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# THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 30, 1886.

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## THE CRITIC,

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

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The climate in the Island of Cyprus is delightful, but the inhabitants are in despair over the continued increase in the swarms of locusts, which defy all efforts for their extermination.

Next month, the city of New York will celebrate its bi-centennial. Little did its founders imagine that the Settlement they planted at the mouth of the Hudson would in two hundred years become the commercial metropolis of the Continent.

William Shakespeare is a school-master in Iowa, John Milton is a carriage-builder in Illinois, while John Bunyan follows the plough in the neighborhood of Albany, New York. Can it be that the names of great men will endure long after their footprints upon the sands of time shall have disappeared?

The earthquakes and volcanoes which are now shaking to its very foundations the world of society, must in the end be beneficial to our social organism. Strikes, boycotts, lock-outs, however objectionable they may be in themselves, must tend to weaken the arm of the tyrant and strengthen that of justice.

The manufacture and importation of oleomargarine are to be prohibited in Canada. If oleomargarine is unwholesome as a food, such prohibition is justifiable, or if its sale, as butter, is fraudulently carried on by dealers, it is well to lay this embargo upon it; otherwise, we see no reason for such prohibition.

In addition to the 13,000 men forming the Irish constabulary, and the 30,000 enrolled as militia, Ireland sends to the British army a contingent of 31,140 non-commissioned officers and men. As a recruiting ground for the British army, Ireland has always been a most favorable field. Patrick enjoys the life of a soldier, and although he may sometimes grumble at its hardships, he knows that it will pay him better than working for a landlord who demands a rental equal to about twenty-two per cent. of the cash value of the produce of his little farm.

Thirty-nine thousand recruits to the British army were enlisted in 1885, being an increase of 12,000 over the previous year. No doubt the prospects of seeing foreign active service, the depressed state of the labor market in Britain, and the comparatively short period for which the British soldier now remains in the army, are the attributable causes for the marked increase.

The Montreal flood, although it will entail serious loss and hardships in many quarters, cannot be regarded as an unmixed evil. The fire which nearly destroyed London shortly after the plague, probably prevented the latter's reappearance. In like manner—the flood in Montreal will have the effect of completely stamping out and preventing the recurrence of the small-pox scourge—by which that city was so sorely afflicted.

For a potentate out of employment, the two bungalows, fitted up by the Indian Government for King Theebaw, at the picturesque village of Rutnagherry on the Malabar Coast, may be considered as quite elegant residences. Theebaw may pine for the society of his three hundred maids of honor, and long for a glance at his sacred white elephant, but barring these drawbacks, he may consider himself a lucky fellow.

With the floods in Boston and Montreal, and the lesser freshets which are now daily reported here, there and everywhere, people are beginning to enquire as to their cause. This is not far to seek. In former years, the banks of our rivers, streams, and rivulets, were covered by a magnificent growth of timber, which prevented the sudden melting of the snow in the early spring days. The trees have now been cut down, hence the floods and freshets.

The mania for Home Rule appears to be spreading in the British Empire. The Indian "Mirror"—a native paper published in Calcutta—strongly advocates Home Rule for India, closely following the arguments advanced by Parnell and his followers in respect to Irish Home Rule. Cape Breton is fast being educated for a similar movement—the *North Sydney Herald* leading off in the agitation. If the Cape Breton members in the local legislature would sink party differences and unite as one man in demanding fair play, the separationist agitation would be quite unnecessary.

The disallowance by the Dominion Government of certain railway Acts passed by the Legislature of Manitoba, has caused some unpleasantness between the Federal and Provincial authorities. It is time the boundary lines of federal and provincial rights were definitely settled. The longer the settlement of this question is delayed, the more difficult will it be to define the limits. As it now stands, the provincial governments are determined on preserving their autonomy, while the federal government is quite as determined not to relinquish one jot or tittle of its lawful authority.

It will take many years to assimilate the different nationalities represented in the United States. With a French paper in New Orleans, a Portuguese paper in San Francisco, a Swedish paper in Chicago, and innumerable German papers being issued in New York and elsewhere, it will take at least a century to assimilate the masses. It may be an open question whether the citizen of the United States a hundred years hence will be moulded according to the pattern of the typical Yankee, or whether the 7,000,000 of blacks, now living in the Republic, will in a degree stamp the features and color the skins of the coming generation.

Strikes among all classes of wage earners have become so common in the United States, that their announcement now ceases to cause any surprise—but are wage-earners the only class in the community that are under-paid? How about the brain workers, country clergymen for example? If a salary of \$700.00 per annum is considered sufficient remuneration for the services of a man who is obliged to place his name at the head of every charity list, to contribute his quota towards building funds, bazaars, tea-meetings, picnics, etc., and is obliged to support his family in a style suitable to the dignity of his position, to say nothing of unavoidable expenses incurred by him in the discharge of his manifold duties, we should like to see those who consider it such, step into the clergyman's shoes for a twelvemonth. We fancy the result would be a strike.

The proposal of the Russian Minister, DeGiers, that the British Government should extend the Indian Railway system through Afghanistan to Herat, has revived the old cry as to Russian duplicity. The truth is, that Russia has spent her last dollar on the construction of a railway through Central Asia, which now extends south and west of the Caspian Sea to a distance of 1550 miles, reaching a point only a few miles north of the Afghan boundary. This road the Czar intends pushing on to Herat as soon as he can draw from the depleted treasury the requisite roubles. Trade between Russia and India cannot be carried on until a line connecting Herat with the existing Indian system of railway is constructed. This the Czar realizes he will not be in a position to overtake in the immediate future; hence the proposal of DeGiers.

## GREECE SUPPORTED BY RUSSIA.

Greece appears to be determined to create a disturbance in the Balkan Peninsula, despite the protestations of the European powers. She has seen the Prince of Bulgaria appropriating and successfully annexing Eastern Roumelia, with but a passing protest from the Turkish Government, and with the evident concurrence of at least two of the great powers. Greece looks upon this extension of the Bulgarian territory as irreconcilable with the failure of Turkey to pass over to the Grecian Government the district surrounding Janina, in the southern portion of Albania, which, according to the terms of the treaty of Berlin, was to have been placed under Grecian control. It is doubtful, however, that Greece would have undertaken to vindicate the righteousness of her cause, were it not that she counted upon material aid from Russia. It is well known that Russian diplomatists have for some months been urging upon the Grecian Government the necessity of striking during the present critical juncture in Europe; and though the Russian representations look ultimately to the furtherance of the Muscovite cause, Greece may feel justified in commencing hostilities, in which she hopes eventually to be supported by Russia. The Greek Government can now put into the field a force of 60,000 well-armed men, in addition to which, it has an available reserve of 29,000 men. Against this force, Turkey will be able to hurl her well-disciplined army, numbering 320,000 men, including 35,000 horsemen. The odds against Greece are so tremendous that no sane man could believe for a moment that she would undertake the part of the aggressor, were it not that she counted upon outside assistance. The Montenegrans, though always ready to fight, could render Greece no material aid; the Servians will be held in check by the Austrian Government, while the Bulgarians will, if drawn into the struggle, take sides with Turkey. It will thus be seen, that unless Greece is aided by Russia, there is little hope of her being able to cope single-handed with a Government having a force at its command five times as great as that of the Greeks. It may be that Russia, fearing the establishment of a strong Bulgarian power, which might bar her road to Constantinople, has decided to espouse the cause of Greece, with the hope that by so doing, she may reach the goal of her ambition, and hoist the Russian flag upon the fortifications at Constantinople. The events of the next few weeks may be looked forward to with interest by those familiar with the complications which have arisen in the Balkan Provinces during the past quarter of a century.

## PROTECTION FOR BIRDS.

The crusade which has been begun by the English and the American press, against the wanton destruction of birds, cannot fail to receive the hearty co-operation of all lovers of these feathered inhabitants of the wood. The latest fashionable craze for trimming ladies' hats with whole birds, and often with several of them, has gone so far as to awaken general alarm. So long as a wing or a head of some unmusical bird sufficed for the decoration of one piece of head-gear, the evil was unnoticed. But, unfortunately, many of the fair sex have an ambition to carry about on their heads whole show-cases of taxidermy. And in many instances, the birds which are sacrificed on the altar of fashion are not the most handsome in plumage, but the sweetest in song, whose little throats, silent forever, by their very silence "plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of their taking-off." An American reporter recently made an inventory of the feathered decorations of five ladies' hats, seen in one street car, showing that number one wore the wings and tail-feathers of three starlings; number two carried an entire bird, name unknown; number three had no less than seven warblers somewhere above her; number four was surmounted by a large-sized tern; while number five looked out from under the remains of three shore larks. Surely, when man was given dominion over the beast of the earth and the fowls of the air, it was not intended that man's wife should make such glaring abuse of her authority.

Akin to this question of the wholesale slaughter of those birds which are used for decorative (?) purposes, is the killing of game birds out of season. In most civilized countries it has been found expedient to prohibit the destruction of game during certain months of the year. Not only is this a necessary precaution against the total disappearance of game, but it is the opinion of experts that, during the close months, game birds are quite unfit for human food. In no country are the game laws enforced with sufficient rigor; and in England the difficulty seems to lie in the permission to sell game, on the ground that it is imported from Sweden, Norway, or Russia, where there is no game law. Of course, as an English contemporary points out, it is impossible to tell where the birds offered for sale were killed, and hence much English game is for sale during the close season. The same journal adds:—"It is, in fact, an inexorable law of nature that wherever men increase and multiply upon the earth, wild animals and birds disappear. For these very obvious reasons game laws are the necessary correlatives and sequents of civilization. It is not creditable to such countries as Sweden, Norway, and Russia, that in them fur and feather should not be protected by close times."

## AN AGE OF SHAMS.

The nineteenth century has been marked by the material advance made in the arts and sciences, by the improvement in the means of communication and transportation, and by the cheapening and general diffusion of newspapers, periodicals, books and printed matter. But notwithstanding these undeniable advantages the age is after all an age of shams, and has been aptly styled an age of obtrusive insincerities. The advances made in the arts and sciences have not always been fraught with good to mankind,

as science has frequently been perverted and turned to uses that tend to lower rather than improve our civilization. An analysis of many of the articles used by us as food only serves to prove to what an extent science has been degraded. An able writer referring to the question of food adulteration in a late number of the *London Post* says:

"Most people who read of artificial eggs being manufactured in America will regard the matter as a joke, to be classed with such Yankee notions as wooden nutmegs and clocks without insides, for which Massachusetts enjoys a great reputation. The idea of anything like real competition with the hencoops will appear absurd. But it is a fact, nevertheless. A large firm at New Jersey is engaged in the manufacture of fresh eggs, and so well are they made that experienced buyers cannot detect the imposture until the articles are boiled. A man named OVERDANK, living in Rockland county, New York, was recently fined fifty dollars and costs for selling fresh eggs at a low price. They were admirably made, the shells of a composition of lime, the whites of artificial albumen, with a yolk—looking almost as good as the real thing—of ground carrots and saffron. In boiling the 'inside got mixed up,' and in this way the cheat was discovered. It further transpired that these eggs were being turned out at very low figure by a New Jersey firm."

Cognac and castor-oil seem remote enough from each other; and the problem how to turn four ounces of the objectionable oil into a barrel of first-class brandy will appear to most people one by no means easily solved. But certain Hamburg chemists are fully equal to the task, and the French authorities are perfectly cognizant now of the fact that the basis of most of the cheap cognac made in France is neither more nor less than castor oil. The *Republique Francaise* recently gave some interesting details of the falsification under the eminently suggestive heading, "A German Poison." It is a liquid preparation largely sold in France, but made in Hamburg, expressly for the purpose of adulterating genuine and manufacturing spurious brandies. Its name, as set forth on the labels of the small blue bottles in which it is imported, is "Essential oil of the lees of wine." It is, however, as innocent of wine-lees in any form as American honey of the true nectar of flowers. Samples of it have been seized by the sanitary police and analysed at the municipal laboratory, and it has been proved to consist of castor oil which has been subjected to the action of nitric acid, and afterwards etherified with a mixture of ethylic alcohol. Four ounces of this precious extract, it is stated, added to a sufficient quantity of common beetroot spirits—the very worst there is—will make a barrel of fine cognac brandy.

Perhaps for unscrupulous audacity both must yield to a Philadelphian genius who was recently engaged in making artificial quinine. It was valueless as a medicine, but looked well, tasted well, and what was more to the point, sold well among the poor.

The commercial ingenuity which enables unscrupulous men to palm off upon the community as genuine, spurious honey made of maize starch treated with oxalic acid, tea made from prepared willow leaves, preserves made from turnips, and butter, in the production of which not one drop of cream has been used, would if turned in proper channels be of great service to the world. But the race for the goal of wealth has become so general, and the competition so keen, that men who would not be guilty of direct theft have no scruples in enriching themselves at the expense of the unwary consumer, and appear to have grown callous to the dishonesty they thus practice. If the adulteration of food were always harmless in its effect, the strong arm of the law should still be used to protect the people against imposition, but as it frequently results in the substitution of poisonous for nutritious ingredients, it is time that society, through its rulers, took vigorous measures to prevent the further growth of an evil which has already assumed alarming proportions.

## CAPE BRETON.

That the Island of Cape Breton is a constant and material contribution to the revenue of the Province of Nova Scotia is a fact very well known to our readers. That these contributions have hitherto been largely spent in constructing public works (railways for instance) in Nova Scotia Proper, while Cape Breton has been altogether neglected, is equally well-known. We and many others have been entertaining the idea that such neglect of the Island was under the circumstances unjust. But Mr. Mack, M. P. P. for Queen's County, gives us to understand that we have been all wrong. He says that no greater favor could have been done to Cape Breton than to have made the expenditures referred to all outside the Island; that all the public works beyond the Island are of the greatest possible utility to its people, and that they should be grateful to the beneficent men who caused this state of things to be. Upon the same principle, P. E. Island should have contributed to the building of the I. C. R., and be grateful for the privilege. When a man in Cape Breton wishes to carry the product of his industry or speculation from Cape Breton County to the Strait of Canso, or from Margaree to Sydney, it must be consoling to him to think that he ought to be thankful that his contributions to the revenue of this Province have been applied—not to building railways in Cape Breton, but to public works in Nova Scotia Proper! Well done, thou fair and faithful statesman, Mack! After this we shall with awe behold thee:—

"Still shall we gaze and still the wonder grow  
That some small heads can carry 'em they know."

Within the recollection of many of our readers, San Francisco was not. The city now boasts one hundred millionaires. No enumeration of its paupers and of those who live from hand to mouth, not knowing where the next meal is to be obtained, has yet been made public. Extremes meet, millionaires and paupers never live far apart.

A NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 3, 11, 6, 12, 8.—A character described in Uncle Tom's Cabin.  
 My 5, 2, 3, 13, 7.—A people who very recently were much discussed.  
 My 9, 8, 14, 3.—A medical term.  
 My 10, 11, 1, 4.—A name and place too often deserted and uncared for.  
 My 6, 10, 8, 14, 9, 11, 7.—A town of Caria.  
 My whole is the name of a belief or doctrine strongly held by the ancient Egyptians and the Buddhists. C. A. S.

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 Wednesday, marked answer to puzzle.

Answer to Cross-Word Puzzle published last week:—

W O R K W O M A N  
 E S S E N T I A L  
 A O G R I E V E D  
 P A R I S I A N S  
 M I S T L E T O R  
 T R I L O B I T E  
 T R U C U L E N T  
 A S P E R S E R S  
 A S S I S T A N T

TIT-BITS.

Jack—"Grandma, have you good teeth?" Grandma—"No, dear; unfortunately I have not." Jack—"Then I'll give you my walnuts to keep till I come back."—*Boston Beacon.*

Johnny (just after Sunday-School)—"Say, Jack, what is a sockdolager?" Jack—"Why, don't you know? That's what they sing in church when they get ready to go home. The minister gets up and says: 'Let us now sing the sockdolager.'"—*Boston Beacon.*

Jeems knocks a cup off the mantel, shivering it into a thousand fragments. His mistress, hearing the noise, rushes in and stands a moment stupefied by the result of her servant's awkwardness. "O," she cries with tears in her eyes, "my beautiful, old Sevres!" "O," exclaims Jeems, in a joyous tone, a seraphic smile spreading all over his face, "I was so frightened at first, I thought it was something new."—*Paris Figuro.*

A baby does not disassemble. He always hollers when he feels holler.

A misplaced switch—When the wrong boy is whipped.

A horse that every European traveller ought to see this summer—the Mer de Glace.

Auctioneers have a nod way of receiving bids.

The man who ought to "give you fits"—Your tailor.

"Really," confided Angelina to her dearest friend, "I'm getting worried about John. Before we were married, a year ago, he used to pick me up in his arms as if I weighed 10 pounds instead of 136, and now he says it tires him to hold the baby.

JUMBO MARCHING AGAIN.—The little folks may be glad to hear something about the great elephant. You all remember the story of his being brought from the Zoological Garden in London to the United States, and that he was killed last September by the care at St. Thomas, Ont. Well, Jumbo has been reconstructed, made over, built up, stuffed, set on his feet, and looks almost as good as new. In fact two Jumbos have been made out of one. The skin and the skeleton were sent to Rochester to Professor Ward, the naturalist, who has been four months in getting the restored Jumbo, and the skeleton Jumbo, ready to trail and move. Now this work has been done so well, that you would almost think him alive. His skin weighed 15 hundred pounds. When alive Jumbo weighed seven tons, and stuffed he weighs three tons.

The skeleton will be to many the more interesting of the two Jumbos. The skin was badly demolished by the freight train that killed Jumbo, yet the restoration has been so perfectly done that a critical examination has to be made to discover any indications of the smash-up. Every bone of the huge mammal has been carefully fastened in its proper place and they are as firmly secured ready for travelling.

Scientific young lady to young editor: "What a wonderful thing is space, stretching away beyond the reach of thought! Do you contemplate its immensity?" Young editor—"Indeed I do. I have to fill seven columns of it first rate every week or the boss is after me."

A well-known playwright and wit, having taken a new house, said to a friend: "Well, all will go on now like clockwork." "Ay," said the friend. "Tick, tick!"

Mr. Startup—"I see that Richard Wagner's gondola is offered for sale in Venice."

Mrs. Startup—"Wagner? Wagner? Is that the sleeping-car man?"

Mr. Startup—"No; the musician fellow, you know. The gondola was his favorite instrument."

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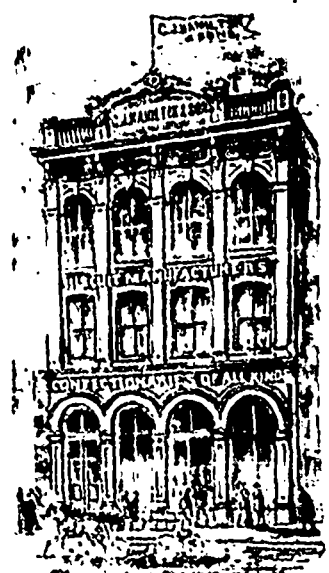
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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Subscribers remitting Money, either direct to the Office, or through Agents, will find receipt in next paper.

The agencies of the Bank of Pictou in Amherst, New Glasgow, and Stellarton, have been taken over by the Bank of Nova Scotia. The latter institution is fast assuming the provincial character which its name indicates.

The Province of Quebec is generally credited with extravagance in the conduct of its provincial affairs. This year the Budget announces a surplus of \$180,000. Quebec may after all have some knowledge of domestic economy.

General Middleton's proposed visit to England is said to be on official business connected with the Militia Department. The rumor as to his probable retirement is without foundation.

The question of reciprocity in trade between Canada and the British West Indies is again looming up. If we could secure such a treaty and make a similar arrangement with regard to the Spanish West Indies, our American cousins living in Gloucester would move to the provinces bag and baggage.

Now that it has been brought out in evidence that the officers of the *Oregon* found it impossible to close the bulkhead when the water began to rush in, and that the divers have discovered the break in her side had been caused by a concussion from without, sufficient to drive in her plates and damage the cargo, we need not expect to hear any further insinuations as to the accident having been caused by dynamite.

On Sunday next the ministers in Cleveland, Ohio, are to preach upon the evils of the Sunday newspaper. They will doubtless recommend their congregations to boycott Sunday journals.

The low price at which apples are selling in the English markets has caused a panic among the wholesale fruit dealers in the United States. As this is the season in which the pie-plant, rhubarb, is in demand, the home market for apples is flat. Choice varieties are now being sold at from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per barrel, and even at these figures the market is glutted.

Montreal bankers are at their wits end. The sufferers by the flood require temporary assistance to tide over their present difficulties, and the bankers find it no easy matter to discriminate between sound and unsound business establishments, as it is yet impossible to ascertain definitely the losses for each and every firm.

## Return of goods in bond at Halifax, April, 1886:--

Brandy.....	12,296 Gals.	\$25,838	Value.
Gin.....	9,951 "	3,379	"
Rum.....	21,573 "	5,528	"
Whiskey.....	13,098 "	12,832	"
Wines.....	7,745 "	11,344	"
Sugar.....	227,568 Lbs.	6,494	"
Molasses.....	43,727 Gals.	8,565	"
Beef.....	219,000 Bbls.	8,531	"
Pork.....	101,100 "	4,426	"
Other articles.....		91,734	"

\$178,671

The *Nebraska Daily State Journal* contains the obituary notice of Mrs. Hay, wife of the assistant superintendent of the Lincoln Hospital for the Insane. Mrs. Hay was born at Stillwater, Guyboro Co., and was the daughter of Mr. E. F. Archibald, of Thomson, Cumberland Co. The *Journal* refers to Mrs. Hay as a most estimable lady, highly educated and well qualified to discharge the onerous duties which devolved upon her.

A lively war is going on in the New York press respecting the merits and demerits of the varied systems of life insurance. The *New York Witness* has come out as a pronounced advocate of that system by which the insured simply pays the cost of insurance in addition to the cost of economical management. By this system the poor man as well as the rich can protect his family against want in the event of the bread winner's death. The *Witness* claims that the premiums now paid for insurance in many companies are an insufferable tax upon the thrift of the community, and that the millions rolled up in reserves never find their way back to the pockets of the people. Cheap and reliable insurance is a necessity of the age, and companies following out the natural system adopted by the Dominion Safety Fund Life Association deserve to be encouraged.

The Industrial School continues quietly to carry on its work of reform among the young vagrant classes in Halifax. During the past year thirty-two boys have been under training in the Home, eight of whom have been sent out fully prepared to earn an honest livelihood. An expenditure of \$4,950 for general purposes has left the School in debt to the extent of \$1000. This should not be. Who will be the first to subscribe \$100 towards the liquidation of the debt.

The Lizzie Evans Comedy Company, which occupies the boards at the Academy this week is drawing good houses. The plays are well put on and Miss Evans well sustains her reputation as "the little electric battery."

Henry W. C. Bork, L. L. B., Barrister-at Law, Solicitor, Notary, etc., 103 Hollis Street, Halifax. Mercantile Collections and Commercial Litigation a speciality.

A magnificent spotted seal, nine feet in length and weighing 580 pounds, was shot last week by Mr. George Wilson, on the Londonderry shore of the Cobequid Bay. Mr. Wilson was at the time out duck-shooting, and while clambering along the rocks, came in sight of the great sea calf. He was armed with a repeating rifle, from which he discharged four bullets before he succeeded in dispatching the animal. Eight gallons of seal oil were subsequently obtained from the carcass. Mr. Wilson succeeded in capturing the seal's young calf, which weighed 180 pounds, although apparently only a few days old. This has been sent to Ontario.

A portion of the pretty woods on the Brno, owned by Mr. G. A. S. Crichton, of Dartmouth, were recently burned, the fire having been started by some thoughtless youngsters. Parents should warn their children against lighting fires in the woods. The practice is becoming too general.

The amount paid by Mr. Sinclair for the Hall-Anderson Gold Mine at Fifteen Mile Stream, was \$9,500. The property was sold at auction on Tuesday last by James Shand, at Halifax.

The outlook for the stockholders in sugar refineries is brighter than it has been for many months. The Halifax Refinery, situated in Dartmouth, commenced operations on Monday morning last with its full complement of men.

Our home markets are not always supplied with beef of the first quality, but at seasons such as Christmas and Easter excellent beef is obtainable. Among the many fine animals sold for Easter beef in different parts of the Province, the Durham two-year old heifer, raised on the farm of Mr. David Lyons, North River, deserves special mention. The animal weighed on foot 1560 pounds, the dressed weight being 980 pounds. Mr. James Barnhill of Belmont, Col., sold for Easter beef a magnificent pair of oxen, weight on foot 3836 pounds, weight when dressed one ton. The Truro beef-eaters must have enjoyed their dinners on Sunday last.

The cool reception given by the citizens of St. John's, Newfoundland, to the new Governor, Sir George Des Voeux, is attributable to the reaction which has set in since the cancelling of Sir Ambrose Shea's appointment to the Governorship of his native Province.

St. George's Society had a right merry time on Tuesday evening last, when the centenary of the organization was celebrated by a public dinner at the Halifax Hotel. One hundred and twenty three members and guests sat down and partook of the bountiful supply of good things. His Lordship Bishop Binney, the Patron of the Society, responded to the toast, the refrain of which placed Archbishop O'Brien, Bishop Binney and the Clergy generally all in the same category as "jolly good fellows."

The Provincial elections in New Brunswick have resulted in the Government being sustained by an overwhelming majority. The liberal newspapers in our sister Province attribute the victory to the confidence of the public in the Blair administration, while conservative journals claim it to be the result of the indifference evinced by the members of the Lib-Con party in provincial affairs. Whatever may have been the cause, Mr. Blair's government is in for a second term with a strong backing.

Year by year the markets for the sale of boneless codfish are extending, and when these are supplied with an article such as that put up by Mr. F. W. Hart, of Halifax, boneless fish will be as much in demand throughout Canada as it now is in Halifax.

The aldermanic elections which took place in Halifax on Wednesday last, resulted in the return by acclamation of J. E. Irish, and the election of T. E. Cooke, M. E. Keefe, J. J. O'Brien, J. M. Lyons, and Saul Mosher. J. C. Mackintosh, being unopposed, will occupy the position of Mayor for the ensuing year.

The proprietor of the Albion Hotel must have the faculty of pleasing those who frequent his comfortable house. Every sleeping apartment in the building is at present taken up.

An irate fellow entered the office of the *Acadian Recorder* of this City one day this week, flourishing a whip, and calling vociferously for the editor. The chap soon left with a changed countenance.

Black teas, green teas, all first-class teas may be obtained at the establishment of J. E. Morse & Co.

The only correct answer to puzzle published last week was received from Douglas Clark, cor. Cedar and Chestnut Sts., city.

The members of the Congregational Church at Milton, are fortunate in having secured as their minister the Revd. Mr. Goddard, of Brighton, G. B. This gentleman comes to the Province highly recommended. We extend to him a hearty old-fashioned Nova Scotia welcome.

Fishermen, shipbuilders and others should read the advertisement of Stair, Son & Morrow, which appears in another column. This firm has, through its enterprise and close attention to business, become favorably known beyond the confines of Nova Scotia.

The *Toronto Week* issued a handsome special Easter number of 24 pages. The *Week* is unquestionably one of the best journals of the kind published in North America, and as such is a credit to Canada. The style and matter of many of its editorial and contributed articles are gems in literary finish and perspicuity of thought.

Messrs. A. Stephen & Son have on hand a stock of bed-room sets made of oak in antique style.

RELIGIOUS.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Rev. John Allan, who has accepted a call from St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, has arrived from Scotland.

The First Presbyterian Church of New York, over which the Rev. R. D. Harlan has just been installed, is the oldest of the denomination in the State.

From present appearances, we believe, that the Rev. J. K. Smith, of Galt, Ont., will be the next moderator of the General Assembly.

The Presbyterian Church of Sherbrooke, Quebec, of which the Rev. Mr. Cattnach, of this city, was lately pastor, has extended a call to the Rev. A. Lee, of Russelltown.

The closing exercises of Pine Hill College took place last evening in St. Andrew's Church.

BAPTIST.

The Rev. Mr. Cahill, of Carleton Baptist Church, N. B., has been compelled to retire from the active work of the ministry for some time owing to throat troubles.

The Rev. J. M. Taylor, of the Fourth Baptist Church, Providence, R. I., has been chosen president of Vassar College.

METHODIST.

The new church, at the corner of Robie Street and Cobourg Road, will be dedicated on the 9th of May.

At a meeting of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church lately held, a report in regard to the New York Methodist Book Concern was submitted. It is now out of debt for the first time in seventeen years, having redeemed all of the \$500,000 in bonds issued in 1869 to help pay for its new \$1,000,000 building.

The Methodists of Australia are preparing to celebrate their jubilee next month in Melbourne.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The services in the churches in the City on Easter Day were well attended. At the Bishop's Chapel the congregation and number of communicants were larger than at any time previous. The Chapel is doing a good work in a very quiet and unostentatious way.

The Central Board of Missions for the Ecclesiastical Province and Canada meets on May 5th, in Quebec. This Board receives and disburses the amounts raised for Foreign and Domestic missions, and may not be considered as being a settled institution.

The church people of the City and Dartmouth have been anxiously awaiting the result of the elections to the rectorships of St. Paul's and Dartmouth. The Rev. Dr. Hole, of England, once a missionary in South Africa, is to come to St. Paul's for three months, with a prospect of election at the end of that period; while the Rev. N. R. Raven, B. A., has been elected rector of Dartmouth.

CATHOLIC.

Archbishop O'Brien left Rome on April 3rd. He is visiting several parts of Britain, and this will prevent his return home for several weeks.

Bishop Cameron is named in late United States papers as one of the several bishops that will visit Lourdes before the close of the present year.

Rarely, now-a-days, do we hear a sermon so instructive, so forcible, and so earnest, as that preached at Vespers, in St. Mary's, on Sunday last. Fr. Biggs possesses the happy faculty of reaching the heart of the hearer, and of making clear to the mind the sovereign importance of religion in all the relations of life.

The contract for the building of the Canadian College in Rome has been let, and the site is being prepared. The building will be made to accommodate about forty students in the beginning. The amount proposed to be expended upon it is \$260,000.

Over 419,000 children attend Catholic parochial schools in the United States.

STATISTICS OF THE CHURCH.—The Year Book, published at Rome, contains some interesting statistics for last year. Including the diocese of Rome there are, accordingly, 821 dioceses. Of these 269 belong to Italy, with 28,600,000 Catholics, and of these dioceses 70 are found in the former Papal State, and 100 in the district of Naples alone.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

The following Price Lists have been corrected up to the time of going to press, and are thoroughly reliable and accurate.

GROCERIES.

Table listing various grocery items such as SUGAR, TEA, MOLASSES, SOAPS, BISCUITS, CONFECTIONERY, BUTTER, EGGS, TOBACCO, and FISH FROM VESSELS with their respective prices.

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

Our quotations below are our today's wholesale selling prices for cash within ten days after shipment.

Table listing various flour and produce items such as FLOUR, Bran per ton, Shorts, Middlings, Cracked Corn, Oats, Peas, and Corn with their respective prices.

A. GUNN & Co., 253 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various meat and provision items such as Beef, Pork, American Clear, P. E. I. Thin Mess, Prime Mess, and Lard with their respective prices.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Table listing various wool and hide items such as Wool—clean washed, Green Hides—Ox, Salted Hides—Ox in Lots, and Calf Skins with their respective prices.

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

LUMBER.

Table listing various lumber items such as Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, Shingles, Lath, and Hard wood with their respective prices.

The above quotations are prepared by a reliable firm in this line.

POULTRY.

Table listing various poultry items such as Fowls, Turkeys, Geese, and Ducks with their respective prices.

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK.

Table listing various live stock items such as Steers, Oxen, Fat Steers, Weathers, and Lambs with their respective prices.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Table listing various fruit items such as Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Coconuts, Onions, Foxberries, Figs, Dates, and Maple Sugar with their respective prices.

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

## \*THE LITTLE WANDERER'S GRAVE.

The conquering hosts with torch and sword,  
Spread ruin far and wide,  
The cheerful home and friendly board,  
Sink in the fiery tide.  
The wife and child are forced to flee  
Before the invader's breath,  
The rich, the poor, the bond and free  
Make their escape from death.

The murky sky is overcast,  
The twilight gray is gone,  
The heavy pine nods to the blast  
That slowly howls along.  
Beside the road in forest old,  
With hearts and minds distressed,  
These weary exiles, faint and cold,  
Sink slowly down to rest.

The camp fire feebly dies away,  
The faithful dog keeps watch,  
Awaiting all 'till dawn of day,  
Then to the welcome march.  
To one in this despairing throng  
Sleep brings no rosy dream,  
Sally she hears the rippling song  
That glides along the stream.

Her infant to her bosom pressed  
Expires within her arms,  
She shrieks, oh God! 'tis for the best,  
'Tis free from war's alarms,  
Far, far away from babe and wife,  
Defending hearth and home,  
His father leads in mortal strife  
On fields of bloody gloom.

Its tiny grave is quickly made  
Beside an aged pine:  
Low in the silent gloomy shade  
Her babe forever sleeps.  
O'er the little mound she twines  
An immortelle with care;  
Its requiem, the sighing pines,  
Its dirge, a mother's prayer.

VETERAN.

\* See "The Southern Side," page 270, by R. Randolph Stevenson, M.D., on General Sherman's March through Georgia and South Carolina, in 1865.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## TRIFLES—WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Not long ago, I read in some journal a note asking if there is an English parody of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." I have since learnt incidentally that "The Low Bohemian," which was published in *London Truth* the latter part of 1878, is such a parody. Its opening lines are:—

"Before the Cheshire Cheese's bar,  
The quaint Bohemian stands;  
A sallow, seedy man is he,  
With ever-musty hands;  
And there, as jolly as a tar,  
He four of 'Cork' demands."

An amusing little anecdote is the following, found in Mr. Kirkpatrick's *Life of the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke*: At a grand Vatican levee for visitors, the Pope turned to "Thomas Nick" for information as to the antecedents of several persons present. "Thomas, my son, who may this stranger be?" "The Duchess of Leeds, your Holiness." "What a fine, but what a colossal cigar." "Yes, Holy Father; faith moves mountains." Now, there are few, if any places in the world where a misapplication of Sacred Scripture appears more ludicrous than beneath the very roof of the Vatican. Mr. Kirkpatrick says: "We will not say that His Holiness laughed; but perhaps we may say that he could not fail to appreciate the aptness of the scriptural citation."

In "*Ocean: or, England and Her Colonies*," Mr. Froude (James A.) has given the public a book that embodies what he learnt in an eighteen months' tour around the world, but it is a work far above the ordinary book of travel. Now and then he goes beyond mere description and narration, and gives us his thoughts on recent and expected political events; and then he gives us much shrewd philosophy and sound common sense. Mr. Froude cannot long endure as an historian; either he is averse to the fullest independent research after facts, or he takes too much liberty with what he has ascertained to be facts. But let him state the facts accurately with respect to a recent event (in regard to which few men will, or can afford to, blunder) and he discourses upon them with admirable clearness and ability.

Mr. F. possesses the happy faculty of conveying a striking truth in one short and unpretending sentence. For instance: "Who knows what would be the status of our 'great' men if they had lived in other times and under other circumstances?" This is indeed suggestive. Put Darwin in Russia in 1830, and he will soon be hurried off to die in obscurity in Siberia. If George Washington had lived in England he probably would never have been anything more than a respectable squire. If a Louis Quatorze should arise in the France of to-day, a Parisian rabble would effectually nip him in his teens.

Again, Mr. F. says: "A nation's greatness, whether it be great or little, depends entirely on the sort of men and women that it is producing." Axiomatic though this may appear to many, to the despoliation of it may be traced some of the worst ills that have afflicted the body politic in various countries, more especially in erratic, unfortunate France. A sound nation is a nation that is composed of sound human beings, healthy in body, strong of limb, true in word and deed,—brave, sober, temperate, chaste, to whom

virtue is of more importance than wealth or knowledge—who: duty is first and the rights of man are second. All wise statesmen look first, in the ordering of their national affairs, to the effect which is being produced on character; and institutions, callings, occupations, habits, are measured and estimated first, and beyond every other consideration, by this test. The commonwealth is the common wealth—common health—common wellness. No nation can prosper long which attaches to its *wealth* an other meaning; yet, as Aristotle observed long ago, in democracies this is always forgotten. They may not deny it in words, but they assume the political liberty once secured, all else that is good will follow of itself.

SANTON-RESANTUS, JR.

## OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Boston, Mass., April 26, 1886.—The talk of the hour is the labor question. All other matters of national, state or municipal importance are overshadowed by this, not even excepting the fishery question, which, in New England at least, is one of pretty large proportions. Not only in Boston, but all over the country the present mighty conflict between labor and capital is having its effect. In this city, while the battle between the workers and the capitalists has been of sufficient magnitude to paralyze a city of smaller dimensions and fewer resources, it has been as nothing at all compared with the serious aspect it has assumed in various other parts of the country, as the telegraph has of course kept you informed. The time has never been when the workmen of the United States were so well and powerfully organized as they are at the present time, and the question what the present revolution is to eventually bring forth is a nut that is too hard for even the most prophetic souls to crack. One thing is very certain, and that is, the future will without doubt witness fewer men grow up with hundreds of millions of dollars under their control than are at present in the country. When insinuations are openly made in the House of Congress, the highest tribunal in the land, that it would be better that Jay Gould should hang from a lamp-post than that the country should be torn up incessantly by such demoralizing labor troubles, it would seem that we were on the eve of a new order of things. Whether it will be a healthier one or not is a matter of opinion. In these modern days uneasy lies the head whose owner is the sole and exclusive proprietor of millions. This present labor incubus is the only thing that stands in the way of a season of general prosperity. The business boom is ready to roll and has been ready for some time, but its wheels are clogged by the stumbling-block of Strike. This isn't going to interfere with the summer carnival at Halifax next year, however.

All the local papers, or at any rate the greater portion of them, comment editorially on the present anti-union movement in the land of the Bluecross. They seem to have "caught on" to the gravity of the situation and understand the important, though indirect, bearing it has to the interests of this part of the country. Like Ko-Ko in the "Mikado," they are inclined to exclaim, "Here's a state of things!"

Easter Sunday was observed here with even more than usual ceremony, and flowers and music made all the churches very Paradises on earth. Thousands of dollars are annually spent on Easter decorations for the churches of this city, and it must be admitted, that, judging from the beautiful effect produced, the money is well spent.

The Easter bonnets, I noticed, were no less gorgeous than the flowers in the different places of worship. I have not had time to make a computation of what they cost.

The annual Spring influx from the Provinces is again seen in the land, and round-eyed Nova Scotian and Prince Edward Island maidens will ere long once more be seen in the streets of the Hub, gazing with awe and admiration at its many wonders.

If the signs of the times are not very much misleading, Massachusetts is soon again to be a prohibition State. The temperance sentiment is growing apace all through the country towns and villages, and even some of the large cities in the interior have this year voted against licensing the liquor traffic. Of course it is entirely unnecessary for me to state that Boston has not voted this way; but the other communities will overrule it one of these days. And not a very distant day, either.

The weather is spring-like, and the cherry trees are in blossom.

T. F. A.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## SENSITIVENESS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES.

The following experiments have been made with commercial dry plates by various makers. My object in the first instance was to obtain a comparison between the sensitiveness of the eye and the sensitiveness of the photographic film, for detecting small differences of illumination. With the eye a difference of one-sixtieth in the intensity of the illumination of two adjacent fields can be detected when the illumination is not too brilliant or too faint, and when the illuminated areas are of sufficient extent.

Fechner has shown that there is a physiological connection between the brightness of the illuminated fields and the difference of illumination which can be detected. He estimated that under the most favorable conditions a difference of one per cent. of illumination could be detected, and from the experiments of Helmholtz and others, there is no doubt that a difference of one-sixtieth can be recognized with certainty.

In order to make such a comparison, successive exposures of equal duration may be made on adjacent parts of the same plate, and the source of light removed through a measured distance between the exposures; or, if a connection can be established between the density of the photographic trace impressed upon the plate and the duration of the exposure, different

parts of the plate may be exposed for different periods without moving the source of light, a course which greatly simplifies the experiment.

In order to test in a rough manner whether a light shining on a plate for a unit of time produced the same effect as a light of double the intensity shining for half the unit of time, one half of a Wratten and Wainwright "extra sensitive" plate was exposed to the light of a paraffine candle shielded from currents of air at a distance of five feet for a period of forty seconds, and the other half of the plate was exposed to the light of two similar candles for a period of twenty seconds. On developing, the two halves of the plate appeared to be of about the same darkness. This experiment was repeated with different modes of development, but whether the developing process was carried so far as to cause the tints to be very dense and opaque, or whether the development was manipulated so as to give faint tints, the two halves of the plate appeared of about the same density.

In order to carry this experiment further an opaque screen was made, corresponding to the size of the photographic plates experimented with. A quarter of the screen was cut away, so that by placing the screen in front of the plate and turning it round, four successive exposures of areas touching one another could be made upon the same plate.

A Wratten and Wainwright "extra sensitive" plate was exposed in this manner to the light of a candle, protected from currents of air, so that the 1st quarter of the plate was exposed for 18 seconds to the candle at a distance of 2 feet; the 2nd quarter of the plate was exposed for 40½ seconds to the candle at a distance of 3 feet; the 3rd quarter of the plate was exposed for 72 seconds to the candle at a distance of 4 feet; the 4th quarter of the plate was exposed for 112½ seconds to the candle at a distance of 5 feet. The exposures were made with as great accuracy as possible, the driving clock of my telescope, which can be made to tick at periods of 1½ seconds, being used to measure the exposures. On developing the plate it was found that all four quarters of the plate appeared about equally opaque. It will be noticed that the durations of the exposures are inversely as the square of the distance of the source of light. Several other plates were exposed with longer and shorter periods of exposure, varying inversely as the square of the distance of the candle. The plates were always developed by being entirely immersed in the developing solutions, so that all parts would presumably be equally acted upon. In every instance the four quarters of the plate are so nearly equal in density that it is difficult to decide with certainty which is the darkest.

In one of the longer exposures, where the four quarters of the plate were exposed for 25 minutes, 9 minutes, 4 minutes, and 1 minute, at distances of 15 feet, 9 feet, 6 feet, and 3 feet, respectively, there is a slight difference of density perhaps due to the unequal burning of the candle, but the difference is so slight that a friend, to whom I showed this plate, selected the two upper quarters as being less dense than the two lower quarters, and when I removed the plate and turned it upside down, on presenting it to him a second time he again chose the two upper quarters as less dense than the two lower quarters.

These experiments seem to prove that for faint illumination, such as that derived from a candle, the following law of photographic action is either true, or so approximately true, that for all ordinary purposes the deviations from the law, if any, may be neglected.

*The photographic trace left upon a plate is directly proportional to the intensity of the light, and to the duration of the exposure.*

Having satisfied myself with regard to this law, I proceeded to apply it to testing the sensitiveness of commercial dry plates by various makers to slight differences of illumination. The plates were placed in dark slides and exposed in steps by withdrawing the shutter at intervals of seven and a half seconds, so that a narrow band across the top of the plate was exposed for seven and a half seconds; a band of similar width immediately below it was exposed for fifteen seconds; the band below this was exposed for twenty-two and a half seconds, and so on to the bottom of the plate.

On some of the commoner plates when developed only six steps can be counted. The density of the photographic action increases gradually to the bottom of the plate, but the places where the shutter has stopped cannot be recognized by any sudden change in the density after the sixth step.

I was able to count the greatest number of steps on a Wratten and Wainwright "extra sensitive" plate exposed to the light of a candle at a distance of 4 feet. On this eighteen steps could be counted with certainty, and possibly nineteen when the plate was examined against a background of clear sky.

The Wratten and Wainwright plate would not register a difference between the illumination given by 20 and 21 candles; and the difference of the density of the photographic tint produced by the illumination of 19 and 20 candles was only recognized with difficulty and doubtfully. The photographic plate is therefore much less sensitive than the eye for detecting small differences of illumination.

R. L.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## MACAULAY AND CARLYLE.

THEIR STYLES, AS AUTHORS, COMPARED.

(Continued.)

Macaulay's sentences are, for the most part, periodic in their structure, and hence his writings are considered to be the finest specimens of this style in the English language. But in addition to his sentences being periodic, they are what are called balanced sentences. Most of his readers, however, will agree that he carries this balanced structure too far. For although this style of writing generally produces a pleasant and soothing effect, and renders the reading extremely easy, on account of the musical rhythm that is produced by

it, yet if indulged in to too great an extent, it is apt rather to weary the reader than otherwise. Now, Macaulay not only balances word against word in short clauses, but he even balances sentence against sentence, and clause against clause, and sometimes even paragraph against paragraph. Let a few examples suffice to show this marked feature in his style. He says of Tacitus:—"He tells a true story plainly." In this sentence it may be seen that he balances one word almost against the other. Again, speaking of William the third's bearing towards Scotland, he says:—"He dared neither to refuse his assent to any English law injurious to the trade of Scotland, nor to give his assent to any Scotch law, injurious to the trade of England." And a little further on he says:—"Had there been an amalgamation of the hierarchies, there never would have been an amalgamation of the nations; successive Mitchels would have fired at successive Sharpes; five generations of Claverhouses would have butchered five generations of Camerons." In this sentence he balances one clause against the other, and it likewise affords an instance of the use of a favorite figure of speech of his, viz, the figure of Synecdoche, or using a part for the whole. But of this anon.

Now the readers of our two authors, cannot fail to observe the marked difference there is between the formation of Macaulay's and Carlyle's sentences respectively. Nor can this difference be sufficiently indicated by merely stating the fact that the sentences of the former are modeled on the periodic, and those of the latter on the loose structure. For there are other peculiarities in Carlyle's sentences, which the above technical term does not express. There is, for instance, a ruggedness, irregularity, and abruptness in his sentences, amounting at times to carelessness; for he coins words freely, he continually omits such parts of speech as the definite and indefinite articles, uses nouns sometimes for verbs over, and not unfrequently makes use of a new syntax of his own. These peculiarities caused one of his numerous critics to say, that "of his sentences, perhaps nine-tenths do not stand on their legs." In spite, however, of this ruggedness and irregularity which characterises his style, his sentences, nevertheless, seem to flow on in musical rhythm, as Macaulay's do, but with this difference, that the one represents as it were the melodious harmonies of a Mercadante, which flow on evenly and sweetly from bar to bar; whilst the other represents the bold, yet melodious harmony of a Bach or a Beethoven. This peculiar ruggedness of style is not so apparent in Carlyle's earlier essays, such, for instance, as his paper on Boswell, in volume IX of his miscellaneous, and especially his life at Schiller. This, no doubt, may be attributed to the fact that he studied them more carefully than his later writings. As an instance of this, I shall here quote two sentences taken at random, the one from his life of Schiller, the other from his history of the French Revolution. Speaking of Schiller, he says:—"His effect on the mind of his own country, has been deep and universal, and bids fair to be abiding, his effect on other countries must in time be equally decided; for such nobleness of heart and soul shadowed forth in beautiful imperishable emblems, is a treasure which belongs, not to one nation, but to all." In his French Revolution, speaking of the Revolutionists as "Gaelic Fire," he says:—"The ready Gaelic Fire, we can remark further,—and remark not in Pichegrus only, but in innumerable Voltaires, Ricines, L'aplaces, no less; for a man, whether he fight, or sing, or think, will remain the same unity of a man—is admirable for roasting eggs, in every conceivable sense." The bold manner in which the above parenthetical clauses are ruggedly placed between the principal parts of the sentence, is very remarkable.

Having thus seen more or less, how our authors stand to each other in the two great essentials of composition, viz, vocabulary, and structure of sentences, we will next consider them with regard to the embellishment of their respective styles, in other words, their use of figures of speech.

Macaulay is universally acknowledged to be a master of splendid imagery, and he enhances this power not only by painting in the most brilliant colors the scenes and events which he is describing, but also by suggesting thoughts to the mind of the reader congenial to the events thus described. I cannot explain my meaning better than by quoting one of the most renowned passages to be found amongst his writings, a passage which has been the subject of much criticism, and which, though all concur in pronouncing it to be a torrent of eloquent imagery, yet is considered to be overdone. Let each one judge for himself. In his essay on Warren Hastings, describing the appearance of Westminster Hall, and those present at the trial, he says:—"The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as rarely excited the fears, or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration in a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter, and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common



decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire."

Carlyle's power of imagery is also great, but of a different character to Macaulay's. That of the latter, as we have just seen, is splendid in its oratorical display of beautiful and highly wrought figures; but that of the former is both sublime and vivid by its bold similes, rather than splendid by any beautiful or brilliant expressions of language. This style of imagery is well exemplified in the following passage from his French Revolution, in the chapter entitled September in Paris, where he says:—"The ice tower of Avignon was noised of sufficiently, and lives in all memories; but the authors were not punished; nay, we saw Jourdain Coupe-tete borne on men's shoulders, like a copper Portent traversing the cities of the South. What phantasms, squalid, horrid, shaking their dirk and mull, may dance through the brain of Marat; in this dizzy pealing of tocsin miserere, and universal phrenzy, seek not to guess, oh, reader! Nor what the cruel Billard, in his short, brown coat, was thinking; nor Sergeant, nor yet Agate Sergeant; nor Poxie, the confidant of Danton;—nor, in a word, how gloomy Orens does breed in her gloomy womb, and fashion her monsters and prodigies of events, which thou seest her visibly bear! Terror is on these streets of Paris; terror and rage, tears and frenzy; tocsin miserere pealing through the air; furies, desperation rushing to battle; mothers with streaming eyes and wild hearts, sending forth their sons to die. Carriage horses are seized by the bridle, that they may draw cannon; the traces cut, the carriages left standing. In each tocsin-miserere, and murky bewilderment of Phrenzy, are not Murder, Ate, and all Furies near at hand. On slight hint—who knows how slight?—may not murder come, and, with her snaky, sparkling head, illuminate this murk!" This passage is one mass of bold imagery, rendered intensely vivid by the bold, matter-of-fact similes and metaphors which he employs.

J. B. C.

(To be Continued.)

#### COMMENTS ON CURRENT OPINIONS.

It is interesting to note the mental confusion that sometimes causes men to lose sight of the most obvious principles. Fancy one of our legislators rising in his place to enunciate one of the axioms of Euclid! Yet one would have thought that Mr. Pipes had just as much necessity for doing this as for reminding some of the members of the House of Assembly that the mere fact of a law's being on the Statute Book for years does not call for its repeal, and that such an assumption would justify the abrogation of the "Golden Rule," and of every commandment of the Decalogue. Does it not seem absurd that novelty should be made a test of the value of a law? Yet it appears that the same quality is with some a touch-stone in matters of belief. A clergyman in this city would have us reject the account of the Deluge, because, forsooth, it was believed "five hundred years before Moses was born." Perhaps it is for an exactly contrary reason, viz., that they originated with himself—that he asks us to accept some of his theories. It is certainly a laudable thing to adhere to one's principles.

Dr. Schurman's recent lecture on Darwinism has turned many ill-adjusted telescopes to that "dim comet wagging its useless tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars," as Ruskin so expressively terms the theory and the "impudent imbecilities" that follow in its train.

In the code of ethics of the medical profession, there is a rule prohibiting advertising. Some people in Halifax think that there exists a necessity for the adoption of a similar regulation by members of the clerical profession. It would, as THE CRITIC suggests, be advisable for our newspapers to give the public some means of distinguishing advertisements from other matter. When, for instance, a bellowing air-sawer's conception of Hamlet is described as the best existing outside of the mind of Shakespeare, people would like to know whether this is the opinion of a real dramatic critic or the paid-for advertisement of the actor's business manager.

All will admit the truth of THE CRITIC's remarks on "Depression and Hard Times." Throwing men out of employment must necessarily lessen consumption and increase depression. Regarded in this light, what must we think of the system of wholesale boycotting now being carried on in many parts of the United States? The *Philadelphia Times* says, "It is a moderate estimate that fixes the loss to labor during the present year, in consequence of business disturbances, the result of boycotting, at a thousand millions of dollars." No one understands the truth of this better than General Master Workman Powderly.

GLENER.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

#### THE HOSPITAL INVESTIGATION.

"Veteran" in the last issue of the CRITIC treats of the Hospital Investigation, and draws conclusions with which I beg to join issue.

I am not a medical man and have only a tax-payer's interest in the matter.

In his remarks about professional etiquette, Veteran manages in the most ingenious way, to "put the boot on the wrong leg" and to accuse some who have been guided by street etiquette, of being wanting in professional courtesy.

In order to place the breach of etiquette where it belongs, it will be necessary to go back to the disagreement between the old Medical Board and the Commissioners of Public Charities.

The action of the Commissioners in giving the appointment to Dr. Hawkins after Dr. Goodwin had passed the highest competitive examination was not only an unpardonable insult to the old Medical Board, but was a foreign to that spirit of fair play which Englishmen make their guide, that I am at a loss to see on what grounds the Commissioners can find a single advocate. Actuated by a spirit of chivalry, and a determination to see fair play, the old Board stood by Dr. Goodwin, and as the Commissioners refused to right the wrong they had done, took the only honorable course open to them and resigned in a body. Had others in the profession been guided by etiquette, a new medical board could not have been formed, and the Commissioners would have been compelled to install Dr. Goodwin in the position he had so fairly won. But what do we find? We find members of the profession willing to condone the action of the Commissioners and to help them out of their untenable position by the formation of a new board. In the face of the insult to their professional brethren, in spite of the injustice done Dr. Goodwin, a number of doctors at once tendered their services, and so bolstered up the Commissioners who were tottering to a fall.

Have not these men by their action placed themselves beyond the pale of professional etiquette? and should not the balance of the profession treat them with the contempt they deserve?

One of the most skillful professional men on the new board, actually engaged in a movement to bind the profession from serving under the Board of Charities, and yet he was one of the first to rush to their aid.

And now for the Clemens' case, which Veteran so willingly settles in favor of the new Hospital Board. The facts are familiar to the public, and I fail to see how any one but an interested party could draw the conclusions that he does.

The new board had the services of our shrewdest criminal lawyer, while Dr. Slayter was forced to undergo a strict cross-examination without the protection of counsel. And yet Mr. Motton with all his genius did not vary the doctor's testimony one iota.

The evidence given in defense, which was not subject to cross-examination by counsel, sufficiently proved the charge against the present board. Drs. Lathorn and Rigby testified that Clemens' death resulted from Typhoid Fever and not Meningitis. How do they reconcile this positive testimony with the fact that after Doctor Slayter's visit to the patient, the treatment was changed to that of Meningitis? It is explained that it was in deference to Dr. Slayter's opinion as an old practitioner. They are positive that Dr. Slayter is wrong and yet act on his advice. Truly this shows great ability on their part. If they are so positive that they are right, why do they not hold a post-mortem examination and prove it?

Dr. Rigby, in support of the case, stated as a fact, that a patient at the Hospital had been treated for meningitis, but that a post-mortem had proved that the man had died of typhoid fever. The natural conclusion to be drawn from this is, that typhoid having once been mistaken for meningitis, meningitis is an impossible disease at the hospital.

The doctor's astuteness recalls a story related by an old practitioner. He was paying visits, accompanied by a newly fledged M.D. Entering the room of a male patient, he felt his pulse, and asked him to show his tongue.

"You know I ordered you to eat no fruit," said the doctor, in a severe tone, "and yet I see you have been eating apples."

The patient acknowledged that he had, and after admonishing him again, the doctor and his companion went out.

"Doctor, how did you know that man had been eating apples?" asked the young man.

"I saw the parings under the bed," was the reply.

The young doctor was greatly impressed, and made a mental note of the incident.

He soon had a case of his own, and one day astonished his patient by asserting in tragic tones, "I see, sir, you have been eating horse!"

"Eating horse," cried the patient in anger. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, there is no use in denying it. I see the saddle under the bed."

Space forbids me to go further into the matter; but before closing, I should like to animadvert on the action of the Commissioners of Public Charities and the Government, in insisting on rebuilding the Poor House on the old site. As the years roll on, the evidence against them will accumulate, and the Poor House will long stand a monument of the stupidity and gross incompetency of the present Board.

JUSTICE.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

#### WHO KILLED TECUMSEH?

Ever since it was claimed that Tecumseh fell by the hands of Col. R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky, we have been furnished occasionally with graphic accounts through the press of his death by the hands of other heroes, each one basing his claim on some loose historical facts in connection with this noted event in the history of the war of 1812.

For the information of those who have preceded me in this matter, I will state that my father served through the war of 1812-15. He was under General Shelby in the battle of the "Moravian Town," in which Tecumseh fell. His statement of this affair was to the effect that Tecumseh was killed by private David King, who belonged to one of the Kentucky companies of infantry. This statement was made to me by my father before his death, which was a short time previous to the receipt of his "government land warrant." Apropos to this scrap of history on a mooted question, it is interesting to note the changes that have taken place in the minds of some people on the subject of the Indian since General Harrison's victory over General Proctor in the battle of Moravian Town. The Earl of Chatham in his celebrated speech in the House of Lords in 1777, makes use of the following significant language: "But my lords who is the man that has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping

knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? To delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? This was strong language against the Red man at an early day in American history, yet we find that the creative genius of Charles Mair, a clever Canadian poet, and author of "Dreamland," seeks to immortalize some of Lord Chatham's "Savages" in a poem entitled "Tecumseh: A Drama." In his thrilling tragedy of "Tecumseh" we notice that one of his characters seems to be quite as covetous with the means of arousing the bad passions of the poor against the rich as are to be found amongst the "Communists" of the present day. Take for instance Lofoy's reply to General Harrison, when the latter was pointing in glowing colors the "land of the free, and the home of the brave" as a refuge and asylum of the poor and oppressed from every land.

"The poor! what care you rich thieves for the poor?  
Those wretches hate the poor, from whom they spring,  
More deeply than they hate this injured race,  
Much have they taken from it—let them now  
Take this prediction, with the red man's curse:  
The time will come when that dread power—the Poor  
Whom in their greed and pride of wealth they spurn—  
Will rise on them, and tear them from their seats,  
Drag all their vulgar splendors down and pluck  
Their shallow wamour from their lawless beds,  
Yea! seize their puling and unhealthy babes,  
And fling them as foul pavement to the streets."

In this it seems that our Poet's frightful "prediction with the red man's curse" acted somewhat as a boomerang in the recent "Riel Rebellion" in Canada, but I did not intend by this digression to enter into a critical review of "Tecumseh in the Historionic art," but merely to call attention to the fact, that the right of the English Government to employ the Indians in its efforts to subdue the Colonies, is still as much of a mooted question, as the positive identification of the man who Killed Tecumseh

VETERAN.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]  
COSY CORNER.

What next! A use found for old postage stamps. Cups, saucers, and plates, are now ornamented with stamps of various kinds. Lay the stamps on the article to be decorated in an effective manner as possible, gumming them well down, and then varnish with a clear white varnish. The articles can then be washed, although not in warm water. The tops of small tables and stands can be ornamented in the same way. First stain the top of the table with lamp black, mixed with thin gum-arabic, laid on evenly in four coats. The stamps should be well gummed on. Arrange them in a Greek key border, with a double line at either edge, if the table is square or oblong; if round, a border of pyramids, using two lines in each row, and the centre may be a star of two interlaced triangles, one blue, the other red. Right in the centre gum an envelope, stamped and directed to the owner. Cut the laps of the envelope away. Photographs cut into oval or diamond shape, and surrounded with stamps and placed at distances, make an effective border to a table ornamented in this way. The legs are stained and varnished.

In cleaning lace, first carefully remove all dust from black lace, and then sponge it either with green tea, or one ounce of sal-volatile dissolved in a pint of water, squeeze the moisture out, but do not rub it. If very soft, put gum arabic dissolved in warm water in the liquid, then wind it round a bottle filled with hot water. On no account should the lace be ironed.

Housekeepers fond of dainty napery cannot find anything more pleasing than doyleys of fine linen, fringed on the edge and hemstitched within, describing a central square. The corners of this hemstitching do not intersect, and much needlework is thereby saved to the needlewoman. The inside is divided into diamonds, with brownish yellow silk in outline stitch, and inside of the diamonds are central rings with rays and four-leaved clovers, also in outline stitch. Other doyleys have bunches of cherries, flowers and conventional designs, but these are all done in brown tints scarcely varied by other colors, and in the finest of silks.

Gold color in all its varied shades appears to be the prevailing fashion of the season in millinery.

The rurore for veils of a scarlet tint seems to be decreasing. Such a trying fashion would not be long lived.

## POLITICAL REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

DOMINION—Wednesday, April 21.—In answer, Bowell said the quantity of sugar in bonded warehouse, in Montreal, the 31st March, was 2,742,000 pounds.

Cameron, of Inverness, asked if it was the intention of the Government during the present session to provide for the extension of the Interoceanic Railway from the Strait of Canso to Sydney or Louisburg.

Pope replied that negotiations are now going on, and he hoped to be able to make such provision.

Considerable discussion took place on a motion for a correspondence between the Marine department and the captain of the *Northern Light*, relating to the discontinuance of her trips during February.

McCarthy's bill to amend the consolidated railway Act of 1879, passed a third reading.

Thursday, April 22nd.—Petitions were presented against the proposed change in the Canada Temperance Act.

Langvin said that the Government purposed to cause an investigation by competent engineers, with a view to arrest such measures as may prevent the re-occurrence of the disasters which had upon the City of Montreal from the overflowing of the St. Lawrence.

Sir John moved the introduction of a bill respecting representation of the North West Territories in the Parliament of Canada. He said it was proposed in the bill to give the district of Assiniboia two representatives, and Alberta and Saskatchewan one each. He moved that a petition be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she may be pleased to cause a measure to be laid before the Imperial Parliament to empower the Dominion Parliament to make provision for such representatives from time to time.

The House then adjourned until Tuesday.

Tuesday, April 27th.—The House assembled at 8 o'clock.

White introduced a bill to provide that lands granted in aid of the North-West railways shall be given in alternate blocks, instead of alternate sections, as provided by the present Act.

The House then went into committee of supply, and the discussion upon departmental contingencies was resumed.

Wednesday, April 28th.—Mr. Dowell in answer to Mr. Daly, said that during March the amount of duty paid on sugar at the port of Halifax was \$118,322, and at the port of Montreal \$470,687.

A lengthy debate took place on a motion for correspondence respecting the Trent Valley Canal.

Mr. Beatty introduced a bill to amend the Canada Temperance Act, so as to allow the electors of any municipality to declare by a majority vote that no spirits shall be sold within such municipality, but that the sale of ale, beer, and light wines, shall be permitted. The bill is not to apply to counties where the Scott Act is now in force.

Mr. Mulock's bill to amend the animals contagious diseases Act was read a third time and passed.

The bill permitting affirmations instead of oaths passed a third reading.

PROVINCIAL.—Wednesday, April 21st.—Mr. McTear moved a resolution to the effect that the Government be requested to send an engineer to report upon the probable cost of a bridge across the Lennox Passage.

Mr. Fielding said that the bridge should be built conjointly by Dominion and Provincial aid. The Government would be willing to co-operate with the Dominion. An examination would be made, but no steps could be taken to build this season.

The House then went into Committee. The Temperance bill was discussed, and a number of sections passed.

Thursday, April 22nd.—The House met at eleven o'clock, and went into committee on bills. The Temperance bill was taken up, and twenty-five clauses were passed.

Mr. Fielding's amendment that "two-thirds" be struck out, and "majority" be substituted in its place, so that a majority of the rate-payers would make the petitions for license valid, was lost on a division of 16 to 15. The House then adjourned.

In the afternoon session, Mr. Longley introduced a bill to amend chap. 79 R. S. on joint stock companies; Mr. MacCoy, a bill relating to the collection of freight, wharfage, and warehouse charges; and Mr. Weeks, a bill to amend the Act on county incorporations.

A discussion took place on the second reading of the bill to change the name of the Nictaux and Atlantic Railway.

Mr. Fielding introduced a bill respecting girls, municipal lunatic asylums, and poor houses.

The House went into committee, and with certain amendments, passed the license Act.

Tuesday, April 27th.—The House met at 11 a.m., and a number of bills passed a second reading.

Mr. Fielding introduced a declaratory bill to remove doubts regarding the bridge bill.

The House then went into committee, when bills relating to the Nictaux and Atlantic railway, the prevention of corrupt practices at elections, to amend the Halifax city assessment act of 1886, and to incorporate the Amherst coal mining company, passed.

In the afternoon the House went into committee and the Charities Bill was taken up clause by clause.

An amendment that the name of "the Provincial and City Hospital" be changed to "the Nova Scotia Hospital" passed.

A lengthy discussion took place on an amendment to strike out the clause allowing the city to take over the hospital. On division the amendment was lost by a vote of 9 to 15.

The House passed an amendment constituting a visiting board, of which at least two women shall be members, which board shall have access to all the charitable institutions under government control, and shall report upon the condition of those institutions.

Wednesday, April 28th.—The Temperance Bill was about to be read a third time when a motion was made that the reading be deferred, and that the House go into committee and discuss an amendment to clause 19 of the bill of substituting the word "majority" for "two-thirds." The motion on being put was lost. A motion that the reading be deferred in order that the committee of the whole House might discuss a resolution that the city and county of Halifax be exempted from the operation of the bill, was also voted down. The bill then passed its third reading.

Mr. Fielding introduced a bill to make further provision for construction and repair of bridges in Victoria county. It enabled the county to borrow money on the security of the road grant, which is guaranteed for fifteen years.

Mr. MacCoy introduced a bill to add a polling district in the municipality of Inverness.

## A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

(Continued.)

I meet Mr. Baxter there very often—in fact, I may say every day. I do not think he can be working very hard—unless he paints by lamplight—he is always with Jack Rolleston, smoking in his studio or chatting to us in the drawing-room. He even stays to dinner sometimes—I know it because they insist upon my dining there once or twice, and, when I dine there, he dines there too. They laugh at me about him—of course, girls laugh at each other for very little—and call him my handsome sweetheart. But I do not flirt with him, though he manages somehow to be always in my neighborhood, and I cannot help knowing that he is almost always looking at me.

I am going home on the second of April, to come up to town again for Poppy's wedding, unless it is postponed on account of Ellinor's illness. Olive, who writes to me almost every day, says they are going to Brighton as soon as Ellinor is strong enough to travel, and I should not be surprised if Poppy's wedding took place from there.

The prospect of seeing Woodhay so soon does not fill me with unmixed delight. Something has thrown a glamour over Mrs. Wauchope's shabby furnished lodgings, which my own beautiful Manor has never known—a "light that was on land or sea" illumines these dusty rooms, a "glory and a freshness and a dream," in which I walk like one who "on a mountain takes the dawn." I am so happy, and yet I cannot say what has made me happy.

One day the Rollestons take me to see the studio of an artist of whose pictures I have heard—a man who very often comes to Berkeley Street, and who, gaunt and gray and disheveled as he is, is one of the "hons" of the day. As we go up the stairs leading to the studio, we meet a girl coming down—a young girl, poorly dressed, but with a face of such extraordinary beauty that it absolutely dazzles me. I had never dreamed that a human face could be so lovely, and Mrs. Rolleston, who has also been struck by it, makes the same remark to the great painter himself.

"Oh, that," he says, laying down his palette and brushes, "is a poor child who sits to me as a model—her name is White! Her mother is a wretched woman, always begging—sometimes drunk. Here is her picture—yes, it is a lovely face."

He has turned a canvas which had been standing with its face to the wall, and we are looking again at the girl we met on the stairs. There are the pure Greek outlines which Phidias might have worshipped—the tangled red-gold hair tossed back from the white forehead, glittering like a halo round the angelic head, the dark-blue velvety eyes, the exquisite smiling lips. The great artist had painted her in rags, selling violets—she is holding out a bunch in one small slender hand, as she leans against the pillar of some great portico, looking out of the canvas with those innocent wistful eyes. I stand before the picture for a long time, studying that girl's face. I envy her, though she is in rags and I am wearing a dress of steel-gray velvet with a bonnet of the same, whose cost I scarcely care to remember. How happy she ought to be with a face like that! What matter about cold and hunger and rags, if one could smile on the beholder with those ethereal eyes, with those exquisite childish lips! So I think, looking down at the lifeless canvas. And as I look a shiver runs through my veins, as though a door had opened somewhere, letting in a breath of some cold outer air. It is a curious sensation—I have heard of people feeling the like when one walked over their grave that was to be. Yet why should this girl's face make me shiver? It is as beautiful as the face of an angel, and as innocent—it is not very likely that it should ever do me any harm.

This evening the Rollestons insist upon sending their carriage to take me back to Berkeley Street to dinner. I should have spent a lonely evening if I had not gone, and yet I go rather unwillingly, having had a pile of letters from Woodhay and Yattendon in the morning, which I have not yet had time to read. But the temptation to spend the evening in that pleasant house is too strong to resist—against my better judgment I allow myself to be persuaded, and seven o'clock finds me in the drawing-room at Berkeley Street; and, as usual, I find Mr. Baxter there before me.

"I don't think you are working very hard," I say to him in the course of the evening.

"I think we have both been rather idle lately," he retorts with a boyish smile.

"I have been here every day—I have no time to practice."

"And I have been here every day—I have no time to paint."

"But how are you to make this great name for yourself if you do not work?"

"And you?" he suggests, laughing.

"Oh, I am not in any great hurry to make a name for myself."

"I'm glad to hear it. I hope you will never make a name for yourself at all."

"Thank you."

"I mean that I hope you will never make that voice of yours public property."

"What then is to become of me?" I ask, with laudable gravity.

"Let some man work for you," he says hurriedly, his boyish face flushed like a girl's. "Give some man the chance of making a name for himself—for your sake."

I shake my head gravely, looking out into the twilight. We are standing at an open window at the upper end of the long music-room. All the rest of the party are clustered round the piano at the lower end, where some music-mad friend of Crawford's is playing Berlioz's "Symphonie

Fantastique." These are all in a warm glow of candle-light from the lights on the piano, but we, standing at this distant window, are illuminated only by the low glimmer from a faint clear apple-green sky against which the houses stand up picturesquely dark and indistinct, and in which, just above the shadowy chimney-tops, burns one great lovely star.

"Miss Scott, do you think the man you marry will ever allow you to sing on the stage?"

His voice startles me, low and quietly as the words are spoken. I look up at the tall dark figure, indistinct in the twilight; and suddenly this boy, with his beautiful eyes, his desperate poverty, his passionate pride, seems to take me by the hand and lead me into some "faery-land forlorn" of which I have never dreamed in all my life before.

"I do not think about it," I answer with truth.

"Miss Scott, will you marry me?"

This question takes me so entirely by surprise that it conveys no meaning to my mind.

"Allie, will you marry me, and give me the right to work for you?"

I look up into the eager dark eyes of the lad who is so eager to work for me, but who cannot or will not work for himself.

"You with a wife!" I exclaim, with a cruel smile. "It seems to me to be as much as you can compass—"

"To live myself. You are very bitter; I think you take a pleasure in hurting me—I think you always did."

"Forgive me" I say, holding out my hand; it looks very white and slim in the half light, as I am sure I look myself in my faint white clinging gown. "It was kind of you to wish to help me in the only way you could—"

"Kind!" he interrupts passionately, taking the hand I have offered to him and daring to press his warm young lips against it. "I am kind to you, Allie, if you call it kind to love you with all the strength of my heart and soul!"

"But you have only known me for so short a time," I say, drawing my hand away coldly. "You can know nothing about me."

"I know that I love you—I know that I have loved you since the very first evening I met you here. I believe I fell in love with your voice before I ever saw you, though Mr. Wauchope thought she nipped any danger of that kind so cleverly in the bud; and he laughs a little—the old boyish laugh. I think of the violets and am silent, looking at that great solitary star, at the houses standing up black against the gold green sky. The quaint fantastic music of the *Symphonic* fills the room, the group about the piano listen to it eagerly, with the light full on their preoccupied faces; only we two are alone together in the twilight window, two tall shadows against the faint clear sadness of the sky.

"We should be poor, Allie; but, if we cared for each other, that would not matter. And I would work so hard for you—I would work day and night to become famous for your sake—nothing would be too hard for me with such a hope as that."

He looks as if he could "pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved," as he stands there, so young and strong and full of life and hope.

"But what fools people would think us!" I say, smilingly, and wondering what he will say when he hears the truth about me.

"Should we care for that?" he exclaims, with scornful dark eyes. "If we were happy, we should care very little what other people said. We are both poor, and, if we choose to be poor together, it will be nobody's business but our own."

Perhaps my silence says "what I would never swear," for he comes nearer to me, bending his dark head to look into my eyes, as he did once before in this very room, when we quarreled about a bunch of withered violets.

"Allie, couldn't you care for me enough to 'lay your sweet hands in mine and trust to me?'"

Could I? Can I? He takes me in his arms, he kisses me passionately, and I, Allie Somers Scott of Woodhay, submit to it with an amazed docility which I could not have believed possible a fortnight ago. And so we start for "one vast moment" of intolerable happiness; and then, with a laugh which ends in a sigh, I push him away from me.

"Oh, this is folly!" I exclaim, with rather tardy wisdom, it must be confessed. "We are mad to think of such a thing for a minute. You have nothing, and yet you want to burden yourself with a wife whose only mode of earning her living you condemn!"

"My wife shall never sing for her board," the boy says, throwing up his head.

"Then how do you propose to live?"

"I shall live by my art."

"But you must practice your art before you can live by it."

"And I intend to practice it."

"And if you fail?"

"I shall not fail with such an incentive to work."

"You are very confident," I say, gazing into the eyes which look dark as night under their black lashes. "But suppose you should not succeed?"

"I shall succeed."

"But you seem to me to be more anxious to bewilder by audacious originality than to conquer by sober work," I say deliberately.

"I cannot be conventional," he exclaims, frowning a little. "I have my own ideas about choice of subject and manner of dealing with it, and I shall adopt the ideas of no other man living."

"But your idea may not please the public."

"If the public cannot understand me, it is their own loss."

"And, meanwhile, you and those belonging to you may starve."

He is silent, looking down at me—at the girl in the long pale gown

who dares to stand there and call not only his own steadfastness of purpose in question, but the principles of his art.

"Truth must conquer in the end," he says at last.  
 "If it is backed up by deliberate, mechanical, matter-of-fact toil."  
 "I will work for you Allie, if you will only give me the chance?"  
 "Will you work for me, Gerard?"  
 He bends down and kisses my hair—a quick passionate kiss.  
 "As long as there is breath in my body, darling."  
 "Then I will tell you what I'll do." I say gravely and deliberately.  
 "On the day that you sell a picture for one hundred pounds, if you come and ask me to marry you, Gerard Baxter, I will say, 'Yes.'"  
 "For the sake of the hundred pounds, Allie?"—smiling a little.  
 "No," I answer, smiling back again; "but because it will prove to me that you have begun to work."  
 "You will marry me then, Allie?"  
 "Yes."

"I won't be long painting that picture," he exclaims boyishly. "My darling, do you know how happy you have made me?"  
 "Allie?" they call to me from the other end of the room, turning their dazzled eyes from the piano and Crawford's long haired friend to peep into our shadowy space of twilight. "Allie, come and sing 'Gala Water.'"  
 I move down the room in my long dress, a faint white presence with no spot of darker color about it than the bunch of hellebore fastened into the coil of filmy lace about the throat, and followed by a darker figure which looks like its shadow in the faint perspective of the long shadowy room.  
 "We want you to sing 'Gala Water,' Allie, and 'Logie o' Buchan.'"  
 And I sit down and sing them with the careless gayety, the dash and insouciance without which, Olive Dean tells me, I should not be Allie Scott. But all the time I am thinking of two shadowy figures outlined against a faint gold green sky, of a star that "flickered into red and emerald," of a voice that had said "And you will marry me, Allie?" and of another voice that had answered "Yes."

"Your aunt has come."  
 Such is Mary Anne's greeting to me in the hall of No. 33 Carleton Street.

"My aunt! What aunt?"  
 "Your aunt from the country. She came about an hour ago, and was that surprised to find you had gone out?"  
 "But what has she come for? Is anything wrong at home?"  
 "Not a thing in the world. She says she wrote to tell you she was coming, and to have a room ready, because she meant to stay."  
 "Meant to stay?" I repeat, thinking of the unopened letters of the morning.  
 "So she says. She's in the drawing room now, giving it to the mistress."  
 "Giving her what?" I asked stupidly.  
 "A piece of her mind, she says; but I think it's the whole of it!" the maid-of-all-work says, grinning. "It's all along of the Count she has come, I expect. She says Mrs. Wauchop deceived her about having no lodgers but the Misses Pryce."

Who can have told Aunt Rosa anything about him? And what a state of mind she must have been in before she would decide to come up to town in such a hurry!  
 "Aunt Rosa!" I exclaim, in a tone of the most innocent astonishment.  
 "My dear Aunt Rosa, I am so sorry you arrived while I was out."  
 The sentence may be ambiguous; but Aunt Rosa does not perceive it.  
 "So am I," she says, when she has planted a cold kiss upon my nose.  
 "I did not think you came up to London to go to evening-parties."  
 "But I was with the Rollestons, aunt—perfectly respectable people."  
 "Humph! And how did you come home?"  
 "They sent me home in their carriage—they always do."  
 "I wrote to you yesterday. Is there anything the matter with the postal arrangements?"

"Not that I know of, Aunt Rosa."  
 "Then I am to conclude that you never open my letters?"  
 "I was in a hurry this morning—breakfast was late, and I was afraid of being late at Madame Cronhelm's. I did glance through your letter; but I must have overlooked anything you said about coming up to town."  
 She says nothing to me about Mrs. Wauchop's contraband lodger; but I know as well as if she had told me, that somebody has been officious enough to write and tell her all about him. I suspect Mrs. Deane; but I ask Aunt Rosa no questions, nor does she volunteer any information to-night.

"It seems Mrs. Wauchop has no spare room for me. In those circumstances—"  
 "My dear Aunt Rosa, you can have my room. I will sleep here on the sofa, and just run in there to dress. There is a dressing-room—indeed, perhaps I had better have a shake-down in the dressing-room, if Mrs. Wauchop can manage it."  
 "She is managing it now. I don't like that woman, Rosalie. She has most virulent tongues."  
 "She has always been civil to me, Aunt Rosa."  
 "Oh, because you just let her do as she pleases? Have you been burnt nothing but Scotch coal since you came up to town?"  
 "I have had very good fires, auntie."  
 "I am surprised at it, then. That coal in the grate is nothing but rubbish, though I dare say you are paying the very highest price for it. And the tea she gave me was execrable—perfectly execrable!"  
 "I'm not much judge of tea, Aunt Rosa." I say, yawning. "I hope you've brought me up some jam from Woodhay, though, and some of our butter."  
 (To be continued.)

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SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, three times per week each way, between  
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Under a proposed contract for four years from 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Three Mile House and at this office.

**CHARLES J. MACDONALD,**  
 Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
 Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.



**MAIL CONTRACT.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, three times per week each way, between  
**ISAAC'S HARBOR AND ISAAC'S HARBOR, EAST SIDE,**

under a proposed contract for four years from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Isaac's Harbor and Isaac's Harbor, East Side, and at this office.

**CHARLES J. MACDONALD,**  
 Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
 Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.



**MAIL CONTRACT.**

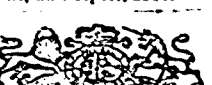
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, twelve times per week each way, between  
**BEAVER BANK P. O. AND RAILWAY STATION.**

Under a proposed Contract for four years from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Beaver Bank and at this office.

**CHARLES J. MACDONALD,**  
 Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
 Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.



**MAIL CONTRACT.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, twice per week each way, between  
**MIDDLE MUSQUODOBOIT AND MURCHYVILLE.**

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Middle Musquodoboit and Murchymville, and at this office.

**CHARLES J. MACDONALD,**  
 Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
 Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.



**MAIL CONTRACT.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, three times per week each way, between  
**HOLLAND HARBOR AND PORT HILLFORD,**

Under a proposed contract for four years from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Holland Harbor and Port Hillford, and at this office.

**CHARLES J. MACDONALD,**  
 Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
 Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.

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**THE MARITIME PATRON,**  
AND ORGAN OF THE  
Maritime Provincial Grange—Patrons of Husbandry.

"In Essentials Unity—In Non-essentials Liberty—In All Things Charity."

[All communications intended for this column should be sent to the editor of the Maritime Patron, EDWIN S. CREEL, M. D., Newport.]

An esteemed correspondent informs us that Pictou Division Grange met at Logansville on the 13th inst., and that although "the roads were at their worst, the wide awake Granges, with the exception of a few from the far East, were fully represented." The report of the assessment-law commissioners, and the bill introduced by the government founded upon the recommendations contained in that report were discussed. Our informant writes: "We are not fully satisfied with the bill, but half a loaf is better than no loaf at all." As our organic law forbids "the calling of political conventions," or the nomination of candidates, arrangements were made which it is hoped will result in securing the nomination and election of representatives for the Local Legislature who are in sympathy with the Grange and Temperance platforms.

The following items compose the platform adopted by Pictou Division at this session:—

1. Agricultural Education.
2. Equitable Assessment.
3. Temperance.
4. Mutual Fire Insurance.
5. Reduction of Legislative Expenses.

Our worthy brother adds significantly, "whoever our candidates are, they will have to assent to our platform. We mean business."

Pictou Division has set her sister Divisions a worthy example in framing a platform upon which must stand those who aspire to the honor of representing the County, or rather who are selected by the county to represent it, for "the office should seek the man, not the man the office."

Pictou Division is appointed to meet for its next quarterly session at Salt-springs, 7 miles from West River Station, as the guest of "Rosehall" Grange, time about the last of June or 1st of July. It is in contemplation to invite the Fruit Growers' Association to hold a meeting at the same place and time. "Rosehall" Grange also proposes having a grand picnic about the same time, the cash proceeds of which it is intended shall aid in the erection of a Grange Hall.

If the Executive Committee of the Maritime Provincial Grange adopts the suggestion to meet at Salt-springs during the session of Pictou Division, there will be a *big time* indeed.

We have received and carefully examined the "Report of the Commission of 1885 on Municipal Assessment," also a copy of "An Act to amend and consolidate the acts relating to Municipal Assessment." We fail to see either wisdom or equity in several of the provisions of this Act, but as all the wind that we might raise would not affect the course of our legislative barques one point, we discreetly abstain from wasting time and effort. We are bound to say, however, inasmuch as the Grange may be fairly credited with having instigated the demand for assessment reform, and we believe that we will give voice to the minds of the Order in saying that *in the main*, the commissioners have in this work justified their appointment, and that the act founded upon their report is considerably better than "half a loaf," that it is indeed a fairly just and equitable measure. We hope that nothing less fair, wise, and equitable, will "be cited as the Municipal Assessment Act of 1886."

Old friends are the best friends: this may account for our opinion that the *American Agriculturist* is the best agricultural journal that can come into the farmer's family. Ever since the irresistible charms and attractions of the country and life on a farm drew us away from a city home, the *American Agriculturist* has been more than a welcome guest; it has been, in the best sense of the term, a friend, full of information of almost every description, a sound and reliable adviser, amusing, attractive, and always pure and elevating in tone. The May number is even more than usually attractive, principally, no doubt, on account of the six column chapter on the "Rural Life of Thomas Jefferson and his services to American Agriculture," by James Parton, the first of a series of papers describing the rural life and surroundings of the farmer presidents. Accompanying, and illustrating the paper, is a large sheet, giving six beautiful engraved views of Jefferson's home and estate at Monticello, and of his last resting place. Jefferson was a pioneer in the importation of and experimenting with foreign stock, seeds, plants, and methods, and he made his official positions of American Minister at Paris, and as President, subservient to his great aim, the improvement of American Agriculture. Well may we unite with brother and sister farmers across the border in honoring the memory and emulating the virtues of Thomas Jefferson.

In reply to the brother who kindly calls our attention to errors occurring in the Maritime Patron of the 16th and 23rd insts., we beg to say that we remember that "adjectives should not be used as adverbs nor adverbs as adjectives," and that we must have written "invariably" and not as printed, "invariable." We also beg to explain that we, at least, intended to write "exemplified," and not "equipped," as printed in the paragraph referring to proposed Model Farms. Several words are omitted in our columns of the latter date, not ignorantly, however. In writing about our young women "going West," we did not intend to refer to their *intentions*, however *keen* these may be, and generally are, but to their *intuitions*.

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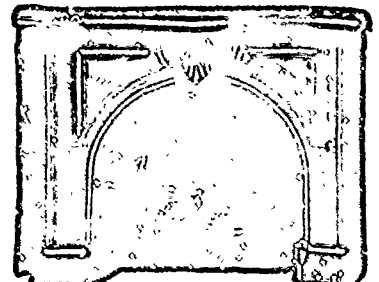
**A WHARF**  
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Cape Tormentine, Westmoreland Co., N. B.

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By order,  
**A. GOBEIL,**  
Secretary  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 15th April, 1886

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Ladies' & Gents' Hairdres.  
WINDSOR, N. S.

MINING.

GREGORY, MONTANA, April, 1886.

To the Editor of the Critic:—

Sir,—During the past winter I have been much interested, both as a miner and as a Nova Scotian, in the encouraging reports of the Nova Scotian Gold Mines, given from time to time in the columns of THE CRITIC.

The test shaft seems to be taking a good deal of the public attention at present, so that a few words on that subject may not be amiss. I have every confidence in the belief that gold in paying quantities will be found by deep sinking on the gold lodes in Nova Scotia, but I must confess I am afraid of this test shaft. A good many seem to be of the opinion that gold will be struck very much in the same manner that water is—after reaching a certain depth.

Now a person with any experience in mining knows, that a shaft, as a rule, is a very poor test of a quartz lode, as the shaft may be in barren quartz for hundreds of feet, and at the same time, mineral in paying quantities be within a short distance. Reference has been made to the Idaho Mine, of Grass Valley, Cal., and to the Ontario Mine of Utah.

One would suppose from the letters in THE CRITIC and Halifax Herald that what is at present making the Idaho Mine famous was discovered by a test shaft. In a manner it was—but I am afraid that had it been Nova Scotia capitalists who were operating the Idaho Mine, the test shaft in that case would have been a failure. The fact that large quantities of gold had been taken from the mine adjoining gave the owners encouragement to thoroughly prospect, and the present rich bodies of mineral were discovered by a drift 2000 feet from the bottom of the main shaft, which is 1000 feet in depth, so that the ore is hoisted by means of compressed air through an incline shaft to the tenth level and from there taken to the main shaft and hoisted to the surface.

The Ontario Mine has been referred to. In this mine they have had mineral in paying quantities from the grass-roots, but in the extension, the Standard Oil Company, the richest company in America, have expended thousands upon thousands of dollars, in an unsuccessful effort to find mineral in paying quantities.

Here in one case the test shaft is a success, the other has resulted in a failure, and in my opinion the same result will be found in the mines of Nova Scotia. What may be a success on one lode will be a failure on another. And for the Government to sink or assist in sinking a deep shaft as a test, seems to me to be putting our all on one throw of the die, because should this test shaft prove a failure, the gold mines of Nova Scotia will receive the worst set back they have ever had.

I think there are various ways by which the Government can encourage mining in a far better manner than by sinking a test shaft.

It is a well-known fact that there is scarcely a dump of tailings from any stamp mill in Nova Scotia but what will show a large percentage of gold. Now would it not be better for the Government to use some of their surplus money in trying to get some more improved method for saving the gold that is already in sight.

Could the low grade quartz be worked to a greater advantage than at present, I have little doubt but that the owners will do their own deep sinking.

Another thing would greatly assist the mines of Nova Scotia and that is to improve the roads leading to the mines. I have been in a good many mining camps in the Rocky Mountains, but in no place have I seen worse roads than I have seen near some of the mines of Nova Scotia.

Let a railroad be subsidized that will go through a mineral portion of Nova Scotia, say Eastern Halifax taking a portion of Guysborough and Pictou Counties and on to Cape Breton, then there will be ten times more life thrown into the mines than this test shaft will ever produce. Wishing prosperity to the mines of Nova Scotia and to THE CRITIC.

I am yours, &c.,

MINER.

A new metallic element has been discovered by Clemens Winkler, a German chemist. It occurs in Argyrodite, a silver ore from the Himmelsturm mine, near Freyburg. It is called Germanium, symbol Ge, and has a great resemblance to antimony, is gray, volatile at a full red heat, though as readily than antimony. The vapor deposits small crystals resembling those of iodine, which do not melt. Herr Winkler is determining its atomic weight, with a view to determine its place in the periodic arrangement.

A new gold field has been discovered in Patagonia, S. A. It is known to extend for 40 miles along the coast. A number of Chilians are already working and are reported as netting from \$200 to \$1000 per month.

NOVA SCOTIA'S MINING EXHIBIT.—The Government of Nova Scotia by special arrangement with Sir Charles Tupper, have secured the privilege of exhibiting a collection of the minerals of this Province en bloc. This will show the mineral wealth of Nova Scotia in a much more satisfactory manner than the more scientific but less practical arrangement adopted by Dr. Hayden for the general exhibit of the Geological Survey. The exhibit of the Provincial Government will be strong in coal and iron, and some fine mineral samples will be shown, but as the work of collecting was not begun till the last of December, it is far short of a complete representation. There will be over one hundred exhibits, all of which have been shipped. The annual report of the inspector of mines will contain a short account of the minerals of Nova Scotia, in addition to the annual summary of mining progress, and an extra edition will be sent to London for distribution at the exhibition.

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Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Halifax, 2nd April, 1886



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## HOW I SECURED A BONANZA.

## CHAPTER III.—Continued:

Brown started a game of forty-fives, over which he and the miners were soon wrangling, while the young women with Ralph, Dave, Popsy and I adjourned to the sitting room to indulge in a most exciting game of "who?"

Dave who was quite a gullant in his way constituted himself master of ceremonies, and soon had us paired off around the table, taking care to place the Porcupine on his left. It was my first introduction to the game and as it may be a local one, I will briefly describe it.

The dealer asked a question and dealt himself a card face upwards on the table. He then in the same manner, dealt the cards around the board until his card was matched. The person matching being considered to have answered the question in the affirmative. He or she then asked a question, and in this simple manner the game went on. Hearts, not cash are the stakes played for, and the game often proves a convenient vehicle for the timid swain to test the feelings of his fair innamorata. Ralph was seated next the younger daughter of our host, and was guilty of most eccentric dealing, in order to have his decidedly spoony questions answered by her. With David and the Porcupine, it was the old story, and my fair partner's whispered information that they were engaged was decidedly superfluous. The questions were often most comically answered and the mirth grew uproarious. Occasionally, a brawny fist would come down on the table in the other room with a thump, that set the dishes rattling, and proclaimed that the "live finger" had done its deadly work. As I wished to make some purchases at a little shop down the road, I excused myself, with some difficulty, and left them to their innocent enjoyment.

## CHAPTER IV.

## I CATCH THE GOLD FEVER.

Slipping out into the cold night air, I found that a heavy mist was falling and that the darkness was intense. I was bound for Mag DeYoung's, who lived close by. She was proprietress of a small shop, and in addition to her lawful business, managed to turn an honest (1) penny by selling liquor in defiance of the law. She was a widow, long past the prime of life, and a typical Chezzetcooker. Tall and thin, with sparkling black eyes, and sallow complexion, she was the reverse of good looking, but her vivacity and loquacity were tremendous and made her a general favorite. As I opened the door and stepped into her kitchen there was a momentary commotion, followed by dead silence. The room was dense with tobacco smoke and the fumes of strong liquor were almost stifling. Several miners were in the room, while Mag stood near the dresser looking painfully frightened. The moment she recognized me she sprang joyfully forward.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Spendall, I was afraid you were some of the temperancers spying round to inform on me. It's very hard when a poor woman has to have spies set on her," and she wrung my hand with her hard long fingers until my eyes watered with the pain.

"It's all right, boys," she said, turning to the minors, and well filled tumblers were at once drawn from their hiding places, while I was pressed to "take suthin'," an invitation I had sense enough to decline with thanks.

Mag had once been summoned for selling liquor without a license, and had retained me to defend her. I was so far successful that she was fined, and had, in addition, to pay my fee, but by a judicious abuse of the magistrate and the informer, I soothed her feelings and we remained the best of friends. Taking a seat, I entered into a long conversation with the minors. They were working on the Anderson property (since most profitably developed), and gave me glowing accounts of the richness of the leads they had discovered. I had always looked on gold mining with great distrust, but as I listened, my distrust vanished, and before long I was intensely interested and filled with desires to venture something in the search for gold. The miners evidently considered that they had struck a rich lead in me, and were working it for all it was worth. They were doing the talking and drinking while I was footing the bill; and, I have no doubt, that if I could have fulfilled my share of the contract they would still have been talking and drinking in Mag's snug room. As it was late, I stepped into the adjoining shop and beckoned Mag to follow.

Chezzetcookers are celebrated knitters of socks, guernseys and other woolen goods, and Mag had a large stock, from which I wished to select my winter's supply. "Business was business" with her, and by the time I had made my purchases and settled for them, her extra profits, I shrewdly suspected, had more than balanced my fee. As I turned to go she called me back and drew from her capacious pockets a large piece of quartz and handed it to me. It was studded with gold, some pieces being of the diameter of my thumb, and was the finest specimen I had then seen. As I looked at it, a strange thrill shot through me. Here was gold, the gold I had so long toiled in vain for, and to be had for the digging! If I could only secure the property that it come from my fortune was assured. Mag's eyes glittered most unnaturally and she was full of suppressed excitement.

"Where did you get it?" I eagerly inquired.

"From Jako Rehm's boy. He drop't in this evening for a drink and said that his father had found the lead and was going into Halifax in the morning to take it up. I coaxed him to lend me the sample, and after first making me promise not to tell his father, he consented."

"Where does Jako live?" I asked, mentally determined to hunt him up at once, and if possible purchase an interest in his property.

"Three miles from here, down near the beach."

(To be continued.)

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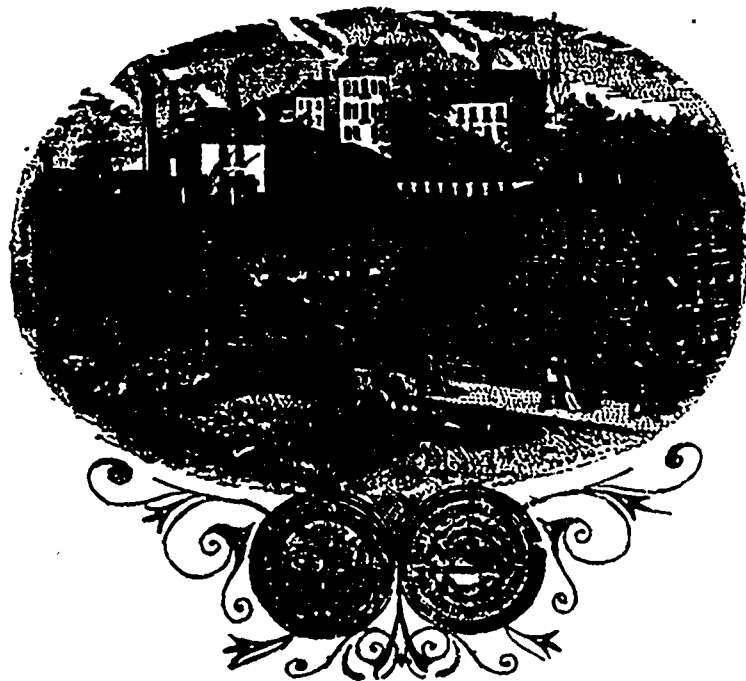
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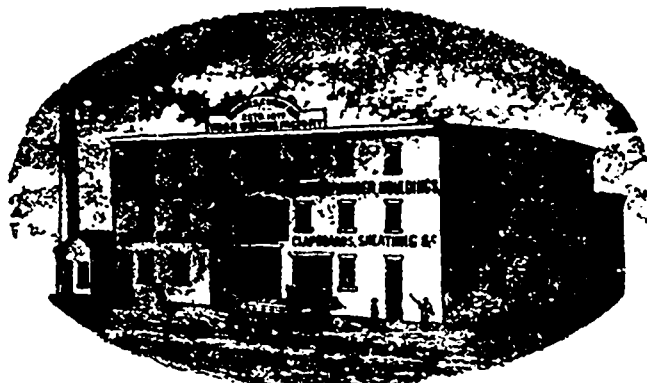
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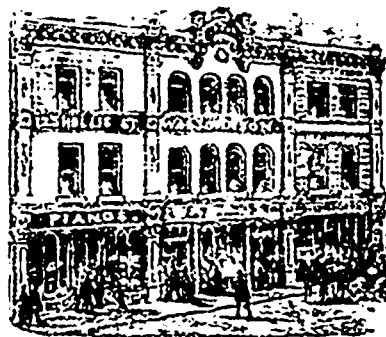
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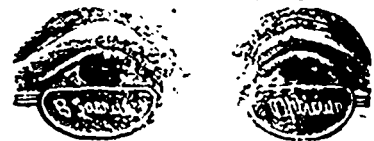
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