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# THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

{ 50 PER ANNUM.  
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HALIFAX, N. S., AUGUST 20, 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 sentiments expressed in the articles contributed to his 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.

It is competition in business that cuts down the profits, but the consumer is generally the gainer thereby. It is competition that has had such a wonderful effect on the price of gas in the city of Chicago. Not long since it was \$2 a thousand feet. Competition suddenly brought it down to \$1 per thousand, and increased competition promises in the very near future to reduce the price to fifty cents a thousand.

Great dissatisfaction has been expressed by manufacturers and others with the system at present in vogue by which our penitentiaries are turned into workshops, and the product of prison-fed labor brought into competition with that of the honest working man. It has been suggested that prison labor be employed in keeping up our public roads, as it would have the effect of reducing the taxation for this purpose and prevent unfair competition.

How many of us look back to our early school days and recall with satisfaction the friendships formed in our youth. Seldom if ever do we in after life find a friend in whom we can discover that fullness of sympathy which made the friendship of our boyhood days so delightful. Sympathy between man and man under other circumstances is seldom known, but woman with her finer nature and quick intuitiveness often realizes the sympathy of friendship even in old age.

The development of art has produced some curious results, notably that of composite photography, which is just now attracting much attention. In a late number of *Harper's Bazar*, F. W. Higginson writes as follows on the subject: "Before me stands a cabinet photograph of a young girl, with clear and thoughtful eyes, dark hair and eyebrows, oval face, straight nose and well rounded chin. All who see it are attracted by it, yet the universe would be vainly searched for the original in a woman's form. It is one of those wonders of recent art known as 'composite portraits;' it does not represent one person, but twenty; it is the collective likeness of twenty young girls—one whole section of the senior class of a woman's college in Massachusetts. \* \* \* There is something very fascinating to the imagination about a composite portrait. It is a link between the real and the ideal."

There is a large Indian reserve in Montana, through which one of the recently surveyed railway lines of the territory has been located. The Indians positively refuse to allow the work of construction to go on, while the white people insist upon the line being built. As matters now stand 22,000 Indians have reserved for them 45,000 square miles of land, equal to about one-third of the area of the territory. The greater part of this land is not cultivated, and the building of twenty railways would still leave land enough for five times the Indian population.

Are the antipathies, instances of which we see and read about, the result of previous circumstances, or are they innate? Amatus Lusitanus knew a monk who fainted when a rose was shown to him, and while that flower was in bloom was afraid to quit his cell. Henry III. of France swooned at the sight of a cat. Timmerman mentions a lady who would shudder at the touch of silk, satin, or the velvety skin of a peach. We have known men turn sick at the sight of linen bandages, and ladies grow faint at the prospect of bathing in sea water. Antipathies are evidently nervous disorders, but their existence is none the less unpleasant.

A would-be author recently sent the manuscript of his work to a publisher with the request that he criticize it honestly. The composition was flowery in style, but was remarkable for the number of French, German, and Latin quotations which it embodied. The referee to whom the publisher passed the manuscript wrote upon it in large letters: "Use English." The admonition contained in this critique was just. Nine persons out of ten find it difficult to understand the English language with its innumerable polysyllables and borrowed words, and those who wish to have their effusions read by the public in general, should steer clear of these rocks and quicksands of literature.

Ever since the days of the building of the town of Babel ambitious men have endeavored to formulate a language that would be universally adopted by mankind. "Volapuck" has already been set aside as unsuited, but the new "Pasingua," invented by a German, is said to be perfection. It is based upon the English language, but the use of French, Latin, and other words, is sufficiently frequent to make it quite cosmopolitan. We give the 13th verse of the ii. chapter of St. Matthew as it appears in this new universal language: "Et quando ils pattitefer sehire to angelo deode apparifer Josephobi in una trauma sagano, Arisire, takare tou jungon-chillon et tom matren et slichire in Egypta et ere ibis, quoad mi-bringa tubi wordas, car Herodes seekarar ton childillon pro 'lon detruar."

Sluggards will find solace in the growing belief in the restorative power of sleep, but they must remember that too much sleep is quite as injurious as too little. Dr. Malins, in a recent lecture at Birmingham, said that the brain required twelve hours of sleep at four years old, gradually diminishing by hours and half hours to ten hours at fourteen, and thence to eight hours when the body is full grown and formed. Goethe, in his most active productive period, needed nine hours, and took them, Kant—the most laborious of students—was strict in never taking less than seven. Nor does it appear that those who have systematically tried to cheat nature of this chief right have been in any sense gainers of time for their work. It may be a paradox, but is not the less a truth that what is given to sleep is gained to labor.

The Empruss Eugenic, who for so many years was the acknowledged leader in the fashionable world, now occupies a very secondary place upon the stage of royalty. The following incident proves the preacher to have been correct when he said, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." A few days ago, says the chronicler, a visitor to the Marcus Church, at Venice, where the ex-Empruss is now staying, observed a lady, dressed in the deepest mourning, kneeling in long silent prayer before one of the side altars. When at last she rose, she looked about her in search of something which she missed, and then walked slowly away, supporting herself by the wall, towards the entrance. The stranger politely offered his arm, which was gracefully accepted, the lady meanwhile explaining that one of the beggars must have taken her silver walking stick away, without which she was "very helpless." Outside the church two liveried footmen were waiting. The stranger, on retiring, offered his address card (alas, for cruel Nemesis, he was a German from Berlin), glancing at which the lady was seen to shudder slightly and then return the civility by whispering: "Empruss Eugenic, and —homeless."

## "SAM SLICK."

The published works of Judge Haliburton, better known as "Sam Slick," are probably less familiar to the people of his native Province, Nova Scotia, than they are to many persons in Britain and the United States; and yet Judge Haliburton may be regarded as the best author that Nova Scotia has yet produced. The "Haliburton Club," of King's College, Windsor, which has for the past few years been endeavoring to re-awaken an interest

in this old Wendeorian scribe, is doing a good work which deserves, however, to be given more publicity. Regular weekly meetings of the club are held, and many essays, touching upon the writings, and dealing with incidents in the life of the author, have been read, but so far as we are aware, no effort has been made to familiarize the public with their contents.

We have before alluded in these columns to Haliburton's "Bubbles of Canada," which, in view of the late Riel agitation, should be read by all those who take an interest in questions in which the French Canadians are concerned. Haliburton, in this work, clearly points out that England's necessity was Quebec's opportunity, for, at the time of the conquest of Canada, Britain reserved all the rights of the conqueror; and it was not until the passage of the Quebec Act, and the Ordinances of the Quebec Council, created by that Act, that the French in Canada succeeded in securing privileges which have and must continue to preserve their distinctive national character, language, and religion, despite the association with the Anglo-Saxon and mixed races by whom they are surrounded.

In this Dominion, which is essentially a British country, the Canadian French are, by a British Act of Parliament, permitted to retain and enjoy all the French customs, usages, and laws, relating to property; to continue the use of the French language as an official language, both in the Quebec Legislature and in the Federal Parliament and Federal Departments; and it has likewise been granted in Quebec, that when the English and French versions of the law clash, the French version shall prevail. Under the Canadian law, the Church of Rome in Quebec enjoys privileges equal to, if not greater, than those enjoyed in any other country. By law, she collects, what are known as tithes, but which really represent not one tenth, but one-twenty-sixth part of the produce of lands cultivated by her adherents; and she further has the entire and unrestricted control of the education of her youth, which in France is denied her. These and many other facts are intelligently discussed in the work referred to, and Haliburton evidently fully recognized that these privileges would tend to perpetuate the French-Canadians as a distinctive race. The liberal manner in which British Statesmen dealt with Quebec is in striking contrast to the spirit of her transactions with her American colonies. In the one case, a conquered people and an alien race were allowed to retain their laws, customs, language, and religion, while in the other, British subjects, many of them born in the British Isles, were refused their inherent rights, and were treated as if they were foreigners. No doubt, the lesson of the war of Independence had its effect in making Britain more lenient with her French subjects in Canada, but had the consequences been foreseen, it is probable that a less liberal, but more judicious course, would have been adopted.

As it is, the French are here to stay, and so are the Anglo Saxons; and it should be the object of Statesmen on both sides of politics to smooth down the race differences, and as far as possible obliterate the line which, since the Riel agitation has widened to the breadth of the British channel.

Haliburton's works have lately been published in cheap form, by an American publishing house, and are within the reach of those who desire a more intimate knowledge of Nova Scotia's wit, author, and historian.

#### DEATH IN THE MILK PAIL.

A few weeks ago, it was announced by cable that Dr. Klein, of London, had discovered the origin of scarlet fever, and that his investigation would probably lead to the stamping out of this wide-spread disease. From fuller information, we learn that experiments have for the past six months been going on which have resulted in the discovery that scarlet fever was spread through milk from a skin and udder disease of the cow, and that calves inoculated with fresh virus from the cow displayed all the symptoms shown by a person having scarlet fever, calves inoculated with cultivated virus seldom recovering. Cows suffering from this disease appear to enjoy their food as before, and yield an undiminished supply of milk. The micrococci fall into the pail during the process of milking, and according to Dr. Klein, they thrive and multiply in the fluid. No one has yet been willing to sacrifice himself by drinking the milk known to contain such micrococci, but it has been proved in several instances that scarlet fever, which became epidemic in certain sicknesses of London, was due to the milk supply having been obtained from cows afflicted by the disease spoken of. Dr. Klein says, that as the animals had a good appetite, and appeared in excellent health, their owners continued to dispose of their milk as usual, and were astonished when they learned that they had innocently been the means of spreading disease. It is thought that this new discovery will lead to important results, and ultimately to the extinction of a disease which yearly claims thousands of youthful victims.

#### DEMAGOGUEISM vs. REFORM.

We have endeavored, to the best of our ability, to lay before the readers of THE CRITIC, the disadvantages and drawbacks under which the toiler, who is obliged to work from early morn to late eve, is forced to labor. These disadvantages and drawbacks are, as we have pointed out, small in many respects, as compared with the difficulties that encountered the laboring man of a half century ago; but that there still exist grievances of a sufficiently serious nature to warrant the consideration of sober-minded men, must be quite evident to all. In this country, we have comparatively few capitalists or men of leisure, most of us being obliged to work, and work hard, with brain or muscle, to keep the wolf from the door; but in Britain and the United States, capital is not as generally diffused as in Canada. It is centered in the hands of a comparative few, and the masses of the people are, to a greater or less extent, held in serfdom by the possessors; but while we endorse any legitimate movement that will tend to improve the condition of our brother man, here or elsewhere, and while we

are willing to aid in securing for the laboring classes that recreation and freedom from toil which best conduces to their welfare, we have and must continue to object to the methods employed by some laborers to secure the domination of muscle without respect to the rights of others. The boycott, which we believe is honestly condemned by all skilled mechanics and artisans, is an instrument which threatens the individual liberty of which we all boast. Its enforcement by any organization is contrary to the law of the land, and to the principles laid down by Christian teachers. If it were to be allowed, the working classes would, in the end, suffer greater hardships than those whom it is aimed against. It is at a time such as this, when class is being arrayed against class, occupation against occupation, and man against man, that we best realize the political value of courage. The demagogues who seek to obtain the labor vote, may hope by inflaming the public mind to secure a temporary triumph, but men who believe that a day's work is worth an honest day's pay, and a day's pay is worthy of an honest day's work, will not long agree to support politicians of this stamp.

We believe in free schools, free public libraries, the Saturday half-holiday, shorter hours of labor, and many like reforms that directly benefit the working man, but we object to the tyranny of organization, the use of illegal means, and the subterfuges that are sometimes resorted to by those who claim to be the friends, but who are in fact the enemies of all such reforms.

#### THE SPIRIT OF INVENTION.

In view of the immense fortunes which have been made in late years upon patents, both useful and useless, the inventive genius of our people has been greatly stimulated; and almost every man we know has intimated to us that he has in his mind an idea, which, if carried out and patented, would be worth thousands of dollars; but while money has undoubtedly been made by many inventors, it somehow always appears to be outside the circle of one's friends that we hear of success. Not long since, a friend showed us a model of a piece of furniture, for which he predicted there would be a great demand. The article was patented, and the enthusiasm of the inventor immediately cooled down. It is the patenting of little things that brings in the most money. Here are a few instances. An idle fellow, who amused himself by throwing a ball to which a rubber string was attached for the pleasure of attempting to catch it on the elastic returning it to his hand, was induced to patent the toy, it became popular, and his royalty on the manufacture made him a millionaire. His patent has long since expired, and the Congress of the United States was too dignified to renew it. The man who transferred the ratchet lacing from shoes to ladies' gloves, also made a barrel, although the idea was not strictly original. About the richest patent in the world is the bell-punch that is in use on street cars, and for similar purposes the world over. The proprietor and patentee owns every one of these tell-tales that exists in the world. He has never sold a single one, and his rental from them is something incalculable.

Forty years ago, the description of all the patents issued in the United States filled a book of one inch in thickness. Those now issued in a single month would fill a volume of more than a foot in thickness. The United States patent office issues between 400 to 500 patents weekly, having upon the registrar 350,000 distinct descriptions of patents. The spirit of invention still fills the public mind, but the lack of originality is yearly becoming more marked. The patents which are now taken out being little more than improvements upon articles previously patented.

#### IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

The tone of the London press in discussing the prospects and feasibility of the federation of the Empire must be satisfactory to those Colonists, who while favoring the idea of federation, are strongly imbued with loyalty to the land in which they live. There was a time when Colonial affairs created very little interest in the Mother Country, a time when the requirements of the Colonies were shamefully overlooked by the authorities in Downing street; but that day has passed away, and has given place to an intense desire to conciliate and draw together the scattered sections of the Empire into a homogeneous federation. The Imperial Federation League has done good work in educating the public mind in Britain upon this important question, but it is probable that the interest which is now being evinced in the movement has received its great impetus from the Indian and Colonial Exhibition now being held in London. Here, our fellow subjects in the Mother Country are taught to realize for the first time the immense resources and rapid progress of the Colonies. Here, they are taught to understand that greater Britain has already achieved a high place among the commercial, industrial, and agricultural countries of the world. And here, too, they learn that the policy which would drive these young and strong Colonies to such independence, would be suicidal to the interests of the British Isles. So far as the British public is concerned, the question of federation has passed from the abstract to that of the concrete; but in the Colonies, no public expression as to its desirability has ever yet been made. And this is not surprising. Colonists, as a rule, have little time for the consideration of speculative politics; they deal with actualities; and while they are loyal to the Queen, and revere the old flag, their interests are more closely centered in that which is transpiring in their immediate neighborhood. To force federation upon the Colonies at the present time, would surely result in disintegration of the Empire. Federation cannot be of mushroom growth. If it comes, it will be brought about gradually, without friction. Rome was not built in a day, nor has the Irish question been settled in twenty-four hours. Because no feasible plan of federation has yet been suggested, it does not follow that one cannot be evolved; but its evolution will be like the growth of the Empire—slow, but sure.

TYT-BITS.

The following poem, which recently appeared in the *Bon Accord*, a weekly comic journal, published in Aberdeen, attracted the notice of the Queen, and Her Majesty wrote, expressing a desire to be furnished with the name of the author:—

I'm but an auld body  
Livin' up in Dreadsie,  
In a twa room'd bit hoosie  
Wi' a toofa' boosie.  
Wi' my coo and my grumphy  
I'm as happy 's a bee,  
But I'm far prouder noo  
Since she noddit to me!

I'm naw sae for past wi't—  
I'm gie' trig and hall,  
Can plant twa-three tawties,  
An' look after my kail;  
And when oor Queen passes  
I'm out to see,  
Gin y' luck she might otice  
And nod out to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,  
And the blinns were aye dum  
Till last week the time  
O her vesit cam' roon'.  
I waved my bit apron,  
As brisk's I could dae,  
An' the Queen lauch'd fa' kindly  
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—  
It's nae ease to freit—  
An' yet when I think o't  
I'm sair liko to greet  
She may feel for my sorrow—  
She's a mither, ye see—  
An' maybe she kent o't  
When she noddit to me!

A few years ago, when a Scottish parliamentary candidate was canvassing his constituency, he called at the house of an aged couple. Finding the woman alone, he entered into conversation with her, and asked her to use her influence in getting her husband to vote for him. While they were conversing, the would-be M. P. noticed a kitten amusing itself on the floor, and, taking it up, praised its beauty, and offered £5 for it. The bargain was struck, and, on leaving, he again expressed the hope that she would secure her husband's vote for him. "Weel, sir," answered the old woman, "as I said afore, John's o' man o' his ain mind, an' just does what sticks in his ain noddle; but at ony rate, sir, you've gotten a rale cheap kitten, for yer opponent was in na farer gane than yesterday, an' gae me £10 for its brither."

The new name for the man who throws a banana peel on the sidewalk is a Bananarchist.

Bob Ingersoll recently was talking with an old colored woman in Washington upon religious matters. "Do you really believe, Aunty," said he, "that people are made out of dust?" "Yes, sah; the Bible says dey is, an' so I b'lieves it." "But what is done in wet weather, when there is nothin' but mud?" "Den I s'pects dey make infidols and sich truck."

It is an old proverb that, when drunk, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Italian to boast, an Irishman to fight, an Englishman to eat, and an American to make a speech.

A drink for the sick—well water.

Why is there nothing like leather! Because it is the sole support of man.

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (vacantly)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—" Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul? Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immaterial."

"Young men believe nothing now-a-days," said Mrs. Ramsbothan, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an Acrostic."

Why is a baker like a beggar? He kneads bread.

Aged negro, speaking into street letter-box: "Hullo, in dar! Is dar any letters for Efraim Simes? Umph! don't pay no 'tention to cullud gentlemen's question, eh? Knowed it ud be dat way as soon as de Democrats got in offis."—*Judge*.

An amusing story about Mr. H. C. Richards and Mr. Herbert Gladstone is going the rounds. "Depend upon it, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Richards, at the close of a speech at Southend the other night, "we should never have heard of Mr. Herbert Gladstone if it had not beer for his father." And it is actually said that Mr. Richards was unable for some moments to understand why the audience roared.—*London Figaro*.

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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.

Owing to the dullness of the fish trade, business in Liverpool is unusually quiet; but the inhabitants believe, that if they could secure rail communication with the rest of the Province, Liverpool would yet reach a place worthy its name. On Saturday last, Liverpool was visited by a terrific rain storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The Baptist church at Brooklyn was struck by lightning, and much damage done, the pews within the church were badly smashed up.

Manager Clarke deserves the thanks of the patrons of the drama, in having secured an engagement with Mlle. Rhea, the celebrated French actress. She will appear at the Academy on the 30th instant, and during her stay in Halifax, will appear in a number of plays by celebrated French writers. We bespeak large audiences during her visit.

Last week, Haulan succeeded in breaking the three mile sculling record by thirty-one seconds. His time was 19m. 22s.

Some time ago, the American Government fixed the duty on mackerel at 25 per cent. Now, they have authorized the levying of a duty of 100 per cent on canned mackerel, the same as canned meats. The result has been to check exports from the Provinces.

The annual meeting of the Provincial Rifle Association is taking place this week at Bedford.

The Rev. Father Phelan, of St. Louis, a brother of the United States Consul, has been on a visit to Nova Scotia. Last Sunday evening he preached a most eloquent and impressive sermon to a crowded congregation at St. Mary's Cathedral.

The New Dominion steam-cruiser *Acadia*, late the *Yosemite*, arrived in port on Monday last, from New York. She was built some six years ago, at a cost of \$140,000, and last week was purchased by the Dominion Government for \$10,000. She is a very fast sailer, as is evidenced by the fact that she made the run from New York to Halifax in 42 hours, beating the fastest time on record by six hours. She will be of great assistance in connection with the protection of our fisheries.

The American war ship *Galena* called in port on Monday, on her way from a cruise in North Bay, and exchanged salutes with the cadet.

Mr. C. H. Porter, who has for the past two years been furthering his musical studies in Leipzig, and who for several years followed his profession with success in this city, has just returned to Halifax, and has received a cordial reception from his many old friends. Mr. Porter will be prepared to take pupils on and after September 1st.

Those who have visited Lunenburg of late have been struck with the bright business aspect of the town which is in strong contrast with the Lunenburg of ten years since. Strangers always speak enthusiastically of the pretty green sloping hills which surround the town, which under the peculiar German method of cultivation are rendered doubly attractive.

Chess matches by cables are no uncommon occurrence, but a match game of whist, such as that to be played by New York and London experts, will be quite a novelty. At sixpence per word the game will cost at least \$50.

The visiting firemen at the late tournament are loud in their praises of the firemen of this city for the hospitality extended to them. The Windsor team was accorded a very hearty reception on their return home.

We are pleased to learn that the Annapolis apple crop promises to be fully equal to that of last year.

At the Artillery competitions at Shoeburyness the Canadians have carried off most of the principal prizes. Since our last issue they have taken first prize in the 64 pounder shooting for the Londonderry cup, have won the Governor-General's cup, given for shifting ordinance, and taken fourth position in the ten inch competition, besides carrying off a large number of other prizes.

The Canadian cricketers won a great victory over the American team in the International cricket match played at Seabright, N. S., on Friday and Saturday of last week. At the close of the game the record stood: Canadians 229; Americans 132. We have every reason to be proud of the achievement of our artillery team and cricketers.

Mayor Howland, of Toronto, has proved himself to be a most fearless and capable officer, and since his elevation to the position of Chief Magistrate that city has been better governed than for many years. His latest move has been to cause the arrest of a number of Torontonians, who are charged with having defrauded the *Queen City* of \$8,000.

Pluropneumonia of a very violent type having broken out at the cattle quarantine station, Levis, two heids, one of Jerseys belonging to McCrea, of London, and the other Polled Angus, belonging to Andrew Allan, valued at thirty thousand dollars, were by the order of the Dominion Inspector of live stock slaughtered and cremated. There are three or four hundred imported cattle composed of Jerseys, Galloways, and Ayrshires, and it is feared they will also have to be destroyed. It is said that the disease was brought out by a herd of Galloways from Scotland on the steamer *Hiberian*.

"Baddock" says: "Another vessel has been added to our shipping list, the *Ocean Lily*, a three masted schooner of about 242 tons burthen. The Nick Roberts-Gardner circus arrived here Saturday morning and left in the evening. Owing to the heavy rain, the high wind, and other causes, the circus fell flat. The Evangelists held a farewell meeting on Tuesday and then left for Margaree. During the past week the hotels have all been crowded with tourists."

Connecticut Courts have declared boycotting to be an illegal mode of redressing wrongs.

The first printing done in America was in the City of Mexico, in 1539. The second press was put up in Lima, Peru, and the third in Cambridge, Mass., in 1639.

William Black, the novelist, is about to make a tour of the canals of England, travelling in a house-fitted boat made for the purpose.

There are 4,296 paper mills in the world, of which 1,150 are in the United States.

Michigan parties are experimenting with mineral wax from Utah mines. It is claimed to be the best material for insulating wires yet discovered.

A syndicate with £250,000 has been formed in Auckland to construct a railway from the East to the West coast of New Zealand.

It is asserted by an authority that it is a mistake to suppose that broiling is applicable to fish and meats only. It can be employed with fruits and vegetables, and when these are watery excellent results are obtained. The apple, pear, quince, and banana, the cucumber, tomato, green pepper, or egg plant thus prepared make admirable dishes.

Journalism in China has its perils. One writer was recently sentenced to be quartered, because in one of his scientific works he enumerated the names of several of the departed Chinese Emperors, which is strictly against court etiquette. His punishment was mitigated to decapitation and his children will be executed next autumn.

A revolution in the tea-trade is promised from Ceylon, where the growth of the plant has been unprecedented. The *Ceylon Advertiser* states that the acreage already planted with tea in that island may, three years hence, be expected to yield over 20,000,000 pounds for export.

So far as the acting of the Wilbur Opera Company is concerned, those who have patronized the Academy this week have little reason to complain, but while the chorus singing is fairly good, the want of star soloists is painfully evident. By special permission the company will present "The Mikado" at the Academy of Music this evening.

When the railway was extended to Dartmouth many persons thought it would prove an unremunerative enterprise, but the traffic returns of the past six months have proved the contrary.

Yarmouth is to have a grand musical festival on Monday evening next. In addition to the Orpheus Orchestra and the local talent engaged to take part, Miss Carrillo will make her first appearance before a Yarmouth audience.

The Icelanders are just now experiencing great distress, the fisheries for the past two years have not proved remunerative, while the catch of herring during the present season is reported as nil.

A four page weekly journal in English, the *Anglo-Japanese Review*, has been started in Tokio, to be "a weekly journal of Japanese commerce, politics, literature, and art." It advocates the adoption of the English language, which it declares "is justly regarded as the universal tongue."

Russia now has abundant rainfalls in provinces, once too arid for agriculture, that have been redeemed by tree-planting.

A woman's savings bank, for women only, has been organized at Honolulu, of which Her Royal Highness Princess Liliuokalani is the treasurer.

Even the Arctic regions have their bleak and frozen solitudes brightened with floral bloom and beauty, c. 752 kinds of flowers are said to exist there.

As an illustration that Chinamen are disposed to keep up with the times, it is stated that the Chinese proprietor of a Chinese newspaper at Singapore is about to issue a daily edition in English.

A rival to the telephone has been invented and tried between Philadelphia and Reading, sixty miles distant, by which messages can be instantaneously sent and recorded by a type-writer, so that the message is not lost if the receiver when "called up" is absent.

The interest taken by the Countess of Dufferin, wife of the Viceroy of India, in practical efforts for the relief of the sick and suffering women of that country, is securing great attention and material aid for the movement. Indian princes and nobles and English civilians and officers contribute largely, and medical schools and women's hospitals are established in many cities.

The heaviest wood known among the four hundred species of trees found in the United States is said to be the black ironwood, of Southern Florida, which is 30 per cent. heavier than water. Sixteen of the species, it is stated, are so heavy that their perfectly dry wood will sink in water.

RELIGIOUS.

CATHOLIC.

The Rev. Dr. Phelan has returned to the city from his visit to Cape Breton. At Sydney Mines, his native village, an address of welcome was presented to him, to which he replied very appropriately, advising young men not to go to the United States. On Sunday evening last, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Dr. Phelan delivered a very eloquent temperance lecture to the members of the various Catholic temperance societies of Halifax and Dartmouth.

Owing to the very large number of entertainments in the city this season, the members of St. Mary's Catechetical Teaching Society have decided not to hold their annual picnic this year.

Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, is on a visit to Charlottetown, P. E. I. His Grace is the guest of Owen Connolly, Esq.

The Pallium was conferred upon Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, by Cardinal Taschereau, on July 29, in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, London, Ont.

The Most Rev. James Alipius Goold, Archbishop of Melbourne, died on June 11th. His Grace was in his 74th year, and has been connected with the church in New South Wales and Victoria for nearly half a century.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Lord Bishop is expected to return to the city about the 21st instant. It is said that Rev. W. H. Sampson has resigned the charge of Trinity Church, his health not proving equal to the strain of his labors. Mr. Sampson has been a faithful and diligent pastor, and has endeared himself to his people.

A large and representative committee has been nominated by the Lord Bishop, in accordance with a resolution passed at the late session of Synod, who are to take steps to inaugurate the movement for a Cathedral in Halifax, to commemorate the centennial year of the foundation of the Colonial Episcopate. It would be well to send a clergyman from the Diocese to endeavor to raise funds from our brother churchmen, both in England and the United States.

Plans for a Cathedral in Halifax were prepared some years ago by the late distinguished architect, Mr. George Edmund Street. They are for a severe early English building, very plain and very substantial, in stone.

If anything appreciable is to be done within the year 1887, the work of canvassing must be begun at once. Bishop Charles Inglis was consecrated first Bishop of Nova Scotia, on Aug. 12, 1787. It would be very fitting that the foundation stone of the new Cathedral should be laid on August 12, 1887.

METHODIST.

English Methodism is beginning to protest with great earnestness against the three years' limit of its pastorate, and a prominent London journal says it is successfully emptying the largest chapels in city and country, and condemns it as being no longer necessary, and totally un-Wesleyan.

Mrs. James Stevenson, of Newton, Mass., daughter of the Rev. M. R. Lent, of the New York conference, has been addressing Methodist meetings at Wallace, Cumberland Co. She is a graduate of the Theological School of Boston University.

An industrial exhibition and fair will, it is said, be held in St. John next month by the ladies of Carmarthen Street Church.

The Methodist camp meetings, held lately at Berwick, have been very successful. Great interest prevailed, and many conversions were reported.

BAPTIST.

The death is announced of the Rev. G. F. Currie, of the Canada Baptist Mission in India. In 1886, after eight years of hard work, he returned to Canada, on furlough. On the death of another missionary, connected with the mission, he went back, leaving Mrs. Currie and children in Nova Scotia. It is thought that he had not sufficiently recruited his strength at the time of his return, and was thus unable to stand the arduous duties devolving upon him. He was a native of Fredericton.

Statistics of Baptist Churches among German-speaking people on the continent of Europe, show that there are in Germany 102 churches and 18,403 members; in Austria-Hungary, 5 churches, 930 members; in Denmark, 21 churches, 2,257 members; in Switzerland, 4 churches, 315 members; in Russia, including Poland, Roumania, and Bulgaria, 29 churches, 13,108 members. Total 169 churches, 32,208 members.

The Free Baptist General Conference of Nova Scotia will be held at Beaver River, Yarmouth Co., beginning September 9th.

PRESBYTERIAN.

A call has been received by the Rev. G. L. Gordon, from the Presbyterian church at River John.

The Melville Presbyterian Church, Cotes Antoine, Montreal, has unanimously extended a call to Rev. Anderson Rogers, of Yarmouth.

The Rev. A. N. Macray, of Torquay, England, has been elected by the congregation of Chalmers Memorial Free Church, Edinburgh, as colleague and successor to the Rev. Horatius Bonar.

On the 10th inst., the Rev. Dr. W. E. Archibald was inducted into the pastorate of Kentville Presbyterian church. The congregation is to be congratulated on securing the services of one who gives every indication of becoming a popular preacher.



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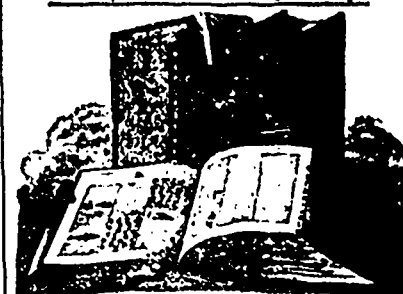
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- " 17, " "
- " 18, South Sydney, C. B.
- " 19, " "
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## FARM AND GARDEN.

**A FOX TO THE FRUIT GROWER.—The Plum Weevil.**—This beetle belongs to the *curculio* family—species, *Phytophaga*, meaning long snout. The loss occasioned by this insect to a crop of plums, when not under control, is often very great. In some orchards and gardens, the whole crop is frequently destroyed by the depredations of the larvæ of the beetle, a small whitish, footless grub, with a brown head.

The plum weevil is, in the mature state, a dark gray bug, a fifth of an inch long. When distinguished, it draws up its legs, and curves its snout close to the lower side of its body, remaining apparently lifeless. In that position it is delusive, resembling a dried bud, or a speck of bark. In a short time, if not molested, it unfolds and scampers off at a lively pace. In the spring, when the blossom has fallen, and the fruit formed, the weevils commence operations at once, making a crescent shape cut on a plum, in which is deposited a diminutive egg. The beetle having gone through that performance, turns round to examine the work; having seen the egg properly secured in the groove, she proceeds to go through the same act on other plums.

It is uncertain when the insect ceases from her labors. It is thought that the ovary is exhausted by the last of June. It depends, no doubt, on the season. By the first of July, the flow of mucilage from the cut on the surface of a plum would either throw out the egg, or drown the larva.

There are some phases in the domestic economy of this insect which writers of *curculio* literature have failed to investigate, viz., the time for it to complete its transformations, and place of abode in winter. My impressions are that the larva occupies some twenty-five days in its development from the depositing of the egg.

In the crescent groove, the egg may be distinctly seen, and removed with a point of a knife. If placed on the thumb nail, and slightly pressed, it breaks with a faint snap. A convenient microscope will reveal the ingenious art device of this plum-destroying bug to provide for the sustenance of its infant orphan.

When it leaves the plum, it hides at once, if the ground is favorable to its effort—any exposure is fatal to its existence—a scavenger bug prowling about would pick it up without any ceremony; or if ants were round investigating, they would endeavor to carry the helpless thing away, and quarrel while in the act.

Wishing to ascertain the period of incubation, I observed a plum recently scored, and an egg in position. A few hours after it was gone, a wandering ant must have stolen it. If the weather was favorable, from indications, the larva would be hatched in three or four days, and hidden in the plum.

Many of the fallen plums exhibit more or less grooves—from two to seven—in which eggs must have been placed. On examination, one half grown is the larva occupant, showing that previous deposits had failed. It is a very unusual occurrence that two grubs occupy one plum. I have examined, and in three instances only have two larvæ been noticed. Where ants abound, they are always on the rampage, and will checkmate the *curculio* by taking the eggs, no doubt, a display of wisdom. II.

**THE YOUNKER PLUM.**—This insect appears to be endowed with a complete intuitive intelligence, ever watchful of danger. A rustling of the foliage, a sudden jarring of a limb is an instantaneous warning.

With breathless stillness, observing a beetle at work on a plum, swaying its head with pendulous motion, suddenly it stopped, drew in its legs, and dropped to the ground. A bird lighting in the tree had given notice of an approaching enemy.

There are several ways of checking the ravages of this destructive bug, shaking them off the tree upon a sheet arranged to catch them. This a protracted method. The ground underneath the tree requires to be prepared to facilitate the work. It is usual to commence operations when the insect first makes its appearance on the fruit, continuing the jarring daily for several weeks, and gathering up the fallen fruit. This mode, if followed up for a few seasons, is very effective.

Having subdued the bug, the question presents itself as an after consideration—is it advisable to exterminate and clear them out bag and baggage. I very much doubt the wisdom of it. Trees subjected to the shaking-bumping-mauling process, if they live through it, remain bad looking specimens ever after.

Another method is to shower the trees, after the bloom has fallen, with a solution of Paris Green, adding to the mixture some thin flour paste to cause it to adhere to the fruit.

Paris Green is a dangerous article to meddle with. Its use in the orchard and field should be prohibited and restricted as other poisons. It injures not only the foliage, but the branches suffer from contact with the wash. In its descent it collects in the forks and junctions of the limbs, destroying the bark, which in a few years are crippled branches disfiguring the tree.

The cheapest and most satisfactory way, is to gather the fallen fruit and destroy the larva. When the diseased plums begin to come down, the ground under the tree should be carefully inspected and gleaned, afterwards, a lapse of four or five days may ensue before another gathering up of the concealed enemy, making it a point to secure all that have fallen.

In a season or two, the insect should be under control. The gathered fruit may be burned, or if more convenient, put it in a barrel, and dusted with lime or ashes. By the time a barrel or two of fallen plums are collected some *curculio* larvæ will have been disposed of.

Where there are a number of trees requiring attention, children may be employed, and paid by the measure. A quart of punctured plums is worth more to the grower than two quarts of perfect fruit. The larva usually remains in the dropped plum time enough for its capture.

I have examined specimens in a partly decayed state from laying on the

ground, and have found the grub in different stages of growth to mature larva. The plum is the home in which to pass the younger stage; and when the fruit begins to mellow, the insect knows it is time to vacate the young plum. II.

**FARMERS CAN RAISE THEIR OWN TROUT.**—There are many farmers who own trout streams, and would like to have them restocked, and some others very feebly attempt to do it by putting in a few thousand young fish. This would restock a small stream if it were done every year for some years. But it is folly to suppose that a large stream, which has been fished for years, and thousands taken from it every year, can be restocked quickly by putting in a few hundred, or even a few thousand young fry. It is much easier to stock a stream than to raise fish in ponds, because the young fish will take care of themselves much better than anyone can take care of them, and if they are protected from danger until they are about forty five days old—which is about the time the fish culturist takes charge of them—until they are ready to feed, they are then tolerably able to look out for themselves. In stocking a stream with trout, the young fish should be taken to its head-waters, or put into the springs and little rivulets which empty into it. As they grow larger, they will gradually settle down stream, and run up again to the head-waters in the fall and winter to spawn.

When putting fish into a stream, do not put them suddenly into water much warmer than that of the vessel in which they have been transported. They will not be so likely to be injured by putting them in water a few degrees colder; but try to avoid all sudden changes, and gradually raise or lower the temperature of the water in which you bring them, until it is even with that of the stream in which they are to be placed. Perhaps, in no branch of fish culture, are the results more immediate, or more apparent, than in restocking streams. Very many inland streams that were once inhabited by trout, are now wholly depleted, not only of that fish, but of all others. They are beautiful, sparkling little streams, but so far as a food producing element goes, they are valueless, and in a large majority of cases, they make a wonderful return for the restocking.

No brook, that has once contained trout, need be without them if the waters remain pure and cold. I believe there are no waters more satisfactory to stock than brook trout streams, because they are always before you. In stocking waters with shad or salmon, they migrate to the ocean, and only return once a year for the purpose of spawning; with salmon-trout and white-fish, they stay most of the time in the deep waters of our lakes, but brook-trout remain where they are placed, grow, and are caught among the residents, and contribute directly to the support and amusement of the people. Streams that have been wholly worthless in producing food, can be once more replenished, and be made a very valuable addition to the farm.—*SETU GREEN, in American Agriculturist for August.*

**SALTING BUTTER.**—If fresh made butter be drained to some extent and salt added in this wet condition we get perfect salting, for the moisture in the butter will saturate the butter and dissolve it, so that each little globule will be encased in this salt saturation, and when the butter is worked over, the surplus moisture will be pressed out, leaving the dissolved salt evenly distributed throughout the mass. Any more salt than can be dissolved in butter, remains in the butter as salt crystals, and does not aid in preserving it. The film of dissolved salt about each globule seals it, so to speak, from the air, and holds its color fast for the time. The addition of more salt than this is to cater to a taste for a salt flavor acquired by habit. As soon as one becomes accustomed to the salt solution salting, about half an ounce to the pound, he discovers that butter flavor, and the sharper salt flavor in butter are not in degree, but of kind, and so prefers the former. Butter, like buckwheat cakes, should be eaten when young. The practice of making butter, and then keeping it for months for a "rise," is wrong. Butter never is as perfect as it is the first week, and, if possible, the production of butter should be so equalized that the consumption should keep pace with production, and do away with the summer over-supply that loads down the market, brings low prices, and consigns thousands of tons of good butter—in its day—to the grease rendering factories.

**A WILD OR NATIVE GARDEN.**—We wish we could get the children interested in a wild or native garden, a garden composed wholly of such plants and shrubs as they can find about the fields and woods. Once begun, the task of collecting these plants would be a most pleasant one. We ought not to be ignorant of our own flowers, but most persons are. In one corner of our garden we have planted native shrubs and other plants, and among other things are Goldenrods and Asters growing together in a most friendly way. Now, one would suppose that few persons were unacquainted with these flowers. We presume that nearly every one who has spent an autumn in the country, has seen them in an unseeing way, merely being conscious of the existence of some yellow and purple flowers in the fence-corners and on the hills. They have not taken pains to see anything more. But they have come to our door to ask what those flowers were in the corner of our garden, producing such a magnificent effect of color. When told, they looked half incredulous, half as if they had been trapped into admiring something unworthy their admiration. We have growing with them wild roses, which are to us more lovely than the great flowers on our hybrid perennials, Bitter sweet, Virginia Creepers, Clematis, Lilies, and dozens of other wild plants that cost us nothing but the labor of getting them. Last year a despised Mullein took up its habitation there and it showed everybody that it was not without some graces of its own. What is offered by seedsman as "wild garden seeds," are not seeds of wild flowers, but a mixture of many varieties of garden flowers. Children, go to work and see what a charming garden you can find growing about the farm. You can have a little horticultural society of your own, and it will afford you much pleasure and profit. Try it.

[FOR THE CRITIC].  
OF INTEREST TO ALL.

(Continued.)

**DROWNING.**—Cases of drowning are of such common occurrence that no one should be without a certain amount of knowledge concerning the treatment, as the time which must necessarily intervene between the taking place of the accident and the arrival of a physician may frequently be sufficient to extinguish the already flickering spark of life, which the prompt employment of judicious measures might prove successful in fanning into a steady flame. If the body have not remained in the water more than five minutes there will be every reason to hope that our efforts to resuscitate will be successful, but such efforts should be made and persevered in even if submersion has continued for three quarters of an hour, although recovery in such cases is of course rare.

In treating a case of drowning, first strip off all the wet clothes, and lay the patient flat upon his face, raising the body by the legs so as to let the water run out of his mouth. After this has been done, turn him on his back, and place a pillow or a bundle made up of his clothes under his shoulders, so as to allow the head to fall back; seize the tongue between the fingers, which should be covered with a handkerchief to prevent its falling back in the mouth and causing suffocation by closing the air-passages; and then, as it is necessary to keep the body warm, surround it with hot bricks, or bottles filled with hot water. *Never put the patient into a hot bath.* It may also be necessary to clean out the mouth by inserting the finger into it. If spirits can be obtained the body should be well rubbed with hot spirits and water. Artificial respiration should then be proceeded with in the following manner: While the patient is lying on his back his shoulders being supported by the pillow or bundle of clothes, one person should kneel at his head and grasp both arms firmly with his hands just above the elbows; he should then draw them from the patient's sides, and bring them upwards towards himself, until they meet over his (the patient's) head, after holding them in this position for a few moments he must then return them slowly to his sides, each time making firm pressure with the arms against the ribs. This performance should be repeated about twenty times in the course of each minute, and should be continued for several hours. While this is being done, an assistant should kneel across the body facing the other operator, and placing his hands firmly below the ribs make strong pressure upwards each time the elbows are placed against the ribs, diminishing the amount of pressure in accordance with the elevation of the arms. Remember that the arms are not to be raised upwards from the ground, but to be moved on a level with the body. Of course the services of a third party will be required to hold the tongue.

It not infrequently happens that one is called upon unexpectedly to act in certain cases of emergency when the utmost promptitude is required. These emergencies may be caused by the following circumstances: 1st—derangements of the circulation of blood through the brain; 2nd.—insufficient supply of blood to the brain; 3rd—the presence of poisonous material in the blood; 4th.—certain nervous conditions. The first of these conditions may be caused by blows on the head, producing *concussion* or *compression* of the brain; also by sunstroke and apoplexy.

By the word *concussion* we mean simply what is commonly called a *stun*. The consequences of what is called a *stunning blow*, may, as is well known, be very slight; the sufferer recovering rapidly, and feeling no evil results following. But on the other hand the result may be fatal.

We will first of all take into consideration those mild cases of concussion in which the symptoms rapidly disappear, the patient recovering his usual health in a short time. The extremities and the surface of the body become cold, and the complexion pale; there is more or less loss of consciousness and motion; the pulse is feeble, and the pupils are contracted; and vomiting frequently takes place; after which consciousness and the power of motion soon return; the extremities and the surface of the body become warmer; the natural color of the skin is restored; and the pulse and pupils become normal. Of course the severity of the symptoms is proportionately severe with the severity of the concussion. Thus in more severe cases the patient is completely prostrated; the skin is cold and clammy; the eyes are glazed, the pulse is intermittent (i. e., it gives two or three beats, then stops for a few moments, then gives two or three beats more, and so on), and can with difficulty be detected. The patient may continue in this condition for hours, and then slowly recover, or else death may rapidly ensue from failure of the heart's action.

In treating a case of concussion the sufferer should be immediately wrapped up in warm blankets and put to bed; bottles with hot water, and well corked, should be placed round his body, and the surface should be vigorously rubbed. As soon as the power of swallowing is restored a little warm tea will be of service. Unless depressions should be very great stronger stimulants should be avoided, then however, brandy should be cautiously administered. The room should be darkened, and perfect quiet should be strictly enforced. Ice should be applied to the head.

Compression of the brain very often occurs in consequence of injuries to the head, and may be caused in different ways. It is only necessary for us in the present instance to consider that form which is caused by the pouring out of blood from an injured vessel within the skull. The symptoms are very similar in all cases, no matter what may have been the cause of the compression. Compression of the brain may supervene upon concussion, and is generally fatal. The pulse is very slow; pupils strongly contracted; and respiration slow and labored. The patient snores loudly. When these symptoms are present no time should be lost in sending for a physician, but while awaiting his arrival the same treatment should be pursued as in a case of concussion.

(To be Continued.)

LAKES OF SOLID SALT.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, London, Sir Peter Lumsden read a paper on the countries and tribes he had recently visited west of Afghanistan. He gave an interesting description of the geography of the Murghab valley and the customs of its people, and quoted a singular account of the Namaksar, or salt lakes of Yar-oilan, visited and described thus by Capt. Yato:—

Yar oilan means "the sunken ground," and no word can better describe the general appearance of the valley of these lakes. The total length of the valley from the Kangrual on the west of the Bund-i-Dozin which bounds it on the east, is about 30 miles, and its great breadth about 11 miles, dividing into two parts by a connection bridge which runs across from north to south, with an height of about 1,800 feet, but has a narrow which rises to some 400 feet above the general average. To the west of this ridge lies the lake from which the Tokke Turkomans from Merv get their salt. The valley of this lake is some six miles square, and is surrounded on all sides by a steep, almost precipitous descent, impassable for baggage animals, so far as I am aware, except by the Merv road, in the northeast corner. The level of the lake I made to be about 1,430 feet above the sea level, which gives it a descent of some 400 feet from the level of the connecting ridge, and of some 950 feet below the general plateau. The lake itself lies in the centre of the basin above described, and the supply of salt in it is apparently unlimited. The bed of the lake is one solid mass of hard salt, perfectly level and covered only by one or two inches of water. To ride over it was like riding over ice or cement; the bottom was covered with a slight sediment, but when that was scraped away the pure white salt shone out below. How deep this deposit may be it is impossible to say, for no one has yet got to the bottom of it. To the east of the dividing ridge is the second lake, from which the Saryks of Penjleh take their salt. The valley in which this lake is situated is much the larger of the two. The valley proper is itself some fifteen miles in length by about ten miles in breadth. The descent to it is precipitous on the north and west sides only, the eastern and south-eastern ends sloping gradually up in a succession of undulations. The level of this lake is apparently lower than that of the other; I made it out to be some 800 feet below the sea level. The salt in this lake is not so smooth as in the other, and did not look so pure. It is dug out in flakes or strata, generally of some four inches in thickness, is loaded into bags, and carried off on camels for sale without further preparation.

TISSUE PAPER FLOWERS

Tissue paper flowers are the feminine craze now. The show windows are resplendent with tulips, roses, daisies, poppies, and violets, made out of tissue paper, and young ladies of society are devoting hours to acquiring the art of their manufacture. It is a pastime particularly interesting, and it is remarkable what beautiful floral effects are produced with colored paper, a little wire, a little glue, and a pair of scissors. An enterprising manufacturing company has taken advantage of the craze, and has put up in boxes an assortment of different-colored tissue paper, with a small coil of fine and a few pieces of very fine, soft rubber pipe, to be used for stems. These boxes, together with a pamphlet of instructions, are sold for a trifling sum by the thousands. Young ladies with no knowledge of the manufacture of artificial flowers, it is said, can, with the contents of one of these boxes, and by the aid of the book of instructions, produce the most natural domestic flowers with a little practice.

"Tissue-paper parties" have already become popular. The fashionable world always eagerly welcomes any new entertainment which promises to be both novel and amusing, and it has taken hold of the tissue paper mania. At these quiet little assemblages not only striking effects in flowers are produced, but dresses are manufactured. The paper used at these affairs is imported, and comes in a most marvellous variety and beauty of color. Some of the garments made out of this flimsy material are exceedingly beautiful, as can be easily imagined, the variety of colors, shades and tints is almost inexhaustible, and every kind of combination and effect are possible. In the matter of trimming there is scope for all sorts of imitations, flowers, fringes, ruffs, and a hundred and one furbelows, which women only understand the name or object of. There must be a great deal of satisfaction in a lady making such a dress, and then viewing it with rapturous feminine delight, but this satisfaction cannot, of course, be compared to that of the master of the house, who finds his relief in the fact that it costs but a few cents.

But it is the manufacture of flowers from this imported paper which has turned the young feminine mind upside down. In the wonderful craze for fancy work these paper flowers are much used for ornamentation. Roses and poppies, made much larger than nature, are used for decorating lace curtains, pillow cases, backs of plush sofas and chairs and easels. A very popular feature of the parlor is a basket of these flowers. The basket itself is made of dark colored paper, without a foundation, simply in a ring, and the material is placed in folds. The flowers themselves are then laid on paper shavings, which fill out and keep the basket in shape. The handle, of wire, is covered with paper, with sweet peas or other climbing flowers twined around it. Such a basket of flowers can scarcely be distinguished from wax. A skillful hand, however, is needed in their manufacture.

"The prettiest thing I have seen made of tissue paper is a mat representing a water lily," said a young lady the other day, while in conversation with the writer upon the subject. "The perfect form of the beautiful flower was reproduced. It was made upon a foundation of a very large leaf, and upon this leaves in graduated sizes are placed, the lower ones being of dark green, the centre of very pale yellow, while the intermediate leaves were in graduated tints. You have no idea what a happy effect was produced."—*New York Sun.*



## RUSSIA'S RIVAL CAPITALS.

Moscow has never quite recovered from the fires which followed and put an end to the French occupation in 1812. Except upon certain high days and holidays, an air of languor hangs about the holy city, which for many centuries was Russia's actively beating heart. Perhaps it is partly for that very reason that it is far dearer to the Russian mind than St. Petersburg, the younger and more animated rival which has supplanted it. The city which Peter the Great founded on the swampy islets at the mouth of the Neva fairly represents the force and energy of the Russian Government, the splendor of the nobles, and the might of the military. But Moscow, with its hundreds of churches and shrines, its repose suggestive of some land where it is always Sunday afternoon, is far more in keeping with the ideas nearest to the heart of the Russian people, more in harmony than the glittering Northern capital with the deep devotion which the peasant feels towards the Church, and towards that fatherland with which the Church is in his mind so intimately connected. From all parts of the empire, from the swampy homes of fever and plague where the Volga pours itself into the Caspian near Astrakan, from the shores of the lakes and the shades of the forests lying far away northwards towards Archangel and the Arctic Ocean, from the rich "black soil" lands of the more genial south, and from the far off settlements stretching away in progressive lines into Central Asia, there come bands of pilgrims, who wander from one shrine to another, visiting the spots which are to the Russian mind most dear and holy, and who return to their native villages with a vast store of religious experience, and with a reputation somewhat akin to that of the mediæval pilgrim who had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. Such are the visitors whom we see standing before the porch of the Cathedral of St. Basil at Moscow. The men in rough caps and sheepskin tunics, with shoes made of lime-tree bark on their feet, their legs bound round in the old Scythian or Sarmatian fashion, the women with handkerchiefs tied over their heads, all with wallots slung around them and long pilgrim-staves in their hands, form very picturesque groups as they gather before church doors or in the courts and cloisters of monasteries.—*Picturesque Europe.*

## ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

To rob an eagle's nest is, even among professional cragsmen, regarded as a perilous task. But we question whether the feat has ever been accomplished under circumstances more awkward than those which were recorded as attending a Shetland fowler during his successful efforts to obtain a pair of this season's birds. The nest was built on the lofty cliffs of Ness, nearly five hundred feet above the boiling sea of the sound. The rope by which the man endeavored to reach his prey was one hundred and fifteen feet long and was almost within grasp of the eaglets which he was bent on securing he found the cord too short. Determined, however, not to be balked in his purpose, he unbound himself from the rope, and, clambering over dangerous precipices, managed to reach the nest. Luckily for the daring robber, the old birds were from home; but had they arrived about that period, the disturber of their family arrangements would assuredly have experienced an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. With two, or even one, of the eagles attacking him with beak and talons, the struggle could only have ended in one way. Even as it was, one of the two eaglets seem to have been quite equal to the defence of its home, so rudely invaded. Fixing its claws in the assailant's arm, it speedily stripped it of flesh, and had the Shetlander been a more nervous subject than Scandinavians usually are, might have thoroughly unnerved him. But he was not easily discomfited; and having secured the birds in his jersey, and carrying the ticklish burden in his teeth, he managed to retrace his steps, regain the rope and, after a climb of an hour and a half, reach Lerwick not much the worse for his adventure.—*Standard.*

## A PICTURESQUE CITY.

Fontevrault and its abbey lie three miles from the river bank, the road thither passing up a gradually narrowing valley, with green fields of gentle declivity sloping down on either side. It is a quaint little city of 2,500 inhabitants. Its streets are stonier than those of Belgium's capital in the days of Waterloo, and so crooked that the stranger can scarcely find his way from end to end without a guide. Along the middle of all these not touched by the ward of modern progress there trickles a little stream fed from the sloping sides, as when, in the dark ages, men first began to build towns and dispose of springs, streams, and waste by some form of sewerage. The diligence deposits the passenger at a little auberge of unknown antiquity in which dining-room, waiting-room and kitchen are inextricably blended, and if chilled with his journey he can thrust his feet into one corner of a huge fireplace, while his hostess, whose upper lip is adorned with a superb mustache, prepares his coffee and skims from a pint bowl the cream wherewith to season it. The hills that cluster about Fontevrault were once covered with dense forests, of which only a part remain, having given way to orchards, meadows, and vineyards. In these woodlands the people of the twelfth century, and probably later, had a bad habit of getting lost, and to guide them homeward it was the custom to sound the bells of the abbey, while the tall, lantern-tower of the chapel of St. Catharine sent forth a cheerful effulgence to show the direction of the village. This little chapel, one of the most unique ornaments of all this ancient region, is treated with no more respect than the rest. It has entirely lost its sacred character and become the home and workshop of a wheelwright. On one side of the room, which was the place of worship, I found wheels in various stages of construction leaned against the wall and the "bench of the base mechanic;" on the other side domestic appliances, including an open cupboard

with the ancient dishes set on edge to show their queer pictures. In the room in the cupola under the lantern, there was a litter of hay and straw, and more wheels ready for the market. All this was shown me by a stolid youth in a blue frock, the rest of the family being absent on their Sunday holiday, who considered himself amply rewarded with 2 sous.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

## COMMERCIAL.

During the past week the wholesale trade of Halifax has been comparatively light, but the retailers have done a very fair amount of business.

Farmers are now fully occupied in caring for and harvesting their crops, which promise to be rather heavier than the average. Still the financial position of our farmers as a class is hardly as good as that of a year ago. Many of them have increased their borrowings. This is owing to the fact that they were not disposed to sell their hay and other productions last autumn and winter—holding in anticipation of higher prices later in the season. These hopes have not been realized while the farmer added unecessarily to his burdens of storage, insurance, interest, and waste. These items can never be recouped. No farmer or dealer should expect to get the highest market prices. Those who do invariably have occasion to regret waiting. A good business rule is to accept any price that "gives a fair profit." A farmer who sells his produce within a reasonable time after harvest, year after year, comes out best. Take a series of years—say ten—and you will find that prices are higher at the first part of the season than they hold later. Interest on money runs up very fast, and in almost every case farmers will realize a better profit by selling immediately after harvest than by waiting to dispose of their crop, even if in the latter case they obtain higher prices.

REAL ESTATE.—Quite a number of negotiations for small building lots in the western suburbs have been in progress, and some bargains have been concluded. It is probable that the coming fall will witness much activity in building operations and in preparations for building.

GROCERIES.—The sugar market has been quiet and slightly easier in tone. Some round lots have been sold on private terms, but it is understood that in these cases prices have been shaded off from quotations. Molasses are firm, but very little has been done in them. Teas have, in the London market, fallen rapidly, and lower than was anticipated. Two or three months ago many went into the market and bought large quantities for a rise, but these same people appear to have been now seized with a species of panic. This extraordinary and universal anxiety to resell such fresh bought parcels has led to the recent remarkable fall in tea.

The sugar crop of Louisiana this year, it is calculated, will be about 15 per cent. less than last year, or a shrinkage of 33,000 hhds. from 220,000, the amount of last year's manufacture. But in Cuba the new crop is estimated at 700,000 tons, against 628,000, the production of last year. This latter increase, taken in connection with the augmented manufacture of beet sugar in Europe, will no doubt enable the world to keep sweet at a reasonable cost.

FRESH FRUIT.—A few native apples are presenting themselves on the market, but they are of early varieties without keeping qualities. Now that the season for shipping apples is rapidly approaching, the condition of the crop on the other side of the Atlantic is of much interest to the trade. Recent advices received from Glasgow inform us that extensive enquiries throughout the principal apple sections of Great Britain lead to the conclusion that the crop in that country will be all but a total failure, while reports from the continent speak of a very light yield. Altogether the European crop is expected to be insignificant as compared with that of last year.

DRIED FRUITS.—It is now asserted that the supply of raisins, figs, etc., will be fully up to the average of late years, and may if the weather continues to rule favorably to the now rapidly maturing crops considerably exceed it. Still an enormous demand from America and from France has kept prices steady.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat, barley, and oats, are very dull and little or nothing doing in them. The demand for flour is limited and prices are steady.

HOG PRODUCTS.—Hams, pork, bacon, and lard, are steady with firm prices, but transactions are small.

BUTTER.—Extra good qualities find a willing market and good prices. For lower grades the demand is small, and owners find difficulty in disposing of their offerings.

CHEESE has been active, and large transactions have occurred at a slight advance on both sides of the Atlantic. Stocks in Great Britain are reported to be unusually small for this season of the year, and buyers there seem to be following the market up from the sheer force of demand upon limited supplies.

LIVE STOCK.—The receipts during the past week, though not so large as during that just preceeding, continue to improve in quality. Lambs, particularly, are growing very satisfactorily.

LUMBER has been in good demand at quotations, both for shipments and for local use. Some sorts are rather light in supply, but the market has not suffered on that account.

WOOL.—Manufacturers have bought rather freely of late, and stocks in hand are reported to be unusually light. The apparent effect has been to render prices firmer without advancing them.

COAL.—The leases of coal mines and areas in this Province expire next week, but it is probable that the companies holding them respectively will all renew them, though some are not satisfied with the changes made by the legislature at its last session in the law respecting royalties. Hitherto

royalty has only been payable on "round" coal, while "slack" has been exempt. In view of important changes that have occurred in the trade within the past two or three years, whereby purchasers of coal for manufacturing purposes take the article as it comes, that is without screening, all coal sold will have to pay a reduced royalty. Prices are unchanged, though the tone of the local market is easier. This is about the time when families should secure their winter's supply, because the usual fall advance will very soon occur.

Hors.—Reports from Great Britain and Europe are that the crop is rather larger than an average one, and has been secured in excellent condition. The quantity that will be required then from America will in consequence be considerably less than in the past two seasons. Though, as already noted, the product of considerable portions of New York State will be almost nothing, other sections of the United States and Canada have done well. As a considerable quantity of old remains over from last year, the supply will be fully equal to all probable requirements, and prices are settling back to the figures that prevailed a few weeks since.

Fish.—The tournament week having passed away, it was generally thought that there would be more doing in the fish market; but since then, we have had some very bad weather, which has prevented anything being done, except for some pickled fish. There have been quite a number of arrivals of dry fish from the coast, both of Shore and Bank; former, we think, have all been placed at about former quotations; the latter, we think, are still on the market, and holders are looking for an advance on previous sales. Vessels arriving from the Banks are bringing full fares, and most of those now arriving are bringing their second trip.

Since our last issue, some good net fishing has taken place with Mackerel, and some have been secured on the coast. Very few have come to market from the coast, but there have been small fares landed from the Bay, but we have not heard of any sales of this description. August is passing away without any quantity of Mackerel being taken on our coast, and less on the American coast. We think there must be quite an advance on all grades of Mackerel very near at hand. It is quite evident that all the American mackerel fishermen in the North Bay are doing well, as we notice very frequent arrivals at the different United States ports; but the catch up to this point is so far short of previous years that we think in advance is near at hand. We cannot give any quotations of sales in this market as no quantity has been sold since our last. The Salmon referred to in our last issue have been sold and shipped, and there are now some later arrivals which are being inspected. We learn that the quality of Salmon from the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador are particularly good this season; but we think they have been better cared for than usual; and we think this of all the fish that are taken on our coast. If Bank fish were handled the past season as many were a few seasons ago, the result would have been much more disastrous than it has been. And now that the season for fat Mackerel is at hand, we take the liberty of calling the attention of our fishermen to the fact, that white, well-cured fish will bring much more than dark fish. In fact, a nice white fish will sell quite readily, while a dark fish will not sell at all. It may require a little attention, but all the extra trouble made up by the difference in price obtained for a good article. There are no better fish taken than what are taken on our coast, but they are spoiled for the want of a little extra care.

We are sorry that we cannot report better fish markets in the West Indies. The Jamaica market is still in a bad position, though not any worse than the other West India markets. Below will be found a report of Jamaica fish market to 3rd August:—

"Since our last, two vessels have arrived with full cargoes—one fare from Lunenburg, and the other via steamer, latter fully stocking second hands. Sales were opened at 1s., but this price could only be had by very hard work, buyers offers being considerably influenced by the knowledge of expected large arrivals, which reports at least seven vessels from Halifax, Lockport, and Lunenburg; and it is expected the market will go below the quotations. Trade continues very dull, and railway communication is not yet opened. A good deal of inferior fish is still on hand, which has its influence on better sorts. Large stocks of Alewives are held here."

There seems to be a better feeling in the United States fish markets for Mackerel, particularly the short catch is now about being realized; but at the same time, we do not look for such enormous prices as were paid a few years ago. We think the time has gone by for those high prices.

Below will be found quotations of Boston fish markets to Aug. 13:—  
Trade during the past week has been quite good, but receipts have been large and in excess of the demand. Prices remain unchanged and continue as follows Mackerel, 1886 inspection, \$5 to \$5 25 for 3's.; \$6.50 to \$6.75 for 2's.; and \$15.00 for 1's.; P. E. Island 3's., \$5.00; uncultured, \$5.50 to \$5.00 per bbl.; Dry Bank codfish, \$2.75 and \$2.50, for large and medium; Pickled Bank, \$2.50 and \$2.25 to \$2.12, for large and medium; Pickled Shore, \$3.12; Georges, \$3.00; and large French cod, \$3.25 per qtl.; New Brunswick alewives, \$3.25 per bbl. Up to date 67 trips of mackerel have arrived from the North Bay at New England ports, composing a total of 26,770 bbls., or about 400 bbls. to the trip.

Below will be found a comparative statement of mackerel catch of New England for past four years, week ending Aug. 13:—

1886	1885	1884	1883
33,537 bbls.	172,068 bbls.	157,981 bbls.	67,403 bbls.

Advices from Gloucester to 14th inst., are about as follows:—  
No mackerel received for two days, and few arrivals with any kind of fish. Arrived past 24 hours, 2 from Western Banks, 1 Quero, 1 Grand Banks, 1 Cape Shore, 2 Georges, 2 Georges, 2 Georges, receipts, 499,000 pounds cod, 42,000 pounds halibut, 200 qtls. hake, 88 bbls. oil. The market is firm and unchanged. All cargoes have been sold from first hands. Last sales sea-packed mackerel, \$6.25, inspected, \$6.75 to \$5.50.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

Our Price Lists are corrected for us each week by reliable merchants, and can therefore be depended upon as accurate up to the time of going to press. We intend devoting special attention to our Commercial and Financial Articles, and to our Market Quotations, and to this end have secured the co-operation of several persons thoroughly conversant with questions of finance and commerce.

GROCERIES.

SUGAR.		
Cut Leaf	4	to 8 1/2
Crystallized	6 1/2	to 6 3/4
Circle A	6 1/2	to 6 3/4
Extra C	5 1/2	to 5 3/4
Yellow C	5 1/4	to 5 1/2
TEA.		
Congou, Common	17	to 19
" Fair	20	to 23
" Good	25	to 29
" Choice	31	to 33
" Extra Choice	35	to 39
Oolong—Choice	37	to 39
MOLASSES.		
Barbadoes	30	to 32
Demerara	30	to 35
Diamond N	42	
Porto Rico	31	
Tobacco—Black	37	to 48
" Bright	42	to 54
DISCOUNTS.		
Pilot Bread	2.60	to 2.90
Boston and Thin Family	7 1/2	to 8
Soda	6 1/2	to 8 1/2
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case	7 1/2	
Fancy	8	to 10

The above quotations are carefully prepared by a reliable Wholesale House, and can be depended upon as correct.

BUTTER.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints	20	to 23
" " in Small Tubs	20	to 24
" " Good, in large tubs	16	to 18
" " Store Packed & oversalted	10	to 12
Canadian Creamery	22	to 24
On Creamery the tone is firm		
" " Towship, finest	18	to 20
" " fine	17	to 18
" " Morrisburg and Brockville	15	to 17
" " Western	13	to 16

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer in butter.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

MACQUEL.		
No. 3 large	Catch 1885	2.00
" " "	" 1886	2.90 to 3.00
No. 3	" 1885	2.00
" " "	" 1886	2.50 to 2.75
Small		1.00
HERRING.		
No. 1 Shore, July	1886	4.40 to 4.25
(reported almost a total failure on our shores.)		
ALEWIVES	Catch, 1886, cr bbl	2.50
CODFISH.		
Hard Shore to equal, catch, 1885, per qtl.		
Price as to quality		
1886 per qtl	2.10	to 2.25
Bank	1886	no late sales
Bay		none
SALMON, No. 1		13.00 to 14.00
HAUDOCK, 1886, per qtl.		1.75 to 1.90
HARE		1.50 to 1.75
COD		none
POLLOCK		none
HARE SOUNDS		45 to 50c per lb.
COD OIL A.		29 to 30

The above are prepared by a reliable firm of West India Merchants.

LOBSTERS.

Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast).	
Tall Cans	4.75 to 5.25
Flat	6.00 to 6.50
Per case 4 doz. 1lb cans,	

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

APPLES, Nova Scotia, per bbl	2.00 to 3.00
Oranges, per bbl, Jamaica (new)	10.00 to 11.00
Lemons, per case, best quality	11.00 to 12.00
Cocoanuts, per 100	5.00 to 5.50
Onions, Bermuda, per lb.	none
" Mediterranean, per lb	2 1/2 to 3
Foxberries, per bbl.	3.30 to 3.50
Figs, 1lb box (fresh)	16 to 18c
Limes, layer (new)	7 to 8c
Plantains, per 100	3.00 to 3.50
Tomatoes, per crate	1.50 to 2.00

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

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

Our quotations below are our today's wholesale selling prices for car lots not cash. Jobbers' and Retailers' prices about 5 to 10 per cent advance on carload lots.

Flour.		
Graham	4.40	to 4.50
Patent high grades	4.50	to 4.80
" " mediums	4.25	to 4.40
Superior Extra	4.00	to 4.15
Lower grades	3.00	to 3.50
Oatmeal, Standard	4.40	to 4.50
" Granulated	4.75	
Corn Meal—Halifax ground	2.95	to 3.00
" Imported	2.95	to 3.00
Bran per ton—Wheat	15.50	to 16.00
" " Corn	14.50	to 15.00
Shorts	17.50	to 18.00
Middlings	20.00	to 21.00
Cracked Corn	20.00	to 20.00
" Oats	23.00	to 20.00
" Barley	34.00	
Feed Flour	3.25	to 3.50
" From Frozen Wheat	2.75	
Oats per bushel of 34 lbs	42	to 45
Barley " of 48 "	75	to 80
Peas " of 60 "	1.10	
Corn " of 50 "	80	to 85
Hay per ton	13.00	to 14.00
Straw	10.00	to 12.00

J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Liverpool Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid	11.50	to 12.00
" " Am. Plate	12.00	to 12.50
" " Ex. Plate	13.00	to 13.50
Pork, Mess, American	new	12.50 to 13.00
" "	old	11.50 to 12.00
" " American, clear	new	15.00 to 15.50
" " P. E. I. Mess	new	12.50 to 13.00
" " "	old	11.50 to 12.00
" " P. E. I. Thin Mess	new	10.50 to 11.00
" " Prime Mess	new	9.50 to 10.00
Lard, Tubs and Pails	10	to 11
" " Cans	12	to 12 1/2
Hams, P. E. I.	12	to 13c
Duty on Am. Pork and Beef	\$2.20	per bbl.

Prices are for wholesale lots only, and are liable to change daily. These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Wool—clean washed, per pound	15	to 18
" " unwashed	12	to 15
Salted Hides, No 1	7 1/2	
Ox Hides, over 60 lbs., No 1	7 1/2	
" " under 60 lbs., No 1	7	
" " over 60 lbs., No 2	6 1/2	
" " under 60 lbs., No 2	6	
Cow Hides, No 1	5	
No 3 Hides	5	
Calf Skin	8	to 10
" " Des. ns, each	25	to 35
Woolskins	25	to 1.00
Lambskins	15	to 25

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

LUMBER.

Pine, clear, No. 1, per m.	25.00	to 22.00
" " Merchantable, do do	14.00	to 17.00
" " No 2 do do	10.00	to 12.00
" " Small, per m.	8.00	to 14.00
Spruce, dimension good, per m.	9.50	to 10.00
" " Merchantable, do do	8.00	to 9.00
" " Small, do do	6.50	to 7.05
Hemlock, merchantable	7.00	
Shingles, No 1, sawed, pine	3.00	to 3.50
" " No 2, do do	1.00	to 1.25
" " spruce, No 1	1.10	to 1.30
Laths, per m	2.00	
Hard wood, per cord	4.00	to 4.25
Soft wood	2.25	to 2.50

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

POULTRY.

Fowls, per pair	50	to 75
Turkeys, per pound	14	to 16
Geese, each	none	
Ducks, per pair	60	to 90

The above are corrected by a reliable victualler.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Steers, best quality, per 100 lbs. alive	4.50
Oxen	4.90
Fat Steers, Heifers, light weights	3.50
Wethers, best quality, per 100 lbs.	4.00
Lambs	3 1/2 to 4 1/2

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualler.

## THE MYSTERY OF CLIVEDEN HALL.

(Written for THE CRITIC by Miss A. K. Lambert)

(Continued)

She was dressed in a long embroidered dressing-gown, her face and lips were of a dead white, but her eyes looked red and swollen as if with weeping, and the eyes themselves, which were dull and lustreless, were wide open and gazing straight before her. She advanced towards me, her footsteps making not the slightest noise as she walked, then stopped, and stood looking at the fire. I pulled the bell with a desperate effort, and at that moment the figure gave a deep sigh, gazed intently at me for an instant, and then turned and left the room as noiselessly as it had entered. After that I remembered nothing more until I found my maid bathing my temples with eau-de-cologne, with looks of the deepest concern.

"Where is Lord St. Maur?" I asked, languidly, when I had a little recovered. "I did not feel well, and must have fainted in my chair," I added, for I shrank with strange reluctance from telling her what I had seen; my maid seemed to avoid looking at me as she answered that his lordship was, she believed, still in his room.

"Why does he not come up?" I said; "it must be late."

"I do not think his lordship was very well just now," Annetto answered reluctantly.

"What makes you think so?" I asked quickly; "tell me what you know at once."

Then Annetto told me that a little while before my bell rang the footman heard Lord St. Maur ring, and when he answered it, found my husband standing by the fire breathing hard and looking quite ill, with his eyes fixed on the door as though he expected to see something. Annetto went on to say that Lord St. Maur was twice asked if he rang before he answered, and he then asked for a glass of water, and when it came his hand shook so much that he could scarcely hold it. My maid then told me she did not know what was the matter with the place that night. Everything seemed wrong, the glass in the pantry had been broken, no one knew how, and when they were all sitting at supper they heard a deep sigh close to them, the rustling of a dress, and a cold draught of air passed through the hall as though a door had been suddenly opened.

Alarmed at what I had just heard about Edward, I was slipping on my dressing gown whilst my maid was talking, to go down to him, when at that moment I heard his step upon the stairs, so I hastily told Annetto I should not require her any more, and she had scarcely left the room when my husband entered. He looked so white and strange that he frightened me almost as much as the apparition (for such I feel sure it was) I had so lately seen.

"What is it?" I asked. "You are ill? You have seen something?"

"Seen something," he answered, and he spoke almost roughly, "there is nothing to see that I know of, I did not feel very well a short time since," he added in a calmer tone, "a spasm of the heart to which I am subject, but I am better now," he said in answer to my anxious looks, "there is no cause for anxiety."

"But you—" and I thought he looked at me strangely, "you are not yet in bed, what has kept you up so late?"

Then I told him word for word, just as I have told you, what I had heard and seen, and how terrified and ill it had made me. I thought he seemed both startled and surprised, though he tried to laugh me out of my dreams as he called them, and said I had not had enough exercise lately, and that I must try and brace my nerves by walking more and not sit so much indoors.

But it is nonsense, she said, I know I was not dreaming, and nothing can ever persuade me I did not see that figure. Even the servants felt there was something wrong last night. Perhaps, she added quickly, something dreadful happened here a long time ago which my husband knows, but does not like to tell me. Have you ever heard anything strange about the place? Do tell me if you have, I would rather know the worst than live in this frightful state of dread and horror. What a position was I placed in. How could I tell this poor young creature the mystery that hung over the death of Lord St. Maur's first wife, that last night was the anniversary of that event, and that her spirit was said to visit the place of her former abode on every return of that day. I felt that such a shock to so delicate a form might be followed by the most disastrous consequences, and she would be the last hand in the world to deal so rude a blow. I therefore told her what was true so far, that I knew of nothing that had happened, that no doubt she was weak and nervous, and lastly I said what I did not really think, that she must have fallen asleep and had strange dreams that had frightened her. "No," she answered slowly, shaking her head, "no it was not a dream." Then burying her face in her hands she added, "Oh, Ellen, I am so miserable."

I stayed late, trying every means in my power, to weaken the impression made upon her mind by the horror of the preceding night, nor did I leave until I felt I had partly succeeded. And when at length obliged to go I promised to come again the following day to see how she was.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was some little time however before I was able to keep my promise, as I was laid up with a bad cold which obliged me to keep in the house. The past worry and excitement I had gone through had been too much for me, and my mother told me I looked quite ill. I heard from Lady St. Maur, and in her note she told me she was better, though still feeling very

far from strong. She also said that Lord St. Maur had decided to leave England and go to some warmer climate for the benefit of her health. My only regret at leaving, she added, will be my separation from you, but wherever we are you must come and make a long stay with us. She ended by saying they would not be going just at present, as Lord St. Maur had much to do and see to before leaving, as it was not likely they would ever return to Cliveden Hall. A few days after the receipt of this I was sitting in my room thinking I would be well enough next day to walk over to the hall, when my mother entered with a letter to me in her hand from a favorite uncle of mine, asking me to come and see him at once, as he was in a short time setting out for America, and hoped to see me before he started.

"I think you must go, Ellen," said my mother, "if you feel at all able to do so, as you cannot tell when you will see him again."

"Yes," I answered slowly "I suppose I must go. I shall walk to the hall to-morrow and say good-bye to Lady St. Maur, and start the following day. I need not be away more than a week, and shall still be able to see a great deal of Lady St. Maur before she leaves England."

The next day I went to the hall, and the footman on opening the door said he thought her ladyship was walking in the grounds, and at that moment I saw her slight figure coming towards me from the further end of the drive. She greeted me warmly, and asked affectionately how I was.

"This is the first time I have felt well enough to go out," she said, "since I saw you, or I should have come and enquired after you. Lord St. Maur is out riding and wanted me to go with him, but I did not feel well enough," she added, with a sigh.

I said I had come to say good-bye for a few days, but should soon be back again. She seemed more distressed on hearing this than I thought the occasion required, and then took me up into her room. When she had taken off her things I was struck by a change in her, not so much in her face as in her manner. The terror and excitement I had so lately seen was gone, and had now given place to an unnatural calm, which showed itself in her voice and every movement.

"I had a visitor here shortly before you came," she said in a low voice, as we seated ourselves by the fire, "not this time an unearthly one," she added with a faint smile, "but one of flesh and blood." "Ellen," she said, and a slight quiver passed through her, "I now know all, all that you would not, or could not tell me, is fully explained at last. What matters it to me whether I go or stay? I must bear what I have to bear, whether here or elsewhere it signifies little. I have just seen my husband's late wife's maid," she continued, sinking back into her chair, "and she has told me all."

Then the full reality flashed like lightning through my mind, "Lucille," I said desperately, "you must not believe all you hear, there was no proof," I stammered, hardly knowing what I said, "no proof of anything found against your husband."

"I know all that you would say," she answered, wearily, "but the proof is here," laying her hand upon her heart, "and I feel that it is true. And I have seen her spirit," she said with a strange light in her eyes, "that night was the anniversary of his wife's death, and who knows," she added in an undertone, "perhaps he saw it too."

Feeling mortified beyond measure to think she had received the account of what had happened so long ago, and which I had hoped she never would have heard in so terrible a way from one whom I knew was so fully convinced of Lord St. Maur's guilt, I felt myself totally unable to destroy an idea that I could see had now taken such firm possession of her mind. Besides which, I had always myself great doubts of Lord St. Maur's innocence, which the little I had seen of him had by no means helped to dispel, and what one does not firmly believe oneself, it is difficult by any amount of argument to make convincing to another.

"She asked me for money," said Lady St. Maur, breaking the short silence, "but I said I had none, and Lord St. Maur was out, so as she had come some distance I took her address, and promised I would let my husband know about her. Hark! what was that?" she exclaimed suddenly.

It was Lord St. Maur's voice below, and presently we heard his steps ascending the stairs to his wife's room. Lady St. Maur turned deadly pale, and sat with her eyes fixed on the door, and at that moment her husband entered. He looked in better spirits than I had ever seen him, and after shaking hands with me and enquiring how I was, he went up to his wife and said, as he kissed her fondly:

"You must ride with me next time, Lucille, I am tired of riding alone, and I am sure it would do you good, do you not think so Miss Rivers?" he said appealing me, "I do not believe she wants anything more than air and exercise. What is this?" he continued, going up to the table and taking up the address lying on it, "Mrs. Biggs, 8 Woodville Grove, South Kensington, I do not know the name."

"A woman came to see me this afternoon," answered his wife, looking at him for the first time since his entrance, "she wanted some money, but I had none to give her, and you were not at home, so I took her address and told her I would let you know about her. She said you would know her by her single name of Alice Kemp, she was your first wife's maid," she added, slowly.

Lord St. Maur turned pale at these last words, and the hand that held the paper trembled violently. Then—

"I thought she died long ago," escaped from him in a low tone.

"No, she is not dead," said Lady St. Maur, and her voice sounded strangely calm; "her husband died in Australia, and she has come back to England very poor, and would be glad of help."

Lord St. Maur looked up and met our eyes fixed upon his face, his own fell as he said hurriedly, "she is a bad woman and deserves nothing, she always hated me, why I never knew, and did not hesitate to circulate the

vilest slanders about me after my wife's death. Then finding his words received in perfect silence, he went up to his wife, who had risen, and was standing in a listless attitude by the fire, and seizing her hands exclaimed passionately, "Lucille, my love, my life, what have you heard? Will you believe anything you hear against me? Will you help to drive me mad?"

"Edward, you frighten me," she answered wearily, turning away from him; "you forget I am not well."

He looked at her for a moment as she stood with her head averted, then glanced away, whilst his features worked with uncontrollable emotion, turned to the door and in another instant had left the room. When he had gone Lady St. Maur sank into a seat and buried her face in her hands, then looking up at me she said, as she leant her head upon my shoulder, her soft cheek touching mine, "I had a strange dream last night. I dreamt I was sitting at home with all the friends and companions of my youth around me, when the door opened and a shadowy figure entered, took me by the hand and led me out. No one else appeared to have seen it enter, and we went away unobserved. Suddenly I seemed to be lying in my coffin, and I thought that I was dead, but I felt so happy, happier even than I did when at home, and I wondered to myself why people feared death if it was like this, then I woke and wept to think my dream was not true. Oh, Ellen, I am so weary, so very weary, I long to be at rest, sometimes a strange kind of presentiment comes over me that I shall be soon, and that I shall never leave this house except for my last resting place. You have been a dear friend to me, she said, looking tenderly at me, and we have spent many happy hours together, but I feel that is all over now, never, never, to return in this world."

Feeling miserable enough at leaving her in this melancholy mood, I did my best to comfort her, telling her she was unwell and out of spirits, and would soon be better with change of air and scene.

"It may be so," she said sighing, "but I cannot believe it, I have a weight upon my spirits that I cannot shake off, as of a certainty of coming evil."

It was with a heavy heart I rose to say good-bye, "it is only for a week," I said, trying to speak cheerfully, "and then I shall return and find you better." She smiled a sad sweet smile, I see her now, her lovely face so pale and worn, and an almost unearthly light in her dark eyes, then she pressed me closely to her heart again and again, until I almost tore myself away with that feeling of sinking and foreboding of the heart, which seemed to foretell some terrible and unlooked for catastrophe

\* \* \* \* \*

My week passed quickly away, and I was again at my home. During that time Lady St. Maur wrote once to me, but did not say how she was, only that she was very busy getting ready for their departure. I felt uneasy, though I did not know why, and longed to be at home. My uneasiness was increased by the looks of pity and concern cast at me by those I knew and recognized as I passed on my way from the station to our house. My mother met me at the door, and I saw at once by her face something was wrong. "What is it mother?" I enquired anxiously, then with a feeling of terror upon me I said quickly, "tell me at once, is anything wrong at the hall?" My poor mother hesitated, my heart gave a bound, "Yes something has happened," I exclaimed, "Lady St. Maur is ill—is dead—I cried, tell me the worst mother, I can bear it?" Then my mother told me all. Two days before my return Lady St. Maur feeling better had gone out riding on a spirited animal, a present from her husband. Her horse took fright at something in the road, and utterly unable to manage it in her delicate state of health, she must have lost all control, it threw her and she was killed on the spot. Lord St. Maur was not with her at the time, but reached home soon after her dead body was brought back. The violence of his grief was frightful when he saw her and heard what had happened, they thought he would have gone mad, and said my mother, "he has never left her room since." I listened to this account stupefied like one in a dream, and without shedding a tear, but when I rose to go upstairs a mist came before my eyes and I fainted away. For three days I was ill in bed, and knew little of what had happened during that time. My mother told me afterwards I was very delirious, and in my ravings kept calling for Lady St. Maur in the most heart rending tone of voice. On the fourth day I got up, and felt so strong a desire to visit the grave of her I had loved so well, that I put on my things, descended the stairs, and asking our maid to tell my mother, who was out, that I had gone to get a little air, and should soon be back; I went into our small conservatory, picked a bunch of white chrysanthemums, and bent my way slowly in the direction of the churchyard. The old sexton was coming out of the gate as I entered, and I asked him if he would shew me where Lady St. Maur was buried, as I knew there could not yet be any stone to mark the spot. He pointed with his finger to a little mound a short distance off, saying as he did so with a tear in his eye: "Poor thing, it is sad to think so bonny a lady should die so young." Not feeling at all inclined to talk, I walked on and soon reached the spot indicated. It was one of those days in mid-winter which we so often have in our English climate, and the birds on a tree close by were singing lustily, as though sure at length that spring had really come. I put my flowers on her grave, which did not seem to me whiter than her pure and innocent soul, which I felt sure had now joined the pretty babe she had so loved and mourned in life, and kneeling down by the side for the first time wept bitterly. A slight sound close to me made me look up, and Lord St. Maur stood opposite gazing intently at me. A feeling of anger against him came over me, but for him might not she who now lay in the cold grave beneath have been alive and happy. I rose hastily, and was about to depart, but seeing my intention he stopped me, saying:

"Miss Rivers, one word before we separate forever."

I turned as he spoke and looked at him, and was shocked to see the

change one short week had made in his appearance. He looked as though he had not slept for nights, his cheeks were sunk and hollow, and his eyes had an unnatural glare, which made me wonder whether grief had not unsettled his reason.

"I was going to leave this at your house," he said, "but now I can give it to you myself." He put his hand in his breast and drew out a small parcel tied round with a piece of string. "It is a small remembrance," he continued, and his voice faltered, "of one whom I know you most truly loved."

I took it from him, and my lips moved, but no sound escaped them. Then he turned from me and stood looking down at the little mound, whilst his breast heaved with the strength of his emotion.

"She is dead," he said speaking half to himself, "and never more shall I hear the sound of her sweet voice; but for me she might have lived, but I was fool enough to think I could again find happiness, and she has fallen a sacrifice to my mad folly."

Deeply pitying his grief, and feeling that no words of mine could soothe the anguish of this stricken spirit, I turned to depart, saying as I did so, "Farewell, Lord St. Maur, and may you find that comfort from heaven which man cannot give you."

"Farewell," he answered, in a broken voice, "pray for me, for God knows I have need indeed of your prayers."

My story is ended. On reaching home I opened the packet and found inside a gold locket and chain, which I had often seen round Lady St. Maur's neck. Lord St. Maur left England the next day never to return. A few years afterwards I married, and left a place so full of sad associations, taking my mother with me. About ten years afterwards I had occasion to return, and heard that Lord St. Maur was dead, and that Clivedon Hall had passed to a distant relation who had pulled the house down, as he said it was too much out of repair to be worth doing anything to. But whether this was the case, or whether the spirit of Lord St. Maur's first wife appeared to frighten the new owner, I of course never heard. It was long before I got over the shock caused by the events of that terrible crime, which made so deep an impression on me in early youth.

THE END.

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## L'EMULSION PUTTNER!

Des medecins du Dispensaire d'Halifax, N. E.

Nous, soussignés, medecins attaches au Dispensaire d'Halifax, ayant eu souvent l'occasion de prescrire l'Emulsion d'huile de foie de morue de Puttner, Hypophosphites, etc., sommes heureux de declarer que nos sommes très satisfaits du resultat que nous avons obtenu ayant constaté que c'était non seulement un remède sûr et efficace, mais en outre, qu'on pouvait le prendre sans éprouver les effets désagréables qui accompagnent si souvent l'usage de l'huile de foie de morue.

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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. CREEB, M. D., Newport.]

The California Patron, one of a galaxy of Grange and Agricultural journals, to which the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry has given birth, and of which any Order or organization might well be proud, in its issue of the 31st ult., publishes a letter and poem from the pen of our esteemed friend and correspondent, Mr. A. N. Cole, the inventor of "The New Agriculture," and author of a work treating of this system of underground or drainage irrigation.

The poem referred to—the author speaks of it as "the only one of his life worthy of publication" if not critically perfect, is, to those who know of "the Father of the Republican Party," his busy, useful, earnest life, his noble ill-requited enthusiasm, is touchingly suggestive of the fine old man seated in his easy chair, sadly reviewing the past, hopefully awaiting the opening of "the golden gates of the future."

If we can say a word; if we can express honest appreciation of friend Cole's life and belief in his New Agriculture; if we can say aught that will introduce this system to the favorable notice of our fellow Patrons and farmers, we must say it now; we must express it while we may gladden the reveries of that easy chair.

The letter mentioned above is addressed to Mrs. Mary A. Sheldon, one of the staff of the California Patron, who, and the able managing editor, Brother J. Chester, are among the very few who sympathize with Mr. Cole, and believe that he has really invented or discovered a system which is entitled to be called the New Agriculture.

Friend Cole might naturally enough look for sympathy and appreciation from the California Patron, as that journal is not only so situated as to appreciate the vital need of irrigation, but is also fighting on the side of riparian rights of owners of riverside farms, against an anti-riparian co-operation which, having become possessed of vast areas of desert lands, constructed a great canal 120 feet wide at the bottom, and 30 miles long, to convey the waters of the Kern river, for the purpose of irrigating their lands, and thus making them fertile, and the company enormously wealthy, at the expense of the farmers below. And yet they berate the landlords of the British Isles!

Riparian rights interest us not at all practically. Here, we have, with all other blessings, for which grateful hearts should praise Him who cast our lot in this best of all lands—plenty of streams, and as a rule, plenty of rain in due season. Owing largely to forest denudation, we have, however, times when vegetation languishes for want of the water that is, above all other requirements, essential not only to the healthy growth and development, but also to the existence of all living things. At other times, on perhaps most of our cultivated lands, we have too much water. Let us briefly review the need of plants for water, and the results to our cultivated plants of too much of the element.

Plants need water, because it is their principle constituent. Because the food of plants can enter into and cultivate through them only in solution in water. The need of plants for water is greatly increased by the enormous evaporation, principally from their leaves, to which is due the ascension of the sap.

The injurious effects of too much water in the soil, very briefly stated, are, that early and thorough tillage is thereby prevented. The co-operation of surplus water keeps the soil cold, and below the temperature essential to the fermentation of manures and liberation of their fertilizing gases. Aeration or oxidation of wet soil must be at least imperfect, and if the plant food which the soil contains is too greatly diluted, the plant must waste its energies in filtering nourishment from water.

Now, the very important question rises. Is it possible to drain off the surplus water from the soil in which our cultivated crops grow, and store it for use, should the soil be deprived by summer droughts of what the writer of "Walks and Talks on the Farm" in the American Agriculturist for August aptly terms "the sap of the soil." Mr. Cole claims to have discovered or invented, has patented, and in his book above referred to, fully describes a system of drainage irrigation, tested and proved on his own farm, whereby the surplus waters may be drained off from the surface soil, and be stored, or "led captive," as he terms it, in the subsoil until automatically raised as required, to replenish the "sap of the soil." Mr. Cole's system consists in digging ditches below frost, and across, instead of up and down, slopes in sufficient number to drain the surface. These ditches are filled with coarse and fine stones, covered with seeds or straw, or refuse stuff, to prevent sitting down of the tillage earth. If the ditches are not in soil that will hold water, a foot or more of the bottom must be lined with clay. The reservoir ditches are connected by smaller drains, tapping them at a foot or more from their bottoms, and carrying off the overflow from one reservoir to the other to the lowest of the series, from which it must find exit as in ordinary drainage. On level lands treated by this system, the reservoir ditches are dry, each at a slightly lower level than the one above it. This system dispenses of stoves, is not necessarily much more expensive than ordinary drainage, the presence of unfrozen water in the subsoil prevents freezing of the surface, and by it both drainage and irrigation are effected.

The results reported and testified to as having been obtained by the New

Agriculture on Mr. Cole's model and experimental five acres are truly marvellous, and might well induce every farmer to try the new system.

We strongly urge every farmer to get Mr. Cole's book, believing that it contains matter which will much more than repay cost and perusal.

## MINING.

### HOMeward BOUND.

(Special from the Staff Correspondent of THE CRITIC).

Thoroughly tired out, the first intimation your correspondent had that it was Sunday, was the merry jingling of the church bells. Through the special intercession of the obliging proprietor of the American House, a late but substantial breakfast was partaken of; and as church was out of the question, an hour or two was passed in listening to the conversation of the town wits, a few of whom had installed themselves on the shady verandah in front of the hotel. The afternoon was passed in a pleasant drive with Mr. Wyman, which included a visit to the Cranberry Head Mining property, some six miles from town. Here extensive mining operations had been carried on, and thousands of dollars had been lost in a vain effort to treat the refractory ore that is obtained from this mine. The leads are large, and one of them has been worked for a considerable distance under the sea.

The mill buildings are on the head land, close to the shore, and had been filled with expensive machinery, from the peak of the roof down to the sea level. The stamp mill, boilers, and all saleable machinery, had been removed, but the patent French process for treating the ore still remained, a monument to the folly of its inventor. It looked like the works of some large distillery. Huge wooden vats, copper and iron tanks, and cylinders with connecting pipes, rose from floor to floor in a bewildering maze. The foreman of the works had spent some time in New York in learning the process, and then had superintended the construction of the Yarmouth works. When completed, he charged the vats in the upper story with ore and a great quantity of quicksilver, and the ponderous machinery was started. It worked like a charm, and so did the quicksilver, which in a very short time was ejected into the sea. The foreman did not wait to explain matters, but to use an appropriate simile, took "French leave," and the Cranberry Head Mining Company suddenly collapsed.

The mill stands in an isolated position, and on the bright Sunday of our visit it bore an air of indescribable desolation. It is a melancholy instance of a really valuable property ruined by mistakes in management. The proper method of treating the ore has now been discovered, and Mr. Ryerson and other interested parties are likely to open up the mine. There are other large deposits of gold bearing ore (more or less refractory, and of low grade), near Yarmouth, which at no distant day are likely to be developed. It is impossible in the space at command to justly describe Yarmouth, or to give more than a passing notice of the scenes and incidents of our delightful drive. Mr. Wyman, as a "city father," was thoroughly posted in all that pertained to the interest and welfare of the town, and under his kindly guidance no beautiful view, no object of interest, was neglected. A drive through the prettily laid out and carefully tended cemetery (which is a credit to the town) was an appropriate conclusion to our round of sight seeing, and we returned to town in time for evening service.

Shipping and the fisheries have been the main sources of Yarmouth's wealth, but it is now fast becoming a manufacturing centre. The large machine works of the Burrell-Johnson Company have a world-wide reputation for the superiority of the material turned out. A knitting factory, cotton duck manufactory, shoe factory, and numerous other ventures, are all reported as doing well. The leading business houses have substantial, well-built premises, and some of the retail shops are not excelled by any in Halifax. Fine private residences, surrounded by well-kept and beautifully laid out grounds, are met in all directions, and this, together with the wide, well-shaded streets, gives an air of comfort and stability to the town, and proves the refinement and wealth of its people. What particularly strikes a visitor are the fine hedges of hawthorne and spruce that surround private grounds, and in some streets extend for squares in an unbroken line. The moisture of the climate is just what is needed to keep them fresh and vigorous, and as they are always neatly trimmed, they add a charm to the place that is indescribable. Large green houses and graperies are also numerous, those belonging to Hon. L. E. Baker and O. L. Robbins, being particularly noticeable. In conclusion, it may be said that the greatest compliment that Nova Scotians pay Uncle Sam, is describing Yarmouth as a regular Yankee town. Lack of time prevented an inspection of Captain Allen's fine collection of minerals, and also rendered it impossible to accept Mr. Baker's kind invitation to join an excursion on the steamer *City of St. John* to the Tusket Islands.

### HOMeward BOUND.

Monday was another clear, fine day, and at 8 a.m. your correspondent again boarded the *City of St. John*, en route for Halifax. There was a moderate breeze, and no sea on, and we steamed merrily along, soon reaching the Tusket Islands. The group numbers some three hundred, and our course lay through them, every turn in the channel opening up new and beautiful scenes. Amongst the passengers were a number of Nova Scotia girls returning from Boston, all beaming with delight at the prospect of soon reaching home. What with smoking, flirting, and chatting, and feasting one's eyes on the beautiful scenery, the hours flew swiftly by, and at 2 p.m. we steamed up to the dock at Barrington. The town itself is small, but the shores on either side are, for some miles, thickly settled, and it looks from the sea as though one were sailing by an extensive city.

At Barrington, Mr. Thomas Robertson, M. P., came on board, and as he

is thoroughly posted on everything that appertains to his county, he was able to give much valuable information, and point out all the objects of interest that were passed. At several places along the shore leads of gold bearing quartz are exposed, and at any time gold may be panned from the sand in their vicinity. Mr. Robertson describes the country for some 30 miles back from the shore as being covered with granite boulders; beyond this comes what is likely to prove a gold bearing belt, but which has so far remained almost unexplored. For miles, the country is a dreary barren, the home of the moose and the caribou. There is thus a tract of country stretching the whole way across Shelburne County, from Whiteburn in Queens, to Kemptville in Yarmouth, that has not been prospected. Old and experienced prospectors were preparing to enter the district from all directions, and it is almost certain that many rich gold properties will be found.

It was after six o'clock before we steamed up Shelburne harbor, which certainly deserves all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. Mr. Robertson gave a most interesting sketch of the early settlement and downfall of Shelburne with all its romantic incidents. From a look at the town as it is to day, it is almost impossible to imagine that it was once a thriving city, a principle station for the army and navy, and the scene of many a gay revel in which Princes of the Royal blood had taken part.

We reached the thriving town of Liverpool at about 9 p.m., when the fog came down upon us, and kept with us all the way to Halifax, which we reached at 6 p.m. the following day.

The Yarmouth route, now that a really comfortable steamer has been placed upon it, is certain of a large patronage. For the summer months, no more delightful trip is possible. The state rooms and cabins of the boat are large, airy, and scrupulously clean. The steward thoroughly understands his business, and furnishes a good table excellently served. Ports of call are numerous, and half the time of the passage is spent in steaming up and out of the beautiful bays and harbors that indent our coast. Commercially the steamer meets a long felt want, and will undoubtedly, by the regularity of its trips, greatly increase the trade of Halifax with the Western ports.

We steamed passed Sambro in a dense fog which lifted as we neared Point Pleasant, and gave a fine view of the city and harbor. It seemed typical of the present state of Halifax; temporarily enveloped in a fog of depression, which is slowly but surely lifting to be replaced by the sunshine of prosperity and commercial supremacy. It is now in the transition state, passing from the position of a dwarfed province city to become the Atlantic emporium of a great country extending from ocean to ocean. It is unfortunately the case that in all great changes individuals have to suffer, and this has proved only too true in Halifax. Confederation destroyed the monopolies that were enjoyed by the few, threw trade open to keen competition, disorganized old methods of business, and this, combined with the decline of the West India trade, the low price of fish and greatly reduced ocean freights caused a general depression that brought commercial man to some and greatly reduced the volume of trade of all. But competition is the life of trade, and while our merchant princes may have suffered, the consumer, and the Province at large, benefitted by the low prices, the business facilities, and the freedom of trade that Confederation brought about. Place Halifax in the same isolated position in regard to rail communication that she occupied twenty years ago and what hope would there be for her to day? The fisheries, the West India trade, shipping, and commercial relations with the United States were the main sources of her wealth and prosperity. The three first mentioned are now prostrated by causes that are outside of governmental control. A Republican administration at Washington, angered at the attitude of this Province and Canada during the war of the rebellion, declined to renew reciprocal trade relations with us, and so long as the treaty making power remains under the control of a Republican Senate there is not the slightest chance of obtaining reciprocity, no matter what political party controls the destiny of this Province or of the Dominion. These are simple facts, and Halifax with all her sources of wealth cut off, instead of being financially depressed as to day, would have been hopelessly ruined. As it is the city has made substantial progress in spite of the depression in these industries. There have been no "booms," and the growth has been all the healthier for their absence. Manufacturing has been encouraged, and although the cotton factory and sugar refineries have not yet paid (one of the refineries mainly through mismanagement) other lines have succeeded. The Intercolonial has developed new sources of wealth, and on it the future greatness of the city largely depends. Much still remains to be done. The short line to Montreal has to be completed; the largest and fastest steamers must ply between Halifax and Liverpool; lightning express trains made to shorten the time to Montreal and St. John; rapid transit be furnished for fresh fish and other perishable freight, and a determined effort made to secure a share of the winter freight between the West and Europe. Sooner or later all this will come to pass, and then what a prosperous future awaits Halifax. A true National Policy should lead us to first manufacture the raw materials native to the Provinces. If the thousands that had been put into cotton factories and sugar refineries had been invested in developing our iron, coal, gold, and other mineral resources, in wood pulp mills and in manufacturing our other raw materials, good returns would have resulted. Then as the country grow up and wealth flowed in, it would be time enough to manufacture the raw materials of foreign lands. Mr. Bartlett, an able mining engineer, has shown what could be done in iron alone, in the smelting of which our coal mines could almost exhaust their product. The government should foster our mining industries by all means in their power, and as a first step should remove the duties on all mining machinery and supplies not now manufactured in the Dominion. The Provincial Government should also assist and remove the vexatious royalties that now oppress all mining ventures. But let us return to the Western gold district and sum up the general outlook, which is certainly most encouraging. In Lunenburg and Queens counties the mines

are mainly worked by capitalists from abroad who have invested their own money, and being themselves practical miners are superintending their own works. There are no extravagant companies with an expensive staff of officials to be maintained and to suck the life blood from the enterprises, and as a result the ventures have so far proved successful. There are likely to be few Salmon Rivers in the Province, but there are undoubtedly many properties that will yield a handsome return on the money invested. In Yarmouth County the work is being done by local companies, and the results in all cases are most encouraging. The amount of capital invested is really surprising, and districts that otherwise would remain almost deserted, are giving employment to hundreds of sturdy miners. The familiar middle man who tries to cheat both the mine owner and the capitalist, is conspicuous by his absence, and this alone gives a healthy tone to the district.

#### MINING ASSOCIATION.

Mine owners and prospectors in all camps visited enrolled themselves as members of the Mining Association. The necessity of a radical change in our mining laws was admitted by all, and innumerable instances given of the unsatisfactory working of the present act. The Association should organize at once and get in full working order in time to prepare an act for the next Legislature. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," will do the business, and then "jumpers" and grabbers, like Othello, "will find their occupation gone." AMOS AMOS.

Some slight errors occurred in the last letter, but an important one in the description of the Reeves lead on the Kempt Co.'s property, which is ten inches instead of two, should be corrected.

EGYPT.—From reports received at the State Department at Washington in regard to the discovery of oil in Egypt, we learn that Mr. Daloy, a Belgian engineer, has made a full examination and report on the recently discovered oil fields in the region of the Red Sea. The whole peninsula of Gimsah, where the oil was discovered, is of volcanic structure, and there is not the slightest trace of either vegetation or fresh water to be found. The first borings were made at a distance of only 400 feet from the sea, and at a distance of only 156 feet from the surface a perfect fountain of petroleum was struck. It overflowed and flooded the neighboring regions. It is estimated that 3200 barrels of the liquid came forth in twenty-four hours and continued at the same rate. The petroleum is of a dark-greenish color and limpid. It is mixed with salt water, and discharges gas. By allowing the fluid to rest for a few hours, the salt water settles and can be removed. Analysis of the crude oil shows that it contains from 22 to 25 per cent of pure oil. The country around the wells is wholly uninhabited, and nearly uninhabitable from the absence of drinking water and vegetation. All provisions must be brought from Suez. The climate is salubrious, however, and the frequent north-west winds render the heat less insufferable. Already, steps have been taken to fully develop the new industry. The Egyptian government is disposed to do everything necessary. Jetties have been begun so as to allow vessels to load at the wells, and the crude oil will be taken to Cairo for refining.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

#### MYSTERIOUS NOISES.

Concerning ghosts and haunted houses, the experience of one of the members of the Seybert investigation committee is rather interesting. He is a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, and resides in the suburbs of Philadelphia. At a certain hour each day one of the windows of his house rattles quite violently, and this entirely independent of wind or weather. Naturally the gentleman was considerably puzzled at the phenomenon, for while there was absolutely no visible cause apparent, each day brought this manifestation of activity on the part of his otherwise quiet window. He determined to discover the cause, and thought at once of the railroad which ran but a short distance from his home. He found, however, that no trains were in the vicinity at that time of day. The recurrence of the noise at precisely the same hour so far impressed him with the belief that it must have a connection with some well observed time-table, that he pushed his investigations farther, and included another railroad several miles distant. On comparing his observation with the train schedule, the significant fact was discovered that a heavy train passed a spot within two or three miles of the house at about the same time that the window rattled. Following this clue he examined the rock formations, and found that an outcropping ledge which received the full force of the train vibrations came to an end immediately under his window. This gave a satisfactory explanation of a phenomenon which, in the hands of a less investigative person, would have been sufficient foundation for mild ghost story.—*Colliery Guardian.*

We find the following in an old exchange, setting forth for what the girls in the principal cities and towns in Canada are noted:—Montreal, the best dressed; Toronto, the tallest and most stylish; Quebec, the smallest feet—all dumplings and lambs; Ottawa, the most intelligent; London, the most demure; Kingston, robust and blooming; Hamilton, the best musicians; Halifax, the best complexions; Port Hope, intellectual; Cobourg, fond of music, the wharf promenade and flirting; Brockville, lady-like and graceful; Brantford, the most indifferent; Sarnia, the most anxious to be loved; Bowmanville, the most anxious to be married; St. Catharines, the wittiest; St. John, N. B., the prettiest; Peterboro, the most unsophisticated, with a weakness for skating; Belleville, the most freckled; Lindsay, pretty; Barrie, spiritual, with a preference for hot —, with lemon in it; Collingwood, there aren't any, they die young or grow up into boys; Orillia, anxious but hopeful; Port Perry, good dancers. We take advantage of several opinions we have taken on the subject to say Whitby girls make the best wives.—*Whitby Chronicle.*

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A book-worm of the paper-eating sort is a creature seldom seen, despite its extensive and most destructive borings among book treasures. It is described as a white wax-like grub, exactly resembling the little white maggots of cheese. Three specimens were lately found in the act of tunneling through a bundle of paper in a London establishment.

The value of services rendered by skilled workmen should not be calculated by the time it takes to perform the task. Allowance should be made for the weeks and months spent by thorough workmen in learning how to do their work well. This knowledge has its money value.

While Judge Tracy was on the circuit, going from court, his trace broke. The judge spent over a half hour trying to mend it, but to no purpose. His patience was exhausted, and he expressed his vexation in words. A negro came along, and the judge told him of his trouble. The negro let out the trace, cut a hole in it, and the job was done.

"Why," said the judge, "could I not have thought of that?"

"Well, marster," said the negro, "don't you know some folks is jest naturally smarter than t'others!"

"That's so," said the judge. "What shall I pay you for fixing my trace?"

"Well, marster, fifty cents will do, said the negro.

"Fifty cents?" said the judge. "You were not five minutes at it."

"I do not charge you fifty cents for doing it," said the negro. "I charge you twenty-five cents for doing it and twenty-five cents for knowing how to do it.—*Savannah News.*

A New York scientist says that the earth's polar ice is penetrating the interior of the globe, like a wedge, and that as soon as it reaches the furnace there will be an explosion that will split the world into pieces too small for truck patches.

Mr. Ivan Levinstein, the President of the Manchester Section of the Society of Chemical Industry, calls attention to a new substance which is extracted from coal tar, and possesses sweetening properties far stronger than the best cane or beet root sugar. This substance, he said, seemed likely to enter into daily consumption. According to Mr. Levinstein, one part of it will give a very sweet taste to 10,000 parts of water, for it is 230 times sweeter than the best sugar, and taken in the quantities added to food as sweetening material, has no injurious effects whatever on the human system. Patients suffering from diabetes have been treated for the last few months in one of the principal hospitals in Berlin with saccharin, without feeling in the least inconvenienced by its use. The use of saccharine would, therefore, Mr. Levinstein said, be not merely a probable substitute for sugar, but it might even be applied to medicinal purposes where sugar was not permissible.

Dr. Wolf, a German explorer in the service of the Congo State, has made an important geographical discovery in demonstrating the navigability of the Sankuru, a river hitherto scarcely known, which opens a direct route into the Katanga country, famous for its copper mines, and the Mahgema land, whose fertility and mineral wealth Livingstone has praised. Dr. Wolf proceeded on board the Congo steamer *En Arant* up the Sankuru and its affluent, the Lomami, a distance of 430 miles, into the interior of Central Africa. The total length of the navigable rivers in the Congo region is about 5,000 miles.

You have seen "contortionists" who shut themselves up like a single bladed pocket knife in order to worry their doubled up bodies through a ring. Well, the Japanese carpenter also requires an exceedingly flexible hinge to his back to reach the attitude necessary in using the saw. All other work he performs sitting down, but to saw he must hold the wood in place with his left foot, then bend over until his face almost touches the floor, then he saws away with a saw that resembles a meat chopper with nicks in it. In planing he draws the plane towards him instead of pushing it as we do. In fact the "Jap" seems to take the contrary way in doing many things.

A. W. Allen, of New Bedford, Mass., manufactures paper which is used for carpet lining, sheathing, etc., from the barks of the cone-bearing trees, preferring the white cedar because the bark of that class of trees is fibrous all the way through; but the very best, Mr. Allen says, in point of strength and felting properties, is the inner bark of the pine, which has vast capabilities in the way of an extra fine and strong note paper. Next to that is the inner bark of the spruce. Both of these are strongly impregnated with resin, and from their strength would make an excellent paper with resin retained or partially so. Then, he says, comes the cedar, in his estimation about third class, while below that are the Virginia cypress and the California red wood.

Some people may envy Bishop Taylor's African experiences, as he writes that he has seen no mosquitoes in Liberia and only two flies.

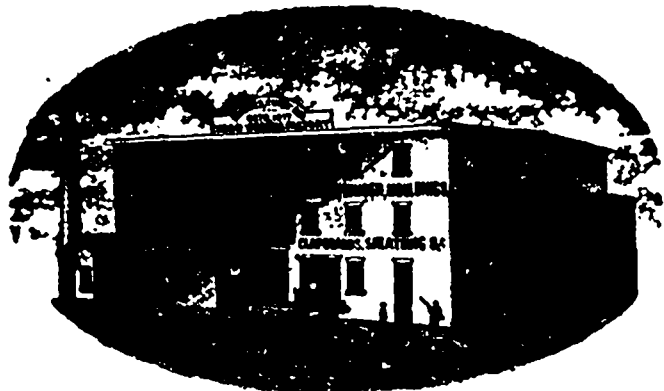
Dr. Murray Mitchell, of England, recently expressed the thought that by the end of this century no foreign missionaries would be needed to carry on the work in Japan.

The new Mayor of Shanghai is a native Christian. This is, indeed, a significant promise of his coming. A very few years ago and Chinese prejudices would not have permitted such an honor to be conferred on a Christian.

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