Party, and state that Riel deserved his fate.

Gabriel Dumont is believed to have dined at Princess Louise Restaurant, Montreal, on Monday last. He left there early Tuesday morning, ostensibly for Springfield, Mass.

J. A. Gillies, Esq., Barrister, of Sydney, C.B., who has been in the city as counsel for the defence, in the suit of the Dominion Government vs. The Municipality of Cape Breton, left for home on Tuesday last.

On the evenings of Monday and Tuesday last, the exhibition of fancy skating and bicycle riding attracted to the Roller Skating Rink a large and select audience. The exhibition was not only a success, it was a treat. The performances of Mdlle. Zetta were exceedingly graceful, and were enthusiastically applauded, while those of Messrs. Hinds and Chivers were simply marvellous. Nothing equal to them was ever before seen here. To be appreciated they must be seen.

Congress meets on the 7th of December. The Speech of President Cleveland will be looked forward to by those interested in fisheries in this country.

Winnipeg is to erect a monument to the volunteers who lost their lives in the late rebellion.

The City School Board, as re-constructed, met on Thursday of last week and appointed the Chairman, the Vice-Chairman, and the various committees, for the current school year. William Roche, Esq., was elected Chairman; Ald. McSweeney, Vice Chairman. In these appointments, as also in the selection of suitable men for the more important committees, the Board has acted wisely. Mr. Roche is a gentleman of high personal qualities, is live and well posted, and manifests a real interest in matters educational, and we are glad that he has been recognized as such by the unanimous voice of his colleagues. Mr. McSweeney's past services to the Board, his activity, honesty, and straightforwardness, are too well known to need comment.

There are now 72,000 Chickering pianos in use. These instruments have recently been much improved, especially in the touch, which is considered perfect. Sixty-two years of experience as piano manufacturers have made the firm of Chickering & Sons well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. W. H. Johnson has just secured the agency for these pianos in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

LONDON, Nov. 25, 4.30 p.m.—A despatch has just been received at the foreign office, from Madrid, stating that King Alfonso died at nine o'clock to-day, of consumption, accelerated by dysentery.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 25.—Vice-President Thomas Hendricks died rather suddenly at his home here, at five o'clock. He was sixty years old.

Lieut. Greoley, of Arctic fame, has gone to Europe. Will he visit the country of the Pole?

Messrs. Chapleau, Caron, and Langovin, have been asked to take constituencies in Ontario at the next election.

It is said that most of the Indians sentenced to be hanged for complicity in the North-West troubles, will be respited.

The editor of the *Pictou News*, wishing to retire from journalism for the present, offers for sale the plant and good will of that paper.

RELIGIOUS.

CATHOLIC.

On Sunday last, the Rev. Father Biggs preached one of his able and eloquent sermons to a large and appreciative congregation, in St. Mary's Cathedral. Such a sermon does more to draw the hearts of a people to the "fount of faith, hope and love," than can be fully understood by many of those whom it does not reach.

The Catholics of the United States will shortly be formally asked to supplement the one million dollars already subscribed for the new Catholic University. Each "ecclesiastical" chair of the projected institution is to have an endowment of \$50,000; each "lay" chair, \$100,000. It is proposed to give at first only post-graduate courses in Philosophy and Theology. After a little time, it is intended to have strong literary and scientific courses, for which some eminent men are already informally engaged.

The best educated Catholic laymen in the Maritime Provinces are beginning to express themselves freely in favor of a Maritime Catholic University. Certainly, not more than one first class University can be supported by the 285,000 Catholics of these Provinces. But where is it to be situated—Halifax, Antigonish, Memramcook, or Charlottetown? At present, Antigonish does the most advanced work.

Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, author of *True Men as We Need Them*, is a Catholic priest and a Canadian. Through a mis-printed item which has been widely copied, he has lately been referred to in several papers as "Rev. Dr. Bernard."

Rev. Edward Kennedy, P. P., of Bridgewater, has been in the city for several days.

An effort will shortly be made to get Monsignor Capel to lecture in Halifax after New Years.

Four or five years ago, it was believed that Catholic missionaries would always be treated with hostility in Japan. Now, the Mikado has entered into diplomatic negotiations with the Vatican, and has promised to give every desired protection to Catholic missionaries.

The students of University College, Stephen's Green, Dublin, continue to be very successful at the examinations of the Royal University of Ireland. Since its re-opening University College has been conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The English Church newspapers are full of the memoirs and reminiscences of the late Bishop of Manchester, whose life and work was pure, noble and successful. It will be hard to replace him with a more devoted man.

The English nation appears to be thoroughly aroused on the question of Disestablishment. The Church will be a unit in the matter, and will forget political parties in saving the Church from being robbed of her property.

The Bishop of the Diocese is expected home for the Christmas ordination.

A Mission Sunday School has been opened by the St. George's congregation near the Elevator on Water street, which, it is hoped, will supply a want in that locality.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The congregation of Grove-church, Richmond, Halifax, has extended a hearty and unanimous call to the Rev. John M. Allan, lately of Madeira. It is believed that the reverend gentleman will accept.

The Rev. John Wallace, for some years pastor of a church at Bermuda, has resigned his charge, and returned to this Province. He is at present at Bridgewater.

The Rev. W. T. Herridge, of Ottawa, was, last week, married to a daughter of the Rev. Thos. Duncan, late of St. Andrew's Church, of this city.

The Rev. Dr. C. R. Vaughan has accepted the Professorship of Pastoral Theology and Sacred Rhetoric, at Columbia College, S. C. The case of the Rev. Dr. Woodrow, President of the College, who was dismissed for heresy, is yet undecided.

The Rev. Dr. Archibald, of St. Paul, Minn., delivered two able sermons in St. Andrew's Church, on Sunday last. He is to occupy the pulpit next Sabbath.

The Rev. Dr. Burns is to deliver this evening, in the basement of Fort Maesoy Church, a lecture on "A Summer Ramble on the Continent of Europe."

METHODIST.

A few weeks ago, a meeting of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States was held, at which Bishop Bowman presided. It was decided to raise \$1,000,000 for Missionary purposes during the coming year.

Last year, there were 341 students in attendance at the Wesleyan College, Negapatam, India, 25 of whom were Christians.

In a late issue, we referred to the illness of the Rev. Dr. W. P. Pope, of England, a native of this Province. A contemporary states that he is in no respect worse than he has been for some months past; but the long continuance of the extreme nervous exhaustion, from which he is suffering, naturally gives his friends deep concern.

Rev. G. Whillans, of Ottawa, who has, during the summer, been assisting the Rev. K. Mackenzie, at Baddock, C. B., returned to Ontario last week.

Always in Season

At all time and upon every occasion there is nothing more suitable for a Present than a nice piece of

FURNITURE!

Nowhere in the Maritime Provinces can you find such an assortment to select from nor

PRICES SO LOW!

as at the old and reliable establishment of

A. Stephen & Son.

We have in stock at the present time a very large stock of

New and Elegant Designs

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ASH & WALNUT

Chamber Suits,

which we are disposing of at outrageously low prices, also a line of

GROUP PARLOR SUITS

that cannot be equalled in the Dominion for the price.

ONE CARLOAD

Rattan Furniture

just received. New Designs in Easy and Rocking Chairs, Children's Chairs, Tables, Work Baskets, Wall Pockets, Brackets, etc.

We are the sole agents for the only manufacturers of these goods in the Dominion, and are selling at Manufacturers' Prices, which are 25 per cent below all others.

British Plate Mirrors,

IRON BEDSTEADS.

We are large importers of these goods, direct from the manufacturers in England, they were never so low in price as at present.

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS

of every description.

Boy's, Girl's and Baby

SLEIGHS.

Window Blinds, Poles, Curtains, Fancy Tables, Easy Chairs,

in fact everything imaginable in the Furniture line, and at prices which defy competition.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES

or send for Catalogue and Price List.

A. Stephen & Son,

101 & 103 Barrington St.,

CORNER OF PRINCE STREET.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Surface Condenser," will be received at this office until THURSDAY, the 17th day of December, 1885, inclusively, for the construction and placing of a SURFACE CONDENSER in the Dredge "Canada," now lying at Halifax, N. S., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Superintendent of Dredging, Public Works Office, Custom House Building, St. John, N.B., and on application to H. W. Johnston, Esq., Agent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Halifax, N. S., where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order.

A. GOBELL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 10th November, 1885.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Boiler," will be received at this office until THURSDAY, the 17th day of December next, inclusively, for the construction of and placing in position a New Steel Boiler in the Dredge "Canada," now lying at Halifax, N. S., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Superintendent of Dredging, Public Works Office, Custom House Building, St. John, N.B., and on application to H. W. Johnston, Esq., Agent of the Marine and Fisheries, Halifax, N. S., where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

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The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order.

A. GOBELL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 10th Nov., 1885.

MOIR, SON & CO.,

MAMMOTH WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bread,  
Biscuit,  
Confectionery,  
Fruit Syrups, etc., etc.

Salesroom—128, 130 and 132 Argyle Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

MATTHEW J. SLANEY,

Undertaker and Funeral Director,  
72 and 74 Grafton Street, Halifax.

Branch—351 Barrington St., (Near Steam Laundry).

Caskets, Coffins, Shrouds, &c.

Constantly on hand. Cheapest place in the city for first-class work. Orders personally attended to.

Residence—74 Grafton Street.

Only Casket Manufacturer in the city.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## BEAUTY.

That beauty which reflects aught, save  
A nobleness that dwells within,  
Is but at best a tempting snare,  
And can but short-lived triumph win.

That beauty which is born of love,  
And nurtured by faith, wisdom, truth,  
Increases with the flight of time,  
And evermore retains its youth.

Yea, beauty ever longs to flee  
From those who act a selfish part;  
But it is her delight to dwell  
With those who have a loving heart.

WINDSOR, N. S.

AVONIAN.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## CANADA'S MILITARY STATUS.

No. II.

Up to the beginning of the present year the total strength of the Canadian militia was, according to the Dominion blue books, 37,036 men. Of this number Ontario furnished 16,732; Quebec, 11,912; Nova Scotia, 3,646; New Brunswick, 2,506; Prince Edward Island, 617; Manitoba, 607; British Columbia, 270; the royal military college and schools at Kingston, 746. Of these, 10,409 belong to cities, and the remaining 26,627 to the country divisions. The companies number 741, and twelve districts are superintended by as many deputies-adjutant-general. Taking the whole Dominion as a basis we find that—placing the population at 5,000,000—a liberal estimate— $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. of the inhabitants are militiamen. But it is a simple thing to lay down figures. Soldiers on paper and soldiers on the field, however, do not always correspond. When the late Riel rebellion was in progress an excellent opportunity was afforded to study the militia of Canada, as they were drawn from nearly all parts of the Dominion. And the public did not throw aside the chance. From the opposition journals in particular, the whole system came in for a raking cross fire, and the most critical investigation. Under this careful scrutiny many discrepancies were pointed out and a host of weak points laid bare. Among them none was more prominent than the utter unreliability of government statistics. When it came to the fine point, regiments that were down for four hundred strong failed to muster much in excess of half their tabular strength. In some instances whole companies had to be rejected on account of physical disabilities. Others were ruled out by the score for being mere children—not fit to leave the parental roof. Indeed, dozens of country battalions that are paraded in ostentatious rows of figures in the portly blue books, would find a difficulty in raising enough war material to drive a flock of crows from a corn field. This is by no means impugning the bravery of Canadian troops. It is merely exposing their numerical impuissance. It is evident there is a peg loose somewhere when whole battalions melt away as if by some talismanic agency at the war-cry of the Indian and the half-breed. Especially was this the case in the Maritime Provinces. When the insurrection was at its summit a feeling seemed to run through the people here that they had no actual right to lend their aid in putting down insurgents as distant from their homes as the Communists of France. Neither would they have been asked to assist in protecting a country with which they have no sympathies or community of interests, but for the barren attempt of Sir John Macdonald to knit the confederation more closely together—a confederation whose adhesive qualities are about as potent as those of a ball of sand. Enthusiasm under such circumstances was an impossibility. In fact the Riel rebellion was signalized by anything but military ardor among the federal troops, irrespective of the locality from which they were drawn. There was no unappeasable appetite for the task in hand, as becomes the field of battle, and as there is every reason to believe would have distinguished their engagements with a foreign foe. The whole trouble having had its origin, so far as it is possible to discern, from the most culpable neglect in the management of the North-west, the troops could not be expected to have the enthusiasm of the Spartan followers of Leonidas when resisting the hosts of Xerxes at Thermopylae. The errand was too humiliating to be executed with any degree of brilliancy, or to call forth the highest military genius of the rank and file.

But there have been times when the militia of Canada heroically defended their country. In 1807, when a collision between Canada and the United States appeared unavoidable, the utmost enthusiasm was displayed in Upper and Lower Canada, the militia responding manfully to the call. The alacrity, too, with which the people sprung to arms when the war of 1812 broke out, was the best evidence of a determined spirit to check American aggressions, as well as conclusive proof of a paucity of annexationists, and just at a time when the Americans hoped the latter would be able to give them some assistance in their sporadic assaults. At this period there were but 4000 British regulars and 2000 active militia in Canada, assisted, of course, by large bodies of volunteers. When compared to the strength of the invaders these figures appear very insignificant. Yet the inglorious surrender at Detroit by General Hull, then governor of Michigan; to General Brock; the merciless slaughtering of Colonel Van Rensselaer's corps at Queenstown by the same British commander; the retreat of General Dearborn with his 10,000 followers from Lower Canada to Plattsburg; the collapse of General Smith's attack on Fort Erie, Colonel Proctor's victory over the forces of General Winchester, at the River Raisin; the capture of Ogdensburg; Colonel de Salaberry's brilliant routing, of Hampton's column at Chateaugay, the frustration of the scheme to capture Montreal; and a score of other British achievements, all illustrate the prowess of the Canadian people, for to them is the credit due. Of course, the success was varying, it could hardly be continually with the Canadian arms. But the proudest

American, when looking at the facts as they stand indolently engrossed on the page of time, cannot deny that the majority of the conflicts in which the *impromptu* militia of Canada was the ruling element ended in the capture of the American colors. It must be confessed, too, that those victories were gained by the weaker legions. In numbers the Canadians were, with hardly an exception, placed at a disadvantage. Still, the opposing hordes strained every nerve to subdue their northern neighbor, but with the most embarrassing results. British bull-dogism would assert itself, even among those who had never seen the old country, and more astonishing still, among the French-Canadians, who even then tenaciously adhered to the customs of Paris. From the capture of Michilimackinac, the first stroke of the campaign, down to the firing of the last shot, the Canadian militia took part in every operation. General Smith tells us that the "French and English vied with each other in loyalty, steadiness, and discipline." Of the forces that captured Detroit, with its army of 25,000 men, nearly all were yeomen. In the only action that took place when the invading force attacked Montreal, Canadians alone were engaged, and drove the enemy back with remarkable pertinacity. When Brock was met on the Niagara frontier by 12,000 men, and had but 6,300 to confront them, there was no shrinking from the unequal task. The gallant Britisher lost his life; but his sturdy standard-bearers gained one of the greatest victories in colonial history, leaving an imperishable record of what Canadians can do when hard pushed to save their country's flag from being dragged in the dust. Colonel de Salaberry drove back the Americans with their 10,000 infantry, 10 field pieces, and 250 cavalry, with only 1,000 bayonets in the hands of his French-Canadian volunteers.

One of the most palpable defects in Canada's military organization is a plethora of theory and great scantiness of experience. Before the struggle of Lincoln's presidential career, the same difficulty was felt in the United States. The wealth of knowledge then obtained has been of untold advantage to the republic. Great generals were developed. Every fibre of the military fabric of the nation was strained to its utmost. West Point has since then been much improved, now forming one of the finest military schools in the world, and one of the most widely known. The grand army, although now the veriest remnant of a once magnificent galaxy of soldiers, would even to-day be quite a formidable foe to meet on a footing numerically equal. Of veterans, Canada has none save those of the war of 1812-15, none of whom are now fit to shoulder a musket. The Riel rebellion has brought into existence a hardy lot of soldiers, thoroughly seasoned and enured to the hardships of the most exhaustive character. But in a war of any magnitude, they would only be a handful at the most, and now that they have returned to their former vocations, instead of being formed into a standing army, they will soon lose what little knowledge of, and aptitude for, military operations they may have acquired during their stay in the North-west, and, indeed, a few years will suffice to scatter them to such an extent that their collective services will never again be available. If Riel had proved himself something more than a parasite of the lowest order; if he had happened to be an extraordinary man, who foresaw the possibility of uniting the French and Irish elements of the Dominion, whose sympathies he possessed in so large a degree, into a republic, what would have become of the confederation? These two races are to-day dominant in Canada. Conjointly, they outnumber the English by very fair odds. What mischief they might have done, if the rebellious Riel had turned out a true leader of men, instead of a political exercises, may be left to the imagination. The brush was gathered: all that was wanting to put it in a roaring flame was a brand that could not be extinguished by a trifling wind. The puerility of the Canadian militia would, in such a contingency, have been made painfully manifest. The few British troops that could be spared from England would be entirely inadequate to prevent a disruption of the confederation, for little would now be required to shatter the fragile vessel in which the British North America Act reposes

C. P. M.

## OUR ST. JOHN'S LETTER.

BUSINESS is very dull in St. John's at present, and in fact, it is the same all over the Island, not that what we chiefly depend on—the fishery—has been a failure, for it has been an average catch, but the price per quintal is ruinously low, and is still on the decrease, the consequence is that our people have no money with which to purchase the necessaries of life. And to crown all, came the terrible disaster on Labrador, which left thousands of our poor people starving and penniless. The outlook for the coming winter is of the dreariest character, and it seems as if the hungry wolf of poverty will claim many victims during the ensuing season.

Shop-keepers are complaining dolefully of the hard times, and say, that for years they have never seen such a scarcity of the "filthy." They are using all the "tricks of the trade" to catch the unwary Bay man, and make him "shell out" any spare "change" he has. Nearly every shop on Water street has its windows pasted over with great staring placards, which announce to the unsophisticated that "This is the only place in town where you can buy goods at less than cost." But notwithstanding all the inducements offered, they hardly make enough to pay for gas.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Speaking of the latter, reminds me that at present a number of the principal shops are now lighted by electricity, which had only to be introduced to be appreciated. Large lamps, which throw a brilliant light around, have been placed in several of the principal streets, just by way of experiment, to show what can be done. There has been no contract for lighting the city made between the Government and the Company yet, but it is probable that it will shortly be arranged, when the darkness of St. John's thoroughfares will be dispelled. Verily, St. John's is advancing; time was, and not

long ago either, when we were satisfied with the flickering glare of a cod oil lamp; then come the pony candle, stuck in a bottle, emitting its sickly rays; next, we had kerosene oil, which was fair; this was superseded by gas, which was considered wonderful; and now, nothing less than the effulgent rays of the electric light will satisfy us.

## SMALL-POX.

The dread disease which has been stalking through portions of the Dominion of Canada, and claiming its victims by hundreds, kept clear of St. John's for some time, notwithstanding the fact that vessels were arriving from infected ports every day; and people began to congratulate themselves on the immunity they enjoyed from this fell scourge, when it was rumoured that two ships, with small-pox on board, were in port; the report proved true, but the quarantine rules and regulations have been so stringently enforced, that the disease has been confined to the crews, and the patients who have been removed to the hospital, are progressing favorably.

## POLITICS.

For some time back, politics have been agitating the public mind. As your readers are, no doubt, aware, an amalgamation has taken place between the so called Reform Party and the Government. Sir William Valance Whiteway, who is acknowledged by all classes and creeds to have been the best Premier Newfoundland has ever had, was, through the base treachery of supposed friends, some of whom, years ago, he had placed in offices of emolument, compelled to resign, whereas, if they had stuck to him, and he had gone to the country, his government would have been returned with a sweeping majority. Hon. Robert Thorburn is now Premier, and it remains to be seen whether he will give as much satisfaction as Sir William. The amalgamated party is composed purely of Protectionists, and appointed the man who are to represent each Protestant district, without at all consulting the people, who were righteously indignant at the proceeding. But the merchant is king here, and has the poor fisherman under his thumb, so he had to vote for his master or starve, and the consequence was, that the coalitionists had an easy walk over. The Amalgamationists have secured every Protestant District in the Island, with the exception of Bonavista, where White, an Independent, has been elected. It was there that the keenest contest took place. Morine, a Nova Scotian, and ex-editor of the *Mercury*, was one of the parties who were in the field, on the Independent ticket, and he made a splendid show, considering the difficulties with which he had to contend. He was quite a stranger among the people, had to fight against the Roman Catholic influence, and had only about ten days to canvass the district. His pluck and energy in battling against such odds were the admiration of all classes. The Protestants ought to be satisfied, as they now have 22 representatives in the Assembly, while their Roman Catholic opponents have but 13. It will be a purely Protestant Government, but will have a powerful opposition in the Liberal or Roman Catholic Party, which, although numerically small, contains a large amount of brain power. Its leader, Sir Ambrose Shea, is considered the sharpest politician in the Island, and his lieutenant will be R. J. Kent, formerly Speaker of the House, a man who is endowed with splendid administrative ability. So it is thought that the Government, with such an opposition, will not have things exactly their own way. It is expected, that when the time comes for the appointment of officials, that there will be a little dissatisfaction in the ranks. Although not confirmed, it is generally understood that J. S. Winter, Provincial Grand Master of the Orange Society, will be Attorney General; A. J. W. McNeily, another prominent Orangeman, will be Solicitor General; J. L. Noonan, Receiver General; A. F. Goodridge, Surveyor General; Smith McKay, Chairman of Board of Works; and Robert Bond, Speaker of the House. How long this arrangement is going to stand, is hard to say; but the prevailing opinion is, that it will not last more than two years, when Sir W. V. Whiteway will be requested to take the reins of power. It can not be called a representative government, as the people had no choice in the matter, but had to accept whoever the merchants sent them.

Pop.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Walt Whitman has been writing on "Slang in America." In illustration he reminds his readers of the original sense of many words which have in process of time attracted superior meanings. Thus *right* meant, literally and primarily, only straight. *Wrong*, twisted, distorted. *Integrity*, oneness. *Spirit*, truth, flame. A *superstitious* person was one who raised his eyebrows. To *insult* was to leap against. If you *influenced* a man, you flowed into him. Then he lights upon *prophecy*, a word very important, because it is so imperfectly understood. Of course, the true meaning has been explained over and over again by biblical critics, and is probably more widely comprehended since Greg wrote his "Creed of Christendom," and Matthew Arnold his "Literature and Dogma," and his "Isaiah of Jerusalem." Still, it is but a small minority who care for, or do not fear, a real understanding of the Bible. When, therefore, a writer so extensively read as Mr. Whitman follows others in giving currency to the larger significance, his explanation is of extensive value. "The Hebrew word," says Mr. Whitman, "which is translated *prophecy*, meant to bubble up and pour forth as a fountain. The enthusiast bubbles up with the spirit of God with him, and it pours forth from him like a fountain. The word *prophecy* is misunderstood. Many suppose that it is limited to mere prediction; that is but the lesser portion of prophecy. The greater work is to reveal God. Every true religious enthusiast is a prophet."

Here, however, Mr. Whitman, oversteps the mark. Generalities require qualification. It is truly said, that he who knows but one side of a question

knows but little of it at all. It is in numberless instances also true, that he who reads nothing but his Bible entirely lacks comprehension of its scope. The religious enthusiast is not always a prophet. If he is ignorant, and closes his mind against all sources of knowledge, except the one which happens to have appealed, not to his understanding, for he has none, but to a vague combination of hope and fear which presently gives place to a confident dogmatism founded on narrow interpretations favoring spiritual self-satisfaction, he may become the most mischievous of mankind. He may actually sacrifice his children, in imitation of Abraham. He may sacrifice them indirectly by refusal of medical aid in disease. He may become an assassin, and take life of infinitely greater value than his own. And he may, and often does, annoy a whole neighbourhood by airs of superior virtue, and by unscrupulous slander of those who, with brighter knowledge, decline to model their religious practice on lines of ignorance, presumption and uncharitableness.

I happen to know a little community on which much disagreeableness has been forced by the impertinent obtrusion of the views of an obscure sect which fancies itself within the pale of salvation, and goes to great lengths in the way of annoyance, both public and private. Some of the leaders of these crazy and mischievous zealots are given to boast of the absence from their ranks of any sort of culture or refinement, but at the same time are not above the imposture of affecting familiarity with the classical languages—often carefully ascertaining that those they propose to attack have no knowledge of Greek or Latin.

It has been said that England has periodical fits of lashing herself into a state of virtue, generally temporary, but exceedingly uneasy while it lasts; the liveliness of the fit being much enhanced if it can be traced to scandal (the nastier the better) as an immediate cause. But the irritation which prompts the lion of Canadian ethics to stir himself up with the moral prod in the end of his tail seems to be now becoming chronic.

A religious paper has been anathematising dancing, and stating with the usual gross exaggeration of fanaticism that "many a man and woman can trace their downfall to their first indulgence in the dance." This is of a piece with the assumption that no one can drink a glass of wine without contracting habits of intemperance. A feeble attempt is made to stimulate fear or caution, by implying that young men talk of their partners, after a dance, in a ribald manner. As the *Week* says, with a sort of righteous disgust:—"There may be such blackguards, but we do not happen ever to have met them, and we cannot help thinking that our respected contemporary must, in some previous state of its existence, have strayed into a casino." In all probability, as many girls have traced their downfall to night services and camp meetings as to dancing. "Human life," adds the *Week*, "we would come to an end if everything were to be relinquished which, to the ill-disposed and foolish, ever had been or might be an occasion of sin."

Whether temporarily, or for a comparative permanence, it does seem that a great wave of puritanism is sweeping over the country. Serious views of life and duty are of course in the abstract, superior to a devotion to frivolous pursuits. But relaxation, mirth and harmless merriment, are good in themselves; and the beneficial effect may well be doubted even by those to whom a continued round of frivolity is distasteful and wearisome. Undue repression of instinctive tendencies, is moreover, sure to produce reaction, and the reaction is sure to run to an evil excess.

The picture drawn by Macaulay, of the sixteenth-century-Puritan, is not an engaging one, yet, with modifications, it suggests the general tendencies of ascetic fanaticism of all times.

"The dress, the deportment, the language, the studies, the amusements of the rigid sect were regulated on principles not unlike those of the Pharisees who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacterics, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker and wine-bibber. It was a sin to hang garlands on a Maypole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hunt a stag, to play at chess, to wear lover-locks, to put starch in a ruff, to touch the virginals, to read the Fairy Queen. Rules such as these, which would have been insupportable to the free and jocund spirit of Luther, and contemptible to the serene and more philosophical intellect of Zwingle, throw over all life a more than monastic gloom. The learning and eloquence by which the great Reformers had been eminently distinguished, and to which they had been in no small measure indebted for their success, were regarded by the new school of Protestants with suspicion, if not with aversion. Some precisions had scruples about teaching the Latin Grammar, because the names of Mars, Bacchus and Apollo occurred in it. The fine arts were all but proscribed. The solemn peal of the organ was superstitious. The light music of Ben Jonson's masques was dissolute. All the fine paintings in England were idolatrous, and the other half indecent. The extreme Puritan was at once known from other men by his gait, his garb, his lank hair, the sour solemnity of his face, the upturned white of his eyes, the usual twang with which he spoke, and above all, by his peculiar dialect. He employed, on every occasion, the imagery and style of Scripture. Hebraisms violently introduced into the English language, and metaphors borrowed from the boldest lyric poetry of a remote age and country, and applied to the common concerns of English life, were the most striking peculiarities of this cant, which moved, not without cause, the derision both of Protestants and libertines."

From this false and hypocritical standard, we all know how bestial was the reaction. And so it will ever be. It seems as if mankind would never gather wisdom from the past, and learn to control the strong tendency to the worst of all intemperance—moral intemperance.

Unfortunately, self-righteousness (or its easy affectation) dangles before the eyes of egotism, too many baits tempting to its vulgarity. It is ever, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men!" Mixed up with it also is the latent clerical lust of power. An uneasy sense that the cultivated laity knows more than ecclesiasticism can, perhaps, tell it, unconsciously impels



clericalism into any avenue leading in the direction of fresh power and influence. These tendencies should be carefully watched for—to again quote Macaulay—"That the sacerdotal order should encroach on the functions of the civil magistrate would, in our time, be a great evil."

That so miserable a cur as Riel should be a disturbing power in the State is disgraceful, not only to a nationalistic section, to political parties, and to the country at large, but to humanity itself.

If this wretched trickster, who lacked even the courage of the pot boys who shot at the Queen, and the fanatical scoundrels who murdered two good Presidents, had escaped the proper penalty of his crimes, all the vain and shallow adventurers whose breath of life is an evil notoriety, might take courage, as any one of them with an ounce of brains could have inaugurated fresh carnage and destruction of property, causing yet more millions to be wasted in military expenditure.

FRANC-TIREUR.

#### OUR BOSTON LETTER.

When one stops to think of it, the amount of travel each year between Boston and Halifax and other of the Maritime ports, is something enormous. It reminds one of a street scene in Boston, when the shops and factories are being emptied of their busy workers after a hard day's labor, and the comparison holds good still farther, for like this six o'clock hegin, the tide of travel between these parts is nearly always in one direction, there are either big crowds going to, or large numbers coming from the provinces. The balance of trade is always either on one hand or the other, (as indeed a balance must needs be,) and you scarcely ever see a like proportion going each way at the same time. A couple of months ago the Halifax-bound boats were the ones that carried the heaviest passenger lists, but a few weeks turned the tide, and from then the Boston-bound steamers were the passenger-carrying monopolists. And who is it that does all this travelling? Ask rather who it is not, for then the answer would be easier. Indeed this perpetual coastwise pilgrimage offers an interesting study for those who have the time and disposition to enter into it. There is always one peculiar thing in connection with these trips, and that is the fact that you are ever sure to meet on board somebody whom you know or have in past times known, no matter where you may happen to hail from. And so when a man steps aboard the Boston boat at Halifax he is pretty certain to spy some acquaintance before the vasty deep has become very vasty, even though it is only a creditor of his. I hardly know which I prefer for company, a Halifax or a Boston-bound crowd. The former are usually the most cheerful, for it is generally for the most part made up of those who are paying a visit of greater or lesser duration to their old homes; and a sort of joyous expectancy and self-satisfied feeling of independence fills their minds and bubbles over, oft times in very hilarity, until one would be led to think that they were coming home to stay for good, which they are not, by a long shot. In this provincial-bound contingent are to be found many phases of human nature and representations of many different classes. A remarkably large proportion are women and girls, and many an interesting story might be given were some of their histories related. There are girls among them who went away from their rustic provincial birthplace to Yankee land when they were quite young and unsophisticated. They have stayed away so long that now when they are coming back after their long vacationless term of service to take a brief glimpse at old and once familiar scenes and faces, they have almost lost their individuality and scarcely seem to be in their native air at all. Then there is the young girl who has only been gone a year or so, and who is fairly boiling over at the thoughts of how she is going to make the usual friends and relatives open wide their eyes at her relation of the strange things she has seen during her sojourn in "the States," and how ineffably small she is going to make her grandfather and grandmother feel when she measures her knowledge of the world with theirs. There is also the young man who went away with his folks when he was quite a "shaver," and who got into favor by reason of his intelligence and faithful attention to duty, and ultimately into business, and then got married, and became a naturalized citizen of the great and glorious country of his adoption, and is now coming to show his American wife the place where the happiest and most innocent of his days were spent. The coming Moses, whom I had occasion to refer to in my last, would like to have this young man for one of his lieutenants when he starts out on his journey through the wilderness, but alas! he cannot have him, for another country now claims him as its own. Then there is the man who is coming back for good. He saw all his neighbors going off to Boston, and he thought he would be in style and go too; not that he found his surroundings too dull, but that he would like a change. So he went. But he found things altogether too lively for his constitution to stand; the wheel of business and social life went round too fast for him to catch on; it made his head ache and he felt out of his element; so now he is coming back to stay. There is the old man, too, who more years ago than he cares to acknowledge, left the fair land of his birth to "seek his fortune." He has found it; but even the comfortable bank account, which he has by his hard work and perseverance acquired, does not fully satisfy his soul, and he feels that he must once more look upon the smiling face of the old province, even though all those he had ever known have passed from earth or scattered to the four winds of heaven. And so we might go on and fill a volume descriptive of these numerous types of human nature to be met with on this homeward voyage, and the variety of sensations the ever shortening of the trip gives rise to. In all of them the first glimpse of the long looked-for coast inspires feelings such as those experienced by the Northern voyager who, for the first time, draws nigh to tropical shores. There is another and different class from this to be met with on the boat, its representatives growing more and more numerous year by year. I mean

the American tourist, who is "doing" this trip because he has heard its beauties lauded so highly, and desires to have ocular proof of its merit. Well, he is never disappointed in his hopeful expectations. I met one of these this summer, who was an admirable illustration of Yankee restlessness. He had never been up that way before, and was intending to make the round trip, from Boston to Charlottetown and back, on the same steamer. A few hours stop at each point touched at was all his restless soul would allow him, and even then he would no doubt feel that he was losing precious time. After we struck the coast, and before we came abreast of Lockport, he assured me that he was already amply paid for coming; and he hadn't even yet seen the North-west Arm or Bedford Basin!

Then, coming home—I mean to Boston. How different are our feelings! Everything seems changed. The cheerfulness we assume to feel is nothing but a hollow mockery. The grim headlands, somehow or other, do not seem to bid us the hearty welcome that they did when our vessel's prow was turned the other way. Even the operation of throwing the usual supply of Saturday afternoon papers to the pilot cruising near by is not watched with that same degree of pleasurable interest that might be felt if they were late Boston, instead of Halifax papers. The Sunday on shipboard is not like that other Sunday at all, and even the singing in the saloon, and the music of the organ, are not half so inspiring as we have known them to be. Coming the other way, we had taken a patriotic pride in winding up our service of song with a rendering of "God Save the Queen," that brought vaguely to mind sundry reminiscences of Twenty-First of June, Twenty-Fourth of May, or "Dominion Days" of greater or less degrees of long ago; but now we are constrained to turn it into "America," a distinction without a difference, however, so far as tune goes. Before reaching the point of the voyage where the health officer clambers aboard and begins his hour-and-a-half's search among the long-suffering passengers after the un-vaccinated, we have made our quota of brand new acquaintances, and have, in a measure, become reconciled to our lot, and we are once again prepared to tread the classic pavements of Boston's devious highways. And then we land. And the passengers of the voyage, made up of men and women and children, who are returning to a place that is to them as an open book; and of men and woman and children who are coming to a city and a land which is veiled in a glamor of strange mystery to them, and yet roseate to their eyes with a spirit of hope,—these passengers whose faces we have all come to know so well, separate, and are lost in the busy throng. Where have they all gone to? Ah, who would venture to answer that?

T. F. A.

#### THE SCHOOL YEAR.

To the Editor of the Critic:—

Sir,—In your issue of the 13th inst., there appears an editorial criticism of my letter to the *Herald*, on the School-term question, in which you say:—"If Mr. MacK. thinks that only twenty or thirty students seek schools for the summer months, he will pardon us for saying that he is far from being fully acquainted with the facts of the case he discusses." You will pardon me for saying that I never thought anything of the kind, and if you had honoured my letter with a careful perusal, you would not have made such an insinuation. I know that, from Sydney Academy alone, twenty or thirty young men and women go out annually to enter the teaching ranks. What I said in this connection, was in answer to a point raised in Principal MacKay's letter, in reference to college students. He himself practically debarred all the colleges, except Dalhousie, from the privileges of the profession, and my statement was based accordingly, believing that not more than the number specified enter the field from that university in any one year.

I urged, as a reason for the continuance of the present system, the fact that, owing to the circumstances of our people, there is and must continue to be, a large influx of pupils in November and May. Any teacher of experience will tell you that this would have a demoralizing effect upon schools which were graded and classified for the year's work in September. This fact is, I believe, the chief obstacle to the establishment of one long term, and it will not do to frown it down as "unsupported assertion." If you can in any way remove the difficulty, I, for one, will heartily support the change for which you are so earnestly agitating.

By publishing this letter, you will oblige

E. T. MACKEEN.

Sydney, Nov. 18, 1885.

[Mr. MacK. is in error in believing that Dalhousie is the only institution in Nova Scotia from which students go forth every spring to seek situations as teachers. Although the "year" at St. Francis Xavier's, and the Normal School, ends about the first of July, many students do, owing to the present division of the school-year, leave their studies, and take schools, about the first of May. Mr. MacK. seems to think that we did not carefully peruse his first letter. In it, he said:—"I shall not here discuss the propriety of allowing collegians to enter into a temporary competition with the regular teachers, but I think all will admit (*sic*) that the profession is more liable to gain than to lose by the infusion of new blood in the shape of twenty or thirty earnest, active young men." We certainly had not, and have not any desire to do the smallest injustice to Mr. MacKee; but we cannot help questioning the accuracy of his memory (or something else) when we find him repudiating the quite natural construction we put upon the sentence just quoted. We regret that Mr. MacK. still refuses to attempt to support his unproven assertions.—*ED. CRITIC.*]

Cleveland has a young lady who has had a bullet in her head three weeks. That's nothing. Some society-ladies, who are fond of dancing, have their "heads full of balls" all winter.



## HIS HAIR WAS RED.

(Continued.)

So we set our faces westward and downward, and in due course of time reached the outskirts of the woods where we supposed that our companions would be.

I don't think we had been five minutes off the snow when I heard something crashing among the trees beneath us. I caught a momentary glimpse of a great, lumbering body, and directly afterwards I distinctly saw a half-grown cub dashing helter-skelter after it. I fired almost at random, and I need hardly add that I missed. The crashing sound grew fainter and fainter, and then I looked at Jean-Pierre and Jean-Pierre looked at me, and then we both whistled.

Well might we whistle! I prefer to draw a veil over our meeting with Percival, which speedily ensued. I could not say much. My behavior had certainly been bad enough to provoke anybody, and "d——d unsportsmanlike" was perhaps not too severe a description to give of it; still I don't think he would have been quite so infuriated had I not been compelled to acknowledge that I had not only robbed him of his share of the day's sport, but had previously been quite successful in securing my own. When he heard that his indignation knew no bounds. He swore the whole thing had been done on purpose; he vowed he would never go out with me again so long as he lived; he stamped and danced about, and I must say made a great fool of himself. I am quite sure that, if I had conducted myself after that fashion, everybody present would simply have roared with laughter; but none of us laughed at Percival. The fact is, that there was something rather terrible about the man, though I don't know that I could exactly say in what it consisted.

At length his fury spent itself, and we set off sadly and solemnly to return to the valley, Jean-Pierre and I hauging our heads like naughty boys, the rest of the Jeans and Pierres and Jean-Pierres slouching after us with somewhat scared faces, and Percival striding along by himself in deep dudgeon.

The day was not to end without another breeze. In the course of the afternoon it was suddenly discovered that we were out of every thing. There was no tea left, no bread, and not a drop of wine. Why these deficiencies had not been mentioned to us before we set out for Luchon, where we could easily have laid in a fresh stock of provisions, I don't know, but Jean said he thought Pierre had told us, and Pierre thought Jean had spoken, and Jean-Pierre had not considered it his business to interfere; and so there was a good all-round wrangle, in the midst of which Percival worked himself up into one of his paroxysms. All that was necessary was that one man should be sent down to Venasque, the nearest Spanish town, to get what we required; but this would not satisfy him. He declared that every one of them should go, and that they should walk all night, so as to be back before our breakfast hour in the morning.

"Allez-vous-en, the whole lot of you!" he shouted. "Entendez vous? —je veux être seul. Take yourselves off, you lazy, garlic-eating devils, and let's have a little peace for one night!"

The whole troop marched away without much protestation. I dare say they were not sorry to escape from this raving Englishman. Afterwards I wondered whether Percival had had a deliberate design in his mind when he dismissed them; but, looking back upon it all, I am inclined to think that he had not, and that what followed was the result of mere accident and opportunity.

He was quiet enough, though portentously gloomy, until the time came for us to partake of our evening meal. We had to collect the wood for our bonfire ourselves, and we had to cook our soup ourselves, and a nice mess we made of it. All this was sufficiently uncomfortable, and did not serve to improve my friend's temper; but the worst was to come.

Being without wine, we were obliged to fall back upon brandy-and-water for our drink, and I noticed, with some uneasiness, that Percival was making no use of the water at all. At last I rather foolishly ventured upon a gentle remonstrance, whereupon he promptly filled his glass with raw brandy, and tossed it off at a draught.

"You're a devilish hard fellow to please, Oliver, I must say," he remarked. "One would have thought you'd have been satisfied with spoiling my sport, and not wanted to spoil my dinner into the bargain. Deuce take it all, man, you don't suppose I'm going to let you tell me what I'm to drink, do you?"

The upshot of it was that by the time that we turned in he was anything but sober, though he was able to keep his legs and to talk without knocking his words together.

"Got your revolver?" he called out, just as I was dropping off to sleep. We thought it as well to have revolvers always handy, for we had heard no very good report of the sparse inhabitants of those valleys.

"Oh, yes; all right," I replied. "Good night." And I rolled over on my side.

But I had hardly closed my eyes before he disturbed me again by asking suddenly: "I say, Oliver, did you ever fight a duel?"

"Fight a duel?" I repeated, drowsily. "No, never; did you?"

"No," he answered in a cool, casual sort of tone; "but I don't see why I shouldn't fight one now. I think I will."

That woke me up. "What are you talking about?" I exclaimed. "Who are you going to fight with here?"

"Why, with you, of course," said he. "I'm not afraid. Now, then—mind yourself." And without more ado he suited the action to the word.

A flash, a loud report, and the whistling of a bullet past my ear brought me to a realizing sense of the pleasant position that I was in. I was out of

that tent and behind the biggest rock that I could find before you could have said 'Knife!' My nimbleness astonished myself. Mercifully there was no moon, and the red glare of our camp fire only served to make the shadows blacker.

Percival blundered out after me, cursing and swearing. "Stand up, you skulking devil!" he roared. "Why don't you stand up and fight like a man?" And bang went another barrel.

"Now, this time," said he, with tipsy solemnity, "I'm going to take a careful aim and hit you. Oh, I see you, you beggar! don't you flatter yourself that you're invisible."

The worst of it was that I was by no means sure that he didn't see me. He advanced with slow, unsteady steps, and began prowling round my rock, while I, crouching upon all fours, dodged him by a succession of noiseless hops, like a hugh toad. Bang! bang! went two more barrels. "That makes four thinks I." Whether he saw me or not, I saw him plainly enough, and I had my own loaded revolver in my hand all the time. I don't think I ever felt more tempted to shoot a man in my life. Fortunately he let off his last two barrels before the temptation became too strong for me. One of the bullets passed over my head, and I heard the other strike the ground beside me. Then I rose erect, feeling myself master of the situation.

"Now, Percival," I said, "I could shoot you six times over, if I choose; but of course I shall do nothing of the kind. Go and lie down. You're very drunk, you know, and—"

"That's a lie!" he interrupted.

"Very well. Lie down and go to sleep, anyhow. Perhaps you'll have the grace to beg my pardon to-morrow morning."

He growled and blustered a good deal; but eventually he did return to the tent, and throw himself down. I then proceeded to take certain precautionary measures; after which I, too, stretched myself on the ground. But no sooner had I done so than up the brute jumped again.

"No good trying to sleep," he said; "Slow work sleeping. Let's have another duel. Where's the cartridges?"

"Every single cartridge that we possess is safe at the bottom of the stream," answered I, with a chuckle; for I had just had time to anticipate that danger. I cared very little for his curses and threats, knowing that, if the worst came to the worst, I had it in my power to disable him; and I suppose he was sober enough to understand that too, for he desisted after a time, and apparently went off to sleep at last. I don't think I was many minutes in following his example. I wonder now at my temerity; but the fact was I was so dead tired that it was as much as I could do to hold my eyes open until he began to snore; and, besides, I didn't see that he could do me any harm, now that I was possessed of the one effective firearm that remained to us.

That only shows what an ass I was. The next thing of which I was conscious was that Percival was standing over me in the grey light of the dawn with my revolver in his hand. "And now, Master Oliver," said he, "I think I've pretty well turned the tables upon you."

Indeed he had! I gave myself up for lost, and I hope I may never again feel as frightened as I did at that moment. But Percival burst out laughing.

"You stupid old fool!" he said quite amiably; "do you take me for a murderer? It was all a joke, my firing at you last night. I only wanted to scare you, and I was no more drunk than you are."

I didn't in the least believe him; but it seemed more polite to pretend to do so.

"Come along up the hills and see the sun rise," he went on. "A breath of fresh air will do us both good."

I demurred to this proposition, alleging, what was perfectly true, that I hadn't had half my fair share of sleep; but I added politely that I hoped he wouldn't let me prevent him from climbing to any height that he pleased.

"Confound you!" he exclaimed angrily. "I believe you're in a funk of me. Look here, then." He caught me by the arm, dragged me rather roughly out of the tent, and flinging my revolver into the torrent, "Will that satisfy you?" he asked.

It was a pretty cool way of disposing of my property; but then, to be sure, I had drowned his cartridges. The end of it was that I had to go with him. Anything for peace, I thought; and I reflected with comfort that the guides would be back in the course of a few hours, after which my final farewell to this red-haired ruffian should very soon be spoken.

Percival led the way across to the northern side of our narrow valley, and we were soon scrambling up over boulders and slippery shale at a great pace, he whistling and singing, apparently in the highest spirits, and I silent, sulky, and out of breath. From time to time I suggested that we had mounted high enough; but he always replied briskly. "Oh, dear, no! we shall have to do another five hundred feet at least before we can get anything of a view, and there's heaps of time." And then he went on sniggering to himself, as though at some first-rate joke.

It was horridly unpleasant. I was beginning to have a very strong suspicion that the man was off his head. Drunk he was not; for he never made a false step, and we had already passed some places which demanded a steady head; but his manner was decidedly odd, and, when he turned to speak to me, I saw a light in his eyes which I didn't like. I suppose it must have taken us the best part of two hours to reach the edge of the glacier, which sloped upwards towards the summit of the ridge that separated us from France. By that time the sun had caught the higher peaks and the fleecy clouds around and below them; and I dare say the spectacle was a very exquisite one. Some people, I know, go into raptures over a sunrise; but I am not one of those people. I always loathe everything until I have had my breakfast; and the circumstances of this particular occasion were such that the snow and the sky might have clothed themselves in all the

colors of the rainbow, with a hundred and fifty intermediate tints to boot, and have left me perfectly unmoved.

One thing I was quite determined about; I didn't mean to skip over hidden crevasses at the heels of a maniac; and, to show how determined I was, I sat me down doggily on a rock, and observed: "That's enough for me. Not a step farther do I go."

"Just as you like," answered Percival, with more suavity than I had expected of him. "Oliver, old chap," he continued, seating himself close beside me, and assuming an extremely friendly and confidential tone, "I want you to tell me something. It's of no consequence; but I've a fancy to know. What did Miss Neville say to you in that last letter of hers?"

Perhaps it would have been wiser to tell him the truth, or a part of the truth; but I was cold and hungry and cross, and to have this tiresome subject reopened just when I was beginning to hope that the moment of my release was at hand was too much for me.

"Oh, bother!" I exclaimed. "I can't tell you all she said, and if I could I wouldn't. I never show my letters."

"You read me her first one," retorted Percival.

"Yes; and a precious fool I was to do it. If you want to hear about her you had better write to her yourself; I can't undertake the duties of a go-between."

Percival began to frown and glare. "Now, I'll tell you what it is, Oliver," he said; "I mean to have this out of you by fair means or by foul. You had better make up your mind to that."

Nobody can say that, in all my previous wrangles with Percival, I had not been forbearance itself; but there is a point at which, like the traditional worm, I turn; and that point he had now reached. I refused point-blank to give him the information he asked for, and couched my refusal in forcible terms.

The next minute I was lying upon my face, and Percival, kneeling on the small of my back, was tying my arms tightly behind me with a silk handkerchief. The fellow was as strong as Sampson, and I, as I have said before, am but a woe man. Successful resistance was hopeless; but I let out with my feet to the best of my ability, and had the pleasure of catching him one on the shin which I don't think he could have liked. He made no complaint, however, but quietly finished his operation, picked me up under his arm like a feather, and carried me, struggling and helpless, upwards. "You'd better keep still, unless you want to kill us both," was all that he said; and indeed I thought it as well to take his advice. How on earth he managed to scramble up the face of those rocks with a man under his arm is more than I can explain; but he did it (not without bumping and scraping me considerably, though), and after a bit we came to a narrow ledge. There he deposited me, and, descending rapidly some ten or twelve feet, contemplated me with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Now, my boy," said he, "you stay there till you have answered my question."

"Then I shall stay here for the rest of my life," I returned.

I suppose no man was ever placed in a more ridiculous position. To give in would have been too humiliating; to descend from my perch without the use of my hands was out of the question, and to get my hands free seemed scarcely less so. Of course, however, I made a vigorous attempt. I tugged, I strained, I twisted and contorted myself in every possible way, while he stood below and laughed at me; but it was all in vain, and the only result of my writhing was that a lot of things rolled out of my pocket, among which was the very letter over which we had been fighting. Percival put his foot upon it just in time to save it from fluttering away before the wind.

"It strikes me that I can find out as much as I want now without your help," said he, holding up his prize triumphantly.

"Very well," I said. "Come here and untie me, then."

But he shook his empty head sagaciously. "Not so fast, my good friend. I suspect you of treachery. Either you are engaged to your cousin, or you have been telling her things about me which you don't want me to know of. We'll just see about that before we release you."

Percival was a gentleman by birth and bringing up, and perhaps, when it came to the point, he did not altogether enjoy the sensation of looking at a letter addressed to another man. He stood for some few minutes with his back turned towards me, gazing abstractedly at the sunny mountain-tops opposite, and tapping his chin with the envelope. At length he turned round, and called out.

"I'll give you another chance. For the last time, will you tell me what is in this letter?"

"No," I shouted back resolutely, "I won't! Read it, if you don't mind behaving like a cad; and when you have quiet done perhaps you will be so good as to step up here and unloose me."

He made no reply, but stood thoughtfully tapping his chin with the letter, as before, and finally moved slowly away down hill. For a minute or two I heard the sound of his footsteps; then, every now and again, the clatter of dislodged stones, which showed me that he was still descending; then came profound silence. Uncomfortable as my position was, I was by no means impatient for his return. It was quite on the cards that, in the first access of frenzy which a perusal of Florry's cruel postscript might be expected to arouse, he might come tearing back and let off steam by flinging me over the precipice; and the longer he took to think about it the better, I felt, would be my chance of escaping with a whole skin and unbroken bones. But when a very long time had elapsed, and the sun had risen high into the heavens, and there was neither sound nor sign of Percival, I began to grow seriously uneasy. Could it be possible that the miscreant had meant to leave me there to perish miserably? Eventually I put my pride in my pocket, and shouted. The only answer that came to me was a succession of mocking echoes of my own voice—*ahoy!*—*ahoy!*—*ahoy!*—fainter and fainter,

as the cliffs tossed it to and fro. Then I made more desperate and vain efforts to free myself. Then I peered over the brink of my ledge, and convinced myself that it would be madness to attempt to scramble down. Then I tried to fray through the silk handkerchief that bound me by rubbing it against the rock; but I was too tightly secured to move my arm to any purpose, and my muscles were so strained that every movement was an agony.

I don't know how long I fretted and fumed on that narrow shelf, parched with thirst, in considerable pain, and—I frankly confess—in a mortal fright; but I afterwards calculated that I must have been there quite three hours before I resolved, in despair, to take my chance of scrambling down without assistance. I wriggled over the edge, got one foot firm into a crevice, cautiously lowered the other, and then, as might have been expected, down I went, head over heels into space. There was a tremendous crash, and that is all that I remember about it.

When I came to myself I was lying on a grassy slope, with Jean Pierre pouring brandy down my throat, and an assemblage of white-faced Pierres and Jeans kneeling round me. I was pretty well knocked about; but I was not broken anywhere, and Jean-Pierre began to praise the saints loudly when I sat up and asked for some water.

"You gave us a fine fright, monsieur," he said. "A pretty thing it would have been for us if we had to go back to France and say that both our gentlemen were killed!"

"Both!" I ejaculated. "You don't mean to say that Mr. Percival is dead!"

"*Mon Dieu!* monsieur," returned Jean-Pierre in a tone of gentle remonstrance, "how would you have a man drop down a sheer three hundred feet upon his head, and remain alive?"

Whether it was accident or design that brought about poor Percival's death I cannot, of course, say. That he was not accountable for his actions on the last morning of his life I am quite convinced. I had to give some explanation to the guides of the circumstance that I had been found with my arms tied behind me, and I did so by telling them that my unfortunate friend had gone out of his mind before treating me that way. This I firmly believe to have been the truth, and they agreed with me that he had for some time past been more mad than sane. They further concurred in my opinion that it could do no possible good, and would probably only cause troublesome complications, to make all the facts known to the authorities. Luckily for us, the authorities were less troublesome than an English coroner's jury would have been, and was neither supposed nor suggested that my own fall had been due to any other causes than the inexperience and foolhardiness which, as I was told, had proved fatal to my companion.

When I next saw Mrs. Lacy—which was rather more than a year afterwards—she expressed a great deal of concern at the fate of the hapless man with the red hair, and was eager for fuller particulars than she had as yet been able to obtain. I gratified her curiosity as well as I could, and dwelt a good deal upon Percival's recklessness; but I did not think it necessary to say anything about the letter, which we had no small difficulty in forcing out of his stiffened fingers when his body was carried back to the camp.

THE END.

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## MINING.

Mining matters in the Province have been quiet during the past week, and our correspondents in the various sections have nothing of note to report. Work at the Cowan and Reeves' Mines, Yarmouth Co., is being vigorously pushed. A large amount of quartz from the Cowan mine will be crushed in a few days. The mines in Northern Queens are being extensively prospected, and there are indications that that section of the Province may yet take the lead in gold mining.

A curious story is told as to the discovery of gold in Northern Queens. A widow named Mrs. Howe, well known in the Western portion of the Province, is said to have dreamt that gold was to be found in large quantities in a certain locality. Acting upon what she believed to be an inspiration, Mrs. H. went to the spot, accompanied by two men. The leads were found without difficulty, being exposed. The lady selected a large lead, but not finding that the quartz taken out contained free gold, as she had dreamt, she left the locality without further prospecting for it. Some time after, an Indian passing by the place where the shots had been put in, was led by curiosity to inspect the exposed quartz, and discovered that it contained many "sights;" he reported his discovery to the first persons he met, and the recent gold fever in Northern Queens was the result.

Work at the Lunenburg mines has been brisk during the past few weeks, and it is thought that this section will show up well so soon as proper machinery shall have been purchased.

Monteguo, Oldham and Rawdon, are all doing well, and we understand the gold yield for November will be fully up to that of any month during the present year, which is saying a good deal.

Some exceptions have been taken to our remarks respecting the practice of holding mines to sell. We stated in previous issues, and we repeat, that holders of undeveloped mines have no right to expect fancy prices for their properties, unless they can give good and sufficient proof that purchasers will find value for their money. This by no means applies to properties now developed, and we cannot therefore understand why our correspondents should take exception to our remarks.

The gold belt in Nova Scotia is from eleven to fifteen miles wide. It extends from Yarmouth to Canso, but as yet has only been opened out in spots. Guysboro', Halifax, Hants, Lunenburg, Queens, Shelburne and Yarmouth Counties, all contain paying gold mines, proving that the gold belt is rich throughout its entire length.

The rumour comes to us from Cape Breton that gold has been discovered on the Northern side of the Bras d'Or Lake. If the rumour proves correct, Cape Breton may add the precious metal to her long list of mineral resources.

The *Mining Review* of Chicago, which we regard as one of our most valuable exchanges, copies extensively the mining reports published in THE CRITIC. It is through such channels that capitalists learn of the mineral resources of a country.

Mr. Foster, formerly of Berwick, but lately engaged in gold mining at Mount Uniacke, is now opening the leads of H. B. Webster's manganese mine, at White Rock. He says specimens so far got, are the finest he has ever seen. Mr. Foster is also negotiating for the purchase of the manganese mine, on Ward street, lately worked by David D. Davidson.—*Western Chronicle*.

The oil spring, or whatever it may be, found a few days ago on Mr. Feshay's lot, in this town, continues to run. It looks seriously as though there was something issuing from the rocks besides pure water.—*Bridge-water Times*.

The gold dug from the mines in Thibet, writes a missionary, is so plentiful that it is used to cover the pinnacles of the pagodas, and is made into idols, chairs, couches and ornaments for the people.

A coal bed twenty feet thick has been found in Robertson County, Tex.

A valuable point mine has been discovered in Lishon, Mo. The earth is yellow, and has been pronounced by Prof. Stanley, of Bates College, to be a variety of sienna.

The gold mining property near Oxford, owned by Dr. Cogswell and others, is now under the management of S. J. Keyes & Co., and is likely to prove quite as valuable as the well-known Oxford mine. Quartz taken out from the first had yielded five ounces to the ton, and the other leads average from two to three ounces. Work is progressing favourably, ten to twelve men are constantly employed. The Goudge, Coleman, and Mill leads, with an angular, are said to be very rich.

Twenty-seven thousand dollars was the amount of money paid out last month for wages, etc., by the Cumberland Coal & Railway Company.

The total shipments of asbestos from Canada for the season of 1885 will aggregate 1,400 tons, or thereabouts, and the prices received for the various grades have been very encouraging to mine owners.

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MINING.—Continued.

Mr. Editor,—The Mines and Minerals of Nova Scotia are of little value, if not properly developed and utilized. The gold fields in this country are extensive and rich, but mining for gold has been carried on in so imperfect a manner in most of the mines that results have been such as to throw discredit on the enterprise generally; and the rush which had set in and drew men from all parts of the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America subsided, and the gold mining became, with few exceptions, almost a dead letter. The old districts were almost deserted until within the last two or three years. Oldham, one of the oldest mining places in the country, pursued operations in a limited way until within a year or so Mr. Hardman came there, bought up the crushers and mining areas, and is now successfully carrying on the business and being possessed of the modern appliances for mining and taking the gold from the rock, is now doing a profitable business. The Donaldsons and Reeves are working their property, one lead of which gives from 4 to 7 dwts, and is 15 inches wide; another lead of 4 feet wide gives 5 dwts.; another lead of 13 inches gives 9 dwts; another lead, from 8 to 16 ozs per ton. As it is with Oldham, so it is with most of the old districts. Montague, which lay unworked for years, is now under the management of Mr. Baker, and is now yielding richly.

Messrs. Lantz and Ernst, of Bridgewater, who have been spending a few weeks prospecting at Brookfield, in this county, have been successful in striking what is more than likely to prove a most valuable gold deposit. As a result of this operation, a belt of leads has been exposed, these leads varying in thickness from 4 inches to 2 feet. The specimens taken from them are remarkably rich, and experts pronounce the ore "very high grade." Brookfield, the scene of this late discovery, is within ten miles of Caledonia, which has become so well known of late, owing to the rich finds on the Hall and McGuire claims. The leads on these claims have been stripped, and worked to some extent, giving an excellent showing. A number of tons of quartz from several leads on the Hall claim were lately milled at the Millisiget crusher, near Bridgewater, and a result obtained exceeding even the most sanguine expectations of those interested, and proving, beyond doubt, that there is "big money" in Caledonia. It is said that "the best articles are done up in small parcels." Gold is one of the best articles; Queens, one of the smallest counties of our Province.

Ergo—Queens may yet turn out to be an Eldorado for gold hunters.  
QUEENS.

VILLENEUVE MICA MINE.—Recent reports from this mine are to the effect that it is producing a liberal quantity of excellent mica with but a small force of miners employed. Several experienced cutters are engaged, and find it impossible to keep pace with miners; consequently there is a large accumulation of crystals, (in the neighborhood of eight tons) awaiting the cutters to prepare them for market. A shipment of several hundred pounds of cut mica was made from the mine in October, which has been pronounced by the consignee to be of as good quality as any that has ever been mined in America—quite equal to that which he has received direct from the North Carolina mines.

The drift, or tunnel, which is being run into the micaceous lode has reached a distance of 80 feet, from the face of the mountain and has opened up a body of mica-bearing quartz in which well formed crystals are everywhere imbedded and are to be seen in vast numbers in all directions. This Villeneuve mine is certainly developing into a property of incalculable value; and ere long it will be capable of supplying almost the entire Canadian market, and it is not improbable that there will be a surplus to ship abroad.

WORK OF THE LONDON MINT.—The recently issued report of the Deputy-Master of the Mint, giving an account of the operations of that department for the year 1884, is a more than usually interesting document. From it we learn that the amount of gold coined during the year exceeded by more than a million the amount coined in 1883, while the silver coinage was but little in excess of the average. The coinage of bronze, however, was larger than in any year since 1875.

California, from 1849 to 1862, produced about \$700,000,000 in gold.

\$70,000 in gold, the result of 15 days' work at the Tradwell mine on Douglass Island, Alaska, was forwarded to Victoria, B. C., in September.

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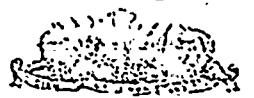
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For the Upper Province and Second Mails for the United States, New Brunswick, and principal offices on the line of the Intercolonial Railway at 1.50 o'clock, p.m.

Second Mails for Stellarton, New Glasgow and Pictou, at 1.50 o'clock, p.m.  
Second Mails for Bedford, Shubenacadie and Truro, at 5 o'clock, p.m.

H. W. BLACKADAR,  
Postmaster.

POST OFFICE.

HALIFAX, N. S., 25th Nov., 1885.

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H. W. BLACKADAR, Postmaster.

## AGRICULTURE.

**FALL FEEDING OF COWS.**—Cows are usually in calf at this season, and therefore require careful feeding. The course of nature at such a period is, for the cow to dry up and become fat. This is not to the interest of the dairyman, who wishes to prolong the period of milking as much as possible, and to avoid having the cows in too high a condition. High condition encourages milk fever, and many cows are lost by this frequent disease, from too liberal or rich feeding, at an early stage of pregnancy. Besides, a high condition retards the development of the fetus, which is starved by the diversion of the nutriment taken by the dam, towards the production of fat in her tissues. The food given should be of a kind that would produce flesh, and not fat; for the young calf is never fat, and consists of lean muscle and bone, with scarcely any fat. The food should be laxative, nutritious, easy of digestion, and not bulky. Bran is the best of all foods for this condition of the cow, and cotton-seed meal is the worst. A small quantity of new process linseed meal, which is nearly devoid of fat, is excellent, and a daily ration of roots should always be provided. All hard, indigestible, bulky, fermented, sour, moldy, smutty, or otherwise unwholesome food, should be avoided, not only for the sake of the cow, but for the welfare of the calf, which may inherit a tendency to any disorder from which the dam may suffer at this period, especially a tendency to milk fever.—HENRY STEWART, in *American Agricultural for Oct.*

**PRESERVING APPLES.**—A problem that many farmers and fruit-growers have been trying to solve for years is the best way to preserve apples. The old-fashioned way of drying them on strings has largely given away to the new process of evaporation, but this mode is often objected to on account of the expense of procuring the necessary machinery. What has been wanted is some plan by which the apples may be preserved in their natural condition, and in order to secure this several fruit growers in the United States have tried various experiments. One of them, S. W. Jewett, of Vermont, relates his experience in the *American Cultivator*:—"I desire to inform you how I have preserved apples, and have kept them fresh and fair for eighteen to twenty months. The system is worthy the experiment of fruit-growers in every section. I take the apples ripe and fresh from the trees, at this season of the year, and cover them up with dry, fine coal ashes to a depth of fourteen to eighteen inches. I have apples that have passed two-winters thus preserved, out of doors, exposed to rain and frost, and yet the fruit came out fresh and fair. How much longer the apples would keep under these circumstances I do not know. Possibly, pears, eggs, and some other perishable articles, might be kept by this simple and inexpensive process much longer than under present methods. There is no patent on this suggestion, and its simplicity and light cost should induce the experiment of those who desire to keep fruit for long periods.

**THE BEE AS A BAROMETER.**—A German, who has studiously watched every movement of the honey-bee, asserts that they are excellent storm-warners. He says, that on the approach of thunderstorms, bees, otherwise gentle and harmless, becomes very irritable, and will at once attack anyone, even their usual attendant, approaching their hives. A succession of instances are given in which the barometer and hygrometer foretold a storm, the bees remaining quiet, and no storm occurred; or the instruments gave no intimation of a storm, but the bees for hours before were irritable, and it came.

**POINTS IN GOOD MILKERS.**—An eminent stock-raiser has given the following as necessary qualities to be observed in selecting a first-class milch-cow. They may be regarded as "some of the many" with which experienced breeders are familiar: A good dairy cow has a good deal of brain; she is wide across the top of her head, wide between the eyes, and is a very sensitive animal indeed. A thunder-shower will often reduce her flow of milk; a blow from a whip will often reduce it. Her cerebral organization and the functions which are devoted to the production of milk are delicately formed. When you wish to select a good milk-producing cow, you want a firm, broad head, a clear, bright expressive eye, and if the horn is a little large at the base it does no harm. You want the shoulders to be comparatively loose, not compact like the shoulders of a beef-producing, fattening animal, thrown on, apparently; a good milking cow always has this peculiarity. If a dairy cow drops a little behind the shoulders do not let it disturb you. A dairy cow's back and rump should be as level as those of a beef-producing animal; her fore-feet should be broad, firm, and large in proportion to her leg; her leg fine below the knee, and compact and strong above. The hind-feet should be long and projecting.

**TREATMENT OF APPLE ORCHARDS.**—One of the reasons why apple orchards are not more productive is because the different kinds of trees of which the orchard is composed require different treatments. Usually, the Northern Spy apple is late in coming into bearing. This is on account of its extremely vigorous growth while young, causing it to run too much to foliage and wood. But a Pippin or Spitzenberg can hardly have too high culture or too much manure. The habit of growth of the Baldwin apple tree seems best suited to the average treatment which most orchards receive. Hence it has gained the reputation of being most profitable, while, perhaps, with different treatment, other varieties of equal or better-quality would give more profitable crops. If a young tree is planted in an old orchard to fill vacancy, it should always be of some very vigorous variety.

Nothing gets ground in better order for fruit next season than ploughing in the fall, and again next spring. If troubled with grubs or cut-worms, salt it well this fall after ploughing.



IT MAY BE THAT YOU HAVE TRIED THE DIFFERENT SPECIMENS OF COGNAC, BUT NONE HAVE PROVED EFFECTUAL IN BRINGING THAT COLE WITH WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED FOR SO LONG A TIME. IT NOW REMAINS FOR YOU TO USE SWISS CREAM EMULSION OF PURE OIL OF WHOLESALE, WHICH WILL DO THAT WHICH YOU SO MUCH DESIRE.

If you find it difficult to read the above, obtain a pair of LAURENCE'S SUPERIOR SPECTACLES, which will enable you to read the finest print. Agent for these Superior Lenses, J. GODFREY SMITH, London-Drug Store, 147 Hollis Street.

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PIANOS TUNED BY THE YEAR

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We have much pleasure in stating that Mr. D. M. Reid has been employed by us for the last four or five years in Tuning Pianos, and that we can heartily recommend him as a most efficient and careful Tuner.

J. MILLER BROS.,  
Dealers in Pianos and Organs,  
Charlottetown, Sept. 9th, 1885.

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THE  
Halifax Sugar Refining Co.  
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This REFINERY situated at Woodside, Dartmouth, Halifax Co., is prepared to supply the Wholesale Trade throughout the Country with the best Refined Sugars at lowest market prices. For terms and prices apply to

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NEW FALL STOCK

DRY GOODS,

WHOLESALE,

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300 Finest Canadian CHEESE,  
For sale by

C. W. OUTHIT,  
118 Barrington Street.

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Large Stock well worthy the attention of  
Close Buyers.

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Manufacturer of Rubber Stamps for  
Banks, Railroads, and Offices.

Stamps Cleaned, Altered and Repaired.  
Agents Wanted.

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Boys' Suits from \$1.25 upwards.  
Infants' Robes, with Bonnet, \$2.25.

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Children's Dresses, Tires, Pinafores, Aprons,  
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R. F. McCOLL'S,  
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250 bbls. Assorted APPLES, at lowest  
Wholesale Rates

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CHINA,  
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TO FARMERS.

LOBSTER GUANO.

This concentrated, powerful and valuable fertilizer is now shipped, uncreased, at \$25, and fine screened, \$30 per ton of 2000 lbs., ex barrele or bags f. o. b. from wharf at Cape Canso. Orders for next season are booked from this date at Halifax, No. 67 Hollis Street. One ton of this Guano spread broadcast on a field with a sowing drill or otherwise, is equal in effect to fifty tons of common lobster waste as now used, but has no pernicious emanation nor unpleasant odor. It being a fine, dry and soluble powder, its action and assimilation are immediate. For further particulars apply to above address of P.O. Box 33.

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HALIFAX, 29th October, 1885.  
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N. Washington, M.D., etc.,

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Catarrh of the Head and Throat, Catarrhal Deafness, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption. Also, Loss of Voice, Sore Throat, etc.

COME EARLY. CONSULTATION FREE.

Read the circulars, and hand them to your neighbors.

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DR. WASHINGTON—

Dear Sir,—I write you under feelings of intense gratitude for your Spirometer and other instruments and medicines, which have entirely restored me to blooming health. I was given up to die of consumption, and, in fact, had no hope of ever recovering myself. Lost my voice for fifteen months. All the symptoms of consumption present—so much so, indeed, that our family physician and others gave me up to die. The change of treatment came in time to save my life, and it is for the benefit of others who are afflicted as I was that my name is allowed to appear in public print. I can heartily recommend the treatment to all who wish to be saved from the grave.

Yours truly,  
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Wesley Bullen, Esq., Wholesale Liquor Merchant, Firvus Street, Belleville, Ont., says—"I have been affected with Catarrh for 25 years, and after trying every available remedy without effect, took the Spirometer, which, with the medicines used, entirely cured me.

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To DR. WASHINGTON, Throat and Lung Surgeon, Parlor 73, International Hotel:

Dear Sir,—Having been troubled with weak lungs and hemorrhage for some time with every indication of speedy consumption, concluded to try your "INHALATION TREATMENT," with the most flattering results. In fact to-day I am attending to my general business without noticing my former weaknesses, or that my lungs were ever affected. Your treatment cannot be too highly recommended. H. G. WILSON.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

Gaspereaux, P. O., N. S.

DR. WASHINGTON—

Dear Sir—I was given up to die by several physicians of Halifax and elsewhere. I was falling fast, could not walk upstairs without getting out of breath, had cough, raising large quantities of matter, night sweats, etc. After taking your treatment for a month and a half, I gained 21 lbs., and since then have gained 45, increasing from general weight from 145 to 190 lbs. My recovery has been a very great surprise to physicians and friends, who seem unable to believe that such a wonderful cure has been effected. Accept my many thanks.

LUDWEN BENJAMIN.

Reference—Mr. Davidson, merchant tailor, Hollis St., Halifax, N. S.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.

CONSUMPTION CURED IN THE LAST STAGE.

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Dear Sir,—When you visited me in the latter part of January, I had been given up to die of consumption by a consultation of physicians, who considered that my recovery was simply impossible. I had no hope myself, nor had my family. When you expressed a hope of my recovery, it was received with a good deal of doubt. Confined to my bed, with low, weak, wasted, night sweats very bad, troublesome cough, raising large quantities of matter, in fact every appearance of a speedy death. After using your Respirator and Spirometer, and medicines, I began to recover very fast, so much so that during three hard winter months I have gained from 20 to 25 lbs., and was able to walk out on Easter Sunday. My strength is daily increasing, and I shall be able soon to be at work. To you I owe a deep sense of gratitude, and am anxious for others who are suffering as I was, to consult you. You can make what use of this letter you see fit, and thanking you for what I consider a most wonderful treatment. I remain yours truly,

CAPT. WM. SALTER.

Head Office, Parlor 73, International Hotel.



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The undersigned is authorized to invite **TENDERS** for the following well known  
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Lease 101, containing 5 Acres (Free Claims).  
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Also, A Large Shaft House and Blacksmith's Shop Building, and a Dwelling House. Also, the "TOUQUOY PROPERTY, comprising Lease 79, containing 48 Acres, West of the "Heatherington" Property, and 24 Acres under Lease No. 104, adjoining on three sides the celebrated "Lake" Property of Messrs. Gladwin, Stuart, and others.  
Tenders will be received up to 15th December, 1885, and can specify offers as to each separate Lease and group of above Properties and Effects.  
The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the highest or any tender, nor are offers will have consideration, if contemplating a substantial Cash part payment.

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It is a very superior Coal for domestic purposes, owing to its making less smoke or soot than any other and to its freedom from sulphur and clinker.  
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The Public are informed that at a meeting of the Board, held this day, it was ordered, that until further notice,

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Relatives of inmates will receive by mail prompt answers to any enquiries made, and information can be obtained by telephone at the Board's Office

By order of the Board,  
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Also, A choice stock of

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Orders Promptly filled. City Goods delivered Free of Charge.  
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135 Bbls. Cornmeal.  
550 Sacks Cracked Corn.  
132 Tons Bran and Shorts.  
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25 Puns Good Molasses.  
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Dandruff,  
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