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THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

50 PER ANNUM.
SINGLE COPY 3 CTS.

HALIFAX, N. S., JULY 15, 1887.

VOL. 4.
No. 28.

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THE CRITIC,

Published every Friday, at 161 Hollis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia,

BY

CRITIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Edited by C. F. FRASER.

Subscription \$1.50 per annum in advance. Single copies 3 cents.

or SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE.

Remittances should be made to A. M. FRASER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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 forming or disapproving of any part of an article or contents of the paper; and after using due care as to what is to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The American Magazine for July is in our hands with a varied table of contents, and a full variety of subjects is already indicated for August. Edgar Fawcett's novel, "Olivia Delaplaine," is the chief serial.

We are sorry to observe the adoption by the Toronto Grange Bulletin of a tone calculated to engender antagonism between the farming and manufacturing classes. This is not the way to build up a country self-sufficing in every branch of life.

The Chicago Canadian-American says: "The Toronto Mail does not note the articles that appear in the Chicago Tribune and Inter Ocean on commercial Union. . . . The Chicago papers regard a North American alliance as the first step towards political union; hence their joy over the agitation prompted by Erastus Wiman and a coterie of Ohio capitalists in their own interests. Watch sharp; he's a cunning dog."

Without, indeed, pronouncing an opinion on a question which demands the fullest discussion and the deepest consideration, there seem to be some indications that Mr. Wiman, who is not a farmer, but a capitalist and a dealer in stocks, and who, it is probable, has not really much in common with the Canadian farmer, has his own particular axe to grind, or at least an axe owned in common with some such Ring as that alluded to above. It seems certain that the condition of the farmer of the Eastern States, at all events, is not such as should induce the Canadian farmer to desire to cast his lot with him. Mr. Wiman seems, to some extent, to have caught the ear of the Ontario farmer, but it appears to us that it behoves the Dominion farmer at large to exercise the greatest caution in committing himself to the Wiman propaganda. The Canadian American does not hesitate to use strong language, and to say, "Now the question is, will certain deluded Canadian farmers fall into the trap laid for them by the Ohio clique?"

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign the tonnage of British steamships was under a hundred thousand tons. It is now about four millions. But, just as the enormous growth of railways has not prevented a large increase in the traffic of the canals, so has the increase of steam shipping left room for an addition of fifty per cent to the tonnage of British sailing vessels. But this is not all the gain. Improvements in marine engines enable each ton of shipping to be moved at a greatly increased rate and diminished cost, while the Suez Canal, to which England supplies four-fifths of its traffic, has still further economized time and labor.

In the connection of commerce, opinion in the old country as to the C. P. R., is thus embodied in the *Times*' summary:—"By far the most important achievement of recent years is the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the establishment of a line of steamers connecting its western terminus with India, China and Japan. We thus gain a shortened route to the East, passing entirely over great ocean highways and British territory, instead of through a landlocked sea and a narrow gut, which accident or design may at any moment render impassable. In view of the expansion of commerce during the last half-century, and of the immense undeveloped resources of Canada, it would be rash to set any limits to the future possibilities of this great Imperial highway."

We referred, with regret, last week to the meagre support accorded to the Keene Company. It is with a feeling of humiliation that we now advert to the fact that the closing night of their performances was stigmatized by the return of their money to those who attended, the number being so small that those who were present unanimously pocketed their disappointment and declined to insist on the performance they came to witness. Making every allowance for fine weather and many social engagements consequent on it, such a result to the endeavors of a really good company is discreditable to a city of the standing and pretensions of Halifax, and cannot but operate as a deterrent to high-class dramatic enterprises for some time to come.

"Save me from my friends." If dismissal, or any other inconvenience should result to the policeman whose flagitious utterances at the Art Exhibition have excited more comment than they are worth, he may thank the blatancy of an obscure sheet, which does not represent the opinions of respectable Irishmen. Nothing is more lamentable than the ignorant credulity which is so easily imposed upon by those who cater to the criminal passions engendered by a national question in its baser partisans. It was not our intention to refer at all to this "tempest in a teapot," but it has been so much commented upon by the responsible press, that a representative of *The Critic* waited on His Worship the Mayor, that our ground might be certain in any remarks we might see fit to make. The upshot is this: The utterance complained of was distinctly the man's open advocacy of daggers and dynamite, and not his talk about the "green flag," which was immaterial. No request for his dismissal was made, or thought of being made; only that another constable might be substituted at the Exhibition. The ignorance which could swallow the story that a General Officer could mix himself up in a civic matter, is simply pitiable. As regards Mr. Crofton, that gentleman can scarcely even be troubled by the scurrility with which he has been assailed: but there is this to be said in the matter, and we think it a plain duty to say it, that liberty for Ireland does not mean the prohibition of free expression of opinion by any other class of British subjects. We desire equal freedom before the law for all, irrespective of religion or nationality, and Nova Scotia is not the country in which freemen are to be intimidated by bombast and scurrility.

The London *Times* has a summary of Her Majesty's reign, which is a masterpiece of condensation. The weighty sentences in which it sets forth and sums up the real position of evolution, may tend to reassure those who feel an uncalled-for timidity with regard to that doctrine. In the domain of biology the theory of evolution, first placed upon a scientific basis by the genius of Darwin, is a product of the same great movement of philosophic thought which brought forth the molecular theory of matter, and the doctrine of the conservation of energy. The idea of evolution itself was not new, but what was new was the proof that in the vast geological changes established by the labors of Lyell and other workers in the same field, in the visible tendency to variation in existing plants and animals, and in the evidence collected by Darwin's industry and observation of the power of the struggle for existence to exercise, in given conditions, a selective and protecting influence upon occasional variations, we have all the data required for the construction of a coherent theory. Evolution has now definitely taken its place as a working scientific hypothesis; not, indeed, capable of explaining all the facts of biology, but consistent with these facts, and furnishing—the most that a scientific hypothesis can ever do—the means of systematizing our knowledge in preparation for a further advance. (Italics ours.) The study of embryology is already profoundly modifying the interpretation put upon the evolutionary theory, and is probably paving the way for some new generalization. Mr. Herbert Spencer's application of the theory of evolution to the facts of social order is the expression, in the sphere of human thought and action, of the intellectual movement of which Darwin made himself the exponent in the field of biology.

THE EXODUS.

"G. S." of the Fall River (Mass.) *Herald*, having visited us and being treated—says one of our contemporaries—as a gentleman, repays Halifax by a copious abuse of everything, couched in sarcasm which the writer evidently thinks to be cleverer than it is. There lies among the chaff some truth, the details of which do not matter here, but which has this bearing;

that, if "G. S.," notwithstanding his exceeding bad taste, should awake in the minds of the timid and unpatriotic a dawn of suspicion that a little more faith, a little more courage, and a little more energy, directed to the good and progress of their country, would better become them than perpetual croaking and belittling it, his slippancy may make for good rather than harm, which latter, indeed, is beyond its little scope.

The dismal groans with which our ears are perpetually assailed; the continual dinning into them of the doleful moanings and whimperings that Canada is a miserable hole, incapable of sustaining her children by reason of the taxation by which she is so ground down, that no poor man can live in her above starvation pitch—assumptions belied by the palpable facts of every-day life—conduce in no small degree to that tendency to "exodus," which the mourners exaggerate, rejoice in, and counterfeit grief for, all at the same time.

Notwithstanding, however, the incessant propagandism of "*Les Misérables*," the expediency of resorting to the States in search of a livelihood has come to be mooted more and more every month, and more and more as time goes on, and conditions slowly but steadily change, facts and arguments tend to exhibit the doubtful wisdom of the step.

It is true that many have succeeded, but it is equally true that many have failed, and some scarcely able to command the means of return, find they have wasted time which might have availed them at home, some unable to do even this drudge on, homesick, in a country which, after all, lacks the associations of their native land.

It is the duty of the journalist to keep before the public the facts which bear upon this most important national question, and to warn the rising manhood of the Provinces that a hasty decision may often be based on narrow and mistaken views. The advantages and disadvantages of living in the States or remaining at home, are, in reality, tolerably evenly balanced, and either love of adventuring forth, or love of birthplace, would probably turn the scale in many cases if the other conditions were fairly grasped.

These conditions, however, require to be dwelt upon. To many of those who have found lucrative employment abroad, "the States," means a few centres of business; "while outside these centres"—says the Boston *Provincialist*—"there are as many deserted farms and tenantless houses" in New England States as can be found in the Maritime Provinces, in proportion to population. We, indeed, incline to think more.

It should be borne in mind that the Provinces are in the healthful growth of youth, even if the growth be slow. The Eastern States (except in those centres of business) have already many of the wrinkles of age—most notably a worn out soil.

Other features are, intensely close competition in the cities, and "no business in the country," while the decadence of even noted towns is remarkable. What is now the aspect of Fairhaven and Nantucket, "once the greatest whaling-ports in the world?" They are almost unknown; and Gloucester, Provincetown, and other such places are said to be going the same way.

"The great difference in the two countries lies"—says the *Provincialist*—"in the centralization of capital and the enterprise of capitalists. There the capitalists invest their money in manufactures, here they either hoard it or invest it in shipping," which itself leads to depletion of the population of young men in the seaports, as it is said that the large vessels of the Provinces seldom return.

It is safe to say that, but for the fact of having employment, nine-tenths of the Provincials in the United States would rejoice to be back in their old homes. There are reasons for this feeling which appeal to the Canadian, Maritime or otherwise, in the strongest manner, which we have not space to detail in this article, but to which we shall revert in our next issue.

On the other hand, ill-success in the search for employment is frequent enough, and it is a difficulty which will undoubtedly increase with time in a country already shewing some of the signs of decadence in certain directions.

NOVA SCOTIA AS A HEALTH RESORT.

The constantly increasing number of tourists who visit this province during the summer and autumn months in search of health and recreation, is a pleasing indication that the ignorance of our near neighbors in regard to our climate, charming scenery, and other attractions "too numerous to mention," is being slowly but surely dispelled.

Every visitor who has, fortunately for himself, decided for Nova Scotia, returns delighted; and the following year is almost certain to return with a party of friends, and to cases of this kind more than to any energy or enterprise on the part of our own people, the increased influx of excursionists is mainly due. But the process of enlightenment is slow, and it is astonishing how many educated people continue to regard Nova Scotia as an almost unknown land, whose arctic winters, rock bound coast, sterile soil, and generally forbidding aspect, repel all but the hardy fisherman or adventuresome seal hunter. Greenland, Iceland and Nova Scotia, are to them very similar countries, and although our climate is really much milder than their own, they would shudder at the thought of having to winter amidst our "icy mountains." Absurd as it may seem, the world is full of such ignorance, and it is to be found in circles where it would least be expected; if it were generally known that from Yarmouth to Sydney the coast line of the province is dented with the loveliest bays and the snuggest harbors, offering unsurpassed facilities for yachting, fishing and sea bathing; if the rich scenery of the Annapolis Valley, the rugged beauties of Cape Breton, or the superior attractions of Halifax were properly written up, and the cool, bracing weather of our summers and autumns were duly made known, large summer hotels in every city and town would do a thriving business.

Sufferers from the intermittent fevers of the West Indies, Mexico, Central

and South America, residents of the Western and Southern States, prostrated by the agues of those miasma-cursed lands, would find almost certain cure in the clear bracing air of Nova Scotia. Invalids from liver and kindred diseases, brought on by residence in the tropics, are ordered north by their physician, and get no further than the States. How gladly would they come to Nova Scotia were they aware of the greater benefits to be derived from a stay in our climate. Army and navy statistics are always to be had, proving "the healthfulness of Halifax," and it has always been found that troops prostrated by service in the tropics are quickly restored to health and strength when ordered here. Facts of this kind should be given large publicity, but who ever hears them mentioned? A steamship line will soon connect Halifax with the West Indies, and if the advantages of our climate as an antidote to malarial fevers, were duly advertised, sufferers from the islands would flock to our shores during the summer months, and, after a short stay, would be enabled to return home with renewed health and vigor.

Our cool, bracing climate, where miasmatic winds are unknown, is an almost certain eradicator of elements incidental to long residence in tropical countries, and our medical men should publish the fact far and wide. What is wanted is a brief pamphlet written by one or more of our medicos, setting forth the advantages of Nova Scotia as a sanatorium, and also pointing out the fact that comfort is obtainable at slight expense. A pamphlet of this kind, circulated in all directions and reaching the leading physicians of the tropics, could not but benefit the Province at large, and in time the author or authors would find themselves well repaid for their trouble. Is there no one to undertake the task?

RUSSIA, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

Public Opinion, the valuable repertoire of all views of the questions of the day, reproduces, in its issue of 24th June, an editorial note of *THE CRITIC* of June 3rd. It is not the first time *THE CRITIC* has attracted the notice of the English press, but this particular reference is a source of satisfaction to us, as we happen to hold decided opinions on one of the points briefly alluded to in the paragraph in question, i.e., the relations of England with Russia.

The intrinsic value in the policy of nations of traditional or historical views has been frequently enough demonstrated; notably in the continuous lines of action of Russia, Prussia, and France; tho', in the latter case, the policy having, from the time of Louis Quatorze, been almost purely aggressive, has not commanded the steady success achieved by the two former. Great Britain has, to a great extent, ignored historic claim, and, in some instance has notoriously and gratuitously abandoned herself to unsteady and misplaced sympathies.

Her spasmodic fits of generous feeling are too apt to break out at the wrong moment, and to expend themselves upon the wrong subject, as was the case in the Franco-German war. No nation possesses such an unhappy facility of (to use an Americanism) "giving herself away."

The worst instance, and perhaps the most durable in its consequences of a weakness, which seems chronic, if not inherent, was her ignoble acquiescence in the designs of Louis Napoleon, whose cat's paw she consented to become in the Crimean war.

Ever since that untoward and unnecessary struggle, she has set herself determinedly in an attitude of insult and suspicion towards a power to which she, in common with all Europe, owes a deep debt of gratitude for her noble stand against Napoleon. To Russia is to be ascribed the collapse of his gigantic power, and, although her peculiar form of government is uncongenial to our ideas, Russia for many years entertained none but friendly feelings for us, and, if reasonably considered, is as firm an ally as she proves a dangerous foe.

That we should for thirty years have undertaken to persistently thwart her in a policy of expansion which, if not legitimate is inevitable, has been the result of the discreditable state of chronic apprehension into which we have diligently worked ourselves. Fear is the parent of suspicion; suspicion, of meddling and insult; and the worse feature of our timid jealousy is that all the mischief it prompts is futile. We cannot prevent the march of the Russian boundaries with those of Asia and Afghanistan, and all Europe will not eventually keep her out of Constantinople. If Europe had had the courage to constitute one great Slav monarchy, and extend the kingdom of Greece, Russia might have been retarded; but she will not be retarded by the mere bolstering up of the Turk. On the other hand, what does England fear from the access of Russian fleets to the Mediterranean? There is even now, "after long years," no deep antagonism to England, and if we frankly ceased to thwart our old ally in Eastern Europe and Asia Minor, we may be very sure she would not care to molest us in India. We ought neither to fear her on the waters of the Mediterranean, or on the plains of India, and the support of the Turk is a stupendous mistake.

England's real and implacable enemy in Europe is France. France, presuming on our Irish trouble and our insensate antagonism to Russia, gives free rein to her natural insolence. All might be changed by a bold policy in the twinkling of an eye. Conciliate Russia by the frank declaration that we abandon the Turk, who has, by the way, never shown much gratitude for our support—and cease to bar her road to Constantinople, and France, ever threatened by Germany, at once stands isolated and powerless to promote the evil she is ever so ready to hatch.

The worst of it is, the Conservative leaders have fallen into the ruts of an anti-Russian tradition, if anything so modera can claim the name, and it is doubtful whether Lord Salisbury has backbone enough to cut a gordian knot; while the Liberals, if they were to come into power, tho' better disposed toward Russia, are hopelessly imbecile in any foreign policy whatever.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

In a Hebrew school: "What crime did Joseph's brothers commit in selling him?" All the pupils in chorus: "They sold him too cheap."

Lightning struck a flock of flying geese in California recently and killed six of them. What will be thought of this by the people who believe that the place of safety in a thunderstorm is the middle of a feather bed?

Nervous old lady, on the fifth floor of hotel: "Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?" Porter: "Yis, mum; he has the house inshoored for twice wot it's worth."

"Does hanging prevent murder?" is a question which agitates the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. Yes, it does. Cases are very rare where a man commits murder after he has been hanged once or twice.

Good luck and misfortune go hand in hand. Lon Baker presented the editor with a gallon of currant wine Tuesday afternoon, and that evening our horse ran into the fence on the square and broke our buggy and threw us out.—*Austin (Iowa) Sun.*

General Sheridan, it is said, carries his wife's pocket handkerchief when he goes out shopping with her. If Mrs. Sheridan, in exchange for this piece of gallantry, carries her husband's pocket-book when she goes out shopping with him she has rather the best of the bargain.

"Sugar," said the schoolmaster to his class, "is either made from the beet, as in France, or from the sugar cane, as in the West Indies. Now, do you think you can remember that?" "Yes, sir," replied a sharp boy, "I think we can remember the connection between the cane and the beat."

The wife of Mr. Hey, of Americus, Ga., wears a handsome broochpin which was made out of a petrified strawberry which grew on her husband's farm. The berry is beautifully colored, resembling a bright ruby, and is very hard. It weighs about two ounces and glistens in the light like a ball of fire.

Ponsonby—"Sir, I will be frank with you. I want your daughter." Bagley—"I will be equally frank. You can't have her." "What is your objection to me?" "You are a young man without any prospects." "You are mistaken. I understand that your daughter will inherit the bulk of your fortune."

The Queen of Holland presented a remarkable gift to the king on his seventieth birthday. The ladies in waiting carried in an immense bouquet, which they placed before his majesty. The king was greatly surprised when suddenly the top of the bouquet opened and the head of his infant daughter peeped out of the flowers.

Canada may be a slow going country, but she owns more miles of railway in proportion to her population than any other country in the world. And, in proportion to population, her people have spent more money in improving internal communication than any other people in the world. It really begins to look as if Canada is not such a very poor country after all.

ANIMALS IN SHOW WINDOWS.—The latest show window attraction is animals. The electric dummies that thump on the window glass to attract one's attention are being supplemented in places by parrots that call to customers, squirrels that keep a cage buzzing, and one hat store keeps a Brazilian lizard that wriggles his tail and blinks.—*New York Letter.*

We believe in the man or woman who has "enemies." This does not seem sound, but it is. Your milk-and-water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time do no good. They are mere negatives. Your man of force, who does not wait for a stone to get out of his way, but manfully rolls it over, may, unintentionally, hurt somebody's toes in the act, but thousands who have to go that way will thank him for clearing it. The man who has no enemies is generally a sickly, creeping, or cowardly creature, caring for no one but himself—smirking and creeping his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits. He adds nothing to the common stock, does no good in the world, and is lowered into six feet of earth without one sincere regret from anybody. He has had no enemies. But, has he had a friend? A place is vacant, but not in any warm, grateful heart.—*Milwaukee Labor Review.*

AN ART ILLUSTRATION.—A millionaire is seated in a luxurious easy chair; before him stands a poor man in an attitude of supplication.

Dives remarks: "Ahem! Very sorry my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—economize!"

Lazarus replies: "But when a man has nothing to do —"

"Nonsense!" says Dives, "under the circumstances a man must know how to save."

This ends the first scene. The second scene reveals the rich man floundering in a pond, while the poor man is calmly regarding him from the shore.

Says Lazarus: "Sorry, my friend, that I can do nothing for you, but I can give you a word of good advice—swim!"

Dives (choking): "Bub-bub-but wh-when a man can't swim."

To which Lazarus replies as he walks away: "Nonsense! Under these circumstances a man must know how to swim."

If the sufferers from Consumption, Scrofula and General Debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent cure. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable. Put up in 6c. and 31 size."

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30. Leoline. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Irenda York," etc.
31. Gabriel's Marriage. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "No Name," etc.
32. Reaping the Whirlwind. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Old Middleton's Money," etc.
33. Dudley Carleton. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braden, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.
34. A Golden Dawn. A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne," etc.
35. Valerie's Fate. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Woong O," etc.
36. Sister Rose. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc.
37. Anne. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne."
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A. M. FRASER,
MANAGER OF THE CRITIC, HALIFAX, N. S.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Subscribers remitting Money, either direct to the office, or through Agents, will find a receipt for the amount inclosed in their next paper. All remittances should be made payable to A. M. Fraser.

Those who wish to secure pleasant and profitable reading matter for the winter evenings should note our exceptional offer which appears on page three. For \$2.00 in cash we undertake to send *The Critic* to any subscriber for one year, supplying him in addition with forty-five of the most readable of readable books. Those who are renewing their subscriptions, as well as new subscribers, should take advantage of this offer.

The yacht race for the Lorne cup, which took place last Saturday, was won by the *Lenore*.

Robbins' circus arrived at an early hour yesterday, and gave a very creditable parade during the morning.

The Kingston *News* is authority for the statement that Erastus Wiman is a nephew of the Hon. Wm. Macdougall.

The Intercolonial authorities would confer a boon on the public by constructing a staircase up to Lockman St., inside the railway enclosure.

A "Tally Ho!" coach has been constructed by J. M. DeWolfe for the Halifax Street Railway Co. It will be hired to picnic and excursion parties.

The nineteenth annual meeting of the N. S. Medical Society was held at Truro last week. Dr. W. McKay, M. P. P., was elected president for the coming year.

Last Saturday a very interesting cricket match took place between the Wanderers and the York and Lancaster team, the former being the winners by a score of 86 to 54.

L'Abbe Casgrain, of Quebec, is making a tour of the French districts of Nova Scotia, for the purpose of gathering material for the closing chapters of a work on the Acadians, which will be published in Paris some time during the year.

President McLellan, of the Maritime Bank of St. John, was released from custody on Tuesday, and immediately started for the States, in order, it is said, to escape criminal proceedings, which were to have been taken against him.

No sooner was *The Critic* issued last week when the news came to hand of another addition to the singular mortality among members of Parliament, that of Lt.-Col. Duchesnay, M. P., for Dorchester, and a nephew of Cardinal Taschereau.

The two grand lodges of Good Templars were re-united last week at New Glasgow. On Thursday evening a large and enthusiastic temperance meeting was held to celebrate the event. The Grand Chief Templar, D. C. Fraser, presided, and eloquent addresses were delivered by delegates and others.

The Militia Department sustained a severe loss last week by the burning of the cavalry stables in the citadel of Quebec. Twenty troop horses perished miserably in the flames. Some shells burst, but the powder magazine was saved, or the consequences would have been fearful. As it is the loss is estimated at \$150,000.

The Jubilee committee met on Tuesday, and reported a balance on hand of about \$900. It is the almost unanimous opinion of the citizens that had the arrangements for the celebration been placed in the hands of men who understood their duty, a much more enjoyable time would have been provided for the same amount as that spent on the so-called sports at the riding ground.

We regret to receive the information that the potato-bug has made its appearance on several farms in Upper Newport. Five years ago a few of these pests were killed in our correspondent's fields, and none have been since seen until now. As yet, he informs us, he is able to kill them as fast as they appear, but he fears he will ultimately have to resort to Paris Green. On both occasions of their appearance the eggs have come on potatoes from infected districts.

The Listemann Concert Company of Boston, consisting of Fanny Kellogg, the eminent oratorio and concert soprano, Abby Clark Ford, contralto, George N. Hoit, tenor, G. B. Ronconi, basso, Bernhard Listemann, the great violinist, and Ronconi, the flute virtuoso, have been engaged for two concerts to be given at Orpheus Hall, July 28 and 29. Owing to the limited accommodations of the hall, the management have opened a subscription, by which names may be registered and tickets secured immediately. A list has been opened at the warerooms of the Halifax Piano and Organ Co., where subscribers will be attended to. As the reserved seats have been placed at the very low price of 75 cents, intending subscribers should apply at once if they wish to secure seats.

On Sunday last three midshipmen of *H. M. S. Canada*, named Francis J. Taylor, Henry G. Jenkinson, and Archibald A. A. Stewart, having obtained leave to come on shore, and hiring a sail boat proceeded to Bedford. It is reported that on the way up they ran ashore, and in order to float the craft threw out some ballast. They remained at Bedford some time, and shortly after 7 o'clock left to return to the city, and were compelled to beat down on account of there being a strong south wind. They have not been seen since, and as it was very squally it is thought that in one of the heavy gusts the boat was capsized, and went down with its unfortunate occupants. The only traces were the recovery of their three hats, and the rudder and an oar belonging to the boat, and little doubt can be entertained as to their fate. Everything possible has been done by Captain Beaumont and the officers of the ship to recover the bodies. Mr. Taylor was a little over 16 years of age, and the other two 15 years old. They were great favorites with officers and men, and their death has cast a gloom over all on board the *Canada*.

We have pleasure in noticing a feature of good regulation on the part of the authorities, and honesty on the part of the drivers of the Street-car Company. A few days ago we left a small parcel in one of the cars. It was of no great value, but might easily have been appropriated. It was, however, worth the trouble of writing a line to the Superintendent. In a day or two it was delivered to the address we gave.

We would suggest to the managers of this highly useful public convenience the consideration of obtaining power to erect something of a shelter for passengers at the railway terminus, corner of North St., and also that they should, if possible, arrange to have three cars going south, at that spot, to meet the Truro accommodation at 9.15, the two cars which meet it at present being habitually overcrowded.

Mr. Currie, who was seriously wounded last March, while exhibiting the highest courage and determination in defending the Merchants Bank at Antigonish from robbery, seems to be thought by a portion of the Press to have been "deservedly rewarded" by the presentation of a gold watch and a complimentary letter. It is possible that, in their internal arrangements, the Directors may have more substantially testified their sense of Mr. Currie's devotion; otherwise we certainly cannot concur in the opinion that "a brave deed was deservedly rewarded." We should have thought, taking into consideration the nature and amount of the property so gallantly defended, that a sum of two or three thousand dollars would have been but an adequate mark of appreciation.

The preliminary examination of William Millman, who was arrested on the charge of murdering the girl Mary Tuplin, at Margrave, P. E. I., was concluded on Friday last, and resulted in his being committed for trial at the next term of the Supreme Court, which it is said will not meet till January next. During the examination the father of Millman swore that his son was at home with him on the night that the girl disappeared. Immediately on his making this statement he fell in a fainting fit, and when he recovered withdrew the statement, and stated that he was absent from home that evening till almost eleven o'clock, and that when he arrived home his son was in the house. It is reported that the prisoner's mother has become insane since his arrest. The other prisoner, Bryenton, who was charged with complicity in the murder, has been discharged.

The Jubilee yacht races, which take place at Halifax on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August, will attract a large number of visitors from Canada and the United States. The occasion is looked forward to with great interest, as yachts from New York and Boston are to compete. Every effort is being made by the N. S. Yacht Squadron to make the affair a success, and to entertain the visiting yachtsmen. Very valuable prizes are offered, Mr. Sheraton, of the Queen hotel, offering a \$200 cup for competition by the Nova Scotia Yacht Club, and both Mr. S. and Mr. Hesslein, of the Halifax Hotel, place room; at their disposal during the Regatta. The thanks of the citizens are due to Mr. Sumichrast for the large amount of time and labor spent by him in arranging for the races, and in working up an interest among the yachtsmen of the States.

The steamer *Merrimac*, which sailed from Halifax for Boston on Saturday afternoon last at four o'clock, ran ashore at Little Hope Island, near Liverpool, about 12 o'clock the same night. From one of the passengers we learn that after the ship struck she rolled and tossed heavily upon the rocks for about five minutes. A crowd of male and female passengers rushed up on deck in their night-clothes, the latter shrieking, screaming, and making heart-rending appeals. For a short time the scene was one of the wildest confusion, very few of the passengers having anything on but the scantiest clothing. The officers seemed to have been powerless to quiet the terrified crowd. There were seven boats and two life rafts on board, and these were lowered, into four of which the ladies and children were placed and, in charge of the first officer, were taken to Catherines River, a point on the mainland about four miles distant from the wreck. The second officer succeeded in getting on to the Island and making a rope fast to the rocks, and the male passengers and crew got on the life rafts, and by means of the rope were enabled to propel themselves to the shore. All had left the ship by eight o'clock, the last one being Captain Crowell, who, while directing the launching of one of the boats, was by a sudden lurch of the vessel thrown against the smokestack, and had several ribs broken. Everything possible was done by the people at the lighthouse and Catherines' River to make the unfortunate passengers comfortable, many of whom lost all their baggage, and some were found to be only half clad. The escape of the whole of the passengers and crew was miraculous. Complaints are made by almost all of the passengers that a number of the crew made a raid on the staterooms, cut open bags and valises, scattered articles of apparel about in every direction, and stole jewelry, money, and articles of value. A quantity of liquor was obtained by them, and in a short time they became drunk, quarrelled with each other, and made little effort to save those on board. One gentleman had stolen from him a set of diamonds worth \$250. Other passengers state that the charge of robbery is overstated, and that not many more articles were lost than is usually the case under similar circumstances. They say also that everything was done by the officers and crew to minister to their safety and comfort. Halifax captains say that the steamer should have been at least five miles from shore, and the captain is severely blamed for the disaster. According to a statement of the pilot the compass of the ship was out of order. It is fortunate that the night was not dark and stormy, otherwise there would have been a great loss of life among the passengers, who numbered nearly one hundred. The steamer is a total wreck, her bottom being entirely gone. She was built in Boston in 1854, and during the civil war was engaged in carrying northern troops to the South. The cargo, which consisted principally of fish, was only partly insured.

THE CRITIC.

The closing exercises in connection with the Normal School took place at Truro on Tuesday. The total number of students for the year is 176, of which number 140 were ladies.

Mr. Wm. Redmund, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Mr. Frank Torrence, and the other members of the Redmund Barry Dramatic Company, arrived in Halifax by steamer Worcester from Boston Monday evening, and are stopping at the Halifax hotel. They will open a three weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music commencing Monday, July 18th. "A Midnight Marriage," the play selected for the opening night, is the one that so greatly pleased Halifaxians when it was produced here two years ago by the same company. We cannot do better than quote the criticism that appeared in *The Critic* at that time:—

"The theatre-goers of Halifax have, during the present week, enjoyed no ordinary dramatic treat in the performances of the Redmund Barry Company in the Academy of Music. On Monday, the opening evening, a large and enthusiastic audience gathered to welcome the distinguished dramatists, and the play, which is one of Charles Osborne's best works, retained its interest throughout. The name of the drama is somewhat misleading, 'A Midnight Marriage,' suggesting something of a startling nature, whereas the play is full of quiet romance, dignified dialogue, and pretty rather than fleshly scenic effects. Mr. Redmund held his audience from the first, and his representation of Count Casimir was at once natural and impressive. Mrs. Barry is in many respects a wonderful artiste, her winning sweetness of manner, coupled with her splendid elocutionary attainments, marking her as a star of the first magnitude. Mr. Redmund and Mrs. Barry were well supported, and some of those who took the minor parts displayed ability and acting which were fully appreciated by the audience."

Two thousand French-Canadians are on the verge of starvation at Manville, R. I., on account of low wages for months, which has ended up by a shutting down of all the mills.

Lord Aberdeen has been banqueted by two hundred Irish and other American citizens at St. Paul. His Lordship was welcomed as the first Englishman who had ruled Ireland for the Irish.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance is being held this week at Boston. Among the representatives from the Maritime Provinces is Sir Leonard Tilley, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

A fire broke out in the theatre at Hurley, Wisconsin, on the 9th instant, and within an hour the entire business portion of the town was in flames. Eleven persons, including a number of actresses, perished in the theatre.

A terrible disaster took place near New York on Monday. A sloop-yacht left Ruffle Bar, an island in Canarsie Bay, loaded almost to the gunwales with women and children, and when en route for Canarsie capsized, and only thirteen out of forty on board were rescued.

A paper on the Panama Canal was read before the American Society of Civil Engineers recently by one of the French engineers who had charge of a portion of the work. He stated that of 140 millions of cubic metres to be excavated, only one-fifth of that amount had been removed. The climate was exceedingly severe, as appeared by the fact that the death-rate among the whites had been eighty per cent. The work can be continued only four months longer with the funds now on hand.

The Sultan persists in his refusal to sign the convention regarding Egypt, although pressed to do so by Germany and Italy.

The Gladstonians have recently retrieved in bye-elections, two seats previously held by Unionists—Spalding and Coventry.

Mr. J. H. O'Donnell has commenced a libel suit against the *Times*. Probably some truth will leak out in the course of it, if it comes to trial.

The Queen reviewed 60,000 troops at Aldershot on the 9th inst., amidst the cheers of both soldiers and spectators. The number is unusually large for an English review.

A lunatic attacked a party of haymakers in a field near Rothbrilind, County Down, last Saturday, with a bill hook, and killed four and wounded two. He was captured standing up to his chin in a lake.

The Pall Mall *Gazette* describes Lewis Morris as the "lieutenant laureate," and is of the opinion that this rising poet will become full laureate when Lord Tennyson disappears. The *Gazette* regards Mr. Swinburne as the only rival whom Mr. Morris may fear.

The American testimonial to Gladstone was presented to the ex-premier last Saturday, in the presence of a large number of Americans. Mr. Gladstone spoke of the feeling of kindness always manifested towards him by America, and prophesied a speedy victory for home rule.

Information regarding the whereabouts of Stanley has been received. The expedition left Bolobo on May 11th., and was expected to reach the Congo at its confluence with the Arontronium by June 6th., where it was intended to encamp and await the arrival of Tippoo-Tip, who is approaching from Stanley Falls with provisions, and a force of several hundred men.

The Russian newspapers unanimously disapprove of the election of Prince Ferdinand to the Bulgarian throne. They all pronounce the choice of him by the Sobranje, the result of Austro-German intrigue, and urge the Powers to recall their representatives from Sofia. The *Noveo Vremya* says, Russia in no case will allow Prince Ferdinand to go to Sofia, and adds that if he arrives there with an Austrian escort, Russia will tell Austria to keep her hands off.



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KENTVILLE, N. S.

RELIGIOUS.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Presbyterians of Riverside, California, amongst whom are quite a large number of Nova Scotians, have lately been organized into a congregation, and are to have for their pastor the Rev. J. B. Stewart, D.D., a minister who is well known on the Pacific Coast.

Rev. S. C. Gunn, of Springside, Upper Stowacke, has accepted a call from the Scotch Church, Boston, and will leave for that city next month.

In thirty-two years, 207 Presbyterian Churches have been organized in the State of Nebraska.

Since the beginning of the reign of Her Majesty, the number of Presbyterians congregating in Scotland has doubled.

METHODIST.

Rev. J. Butterick, the new pastor of Beech Street Church, arrived last week from Bermuda. He occupied the pulpit of the church last Sunday evening.

The Methodist Conference of Newfoundland has just been held at St. John's, the Rev. Dr. Carman general superintendent, presiding.

Bishop Taylor, the well-known missionary, wants fifty more missionaries this year, for Africa.

On the 27th inst., the annual camp meeting will be held at Berwick.

Last year, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States expended \$407,232.46 for Foreign Missions. In the employ of the Society there are 282 missionaries, 328 ordained native preachers, 413 unordained native preachers, and 1,533 other native helpers.

The membership of the Methodist Churches within the bounds of the New Brunswick and P. E. I. Conference is reported at 10,374. Connected with the Sabbath Schools there are 1,506 officers and teachers, and 11,721 scholars.

CATHOLIC.

A mission has been established for the benefit of newsboys and waifs that roam at large in Chicago without home or care. The Rev. Thomas A. Campbell, formerly assistant pastor at St. Jariath's Church, has been assigned as pastor and chaplain of the institution.

Sister Mary Inez, an inmate of Mercy Convent at Pittsburg, who is known in the world as Miss Mary Casey, and who received an inheritance of over \$100,000 from the estate of her father, the late James Casey of Erie, has turned over the entire amount to charity.

The Home for Destitute Orphan Girls in Philadelphia is now completed; only furnishing is needed. Archbishop Ryan has donated \$500 towards the needful replenishing; and the good Catholics of the city are following his example according to their means. The Sisters of St. Joseph will have charge of the home.

There are 2,273 priests in England, and 326 in Scotland; while the churches and chapels in England are 1,380, in Scotland 330. The Catholic population of the United Kingdom is set down at 1,254,000. In Scotland there are 326,000. In Ireland there are 3,061,000. Total, 5,641,000. There are forty-one Catholic Peers, fifty-eight Baronets, nine English, and nine Irish members of the Privy Council, five English and seventy-five Irish M's. P. The total of Archepiscopal and Episcopal Sees in the British Empire is between a seventh and eight of the entire Episcopate of the Catholic Church. The Catholic population of the British Empire is estimated at 9,682,000, half of which belong to Great Britain and Ireland. In Australasia alone there are 568,000.

BAPTIST.

Rev. Mr. Cahill, after years of service, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Carleton, N. B.

The growth of the Baptist Church in London, during the past thirteen years, was 31 per cent.

The Sunday Schools of the First and North Baptist Churches held a very enjoyable pic-nic at Hosterman's grounds, on Wednesday.

Evangelistic Services are being held this week at the Starr Street Baptist Church, conducted by Messrs. Baker, Smith, and Rutledge, who came here from the United States.

A Memorial Service to the late Wm. Ackhurst was held in the First Baptist Church last Sunday evening. An appropriate sermon was delivered by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Cline.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Synod of the Diocese, on Wednesday last, elected the Rev. J. C. Edgehill, D.D., Chaplain-General of the British army, to be Bishop of Nova Scotia. This choice is satisfactory to the Diocese at large, as we understand that a message, urging Dr. Edgehill to accept, has been sent to him by some of the members of the Synod most in favor of Bishop Sullivan. It is sincerely to be hoped that Dr. Edgehill may see his way to accept.

The Rev. D. Neish takes the *locum tenancy* of Amherst, for six months, from the 1st September. The Vicar, Rev. E. Harris, goes on a holiday to England.

Rev. C. T. Easton will supply the place of Rev. Simon Gibbons, at Lockeport, for a few months.

There are eight or nine candidates for the Rectory of St. Marks in this city. Rev. H. J. Winterbourne left for his new Parish of Lachine on Wednesday, 6th inst.

NOT THOU BUT ME.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine;
If I alone did not walk now,
Thy spirit would have known my loneliness,
And did my bruised and halting feet not climb
This weary path and steep,
Thy feet had bled for mine,
And thy dear mouth had for mine own made moan,
And so it comforts me, yes, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of peace,
To know thine eyes are tearless tho' mine weep,
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep,
Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying pain.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSHALL.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

"TO A LOST ONE."

Oh! Childie when you lay a dying,
My poor heart ached with dread,
Of the lonely life before me, and
I would that I too were dead.

Do you know how I miss your gentle ways?
How I long for your sweet face?
I can hardly believe that my darling is gone
Till I look at your empty place.

I miss your love, your sweet caress,
Your touch upon my brow,
Your tender words of sympathy,
Are all lost to me now.

How can I live without you, dear?
My guiding star of life;
Oh! could I have said "Take all I have,
But leave—ah, leave my wife."

Oh, Childie, I murmur rebellious words,
In the depth of my sorrowful heart;
For oh, it seems too bitter to bear
That we should be forced to part

FRANK

TO THE FAR NORTH.

(Continued.)

DIARY OF A TRIP TO NORWAY ON THE "ORYLON."

Friday, 16th. Breakfast was early to give us time to visit the Lapp encampment, about two and a half miles from Tromso, on the other side of the harbor. We went as usual in the ship's boats, and had to land where there were enormous whales in an advanced stage of decomposition and half cut up. The smell is one never to be forgotten. The worst smell I ever smelt before, even at Naples, fades into insignificance in comparison. We put our handkerchiefs to our noses and ran as fast as we could away from it. We found our ponies waiting, for they had been telegraphed for before, each with a card with some one's name on it. I jumped on mine and started. It was a rough road and I was glad to ride, as I always prefer it to walking, as some of the people did, but they must have found it very hot, for even riding with a parasol I could hardly bear the sun. I soon came to the Lapps and their reindeer. The latter are generally mouse colored, with here and there a white one. Two photographers were there from Tromso, and begged me to have my photo done, with reindeer in the foreground and Lapps sitting at my feet; but the reindeer didn't approve of this and charged wildly at everything near, first at a dear brave little English boy who had ridden on with me, and then at me, so I begged that they might be taken away and the Lapps alone substituted. The rest of the party soon after came up and it was a very lively scene, the Lapps bringing snow shoes, fur boots, old silver drinking cups, silver and reindeer horn spoons, to sell. An old Lapp lady took a fancy to a blue silk handkerchief a lady had tucked into her gown, and she pointed to it, admired it, and gradually drew it out, tying it round her dirty neck, and then shook hands with the unfortunate owner, evidently thinking that was reward enough.

The Lapp dogs are particularly fascinating with thick fur, black, brown or yellow, bushy tails and bright shrewd eyes. The Lapps are so fond of them that they refused to sell one to a gentleman, although he offered a good price. I shuddered at having to embark again and pass the whales, however it had to be done, as it was time to return on board for luncheon. After I started again for the town and spent the afternoon alone. I bought some photographs and saw the museum, which contains the usual collection of fossils, stuffed animals, birds, skeletons, and some quaint old altars of centuries ago, Lapp ornaments and implements, and the biggest walrus I ever saw from Spitzbergen. I found it very hot, 84 degrees in the shade. I went up the hill to the enchanted wood, where silence reigned supreme; none of the chattering groups we passed last night, nothing but a hum of insects and swarms of flies, which would alight on my face. I gathered some flowers and went back to the harbor, as the last boat for the ship left at 5 p. m. and we left Tromso at 6. Though we had passed the Arctic circle I was very glad to put on a cool gown for dinner. Later on the sailors had a concert and sang very nicely, poor fellows! I wonder they were not too tired, as they were up all night fishing for the anchor, or dredging I believe it is called. It was lost the night before by the chain breaking, and contrary to most people's expectations they succeeded in getting it up. It was a serious loss, as they said it cost £300. I had no idea anchors were so

dest. As soon as the concert was over I sat in the bows looking at the most splendid panorama it has ever been my lot to see. It was so hot that a thin white gown was comfortable, though the wind was high. It was a regular sirocco and came in warm puffs.

Saturday, 17th. We arrived at Hammerfest at 6 a.m. and went early on shore. It is not a pretty place and is chiefly remarkable as being the most northern town in the world. I got a chair lent me and sat in one of the narrow streets with quite a little court round me, many of the children knitting stockings, or making crocheted edgings. Some of them came with me to show me the shops. I bought a most charming stick, and a bell of a peculiar shape which they hang around their cows' necks. The furs are good and cheap too. There is a Roman Catholic church both here and at Tromso, but both were shut. I was sorry, as I think a church ought always to be open. The heat was too great to be pleasant, and there is a pervading smell of cod liver oil. I was glad to get out to sea again, as when we did it became at once cool and pleasant. We reached the North Cape the same evening at 10 p.m. For an hour or so before there was a good deal of sea on, there always is more or less there. It faces the immense Arctic ocean, of which one has always heard so much that at last to see it even was a delight. The North Cape itself is a dark grey slate-colored rock, one of a chain; on one side there is a curious horn, exactly the shape of that of a rhinoceros. Grim and stern it stands, the uncompromising guardian of the land from the encroaching sea. I saw a glacier in one of the crevasses and patches of snow here and there. I suppose in winter it is quite covered. I had heard that there was no vegetation here, but that is a mistake, as I returned to the ship with my arms full of flowers. They grew in profusion, among others the yellow pansy. There were two Norwegians there, who, during the short summer, live in a wooden hut and sell wine to visitors. It was a steep climb, but there is a rope to help people by the side of the path. We had to climb quickly to see all we could as we had to return to the ship as soon after midnight as possible. They were nervous about a fog coming on or the wind getting up. However, I sat down sometimes in a grassy place almost buried in wild flowers, while a balmy wind helped to cool me. I was glad to reach the top, where there is an immense stretch of tableland and the air was so light and pure, I felt almost as if I could fly. At the highest point an obelisk has been placed to commemorate the visit of King Oscar in 1873, and the view there is indescribably grand—one saw nothing but boundless sea and sky all round, the steep cliffs and precipices steeped in a clear pale light which had something unearthly about it. The sun never set, but as at Tromso, sank near the horizon and then slowly rose again. After my climb I must confess I was glad to have some Rock, which General L., who had gone on before, had ready for me. The Norwegians had brought it to the obelisk. I stayed with the others only a short time and then went back by myself. I wanted to get some flowers, and also, to thoroughly appreciate such a scene, one ought to be alone or with some kindred spirit. How true it is that it is we ourselves who give the color to everything, as in all nature Tennyson only heard and saw the voice and form of him he loved, and sang:

"Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb
And my prime passion in the grave."

On that wind-swept height, nothing but the immensity of sky and sea near me, no sound to be heard but the "note of some far off bird," the wind as it rushed past me seemed to speak of other "lonely lands" where sleep my best beloved, soldiers all, brave men and true, and as that voice of days departed died away, it seemed to sigh "the tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back to me!" Never here, forever there. Ah! when and where is that "there?" One never felt one's own nothingness more than all alone there, with one's back to Europe, and facing that mysterious sea from which so many have never returned. One realised that "time passes away like a shadow, but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

At midnight a gun from the ship warned us it was time to descend, and everyone hurried down as fast as they could. One, a professor of geology, who was probably looking more at his beloved stones than at his feet, fell and rolled over and over. I thought he would never stop, but at last he did, much to my relief and no doubt to his own.

It was rather difficult getting into the boats, as the stones were slippery, but the sailors helped us, and we were soon rowed back over the swelling waves and safely on board, thoroughly delighted with the expedition.

We found everyone on board up still. Some had been fishing and had caught some curious looking fish. A charming supper was ready, in which all joined, and champagne, which was most acceptable after our climb. The menu was dated, "North Cape, Midnight Sun Supper." The health of our host, the owner of the ship, who was on board with his wife, was proposed by Sir —, one of the passengers, and drunk with enthusiasm. How the poor steward managed to exist with no sleep is an enigma to me. The purser, too, is worthy of all praise; he is kind to everyone and always pleasant. After supper I felt quite remonstrated and went on deck, where the sun was shining more brightly than before, and we were steaming south. I stood and looked at the North Cape as it faded slowly out of sight, and thought of the darkness in which for a great part of the year it is shrouded, only lightened by the stars and Aurora Borealis, and the moon when there is one, and of those times of black darkness when there is bad weather or a fog, which is at all times so frequent and so much dreaded here. I should

like to have gone on to Spitzbergou, that land of ice, grisly bears, seals and walruses.

We played cricket with a tied ball until 3.30 a.m., when we went forward on the foredeck to see Bird Island, which looked lovely in the clear morning light. As we passed it the ship fired a gun, which brought out myriads of white birds, their wings glistening in the sun. They darkened the air and looked like a heavy snow-shower. Here and there, there was a puffin, bigger and darker than the rest. They wheeled round and round as long as the ship was in sight. Beedecker says, the owner of this island, who lives on it, makes a great deal of money by the sale of the gulls' eggs, "while the birds themselves are used for fodder, and are prepared for this purpose by being buried in the earth for a time, and are afterwards packed in casks," but as "fodder" for what kind of man or beast he sayeth not. As soon as we had passed the island we retired and it must have been 4 a.m. before we slept, comforted by the thought that breakfast was not to be until 12 o'clock.

Sunday, July 18th. I got up at 9 a.m. Really one seems to be able to do very little sleep in this climate, and able, like a dog, to curl oneself up and go to sleep at any moment one chooses. All day we continued to pass splendid scenery, range after range of snowy mountains. At 3 p.m. we had service in the saloon, read by a clergyman, one of the passengers, and afterwards a collection for the Agod Merchant Seamen's benefit, to which I gladly gave what I could, as I think sailors deserve all we can do for them, and when one thinks of how much they suffer so constantly and so bravely, one can but wonder at their courage and endurance. I think seamen are perfect martyrs. A short time ago in the Red Sea, one came up from the engine room and jumped overboard, poor fellow! one could hardly help thinking he was well out of it.

In the evening we touched at Tromso for our letters, which had not arrived when we were here before. The weather was colder and misty. We had some music after dinner in the music room on deck.

Monday, 19th. It poured all day, but cleared towards the evening. I occupied myself writing, reading and sleeping until dinner, which was half an hour earlier, as there was to be a concert in the saloon, given by the "Ceylon Minstrels," as the stewards called themselves, and they really amused us very much. The piano accompaniment was played by a young steward without any music; he played everything by ear. He must have a great natural talent as he does not know his notes. The songs were both comic and sentimental. One which was much appreciated began—

"Oh! the beautiful, beautiful ocean!
Oh! the up and down, up and down motion!"

and recalled all too vividly the sufferings some of us had undergone. When it was over we went on deck to see a splendid sky and the last view of the Lofoden Islands. The sun made an effectual attempt at setting at about 11.20 p.m., but it never got dark, as it rose again in about an hour. It was much colder and our ports were shut, but I managed to get the scuttle in mine opened (as the little round window in the middle is called) and so could breathe.

The next day we passed the famous Maelstrom, which has been so much exaggerated, and where, save in exceptional conditions of wind and tide, there is nothing to be seen, except indeed that the sea appears a little more agitated in its neighborhood. We saw a whale spouting quite close to us after dinner. It began to rain, so we went down to the saloon for a little music, before going to bed.

ALBINIA MURRAY ROLLAND.
(To be continued.)

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LIVING.

Living, like common sense, is a great invention. We all like it, and, although we grow weary and gray, are never quite ready to stop. We hold on to it, as we do to a rich relation, and appear to forget that it may lead us to a happier land, where there are no taxes nor lawyers. Living in Nova Scotia is pleasanter than strangers sometimes think. Our American cousins may not like our Province, but they like to take our fish, and come over and enjoy our summers. Perhaps our winters are frosty, but they always have a Christmas full of presents and kind wishes. Our springs, though slow, bring back the birds and the flowers, and our autumns are the prettiest in the world. Queen Victoria rules us, and we sing and pray for her every day; and her fiftieth year of reign we celebrate to show our loyalty and love.

But living anywhere is not all sunshine. Sorrows are mingled with joys, toothache with teeth, and mother-in-law with girls. Tears and good-byes are as plenty as music and holidays. There are comforts and troubles made for everybody. One gets money and rheumatism, while another gets a big farm and a lot of lazy boys that don't like to milk, but want to learn to smoke. One has talents, but no mother to love. Some are blind, but can sing so sweetly that the angels listen. The weak have friends who are willing to lend their arms; and all are equal, and one can't laugh at the other.

There is a good deal of work and rosin candy these days, but there never was a better time to live. The years have made improvements. Everything moves rapidly. You can live more now in twenty minutes than you could in three years when Isaiah was a boy. Methuselah was an old man, so old that he got his name in a catechism, but a man to-day at sixty is about as old, and has seen more telegrams, and licorice, and dog-churrs than ever he did. People lived slower then. Probably Methuselah was seventy or eighty years old before he was weaned, and not likely he ever went home with a girl until after he was two hundred and fifty. But this is a faster age. You can now talk far, and farm easy, and get cheated

quick. You can get anything you want, from Addison's essays to "Opeleka Hair Oil," and anything you don't want, from slang to soda biscuits. Money is one of the great objects of life, and is the cause of a good deal of hurry. People want to be rich or let on they are, which is something the same, for strangers can't tell whether one is living on money or notes in the bank. Pretty drawing rooms and smart horses are as much thought about as Timothy Dwight's sermons and tramps might be. I like money, and I like to live. I would rather live till I was eighty-threes than die with dyspepsia in a quarter of an hour, but I wouldn't care to live for money only. I would sooner live for a girl with no mother and fifty acres of land. Money is a good thing. It is better to be rich than to be a pauper and have to board with a man worth seventeen dollars, but it is better not to be afraid of death than either. Money may get you a name and your picture, an almanac, and a bronze monument at last; but it may not bring happiness, nor land you at the home where mothers go.

Yes, the style of living has changed. Olden times' folk wouldn't know how to get along now. Prodigals return home just the same, and wash-day is still Monday, but men and women live in a grander way, and boys swear younger. We eat and dress, and go to meeting differently, but we leave just the same and are no more missed.

HARLAS COX.

MUSICAL ECHOES.

ART OF ACCOMPANYING.—In many instances, it is held (and often by those who ought to know better) that any pianist of indifferent musical ability is good enough to be entrusted with the duties of an accompanist; and, as a natural result, a singer's best efforts are frequently rendered futile. As a matter of fact, none but accomplished musicians, possessing technical facility, sensibility, intelligence and tact, are adapt'd properly to fill so responsible and onerous a position. Yet even pianists who have not yet emerged from the chrysalis state of pupilage deem it *infra dig.* to accompany a ballad or ordinary song, being ignorant of the valuable experience to be gained from the proper performance of so apparently simple a task. An intuitive appreciation of phrasing and sympathetic expression, as well as the importance of subordinate details, are among some of the advantages to be derived from the process. Many besetting sins are also gradually eradicated thereby, such as a tendency to "thump" and the cultivation of mere mechanical adroitness at the expense of intellectuality.

The American Musician quotes from the *Keynote* the following truthful remarks:—

"In the present advanced state of intellectual advancement the scope of clerical education urgently needs extended development. Something beyond the subject of theology is needed to bring a minister *en rapport* with his flock. He must keep well abreast of the time in which he lives, and possess sufficient practical knowledge of all matters relating to science and art to enable him to hold his own with those of liberal education."

A practical knowledge of music is essentially necessary, as it is an art that has always been inseparably connected with the acts of public worship, as by its employment in worthy fashion the mind is purified and elevated to an extent that renders it additionally susceptible of religious impressions.

The sympathetic and intelligent encouragement of a musically qualified pastor would do more to raise the status of church music than the combined efforts of choir-master and congregation.

The matter is one of such growing importance that it is earnestly to be hoped some steps may be taken in this direction at no distant date."

FREDERICK ARCHER.

"There is now in this city (New York) a young German woman, Frau-lein Aus der Ohe, who is the best pianist, I think I may safely say, with perhaps one or two exceptions, that has visited this country since Rubenstein. Fr. Aus der Ohe was seven years a pupil of Liszt, and the one in whom he took the most interest. When she sat down at the piano he would call his other pupils and say—'Listen to that. That is the way to play the piano.' All the musicians in New York are going wild over her method. She has the wrist power of a man, and a very strong man, and yet she has at the same time the most wonderfully delicate execution. When she plays one of Liszt's rhapsodies it is as good as a whole orchestra, and yet she can play Chopin with all the purity that composer intended. She learned to play Chopin from Liszt, who had learned it from Chopin himself, so that she has the advantage of very close tradition."

"Piano-forte through bereavement, is offered by installments." So ran an advertisement in an evening contemporary. But we should doubt if it will find a speedy sale. Nobody wants an installment of a bereaved piano, except, perhaps, for a performance of the "Lost Chord."—*London Globe.*

She—"Shall I sing to you, George?" He—"Yes! Sing one of Mendelssohn's songs without words."

PATTI.—It is said that Patti entertains her summer guests at her Welsh Castle with solos on the banjo.

An anecdote, in relation to a certain opera company, that is going the rounds of the green-rooms, bears upon a manager who likes to give good performances, but objects to paying adequately for the same. He had been rehearsing his company on a hot, sultry morning, until the chorus were all hungry and tired. "Now, then, once more," said the manager encouragingly, after their somewhat lazy attempt at one of the choruses; "sing right out now, just as you would if I had said I'd raise your salaries if you did it properly. What would you do if I said that?" A small, weak

female voice from the back line of the chorus replied: "Drop dead!" Mr. Manager was no longer wearisomely facetious. He suddenly remembered it was dinner time.—*Boston Journal.*

COMMERCIAL.

A fair business has been accomplished in most lines. Trade is as now or never at its best in midsummer, and it is therefore satisfactory to note that a fair progress is making. At the same time, it is quite as well to note that though a good full trade seems to be assured, there is some danger that both manufacturing and importing may be overdone—and signs are not wanting that this is the case—in which event a re-action would surely follow.

In some commercial circles hints of possibly impending liquidations are given out, but in view of the excellent condition of agriculture throughout the country, there seems no reason to believe that—even if it comes—it will reach alarming proportions.

A curious and yet important point with regard to the responsibility of Guarantee Companies is likely soon to come before the courts in Montreal. A man named Whitney, who has been the Secretary of the Montreal Harbor Trust, has been discovered to have appropriated large sums of money that belonged to the Trust. He was insured for the benefit of the Trust for \$5,000 by a Guarantee Company. It is said that the company intends resisting payment of this amount, on the grounds that insurance men had suspected for some time previously that Whitney was not all right, and that the Trust did not exercise sufficient precaution. Both of these allegations may be, and probably are, well taken, but we fail entirely to see how they in any way relieve the Guarantee Company of the responsibility that it assumed when it accepted his premiums, and subsequently, unless it can show—and we do not learn that it pretends to do so—that it warned the Trust, or that, entertaining a suspicion of Whitney, it took proper and effective measures for having him watched. The business of the Guarantee Company was to protect the Trust to the extent of its assumed liability, either by watchfulness beforehand, or by cash after his exit—that is what it was paid for, and we cannot see how in law and equity it can claim to be relieved. If this Guarantee Company persists in taking the stand imputed to it in this matter, the confidence of the business community in all similar companies will receive a blow from which it cannot recover.

The Postmaster-General has announced that the commission allowed to vendors of postage stamps will be reduced from 3 to 1 per cent. This we think a mistake. The postal service is not one in which a regard for revenue alone should be observed. The convenience of the public should be taken into consideration. At even the rate of 3 per cent., but few persons can be induced to keep stamps for sale, and the convenience of the public demands that stamps shall be obtainable at points, in cities especially, which are remote from the post-office building. It is easy to understand, by confining the sale of stamps to the post-office, and placing a salaried clerk in charge of that work in every city or large town, that a few thousand dollars might be saved, but the public necessities would not be subserved by such a course. It may be safely assumed that Mr. McLellan does not contemplate entrusting the sale of stamps to special clerks paid by the department, for that would defeat his announced object of reducing the expense. Outsiders will not undertake the work under the reduced commission, as it would not pay them, and the public would suffer serious inconvenience without the slightest compensating advantage to the department or to any one. It would be just as sensible to propose to remove the street letter boxes, on the ground of economy, because men have to be paid to go round and collect letters from them. The postal department of this country is singularly behind the age. It persistently refuses to follow the example of other civilized countries by reducing the rates of postage and increasing the single letter weight. After its latest retrogressive step, it will be in order for it to adopt the Mexican plan. In that enlightened country it costs from two to four times as much to send matter by mail within its own borders as it does to despatch letters abroad to countries in the Universal Postal Union. The post-office should never be regarded as a direct source of revenue, and should not be expected to more than pay its cost. In a new and comparatively sparsely settled country, such as Canada is, no disappointment or dissatisfaction should be felt even if it does not accomplish that.

In the early part of this week considerable rain fell on this peninsula and in its vicinity; but, we regret to say that our advices show that the grateful showers extended but a short distance from this city. The rest of the Province is suffering terribly from the want of rain, and in many sections serious apprehensions are felt regarding the growing crops. In some sections they have been obliged to cut their hay prematurely, on account of the drought. The fruit crop is much endangered by the want of moisture, but there is a chance of saving it yet if rain is soon obtained.

The reports of the commercial agencies are apt to be misleading, unless carefully dissected. For instance, R. G. Dun & Co. report that the liabilities of bankrupts in Canada for the first half of 1887 are \$10,693,150, against \$5,501,697 for the corresponding period in 1886. On the face of this showing, it would appear that we were going to "the bow-wows" very rapidly, but when it is considered that among these liabilities are included the smashes of the Mercantile Bank, the Stewarts, Guy Bevan & Co., and other large failures that occurred in connection with these disasters, it will be found that legitimate business has, on the whole, held its own in Canada, and that there is no real reason to doubt the future prosperity which every business indication promises.

The credit of the city of Halifax is improving, chiefly, doubtless, owing to better financial management. At a meeting of the City Council held on Tuesday last, tenders were accepted for loans as follows:—J. C. Mackintosh, \$35,000, interest at 5½ to 6 per cent., and premium of \$2,600; a short loan

payable in three years, one third each year; Miss Ternan, \$2,200 at 5 per cent, and J. C. Mackintosh, what may be required of the balance of \$10,015 at 5½ per cent; J. C. Mackintosh, \$105,000 at 5½ per cent, and premium of \$9,207 to retire water debt before about maturing. On this last loan a saving of \$700 per year is effected. This is important and encouraging.

The following are the assignments and business changes in this province during the past week:—Peter S. Sinclair, lumber, Southampton, assigned to Amos B. Lushy; Alfred B. Beach, blacksmith, Lawrencetown, left the country.

DRY GOODS.—The situation in dry goods has undergone little change. There has, however, been a little more activity, as the movement in full goods is about to get fairly under way. Several orders have already been received from travellers, and they report prospects to be satisfactory.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The iron and hardware trade has been fairly active, and, on the whole, a steady business has been transacted, while the prospects for a good fall trade are satisfactory despite the recent tariff changes. Warrants are cabled from Glasgow at 42s. 5d., No. 3 foundry, at Middlesborough, at 34s. 6d., and hematite pig, at Workington, at 41s. 3d. Pig iron in Canadian markets continues to rule quiet. Bar iron has been steady and in fair request. The strike of the coke-makers has broken down, and the men have generally resumed work. This leaves everything clear for an active summer season in iron and steel. The general iron situation is strong. Business will soon begin to crowd in, and the full capacity will not be more than equal to the fall requirements. Tin, copper, and lead are firm, with unchanged quotations.

BREADSTUFFS.—Reports from the grain producing regions of this continent continue to be very conflicting, and it is difficult to estimate the growing crop. In spite of statements that drought, grasshoppers, locusts and other destructive agencies are operating to reduce the expectations of the husbandman, it seems that these tribulations are confined within comparatively small limits, and that the grain crop of 1887 will be fully equal to that of 1886. The local flour market has been very unsatisfactory, and holders have been compelled to shade prices in order to do any business. In Chicago the feeling in grain has been stronger. Wheat was better and closed firm, while corn was stronger and oats have improved. In England the weather has been brilliant, but the market is dull and weak. Australian wheat off coast is declining, being quoted at 33s. 6d. Walla Walla off coast is at 34s. 9d. Cargoes of wheat off coast are very dull, and buyers of cargoes on passage are holding off. In Liverpool wheat is quiet, and corn slow. Oats have taken a sharp upward turn in England. The cause of this advance is imputed to the hot and dry weather, which has caused considerable damage to the crop there.

PROVISIONS.—There has been a marked absence of activity in the provision market everywhere during the past week. Little has been done here, except filling up some orders. In Chicago there has been no trading in pork, and lard has eased off considerably. In Liverpool lard has declined to 34s. Pork is unchanged, and tallow stands at 22s. 6d.

BUTTER.—The butter market is very quiet, and little is doing. There is no demand for shipment abroad, and the trade has to depend entirely on the requirements of the home market, which are naturally small at this season. Good fresh butter, as usual, is in quick demand, and good figures are readily obtainable for it, but anything else is hard to work off.

CHEESE.—The cheese situation appears to be beautifully mixed up just now. In New York it is reported to have practically "gone to pieces," while operators in Ontario and western Quebec are buying freely—indeed it would seem indiscriminately—through the country. It is impossible to reconcile these statements with what is called common sense in business, but the cheese dealers have moved so eccentrically of late, that no one can tell whether they have good reasons for their actions or not. At any rate the factories are turning every quart of milk that they can secure into cheese. The only danger before them is a possible over-production, and this, they claim, is not to be feared, because the British demand has so far been much greater than it was last year up to this date. We hope that their expectations may be realized, but would suggest that if they are the butter product must be curtailed, and will inevitably advance in market value.

FRUIT.—The strawberry season is rapidly drawing to a close, and currants have begun to make an appearance in our markets. A ring of speculators here combined to keep the price of strawberries up this season about 50 per cent above the figures of last year. They succeeded in doing this, but, at the same time, they so crippled the consumption that it is doubtful if they realized any profit by their efforts. The idea of "making a corner" is an excellent one—perhaps—but when that corner is built on so perishable a commodity as ripe strawberries, it is very apt to slump through and soil somebody's fingers. It is to be hoped that the lesson of this year will not be forgotten in 1888. Raisins and currants are in small supply, and prices are, consequently, firm. Letters from Denia advise the prospects excellent for the raisin crop this season, but state that the harvest will probably be unusually late in consequence of unfavorable weather early in the spring.

TEA AND COFFEE.—There has been a moderate country distribution of tea, but the market has shown no animation, and there is an easier feeling in blacks. The coffee market has undergone no change. Stocks in first hands are very limited, and trade is practically confined to jobbing orders.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.—The sugar market is firm under a steady inquiry, and a fair turnover has been experienced. Both in granulated and molasses the feeling has been steady. Molasses has a strong tone, and holders are not at all anxious to sell.

Fish remains dull, with no transactions. Stocks on hand are very low. Reports from the fishing grounds are that the catch of mackerel so far has been small.

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.

GROCERIES.

SUGAR.				
Cut Loaf	7 1/2 to 8			
Granulated	6 1/2 to 6 1/2			
Circle A	6 1/2			
White Extra C	5 1/2 to 5 1/2			
Extra Yellow C	5 1/2 to 5 1/2			
Yellow C	5 to 5 1/2			
TEA.				
Congon Common	17 to 19			
" Fair	20 to 23			
" Good	23 to 29			
" Choice	31 to 35			
" Extra Choice	35 to 38			
OOLONG—Choice	37 to 39			
MOLASSES.				
Barbados	27 to 29			
Demerara	30 to 34			
Diamond N.	33 to 40			
Porto Rico	28 to 30			
Cienfuegos	26 to 27			
Trinidad	25 to 27			
Antigua	26 to 28			
Tobacco—Black	37 to 44			
" Bright	42 to 58			
BISCUITS.				
Pilot Bread	2.80 to 2.90			
Boston and Thin Family	3 1/2 to 6			
Soda	5 1/2 to 5 1/2			
do. in lb. boxes, 50 to case	7 1/2			
Fancy	8 to 15			

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

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.		
Quotations below are our to-day's wholesale prices for car lots net cash.		
Jobbers' and Retailers' prices about 5 to 10 cents per bbl. higher than car lots. Markets quiet and weak.		
Breadstuffs are selling at current cost.		
FLOUR.		
Graham	4.10 to 4.65	
Patent high grades	4.10 to 5.00	
" medium	4.80 to 4.85	
Superior Extra	4.30 to 4.45	
Lower grades	3.80 to 3.90	
Oatmeal, Standard	4.10 to 4.15	
" Granulated	4.40 to 4.50	
Corn Meal—Halifax ground	2.85 to 2.90	
" Imported	2.90	
Bran per ton—Wheat	19.00	
Shorts	20.00 to 21.00	
Middlings	22.00 to 23.00	
Cracked Corn	27.00 to 28.00	
Oats	25.00 to 26.00	
" Barley	nominal	
Feed Flour	2.90 to 3.00	
Oats per bushel of 31 lbs	34 to 35	
Barley	of 48 "	nominal
Peas	of 60 "	1.10 to 1.10
White Bean, per bushel	1.50 to 1.60	
Pot Harley, per barrel	4.85 to 4.90	
Corn	of 56 lbs	65 to 70
Hay per ton	14.00 to 15.50	
Straw	10.00 to 12.00	

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

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid	12.00 to 12.80
" Am. Plate, "	12.50 to 13.00
" Ex. Plate, "	13.50 to 14.00
Pork, Mess, American	17.50 to 18.00
" American, clear	19.00 to 20.00
" P. E. I. Mess	new 16.50 to 17.00
" P. E. I. Thin Mess	14.00 to 15.00
" Prime Mess	12.00 to 12.50
Lard, Tubs and Pails	11 to 12
" Cases	12.50 to 13.00
Hams, P. E. I.	none
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.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

There are so few pickled or dry fish arriving from the coast that a quotation cannot be correctly given. The most of those that are arriving are consigned, and go into store.

MACKEREL.		
Extra	none	
No. 1	
" Large	
" 2	
" 3 large	
" 3	
HERRING.		
No. 1 Shore, July	none	
No. 1, August	none	
" September	none	
Round Shore	none	
Labrador, in cargo lots, per lb	none	
Bay of Islands, from store	2.75	
ALEREVINS, per bbl.	4.50	
CODFISH.		
Hard Shore	3.00 to 3.10	
New Bank	3.00 to 3.25	
Bay	none	
SALMON, No. 1	none	
HADDOCK, per qd	2.00 to 2.25	
HAKE	2.10	
CUSK	none	
POLLOCK	none	
HAKE SOUNDS	45 to 50c per lb.	
COD OIL A	23 to 30	

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

LOBSTERS.

Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing).	
Tall Can	1.60 to 5.00
Flat "	6.00 to 6.50
Per case 4 doz. 1lb cans,	

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

LUMBER.

Pine, clear, No. 1, per m.	25.00 to 28.00
" Merchantable, do do	14.00 to 17.00
" " No 2 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 7.00
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.

Turkey, per pound	12 to 15
Geese, each	19 to 25
Ducks, per pair	60 to 75
Chickens	30 to 60
The above are corrected by a reliable victualler.	

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Steers, best quality, per 100 lbs. alive	5.00
Oxen	4.00
Fat Steers, Heifers, light weights	3.50 to 3.75
Wethers, best quality, per 100 lbs	5.00 to 6.00
Lambs	2.50 to 3.00

The above quotations are prepared by a reliable victualler.

HILDRED.

(Continued.)

They sat down side by side, and Lord Caraven positively forgot all about the plans in his wonder at his wife. How bright her face grew as she dwelt on the advantages of the pretty houses!

"We shall have no more pale, stunted, deformed children," she said. "Ah, Lord Caraven, you do not know how the sight of those children has touched my heart! Do you remember Mrs. Browning's pathetic lines—

"The children—oh, my brothers!"

"No; I have never heard them," he replied.

"If you saw the dull, pale faces, the dim eyes, the deformed limbs! I always feel ready to cry out, 'Give the children air, for Heaven's sake!' Now in these our new houses they will have air; we shall see rosy faces, we shall hear the music of glad young voices, and as you pass by they will bless you, Lord Caraven—they will stand up together, the young and the old to bless you. Oh, let us make haste!"

Looking at her, listening to her, he thought of the child with the darkening face. "Shall I throw a stone at him?" What a contrast between the picture she painted and the sad reality! Something like a sob rose to the lips of the earl. Stoned by a child! How the disgrace of it clung to him!

"You are thinking of something else," she said, suddenly coming to a close in the midst of her description of cottage-gardens.

"I plead guilty," answered Lord Caraven. "I was thinking of you."

"Of me?" she exclaimed, with such sincerity of surprise that he was startled. "I did not know that you ever thought of me. You must not think of me now; I want all your attention for these plans; you must decide as to them."

"I cannot help thinking of you, Hildred. Tell me, from where do you get your wonderful energy, your fresh, bright interest in everything?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied. "I suppose all things are part of myself."

"Then you have a wonderful self, Hildred, and I may be pardoned for thinking of it. Now about these plans—I think this is the simplest, the prettiest, and the best."

They discussed them in full detail, and that conversation had something so interesting, so piquant in it, that the earl was deeply interested.

"Thank you," said Hildred, looking up with a charming smile—"I am grateful to you for relieving me in my perplexity."

"The pleasure has been all on my side," he answered; and that was the most gallant speech that the earl had yet made to his wife.

The difference in them was plain to be seen. Men who had gamed and betted with him, who had won his money and paid him in flattery, shrank from him, seeing that their hour was over. They sneered about him, and said something to each other about peltoat government. But one day, when Lord Caraven had refused a heavy wager at billiards, some one remarked that Lady Caraven had taught him better ways. He looked up with a frank laugh.

"My wife?" he said. "Oh, no! She has had nothing to do with it;" and he honestly believed what he said.

Her influence had been so wisely directed, so sparingly used, that he could not trace it; and he thought that he alone had aroused himself from his long trance of indolence. No woman on earth could have won a greater victory.

"I am so glad I have been patient," she said to herself. "I am glad I chose the higher and nobler part, instead of the weaker one of running away."

So time passed on, and the beautiful summer days were filled with schemes and plans for the benefit of others.

It seemed to the earl that he was really waking up from a long sleep. The world was wearing a different aspect for him. He had never even given a thought to politics. With the arbitrary insolence of youth he had pronounced them nonsense—and that was one of the things that Sir Raoul deplored. Hildred too was sorry for it. She had been so successful in other matters that she ventured at last upon this. It was by a series of well-directed questions that she first aroused his attention. In trying to answer them he grew interested himself. "If I had a vote," Hildred had a fashion of saying, "I should try to urge 't'it measure." At last Lord Caraven awoke to the consciousness that i.. the government of Britain's mighty empire he too ought to have a voice.

They had seen nothing of John Blantyre since his abrupt dismissal. The earl had been told that he had left Mere Cottage, but that he was living at Court Raven. That piece of intelligence did not trouble him; the unjust steward was part and parcel of the past—a past he was beginning to think of with regret. Nevertheless, John Blantyre lived only for his revenge.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Autumn came with its golden wheat, its ripe fruit, its gorgeous beauty of coloring. The spirit of improvement was at work at Ravensmere; already the obnoxious cottages had disappeared, and in their places clean, healthy, well-drained dwelling-houses were springing up. Lady Caraven worked hard, allowing herself little rest, and the earl was filled with wonder at her systematic method.

"You ought to have been a man and a lawyer, Hildred," he said to her one day.

"I would rather be a woman and a countess," she replied, with a low happy laugh.

The first thing that she had done was to make a list of every laborer and dependent on the estate, his name, condition, income, the number of his children, how they lived, and where they were educated, so that there was not one a stranger to her. The earl looked admiringly at it.

"Do you really mean to say, Hildred, that all these people are dependent on me—that, more or less, I have an interest in all of them?"

"I do mean it," replied his wife earnestly; "and there seems to be something noble to me in the idea that one man has it in his power to benefit so many others."

"That is from your side of the question," said the earl; but he thought more seriously than he spoke.

Already a perceptible change had come over Ravensmere. Fast-looking men who had rejoiced in the title of his lordship's friends had all left—men of note were beginning to seek his society. He had written several articles on social science and home politics that had been highly thought of—he who believed himself too indolent even to write a letter—but these articles and essays were rather the result of his wife's observation than his own. Women were, of course, very much inferior; but it was a great thing to have a clever wife. She would talk to him, suggest ideas, give her opinion; and then, when they had discussed the matter well, she would say to him—

"Those are excellent ideas of yours—why not put them into form?"

It was she who revised and corrected his papers—she to whom in fact they really owed their existence, although the world praised him. His reputation was growing rapidly. Only a few months, and such a difference!

"Thank Heaven that I have been patient!" the young countess often said to herself.

They worked together. She made their duties so pleasant to him that he would not for the world have renounced them. Husband and wife became, as the earl said, good companions, good friends. They had many interests now in common—the improvement of the estate, the building of model cottages, the education of the young, the relief of the aged and distressed. With a thoughtful look in his blue eyes the earl would sometimes say to his wife—

"I cannot imagine why I thought all this so tiresome before, or what gives me so much pleasure to do it now."

No one was more gratified than Sir Raoul. He exulted in the fact that his predictions were fulfilled.

"I always thought a good woman's influence boundless," he said; "and now I am sure of it."

But he was not misled; he saw exactly how things were—that the earl had started with the conviction that his wife was an unformed school-girl, and that, though believing her now to be a very clever woman, he still retained much of his early impression. Lord Caraven had accepted the fact that he did not love her with a lover's love, and that their marriage was a fat mistake into which his own folly had led him—and he had not changed his opinion; he absolutely never thought of love with reference to her. They were good friends, with one common interest—that was all.

But with Hildred it was not quite the same thing. She had once loved him; and now, as his better nature appeared, she began to care for him again. Not that she ever betrayed such a feeling to him. She was kind, affectionate, patient; she devoted herself to his service; but no word indicating a warmer feeling than friendship ever escaped her lips. She did not even own to herself or know that she was beginning to love him.

It was almost impossible to help it. There was something very lovable about the careless, debonair man; his very faults had a kind of charm because he owned them so frankly; his handsome face would have been a passport to any woman's heart; moreover, he was so earnest in his endeavor to do better, so truly sorry for the ill-spent, miserable past, so anxious not to relapse into bad habits. She could not help loving him.

"I can imagine," she thought to herself, "how a mother feels who has taught her little child to walk."

She had a half-protecting fondness for him; she would fain have stood between him and every temptation of his life—have been his good angel; he was in some vague way to her a child whom she had taught and trained. Whether this affection would develop into the jealous love of a woman remained to be seen. She found herself always thinking of him, always trying to find out what would please him, always studying him; there was hardly a moment in the day in which her thoughts did not dwell on him. When he called her by name, her heart thrilled with pleasure; when he praised her even ever so faintly, it seemed to her that earth held no higher joy; if he asked her to do anything, she knew no rest nor peace until it was done. There was no man in England whose comforts were better attended to; yet husband and wife were simply good friends—nothing more.

One day, after luncheon, when some visitors were staying with them, conversation turned on a certain Lady Hamilton, who had just returned from India.

"Lady Hamilton was one of your early loves, Ulric, was she not?" said Sir Raoul laughingly.

"I suppose so," replied the earl carelessly. "I had a great many early loves, if one may believe all the stories told. Do you know what my own opinion is?"

"No," answered Sir Raoul, "I do not."

"I do not believe that I have ever loved at all—that is, using the word 'love' in its best and highest sense."

"Then it is for want of appreciation," said Sir Raoul, curiously. Neither of them knew that Hildred had overhead the few chance words.

He had never loved any one! She was his wife; he had never

her, and she had been fancying that his manner had changed—that he was in some fashion growing fond of her. How wofully mistaken she was! Her face burned as she thought of those early loves of his. Who were they? How much had he cared for them? Had he whispered sweet words into willing ears? Had he, who had never once kissed her, kissed the fair faces of those early loves? Her heart beat fast as she thought of it. Then she called herself to account. Was she—an unloved, neglected wife—jealous of the fleeting loves of an hour? She was startled when she found that the pretty ivory paper knife she had been holding in her hands was broken.

"What has come over me?" she asked herself.

He had never loved any one. Would he live his life without love? And, if he ever loved any one, would it be she?

"It is a terrible thing that we have done," she said to herself—"married without love. Alas, if ever a girl as young and ignorant as I was comes to me and asks me the same question that I asked my father, I shall say to her, 'Marry without money, without position, without worldly prospects, if you will; but rather die than marry without love!'"

A kind of jealousy that she could not understand took possession of her. If, on looking at pictures or photographs, Lord Caraven praised, one or thought it pretty, she would examine it in detail to find out if possible what he admired in it. If, in speaking of any lady friend or visitor, the earl expressed his admiration of her, a vague unrest would come over his wife; she would try to understand what attracted him. He had a frank, carefree, easy way of expressing himself. Often, when she heard him, her face would suddenly grow pale even to her lips. If he loved at all, he must love her.

Lord Caraven discerned nothing of this, but Sir Raoul was more deeply versed in human nature, and he saw that the young countess was beginning to love her husband with a passionate love. He did not know whether to be pleased or sorry—whether her love would ever be returned. Yet he could not feel surprised.

"He owes everything to her," thought Sir Raoul: "yet the last thought that would enter his mind would be to love her."

Sir Raoul also saw another thing, and that was that, despite her noble character, her great virtues, her heroism, her patience, her devotion to one idea, she had one fault, and that was jealousy. Sir Raoul had noticed it in little things, and once he laughingly told her of it.

"You are jealous, Hildred," he said: "there is one weed amongst many beautiful flowers—you are jealous."

She stood quite still for a few minutes after he had spoken, and then she looked up at him thoughtfully.

"You are right," she said frankly—"I believe I am jealous."

Sir Raoul was amused at her candor.

"It is true," he went on; "I have noticed it often. You will not allow any one to feed your pet canary; and, if those tame white doves of yours flutter round any one else, you do not like it."

There was no smile in the dark eyes raised to his—only an expression of perplexity and bewilderment.

"You are quite right," she said; "but I had not thought of it before—I have not been tried. I have had no especial temptation. No one has ever made me jealous, because, I suppose, no one has ever loved me very much; but I have the capability in me."

"To be sure you have—all dark-eyed women with Southern faces like ours have a touch of jealousy," remarked Sir Raoul. "How grave you look concerning it, Hildred!"

"I am thinking gravely," she replied. "I am saying to myself that I hope and trust and pray I shall never have anything to be really jealous about. I feel—well, I do not know how to express myself clearly, but I believe that I could be madly jealous, and then, if I were, I could do some real wrong."

"I do not fear for you," said Sir Raoul. "You will never go very far wrong, Hildred."

There was a half-scared expression on her beautiful face.

"I do hope," she rejoined, "that I shall never be tried. Jealousy has some strange things . . . is as bitter as death and as cruel as the grave. I may comfort myself though," she added with a bitter laugh; "there cannot be jealousy without love, and I have none to give and none to receive."

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was almost autumn, and people were saying to each other smilingly that summer seemed unwilling to go. The wheat was standing now in great golden sheaves, the fruit hung ripe upon the trees.

One morning a letter came to Ravensmere. It was from Lady Hamilton, to say that she was returning from Cowes, where she had been staying some time, and would be glad to pay her promised visit.

Lord Caraven's first sensation on reading the coquettish little note was one of unmitigated pleasure. They had been spending a very happy week alone, the earl, the countess, and Sir Raoul—a week that he had thoroughly enjoyed, because the greater part of it had been spent in the open air with his wife and Sir Raoul. They had been watching the builders' progress, watching the improvements; and the earl was more pleased than he would have cared to say at seeing once more a smile on the faces around him. He did not feel quite sure at first that he cared for the coming interruption. He gave the letter to Lady Caraven.

"If she comes," he said, "it is pretty certain we must invite a party to meet her."

The young countess looked up.

(To be continued.)

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pints and quarts.

HENNESSY'S & MARTELL'S BRANDIES

200 casks, ***. V. O., pale and

dark, quarts and flasks.

FINEST SARDINES

—qts. and halves.

200 Cases CLARET—pints and qts.

50 Cases BASS'S ALE.

15 Cases MOSELLE (pints) and STEIN-

VEIN.

30 Cases PEURIER JOUET & CO.'S 1st

quality pints, med. dry CHAMPAGNE.

20 Cases Pale Dry Dinner Sherry

and Fine Old Port.

—A fine assortment of Crocks & Black-

well's PICKLES, SAUCES, FRUITS,

JAMS, and FANCY GROCERIES.

JAMES SCOTT & CO.

Western Counties Railway.

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On and after MONDAY, 16th May, 1867. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH, daily at 7.15 a.m. Arrive

at Digby, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 10.45 a.m.; Wednesday and Saturday, at 10.15 a.m.

LEAVE DIGBY, daily at 3.00 p.m.. Arrive at

Varmouth, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, 6.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday, at 6.00 p.m.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections at Digby daily (with Steamer to

from Annapolis, Halifax, and Stations on the

W. & A. Railway, with Steamer "Secret" from

St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and for St. John every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, with steamer "New Brunswick" for Boston every Tuesday.

At Varmouth, with Steamer "Varmouth" for

Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evening, and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted), to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGELLI,
General Superintendent.

Varmouth, N. S.

Established 1866.

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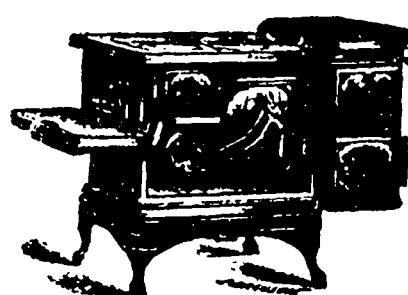
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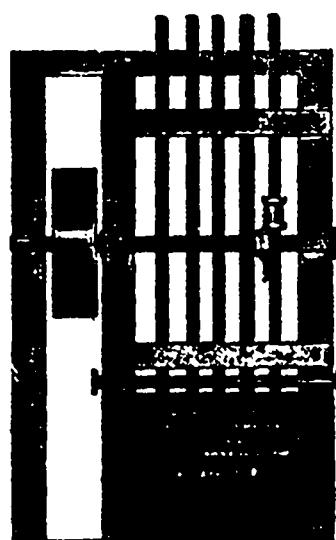


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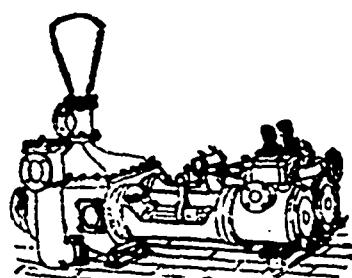
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Estimates furnished for Heating Dwellings,
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OILS.—In calling attention to our

LUBRICATING OILS,

We beg to say that we carry the largest and best assorted Stock in the Provinces; and if parties requiring Lubricants will inform us of the kind of work it is to do, we will send an Oil, and GUARANTEE it satisfactory or no sale.

Remember, we have no fancy profits.

Our Motto—Quick Sales on Commission.

MINING.

ANALYTICAL DEPARTMENT.—To meet a long felt want THE CRITIC has made arrangements with a competent Analyst, who will determine the quality of all specimens sent to be tested. The fee charged will be from two to eight dollars, according to the difficulty and expense incurred by the analyst in making the analysis. The strictest secrecy will be observed, and the result of the analysis will only be known to the operator and the sender of the sample. Send samples by parcel-post or otherwise, with a fee of two dollars. "Analyst," care A. M. Fraser, Business Manager of THE CRITIC. Should a larger sum be required, the sender will be notified.

COMMITTEE TO REVISE MINING ACTS.—It was proposed at the last session of the Local Parliament that during recess the Commissioner of Mines, assisted by a committee of the House, should enquire into the workings of the mining Act, and thus be prepared to meet the next Parliament with a revised act, simplifying the present one and making alterations where they were found necessary. We have since heard nothing of this committee, and trust that the present summer is not to be passed over without our practical mining men being called upon for their opinions of the act. The appointment of the committee was a wise step, and we trust that their work will be speedily and thoroughly done. There have been numerous complaints made against the mining Act, and they should be patiently investigated, and if well founded, a remedy provided. The appointment of a committee to investigate the workings of the Act was a move in the right direction, and the Local Government by its action has proved its desire to deal fairly with the great mining interests in the control.

RENFREW DISTRICT.—Good reports continue to be received from this district. Mr. Hayward lately sent a large brick to Boston, the result of two weeks work. He has repaired the damage to his mill, before reported, and has been pushing work night and day. He left last week on a fishing trip, and will also inspect some of his other mining properties.

The Renfrew Consolidated has had a visitation of bad luck, and last week, just as the pumps were fixed and everything was in shape for work, the water wheel went to pieces. This was enough to try the patience of saint, as it will take at least two weeks to build a new one, the stuff having to be sawed out. In the meantime Mr. Fisk, the manager, will be able to place all the running gear in good order, thus minimizing the risk of further mishaps this summer.

It is strange, but true, that the manager celebrated the Fourth of July by cutting ice. This will give some very ignorant people a chance to cut out against the "terrible severity" of our climate, so we had better add that it was cut out of an old shaft. One and one-half tons of fine clear ice, 12 inches thick, were cut and stored in the ice house for future use. We may "drop in" on the manager before the supply is exhausted.

Mr. John McGuire, of the Brookfield Mine, took a bar of gold at Halifax on Monday last weighing 180 ounces.—Liverpool Times.

It is reported that R. McNaughton has bought from Gardner the stamp mill and fixtures of the mine at Country Harbor.

OXFORD MINE.—The rich angular recently found on the Oxford has yielded 220 oz., from 12 tons of quartz crushed. The lead has been lost and prospecting is now being vigorously pushed to rediscover it. The battery lead is looking better and better, and increased returns are expected this month.

NEW BRUNSWICK MINING ITEMS.—Mining matters in this Province are not exceedingly brisk, yet a confidence in the coming mining boom seems to be established, and owners of mining properties are getting them in shape for sale, examination, etc.

The Manganese mine on White's Mountain is showing up in magnificent style. It is confidently said this is the best deposit of the kind in Canada. There is probably \$2,000 worth of ore on dumps, and good judgment \$10,000 worth in sight. This is known as the Stockton Mine, but unfortunately it is at present in the Equity Court of this Province, owing to some claim made by outside parties. How it will terminate is unknown yet. It is to be hoped it will soon be arranged one way or the other.

A new lease or bond has been taken of an adjoining property by a citizen of Sussex, which, it is thought by many, will prove almost as good a deposit as the one just written of. A good interest in this property can be had by party possessing capital to help open it up properly, and the necessary payment on bond to ensure retention of property. Persons wishing to invest can do so through THE CRITIC Office, where address of correspondent can be had.

Your correspondent has had given him a quantity of what appears to be Graphite, or plumbago. The sample seems exceedingly fine, and is evidently the decomposed portion of vein or deposit. Parties having it in hand say there are large deposits of it, if it is well handled, and as they are reliable, probably it is correct. A sample has been forwarded to competent authority for test, and the result anxiously awaited for.

The Manganese Mine at Pericodiac is idle at present, and it is understood that efforts are being made to form a joint stock company.

Work in the big copper, lead, and silver belt at New Ireland, Ile Co., is being pushed forward, and owners have recently had an export examining same with, it is said, most satisfactory encouragement.

Boston parties interested in the developments at Crooked Creek, Ile Co., have been examining the ground, and it is said are highly pleased with the appearance of matters. It is understood that a good equipment of the most improved machinery will be shortly erected.

MINING.—Continued.

Mr. S. Crundall, of Moncton, in company with some Philadelphia gentlemen, are actively engaged in opening up an antimony mine at Bellisle, Queens County. The samples they have been getting lately are very fine, and ore that your correspondent saw recently is equal to anything of kind seen from Rawdon or the Prince William Mines in York Co., N. B. The results so far are very encouraging, and it is to be hoped they will continue.

There are sundry other matters in mining line which are on the carpet, and of which I will apprise you in due time. We New Brunswickers think we have some pretty good properties, and believe that it is only a matter of a little time, aided by honest effort, and a demand for fair prices, when the mining interests of the Province will show good results, and yield the capital invested a fair return.

Yours, etc.,

Official Returns for June, so far received at Mines Office:—

District.	Mill.	Tons crushed.	Oz. Gold.
Tangier	Mooseland	21½	15½
Herbrooke	Miners'	25	8½
do.	Goldenville	52	8
Rawdon	Rawdon	350	342
Catcha	Oxford	83½	138½
Brookfield	Brookfield	200	122½
Whiteburn	Cushing G. M. Co.	20	53½

CARIBOU DISTRICT.—Mr. Tonquoy has a quantity of ore on deck at his Moose River property, and is waiting for his turn to have it crushed at the latter mill. He has lately purchased the Taylor *et al* areas, which immediately adjoin his old ones, and which give him over a thousand feet of river frontage, and one of the best mill sites in the district, there being an abundant water supply the year round. A large lake empties into the river a short distance above the property, and a fall of twelve feet in the river gives abundant power. The leads now being worked by Mr. T. run through the new property and increase in thickness as its boundaries are approached. A new eight stamp mill will at once be erected, as Mr. Tonquoy now holds both mining and leasehold rights in the property.

The Peerless Mine, lately opened up at Lewis Head, Shelburne County, comprises two fine leads of gold bearing quartz, each four inches wide. The mine is now owned and worked by Messrs. Robert Abbott and Wallace light, who have already taken up two areas, and who are expecting to receive rich returns.—*Liverpool Times*.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—At the Whiteburne Mines Wednesday morning about ten o'clock, Willie, son of Mr. George Seldon, of Caledonia, had but moment previously slipped into the shaft house, when a charge exploded, fragment biting him on the forehead, and crushing the skull into small pieces. Dr. Andrews was promptly on the spot, and did everything possible for his patient, but the injuries were fatal, and after lingering for eighteen hours the poor boy expired. An inquest was held.

QUEBEC.—Some good specimens of gold and silver ore have lately been brought in from the Portage du Fort district.

Operations at the Asbestos mines have been prosecuted vigorously, and show an average steady output. Prices remain firm.

All the other mines are in active operation, but we know of no special care to report concerning these. New uses for Asbestos are being daily found, and an increased and growing demand is found for the lower grades of crude stock, which supply a want for materials where sparseness is required.

The Anglo-Canadian Company are continuing operations upon the lines indicated in our last, and both the quantity and quality of output show a steady improvement.

The vein of gold recently discovered in the neighborhood of Mattawa is found to be even more valuable than at first reported, it having been found to extend for a great distance, and to become much richer. The vein lies beneath the Ottawa river, and enters the mountains on the north side of Quebec province. An assay which has been made shows the quartz to be exceedingly rich in the precious metal. Dr. A. M. Earle's discovery was made in the mountain opposite Mattawa, and assays made from his specimens give 2 oz., 12 dwt. 12 gr. per ton. Numerous parties are now prospecting, and moneyed men in the district are reported to have made investments.

Some further information may be gleaned from the remarks of our correspondent who says "gold was first discovered in this vicinity about middle of last month." The locality is in the province of Quebec, directly opposite Mattawa, and in unsurveyed territory. A number of assays have been made by Mr. J. T. Donald, of Montreal, which gave results varying from \$19.00 to \$35.00 per ton, gold. The precious metal is visible in the quartz, but on being pulverized and subjected to chemical processes it has readily been obtained.—*Canadian Mining Review*.

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Are prepared to furnish the above MILLS at short notice and on reasonable terms.

These Mills have been tested with all the other mills now in use, and are superior in their operation to any other, especially as regards refractory ores. Several tests made with this Mill at Yarmouth show a great saving over the Stump Mill. Also, in cleaning up, which can be done in from Twenty five to Thirty Minutes. It will perform the work of a 15 Stamp Mill, and do it better.

For testimonials intending purchasers are referred to The Manager of The East Gold Mining Co., Tangier, N. S.

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[ADVERTISEMENT.]

WRITING HISTORY.

When Leti, the historian, was one day attending the levee of Charles the Second, he said to him, "Leti, I hear that you are writing the History of the Court of England." "Sir, I have been for some time preparing materials for such a history." "Take care that your work give no offence," said the prince. Leti replied, "Sir, I will do what I can, but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he would scarcely be able to avoid giving offence." "Why, then," rejoined the king, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, not histories."

PORT HILL, P. E. I., April 7, 1881.

Puttner Emulsion Co.:

DEAR SIRS.—I have used your Emulsion extensively during the past four years, and have much pleasure in adding my testimony as to its efficiency. We had here last summer numerous cases of whooping cough and scarlet fever. I found your Emulsion answered admirably when the acute symptoms had subsided, in very many instances. In most wasting disorders, especially those peculiar to children, your Emulsion has rendered me good service, being pleasant to the taste, and no feeling of nausea following its administration. It seldom fails giving good results, and I prefer it to any other preparation of the kind.

I am yours, respectfully,

J. F. BEINE, M.D.

BRIDAL TRAGEDY.—At an Indian wedding, at the Phillipine Islands, the bride retired from the company, in order to go down to the river to wash her feet. As she was thus employed, an alligator seized her. Her shrieks brought the people to the place, who saw her between the monster's teeth, and just drawn under the water. The bridegroom instantly plunged after, and, with his dagger in his hand, pursued the monster. After a desperate conflict, he made him deliver up his prey, and swam to the shore, with the body of his dead wife in his arms!

For weak and inflamed eyes use Simson's Golden Eye Water. It will allay the inflammation and give ease in a short time.

SIMPLICITY.—At the marriage of Monsieur the Count d'Artois, the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart little girl of sixteen, named Lise Noirin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover? "O," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city furnished everything." This being told to the Count, a worthy husband was sought out for the girl, and her marriage portion was doubled.

Is your system run down from over work. Puttner's Emulsion is the best renovator for an impaired constitution. Price, large bottles, 50 cents

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.—The intellectual acquirements of this lady are well known to every admirer of French literature; and her letters to her daughter, the Countess de Grignan, are regarded as the best models of epistolary composition. "One day," says Menage, "I had hold of one of Madame de Sevigne's hands betwixt mine. Upon drawing it away, M. Pelletier, who was present, said, "Menage, with all your talents, that is the finest work that ever came from your hands."

Try one bottle Simson's concentrated Extract Jamaica Ginger, it is far better in a family than brandy, and its use more effectual.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.—After the battle of the Nile, a private gentleman caused a medal to be struck in honor of that action, and at his own expense, gave it to every man in the victorious fleet. Some of these men, common sailors, have been known, after many years, when dying upon a distant station, to make it their last request, that this medal should be sent home to their friends.

PLUM PUDDING—Three cups of flour, one cup molasses, one cup milk, one cup raisins, one and a half cups suet, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, spice to taste.

FATAL FROLIC.—Charles the Sixth, of France, gave a masquerade, in which himself and five courtiers played the part of satyrs, to resemble which they were clothed in close linen habits, besmeared with rosin, and then stuck with down all over. One of the company, in a frolic touched one of these satyrs with a lighted torch as they were dancing in a ring; the consequence was, that all the six masks or satyrs were instantly enveloped in flames; four of the six were burnt to death on the spot; and the king never recovered the fright and disorder occasioned by the accident.

ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM.—A resident in the country writing to a friend in the city says, I would advise you to use Puttner's Emulsion. I have tried it in my family with most beneficial results.

LARGE FEET.—Formerly, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe, in the fourteenth century, was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long; those of a baron, two feet; those of a knight, eighteen inches long, from whence arose the expression: *il est sur un grand pied dans le monde.*

Puttner's Emulsion increases the weight.



WONDERS OF THE CHISEL.—In the church of St. Severo, at Naples, there are some statues of very extraordinary workmanship. One represents a female, covered with a veil, which is most happily executed in marble, and has all the effect of a transparency. There is another of the dead Christ, covered with the same thin gauze veil, which appears as if it were moist with the cold damp of death. Both of these pieces were the work of Venetian of the name of Corradino. There is also a statue of a figure in net, the celebrated work of Queirato, a Genoese, which is a model of purity and patience. It is cut out of a single block; yet the net has many folds and scarcely touches the statue.

If the nerve of the tooth can be got at no one need suffer for one minute with toothache if they will only use Brown's TOOTHACHE DROPS. They not only stop the pain, but when applied on cotton wool they are almost equal to filling. If the root of the tooth is ulcerated, the only remedy is cold steel, and the sooner it is applied the better.

A SERIOUS DIFFICULTY IN ANNAM.—The French company which is putting telegraph lines in Annam finds itself confronted with a serious difficulty. Recently, one of the lines ceased working, and a party was sent out to locate the break. At the gates of an Annamite village, the Frenchmen were met by an amiable deputation of the inhabitants. "We are very poor," said the head man of the village, "and we have felt it necessary to take the wires off the poles in our territory and sell them; but in order that your excellencies need not be subjected to any inconvenience, we have replaced the wire by the neatest bamboo rods that we could find, all neatly fitted together. We trust that you are satisfied with the change."—*British Transcript.*

HALIFAX, Nov. 2, 1884.

Puttner Emulsion Co.:

DEAR SIRS.—Having used your Emulsion for about two months, I wish to say that I believe it has not only built up my system, but has been the means of allaying the disease—a wasting one—which I am suffering with. My appetite has also very much improved since I commenced its use.

EDWARD MELVIN.

SIR THOMAS MOORE.—During the time that Sir Thomas Moore was Lord Chancellor, a gentleman who had a suit depending before him, sent him a present of two silver flaggons. The chancellor immediately gave orders to his servants to fill these with the best wine in his cellar, and carry the flaggons back to the gentleman, and tell him that it gave him great pleasure to be in an opportunity of obeying him; and that when the flasks were empty, he should be welcome to have them filled again.

Simson's Liniment may be relied on to do as we recommend.

A new anti-sat has been discovered. One of the boddle Alderman New York weighed 300 pounds, but his indictment reduced him to 175.

ST. THOMAS, QUEREC, Feb. 28, 1887.

This is to certify that I have been troubled with numbness in my feet, followed by rheumatic pains shooting through my ankles and toes during cold weather, for the last three years. Other remedies failing to remove this trouble, I gave Simson's Liniment a trial, and I can unhesitatingly say the effect has been like magic. The pain has entirely disappeared, and though for the past week the weather has been 12 below zero, there is no appearance of a return of my annoyance. My wife finds Simson's Liniment the best preparation in the market for corns.

Yours truly,

LOUIS LANGLOIS.

THE RAMBLER.—When Dr. Johnson's Rambler was first published, its sale was very inconsiderable, and seldom exceeded five hundred. Its remarkable and curious trait of the age, that the only paper which had a prosperous sale, and may be said to have been popular, was one which Dr. Johnson did not write. This was No. 97, which was said to have been written by Richardson.

Abbott's Aperient Pills made by us will be found to be the best remedy for Bilioueness, Costiveness, Headache, etc. They are very searching and mild. They do not gripe, they contain no mercury or other mineral, being sugar-coated, they are easily taken.

HOME AND FARM.

This department of THE CRITIC is devoted exclusively to the interests of the Farmers in the Maritime Provinces. Contributions upon Agricultural topics, or that in any way relate to Farm life, are cordially invited. Newy notes of Farmers' gatherings or Grange meetings will be promptly inserted. Farmers' wives and daughters should make this department in THE CRITIC a medium for the exchange of ideas on such matters as more directly affect them.

We have the strongest belief that the farmer should keep before him a high standard, not in two or three special products of his farm only, but in all things; for there is no profession in which all the conditions and circumstances of life, well understood and made the most of, so concentrate to induce efficiency, comfort and wealth, as in that of the farmer. There is probably no trade, business or profession calling forth so universal an intelligence. We therefore quote, with sympathy and satisfaction, the following paragraphs from *Farm, Stock and Home*:

"The grandest product of the farm is not large crops of wheat, corn or other grain; nor is it herds of stock, nor the pounds of butter; it is the boys and girls. In every avenue of life where thrift, capacity and energy are required, the man who pushes to the front is the son of the farmer. He has the intelligence; there is a large element of broad, common sense in his nature; he has a constitution that can endure labor and all the trials of life. It is a notable fact that in all the colleges our best students are the boys from the farms. In the workshops, in the halls of legislation, at the bar, on the forum, in the pulpit, ninety-nine-one hundredths of the men who stand upon the summit were once boys on the farm."

In youth they perhaps went barefooted, wore patched clothes, and worked their way up to an education; but they got there! While the city boy is fooling with the most frivolous things in life, the country boy is working, struggling towards the practical, useful ends of life, and often brings up on the summit of fame. With a book under one arm and a few extra clothes in his hand, he passes the elegant home of the city boy, and looks at ease and luxury from a distance; but one day he may return and buy the mortgage which is now on that once envied home, and become the honored citizen.

Where did that boy get his noble purpose and unfaltering courage? They were born to him on the farm; they were woven into his fibres by years of toil; the warp and woof of his life are threads of golden labor."

True, however, as this is, it should not be taken as encouragement to the farmer's boy to desert his father's calling—a tendency far too marked for many years past in various parts of the Dominion, and resulting in the overcrowding of what are called "the professions."

AN INCREASING PEST.—Among the unsightly objects which meet the eye of the tidy orchardist, none are more disgusting than the nests of the fall Web-Worms, which are to be seen as early as the middle of July and through the remainder of the season, upon the apple-trees, shrubbery and shade trees.

The most feasible plan to destroy this pest seems to be to watch for the dried appearance of the leaves, and as soon as the presence of a colony of these caterpillars is thus indicated, remove the branch containing them and destroy them by burning or crushing. When the worms are small and it is difficult to reach them, a swab, attached to a pole, dipped in kerosene and thrust into the nest will destroy them.—*American Agriculturist for July*.

H. I. Y.—We can scarcely do better in reply to your question than to give you the following from the *American Agriculturist*:

"Experience has abundantly shown that mulching the ground not only adds to its fertility by the decay of the mulch itself, but it also retains a large amount of ammonia from the air. All have observed that soil covered with mulch keeps more porous and friable than when left exposed to the sun and drying winds. Earthworms contribute toward fertility by their holes, through which the air easily penetrates, imparting fertility, which the soil absorbs. A piece of ground, a part of which had been in strawberries and mulched with salt hay for three years, showed a great advantage from the mulch. When plowed, this mulched part broke up very finely, while the other part was very lumpy. It was all planted the same day with corn, which came up in five days on the mulched portion, and was about two weeks coming up on the rest, and much of it failed to come up at all. The after culture was alike, yet there was a much more vigorous growth on the part which had been mulched. Soils not only have the power of absorbing ammonia from the air, but also from water that holds it in solution. By retaining the water so enriched, mulch adds to the fertility of the soil. Besides the advantages already mentioned, it is an easy way to keep clear of weeds. The hay from salt marshes is excellent for this purpose; but where it is expensive or inconvenient to procure, other material will be found serviceable."

We have little doubt but that the time has come when a far greater attention will be given to breeding stock throughout Nova Scotia than has hitherto, for a long time, been paid to that branch of farm improvement and means of profit. In this connection we recommend the following, on account of the axioms of common sense embodied in it, to the careful attention of the farmer who may be contemplating the improvement of his breeds:

"The coupling of two animals can not, of itself, produce qualities to a degree greater than the sum of that to which they exist in the animals and their ancestors. The breeding of animals can create excellence only by selection and holding the same. In the true sense of the term, qualities in

animals are created only by environment. For breeding to make any improvement, there must first be one superior animal; and its superiority can come only of more favorable conditions surrounding it. Hence improvement is made along two lines: By surrounding animals with favorable conditions and by selection in breeding. The first produces in individuals greater merit than is possessed by those animals not so happily situated; the second combines and holds this merit. The animal of superior merit not only has more good points than the average animal, but it has fewer bad points; and when two superior animals are selected and bred, their merits are doubled and their defects are divided as compared with the merits and faults of animals reproduced in their offspring. It is plain that selection in breeding can accomplish nothing, unless the animals are first surrounded by unusually favorable conditions. On the other hand, favorable environment is of little value without selection in breeding, for the good results produced by it may be lost with each animal. There will be no aggregation and retention of merit. Hence the two must go hand in hand."—*American Agriculturist*.

One of the most absurd and mischievous errors of the day is that of the father who gives to the son destined for a farmer an education inferior to that he bestows upon the one destined for a profession.—*Ben. Perley Moore*.

The following appears to be a suggestion excellent from its simplicity:

A WINDOW IN THE CHURN.—Professor Shelton thinks that all churns should have a pane of glass in the end, so that the operator may observe, without opening the lid of the churn, when the butter is beginning to form, and may know the exact moment when the churning should stop.

Early cut hay more nearly compares with grass in the green state than any other feed, and the greater value of the early-cut is speedily shown when cows giving milk, previously fed upon it, are abruptly changed over to late cut hay. The observations of some farmers have been so fixed upon these results as being uniform under uniform circumstances that they have settled upon the grass ration as second to no other factor upon the farm in insuring success in feeding.

So much of the ordinary butter made throughout Nova Scotia is either oversalted or undersalted, that we give prominence to the following from the *Rural Vermonter*, chiefly on account of its indication of proportions, believing that there is a good deal of rule of thumb prevalent:

SALTING BUTTER WITH BRINE.—This is a practice coming into vogue among progressive dairymen. Novices often fail in their first attempts. In all cases, allowances must be made for the amount of water in the butter before the brine is added. In butter worked and packed for market, it amounts to 12 to 15 per cent. Butter lying loose in the granular form contains considerably more water—say 15 to 20 per cent. The brine may be saturated, but when applied, it is diluted by the water in the butter. Hence results undersalting. Salt enough should be added to the batch to saturate the water in the butter—say to the amount of about 36 per cent of the weight of the butter. That is to say, there are about 20 pounds of water in 100 pounds of butter. This calls for about seven and a quarter pounds of salt. Either brine salting or stirring the salt into the granular mass of butter is far preferable to working in dry salt, which never can be evenly distributed through the butter. The brine touches and covers every granule.

OUR COSY CORNER.

Jackets and blouses are now closed with hooks or buttoned invisibly. The absence of buttons after their former abundance and showiness is especially noticeable.

The Chinese coiffure still struggles for supremacy, but straight bangs are ordered out. The Greek knot, sometimes called the Hebe, and less reverently denominated "the pug," is fashionable; and curled or crimped bangs are laid back upon the head and fastened with lace-pins. Fillets of gold or silver cords or bands of gay love ribbon may encircle the head.

JELLY WITHOUT BOILING.—Press the juice from any fruit, put one pound of sugar to every pint of juice, and stir till all is dissolved. Let it stand for twenty-four hours, and it will be ready to put in glasses or jars. This will keep well.

Never attempt to make jelly on a cloudy or damp day, if firmness or clearness is desired. If jelly is not very firm, let it stand in the sun for a few days, keeping it covered with pieces of window-glass or mosquito-netting.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

A CARD

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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Happy is the man who is blessed with
good sight. To be pitied is he who is sight-
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ance's Glasses, which impart a clear and
perfect vision. But it may be there are
some to whom a Spectacle would be of no
benefit, being deficient in an optic. Their
personal appearance would seem more na-
tural with the aid of an Artificial Eye, an
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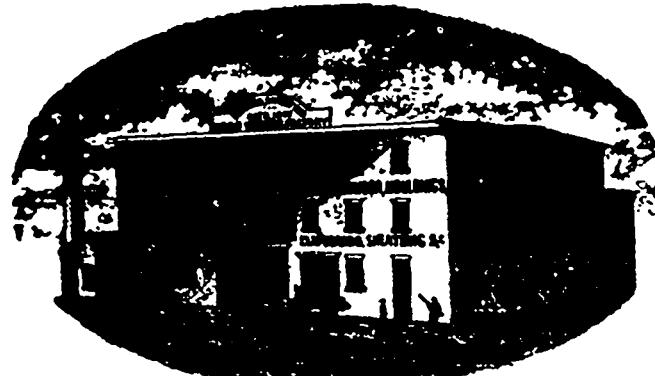
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