

THE CRITIC:

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THE CRITIC,

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We published last week a notice of the active and valuable literary career of Mr. W. Sharp, who is now enjoying the hospitality and congenial society of the literary circle of Kings College, Windsor. We were also favoured with a short but, in most respects, charming poem by Mr. Sharp. There is no doubt that the "divine afflatus" is there, and the only question that occurs to us is whether there is not also apparent in it the very slightest tendency to the fault of obscurity, which some of our rising poets have only, after all, shared with so great a name as that of Browning.

There has been sad bungling between the City Council and the Contractor for the heating apparatus of the City Hall. Instead of this work having been ensured to be completed in time for the contractors of the general internal finishing to go to work unembarrassed by it, it has been allowed to hang fire until either the walls, cornices, etc., will have to be indefinitely delayed, or be cut through. Such a muddle is altogether discreditable to the reputation of the Council for business capacity, and of course the rate-payers of the city will suffer in pocket for the incapacity of the municipal authorities.

The Government of Manitoba has intimated its intention of doing away with the separate school system and abolishing the use of French as an official language in the province. In consequence of this decision Mr. Pendergast, the French member of the Cabinet, has resigned. The census of 1886 showed 11,180 French speaking, to 76,610 English speaking people, besides about 14,000, exclusive of Indians, of tongues other than French. This proportion is alone sufficient justification of such a measure, but the official language is a costly item, the French reports are said to be litigious, and the separate schools but little resorted to, and to be of an inferior character. This is very probable from the generally uncultured character of the French half-breeds, and the Provincial Government is additionally justified in basing its action on economical grounds. It may be added that the country is filling up with a population which is constantly increasing the English-speaking preponderance. The people of Manitoba are somewhat given to hasty dealings with the problems which arise in their development, but in this case we are decidedly of opinion that the Government is adopting a course marked by justice, economy and common sense. We hope their action will be prompt, and that they will meet with the popular support their decision seems to us to merit.

We have an infinite dislike and repulsion to cant. Scarcely a newspaper, either here or in the old country, discusses the Soudanese war without an ostentation of pseudo-moral reflections about the slaughter of the Dervishes. War is war, and, as against a savage, ignorant and intensely fanatical foe, he would be a milk-and-water commander who should hesitate to make his adversary's losses in killed and wounded as large as possible. Heavy slaughter is the only thing that tells upon savage hordes, stimulated by the extreme of Moslem fanaticism, and every reader of history knows what that is. Physically and fatalistically brave and reckless, the followers of the Mahdi are as gratuitously aggressive and pestilent as any savage foe the arms of England have ever had to encounter, and should be met with the sternest interpretation of the exigencies of war.

The *Chronicle* in a recent issue demurs to comment on the prevalent lawlessness in the United States. We cannot coincide in this opinion. With a full appreciation of the greatness of our neighbors, we are not of those who shrink from publishing truth lest it may cause offence, and we think it right that the contrast between our own institutions, and the law-abiding spirit of those who live in peace under them, and those of the States, should, without invidiousness, be kept before the eyes of our countrymen. There is no reason that Canadians should be hoodwinked as to the actual facts of lynchings, "stickings up"—to use an old Australian expression—of railway trains, the frequent cowardly shooting of men on the most trivial provocations, the pitched battles between malefactors and sheriff's posses, White-Cap outrages and other evidences of a tendency to violence, which have no little influence in producing international complications as evinced in the proceedings of the Alaska Fur Company, culminating in the piratical seizure of the *Black Diamond*.

The German Emperor, whatever may go to the making up of a perhaps somewhat curious character, has evidently a good share of common sense, as well as the outspoken directness of a man with no sort of nonsense about him. Man of our most distinguished naval and military officers wear their hearts, so to speak, too openly displayed on their sleeves, and they write and speak more freely than prudence justifies. It is the same weakness of exuberant Saxon frankness which has stamped British diplomacy with ill-success. None other of the great European Powers fall into this error. We can imagine the Frenchman, for instance, discussing moral and military contingencies, saying "Let us wait a little, we shall presently know from themselves all they have accomplished, and, in addition, all their weak points." The German has none of this facility. The Emperor was astonished at the ocular demonstration of the greatness of England's naval strength, and expressed his admiration without stint or reserve, but he naturally regretted that a country so powerful as England should, by persistently croaking about her naval and military position, lead foreign powers to form a very false estimate of her strength. He expressed himself strongly as to the folly of saying publicly, as he had heard one or two distinguished naval officers do, that when we got the new ships the government had just got money to build, we should be unable to get men for them. These utterances should, considering the military soundness of the source from which they come, act as a salutary restraint to the rather gushing propensities of English authorities.

It would now appear that the Grand Trunk have determined to secure the shortest possible air line, all on Canadian territory, to Halifax. With this object in view they have secured an option on the Temiscouata railway, and are now having surveyed a route from the terminus of the latter road as direct to Moncton as possible. Mr. Davy, Engineer-in-Chief of the Temiscouata railway company, and Mr. Cranston, C. E., are now engaged in locating the line between Edmundston and Salisbury, the direct distance between the two places being 160 miles. But in order to secure the traffic of an important section of the country, a slight deviation from an air line will be made, increasing the distance 30 miles or 190 miles in all. This would make the distance from Montreal to Halifax in the neighborhood of 753 miles, or about 100 miles shorter than by way of the I. C. R. and the Grand Trunk. While this still leaves the Canadian Pacific Short Line a considerable advantage in distance, the proposed Grand Trunk Line will have the great advantage of being entirely on Canadian territory, no small matter in view of the recent hostile legislation of the United States aimed to cripple Canadian Railways. Now that the Grand Trunk and Canada Pacific are both seeking the shortest routes to Halifax, we need have little doubt of the great business that is to reach this port in the near future. The wisdom of the Senate's course in rejecting the bill of last session, which positively gave the Canada Pacific a monopoly of the carrying trade of the Maritime Provinces, is now made apparent, as it assures us the keen competition of a rival route, without which the benefits to be derived would have been problematical.

According to a correspondent of one of our city contemporaries our sister city of St. John, whose enterprising Press is somewhat given to poking fun at Halifax on account of the fogs which it assumes to be perennial and abiding, was pretty well furnished with that murky atmospheric article during some of the days when we were enjoying weather of the most perfect description for our Carnival.

We have as yet failed to see the feasibility of any scheme—if scheme there can be said to exist—of bringing about Imperial Federation, beyond the simple idea of a contribution by the great Colonies in aid of the Naval Forces of the Empire, somewhat on the lines of the measure so nearly carried into effect recently by Australia, but it has struck us as not at all improbable that the recent discouraging utterances of Lord Salisbury may have been not a little prompted by a consciousness that any measure in the direction of Imperial Federation would be in accord with Home Rule for Ireland. English Conservatives dislike to and distrust of federative principle, especially as applied to the nationalities of Great Britain, is undoubtedly strong, and the County Councils Act was, we imagine, put forth partly, if not principally, as a means of staving off the rising opinion in favor of Federation.

The British Government has appointed a Departmental Committee to enquire into the question of authorizing the investment of trust funds in Colonial securities. This is a matter not only of considerable interest to colonists, but if the stringent law of England were modified, and English trustees were brought to realize the safety of Colonial investments, of great relief to them in the expansion of their powers, with the additional advantage of higher rates of interest than are obtainable in the old country from such limited scope as is now permissible. It is much to be hoped that the enquiry will result in the desired permission. It would have the effect of increasing the supply of British capital in the colonies, and widening English knowledge of the capabilities of her great dependencies, and much credit is due to Sir Charles Tupper for his representations in the matter, which have led to its serious consideration by the Home Government.

We take it to be the resolution of the vast majority of Canadians, that Canada shall work out her own destiny on her own national lines, and by means of her own immense natural resources. If this be the case Unrestricted Reciprocity—whatever may be the precise meaning of that somewhat elastic term—seems to us to be almost as objectionable as Commercial Union. To say nothing of the question of revenue, we desire, as a matter of national aspiration, to see our native manufactures prosperous and secure. They are as much a constituent part of the national economy as any other section of the body politic, and, if secondary to any, to none but the agricultural interests, and it is certain that, with free-trade with America, they would even yet as in former times be utterly swamped. The N. P. has at least given them standing ground, and we believe that a few years' more security from foreign encroachment will leave them in a position to hold their own against any alien competition.

If current reports are at all to be trusted indications are not wanting of a quite possible amelioration in the condition of Ireland. On the whole a less lawless spirit seems to animate the Home Rulers in parliament, and the vote of the Parnellites with the Government on the Royal Grant is said to have given such satisfaction to the Queen that Her Majesty is thought to have become inclined to visit Ireland. Again the new league for defence against landlords seems to be altogether of a more law-abiding nature than the National or Land Leagues. The landlords are already considerably held in check by existing legislation in favor of the tenants, large sums have been raised by Acts of Parliament to enable tenants to purchase their holdings, and Lord Randolph Churchill advocates the appropriation of £100,000,000 to the same purpose. This may seem a startling sum, but it is no more than, if we remember rightly, was proposed by Mr. Gladstone in the outline sketch of his policy which led to his defeat, and against such an additional burden might be set a large decrease of the heavy expenditure on coercion, if the country could only be brought to a state of greater contentment. In addition to these grounds of hope the crops are reported so far to give promise of being much above the average. It is to be hoped these auguries may not be delusive.

It would be difficult to find a stronger tribute to the national importance of the C. P. R., and its Pacific steamboat continuations than is furnished by the San Francisco *Examiner*. Exhorting its own steamship line to Australia to improve its service in time, the *Examiner* continues:—"So long as the Canadian Pacific will carry passengers from Yokohama to London for \$300, and give them a less sea voyage by two days, and carry them in a most luxurious style from Vancouver to the Atlantic seaboard, and vice versa, without change of cars, landing them in Liverpool a day and a half earlier than by the American routes, the British line will unquestionably control the traffic. To this has to be added the further fact that the C. P. R. equipment and its eating-halls are superb as compared with the vile places and still worse cooking on the lines running out of San Francisco. The fare by the San Francisco route is \$325, and the *Examiner* has yet to learn that there is any law which compels Americans or any others to travel by a line which is being rapidly superseded by the more northerly and short one." We have always painted out that American abuse was the measure of the national value of the C. P. R. and its connections. What we have quoted is not in any way abusive or objectionable, but is quite as good testimony as if it were. Such expressions of opinion and statements of facts should go far to encourage a spirit of national pride and self-reliance.

The recent visit of the German Emperor to England may be the means of correcting some of the evidently exaggerated portraits of him which have been so universally current since his accession. He has been painted more or less in all colors, principally black. Personally he is neither angel or demon, though probably a by no means remarkably amiable potentate. However, he seems to have behaved himself as a tolerably decent gentleman during his visit, to have manifested some cordiality, whether sincere or politic, and if he criticised some military points with the sharpness of a man who is at heart a soldier, he was appreciative enough on many others. He seems to have had enough *bonhomie* to have joked very graciously with his Admiral, who got thrown from his horse, and, altogether, not to have been quite so much of an ogre as he has been represented. Considerable exaggeration seems to have been indulged in about the infirmity of his left arm. If the reports are at all correct it cannot amount to much, as he is said to be quite able to pull his horse on his haunches from a gallop, using the left hand alone, which is an exercise of power impossible to a limb seriously crippled. He is probably an instance of the little reliance to be placed on the sensational items in which the press is so fond of indulging.

If it were not for the lack of trial and experience in actual battle of the ironclads, which engenders a strong element of doubt as to whether these gigantic structures might not at any moment be rendered useless, or worse than useless, by some new engine of destruction, the late review at Spithead might well inspire confidence in the invincibility of Great Britain at sea. Three lines of war vessels each five miles in length is a magnificent showing, considering how large a proportion of this magnificent flotilla consisted of some of the largest, most powerful and most completely equipped of the warlike sea-masters of the world. We have, indeed, already begun to admit that the controlling implement may have been found in the dynamite gun, if only the requisite precision of fire can be assured. Its use would, of course, be open to each of two contending forces, and what might be the result no man can precisely foresee. Grand as these great spectacles are they are still painfully suggestive of the diversion of vast sums of money from productive to destructive uses. Practical patriotism, however, leaves no option, and if we cannot forget that the progress of science may within three or four years render that magnificent fleet comparatively useless, there may be some consolation in the idea already entertained by many that the same progress of science is gradually bringing to pass a state of things in which war will be such certain mutual destruction as to become eventually impossible.

The following, if correctly given, is the text of Mr. Hitt's resolution on Commercial Union:—"That whenever it shall be duly certified to the President of the United States that the Government of the Dominion of Canada has declared a desire to establish commercial union with the United States, having a uniform revenue system, like internal taxes to be collected, and like import duties to be imposed on articles brought into either country from other nations, with no duties upon trade between the United States and Canada, he shall appoint three commissioners to meet those who may be likewise designated to represent the Government of Canada, to prepare a plan for the assimilation of the import duties and internal revenue taxes of the two countries, and an equitable division of receipts, in a commercial union; and said commissioners shall report to the President, who shall lay the report before Congress." Now there can be no sort of doubt in the mind of any sane person that Commercial Union so defined would result in political annexation. Mr. Longley further illustrated the position in saying "it is unnecessary for me to say that in such a case the American tariff would largely prevail, and that we in Canada should be practically under the American tariff against the rest of the world." Thanks to awakened Canadian patriotism commercial union—with its inevitable results—is a dead issue, Canadians being now fully persuaded of the superiority of Canadian constitutional institutions, of Canadian habits and morals, and consequently of the inestimable value of Canadian autonomy.

Quite a lively interest has lately been shown, chiefly through correspondents to newspapers, in the question as to the possibility of combatting with any effect and keeping down the numbers of the omnipresent and vivacious mosquito. Most people will no doubt be inclined to put the subject aside with a sort of despairing conviction of the invincibility of that determined and skillful skirmisher. Yet a suggestion has been made which is by no means unworthy of serious consideration. It is the breeding and culture of the dragon fly. If the habits of this harmless and most beautiful insect were carefully and scientifically studied, it is almost certain that much might be done to counteract the tactics of the universal enemy. It has fallen within our experience to have seen examples of the sweeping and exterminating operations of the dragon fly. Some years ago a party of Mounted Police, camping for the night near Fort Ellice, found it absolutely difficult to obtain water from a small stream in a ravine on account of the mosquitos. The officer in charge went down himself to see what the trouble was. While he was vainly endeavoring to defend himself, a small swarm of about a dozen dragon flies suddenly swooped down to the stream. For four or five minutes they darted to and fro, backwards or forwards with equally lightning like rapidity, and at the end of that brief space there was peace. Not a mosquito was to be seen. Between swallows and dragon flies the precincts of the then headquarters at Fort Pelly were also kept at all times clear of the insidious foe. We fancy the man in Canada best qualified to investigate such a subject and suggest means of making this natural ally of man available against his natural enemy would be Professor Saunders, the eminent entomologist of London, Ont.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

FORSAKEN.

'Twas in the Town of Brotherly Love
I met a dear little Quaker dove,
So simple and so modest,
She dressed demurely in drab or grey,
And smiled in a bewildering way;
Her ways were quite the oddest.

To her I offered my heart and hand
With all the cash that I could command,
But coldly she forsook me,
I called her Quaker; 'twas incorrect,
For she was one of the Shaker sect—
At all events, she shook me.

—The Rambler.

Conscience, dead as stone, is a heavy thing to carry.

A true man never frots about his place in this world.

"Are you fond of diamonds, Mr. De Snythe?" said a young lady.
"Well," said he, absentmindedly, "that would naturally depend on what was trumps, wouldn't it?"

Rev. Mr. Primrose—"Even the dumb animals teach us a lesson."
Merritt—"Yes. I ventured too near a mule the other day and he taught me a lesson I'll never forget."

Beatrice—"A French doctor complains that man has too many bones."
Benedict—"Well, Adam thought so once, but he always regretted that one of his ribs was taken from him."

"Pa," inquired Bobby, as they were returning from a revivalist meeting.
"Why do those people shout so loud; is God deaf?" "No, Bobby, but in a case of that kind He is a good way off."

The stealing of an umbrella on a clear day is held to be a theft by an Omaha judge, but the stealing of the same article on a rainy day is held to be justifiable on the ground of self-defence. We presume this decision was rendered in order to protect the court.

In a little town in the far west of the United States a shopkeeper has engaged a young assistant; and this is how the local newspaper announces the event amongst its fashionable and personal news:—"Miss Lillie Crockett has accepted a position in the store of McConnell, Chambers & Co."

Bridge-jumping bids fair to become a popular way of beguiling the medium of summer holidays. The great danger with this amusement is that the bridge jumper may fail to kill himself, that others tempted to follow his example may also escape, and that thus several valueless lives will not be lost.

Of students' blunders, few surely can equal in ingenuity the following answer to a question in a French examination paper.—Q. "Give the gender of" (among other compounds,) "tête-à-tête, with comments." A. "Tête-à-tête is of the common gender, because it usually takes place between a man and a woman."

In legal parlance a contingent fee is generally supposed to be a fee dependent upon the lawyer winning his case. But Senator Everts the other day gave the term a unique definition. He said:—"It is a very simple thing. I can explain to you what a contingent fee means in a few words. In short, if I lose your suit I get nothing. If I win your suit you get nothing." Never did the Senator combine brevity and frankness in a happier vein.

Mrs. Slick was so completely overworked during carnival week that she has not been good for much since that time. As she herself says: "When a body has but one spare bod, and has to rack her brain as to how sho's goin' to put up near a dozen folk, and then have to feed them all a little extra like, and at the same time see to it that they take in all that's goin' on in the way of shows and dear knows what, its enough to tire rheumatic knees and weary anybody's head. I like carnivals, but next time I'm goin' to the country so that I can enjoy the holiday."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Small boy—"Pa, what is the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?" Pa—"Well, let me see if I can illustrate. You know I am often discouraged, and things don't look to me as if they'd ever go right. Well, at such times I can be said to be a pessimist. But years ago, when I was a young man, everything looked bright and rosy, and I was always hopeful. Then I was an optimist. Now, my son, can you understand the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?" Small boy—"Oh, yes; one is married and the other isn't."

"No," said Mrs. Slick, "I didn't go to the carnival ball because I weren't invited. Of course I was mad, because it's a sin to neglect the widows and orphans and shove attentions on people as can pay for them. Now there's a good fellow on the *Bellaruffen* called Crunch, who's a bit sweet on my Sal. Well, he's got lots of money, and my poor fatherless Sal hant got too much. What did that ball committee do? why they sent Crunch a deadhead ticket, and forgot the widow and her orphan. Crunch is hoppin' mad, and says that its just another instance of Halifax snobbery and toadyism, but thank heaven that sort of thing is fast being crushed out in Halifax."

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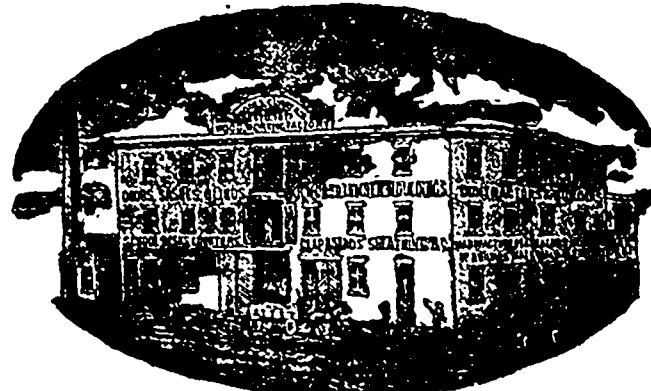
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SEND FOR ESTIMATES.

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. Milne Fraser.

The Yarmouth *Times* reports the potato crop in that locality as an almost total failure.

Farm labor is so scarce in the neighborhood of Belleville, Ont., that farmers are offering \$2 a day for harvesters.

It is gratifying to note that by vote of the Imperial parliament the success of the Canadian Pacific China line is now assured.

The boat house of the Dartmouth Amateur Club, on first lake, has been increased to more than three times its former size, and is now ready for use.

James Page, living at Winchester, Ont., who fought in the battle of Trafalgar under Nelson, is said to be one hundred and eighteen years of age.

Miss Mary Sturdee, a St. John young lady who attended the Halifax Carnival, is reported to have caught cold while doing so, and has, unfortunately, died from the effects of it.

There are reports, via British Columbia, of several additional seizures of sealing vessels by the notorious Rush in Behring's Sea, but they are at present in the usual crude state of first reports.

Comptroller White of the Mounted Police has just returned from the Northwest and reports fairly good crops and general prosperity throughout the territories. He says the ranchmen have been unusually successful this season.

We are in receipt of the programme and prize list of the Maritime Agricultural and Industrial exhibition to be held at Moncton on the 17, 18, 19 and 20 September. The prize list is large, and special attention seems to be given to well bred horses.

The Gulf is said to be almost swarming with whales this season. One of them made an attack on the tug steamer *Dauntless*, of Point des Monts, last Saturday. In the onset the boat got a slap from the animal's tail which made her shiver from stem to stern.

Travel on the C. P. R. is reported by Mr. Buchanan, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, who has been spending some weeks in the ranching country, to be very great. There is also considerable excitement at the head of the Kootenay over a discovery of oil.

Hon. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, has a magnificent herd of Jersey cattle, which will be sent to Ottawa next month from Amherst, where they have been located for some time. The exhibition management are arranging to have the herd stop off at Moncton for the exhibition.

The minister of customs has received a package of papers from British Columbia, pertaining to the recent Behring Sea outrage. The affidavits of the Masters of the *Triumph* and *Black Diamond* show that the outrage was committed 35 miles from land. The papers were immediately forwarded to the Colonial Secretary.

It is understood that before the close of this year preparations will be begun by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for the taking of the census in 1891. This is a very important work, and on the accurate character of the circumscriptions and delimitations depends the reliability of the census as a whole.

"Even the salmon," says the *St. John Sun*, "appear to take sides with Canada as against the United States. The *Portland Oregonian* says that the salmon pack on the Columbia river will fall short 75,000 cases of the pack of last year, while in British Columbia the packers on the Fraser and other streams estimate an excess of from 50,000 to 75,000 over that of 1888."

Col. Irwin, Inspector of Artillery, has been in the city since Saturday inspecting the H. B. G. A., and was entertained at dinner at the Halifax Hotel by Col. Curren and the officers of the Brigade yesterday evening. We understand that Col. Irwin was well satisfied with the progress in efficiency made by the Brigade under the steady energy of the command of Col. Curren.

At Fredericton on Saturday morning John Hayes pleaded guilty to killing salmon in the Miramichi with dynamite and was fined \$100 by Police Magistrate Marsh. Ambrose Holts, Warren Holts and Henry Leeman have been summoned for Tuesday next for the same offence. The information was made by Inspector Robert Orr. Leeman is said to have gone to the States.

We have received a programme of Cambridge House School for young gentlemen, 18 Morris street, Halifax. This institution, under the Head-Mastership of Messrs. Walter Leigh and H. M. Bradford, B. A., Cam., opens for its autumn term about the 8th September. Cambridge House having a full and efficient staff of teachers in all branches offers very desirable educational facilities.

The *Orrilia*, Ont., *Times* says: Halifax is a grand old town. A noble town, not large, not specially enterprising, but solid and spacious, with an air of wealth, and to a certain extent exclusiveness. That it is free from snobbery, I would not dare to say—such towns are inclined to degenerate in that direction. But it is wealthy; its position is superb; its climate healthy and bracing; its public buildings handsome and commodious, and its parks—but that head merits a separate paragraph. Halifax is full of parks, commons, grounds and gardens, both public and private. The public places of resort number fifteen, and include Point Pleasant, a magnificent natural park; the gardens, admitted to be the finest on the continent; the grounds around the citadel, the pretty grounds surrounding the court house and other public buildings, and various others.

The Austrian Imperial Corvette *Saida*, Captain Ritter von Becker, arrived in Halifax harbor on Tuesday. The *Saida*, named after a town in Styria, where the Austrians once defeated the Turks, is a training ship for Midshipmen, of whom she has 22 on board. She carries 11 guns and about 250 men, and is about the size of the *Eberardi* and the *Tourmaline*, i. e., about 2200 tons.

Georgia expects her fruit crop this year to be the largest in the history of the State.

A cloud-burst in Nevada the other day dropped enough water on a region two miles square to form a lake of ten acres in extent and ten feet deep.

The flood dumped fully \$200,000 worth of lumber which cannot be identified on a farm near Milton, Pa. Many poor men have thus been enriched.

Forest fires which have been raging all over Montana for three weeks and destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of lumber have reached the most alarming proportions.

A special envoy of King Humbert of Italy recently presented Thomas A. Edison, at Paris, with the insignia of a grand officer of the Crown of Italy. Edison thus becomes a count and his wife a countess.

Two cases, so far as known, of treatment by the injection of the new pseudo-scientific fad, Dr. Brown-Sequard's Elixir of Life, have had fatal results. Another is reported which resulted in an aggravated and very serious case of blood poisoning.

Boston's most illustrious citizen, the redoubtable Mr. John L. Sullivan, has been awarded to the ignominious sentence of twelve months imprisonment for his recent violation of the law. As a matter of fact, however, the eminent Professor of Pugilism will escape with a fine.

More disgraceful outrages are reported from S. Carolina by *Whitecaps* in pretended defense of morality. This time they flogged a woman with 37 lashes, and beat and hung a man until it was with the utmost difficulty he was resuscitated.

Extraordinary outbreaks of superstition are reported from the Southern States among the negroes. A new Messiah, undertaking a jail-delivery on his own account in Georgia, found himself safely lodged in that institution, a female fanatic then conceived herself to be a prophetess, and drew numbers after her. An old negro in Alabama imagined himself to be Daniel, and, it is reported, persuaded three young men to imitate "the three children," and immolate themselves in a furnace. Every variety of biblical character seems to have been assumed by these enthusiasts.

While Dakota, Montana and Washington are looking to the approaching admission of their Territories to the union of States, Nevada is devising a plan for the preservation of the commonwealth by annexing it to some State or Territory that has life and growth. The press of the State appears to be unanimous in this matter, but the politicians naturally are opposed to any change which might militate against their power. Nevada is growing poorer year by year. Its population is not only small at present to maintain a Government but there is also a steady decrease. The population in 1888 was 62,266 and this number has fallen to about 40,000.

A despatch from Ottawa, Ill., says:—"The Ottawa Electric Street Railway Company formally opened its lines last night with a grand excursion trip, to which the County and City Officials, merchants and prominent citizens were invited. Eight Pullman street cars were run out, and a speed of 10 miles per hour was attained on the regular lines. Six miles of track are now down. The road is the first of its kind in the State to run its cars, and its success is unquestioned." The *Halifax Herald* adds to this item the following remark:—"The Halifax Street Railway Company has for some time past been considering the propriety of running its cars by electricity. The cost of the operation by electricity is about half that of horse flesh. Therefore the sooner the Halifax company introduces electricity, the more money it will make."

A company has just been chartered in Portland, Me., under the name of the Harris Palatial Car Company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of a par value of \$100 each. It is authorized to build cars under a patent granted to Louis J. Harris and Arthur W. Crossley of Boston, the first named being the inventor. The invention consists of a combination of sleeping car and parlor car, the berths being in the daytime located in pockets under the floor, while at night they are quickly raised into position, the chairs taking their place in the pockets under the berths. The first meeting of the company was held on Wednesday, when officers were elected. It is stated that negotiations are nearly completed for the construction of a car under the patents controlled by the company; which, it is expected, will be on the tracks before many months have passed.

The oldest city in the world, Damascus, is about to have street cars and gas lamps.

Our late Naval Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Lyon, who is now on the full Admiral's list, has been made a K.C.B.

Ninety-one members of the House of Commons signed the petition in favor of Mrs. Maybrick, the Liverpool murderess.

The Duke of Fife declines to permit his wife, Princess Louise of Wales, to accept any share of the Parliamentary grant to the Royal family.

The escape of a swindler by means of a balloon, and his discovery through the pigeon post is the latest sensation in criminal intelligence that comes from Vienna.

Despatches from Crete report that 15 of the insurgent villages have submitted to Chakir Pasha, the newly appointed governor, upon his assuring amnesty to the inhabitants.

Lord George Hamilton says that England's naval display in 1890 will exceed that of this year, and that England's purpose is to maintain her navy at an equality with the navy of any two foreign powers combined.

A Paris correspondent reports the Shah as expressing himself as much impressed with the power of England. He referred frequently to the kindness shown him by the English royal family, particularly the Prince of Wales.

The new steamer *City of Paris* has made an unprecedentedly quick trip from New York to Queenstown. The time consumed in the passage was 5 days, 23 hours and 40 minutes. This is the first time that the eastern passage has been made inside six days.

The Shah's avowal that as a sequence of his visit he should henceforth seek closest relations with England and not be deterred by any foreign intrigues, has caused much adverse comment in Russia. Leading Russian newspapers violently attack the Shah for the declaration in question.

The largest ship afloat when completed will be the giant steamer Kaiser Wilhelm now building at Kiel. She will be ten feet longer than the *City of New York* and will also have a greater depth and breadth. She is to be employed in exhibiting German manufactures in all the important ports of the world.

Lord Kintore, Governor of South Australia, telegraphs to Lord Knutsford that both Houses of the Legislature have unanimously adopted an address to the Queen praying Her Majesty to speedily extend to Western Australia full responsible government, thus advancing the interests of federation, and completing Australian unity.

The Czar has conferred the cross of St. Stanislaus upon ex-Capt. Grueff, the notorious abductor of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, and a persistent plotter against the present regime in Bulgaria. This act of the Czar is regarded as one of open hostility to Bulgaria, as well as a menace to the Porte, Grueff being a Turkish outlaw.

A new use for rabbits has been found by the physicians of the Birmingham Lunatic Asylum. A number of wild rabbits have been turned loose in the fields adjoining the institution, so that the inmates will be amused by seeing the rabbits run about, and to divert the minds of the patients is one of the great objects of the institution.

It is reported that the recent interviews between Prince Bismarck, Emperor Francis Joseph and Count Kalnoky resulted in a modification of the Austro-German treaty, whereby the *casus foederis* was established whenever the vital interests of either nation are threatened. Hitherto only open attack constituted a cause for joint action.

Constantine, heir to the Greek throne, is in his twenty-second year. He is handsome and has a fascinating manner. He is fond of military matters, but has devoted a great deal of time to literature. He reads and speaks English, French, German, Russian and Danish. His mind is active, and he is more of a thinker than appearances would indicate.

Apropos of the Prince of Wales' supposed views on the subject of the Union, a London correspondent states that Mr. Parnell is aware of them, and that he has consequently supported the increased grants, and used his influence with his party to induce them to do likewise. Mr. Parnell and the Prince have met more than once in the somewhat exclusive but luxurious rooms of the Marlborough club.

The conversion to Catholicism of the aged widow of the Emperor William First of Germany is now definitely announced, and has created a great scandal at court. The Empress has been leaning toward the Catholic church for more than twenty years, and she has been unable longer to resist her inclination. The present Emperor appears to have made no public comment upon this change of faith, which was officially announced to him.

People who have only seen the Duchess of Fife sitting in her carriage or with the quiet demeanor required for State ceremonials have no idea how great a pleasure she takes in exercise and rapid motion. The Duchess delights in gymnastics and is an accomplished mistress of the art of fence. Her fencing master is Mons. B. Bertrand, professor of fencing to the late Prince Imperial, and he speaks in the highest terms of the courage and prowess of his Royal pupil.

Only five of the British officers who fought at Waterloo were alive when the seventy fourth anniversary of the battle came around, on the 18th of last June. They are Gen. George Whichcote (as Lieutenant of Fifty-second Light Infantry); General the Earl of Albermarle (as ensign of Fourteenth Regiment); Lieut.-Col. M. P. Browne (as senior cornet of Eleventh Light Dragoons); Lieut.-Col. W. Hewett (as Captain of the Third Battalion Fourteenth Regiment); and Major Basil Jackson (as Lieutenant of Royal Staff Corps.)

Messrs. Ralfour, Chamberlain and Goschen have put in legislative shape an Irish land scheme. It deals with Ireland in two distinct parts. The poor Western district covering an area of 7,000,000 acres and having a population of 1,300,000, is to be acquired by the State by compulsory measures; and Land Banks are to be established to aid peasants to purchase holdings, the whole business being controlled by the government. In the prosperous Eastern district of 13,000,000 acres, and population 3,700,000, tenants will also be assisted in making purchases through Land Banks, but the sale will not be compulsory.

MACKINTOSH & McINNIS, BUILDERS, LUMBER DEALERS ETC.,

MACKINTOSH & McINNIS'S WHARF,
LOWER WATER STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.,

Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of
LUMBER, TIMBER, LATHS, SHINGLES, &c.
Which they will sell low for Cash. **CONTRACTS TAKEN FOR WOOD & BRICK BUILDINGS.**

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as printers, under the firm name of the Halifax Printing Company, doing business in the City of Halifax, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. Any debts owing the said partnership are to be paid to C. A. West and A. Milne Fraser, at Halifax, aforesaid, who will also settle all claims against the said partnership.

Dated at Halifax this first day of August, A. D., 1889.
(Sgd) M. J. SULLIVAN.
C. A. WEST.

NOTICE OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership to carry on the Printing Business at 161 Hollis Street, Halifax, under the firm name of the Halifax Printing Company.

Parties indebted to the late firm will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.
Halifax, August 1st, 1889 (Sgd) C. A. WEST,
A. MILNE FRASER.

C. A. WEST. A. MILNE FRASER.

HALIFAX PRINTING CO.

161 HOLLIS STREET,
(UP-STAIRS,) HALIFAX, N. S.
P. O. BOX 96.

Referring to above we beg to request a continuance of former favors from the customers of the late firm.

Having recently added a large stock of New Type we are prepared to turn out

POSTERS, DODGERS, HANGERS,

AND ALL KINDS OF—
Commercial Printing
AT REASONABLE RATES.

"Army and Navy Depot." **THE MONARCH BOILER AND HERCULES ENGINE.**
(PATENTED)

Jas. Scott & Co.

Offer for sale the following stock of first-class Wines and Liquors—

115 cases CHAMPAGNE, pints and quarts—Perrier, Jout & Co's, B. & E. Perrier's, Perinet, Fils; Mumm's and "L. No. 1."

5 cases half pints ditto—highly recommended for the sick and convalescent.

350 cases, pints and quarts, CLARETS, from the light table wine to the finest grades.

50 cases HOCK, MOSELLE and SAUTERNE.

400 cases very old Scotch and Irish WHISKIES, distinguished for age, flavor and "boquet."

250 cases Holland, Plymouth, and London "Old Tom" GIN

75 cases choice Old Jamaica RUM.

120 dozen very old Rye and Bourbon WHISKEY.

200 fine old Port, Sherry and Marsala WINES—choice brands and vintage.

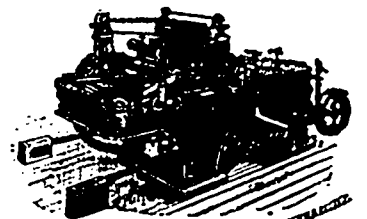
250 cases Hennessy's fine old BRANDIES.

500 dozen, pints and quarts, Bass's and Younger's finest PALE ALE.

250 dozen, pints and quarts, Gullinger's STOUT.

100 dozen Dublin and Belfast GINGER ALE, a fine sparkling summer drink.

100 dozen Apollinaris Water, Wine Bitters, Syrups, &c.



Portable from 6 to 70 horse power. Surpass portable steam power heretofore produced for strength, durability, compactness, and the ease with which they can be moved. The 70 horse power can be taken over the roughest roads, or into the forest, and set up as easily and quickly as an ordinary 20 horse power portable engine, and as firm as a brick-set stationary engine. Engines and boilers of every size and description. Rotary Saw Mills, Shinglers and Lath machines, Lathe Grinders, Planers, etc. Mill machinery and supplies of every description. Every boiler insured against explosion by the Boiler Insurance & Inspection Co. of Canada. Write for circulars.

A. ROBB & SONS, Amherst Foundry and Machine Works, Amherst, N.S.

ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.

LYONS' HOTEL,

Opp. Railway Depot,
KENTVILLE, N. S.

DANIEL McLEOD, - Prop'r.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
100 and 102 Granville St.,
OPPOSITE PROVINCIAL BUILDING.)

The nicest place in the City to get a lunch, dinner, or supper. Private Dining Room for Ladies. Steaks in every style. Lunches, 12 to 2.30.

W. H. MURRAY, Prop.,
Late Halifax Hotel.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor,
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ICI ON PARLE FRANCOISE.

Douglas B. Woodworth, Q.C.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
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JOHN W. GABRIEL,

17 Buckingham Street, Halifax,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Nautical and Electrical Instruments; Ship's
Chronometers for sale; Dairyman's Instru-
ments, &c., &c.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER

Is a pretty house ornament.

Will Kill Flies by the Million.

PATENTED 1888

Thousands being sold every day in United
States and England.

DEMAND AHEAD OF THE SUPPLY.
DON'T FAIL TO GET ONE.

W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS,

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Sent to any address on receipt of 30c

NEW GOODS

ARRIVING AT

E. MAXWELL & SON'S,

Ladies & Gents Tailoring Establishment,
68 Granville St.,
SOUTH OF Y. M. C. A.

Victoria Mineral Water Works

W. H. DONOVAN, Prop.

Manufacturer of

BELFAST GINGER ALE, AERATED LEMONADE,
SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE CIDER, SODA WATER
and all kinds of MINERAL WATERS.

22 GRANVILLE ST., Halifax, N. S.

1889—SPRING—1889

Inspection invited of my large and well
selected Stock of

SPRING GOODS.

ROBT. STANFORD,
TAILOR,

156 HOLLIS STREET
HALIFAX, N. S.

Best Route to Boston.

CANADA ATLANTIC LINE.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

Quickest & Most Direct Route. Low Fares.

The Magnificent Clyde Built Steel S. S.

"HALIFAX,"

Is the Largest, Safest, and Best Furnished
and Most Comfortable Passenger Steamship
ever placed on the route between Canada and
the United States.

Sails from Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every
Wednesday Morning at 10 O'clock, and Lewis'
Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at 12 O'clock.

Passengers by Tuesday evening's trains can
go on board on arrival without extra charge.
THROUGH TICKETS to New York and all
points West.

Baggage checked through from all stations.
Through Tickets For Sale by all Agents
Intercolonial Railway.

CHIPMAN BROTHERS,

General Agents, Halifax.

**NO TASTE!
NO SMELL!
NO NAUSEA!**

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Of Cod Liver Oil,

With Hypophosphites and Pancreatine,

Is largely prescribed by Physicians for

Nervous Prostration, Wasting
and Lung Diseases.

Puttner's Emulsion

Has especially proved efficacious in cases of
WEAK and DELICATE CHILDREN, and those
who are GROWING FAST. For WOMEN who
are debilitated, caused by Nursing, Family
Cares, Over-work, or troubles peculiar to
their sex. For invalids recovering from
sickness it is of the greatest benefit.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION is sold everywhere
for 50 CENTS.

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CHEMISTS, - - Halifax, N. S.

PRINTING.

Our Type
Our Prices
Our Facilities
Our Specialty.

Are Second to NONE
in the Maritime
Provinces.

Opposite Western Union
Telegraph Office, Halifax
161 HOLLIS ST

We print by hand,
Print by steam,
Print from type,
Or from blocks—by the team.

Print in black,
Print in white,
Print in colors
Of sombre or bright.

We print for merchants,
And land agents, too;
We print for any
Who have printing to do

We print for bankers,
Clerks, Auctioneers,
Print for druggists,
For dealers in wares.

We print for drapers,
For grocers, for all,
Who want printing done,
And will come or may call.

We print pamphlets,
And bigger books, too;
In fact there are few things
But what we can do.

We print labels,
Of all colors in use, sirs,
Especially fit for
The many producers.

We print forms of all sorts
With type ever set,
Legal, commercial,
Or house to let.

Printing done quickly,
Bold, stylish and neat,
By HALIFAX PRINTING CO.,
At 161 Hollis Street.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

The song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young;
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue;
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles among
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free.
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournful meaning swelled her moan,
And fiercer her riots ran;
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human woes;
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
Such was the song that it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the human years unrolled;
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned,
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold;
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said
As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.
Such is the song and its threnody,
Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life;
It is grave and great as the judgment day,
It is torn with the thought of strife;
Yet under the stars it is smooth and rife
With lovelights everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.
R. E. BURTON in Ottawa Evening Journal.

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—Here are some unpretending verses I have come
across, written ostensibly for little people, that to my mind contain half the
philosophy of life:—

"I'm only in the country for a stay,"
Said he (a little town bird,)
To her (a little brown bird,)
In course of conversation one fine day.

"I think a country life is very slow:
There's really no variety,
You never see society,
You might as well be buried, don't you know.

In town there are so many things to do;
You cut a thousand capers,
You see the daily papers—
I think I'd live in town if I were you."

Said she—"I don't envy you town life;
The village children love me,
The blue sky is above me,
And every day is free from care and strife.
I think," said she, "it is a thousand pities
That little birds should live in great big cities."

Man is truly gregarious, as we learned to say in the little red school
house or in the big brick school house, according to where we sat at the feet
of learning. In commoner words, most of us are not less fond of playing
at "follow your leader" after we come into man's—or woman's—estate than
we were of "tag" when we were yet urchins. Why indeed should little
brown birds among humanity live where the storks and the peacocks find
their greatest satisfaction? It would be politer but less than true to call
this average disposition to live just as somebody else does unselfishness. It
really is, I suppose we must admit, the under-valuation of individuality.
If we are suited to London or New York, and they are suited to us, then we
belong there, but if we by nature belong to the hamlet with one shop and
no post office why indeed should we be content to let our discriminating power
lie dormant, and be cajoled into living and moving and not having our real
being where we do not belong? We are fond of saying "order is Heaven's
first law," but we surely make it apply too often to the arrangement of
closets and chiffonier drawers, and seldom, if ever, to the broad interests of
life.

With the multiplication of newspapers confronting one—to change the
subject—it is well to review the many ends other than the original one that
they may be made to serve. To preserve house plants through a cold night,
stand the pots on the floor, or better still on a table, in a circle; put a lighted
lamp in the centre of the ring thus made, far enough from the leaves to
prevent withering them, and all around outside of the plants pin a couple
of layers of newspapers. A soft, old newspaper crumpled up is a capital
thing wherewith to "rub off" a stove at intervals between the black-leading
processes. Newspapers spread between two quilts of a frosty night are
warmer than any blanket. Spread under a carpet of wool, straw or oil
cloth they even up irregularities in the floors, save the carpet, and keep
out the draughts that work otherwise through poorly-laid floors. A news-
paper or two folded and laid between one's shoulders back and front, under
one's coat, are equal to an extra wrap in a cold ride. Moths do not like
printer's ink, and newspapers are therefore valuable for lining trunks, etc.,
and for wrapping up garments to be stored away. And so on; so be duly
grateful to modern journalism, my dear.

And do you know, since we are multiplying the talents of odds and ends, (no disrespect is intended, I beg you to believe, to newspapers,) how in more ways than one kerosene is an ally of housewives? "Don't" light fires with it, but wring a soft flannel as dry as possible out of the oil and rub all your dark wood work furniture and so on with it, and see the spots disappear, the grain of the wood stand out, and the natural color brighten. It is a cheap polish easily put on, and the odor disappears in a few minutes if the windows are opened to let a draught blow through the apartment. Try this treatment for your stained and varnished floor that you complain has grown dull looking. Boil two or three tablespoonfuls of kerosene with extra soiled clothing. There is no smell left in the garments after the rinsing, the oil does not rot the cloth, and does have fine bleaching qualities. To free your sewing machine, any machinery, from dirt, gummed oil, etc., etc., nothing is equal to kerosene. Soak old lamp burners in it, then rinse in hot soap suds and see how clean and free burning they will be. Oh, yes, and for brightening and preserving an oil cloth, use the oiled flannel, instead of cloth and water, once a week, putting no water on except some thing is spilled upon the floor or in some such case. For a sore throat many physicians recommend gargling with kerosene of good quality. Pinch your nose together to get rid of the smell, and you will never know by the taste what you have in your mouth, I assure you from experience.

The *Fortnightly Review* pretty effectually replies to the feminine anti-woman suffragist, do you not think so? To all of either sex, so far as that goes. And that makes me think to ask you if you have a magazine club near you. For those who appreciate the pleasure and profit of having access to the leading magazines, and yet cannot afford them all, ingenuity has devised this scheme. Each one of, say, a dozen friends or neighbors subscribes for one of the first-class magazines, each one for a different one, of course, the list preferred by the majority having been agreed upon. Some system of receiving and distributing them among the coteries is arranged, the length of time a book remains with each one depending upon how often it is published, and so on. By clubbing in this way, rates are reduced, and where ordinarily one could have but one or two periodicals, she now sees six, or a dozen, as the case may be. At the end of the year or oftener, the books may be auctioned off if agreeable, winding up with a Virginia reel and some chocolate and angel cake, may be.

More anon.
Boston.

Yours devotedly,

DINAH STURGIS.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER FROM INDIA.

DEAR CRITIC,—I wrote you last from the Punjab. I send you to day a cry farther from fair Kashmir, from one of the most romantic spots in the world—the Vale of Kashmir, the "Happy Valley"—the scene of "Lalla Rookh."

I feel I cannot describe it to you. Many pens more eloquent than mine have often written its praises. It is a Paradise, a haven of rest to worn-out and weary sufferers from the hot plains.

The life is one of complete idleness in perhaps the most perfect climate in the world. The Vale is bounded on all sides by its snow clad mountains—the Himalayas themselves, and it greets one's sight like a glimpse of Eden at the end of the long and tiresome march of twelve days from Rawul Pindi.

This life of idleness is spent in *Kishtis* or Kashmiri boats, going about from one beautiful camping ground to another, pitching one's tent under some shady chenar (plane) tree, beside a lake, or some tributary of the great Shelburn which divides the valley almost medially. It recalled dear old Horace—"Tityre, tu patula recubas sub tegmine fagi." These camping grounds are called Baghs, or gardens. There are the Hasim Bagh, the Nishak Bagh, the Chenar, Moonshah, and the Shaloinar Bagh, where the closing scenes of Lalla Rookh are laid.

Moore's description is wonderfully accurate. To-day you can follow him, line by line, in what must have been very clearly related to him, for I believe the poet was never in Kashmir in his life.

The *Kishti* or boat in which you live on the river is about 40 feet long, and is roofed in with matting.

In the fore half the Sahib lives; the boatman's family live in the after-part; the crew consists of four, two men and their wives. In my case the crew consists of a head boatman, his brother, his wife and mother, all of whom take their full share of paddling, towing, and generally navigating the boat. A second boat holds my servants and kitchen. The pay is only Rs. 15 a month, something cheaper than house rent.

The boatwomen are, most of them, handsome, with dark Gypsy faces, and a bright color. They wear curiously dirty clothes—a long loose gown to their knees, and a *saree* or cloth over their heads. The men are dressed in beautifully clean white clothes, but the women's dresses are quite black, and I fancy are never washed. I asked my boatman the reason of this—"Sikar-ka hookum"—(it is the order of the government) said he. So I am still unenlightened.

All through Kashmir, however, I noticed that, while the men are usually well and cleanly dressed, their women-kind, almost without exception, wear the most filthy clothes.

Of course, dealers in shawls, pushmina and embroidery, also workers in copper and silver, beset one at every turn. Their wares are very beautiful and fairly cheap (after the usual bargaining), but once entered into the shop of a shawl merchant, Mr. Sahmud Shah, or Bahar Shah, the chances are against your coming out without having spent more than is either expedient or necessary, the things they show you are so beautiful and so cheap.

I wrote you last in the cold weather, almost Canadian in its clearness and crispness. I am writing you now from a little place in the hills, Galmerg,

some 8,000 feet above the sea, where it needs little stretch of imagination to fancy one's self in Canada again. Among forests of pines, the ground slippery under foot with needles, my tents are pitched, overlooking a curious grassy plain in the midst of the hills. The march up here was very like Canada. A rough pathway road, with alders, pines and junipers alongside, and everywhere wild roses in profusion. A fellow-countryman came with me, and our constant remark was—"How exactly like Canada this is!"

GOLD LINES.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

SOME CUCUMBERS.—The proprietors of the Pickle Factories at Gaspereaux are just now doing a rushing business in the way of buying and salting small cucumbers. In one room alone we saw thirty-five hogsheads containing nearly thirty tons of this material, and this was being increased at the rate of five hogsheads a day.—*Acadian*.

The rattan ware-room on Water street, Windsor, is being put up with surprising rapidity.

ANOTHER BRICK BUILDING.—The increased value of the business stands on Victoria St. is rapidly causing the old buildings to give place to higher and more substantial erections. A year ago the propriety of such a course with the valuable property between Dunlap Bros. & Company's and Joseph Weeks' was recognised by the owner,—B. B. Troen—but inability to terminate leases held by tenants prevented him from making the desired improvements. He is now negotiating, however, for the erection next summer of a three-story brick block, of 62 ft. front, and about the same depth, the first flat to contain one single and two double shops, and an entrance to upper stories; the second flat to contain offices. The building will be a very great improvement to the appearance of the town.—*Amherst Record*.

WEYMOUTH NOTES.—The Meteghan River Lumber Co., of this place, although temporarily shut down for the want of water, are filling in the leisure time by making some very necessary improvements on their mill and outside equipment. They are this week putting on quite a large extension to the mill on the west side. A large well is being dug and is getting well under way. This, when completed—they are in hopes—will furnish them with an ample and permanent supply of water for all seasons of the year. The upper story of their warehouse is being converted into a boarding house for the employes. Dormer windows are being put on the roof on the north and south sides, and steps have been put up from the outside, and when finished will make arrangements quite complete. The work is under the supervision of Mr. Peter Dugas of this place. Mr. Dugas reports work as plentiful, and finds some difficulty in procuring his requisite supply of laboring men. The company are also putting a projection on to their blocking on the south side of the mill, extending it out to low water mark. Mr. Ruol Hollowell has charge of this.

Mr. Peter Dugas has just begun the erection of a large two story building, 40x60, on the north side of Comeau's tailor shop. This building, we have been informed, is to be occupied by Mr. Landry of the *L'Evangeline*, who intends printing his paper here this fall, in addition to conducting a large and general job printing business. The building will be fitted up with several spare business offices and store rooms, and will be a much needed acquisition to the place. Mr. Landry is well known in this place, and we hope that all his arrangements may be crowned with every success. Our place possesses unequalled facilities as a distributing centre, and there is no reason why we should not have just such a business here, and run in first-class style.—*Digby Courier*.

CELLULERT.—This material, which is being placed on the market by Messrs. David Moseley & Sons, Chapel Field Works, Manchester, is prepared from cellulose or vegetable fibres. It is applicable for many purposes, such as the manufacture of baskets, dishes, roving cans, journal bearings, tubes, cylinders, canes, shoemaker's fillings, bushings, gibs, cross heads, washers, nuts, bolts, wheels, trunks, chair seats, &c. Its strength is very great, both to resist tearing and crushing; a strip 1 inch wide by $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick stood a tensile test of 2.210 lbs. It is made with two different degrees of flexibility; it will take a high polish, and it can be filed, turned, sawn, planed, drilled, and tapped. The ordinary solvents have no effect upon it, and acids and alkalis attack it but slightly. Its resistance to the passage of electricity will make it useful as a non conductor, and it is also capable of withstanding a high degree of heat without any injury. If it is soaked for several hours in water it will swell a little, but its original shape will be resumed when dried.—*Industries*.

Opinion is expressed that Canadian farmers should cultivate flax, for which the soil and climate are well adapted. It could be always counted upon as a sure crop which would produce an average of about fifteen bushels of seed per acre, worth \$1 a bushel, besides two tons and a half of flax straw, worth \$20 a ton, from which could be produced 1,000 lbs. of flax fibre, worth \$200 a ton.

It is believed that the grading upon the whole of the Nova Scotia Short Line will be finished in about six weeks, unless delayed by the bog fillings near Conn's mills.

The two pickle factories, run and managed by Davidson Bros., grocers, of Halifax, and John Gertridge, which were started last year at Gaspereaux, N. S., have given an impetus to the cultivation of the cucumber, and the farmers in raising them find that it pays well. It is expected that upwards of 30,000 bushels will be raised in the immediate vicinity of the factories.

The Cornwallis Valley Railway is progressing rapidly, the greater part of the road will soon be ready for sloopers and it seems possible that it may be in running order this fall.

There are 1,800 men at work on the Cape Breton Railway between the Strait of Cuso and Sydney, and a large gang engaged in building the Grand Narrows Bridge.

St. John is doing a big business in exporting dulce. It sells for from 7 to 8 cents per pound, and a barrel holds from eighty pounds to one hundred pounds. From ten to fifty barrels are shipped at a time via the American boat, and the points of shipment in the States include Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Washington. The total shipments over the border for a year run up to several thousand dollars. Dealers receive their supply principally from Grand Maun, where the dulce grows in great quantities on the rocky shores.

THE BEEF TRADE.—Whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning the effect of unrestricted reciprocity upon the price of beef, it seems to be pretty certain that there is not enough beef produced in the Maritime Provinces at present to supply the demand. The markets of St. John and Moncton and some of the smaller towns are now largely supplied from Chicago, and the proposal to erect a refrigerator in St. John for Chicago beef indicates that a degree of permanency is anticipated in the trade. It appears, however, that Chicago is not the only competitor our beef-raisers have to meet in our home markets, for in the last issue of the *Monetary Times* we find the following statement:—"The Canadian Meat Company of Montreal commenced shipments of dressed beef to Halifax last week, and one carload of ten tons was received in fine order, and sold out in half an hour after arrival. The meat was packed in a refrigerator car, and was iced twice on the trip." This shows that instead of having beef for export, the Maritime Provinces are unable to supply their own markets, and that our farmers are letting the trade slip away from them. The shipment of beef from Montreal should be a revelation to our stock-raisers, for the conditions which render it possible to ship beef from Chicago at very low prices do not obtain in the vicinity of Montreal. If the Canadian Meat Company can buy beef in the Province of Quebec and ship it to Halifax in refrigerator cars at a living profit, it is evident that the farmers of the Maritime Provinces are making a mistake in allowing the trade to be taken out of their hands. Beef can be raised here as cheaply as in Quebec or Ontario, and our farmers have the advantage in the matter of transportation. Our farmers need not look for a beef market among the "sixty millions," but that should not prevent them from retaining their home markets. —*Chignecto Post*.

The importance of securing for Canada a fair share of the trade of the West India Islands and South America can scarcely be overestimated. The area of the West India Islands and British Guiana is about 96,000 square miles, with a population of four or five millions—almost as much as the entire population of Canada. If we take Brazil we find a population of about thirteen millions, and an annual trade of about £40,000 sterling. That Canada is not making the most of this trade is painfully evident. Take for instance the colony of British Guiana, which embraces an area of 76,000 square miles, with a population of about 260,000. The exports thence to the States are £513,000 yearly, and imports £317,000, while to Canada she exports £12,000 in value, and imports £95,000, showing a total trade of £1,130,000 in one case against £137,000 in the other. Canada already exports more than the United States to British Guiana of the following articles, viz., smoked fish, lumber, staves, and potatoes, nearly double the amount of lumber and staves. To obtain a large share of the trade requires, in the first place, the opening up of steam communication. With a line of steamers established one serious obstacle would be removed, and although there would doubtless be other difficulties to overcome, there is no reason to fear that Canadian pluck and energy would not soon establish a profitable and constantly increasing trade.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MANNERS.

Manners are often worst in the most industrious and advanced parts of the country. In the Highlands of Scotland, where industrial civilization is almost unknown, popular manners are excellent; in some parts of the Lowlands they are rude, repellent, and unsympathetic. The best English manners are to be found in certain rural districts, the worst in thriving and energetic Lancashire. Too much energy is unfavorable to the best behaviour, which grows to perfection among idlers, or in agricultural or pastoral communities, where folks work in a leisurely fashion and have many spare moments on their hands. Manners always represent an ideal of some kind. The English way of behavior seems to stand for dignity, the French for grace. Manners in both countries are more the representation of self in outward forms than any evidence of real consideration for the persons to whom they are addressed. The Englishman wishes to convey the idea that he himself has dignity, that he is a gentleman; the Frenchman is anxious to show that he is a witty and accomplished man of the world. The virtues of English behavior are chiefly of a negative kind, and those of French behavior positive. An Englishman is pleasant because he is *not* noisy, *not* troublesome, *not* obtrusive, *not* contradictory, and because he has the tact to avoid conversational pitfalls and precipices. The Frenchman is agreeable because he is lively, is amusing, is amiable, is successful in the battle against dullness, and will take trouble to make conversation interesting. —*French and English* (Macmillan).

COMMERCIAL.

Despite this being what is called a dull season of the year—a large proportion of the business community taking their vacations, while farmers and their assistants are attending to their crop interests—still a very fair volume of business has developed in several of the leading lines.

A new steamer called the *Glasgow* is on her way from Great Britain to enter into the coasting trade here. This large accession to our coasting steam fleet would seem to imply that there must be "big money" in the business. Certainly all the lines so far established seem to be doing well, especially in the transportation of passengers, but whether the summer activity will be sufficiently remunerative to balance the inevitable dullness of the winter months is a problem that experience alone can solve. We sincerely hope that it will, but we may frankly say that we regard with some distrust the establishment of so many rival lines. The trouble is that the business that might be profitable when confined in a few hands will be so cut up as to leave a profit for none. It is all very well to argue that the public will gain through the cutting of rates that must inevitably result from overcrowding the business. Such a gain can only be temporary, and the community at large cannot reap any advantage from one portion being ruined.

The following are the Assignments and Business Changes in this Province during the past week:—H. B. Fidler, (Est. of) Harness Maker, Halifax, Stock adv. for sale by tender; Wm. Gossip, (Est. of) Stationery, Halifax, stock sold out to Geo. W. Jones; Chas. H. Denton, Genl. Store, Rossway, assigned; D. G. McDonald, Genl. Store, Lismore, assigned; J. J. Myrer, builder, Dartmouth, assigned; Acadian Co-operative Society, Westville, stock in trade adv. for sale by tender; W. J. Calder (Est. of) Books & Stationery, Windsor, stock adv. for sale by tender; W. Y. Kennedy, Clothing, Halifax, adv. closing out business.

Bradstreet's report of week's failures:—

	Week Prev.		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date.			
	Aug. 16.	Aug. 16.	1888	1887	1886	1889	1888	1887	1886
United States..	177	173	151	144	139	7209	6428	6132	6328
Canada.....	24	31	31	26	17	1012	1107	795	709

DRY GOODS.—Trade is quiet but fair for the season, a moderate demand being experienced for staple cotton goods at steady prices. A number of repeat and sorting-up orders have been received during the past week. Woolen fabrics are reported in good demand with prices gradually stiffening. Montreal fancy goods houses have decided to hold their opening fall sales a week earlier this year, owing to the action of Toronto firms. Consequently the opening sales of fancy dry goods and millinery in that city will take place on the 27th, 28th and 29th instants, at which a large attendance is expected. Several firms in these lines in Halifax purpose being represented at those sales. Remittances have been fair.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The market for pig iron is firm, cable advices showing a further advance in Scotch warrants, making a rise in the past few weeks of 3s. 3d. Makers' brands are also cabled 3d. to 6d. higher on the week. The recent advance seems to have had the effect to check the ardor of buyers in the meantime, though it is thought that when they are eventually compelled to operate it will be upon less favorable terms. A further advance in pig lead of 6d. is advised by cable, and galvanized remains steady at the late advance. Ingot copper is cabled £1 higher, but no change has occurred here. In general hardware a fair trade is in progress, and certain lines of shelf goods have materially advanced in price.

BREADSTUFFS.—No new feature has developed in the local flour market, business having continued quiet and few sales having been effected owing to slow demand, and the market has been dull on the whole though prices have been steady. Bearbohm's cables show no appreciable change in the English markets for wheat and corn, though spot wheat and corn at Liverpool are reported a turn dearer. Weather in England shows signs of improving. French country markets are quiet but steady. The wheat yield of Europe, according to official reports, will be about 10 per cent below that of last year. The Indian wheat crop is about 16,000,000 bushels below that of 1888. The wheat crop in the Argentine Republic was ruined and they have been buying heavily in New York. Australia and New Zealand have no wheat to export. In Chicago the market has fluctuated within narrow limits, with the feeling decidedly lower. Wheat dropped $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Corn was fairly active, but prices fell off $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Oats eased off $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to $\frac{1}{4}$ c. In New York the local disposition has been anti bullish if not positively bearish, and the mental energies of the crowd are all turned upon getting out a few loads at the right time. Most of the leading houses there keep "long" of wheat, whereas the crowd are always "short," and finding that the large houses at Chicago turned buyers on heavy storms in Kansas, and heavy rains throughout the north-west, which means light receipts for some days to come, these shorts were eager to cover and found very little wheat for sale, and a rise of 1c. was made with small transactions.

PROVISIONS.—In pork the feeling has been steady, owing to the bulk of the stock having gone into consumption, and offerings are now small. The market has on the whole been quiet, there being only a moderate demand for small lots. Prices for lard have ruled steady and unchanged under a very moderate demand. The Liverpool provision market was unchanged and prices throughout were steady. In Chicago the market continued weak and pork broke 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Lard was very weak and dropped 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to 15c. The tone of the hog market was very weak and prices declined 10c. to 20c.

BUTTER.—The butter market has continued quiet with a small volume of trade, which was chiefly confined to domestic wants. Still holders are by no means endeavoring to push sales, as they confidently look forward to a better demand next month.

CHEESE.—The cheese market has continued very quiet and, so far as spot business is concerned, little can be said. However, it is evident that

notwithstanding the decline of 6d. in the public cable, there is considerable confidence in the market—not that there is any anxiety to buy but that the impression prevails that prices will go no lower.

FRUIT.—The demand for green fruit has been slow, and the market has ruled quiet with only a small volume of business at steady prices. The market is almost bare of old Valencia raisins, and the small quantities remaining in first hands are firmly held. In consequence of the scarcity of these, a good demand has set in for Sultana and Elmo raisins.

TEA.—The tea market has continued active under a good demand, and a large volume of business has been accomplished. The tone of the market has been strong, owing to the continued strong advices which have been received from abroad and New York, where prices have been steadily advancing. In consequence, values here have been firm, and holders in some cases have made sales at higher figures. The enquiry for cheap Japan has been very fair. These grades are, however, scarce, and buyers have some difficulty in filling wants. Messrs. Smith, Baker & Co., of Yokohama, cable as follows:—"All low grade Japan teas of any good leaf are not to be had except at an advance of \$1 to \$2 per picul."

SUGAR.—The tone of the refined sugar market is weak, and granulated has declined at the factory ½c. This decline was due to the break in New York and weak cables from abroad, which noted a decline of 6d. on prompt beet and 3d. on cane. In yellows an easier feeling prevails and prices have fallen off ½c. The demand has been slow and the market has ruled quiet with only a small volume of business. Latest advices from a leading English house say:—"Our market has been in a quite unprecedented state of stagnation, and buyers have adopted a policy of masterly inactivity. Sugar for prompt delivery is practically unobtainable, and the question of price does not enter into the situation at the moment. Importers however see no reason for this excessive disgust, and have abstained from pressing sales. Stocks in second hands are light, and it seems improbable that the present deadlock can long endure, as we have still three months of active consumption to pass through before full supplies of new crop become available." With the visible supply 360,000 tons less than at this time last year, it may yet be found that between now and the marketing of the new crop the replenishment of supplies may not be so easy a matter as some anticipate.

MOLASSES.—Business in molasses has been dull, there being little enquiry and no transactions have taken place. It is rumored that cargo lots to arrive have been offered, but that buyers have refused to name anywhere near the figure that holders would accept. The Montreal *Trade Bulletin* says of the market there:—"The market for molasses has developed further weakness, with sales of round lots at 4½c. and of smaller lots at 47½c. The sale was said to have been made on Saturday last of 1,000 puncheons of Barbadoes, but the terms were private. The recent decline in values is said to be due not so much to a certain party cutting prices, as to the fact that more molasses have turned up in Quebec than were expected, and consequently holders here who have been getting 50c. for Barbadoes are now selling at 4½c. to 47½c. as to quantity. It is asserted, however, that there are no more stocks in Montreal than will be required for the trade of Canada during the coming season, and the great bulk of supplies for the Dominion being held in Montreal, they appear large at the moment. It is reported that Barbadoes molasses are being offered at below the inside figure quoted above, one lot being offered at 42½c. The depreciation is in keeping with the easier market for sugar."

FISH OILS.—Our Montreal advices read:—"The market for steam refined seal oil is firm at 45c. In cod oil the firm feeling is increasing in Newfoundland. Here we quote Newfoundland cod oil steady at 38c. to 40c., and other kinds 35c. to 37c. Cod liver oil 60c. to 65c. for Newfoundland, and 90c. to 95c. for Norway."

FISH.—The small receipts of fish make it impossible to give reliable quotations, because enough does not come forward to establish prices, and therefore our figures must be regarded as purely nominal. If a fair average catch should be secured henceforward present prices cannot help declining. The only hope of such a catch is that fair weather will prevail between now and the end of September. Very few codfish are arriving. Those coming in are in very fair order. Among the receipts have been several small lots from the western coast of Newfoundland, whence it is reported that the catch has been exceptionally small. In mackerel nothing above large three's have come to hand to date. A few barrels of this grade are arriving and are taken freely at \$13 and over. During the latter part of July and early in the current month along our eastern shore, including Cape Breton, herring were taken in certain localities quite freely. About Isaac's Harbor an average catch is reported to have been made. There is no reliable advice from the Labrador. It is, however expected that the *Harlow*, now due, will bring fuller information than is at hand at the present writing. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, August 20th.—"Sales of shore herring at \$4 to \$4.50 as to size of lot and quality. Cape Breton \$5.50 to \$5.75. New cod \$4.50 to \$4.75." Gloucester, Mass. August 20.—"We quote new Georges codfish at \$4.62 to \$4.75 per qtl. for large, and small at \$3.50 to \$3.62. Bank \$3.75 for large and \$2.87 for small. Shore \$4.37 and \$3.25 for large and small. Old Bank \$3.25 to \$3.50. Curd cusk at \$2.50 per qtl.; hake \$2; haddock \$2.25; heavy salted pollock \$2.12, and English-cured do. \$2.75 per qtl. Labrador herring \$6 bbl.; medium split \$6; Newfoundland do. \$5; Nova Scotia do. \$6, Eastport \$3; split Shore \$4.75; pickled codfish \$8; haddock \$5; halibut heads \$3.50; sounds \$10; tongues and sounds \$9; alowives \$5.00; trout \$15." Havana, August 19 (per cable via New York).—"Codfish \$5.75; haddock \$5.25; hake \$5." Barbadoes, August 7.—"The fish market has remained steady, and sales of Newfoundland have been made in lots at \$16 for medium and \$18 for large. Several small shipments from Gaspe, chiefly in tubs, have been placed at \$16 to \$17 as to quality. Prime mackerel sold at \$9.75; 267 bbls. herrings (soft and nearly dry) sold at \$1 to \$1.25."

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.

SUGARS.		
Cut Leaf.....	9 1/2	9 3/4
Granulated.....	9 to 9 1/4	8 1/2
Circle A.....	8 1/2	8 1/2
White Extra C.....	7 1/2 to 7 3/4	7 1/2
Extra Yellow C.....	7 1/2 to 7 3/4	7 1/2
Yellow C.....	7 1/2 to 7 3/4	7 1/2
TEA.		
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19	
Fair.....	20 to 23	
Good.....	25 to 29	
Choice.....	31 to 33	
Extra Choice.....	35 to 36	
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39	
MOLASSES.		
Barbadoes.....	46	
Demerara.....	12 to 15	
Diamond N.....	48 to 50	
Porto Rico.....	43 to 45	
Cienfuegos.....	41	
Trinidad.....	42 to 43	
Antigua.....	42 to 43	
Tobacco, Black.....	38 to 44	
Bright.....	42 to 58	
Biscuits.		
Pilot Bread.....	3.25	
Boston and Thin Family.....	7	
Soda.....	7	
do. in lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7 1/2	
Fancy.....	8 to 15	

BREADSTUFFS.

Stocks comparatively light. Markets firm. No changes in quotations.

FLOUR		
High Grade Patents.....	5.45 to 5.75	
Gold 90 per cent Patents.....	5.25 to 5.40	
Straight Grade.....	5.10 to 5.20	
Superior Extras.....	4.90 to 5.00	
Good Seconds.....	4.22 to 4.40	
Graham Flour.....	5.40	
American Supr. Extras, in bond.....	4.15 to 4.25	
American 90 per cent, in bond.....	4.65 to 4.85	
American Patents.....	5.15	
Oatmeal.....	4.20 to 4.30	
" Rolled.....	4.25 to 4.35	
Cornmeal, duty paid.....	2.70 to 2.80	
Cornmeal, in bond, Boston.....	2.15 to 2.20	
Roll'd Wheat.....	5.25	
Wheat Bran, per ton.....	16.00 to 16.25	
Middlings.....	17.00 to 17.25	
Cracked Corn " including bags.....	18.00 to 18.50	
Molasses.....	25.50	
Ground Oil Cake, per ton.....	35.00	
Meal.....	25.50	
White Beans, per bushel.....	3.75 to 4.00	
Pot Barley, per barrel.....	4.85	
P. E. I. Oats.....	13	
Hay per ton.....	12.00 to 12.50	

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

J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Head of Central Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess. duty paid.....	10.50 to 11.00
Am. Plate.....	11.25 to 11.75
Ex. Plate.....	12.00 to 12.50
Pork, Mess. American.....	15.50 to 15.75
American, clear.....	16.50 to 17.00
P. E. I. Mess.....	16.00 to 16.50
P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	14.50 to 15.00
Prime Mess.....	13.00 to 13.50
Lard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island.....	11 to 12
American.....	12 to 13
Cases.....	13.00 to 14.00
Hams, P. E. I. green.....	8 to 9
Duty on Am. Pork and Beef \$2.50 per bbl.	

Prices are for wholesales lots only, and are liable to change daily.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

MACKEREL—	
Extra.....	20.00
No. 1.....	19.00
" 2 large.....	16.00
" none.....	11.00
" 3 large.....	11.00
" 3.....	11.00
HERRING.	
No. 1 Shore, July.....	4.00 to 4.50
No. 1 August, Round.....	3.50 to 3.75
September.....	3.50 to 3.75
Labrador, in cargo lots, per 5l.....	4.00 to 4.50
Bay of Islands, Split.....	2.00
Round.....	1.75
Alowives, per bbl.....	5.00
CONPISH.	
Hard Shore.....	3.25 to 3.50
Bank.....	2.50 to 2.75
Bay.....	2.50 to 2.75
SALMON, No. 1.....	15.50 to 16.00
HADDOCK, per qtl.....	2.00
HAKE.....	2.00
CUSK.....	1.50
POLLOCK.....	1.50
HAVE SOUNDS, per lb.....	30
COD OIL A.....	26 to 30

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

POULTRY.

Turkeys, per pound.....	15 to 16
Geese, each.....	none
Ducks, per pair.....	70 to 80
Chickens, ".....	50 to 70

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Steers best quality, per 100lbs alive.....	4.25 to 4.50
Oxen.....	3.50 to 4.00
Fat Steers, Heifers, light weights.....	3.00 to 3.50
Wethers, best quality, per 100lbs.....	4.00 to 4.50
Lambs, ".....	4.00 to 5.00

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer

LOBSTERS.

Per case 4 doz. 1 lb cans.

Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing) 6 doz 1 lb cans.....	25 to 30
Flat.....	8.00 to 8.50
Newfoundland Flat Cans.....	6.20 to 6.40
".....	6.35 to 6.50

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Apples, American, per bbl.....	3.50 to 4.00
Oranges, Jamaica, per bbl.....	9.00
Lemons, per case.....	6.00
Cocoanuts, per 100.....	3.50 to 4.00
Onions, New American.....	2 1/2c. per lb
Dates, boxes, new.....	6 1/2 to 6
Raisins, Valencia, new.....	7 to 7 1/2
Figs, Elme, 6 lb boxes per lb.....	11
" small boxes.....	13
Prunes, Stewing, boxes and bags, new.....	5 1/2 to 6
Bananas, per bunch.....	1.75 to 2.50

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	25
" in Small Tubs.....	18 to 20
" Good, in large tubs.....	16 to 18
" Store Packed & oversalted.....	14
Canadian Township.....	18
" Western.....	17
Cheese, Canadian.....	10 1/2

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer in Butter and Cheese.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Wool—clean washed, per pound.....	15 to 22
" unwashed.....	12 to 15
Salted Hides, No 1.....	5
Ox Hides, over 60 lbs., No 1.....	5 1/2
" over 60 lbs., No 1.....	5
" over 60 lbs., No 2.....	4 1/2
" under 60 lbs., No 2.....	4
Cow Hides, No 1.....	5
No 3 Hides, each.....	3
Calf Skins.....	25
" Deacons, each.....	10 to 15
Lambskins.....	15 to 20
Tallow.....	3

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

LUMBER.

Pine, clear, No. 1, per m.....	25.00 to 28.00
" Merchantable, do do.....	14.00 to 17.00
" No 2, do.....	10.00 to 12.00
" Small, per m.....	8.00 to 11.00
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 1.20
" spruce, No 1.....	1.10 to 1.35
Laths, per m.....	2.00
Hard wood, per cord.....	4.00 to 4.25
Soft wood.....	2.25 to 2.50

SIDONIE'S SUMMING UP.

"Lance, oh! Lance, why don't you answer? What ought a leg of mutton to weigh?"

Lance Mynford, junior partner in the great publishing firm of Blank and Blank, seldom permitted business to interfere with the attention due to his young wife, but gallantly devoted his evenings to her.

On this particular Monday, however, he thought it no harm to read a manuscript of some importance while Mrs. Mynford was busy at her desk making up, for the first time, her housekeeping expenses for the past week.

For the first time, and she had been married six weeks? Heroby hangs a tale, and it is this.

Sidonie Mynford was a charming little woman, anxious to please her husband and make his home happy; and if by always meeting him with a smile, dressing prettily, receiving his friends cordially, and enchanting them with her singing, she could have achieved this end, all would have been well! But it must be confessed that she was deficient in one essential point: she had never learned the art of domestic economy, and before marriage had returned to all the hints and expostulations of her mother the same careless answer:

"All in good time, dear, it little matters; I shall soon learn whatever it is necessary for me to know. I shall always keep good servants, and consult the cookery-book, and you will see that I shall manage fairly enough."

Yet six weeks after her nuptials she was not only regretting her heedlessness, but trying to atone for it; sitting with her brows puckered, and the corners of her pretty mouth drawn, employed in making entries in a brand-new account-book, and attempting to decipher the butcher's hieroglyphics.

Up to the previous week she had congratulated herself on possessing a cook who sent up the nicest of dinners, and never gave her any trouble; but Mr. Mynford had protested against the totals of the bills, and made special calls on the tradesmen who sent them in, from which he returned to accuse the obliging cook of robbing him scandalously.

She was sent about her business; a less accomplished, but more trustworthy, person engaged; and Sidonie agreed to pay the bills and keep the weekly accounts herself.

"What should a leg of mutton weigh?" repeated Lance Mynford, suddenly brought back from the buried city of Herculaneum to the every-day life of the nineteenth century. "Why that depends on the size of the sheep."

"But how am I to know what size the sheep was?" argued Sidonie. "It was a Welsh one—that is all I have heard about it—and I do not like to question cook, for she laughed outright when I proposed that we should grill the turkey your friend Jones sent us. I'm sure I've read of grilled turkey in books of travel."

To this information there was no reply, for Mr. Mynford was making notes of certain corrections a paragraph of the manuscript would require before it was put into the hands of the printers; and his wife, with a sigh, resumed her entries and her study of the butcher's bill.

But she soon felt in too much need of sympathy to be silent.

"Lance, darling, do listen to me for a minute. What did we have for dinner last Wednesday?"

"Be whipped if I know! Wasn't it meat or poultry of some sort or other?"

"According to Suet's bill it was capital S, capital R, with a little d, and a Bf. Why doesn't the man put it plainly?"

"I can't help him; it's no use asking me!" said Mr. Mynford, rather sharply.

"But," added his wife, "I am quite sure, now I come to think of it, that it was a Wednesday we had minced veal and the grouse uncle Archibald gave us. Could it have been the—the what did cook call it?—the silver-sided piece of meat we had for cutting sandwiches for that water-party?"

"We had sandwiches, and they were atrociously thick."

As Mrs. Mynford had cut them herself, and was aware that they did not do her credit, she let this observation pass; and for a few minutes nothing was heard but the murmur of her voice as she totted up the various sums entered in her book, and figured the total at the foot of the page.

"Thank goodness that is over, and need not be repeated for a week!" she ejaculated, triumphantly.

"And very neatly I have done it, too! Not an erasure nor a blot to spoil the look of the first page of my book. After all, it's not as unpleasant as I expected it would be, and I rather enjoy the thought of going to the several shops in the morning, and paying my bills. It makes the people so civil and eager to oblige. Lance, dear, will you give me a cheque for my week's expenditure? I have reckoned it up."

"One moment. This fellow writes as crabbed a hand as your butcher; it is almost impossible to decipher it."

Sidonie came and sat on a low chair at her husband's knee, and waited with considerable patience, till, vexed at his inability to make sense of a passage in the manuscript, Mr. Mynford tossed it from him, and turned to his wife.

"I have poured over that dry-as-dust but certainly very clever essay till my head aches. You must give me a cup of strong coffee, mousie, and some of your sweetest music."

"As soon as you have signed my book and given me my cheque," replied Sidonie, more intent just then on her housekeeping than her husband's evident fatigue. He saw this, and it displeased him, for he was really too tired to be as forbearing as usual.

"What is the amount?" he asked, rather gruffly, as he drew a writing case towards him, opened his cheque-book, and dipped a pen in the ink. But he paused to glance in dismay from Sidonie's sum-total to her calm face.

"This! Why, it is monstrous! Either your new cook must be as big a cheat as the other, or else there is some error in your calculations. Our expenses for one week cannot reach such an enormous amount as this!"

"I am sure I have been most prudent, most economical," Sidonie assured him, with rising color. "Twice I refused fish last week because it was dear, and cook has nothing to do with my purchases. I give the orders, and all the bills are sent to me."

"Then you must change your tradespeople," said Mynford, decidedly. "These charges must be extortionate. You and I and two servants cannot consume enough food to cost all this money!"

"There was our contribution to the water-party," he was reminded.

"A dish of sandwiches and a few tarts that could have been bought at any confectioner's for five shillings! Nonsense, Sidonie, that could not have amounted the bills to such a total. I do not want to find fault, but frankly you must manage better than this. My income is not large enough to stand such a heavy expenditure in mere eating and drinking."

"But we have lived precisely as papa and mamma live at home, and I never heard anyone call my dearest mother extravagant; it would be a great falsity if they did."

Sidonie was getting angry, but so was her husband.

"I don't know why Mrs. Heddou's name should be dragged into this argument. Her management may be excellent—indeed, I have no doubt that it is; but that does not alter the fact that your weekly bills amount to a sum that I cannot afford to pay."

"Then we had better discharge the servants and live on bread and water," said Sidonie, sulkily.

"Now you are talking like a child, my dear."

"And you sir, are unreasonable," was the prompt retort.

"I do not intend to be, nor do I think I am. I simply point out to you that such heavy weekly accounts will be a serious tax on our means, and you must effect a reduction in them."

"Must!" echoed Sidonie, her bosom heaving. "That is not a word you ought to use to me!"

"I think I had better go and have a walk," said her husband, rising; "and we will not discuss this subject till we can do it without losing our tempers."

The young wife did not speak again, though he loitered about the room, ostensibly engaged in putting his papers together, but really to give her an opportunity of confessing herself in the wrong. She sat with head averted till he walked slowly away; but when the outer door closed behind him she started to her feet and burst into hot, angry tears.

"He is unreasonable," she protested, "most unreasonable. I have been as careful and prudent as wife can be. There is not an item in either of these bills to which anyone in his senses can object. Twice I have written to mamma to make inquiries when I suspected an overcharge, and I declined the Smiths' invitation for this evening—gave up a pleasure to which I had long looked forward—solely that I might make up my housekeeping-book, and this is my reward!"

Then she began to speak to herself.

"Are we to have similar scenes every Monday? Is Lance degenerating into one of those penurious men who begrudge all but the commonest necessities to their households? Oh, it will be horrible! What a life mine will be! No amount of affection will reconcile me to it."

The prospect thus conjured up made her tears rain down in showers.

"He will come home presently," was her next thought, "and expect me to say I am sorry, and will be more saving. But I am not sorry, and I still fail to see that I have been in the wrong. How mean of him to make me so unhappy for the sake of a few paltry pounds!"

Suddenly Sidonie ran upstairs, and dressed herself for walking.

"I will not stay here fretting. I will go to mamma, show her my entries, and she shall judge between us. Lance will not like it, but I do not care."

With the brand-new account book tucked under her arm, and her thickest veil pulled over her face, away went Mrs. Mynford.

The timid bride, who never walked out alone after dark, now forgot her vague alarms in the grave trouble of this first quarrel with her husband.

However, she had not gone far when she became irresolute.

"After all I do not think I ought to go to mamma, especially as she has been ill. It would worry her, and she would have a bad night. But I must have someone to advise me. I will go to Lance's mother. She is apt to be imperious, and may agree with him in censuring me; but she is a woman with plenty of experience; she will understand my lack of it, and even if she scolds a little, will give me good advice."

Mrs. Mynford senior happened to be sitting by herself that evening, for her husband had taken his daughters to the musical reunion Sidonie had reluctantly declined.

She was a stately, elderly lady, of whom many stood in awe because she was apt to express her opinions somewhat brusquely; but she had a sincere affection for the pretty, caressing little creature her son had wedded, and now rose to meet her with a pleased smile.

"What, come to cheer me in my loneliness! This is very kind of you! But who came with you? Where is Lance?"

A fresh burst of tears being the only answer her questions received, Sidonie was gently placed in an arm chair, her hat removed, and her temples bathed with some eau-de-Cologne.

"Hush, don't speak yet. When you are calmer you shall tell me what is the matter. But what have you under your arm?"

"Oh, it is the source of all my trouble," sobbed Sidonie. "Dear Mrs. Mynford, don't be as hard on me as Lance has been, for indeed I have done my best."

"All young wives fall into errors, you foolish child, so how can you expect to be exempt? But don't tell me you have come to lay a complaint

against your husband! Can you fancy Lance so forgetting himself as to complain of you, either to your mother or his?"

Sidonie sat rebuked, and struggled hard to recover her composure.

When she could speak she said, humbly.

"You are right, I have acted too hastily in coming to you without his knowledge, but as I am here, please advise me, for I am not keeping my housekeeping expenses within the sum which Lance considers he can afford. You are more experienced than I. Tell me where my fault is, and I will be very grateful and do my best to mend it."

A little questioning put the elder lady in possession of all the facts, and the book was opened on her knee. While she ran her eye down the items, Sidonie sat and cried quietly, for she had not yet forgiven Lance, nor reconciled herself to the prospect of having her weekly summings-up rendered a species of small martyrdom by continual criticisms and rebukes.

"A very clear page," commented Mrs. Mynford, "and for one so young a housekeeper, a very creditable one; but I certainly should not allow fresh butter in the kitchen, nor use new-laid eggs for the puddings."

"Then you are tolerably well satisfied with me, and Lance grumbled without a cause? I was sure of it!" exclaimed Sidonie, wiping away her tears.

"Stop a minute," said her mother-in-law, "you have not heard me out. I was going to add that your handwriting reflects great credit on your governess; but your arithmetic—well, it certainly might be improved, and to your own advantage."

Sidonie reddened.

"Dear Mrs. Mynford, I reckoned up the items three times, and always brought them to the same amount exactly. See here—three and five are eight, and seven are—"

But a hand was laid on her's, and she was checked in her eager adding up.

"Before you go any farther, suppose you explain these items," and Mrs. Mynford read aloud:

"Paid chimney-sweep £2 6s. A very expensive chimney, Sidonie. And a little lower down is this startling announcement: Paid greengrocer's account, £5. Have you been living on pineapples at a guinea each, and peaches at ten shillings per dozen?"

"I don't understand," murmured the perplexed housekeeper. "Oh, yes, I do. What absurd mistakes I have made! I have put the figures in the wrong rows. The chimney should be half-a-crown, and the greengrocer five shillings, instead of pounds."

"Just what I expected, you very unpractised book-keeper! Now dab your eyes with this rosewater, drink the tea I have rung for, and then go home in the cab Martha shall fetch for you, and if Lance has a good laugh at your expense, forgive him."

It was the best of counsel, and Sidonie followed it implicitly.

She found Lance pacing the drawing-room in a very perturbed state of mind, angry with his young wife for her flight, and hesitating whether to follow or leave her to herself till she sued for a reconciliation.

She had been to his mother, not to her own. On hearing this his brow began to clear; a little explanation did the rest.

Sidonie is now the clever managing head of a large family, in which neither waste nor niggardliness are ever known, and if her husband loves to tease her sometimes by asking if she has forgotten the trials and troubles of her first summing up, she bears it good-humoredly.

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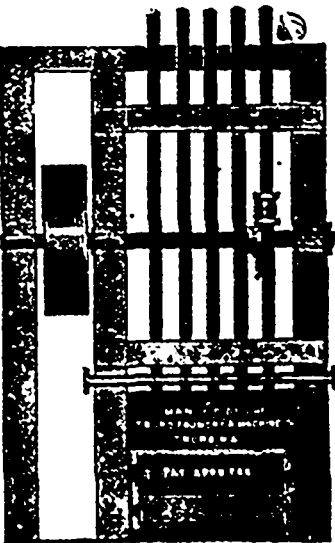
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MINING.

The agitation now going on in the New England States for the introduction of coal, iron and other raw materials free of duty, is likely to result in a radical change in the United States tariff. Whether reciprocity in coal with the United States would benefit our coal mines is a debatable question, some high authorities claiming that by it we should lose our present large trade with Quebec, while reaping no corresponding advantages in direct trade with the New England States. What we really need in this Province is the development of our coal and iron mines. Merely mining the iron and shipping it to the States will result in no lasting benefits. What is wanted is the manufacture of the raw material on the spot. The Londonderry and New Glasgow steel and iron works are demonstrating that iron and steel manufactures, when properly conducted, will pay handsomely here, and there is now great activity in the iron districts in Pictou County. Why should we bolster up the rapidly declining iron trade of the New England States by sending them our coal and iron when we can manufacture here, giving encouragement to the investment of large amounts of capital and furnishing employment to thousands of men? If the New England States succeed in having the tariff on iron and coal removed, it will simply be because they find it necessary in their own interests to do so, not with the slightest wish to benefit us. We can well afford to wish them every success in their efforts, but if they should ask us to reciprocate, we should remember that charity begins at home, and decline to make any change in our present tariff rates. In other words we are perfectly willing to send them our coal and iron if they want them, but we cannot afford to remove the tariff which is the life of our coal trade, and under the fostering influences of which iron and steel works are rapidly springing up.

A despatch from Greenfield Mass. conveys the sad intelligence that Newell Snow died at that place on August 19, aged 73 years. He was born in Franklin County and came to Greenfield in 1872. His estate was valued at from \$200,000 to \$300,000 and the foundation of this snug fortune was laid in Nova Scotia. Some twenty years ago Mr. Snow went to Goldenville, Guysboro County, where he prosecuted gold mining so successfully that he was enabled to retire from active work some time ago.

(From our New York Special.)

Dear Critic:—The growth and prosperity of the Mining Exchange "established a short time ago in Denver, Col.," is being watched with much interest by the eastern public connected with mining industries. So far its success has exceeded their most sanguine expectations and the "Denver Mining Exchange" is now among the permanent exchanges of the country. Its establishment was brought about by a desire on the part of the mine-owners and promoters and also the "practical miners" to place this product, one of the grandest resources of the State of Colorado, in its proper light before the world, as well as for their mutual protections, as the history of mining in the past, and the records of the management of many of the principal mines in Colorado has not been such as would commend them to the mind of an "ardent searcher after truth." Their present membership numbers about one hundred and fifty, the initiation fee being one hundred dollars and the annual dues nominal. Many applications are being made by persons anxious to join, but the committee on admissions are strict in their requirements that the applicant shall be of the "right sort." An exchange building to cost "two hundred thousand dollars" has been decided on, for which bonds are being issued. In addition to mining stocks they deal in the stocks of "Cable Roads, Electric Light, Insurance Companies" and other local industries, and the "official list" of their daily sales would rather astonish some of the older exchanges. It is proposed to erect on the grounds of the Exposition to be held in 1892, probably in New York—a castle composed of specimens of the various mines in Colorado.

None of the Nova Scotia properties which promised so well in the early spring have yet made their appearance in the New York market, and the would-be "investors" are anxiously looking for that "boom in Nova Scotian properties."

Yours, P.

Editor of the Critic:—I believe all the grumbling miners go to you with their troubles, and I dare say among other complaints of their hard lot they have held forth about their sleeping partners—men who have acquired an interest with them in their properties, and who do nothing. These men refuse to prospect, refuse to contribute, and generally are very indignant when called upon to pay their share of renewal or rental fees. If the general public did not object, these men could be cured by being hung, drawn and quartered, or by any other gentle treatment calculated to make them feel ashamed. Joking apart, much trouble is experienced by legitimate miners with drones of this class, and in view of the fact that in a few years all our mining leases will be held on the rental system, calling for an annual payment to secure title, some legislation would be very desirable.

To show how this matter is viewed in the United States, I give an extract from some amendments proposed in the Congress of the Republic to the general mining law. It reads as follows:—

"Upon the failure of any one of several co-owners to contribute his proportion of the expenditures required hereby, the co-owners who have performed the labor or made the improvement may, at the end of the year, give such delinquent co-owner personal notice in writing or notice by publication in the newspaper published nearest the claim, for at least once a week for ninety days, and if at the expiration of ninety days after such notice in writing or by publication such delinquent shall fail or refuse to contribute his proportion of the expenditure required by this section, his interest in the claim shall become the property of his co-owners who have made the required expenditures, upon recording a copy of such notice,

together with an affidavit showing personal service or publication, as the case may be, of such notice with the recorder of the mining district in which such mining claim is situated, and if there be no such officer, then with the recorder of deeds of the county in which such mining claim is situated."

The principal laid down in this amendment if adapted to the requirements of our Mines Act would be a boon to our miners, and tend to keep properties in the possession of those who had the courage of their own convictions and were willing to work or pay, and to eliminate those mean enough to hold back until their more courageous associates had either struck it rich, or the gold leads grow high enough above the ground to save the expense of prospecting.

I am Sir, yours truly, ASSESSMENT.

Queens County Items from the *Gold Hunter*. WHITEBURN.—It is expected that the much humbugged West Mine will start up again shortly, in earnest.

Mr. Roderick McLeod, manager of the McGuire Mine, who has been confined to the house for the past few days, has so far recovered from illness that he is again to be found at his post.

Mr. J. E. Gammon, of the Graves Mining Co., has arrived from Boston. This mine, under the management of Mr. Edward Whidden, is doing finely. The leads are all showing well, and things look prosperous.

More prospecting would be done if the weather were suitable. The Messrs. French of Boston are in Whiteburn looking after their property at Corrigan Lake. As this is undoubtedly a good property, we trust to hear of further developments.

MOLEGA.—The Molega Mining Co.'s mill is still grinding out the precious metal. Messrs. Puttner & Co., contractors, have a large force of men working on the different leads on the eastern end of the property. A fine showing of gold has been struck which has put new vigor into all branches of business.

Supt. McGuire has just returned from a visit to the capital, accompanied by J. C. Puttner. They report having their expectations fully realized as to the splendor of the Carnival.

We notice a large amount of lumber and timber in readiness on the P. D. & Co.'s mine, and on asking Mr. J. E. Barss, the manager, the cause, we were informed that the Company intends erecting an additional five stamps to their present plant, which will double their present capacity for crushing their quartz. We also noticed that the company has a large force of men sinking their present shafts to a greater depth. Also they are drifting both north and south at the 100 foot level, in their main shaft.

The so called South lead, situated a few feet south of the hill, gives every indication of being the richest lead yet struck in this district, and I may say county.

Mr. David C. Archibald, formerly foreman of the P. D. & Co., has folded his tent and gone to Whiteburn to strike it rich. His many friends wish him success wherever it may be his lot to locate.

Mr. Chas. McClair has accepted the position as underground foreman in Mr. Archibald's place.

Mr. Duncan McPhail has returned after an absence of a few weeks, looking hale and hearty. We believe he intends doing some prospecting work on areas owned by Messrs. Bartling, Perkins, and Forayth, in which he has an interest. So the developments of mining properties continue.

It is rumored that others intend starting work on recent loded claims, and no doubt Molega will astonish the natives greater in the near future than she has in the past.

Mr. Perkins, Annapolis, is here for a few days looking after his mining interest.

Mr. A. McKenzie, of Whiteburn, is favoring his many friends with a visit.

Several new leads have been struck of late, but owing to the limited amount of work done on the same we are not prepared to state as to their richness.

The Cook's amalgamator, which has lately been added to the P. D. & Co.'s mill, will be put in place when the additional five stamps are added.

The Caledonia Mg. Co.'s mine, under the able management of Mr. Jno. Harlow, are sinking their main shaft, and at the depth of 100 feet will cross-cut North and South. By so doing they will be able to give their property a thorough test at that depth.

Mr. Douglas, Philadelphia, accompanied by Mr. Anderson, paid us a visit this week. Both these gentlemen are interested in the famous North Brookfield Mine, and seem favorably impressed with the outlook of this district.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—On the summit of Mineral Mountain one of the strongest fissure veins has been discovered since the days of Comstock in Nevada, carrying high grade silver and gold ore. The principal claims on the lode are the Kootenai, Bonanza, American Flag and Silver King, owned by Messrs. Hall & Co. The lode is located for four miles. The vein runs north and south. There are also several parallel veins which are being developed that are showing every indication of making mines as depth is reached. The formation is of volcanic origin, so pronounced by Professor Dawson, who paid this section a visit two weeks ago. The altitude here at the Hall mine is 6,000 feet above sea level; the distance from the forty-ninth parallel is about sixty miles. Owing to the isolated country in which the claims are located there was not much done up to the present year, but a boat has been placed upon the Kootenai Lake, under the management of Dr. Hendricks, that brings us in close communication with the Northern Pacific Railroad, distance about 200 miles, at Kootenai station, Idaho. There is another district on Kootenai Lake called Warm Spring.—*The Engineering and Mining Journal*.

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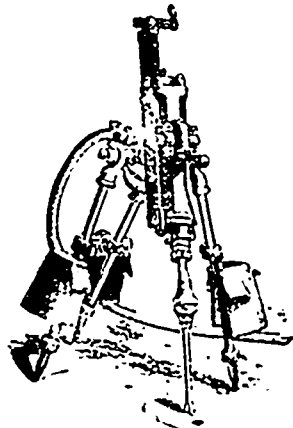
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HAUNTED.

"You shouldn't do it if you were my daughters!" cried Mrs. Dawson, tartly. "I wonder at you for proposing such a masculine achievement. I wonder yet more at your parents for permitting it!"

Joan Orton smiled vaguely, and bent over the photographs she had in her lap.

Thank goodness Mrs. Dawson was not related to her, and could exercise no control over her actions!

Marjorie—bonnie Marjorie Gordon!—smiled too; but she was ready with a good-humored reply:

"It will not be such a very tremendous achievement after all, auntie! Simply a walking-tour through some of the prettiest scenery of this enchanting island."

"It is a great deal too much for a couple of young girls to attempt; and what will you gain by it, I should like to know?"

"Health, strength, and fresh ideas," said Joan, curtly.

"You can get all three by staying here with me and Mr. Dawson. There's everything you can wish for, or ought to wish for, at Cowes Sea air, plenty of company, sea-bathing, a band that plays in the evening, and, if we stay long enough, a glimpse at the Prince and Princess, who will be here as well as the *élite* of the aristocracy."

"But we can rub shoulders with them in Hyde Park," retorted Joan. "We did not come here to be units in a fashionable crowd, but to rest and clear our brains after the hard work of the Cambridge exam."

"There were none of those exams, when I was young," Mrs. Dawson peevishly observed; "and the girls were as nice and pretty. But if it is rest you want, why are you proposing a long, wearying, purposeless walk?"

"Not purposeless," replied her niece. "I told you we have promised to stay a fortnight with the Franklyns, who have settled themselves for the autumn at Freshwater Gate. Instead of driving there, we have decided on a more leisurely mode of seeing the country."

"And you will arrive with your complexions ruined by the sun, your clothes spoiled by the dust, your boots in holes, your feet blistered, and your heads aching. You will be so knocked up as to be only fit for bed; and if the Franklyns are a sensible couple—which, as the husband is an artist, and the wife an authoress, is an open question—why, they will look upon you as a couple of young idiots."

Marjorie laughed gaily at these ominous predictions.

"You forget that we are not going to the wilds of Africa, but intend keeping within the bounds of civilization, so that the moment Joan begins to flag—I am sure I shall not—we can betake ourselves to the rail or the coach."

"I shall not flag," said Joan. "In Switzerland I did twenty miles in the course of a day more than once."

"Then you deserved to be ill after it," Mrs. Dawson grimly told her. "However, the young women of this generation seem to follow their own inclinations in all things, so I may as well hold my tongue. I consider this scheme of yours and Marjorie's a very unfeminine one, but as it is no use to say so, I will keep my opinion to myself. I suppose I may ask a question or two."

"A hundred if you like," Marjorie assured her, "and they shall be truthfully answered. What is number one to be? Have we made our wills?"

"You might do a more foolish thing than that," was the retort, "but what I intended to ask was this—you brought from London three large trunks; do you propose taking these with you?"

"Two out of the three are packed, strapped, and labelled to be forwarded to Mrs. Franklyn. We hope they will reach their destination before we do, that we may have the inestimable comfort awaiting us of a change of clothes."

"May I also inquire if you mean to *do*—that is the correct phrase, isn't it?—to do your twenty miles a day here as well as in Switzerland?"

"My dear aunt," replied Marjorie, producing a pocket map and pencil "we are going to practice the severest moderation. We shall leave here to-morrow morning after an early breakfast, but we do not propose to get farther than Seaview by the evening."

"A distance of something like ten miles," Mrs. Dawson commented. "Your grandmother, Marjorie, and she was one of the best and wisest of women—never went beyond the village in which she was born but twice in her life."

"How much wholesome enjoyment she must have missed," Joan murmured.

"Ah!" said Marjorie, saucily, "it is plain that her daughters have not followed the dear old lady's example, for mamma is going to take my sister to Cromer; and you, auntie, never omit to pay a yearly visit to one or other of our seaside resorts."

"My delicate health necessitates it," Mrs. Dawson, who had never had a day's illness since her marriage, unblushingly responded. "But I take my pleasure sensibly, and do not make myself notorious by starting off on walking-matches."

Joan answered this in her calmest tones;

"Although we shall carry a few toilet necessaries in knapsacks"—("Just like private soldiers!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, horrified)—"we shall do nothing to attract notice. We shall not be the only friends who will tread the pretty lanes that lie between here and Wootton. From thence to Fishbourne is a mere stroll; and at Fishbourne I have a friend who will give us some luncheon. We shall cross the grounds at Quarr Abbey leisurely, stop a while at Binstead Church to sketch the building and meditate among

the tombstones, then enter Ryde by the pretty shady Spenser Road. After high tea—we mean to eschew set dinners—we shall continue our journey, and keep to the sea-wall till we reach Seaview. Could any arrangement be more reasonable?"

"Especially if it rains," said Mrs. Dawson, ironically.

"Ah! yes," replied Joan. "At this season a shower is always refreshing, and we shall have our waterproofs with us."

Mrs. Dawson threw up her hands.

"I have done. I have made my protest, but to no purpose; you will do as you like. But no matter what happens, I shall hold myself blameless."

"Dear aunt, you shall hear from us frequently," Marjorie promised.

"No doubt I shall. Your uncle, who persists in spoiling my breakfast by reading aloud all the horrors he can find in his morning paper, will regale me with a paragraph to the effect that you have been waylaid in some lonely spot, robbed and murdered, and thrown into the sea, so that we shall not even have the satisfaction of giving you a Christian burial."

"Query!" said Joan. "How will you know what has happened to us if the sea entombs us? Will our disembodied spirits dictate that interesting paragraph to the editor of the *Standard*?"

But Mrs. Dawson would not hear this, nor would she admit her niece on the morrow to say her adieux. So Marjorie breathed them through the keyhole, and, shouldering her knapsack, joined her friend, and then started gaily on their tour.

But when they had bidden adieu to Cowes, and were climbing the hill towards Berton, Joan suddenly became grave, and took a confidential tone.

"I'm going to make a confession, Marjorie *mie*. Your aunt's remarks have made me slightly uneasy on one point. You really are intolerably pretty. You cannot help it, I know. It is not your fault that you have such shining eyes and kissable lips, but I am afraid you will attract more attention than we shall find agreeable. So I have borrowed from your aunt's landlady a hideous brown gauze veil. Will you oblige me by wearing it whenever we approach the busy haunts of men? You can tuck it up at other times."

Marjorie could hardly reply for laughing.

"I'll wear the veil, but I have a confession to make as well as you. I said to myself last night, Joan looks so awfully young and handsome, that the people at the hotels where we shall have to spend our nights may look askance at us, and think with Aunt Dawson that we ought not to be strolling about the country by ourselves. So I tell you what I did—I stole uncle's huge pair of blue goggles for you to put on whenever you want to look elderly or imposing."

Joan accepted the spectacles, and her friend tied the veil round her hat; but it was sometime before they could look at one another without bursts of laughter; and at Fishbourne they amused Joan's friend by appearing before her in their disguises."

Altogether it was a happy, merry day, though the skies were threatening, and just after they reached Seaview the rain came down in torrents. Did this augur ill for their travels?

But the sun was piercing the mists of morning when they drew up their blind on the morrow, and the birds were singing gaily as they paid their hotel bill and started on their journey.

The tide was down, and they were able to make their way to St. Helen's along the shore, but it involved such rough walking that they were glad to cross Brading Haven, and take a long rest under the trees at Bembridge.

Prudence, in the shape of a matron who divided her time between watching the gambols of her children, and chatting with the young ladies who shared her seat, counselled taking to the road if they were *en route* for Sandown; but, by doing this, they would have lost a pleasant hour in the charming little bay under the shadow of Culver Cliff, and the glorious view from the summit of the downs above Yaverland.

It was not yet noon; they had the larger half of a delicious summer day before them, and, fearless of fatigue, they bade adieu to their adviser, and set off once more.

Presently, however, as they were rounding Bembridge Point, Marjorie detected Joan casting glances over her shoulder. Why?

"Oh! it's nothing; only a man whom I have caught sight of once or twice this morning already. I could almost fancy that he was dogging us; for, as soon as he detected me looking towards him, he stepped behind some rocks, and went in a hiding."

"Are you nervous?" demanded Marjorie.

"Not at all. It only struck me as odd that he should come so near, and yet try to keep out of sight. Why did he not walk on, as he should have done?"

But Marjorie was amused at Joan's uneasiness and laughed at it.

"Behind those rocks is he? Then we will wait till he has passed on or gone back. Put on your goggles that you may give him a basilisk stare if he comes within range."

Accordingly they seated themselves on a convenient stone. Then they ate their luncheon, and had agreed to translate a page or two of German, when the annoying stranger strode quickly past their resting-place, and was soon out of sight.

Joan submitted to be teased a little about her scare, which was forgotten when Whitecliff Bay lay before our fair pedestrians, and they stood watching the tide roll into it.

But time raced on as well as the waves, and they must not linger too long, so they sought the zig-zag path that climbs the hillside, and found themselves presently warm and breathless at the obelisk on the summit.

Marjorie was about to run forward and throw herself on the short turf so redolent with wild thyme and starred with yellow flowers, but Joan held her back with a significant gesture. On the other side of the obelisk sat

the stranger. Not till he had hurried away did they feel free to enjoy the views to be obtained from this spot.

"I hope we have seen the last of him," said Marjorie, pettishly. "He has contrived to be a nuisance to us this morning, and yet he is young, and well dressed, and not bad looking."

"He is gone—forget him," replied Joan. "After all the route was as free to him as to us. We are not likely to encounter him again."

Nor did they till the following day. Marjorie fancied she caught sight of him on the pier at Sandown, were they were lingering in the twilight to watch the moon rise, but was not certain, so said nothing about it.

But on the morrow, as they were exploring the beauties of Shanklin Chine, his dark face looked down upon them from the top of a flight of steps. He was gone instantly, but the encounter was a provoking one. If he were not dogging their steps, why did he start and avoid them as soon as he saw that he was descried?

"What signifies," said Joan, in her most matter-of-fact style. "He may be mistaking us for some of the celebrities now on tour in the island. You are not unlike one of our famous actresses, Marjorie; or he may be deceived by my blue goggles into thinking I am a German archduchess. While he climbs the Chine we will return to the beach. The tide is out, and it is possible to get round the foot of Dunnose to Luccombe and the Landslip. We may pick up some Isle of Wight diamonds as we go."

Accordingly Joan's suggestion was acted upon, and towards the close of a day of scrambling up and down the most romantic of paths, and pausing ever and anon to enjoy the exquisite bits of scenery, the friends, tired and hungry, passed through Bonchurch on their way to the Ventnor Hotel, at which they had, by telegraph, secured rooms.

On the low wall of Bonchurch Pond sat the stranger, and though he vanished as soon as they drew near, they met with him again at the door of the Temperance Hotel.

Was he staying there too?

Apparently so, for ere they could be certain that the recognition was mutual he disappeared into the coffee room.

"If he does cross our path again," declared Joan, angrily, "I will march up to him boldly—fortified by my spectacles, of course, and demand his name and address."

"And if he declines to satisfy you?"

"Why then I'll give him in charge!" said Joan, promptly.

"On what charge?" queried Marjorie, and as her friend had no answer ready, she made none.

But in the middle of the night Marjorie sat up in bed, exclaiming:

"I know; I have guessed who he is, and what brings him here! It is Aunt Dawson's doings. She is so afraid something will happen to we two adventurous damsels that she is paying a policeman in plain clothes to keep guard over us."

"As if we were not to be trusted," commented Joan, sitting up too. "Why, it is intolerable; and I for one refuse to submit to such degrading surveillance."

"How are we to help ourselves?"

But Joan would not answer this yet.

"Go to sleep, Madge, and I'll tell you in the morning."

Marjorie obeyed, but seemed to have scarcely closed her eyes when she was aroused.

"Up with you, sluggard! It is six o'clock. I have already interviewed a chamber-maid, who will have breakfast ready for us in half an hour."

"And wherefore?" was asked in sleepy tones. "I decidedly prefer my rolls and coffee at nine."

"I will tell you while I brush your hair for you. I am determined to circumvent our body guard. If you make haste we shall be on the road before he has left his room. I shall also enquire the most direct route to Niton, and deliberately follow another. Seest thou, maiden? Agreeest thou?"

"I shall enter into your plans with all my heart as soon as I am wide awake," was the yawning response. "By all means let us press on if by so doing we can shake off the spy. It takes away half the enjoyment of our tour to know that we are watched and followed wherever we go."

A plunge into her bath and Marjorie was her own merry self. Breakfast was quickly despatched, and so briskly did the friends set forth that they might have reached Niton, which was to be their first stopping-place, before the sun was high, if Marjorie had not been continually tempted to botanize, and Joan to sketch.

"I am getting awfully hungry!" said the former, presently.

"There are houses in sight," Joan told her. "This is Puckaster Bay we are skirting; and not far from the lighthouse point there is a dear little old-fashioned inn. I saw it two summers ago when I came here with my brother. We will lunch there."

"On bread and cheese and cresses," sang Marjorie. "Exhausted nature must be invigorated before we can climb St. Catherine's Hill, especially if you are correct in saying it is the highest in the island."

"Here is the inn," said Joan, ten minutes later, as, with her hands full of the pretty pink flowers of the sea-gull weed, Marjorie came to her side.

"It looks deliciously primitive and restful. We will stay here to-night, if mine host and hostess please us. Let us go in and see what they are like."

Joan opened the white gate of the neatly kept garden, took half-a-dozen steps along the gravel path, then biting her lip and reddening, she beat a hasty retreat.

"He is there!" she gasped, "sitting just inside that window, in the easiest of attitudes; and—and he peered at me over the top of the newspaper he was pretending to read. I'll never forgive you, Aunt Dawson—never!"

"What shall we do?" asked Marjorie, faintly. "I am so hungry; and

one of those children playing under the trees told me that it was half a mile to the village, and all up hill!"

Muttering something about finding a baker's shop somewhere, Joan led the way to where a signal-post led to Niton; but there stopped and listened. It was the "toot-toot" of a horn, and the steady tramp-tramp of four horses that she heard. The coach for Freshwater was just coming into sight. The coachman drew up his team in obedience to her uplifted hand. Every seat outside was full; but inside—

Dragging Marjorie after her, she jumped into the coach. Another "toot" of the horn, and away they went, Joan crying, triumphantly:

"Now we have distanced him indeed!"

"And lost half our walk," added Marjorie. "I had set my heart on seeing Walpen Chine, and Whale Chine, and the submerged forest at Brooke, and the Druid stone at Mottistone, and astonishing the Franklyns with our pedestrianism. Instead of which, it will seem as if we had broken down in the middle."

"We could not go on with a strange man always at our heels," she was reminded. "How far is it, did you ask? About twenty miles, I think."

"Twenty miles, and I am starving! I think I had better finish the sleep you broke in upon, and forget my woes."

And Marjorie dozed very comfortably till a touch from Joan awoke her. They had arrived, and were received with open arms by Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn.

Their description of their journey—told as it was by Joan with irritating humor—evoked shouts of laughter, Mr. Franklyn protesting that he owed a debt of gratitude to the unknown for having driven his guests to Freshwater at least two days earlier than they were expected.

"How delightful!" observed Marjorie on the second evening after their arrival, when Joan and Mr. Franklyn were touching up some sketches made in the morning; and she and Mrs. Franklyn were lounging in low chairs beside an open window. "How delightful it is to find you alone, and to be able to monopolize you! I was so afraid you might have a mob of people staying here!"

"We did not invite anyone but a cousin, who could not come, and you two dear girls," was the reply. "I expect my brother will join us. Morton Hemsley, the author; you know his books? Now you shall know him."

"By George! here he is!" exclaimed Mr. Franklyn, jumping up and hurrying into the long entrance-hall to welcome the new-comer.

As he had left the door of the room open it was impossible to help hearing what passed.

"Yes, here I am. How is Polly? What a pretty spot you have hit upon!" exclaimed a deep, pleasant voice. "How did I come? Tramped it, of course; and a jolly walk it has been, in spite of drawbacks."

"Of what kind—headaches or blistered feet?"

"Neither, I am happy to say. But at Stokes Bay, where I crossed to Ryde, I met old Mrs. Dullerton—you know her?—the mother of half a dozen antiquated spinsters—and she told me two of her daughters were enjoying a walking-tour in the island; and as she was sure we should meet she loaded me with messages for them."

"And did you meet the dear old girls?"

"My good fellow, they haunted me! At Seaview I first dropped upon the pair. I should say couple, for one was an amazon in blue gig-lamps, the other a little woman who shrouded her middle-aged charms in brown gauze. Yes, they first appeared at Seaview, and from that time I could not get away from them. Wherever I went, there they came too. But what is it amuses you so very much? Is Mary here?"

Morton Hemsley walked unceremoniously into the sitting-room, folded his sister in an affectionate embrace, and then became aware that she was not alone. Moreover, that the beautiful, ladylike young women who were her companions, were blushing and laughing in a most unaccountable manner.

"Allow me to do the introducing," cried Mr. Franklyn. "Joan, my dear—Marjorie, darling—this is the detective in plain clothes who marred your holiday; Morton, I have the pleasure of presenting you to Miss Joan Orton, the amazon of your adventure; and this is little Madge Gordon, the ancient maiden of the brown gauze veil."

There were merry explanations given and demanded, Joan inquiring, with all the gravity she could muster, whether she ought not to resent to the death the strictures passed on her commanding figure.

But the offender must have taken great pains to atone for his rudeness, for the next walking-tour Joan Orton undertook was not with pretty Marjorie Gordon, who was preparing for a journey to New York with an American bridegroom, but with her own newly-wedded husband, Morton Hemsley, the author.

Canadian Enterprise.

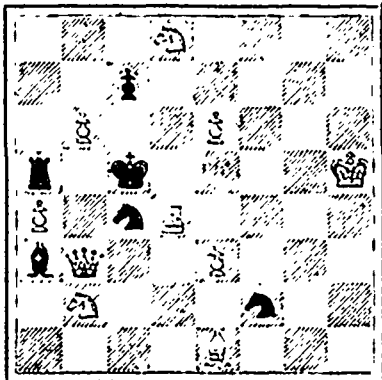
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CHESS.

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Solution to problem No. 92, R to Q6. Solved by J. W. Wallace and Mrs. H. Moseley.

PROBLEM No. 94.
By T. Tavernor, Bolton, England.
BLACK 6 pieces.



WHITE 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in 2 moves

GAME No. 75.
Correspondence Game.

WHITE BLACK
Col. Noyes, R. A., Mr. L'Hommiere,
Halifax. Kansas City.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1 P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2 P to KB4 | P takes P |
| 3 B to QB4 | Q to R5 ch (-a) |
| 4 K to B sq | P to Q4 |
| 5 B takes P | P to KKt4 |
| 6 Kt to QB3 | Kt to K2 |
| 7 Kt to KB3 | Q to R4 |
| 8 P to Q4 | B to ht2 |
| 9 P to KR4 | P to KR3 |
| 10 K to Kt sq | P to Kt5 |
| 11 Kt to K5 | B takes Kt |
| 12 P takes B | Q takes KP |
| 13 Q to KB sq | P to QB3 |
| 14 B takes KBP | ch K takes B |
| 15 Q takes P | Q to B3 |
| 16 B to K5 | Q takes Q |
| 17 R takes Q ch | K to Kt sq |
| 18 B takes R | K takes B |
| 19 R to KB7 | Kt to Kt sq |
| 20 K to R2 | Kt to Q2 |
| 21 KR to Q sq | Kt to B4 |
| 22 R to Q8 | Kt to K3 |
| 23 R to Q6 | P to QR4 |
| 24 P to K5 | P to R5 |
| 25 Kt to K4 | R to R4 |
| 26 Kt to B6 | Kt takes Kt |
| 27 P takes Kt | K to Kt sq |
| 28 R to K7 | K to B sq |
| 29 R takes Kt | B takes R |
| 30 R takes B | R to QB4 |
| 31 R to K7 | P to QKt4 |
| 32 R to KR7 | P to R4 |
| 33 K to Kt3 | R to KB4 |
| 34 P to KB7 | P to B4 |
| 35 P to B3 | P to B5 |
| 36 P to QR3 | R to K4 |
| 37 K to B4 | R to Q4 |
| 38 K to K4 | R to QB4 |
| 39 P to KKt3 | K to K2 |
| 40 P to B8 Qs ch | K takes Q |
| 41 R to Q7 | K to K sq |
| 42 R to Q5 | R takes R |
| 43 K takes R | K to Q2* |
- White announces mate in 32 moves
Resigns.

Notes by C. W. Lundy.
a P to Q4 is Black's best move here (Bilgwer's Counter Gambit).
White's attack spirited throughout and Black's defense against the two Rooks very commendable. A highly interesting game.
*Black hoped to draw the game at this stage.

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Our Checker Editor has received a few copies of a pamphlet, published by the editors of the *American Checker Review*, the title of which reads "Draughts. American championship match, Reed vs. Barker, containing biographical sketches of the champions, as well as a full account of the match, articles of agreement and the standlaw regulating the play, instructions for beginners, together with the whole of the match games extensively annotated and profusely illustrated with diagrams." The price of these books is fifty cents each. Every checker player should have one. Orders for them may be sent to W. Forsyth, 36 Grafton Street, Halifax.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 128.—The position was:—black men 10, 12, 20, king 26; white men 18, 19, 32, king 6; black to play and draw.

20-24	14-9	24-28	12-16
6-15	11-7	19-15	6-9
29-23	9-5	1-5	16-19
1-19	16-7	2-2	6-drawn.
23-14	5-1	5-1	
16-11	15-19	15-10	

VAR. I

18-14	15-24	6-2	28-19
23-16	12-16	26-23	18-15
14-10	10-6	2-7	drawn.
16-19	16-20	23-18	
32-27	24-28	7-10	
24-31	31-26	20-24	

GAME XXV.

AYRSHIRE LASSIE.

Being the 27th game in the championship match between Messrs. Reed and Barker.

Black, Mr. Reed.	White, Mr. Barker.		
11-15	13-6	6-10	32-28
24-20	2-9	30-25	a-26-31
8-11	26-22	10-17	12-8
28-24	1-6	25-21	3-12
4-8	22-17	22-26	19-15
23-19	18-22	21-14	31-26
9-14	25-18	12-16	15-8
22-17	15-22	19-12	7-11
15-18	23-18	26-30	b-21-17
26-23	14-23	24-19	13-22
11-15	27-18	30-26	8-3
17-13	9-13	29-25	26-23
8-11	17-14	26-30	3-8
31-26	10-17	25-21	Barker
6-9	21-14	30-26	wins.

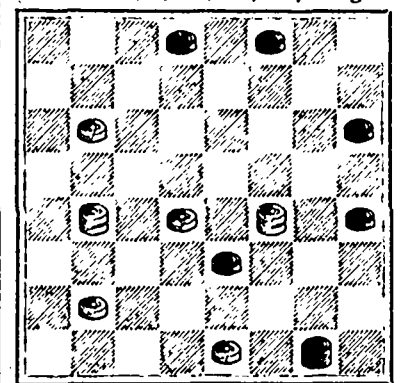
(a) This move loses. The following is the proper way to draw:—
26-30 30-25 13-22 21-17
12-8 15-8 8-3 3-8
3-12 7-11 25-21 5-9
19-15 21-17 14-10 drawn.

(b) This neat win was first shown by Mr. G. Ritchie as problem No. 26 of the *British Draught Player*.

PROBLEM No. 130.

By Wm. Logan, Kilbirnie, Scotland, in "Gems" in the *Aberdeen Free Press*.

Black men 2, 3, 12, 20, 23, king 32.



White men 9, 18, 25, 31, kings 17, 19,
Black to move and win.

Anyone who can solve this without moving a piece may safely assert that he knows something about checkers.

"I heartily recommend PUTTNER'S EMULSION"

to all who are suffering from Affections of the THROAT and LUNGS, and I am certain that for WASTING DISEASES nothing superior to it can be obtained."

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Diseases for the last five years. About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try PUTTNER'S EMULSION; I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated, my cough diminished, my appetite improved; I added several pounds to my weight in a short time, and began to recover strength. This process continued until life, which had been a misery to me, became once more a pleasure. Since then Puttner's Emulsion has been my only medicine. As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the LUNGS and THROAT, and I am certain that for any form of WASTING DISEASES nothing superior can be obtained."

ROBERT R. J. EMMERSON.
Sackville, N. S., Aug., 1899.

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At 2 o'clock, p.m.

PRIZES VALUE, \$50,000.
Capital Prize—1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	\$5,000
1 Real Estate worth	2,000	2,000
1 Real Estate worth	1,000	1,000
4 Real Estates worth	500	2,000
10 Real Estates worth	300	3,000
30 Furniture Sets worth	200	6,000
60 Furniture Sets worth	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches worth	50	10,000
1000 Silver Watches worth	10	10,000
1000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000

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Winners' names not published unless specially authorized.

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