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THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The news from Europe is daily becoming more ominous, and may almost be taken as premonitions of war, not that any single European power is particularly anxious to fire the first shot, but each is preparing at tremendous cost, for a struggle which is regarded as inevitable. Whether Germany and France, or Austria and Russia will strike the first blow, is the problem which remains to be solved.

Two hundred thousand new voters have been enfranchised under the Dominion Act; two hundred thousand, not forty thousand, as stated in our editorial, "The Political Battle." These will constitute an element of uncertainty which the party whips and old political wire-pullers will have difficulty in placing. Hereditary predilections or surrounding circumstances may make some of these new voters strong partisans, but the majority of them will vote from conviction, and their action will be applauded or decried according to whether conviction has led them to support or oppose either of the two great parties.

Our American cousins are not wont to make a fuss over nothing. They represented our fisheries as worthless, and when we take them at their word and force them to respect our laws, they become irritated and threaten dire vengeance if we do not immediately allow them all the privileges that our own fishermen enjoy. If the fisheries are worthless, Uncle Sam's legislators are making a terrible to-do about a small matter. Possibly there is another side to the question, otherwise these long, wordy resolutions, threatening non-intercourse between the United States and Canada, would scarce attract so much attention.

We publish in another column a brief letter from Miss Frances Power Cobbe, well known throughout Britain for the interest she has evinced in preventing cruelty to animals. Miss Power Cobbe has quoted from our news columns an item which we had no reason to believe incorrect, but as that lady has sent us a carefully prepared paper, giving in full the names and nationalities of fifty-two persons who died after having been inoculated in the Pasteur Institute, we hasten to correct the impression conveyed by our news note. The paper in question was published in the Parisian *Journal de Médecine*, November 7th, and in it, it is stated that the medical opinion on facts as reported, was that the deaths were due not to hydrophobia, but probably to Pasteur's inoculations, the symptoms not being those of any known disease. Miss Power Cobbe's description of the inhuman treatment which results from Pasteur's system, is in itself sufficient to turn most persons against it.

The dramatic critic of a well known New York journal thus describes Mrs. Langtry in "The Lady of Lyons":—"Lakes of Como glisten in her bland eyes, and her pearly brow stands like Chillon over Leman's waters. Alabaster lamps are swinging and music in the midst of roses exhales while she croons. Bougereau, Titian, Paul Veronese—where are you? Where indeed? And common sense where are you?"

Owing to a panic which ensued from a false alarm of fire in the Princess Street theatre, London, 17 persons were trampled to death by the crowd, in its endeavor to obtain exit. In this instance the alarm was evidently a mistake, but there is no evidence that it was intentional. We refer to the matter more particularly to remind persons attending public entertainments, that their chances of escaping from the building without injury are much greater if they remain for a few moments in their seats until the rush is over. Even should the alarm of fire prove correct, there is always sufficient time for an audience to disperse before any real danger threatens them.

The railway disasters which follow each other with such rapidity, emphasize the need that exists for some better method of heating passenger cars than that at present employed. Collisions and derailments have their own terrors, but the prospect of being buried alive in the debris and roasted to death, within hail of those who are powerless to save, makes travelling anything but a safe pastime. Heat without fire is difficult to obtain, but the man who succeeds in inventing some process for some less dangerous way of heating railway carriages than that at present in vogue, will soon have a round million to his credit in the bank.

Dr. Ross, who has recently resigned the premiership of the Quebec Government is sick, sick politically, we presume. The doctor made an excellent first minister, but his friends deserted him on account of the stand taken by him on the Riel issue, and the prospect of meeting the new parliament with a chance of being hoisted into the cold shades of opposition on the very first vote, was enough to give any politician the ague and rheumatism and probably the phthisis as well. The Hon. L. O. Taillon has undertaken the task of forming a new Conservative ministry. No doubt he will be able to form a Cabinet, but will the legislators support it. There's where the rub comes in.

The conduct of Sir John Pope Hennessy, Governor of Mauritius, has been proved to be not only unconstitutional, but in direct opposition to his instructions from the Colonial Department. Sir John has a faculty of arousing class against class, creed against creed, and nationality against nationality. The Mauritius afforded him an excellent opportunity for the practise of his special gift, there being in the Island 120,000 whites, principally of French descent, and 250,000 coolies, native and imported. Sir John espoused the cause of the latter, and by unconstitutional methods, sought to over-ride the decisions of the elected representatives, with the result that he has been recalled from his post with name and fame tarnished.

The Fruit Growers Association have probably done more to advance the interests of this province during the past few years than any body of men in it. At their annual meeting, which took place in Wolfville last week, facts and figures were adduced which proved beyond question that fruit-culture was the most profitable investment that a married man could make. The business is as yet in its infancy, for the day will yet come when, instead of exporting 20,000 or 30,000 barrels of apples, we shall be shipping at least 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 barrels annually. Young men of intelligence and industrious habits should investigate the paying properties of fruit-raising in Nova Scotia before purchasing a ticket for Chicago.

The American Institute has recently had a lively discussion over the photograph of a young lady which was alleged to have been due to the direct action of a flash of lightning. As we mentioned some weeks ago, the picture appeared upon the surface of a brass plate which the young lady was holding in her hand at the time of a severe thunderstorm. During the discussion at the American Institute, Mr. T. C. Martin read the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Operator* for January 1, 1876:—"We learn that within the last two weeks a singular discovery has been made at the house of Jesse Garth, for many years deceased. It is said that a distinct and accurate likeness of Mrs. Garth, who has been dead for twenty years, can be seen on a pane of glass in the upper sash of one of the windows, presenting very much the appearance of a photograph negative. The discovery is said to have been made by a woman who was washing clothes in the yard, who imagined someone was watching her through the window, and went inside to see who it was. We gather these facts from Dr. Charles Brown, who has himself seen the singular picture. Dr. Brown remembers that about twenty years ago Mr. Garth told him that his wife, while standing at the window, was stunned by a sudden flash of lightning, and the doctor's theory is that the outline of her features was photographed on the window at the time. The youngest daughter of Mr. Garth, and others who were acquainted with Mrs. Garth, have seen the picture and pronounced it a striking likeness."—*Electrician*.

THE ARMY IN HALIFAX.

An aged contemporary published in Halifax, which has bloomed and blossomed 'mid the summer's heats and winter's snows for upwards of seventy-three years, rises to express its opinion upon the drawbacks resulting from one or more regiments of the army being stationed in Halifax. It shakes its hoary locks knowingly in quoting our remarks upon "Halifax Society," and insinuates that these have been prompted by sinister motives. We respect the baldness and boldness of our contemporary, and shall, therefore, not argue this point with it,—but its reference to the army and to red-coats, as being out of place in this country in times of peace, is one that we cannot allow to go unchallenged. It does not follow from that which we have said in previous articles respecting Halifax society that the only way to cure the evils referred to is to remove the garrison from this city. Toadyism was pardonable in Halifaxians when the population of the city, compared with that of the garrison, was relatively small, but now that the citizens outnumber the military ten to one, it ill-becomes our people to play the part of sycophants and fawn upon certain individuals, whose professional calling they regard as gilt-edged certificates of birth and worth. This phase of the question our contemporary ignores, but, probably realizing the truth of THE CRITIC'S remarks, it intimates that the army itself had better be removed from Halifax—regarding it as being out of place in this city in times of peace. Just where our contemporary would have the men removed to does not appear—possibly India, South Africa, Australia or New Zealand would serve as an asylum for the red-coats. But why should they not remain here? Is Nova Scotia not a British colony, and does the British Government not own and possess the lands held by it on the shores of Halifax harbor? If so, have not the British soldiers as good a right to occupy the buildings erected upon these lands as we have to occupy our own private houses? It may be inferred from our contemporary's remarks that in the event of war regiments of the red coats would be most cordially welcomed in Halifax; but of what service does it suppose that these regiments would be, were it not that in times of peace the resident garrisons had extended and strengthened the fortifications, so as to be able to defend the city against an attack by land or water. The red-coats are here, both officers and men, and so long as they attend to the duties assigned them Halifaxians have nothing to complain of. They may be non-producers of wealth but they are not non consumers of farm and other produce, so that to this extent, at least, the army has its money value to Halifax. What we have criticized and shall continue to criticize is not the army, officers or men, but the toadyism of Halifax society, which is observable, so far as the military is concerned, in the drawing rooms of the rich as well as in the more unpretentious parlors of our mechanics and artisans.

SPECULATION.

The mania for speculation is a growing one, and is the cause of a great deal of the crime and misery to be found in all portions of the civilized world. We do not refer to what might be called legitimate speculation, where merchants, thoroughly posted in their respective businesses, actually purchase large stocks of goods, and hold them in expectation of an advance; or where parties who have capital to spare invest it in actual mining works; but to the wild speculation in stocks and bonds, in wheat, oil, and provisions, where no actual transfers of property take place, and which resolves itself simply into betting whether prices will go up or down. Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," has written a graphic account of his experiences while speculating on the New York Stock Exchange, or rather through brokers who operated on the Exchange, and anyone who may be tempted by the glittering baits held out, to put up margins in Brokers' hands, would do well to peruse it before taking the first plunge. It is simply gambling, and once the mania is aroused very few men have the nerve or courage to withdraw until irretrievably ruined. Even then, as Miller shows, they cannot tear themselves away from the magic tape, and cores of these ruined gamblers, without a penny to invest, haunt the Brokers' offices and make mental investments, and often grow elated over imaginary gains.

It is a sad picture, and when we couple it with the great temptation held out to the custodians of trust funds, to which so many have succumbed, ringing not only disgrace and ruin on themselves and families, but upon real financial institutions in all parts of the world, the system must be pronounced an unmixed evil. Small operators may be led to believe that they are taking even chances, but they are very much mistaken. Where there are big issues, the parties engaged in it are, on the one hand, inside ringers who dwell behind the curtain and shift the scenes; and, on the other, at portion of the dear outside public which are usually called "suckers" "lamb."

That "lamb" should always be found ready for the slaughter can only be accounted for by the fact that the gambling instinct in human nature is primal, ineradicable and universal. Given a chance to bet, to buy stocks lottery tickets, or to deal in "futures" of grain, oil, or cotton, and this voracious propensity springs into life and activity as naturally as weeds over a garden in the spring. An impressive illustration of the foregoing is seen in the occurrence of last month in Wall Street, at Pittsburgh, and at San Francisco. We gather from the *Bankers' Monthly* that three great speculative campaigns characterized the closing months of 1886. The first was the mildest, and the last most severe, each was ably managed, and culminated successfully as usual for the insiders. "In the opening months of '86, oil was boomed in sympathy with stocks at the great speculative mart where the price of certificates reached \$1.10 or thereabouts. At or around this high point the insider unloaded and went short, and the market, bereft of support, began slowly to decline, and hardly turned until 60 had been

touched. A reaction to 65 followed, and around that figure the market hung for nearly a month. Traders began to think it would never move again in a decided way, and it grew to be a general custom to sell oil short for the sake of earning the daily carrying charges, which, of course, had to be paid by the 'longs.' In this manner, all unsuspected, a large short interest was created, and caught napping by the bull managers with the help of the Standard Oil Company. All went into the ring together, bid the market up to \$1, sold out their holdings, and then the price slowly went back to where it started. How much the ringsters cleared and the outsiders dropped during the campaign, no one knows.

The second great gambling event of last year occurred in mining stocks at New York and San Francisco. The inside history of this movement was about this: The owners of the big mines in the Pacific States had been trying for months previous to the boom to reach a lower level for the excavation of ore. Suddenly the delvers found themselves blocked. The discovery was made that the mines could not be worked any deeper, and all that was left was to gather the remnants of ore up and down the sides. This discovery was communicated to the owners, but not to the public outside. Straightway the big owners of mining stock and their allies gave out mysterious hints that unexpected disclosures would soon be made concerning the richness of the great mines that had been paying well hitherto. A little flame of interest was thus kindled in the public mind, which was most judiciously fanned and increased, until, in the course of a week or two, a regular speculative conflagration was raging. Millions of money were drawn out of Savings' banks, and invested in wild-cat mining shares. Incredible as it seems, the market value of these stocks actually rose from \$1,744,250 to \$35,520,350 in the course of a few weeks. Of course, all the insiders sold out at or near the top, and after that the whole furor slowly subsided. Among the losers, there was weeping and wailing, and among the winners, grinning and chuckling.

The third, last, and greatest campaign was conducted in Wall street in railway stocks. The beginning of this movement goes back into 1885, when the turn came after a period of unexampled depression. The boom then began was carefully nursed through 1885 and through the first half of 1886, when more steam was put on, and the rally became more pronounced. The game was worked admirably, and kept up so long that an impression gained ground that stocks could not go down more than a point or two at any time. The big bears of 1884 and 1885 were all dead or broke except Cammack and a few others, and this time of general confidence was chosen as the proper period to let the market go. The toboggan was tilted at the top of the incline, when a push was given by the managers, and away it went. In two days from ten to fifteen millions of money sank out of sight before the poor victims could hardly realize what had been done. The market had been resting on stilts, and the stilts were taken away,—that was all. A decline of eight to twenty dollars a share brought values down to a point where people were willing to buy again, and the decline was arrested. At the present writing, the market is getting ready for another move of some kind, and most people predict that it will be upward again."

These three examples should be sufficient to warn all sensible men against the folly of stock speculations. The mania is spreading through the Dominion and on the examination a day or two ago of the Montreal Telegraph Company's books it was found that 30,000 shares were held by brokers and others for speculation. This public gambling is a curse to the country, and yields no kind of revenue. A check should be put upon it, and it might be advisable to impose some sort of tax on transfers of stock.

THE POLITICAL BATTLE

The scouts have come in, and the main lines of the two great political armies now stand opposed to each other in battle array, and ere long we shall hear the din of a struggle which, in little more than three weeks' time, will settle which party is to control Canada for the ensuing five years. Lifelong Tories and uncompromising Grits have already drawn their swords in contemplation of the affray. But what of the 40,000 young volunteers recently admitted to citizenship—young men who have not yet thrown in their lot with either party? Are they to be mere camp-followers, or will they act independently, giving their support individually to that man or that party, which they are convinced will best advance the interests of our common country? The political trench-diggers are already at work, and already the mud is being thrown pell-mell across the narrow line that divides the two parties. Fortunately, the great mass of combatants can stand back at a respectful distance, and complacently watch this party mud-throwing. But if they were to honestly express their opinion upon this method of warfare, they would characterize it as mean, contemptible, and unworthy of any good cause. We trust the young men will not support either newspapers or candidates who undertake to substitute as arguments on great public questions vile personal abuse, misrepresentation and cowardly insinuation. The two great parties have distinct records and distinctive platforms—these records are either good or bad, and these platforms are either worthy of support or they are not. Young men must study the field carefully before deciding to ally themselves with either the Liberals or Liberal-Conservatives; they should remember that the result of the coming election will depend largely upon their action, and they should therefore discharge the responsibilities of citizenship without political bias.

A project is on foot for tunnelling the Rocky Mountains under Gray's Peak, which rises 14,441 feet above the level of the sea. It is proposed to bore from east to west direct for 25,000 feet, at 4,441 below the peak, and communication will thus be opened between the valleys on the Atlantic and Pacific side. Part of this has already been accomplished and there will be little more required in the way of heavy engineering work.

CHUCKLES.

The dude is going into the dictionary, but there's very little of the dictionary in the dude.

The rooster arranges his notes in order of the crow-matic scale.—*Merchant Truceller.*

"I know every rock on the coast," said an Irish pilot, when the ship then bumped—"and that's one of them."

A man by the name of Fortune in Columbus, Wisconsin, was presented by his wife with three girls at one birth. Truly, Miss-Fortunes do not come singly.

Watching the Old Year Out.—Sexton: "I beg your pardon, sir, but the services are over." Sleeper: "I youll build it this morning, Maria, I won't ask you ag'in all winter."—*Tid-Bits.*

Rev. Highflyer—"I delivered that sermon off-hand. I hadn't given it a moment's thought. How did you like it?" Frank Hoarer—"I can't say. You see I didn't give it a moment's thought either."

Love.—At three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweetheart; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

Mamma—"Do you know the Ten Commandments, my dear?" Little Bee—"Yes, mamma." "Well, repeat them." I can't, mamma. I don't know them by heart; I only know them when I see them."

A little child every night used to say in her prayers, "O Lord, give me a new heart." One night her mother noticed that she did not say this, and asked why she had omitted it. The little child replied, "Recco, mamma, I dot it."

Artist: "Have you taken my picture to the exhibition?" Porter: "You, sir; it seemed to please the gentlemen very much." Artist: "What did they say?" Porter: "Oh, they didn't say anything; they only aughed."

Our artist (fishing for compliments): "Well, I can't do much more to it, and now I don't quite like it!" Friend (unartistically): "Neither do I, old fellow! But" (encouragingly) "won't the same bit of what's-its-name—canvas—do for another?"—*Fvn.*

An author was boasting of a comedy he had written, and appealed to a friend to confirm his own estimate of its excellence. The friend gravely said, "Your comedy is a great work—a very important work—a work that is by no means to be laughed at."

"Mary Jane Berke?" "What, ma'am?" "What be you a-doin'?" "Eatin' pie, ma'am." "What be you a eatin it with?" "Knife." "So you be! Now what have I told you about eatin' pie with your knife, Mary Jane? Take that pie up in your hand and eat it as you ought to!"

MILITARY ITEM.—Corporal to soldier: "Why is the blade of the sabre curved instead of atstraight?" Soldier: "It is curved in order to give more power to the blow." Corporal: "Humbug! The sabre is curved so it will fit the scabbard. If it was straight, how would it get into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?"—*From the German.*

"There's a sad case," said old Mrs. Squaggs, as she laid the paper on her knees, and wiped her spectacles; "a bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and at last accounts she hadn't recovered her speech." "It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Squaggs with a sigh. "It's the way of the world; some men have all the luck."

A Quaker and a Methodist happened to stop once at the same inn, and were compelled, through the inn being so crowded, to sleep in the same room. The Quaker retired early to bed, and, according to their custom, said a short prayer to himself. Soon after the Methodist came, and in his way prayed long and fervently, confessing his sins with many a groan. When he had finished he found the Quaker up again and dressing himself. The Methodist being surprised asked him what he was doing that for. The Quaker answered, "Friend, if thou art half so bad as thou makest thyself out to be, I would rather not sleep in the same room with thee."

Mr. Labouchere in *Truth* relates the following story in referring to the late Sir Alexander Malet: "When at Frankfort I had the honor of serving under him, and certainly a more kindly chief was not to be found in the service. His Legation was accredited to several of the minor Courts, and at one of them I was even more appreciated than my chief. This was why. Occasionally there was a ball at the Court, which we were expected to attend. At my first ball supper I found myself next to a grande gorgeous in stars and ribbons. The servant came to pour out champagne. Now I detect this wine, so I shook my head. The grande nudged me and said, 'Let him pour it out.' This I did, and he explained to me that the potentate whose hospitality we were enjoying never gave his guests more than one glass, 'so you see, if I drink yours I shall have two,' and he suited the action to the word. After this there used to be quite a struggle to sit near me at Court dinners."

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A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

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

Mr. Henry Morton, of Hastings, who returned recently from Victoria, B. C., states that it rained there for 60 consecutive days.

There is one post office to every 633 people in Canada, and the Dominion has more post offices to the same number of people than any other country in the world.

The Queen's Own Rifle Regiment of Toronto has asked the Militia Department for leave to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee in England at their own expense. The officers are enthusiastic over the contemplated trip, but have as yet not received any reply.

A handsome chronological calendar has been issued by our contemporary the *Herald*. It gives the dates of many events which are of interest to Nova Scotians, the collating of which must have required much laborious research. We are pleased to have this opportunity of recognizing our contemporary's enterprise.

A writer in the *Chronicle*, with a geometrical eye, objects to the Parade being called Queen's or Victoria Square. He is right. The Parade is not a square, and never could be made such. It was once used as a parade, and in choosing a new name, the historical significance of this fact should not be overlooked.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has been notified that the twelve 80-ton guns, now constructing at Woolwich Arsenal, for the defence of Victoria, British Columbia, will be ready for shipment over that railway in April, with large consignments of war material. Special cars have been ordered to be built to carry the heavy guns.

The British Government has notified the authorities in British Columbia that no attempt must be made to interfere with the Chinese residents in that Province. The relations between China and Great Britain are now on a most satisfactory footing; and in the event of a Russian complication, it is most desirable that these cordial relations should be maintained.

The sympathies of most good citizens will be with the young man who was fined in the Halifax police court for assault. The facts are that while in St. George's church on Sunday last, he endeavored to quiet several roughs who were making a noise and disturbing the congregation. Finding moral suasion useless, he tried muscular christianity and quiet was restored. The law condemns him but public opinion will sustain him.

The news of the death of Deputy Surgeon-General Wolsely was received in Halifax with regret, the deceased having made many friends in this city. Dr. Wolsely was a brother of Lord Wolsely, and appears to have possessed the same military spirit which animates that distinguished General. Dr. Wolsely's death was caused by a fall from his horse at Meerut, India. Mrs. Wolsely is in England, not having gone to India with her husband.

On Monday last, a young lad named William Thompson, an employee of the Nova Scotia Sugar Refinery, was smothered to death while performing some work in connection with the "char" box. Had the poor boy taken the precaution to loosen the "char" at the top of the box, instead of entering the man-hole from below, the sad accident would have been avoided; as it was, he was buried beneath the "char," and must have expired almost instantaneously.

According to the Canadian *Gazette* it is understood that an effort is being made by gentlemen interested in Canadian affairs in Paris to introduce Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick black oats to the Compagnie des Omnibus of Paris, to the Compagnie des Petites Voitures of Paris, and to the commissariat officers charged with supplying the French cavalry with oats. The excellent quality of the black oats grown in these two Maritime Provinces for horse-feeding purposes is well known.

If a man's obituary notice could only be written during the time that he was running his election as a candidate for Parliamentary honors, what a different account we would read of him to that which appears in the party papers opposing him. If the press is to be believed, the candidates who have so far been nominated, are scallywags, black-legs, and boodlers. In every truth, the party brush would smirch the reputation of a Joseph, or take a saint of a Barabbas, according to the exigencies of the situation.

In the Parliament just dissolved, there were two hundred and eleven members, of whom sixty-eight were Liberals, and one hundred and forty-three Liberal-Conservatives. In this new Parliament the North-West Territories will be represented by four members, so that there will be 215 members of the House of Commons—from Nova Scotia 21, New Brunswick 6, Prince Edward Island 6, Quebec 65, Ontario 92, Manitoba 5, British Columbia 6, and the North-West Territories 4. In the old Parliament there were 68 lawyers.

The resolutions respecting our fisheries, which are being almost daily introduced into one or other branch of the American Congress, are creating little uneasiness in Great Britain. The tone of the discussion is strong and decided; and if they are to be taken as an index of American feeling on this question, it is evident that we are in for a serious time of it. If the people of the United States believe in fair play, they should appoint a commission to take the evidence on both sides of the question. The evidence so far collected by the Senate committee is one-sided and misleading.

The Sailors' Home is an establishment which in its line, is doing most excellent work in Halifax, it often having been the means of saving Jack from the grip of the sharpers who, in a seaport like this, are ever on the lookout to lighten his pocketbook. Six hundred and sixty-one sailors have, during the past year, taken advantage of the retreat that the Home offers; and from the annual report of those engaged in furthering the work, it is evident that economical management and Jack's comfort have alike been considered. A new Home, commodious and conveniently situated, is now felt to be urgently required, and a subscription list has been opened with this end in view. Several contributions have already been made.

"Baddeck" says:—"There has been a sudden lull in the political storm here, owing to the compromise made between the Conservative and Liberal candidates, which has resulted in the nomination of Duncan McDonald from Englishtown. For the sake of peace and quietness in the community it is to be hoped that the new arrangement will be adhered to, but some of our strong party men are already beginning to show signs of dissatisfaction with the compact. Sunday last was a happy day for the good Presbyterians of Baddeck. For years they have worshipped in a comparatively small and poorly heated edifice. Now they have moved into a new church, which in its way is a perfect gem. It is commodious, handsomely finished, and comfortably heated with hot air. The ladies of the congregation, who have for several years worked assiduously for the requisite funds, feel especially proud of the result. The Rev. K. McKenzie conducted the opening service, preaching a stirring sermon upon the occasion."

Burns' anniversary concert, which came off in the basement of St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday evening last, was Scotch enough to please the most full-blooded Highlander in the country. The Rev. Dr. Pollock's ten minutes orationette was clear, comprehensive and concise. The Dr.'s chilly joke in stating that on the first of March primroses were in bloom near to Burns' home, and that three months later the snow lay on the ground in Nova Scotia, was evidently not understood by the audience, at least, no smile was visible. The programme, consisting of selections from Burns, was carried out with much spirit, the solos of Messrs. Murray, Crawford and Gillis deserving special mention. The duett, "Ye banks and braes," sung by Mrs. H. C. Creighton and Mr. Gillis, although somewhat novel in arrangement, was rendered with great taste and was in all respects the best number of the evening. The popularity of these Burns' anniversary concerts should lead the good people of St. Andrew's church to try the experiment of holding the concert in a hall of good acoustic qualities, and capable of being ventilated.

Mrs. Logan will receive thirty thousand dollars from her husband's book.

President Cleveland has sent his check for \$50 to help the school for Indian girls at Santa Fé, New Mexico.

It is declared that 6000 criminals are at large in New York city because there are not facilities for trying the rogues.

The man whose business it has been to keep passengers from being run over at the west end of the depot at Springfield, Mass., was run over himself and killed by the cars.

A woman in Merced county, Cal., buried \$2500 in gold in the cellar for safe keeping. Her seven-year-old boy discovered the hoard, however, and had distributed \$700 of it among his playmates before he was found out.

Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has given a drinking-fountain to Stratford-on-Avon, expressing the hope that it may prove an evidence of the goodwill between the two nations to whom Shakespeare's fame and works are a common heritage.

Quails, which about five years ago were nearly exterminated in Ohio, are becoming very abundant there. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* reports this bag for two guns in four days: 205 quailst two woodcocks, one duck, sixteen squirrels, and uncounted rabbits.

A prize recently offered in London for the best list of the twelve greatest living men resulted in Gladstone's being placed at the head, and it is rather a tickler for our national vanity, says the *Boston Herald*, to find the name of Grover Cleveland placed ahead of the Prince of Wales in the polling.

New York, during the last school year, expended \$12,284,986 for the public schools of the State, of which \$9,102,268 was for the salaries of 22,240 regular teachers and 9,900 extras. There are 1,735,073 children of school age in the State, of whom 1,027,767 attended school during the year.

Mayor O'Brien of Boston has proposed to have the care of that city's street-crossings parcelled out to men who shall depend on the charity of the passers-by to pay for their services. The Central Labor Union condemns the plan, and there is a general opposition to importing the old London plan of crossing-sweepers to the Hub.

By the will of the late Hon. John S. Newberry, of Detroit, Mich., the large sum of \$500,000 is left for the benefit of numerous religious and charitable institutions in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Mr. Newberry's whole estate is valued at \$4,250,000. His bequest is by far the largest of its kind ever made by a citizen of Detroit.

Thomas Stevens, the plucky American who started out to compass the globe on a bicycle, arrived at San Francisco on Friday last on the steamer City of Peking from Yokohama. He started in April 1884, and had numerous exciting experiences, the most dangerous of which was in going through China, where he had a narrow escape with his life. In Japan he was well treated. He has already written much valuable information about the tribes of Central Asia.

The Governor of Massachusetts and Council have decided to sell the Hoosac Tunnel to the Fitchburg Railway Company.

New Zealand has annexed the Kermadec Islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

The London post-office employed 700 extra clerks during the Christmas holidays.

The English Admiralty have reported in favor of advising shipmasters to pour oil on the waves during storms at sea.

The French agent in Madagascar telegraphs that his relations with the Hovas are excellent and that a settlement of the disputes between France and Madagascar will be shortly effected.

The force of 3,000 Albanians which recently attacked a military depot near Mitrovita, was repulsed by Turkish troops and several were killed and wounded. It is reported that Roumania is inciting the Albanians to revolt.

Madrid is again excited over a revolutionary conspiracy. Government spies have learned that Zorilla has obtained loans to the amount of \$400,000 and has been plotting for a fresh uprising. A secret meeting of revolutionists was held in Madrid lately to discuss plans.

France is buying large quantities of sulphurite from a German manufacturer. This is the ingredient in the new explosive called melinita. The supply turned out by French factories has proved inadequate to the demand from the War Department.

It is reported that the German Government confiscates the property of, and condemns to prison by default, all the residents of Alsace-Lorraine who evade the conscription by emigrating. Forty-seven persons have already been summoned to Wissemburg for evasion. Similar steps are being taken elsewhere.

Serjt. Ballantyne, who died in England the other day at the advanced age of 75, is credited with having received the largest retaining fee ever paid. This was on the occasion of his travelling to India to defend a native prince in the local courts, and the fee was stated at the time to be \$250,000.

Despatches from Brisbane, capital of Queensland, state that that colony has been swept by a fearful cyclone, accompanied by a rain fall of such extraordinary copiousness that twenty inches of water fell in a short time. The result has been disastrous floods in the city of Brisbane. Some of the thoroughfares are submerged to a depth of 20 feet. The city is entirely cut off by floods from its suburbs. Reports say many persons have been drowned.

It is stated that England will not object to enter a congress of the Powers to settle the Bulgarian question. The other powers, with the exception of Russia, whose position is regarded as tentative, have been found willing to take part in the proposed conference. The question has arisen whether the conference should be held before or after a Bulgarian ruler is chosen. In diplomatic circles it is doubted whether the Regents will resign before the Sobrange has accepted a candidate for the throne.

It is reported, in connection with the vast wealth that lies in the Pitch Lake of Trinidad, that the former monopoly of "digging" the asphalt has been brought to an end, and licenses are now offered openly by the Government at a royalty of 2s. 6d. per ton. It is expected that this course of action will largely increase the asphalt trade. The exports of crude asphalt for the years 1883-4-5 were respectively 34,277 tons, 33,383 tons, and 28,505 tons; thus showing a decrease. In boiled asphalt, however, an increase has taken place, the figures for the same years being respectively 4,868, 6,564 and 6,371 tons.—*Industries.*

The Queen of Roumania has undertaken to deliver a course of lectures on national literature at the high school for girls in Bucharest. Her Majesty, who is well known as a poetess, under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," has been accustomed for some time past to give lectures privately in her palace to the young ladies of the leading families in Roumania. These literary assemblies proved so attractive that the demands for admission to them grew inconvenient, so that the Queen thought of delivering her lectures in the high school to all pupils who cared to attend. Before Her Majesty could do this, however, she had to obtain a regular professor's diploma from the King and the Minister of Instruction. This required an examination, to which the Queen gaily and graciously submitted, and the diploma having now been won, not granted by favor, her Majesty will begin her lectures at the opening of term, after the New Year.

The *Cologne Gazette* publishes a very aggressive article entitled "Queensland and the interests of Germany there," in which it threatens the English colony with a wholesale invasion of Teutonic settlers. These emigrants are to form a party hostile to the interests of the British Empire, and to endeavor to secure a preponderant influence in that part of Australia, in preparation, it is hinted, for its separation from England and final annexation to the German Empire. Of the style in which the paper writes on this subject the following is a specimen:—"Australia's separation from England," it says, "is only a question of time." The question therefore arises "whether Germany's 'great' interests in the South Seas and the neighborhood of the 'immense' German Protectorate of New Guinea, whose development will lead to an active intercourse with Queensland, do not peremptorily demand the creation and strengthening of a 'Germandom' in Australia itself, following in the wake of the Germans already settled in Queensland, in order to counterbalance those well known tendencies, the final aim of which is the possession of the whole of the South Seas by Australia."

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for McNair's Cove Work," will be received until Friday, the 28th day of January, 1887, inclusively, for the construction of works at McNair's Cove, Antigonish County, N. S., in accordance with a plan and specification to be seen on application to the Collector of Customs, Custom House, Antigonish, from whom printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons desirous of tendering are requested to make personal enquiry relative to the work to be done, and to examine the locality themselves, and are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in and signed with their actual signatures.

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

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

By order, A. GORELL, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 31st December, 1886.

Notice to Subscribers.

A large number of subscribers have, during the past week, received their New Year's communication from our business manager. Regularity in publication and punctuality in mailing have been carefully observed in this office, so that our subscribers have received THE CRITIC by the first available mail leaving Halifax; care being taken to deliver the mail in the city post office so as to reach subscribers in the most distant part of the Province during Saturday of each week. Our subscribers will confer a favor by being equally prompt and punctual in remitting their subscriptions, with which they will please forward the bill rendered, in order that it may be receipted and returned again.

NOTE.—Any subscriber who does not receive his copy of THE CRITIC on or before Saturday evening of each week, will confer a favor by notifying the business manager to that effect, giving particulars as to the mail days in his locality.

A. M. FRASER,
Business Manager THE CRITIC,
Halifax, N. S.

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Mining Regulations

TO GOVERN THE DISPOSAL OF MINERAL LANDS OTHER THAN COAL LANDS

These Regulations apply to all Dominion Lands containing deposit of minerals of economic value, except coal.

QUARTZ MINING.

Area of location is limited to forty acres, except in the case of iron, when one hundred and sixty acres are allowed.

Claimants must stake out the location, and within ninety days afterwards make an entry for it with the local Land Agent, paying a fee of five dollars, and shall then have one year, with the sanction of the Minister of the Interior, two years within which to purchase location at five dollars per acre, cash. He must also expend within each year at least five hundred dollars in development.

No person shall hold more than one location on the same vein or lode.

Applicant must also when he pays for his location deposit fifty dollars with the Land Agent to pay for the survey, and the returns of such survey must be accepted by the Surveyor-General before the issue of patent.

Should an iron location prove to contain a deposit of valuable mineral other than iron the area shall be restricted to forty acres.

Provision is made for the manner in which land may be acquired for reduction and other works required for developing the mine.

PLACER MINING.

The Regulations for Quartz Mining apply to Placer Mining wherever possible.

The nature and size of Placer Mining claims are provided for in the Regulations and the rights and duties of miners fully set forth.

The Regulations govern the mode of acquiring, constructing and operating Bed-rock Flumes, Drainage of Mines, and Ditches.

The General Provisions of the Regulations define how disputes shall be heard and determined, leave of absence granted, &c., &c.

Copies of the Regulations may be obtained upon application to the Department of the Interior.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior,
Ottawa, 28th December, 1886.

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DOMINION OF CANADA,
IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo.,

To be commenced whenever a sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the nine volumes \$75.00, to the Province of Ontario or to Quebec, \$12.50, to New Brunswick or to Nova Scotia \$11.50, to Manitoba or to British Columbia \$9.50, to Prince Edward Island or to Northwest Territories \$9.50. Each province to have a Map.

Please send for Prospectus.
JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher.
MONTREAL, 4th August, 1886.

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RELIGIOUS.

CATHOLIC.

The habit of the Christian Brothers was recently conferred on Ambrose Caroy, at the Villa-de-la-Salle Novitiate, in Mortinez, Cal. This gentleman is a native of Prince Edward Island.

The boys of St. Patrick's Juvenile Reformatory enjoyed a sleigh drive, the gift of Rev. Father Biggs. This Reverend gentleman has been and is accomplishing a meritorious work in looking after the spiritual as well as the temporal training of the wayward Catholic youth of this city.

The fourth anniversary of the consecration of the Archbishop of Halifax was observed by the pupils of the Sacred Heart and Mt. St. Vincent Academy respectively, who tendered his Grace and Clergy a reception, followed by a musical and literary entertainment.

Negotiations between Germany and the Vatican are about concluded. The anticipated result of such is that Emperor William will announce a revision of the May Laws in the Landtag.

The Sultan of Turkey has presented to the Holy Fathers, through the Patriarch of Armenia, a costly jewelled ring, as a gift for the Pope's Jubilee.

An Irish Prelate Bishop, McCormack, complains that Catholic Nationalist prisoners in Sligo are tried by juries, which are composed of "Loyalists," packed for the purpose of obtaining conviction in spite of justice. This does not sound well in our age of religious equality and freedom.

It would appear that Henry George has undertaken the task of pulling down the notable structure of 1900 years existence—the Catholic Church. Alas! poor Yorick.

METHODIST.

The Rev. Saml. Small, the Georgia Revivalist, is in Nashville, making arrangements to assume the duties of Commissioner of Education for the colored race in the South, under the auspices of the Southern Methodist General Conference.

The Ladies' College at Sackville has 125 students enrolled—a much larger number than for any previous term.

During the past few weeks missionary meetings have been held throughout the Province, in connection with the Methodist Church, with good results.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. Adam Gunn has resigned the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at the Gore and Kennetcook.

A call has been received by the Rev. Isaac Baird from the Presbyterian congregation of Little River.

The reports presented at the annual meetings of the several Presbyterian Churches in this city, show those congregations to be in a prosperous condition.

On Sunday, the 16th inst., two Presbyterian Churches were dedicated in this Province—one at Elmsvale, Middle Musquodoboit, and the other at Oxford.

A special effort is being made by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland to secure for its ministers a minimum stipend of £200.

BAPTIST.

The Annual Meeting of the Halifax and Dartmouth Womens' Missionary Aid Societies was held about a fortnight ago. Mrs. J. W. Manning read a sketch of the formation and progress of those Societies in connection with the Baptist Church. Previous to 1870 the Baptist denomination in Canada worked in connection with the American Baptist Missionary Union. The first Womens' Aid Society in America was organized at Canoe. There are now in connection with the Missionary Union 72 of those Societies in Nova Scotia, 37 in New Brunswick, and 12 in P. E. Island, containing 3,000 members, who raised over \$3,000 last year. In the Upper Provinces there are 148 Societies, which raised last year double that amount.

Last Wednesday was set apart by the Baptist Convention for special prayer in behalf of the Educational institutions in connection with the denomination.

The Rev. M. Spurgeon, who was compelled to go to Mantone, France, on account of ill-health, is still unwell. At last accounts he was suffering so from rheumatic gout, that he was obliged almost entirely to keep his bed.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Venerable Metropolitan has quite recovered from the accident he met with some few days since.

The Anniversary Festival of the Church of England Institute will be held in St. George's Church, on Tuesday, the 8th of February. Rev. Dr. Hole will be the preacher. The prospects of the new building are excellent. Over \$7,000 of the \$10,000 required has been subscribed, and there will be no difficulty in raising the remainder. The work will be begun as soon as the season permits.

The Church Army continues to do good in a quiet way. It is gradually but surely reclaiming the outcast and fallen, and is proving itself a trustworthy handmaid to the Church. This is its great strength.

Rev. John Partridge, of Ship Harbor, has been in town for the last few days.

CHIT-CHAT.

ECLIPSES.—During the year 1867 there will be four eclipses: two of the sun and two of the moon. Of these only one, a partial eclipse of the moon, will be visible here. Those who are up early enough on the morning of February 3rd, if the sky be clear, will behold this phenomenon. The eclipse commences ten minutes before 4 o'clock and continues until the moon sets.

The Sultan of Morocco is fond of tricycling, but too lazy to work the pedals himself, so he has had a gorgeous machine constructed, propelled by slave labor. He sits cross-legged upon an embossed couch, curtained and canopied with silk and silver and gold. At his right hand is a clock and at his left a compass, in order that when beyond the reach of the muezzin's call the faithful Mohammedan may observe the exact hour of prayer and the exact direction in which his orisons are to be addressed.

THE STAMP-COLLECTING MANIA.—The mania for collecting postage stamps seems to be gaining more ground than ever in France, writes the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Among the most famous collectors in France is a man who has over a million postage stamps preserved in 130 richly bound volumes, and another who keeps two clerks employed in classifying and arranging his enormous collection. Added to this, there are in Paris about 150 wholesale firms employed in the trade, and one of the best known of these has lately offered from £20 to £40 for certain stamps of the year 1836. Tuscan postage stamps dated before 1860 will be paid for at the rate of £6 each, while stamps from Mauritius for the year 1847 fetch £80, and French stamps of 1849 are quoted at £1 each.

FORMIC ACID AND HONEY.—At a recent meeting of the Physiological Society of Berlin, it was stated that when the bee has filled the cell either with pure honey or a mixture of pollen dough and honey, and has completed the lid, a drop of formic acid obtained from the poison bag connected with the sting is added to the honey by perforating the lid with the sting. Numerous experiments show that this formic acid preserves honey and every other solution from fermentation. If this be well established, it will show that the sting and the poison apparatus of the bee has a further purpose than that of a defensive or offensive weapon. Another interesting fact suggests itself in connection with this. So far as is known, most of the insects that have stinging apparatus similar to that of the bee are collectors and storers of honey.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE PINS?—For a solution of this rather old problem a London journal recently offered a prize of \$10, and paid the money for the subjoined and by no means novel answer: "A surface ten miles square contains, roughly, 310 millions of square yards. Assume this as the area of London. To include the area of floor service in houses, it may safely be trebled—say 1,000 millions of square yards. If every five square yards contained one stray pin, who would be aware of it? Here, then, we have in London alone a receptacle for 200 millions of stray pins unperceived by anybody. The answer, therefore, is that thousands of millions of lost pins can be, and are, scattered about the land unnoticed. Half of these being out of doors are gradually destroyed by rust; the other half pass out of doors by degrees."

JAPANESE JOURNALISM.—Mr. Inazo Ota, of Tokio, Japan, who is a graduate student of the John Hopkins University, is making a study of American newspaper methods. He says that in Tokio, Japan, which is the center of the wealth and culture of the country, there are over twenty daily newspapers. Most of these are four pages, though some are eight. The Conservative, Liberal and Radical parties have each their organs, and several papers are also published in the interest of the Christians, towards whom the Liberals incline. There are also military, banking and agricultural papers. The papers do not circulate in Tokio alone, whose population is over 1,000,000, but go all over the rural districts, where some weekly papers and a few dailies are printed. Of the Tokio papers six are published in English, of which four of the editors are Japanese, one is an American and one an Englishman.

FOREST POLICE IN GERMANY.—In Germany the woods have their police, whose duty it is to see that no devastation is wrought by inconsiderate owners. No man may cut down his trees without the sanction of these authorities. The reason is that wood is the staple fuel of the country, and if the government did not step in to protect the people against their own improvidence, the peasants would speedily sweep away all their forests to enable them to clear the mortgages which the Jews hold on their lands. In Bavaria the price of fuel rose, between 1850 and 1860, as much as sixty per cent., and building timber rose seventy per cent. In the sixteenth century the forests had dwindled so much, and the cost of firing had risen so high, that the princes took the forests under their sovereign protection, and appointed a class of officials, whose duty it was to see after the fuel supply in their provinces, and look to the protection of trees just as the police have to see to the protection of citizens. One result has been that no trees are allowed to grow longer than when they have reached maturity. After they have attained a certain age their rate of growth is so slow that their room is needed for younger plants, and they are cut down. Thus a pine reaches its perfection after its thirtieth year, and goes back after its eightieth. As a rule, a forest is cleared and replanted every thirty years; and it is an exception anywhere to see an older pine or beech. But the Bohmer wald has not been subject to this police, and there do remain in it magnificent pines several hundred years old.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

WATERLOO IN 1886.

(Concluded.)

Then I ascended the pyramid. There are two hundred and twenty-five steps, a stairway of stone. The sides are overgrown with long coarse grass; indeed it is simply a great mound of earth. At the top is an immense stone pedestal, on which stands a colossal stone lion, looking toward the south. The inscription on the pedestal is grandly simple, "June 18th, 1815," nothing more. Suggestive as the date may be to an Englishman, there is nothing in this bare reference to it to wound the susceptibilities of England's foes. Indeed, even a certain American gentleman whom I fell in with on one of the ocean steamers, and who argued that, according to the proper interpretation of the rules of war, Wellington was utterly defeated at Waterloo, might have looked upon it and lived. As for me, unenlightened by American research, I looked around on the field with awe, and gazed at the little eminence by the crossroads, where the great commander stood during the battle, with feelings of the profoundest reverence.

I was not suffered to remain under any misapprehensions as to the position of Wellington during the battle, or as to anything else. I had barely time to walk once round the great stone lion when a hand was laid on my arm, and a voice, speaking in tones of the gravest solemnity, said, "dis is de field of Waterloo!"

I turned. What was this? At my side stood a little lean individual with an expression of intense eagerness, animating the brightest pair of eyes I have ever looked into. One hand was laid on my shoulder, with the other he was pointing to the scene before us. "Dis, Monsieur, is de field of Waterloo! Dere is de high road to Brussels, where de English approached de battlefield—down dere dey come; dere are de cross-roads where de English are stationed during de battle, dere is de rising eminence behind de cross-roads where Wellington," pronounced *Wellington*, "stood during de conflict; dere, opposite, is de station of Napoleon, on date eminence—see, Monsieur!—de French come down dere, take up a position across dese small hills, along dere on de brow of dese hills, behind Hougoumont. Dere is Hougoumont—ruines—ruins. Behind Hougoumont, all along dat eminence, stands de French army; dere is La Haye Sainte, de farmhouse—see, Monsieur: dere, Hougoumont, dere La Haye Sainte;" and so on, and so on and so on, for about ten minutes. He really did deserve two francs; and, when he got them, it was truly wonderful, the nimble way in which he ran down the stone steps and disappeared.

Then I was free again to take breath and look around. Possibly no place in the world so well repays one for a visit as this scene. Other places, rendered famous by great events, one visits and finds changed and modern; years come and go, and every generation leaves its mark. Not so Waterloo,—the long roads running over the gently undulating ground, the green fields, the forest, the old chateau, the farmhouse, the faint outline of the small towns to the southward, the picturesque red cross of the village shrouded in the green foliage of the woods behind, all are there, unchanged, as they were seventy-one years ago. Numbers of trees between the battlefield and the city have been cut down, and one can now see the great dome of the new "Palais de Justice" at Brussels looming up in the gray distance; but these are changes which do not count, as one notes the general resemblance of things in the present to what they must have been in the early part of the century. No fences, no hedges, in this famed land, separate the fields from the roadway or from one another. A shallow ditch, not discernible from the pyramid, is all that is deemed necessary. The grass was of the deepest green, and the gentle hills seemed to be crowned with a velvet-like softness of expression as the bright sunlight of an October afternoon fell on their far famed brows. The ruins of the old chateau, surrounded by a few straggling, half-shattered skeletons of what were once noble trees, added much to the richness of the landscape by their contrast to the calm beauty of the meadows on either side. Away to the left stood the farmhouse of *La Haye Sainte*, surrounded also with trees, but of a younger growth and brighter hue. Then behind stretched the green fields again, gleaming like gold in the sunlight, while, far away in the purple horizon could be seen, standing out in dim relief against the sky, the spires of the little town of Genappe, where, as my guide informed me, the fallen emperor left his horse for his travelling carriage, and entered on that fatal journey which ended only at St. Helena.

A grand sight truly—a sight to be seen and not forgotten—something to be remembered long after with pleasure and with profit. But it must be confessed that this exultation of mind lasts only while one remains on the top of the pyramid; descend to the earth and the enchantment is gone. Visions of conflicting armies, of grim-faced French guards, facing death but never defeat, of fallen heroes and weeping generals, of the great conqueror riding away, with the roar of the artillery falling fainter and fainter on his ear as he galloped further and further from the field, all these were rudely dispelled. Guides, relic-vendors, and men with photographs beset me with a persistency and a resolution truly admirable, were it only exerted in a better cause. It was late in the season, and visitors were comparatively few; the falling off in the number of visitors, as was natural, insured a greater amount of attention to such as there were. Mingling with their distracting exhortations, or, I should say, in pleasing contrast to them, I heard the shrill voices of three American girls, who were searching for four-leafed clover in an adjoining field.

La Haye Sainte.—This is a charming cottage, very much out of repair, with a few ill-kept flowers and shrubs blooming around it, and here and there a young tree casting its shadows over the green grass and the sandy road. A picturesque, half-ruined building of red brick and white plaster, it stands almost midway between the spots where the English duke and the

French emperor kept watch over the contending armies. Though called "the farmhouse," one may judge from the absence of stables or sheds of any kind, and from the neglected condition of the garden, that it now has no right to the designation. I walked up to the door, and the occupants, or one of the occupants, came out to see me. What calling the master pursues—if there be a master—I do not know. This person, a woman with a pleasing countenance, who had a child of about three years of age clinging to her skirts, was a relic-vendor.

Relics—pieces of wood, pieces of stone, pieces of iron, bits of woolen stuff, bits of gold lace, photographs of the field, of Bonaparte, of Wellington, of everybody. I did not examine them, nor desire to possess them. The woman had a persuasive manner, and a gift of tongue which would be considered wonderful anywhere outside of Belgium. But her eloquence and her arguments were alike vain. Had I not seen the relics and had the photographs in my hand, I would have bought them on her recommendation. But it required only a very superficial investigation to convince one of the utter worthlessness of the collections: and, true to my principles of economy, I felt that it was not advisable to throw money away. The child, who listened to our conversation with apparent interest, manifested a sense of the fitness of things beyond his years. Running to the garden he picked a few pieces of mignonette, which he presented to me with great solemnity. In return I gave him twenty centimes, which he handed to his mother with the air of a man of business.

I was attempting to hold a conversation with this juvenile but characteristic inhabitant of Waterloo, when the bell at the inn, which announces the departure of the omnibus, rang, and I hastened away as fast as my feet could carry me. I got to the inn just in time. As the sun was now shining brightly, and gave promise of a delightful drive, we all, as was natural, drove outside. The old brown lady and her husband, having been everywhere, mounted, still smiling on us all as they had done on the journey down, the three American girls carrying, not four-leafed clover, but violet leaves, which, no doubt, served the purpose just as well, and an English Colonel and his daughter, who had come out in the next train after us, all got into their places, and away we went. Over the sandy road, down the hills, looking back from time to time to take a last look, along the high road, down by the hedges we drove, whips cracking, horses prancing and a couple of dogs careering on either side of us, and reached Braine L'Alleud just as the Brussels express, on which we were to return to the city, whistled in the distance.

A. C.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

OUR MONTREAL LETTER.

MONTREAL, 19th January, 1887.

Whatever may be the case in Halifax we in Montreal have no reason to complain of any lack of winter weather. Cold and snow with a thermometer given to dropping down to 20° below zero and under, are the characteristics of 1887 so far. No "soft" weather has shown itself since Christmas Eve, when it certainly did rain in torrents, but even then not altogether sufficient to spoil the sleighing.

Such weather (except when it snows too violently), is very favorable to the building of the Ice Castle, in which and in the approaching carnival a vivid interest is taken. This year Montreal promises to outdo herself, the castle (it used to be only called palace in former years) will be a larger structure than any of the kind yet erected and correspondingly beautiful in design. From the portion already built I should judge it will be a very fine affair indeed. Besides this an Ice Maze is being built on the pattern of the famous one at Hampton Court, with hot coffee and other refreshments in the centre for those who manage to reach that haven. A lumbermen's camp is being put up on Victoria Square, and something special in the way of toboggan slides from Jacques Cartier Square down to and half way across the river. A living arch of snowshoers is also talked off, and with numerous illuminations and display of fireworks, skating fancy dress carnivals, sleigh parades and races of various kinds, Montreal will, or at least ought to be, about the gayest city on earth for the second week in February. Already parties of Americans and others have taken up their abode at the "Windsor," and I would advise eastern friends who purpose taking in the carnival to lose no time in securing quarters, as the crowd is sure to be very great.

A subject which is creating a good deal of interest and excitement just now is, "who is to be our next Mayor?" The position is rather unique, and is briefly as follows. The present incumbent, Mr. Beaugrand, has got himself disliked by a number of his French-Canadian compatriots of the lower orders, principally it seems to me because he has endeavored to perform his duty conscientiously, especially during the trying times of the smallpox epidemic last year, and also on account of his being too liberal minded for their tastes on Church matters. He is a good official and possesses influence enough with the English speaking and better class French citizens to secure his re-election over any other French Canadian candidate brought forward. As a way out of the difficulty the French have come forward and say, "You English speaking people have a right to elect a Mayor this year, nominate a good man and we will support him." Mayor Beaugrand also announces if a unanimously selected English and Protestant candidate is brought forward he will not oppose him, but will render him all assistance. And now the English speaking part of the population are squabbling among themselves as to who is to be the lucky man. Public meetings have been held, to which admission at fifty cents a head would have been well spent money, had the spender desired to witness a circus, such was the uproar and boisterous behaviour. At present two names are before the community, viz., the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott,

who is objected to by some as smelling too much of the C. P. R. and Toryism, and Mr. Geo. Childs, who is objected to on the other hand as a harmless man of negative qualities. Such is the present position of the Mayoralty question, and we are waiting further developments.

Fashionable circles are excited over the prospective "season" to ensue on the Governor General's visit. His excellency has taken a house on McTavish Street for a month or more, and is expected here on or about 25th inst. Montrealers say the reason Lord Lansdowne declined Lord Salisbury's offer of a seat in the Cabinet, was that he was engaged for the Carnival and could not bring himself to give it up.

The announcement of the dissolution of Parliament and the ensuing elections caused little surprise, having been hourly expected. Both parties are engaged in girding themselves for the fray.

Business opens up promisingly this new year, though as stocktaking time and general closing up of last year is hardly over yet, purchases are small. Firm changes are for the most part few and unimportant.

The Railway Commission is sitting here taking evidence, and it is rather amusing to hear some merchants claiming that the Intercolonial Railway discriminates against Montreal and in favor of Halifax. It appears that there are two sides to every story.

A.

M. PASTEUR'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

To the Editor of the Critic:

Sir,—Reading, as I am wont to do regularly, your excellent paper, I regretted to find yesterday in your issue of Dec. 24th, the following paragraph:

M. Pasteur read before the Academy of Medicine at Paris, recently, the results of the first twelve months of his hydrophobia inoculations. In that time 2,490 patients had been treated by this method. Out of the entire number only ten succumbed to the disease.

Of course I have merely copied this statement from one among the many European papers which have done their best to confuse the judgment of the public on the results of Pasteur's experiments, and to encourage the subscription of enormous sums for the erection of his Institute.

You will, I have no doubt, judging from the candid and straightforward tone of your paper, be glad now to give this misleading assertion an early contradiction. I beg to inclose a carefully compiled list, with references to the authority for each item, of 53 deaths from hydrophobia, of patients every one of whom was inoculated either under Pasteur's own supervision, or in the Pasteur Institute at Odessa.

When it is understood that the virus used for inoculation, according to Pasteur's method, can only be obtained by the persistent practice of the most frightful cruelty, that it requires a continual fresh supply of dogs—artificially maddened by the insertion of matter through holes in their skull, (a condition in which the dreadful agonies of natural rabies are said to be doubled), I think every human person will be inclined to doubt that by any such process can Providence have designed that a real boon to humanity should be derived.

I am, sir, respectfully, and with good wishes for the continued success of THE CRITIC,
Sincerely yours,
Hengwrt, Dolgelly, N. Wales, January 6th, 1887.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

OUR COSY CORNER.

To remove ink stains, soak in sour milk over night.

Grease spots may be removed from a cold stove by covering them entirely with hot wood-ashes.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of an egg and they will not get soggy.

There are many things more important about a home than fine furnishings. A room in winter should have all the sun possible; a bright fire, two or three easy chairs, a few extra cushions, and a readable book with the covers uncut, would go far toward making the plainest room cosy and comfortable.

A new notion for photographs consists in a photo-album arranged on a stand so that two sides made in nickel silver draw out and support the album when open without disturbing all its surroundings. A pretty sample of this is made in dark red calf painted with groups of swallows.

A bedroom should never be sombre, the brighter the better. White rim curtains with antique lace border and insertion are liked for chamber windows. The walls should be of a light tint, the pictures restful and easing.

MRS. BACKSLIDER'S HALIFAX SOCIETY EXPERIENCE.

Dear Critic: I read your article on "Halifax Society," and thought perhaps my experience in society here might be suggestive.

When I married and came here to live, the change from a "live" make town to a thoroughly provincial one, was not altogether unpleasant. Tom (that is my husband) had a nice house in a good street, comfortably, and daintily, furnished, and we settled down to enjoy domestic life. Hundreds of people called on us. Tom has about five hundred cousins and second cousins living here. I returned these visits, and then followed series of the nice dinners, suppers and teas, which Halifax people so well understand giving.

Now I am not "frivolous" or "serious," but I found I was expected to uncompromisingly one or the other. To entertain the cousins alone would

exhaust my time and energies, it seemed better for us to content ourselves with our townfolk and we started out in society duly accredited "quiet" people. This meant going to houses where they do not dance or play cards. Now, neither Tom no. I care about either particularly. Our "quiet" friends were very kind, they asked us to "musicales." The music was not good, and these entertainments did not seem to suit Tom, he said they were "slow."

The "quiet" people gave dinners but Tom, and I soon saw that, unless we called on and knew the "military" people, our quiet friends only asked us to the second-best dinners with the family, or during Lent, their choicest festivities being for Colonel and Mrs. This or Captain That. We, as "quiet" people, were asked with the inevitable cousins or with Deacon Slowbake, or the Revd. Ebenezer Tufts, just home from Tahiti, excellent people, but not enlivening companions for a evening.

When we wanted to give a little party, if we asked Cousin Tom's boys, we must ask Mary's girls, and then Louise would wonder if Tom's and Mary's young people were asked why her three were not asked, and so on ad infinitum. One thing we were sure of, somebody would be offended. These awful cousins!

Tom, said I; the days of duty-doing and martyrdom are over. There is an escape from this. If being "serious," or quiet" means being shut out from all the jolliest parties, the best dinners, and being asked to second benches, and crushed five o'clock's, I give up being "quiet." I am not going to revolve for ever in an endless circle of cousins and second cousins. Instead of its making me good, or doing anybody good, it is stupid humbug.

So now, Mr. Critic, I am thankful to say I know slightly a few military people, they are quite as nice as the cousins, and knowing there is useful. My quiet friends, when they hear of us going to a dance at the barracks, sigh and shake their heads, but they ask us all the same, to match better dinners than they did when we were "quiet" people.

What I still lack and long for, is what they call, I think, a "military tame cat" to sit purring on our hearthstone. A nice fellow, up in all that is going on—not mixed up in family cliques or feuds, not knowing enough to tell you that your father was in trade, and your grandfather swept out a shop. It would save Tom and I a deal of bother, for two military men make any party far more brilliant than fifty cousins, and their regiments move every two or three years, and cousins do not.

My style is insolent, I fear, but I know what I am trying to do, and am determined not to be among the quiet people who are never in it, and are called "such queer people."

Yours,

"BACKSLIDER."

COMMERCIAL.

No special event has characterized the general merchandise markets since our last report. In most lines a fair sorting-up trade continues, but general business is quiet. Stormy weather has largely interfered with distribution movements, but has not at all affected the healthy and confident feeling which dominates the trade situation throughout the country. The prices of most commodities rule steady to firm, and in no instance has there been any disturbance of values. All accounts concur in the fact that the interior trade is in a satisfactory state, and the reasons for viewing the future with confidence are ample.

The question of the propriety or advantage of a duty on flour is beginning to attract attention even as far west as Montreal. The Trade Bulletin of that city, in its last issue, remarks as follows:—"Duty or no duty, it seems impossible to keep American flour out of this market, sales of Minnesota strong having been made at the tune of about 3,000 bbls., the key-note of prices being \$4.70, and about 2,000 bbls. more are on the way. St. Louis winter wheat of high grade has also been sold at good prices. We learn that Charlie Pillsbury, the Minneapolis flour king, has made some large sales for shipment to the lower ports and Newfoundland."

The question is a complicated one, and involves the matter of railway freights and rebates for long carriages so intimately that anyone may well hesitate to decide it definitely even to his own individual satisfaction. It is to be hoped, and perhaps expected, that the royal commission now sitting, to collect the evidence of practical experts in railway transport charges, will be able to deduce some leading facts, in relation to the mutual effects of duties and railway freights, that will form a useful and safe guide in future legislation.

The liquor traffic in this city is in an anomalous state. It is an important factor in the business of a metropolis like this, which has not only a large floating population of seamen and those interested in shipping, but is also the only military and naval entrepot for the British forces in North America. About eighty persons have applied for licenses under the new Act, but not more than half of these are likely to complete their action by taking out their licenses, unless the Act is amended. These—say forty, at \$100 each—will give a civic revenue of \$4,000. The income to the city from this source has hitherto been annually about \$11,000. The deficit thus arising will be about \$7,000 per year, and this amount must be made up by the taxpayers in some way. It is doubtful how even temperance people will view this direct addition to the burdens that they have to bear.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—The improvement in this line has been well maintained, and the general tone of the trade has continued healthy at all points. A decidedly strong feeling has taken hold of the pig-iron market, and prices have continued to further advance, both in English and American markets, since our last report. Advices from Glasgow show warrants to be again excited with a strong upward tendency in prices. Sales of Middleborough pig-iron for American shipment have been very heavy of late, aggregating last week the unprecedented quantity of 41,000 tons.

DAY GOODS.—Travelling salesmen are beginning to report, and seem to have taken very satisfactory orders—both as regards quantity and price—for foreign spring goods.

BRADSTUFFS.—Prices maintain their firm attitude. Our quotations are still below cost of importing. Two circumstances of the past week have contributed to stiffen the views of holders.

PROVISIONS.—The market in this line is quiet, and in fact inclined to dullness. From Montreal an over-supply of dressed hogs is reported—that is, the demand does not absorb the large quantities received.

BUTTER.—Stocks held in the country are very light. Dairy and other fine grades have experienced a good advance of late, while lower qualities for cooking and confectionery purposes are rather difficult to pick up in quantities just now.

CHEESE.—That an improved demand has set in for Canadian cheese in England is evident, and dealers are with difficulty able to fill cable orders received.

SUGARS.—Business is quiet, though quotations are unchanged, refiners are looking for a slight advance. It is doubtful whether this can be secured, as new crops will soon be arriving.

MOLASSES.—Stocks are rather light, but as the demand is limited this does not matter. Scarcely anything is doing beyond supplying the small local consumptive requirements.

TEA.—The tea market has been quiet and steady. A Shanghai cable states:—"Exports green tea to America fifteen millions of lbs., and to England six and three-quarter millions. The unsold stock is 10,000 half chests, and no receipts are expected."

COFFEE.—The market is quiet, and prices are steady with a firm tone prevailing.

FRUIT.—Winter apples are still in active demand in England at full prices. Shipments from this side are, naturally, falling off gradually, but all that are sent meet ready markets at remunerative figures.

DRIED FRUITS have continued quiet, but, in some respects, firmer. In Valencia raisins a somewhat improved feeling is noticeable.

LUMBER.—Enough snow has at last fallen to give great activity to lumbering operations, and the woods of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Maine, and Lower Quebec are full of gangs of men working hard to make up for time lost through the dilatoriness of winter weather in arriving.

WOOL.—The wool market continues firm under a good demand for all descriptions. A London cable says:—"Since last sales a good demand for wool has been maintained, which is chiefly attributed to an improved French trade."

FISH.—Fish markets remain in a very dull state, no sales here, quite a quantity of mackerel going forward by the Carroll, as to be in the market if any change takes place.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

Our Price Lists are corrected for us each week by reliable merchants, and can therefore be depended upon as accurate up to the time of going to press.

We intend devoting special attention to our Commercial and Financial Articles, and to our Market Quotations, and to this end have secured the co-operation of several persons thoroughly conversant with questions of finance and commerce.

GROCERIES.

Table listing various grocery items such as Sugar, Tea, Molasses, Biscuits, and their respective prices.

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Table listing various types of butter and cheese, including Nova Scotia Choice, Canadian, and others, with their prices.

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

FISH FROM VESSELS.

Table listing various fish species like Mackerel, Herring, Salmon, and others, along with their prices.

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

LOBSTERS.

Small table listing lobster types such as Nova Scotia and Tall Cans with prices.

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

LUMBER.

Table listing various types of lumber like Pine, Spruce, and Hemlock with their prices.

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

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

Our quotations below are our today's wholesale selling prices for car lots net cash. Jobbers' and Retailers' prices about 5 to 10 per cent advance on carload lots.

Large table listing various flour, oatmeal, and other provisions with detailed prices.

The above quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various types of meat and other provisions like Beef, Pork, and Mutton.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Table listing various types of wool, skins, and hides with their prices.

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Table listing various types of fruits like Apples, Oranges, Lemons, and others.

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

POULTRY.

Small table listing poultry items like Turkeys, Ducks, and Chickens.

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Small table listing live stock items like Steers, Oxen, and Sheep.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

HILDRED.

(Continued.)

But there was one person he had not taken into account, and that was his daughter. He had never dreamed of anything except blind submission from her. Now he began to ask himself, "Will she object?" She had plenty of character, plenty of spirit, life, activity, energy. Would she submit to his barter and exchange? Would she blush and smile after the fashion of girls who are delighted? Would she be pleased to be a countess, or would she draw herself up in disdain, and tell him she was to be neither bought nor sold? He was doubtful as to which it would be, and he therefore approached the subject with some little hesitation.

That same evening—for it was a rule of Arley Ransome's to do quickly what required doing at all—he told her. He remembered it long afterward—as did she.

It was a lovely June evening, and the world seemed to be full of music and perfume. The sun had set, and dim mystical twilight lay over the land, enshrouding the river and the tall green trees; the birds seemed loath to give up singing; now and then a faint sweet song stirred the dewy air. It was one of those evenings on which it seems impossible to believe in anything but what is good and true and beautiful, when the dew and the flowers and the sunset take our hearts and thoughts to heaven.

Hildred had gone through the grounds down to the banks of the river; she sat there watching the color of the water change as the twilight deepened. A tall beach-tree with superb spreading branches grew near; the grass was studded with white and golden flowers. There Arley Ransome found her, the daughter on whom he had built all his hopes of fame and fortune, her dark eyes fixed on the tranquil stream, her white hands lying listlessly on her knee.

"Hildred!" said Arley Ransome, "I have something very particular to say to you. I will sit down by your side. How gloriously beautiful the river looks to-night!"

Hildred Ransome loved her father—he was the only relative she had except a cousin whom she had never seen—but it was not with the ordinary love of a girl for her father. She had not quite made up her mind about him. She watched him with keen interest, and the sharp-witted, keen, shrewd lawyer, who could frighten a witness into saying anything he wished him to say, shrunk before the dark eyes of his daughter.

She looked up at him now with some little curiosity. What had he to say to her? How was it that the clear gaze of those dark eyes troubled him so greatly?

"Something to say to me?" she repeated dreamily. "You could not have chosen a better time for saying it, papa. I never care to talk on nights like these; I can only listen."

"The brightest hope of my life has been accomplished to-day, Hildred," he began; "that which I have longed for has been given to me. I have been pleased, proud, and happy."

He saw that her interest was awakened, that her eyes brightened. She looked earnestly at him.

"Pleased, proud, and happy? That seems a great deal, papa."

"It means a great deal, Hildred. To-day the Earl of Caraven has asked permission to make you his wife."

He had stretched the point; but of what service would it have been to have studied law if he had had to keep to facts?

If he had expected any demonstration of delight he was disappointed. She made none. She did not blush, or look pleased or displeased; the calmness of her face was unbroken.

"The Earl of Caraven. That is the gentleman I saw to-day, papa?"

"Yes, that was Lord Caraven, and he wishes to make you his wife."

"But how can that be, papa? He has seen me only once. Why should he wish to marry me?"

"That I cannot say, Hildred," he answered; "I am better versed in law than in love; I can only repeat what I have told you. The earl wishes you to be his wife."

The dark, eloquent eyes traveled slowly from his face to the river, and then back to the shrewd, eager countenance.

"And that is the dream of your life, papa—that I marry him?"

"That you marry some one who has title and position to give you," he replied. "Yes, I have built my hopes on it; that is my way to greatness, my ambition realized."

"I liked him very well," she replied, with an air of calm musing; he is very handsome. But I know little about him."

"Liked him!" repeated Mr. Ransome. "That is a cold word. I can tell you, Hildred, that some of the loveliest women in London would be flattered at receiving attention from him."

"Then why does he not marry one of those lovely women?" she asked quietly.

"Because he has asked to marry you, Hildred."

She thought for a few moments in silence, and then she said—

"I should be a countess, I suppose, papa. One of the girls from St. Roche, our school, became a countess—every one envied her; but her marriage was not a very happy one."

"All marriages would be happy if women expected only a little less than they do, and were rational," he said, hastily.

She knitted her fair white brow, while she thought deeply, silently.

"The Earl of Caraven wants to marry me, papa—did he say that he loved me?"

"Gentlemen seldom speak to lawyers about love," he replied impatiently.

"This is not a mere sentimental, nonsensical, love affair; it is of far greater

importance. Give it your serious attention, Hildred; put aside all the nonsense."

Again the dark eyes wandered from the rippling river to the blue sky, to the green trees, the soft dewy grass, the sleeping flowers—wandered uneasily, as though reading something there that did not harmonize with her father's words; then she spoke to him—years afterward she remembered her words.

"That is your dream, papa—to see me Countess of Caraven. Tell me—I have been at school all my life, and I know so little of real life—it seems to me that I have done nothing but study—I have read few novels, I know nothing of what people call love, but you, my father, would not deceive me—tell me, is love a needful part of marriage? Is it right to marry without it? Are people happy without it?"

He made no answer; he could not look into those dark, eloquent eyes, and say what he knew to be false.

"Because," she continued, "in those few novels which I have read love was the *motif*, the pivot on which everything else turned; those who married without it were punished, those who had it overcame every obstacle. That was all wrong then?"

"Novels are only fiction, Hildred; you cannot believe anything in them."

"I thought they were pictures of real life," she rejoined.

"Only ideal pictures; and, as love happens to be a pretty peg on which writers can hang pretty thoughts and words, they make the most of it. In reality it is all nonsense."

Again those dark, earnest eyes were raised to his.

"You assure me of that, papa—that love is nothing but nonsense?"

A moment's fancy, a dream of a beautiful young face, of dark eyes looking into his, of sweet lips he had kissed with a fast beating heart in the moonlight, came to him. He drove the memory away. She was looking at him with expectant face, with parted lips and anxious eyes.

"I ask you," she continued, "because I say this to myself, papa—if there be no such need for love—if love is only the poet's dream and the novelist's chief resource—why, then I may just as well be Countess of Caraven as anything else."

"Most decidedly," he replied, with an air of relief.

"But," she went on, "if there is a reality of love, if love be needful for happiness, do not let me marry without it. You are my father, my only friend—I appeal to you."

He asked Heaven to pardon him for answering such an appeal falsely. He looked profoundly wise.

"My dear Hildred," he said, "you express yourself so oddly. I believe that the greater part of what you read and hear about love is the greatest nonsense—the happiest marriages are founded on esteem."

"But I do not know enough of Lord Caraven to esteem him," she replied, slowly.

"Some of the happiest marriages," continued the lawyer, "have been when people have learned to love each other after marriage."

"Then love does creep in before or after?" she said.

"Possibly in many cases. The most sensible way of looking at marriage is this. It is a civil contract between two people who can best make their way in the world by going through life together—for instance, a young farmer marries a girl whose dowry enables him to improve his farm, while her education gives her an interest in it; the noble man with an impoverished estate and an ancient title marries a city heiress whose grandfather was perhaps a soap-boiler."

She was listening in amazement.

"A civil contract!" she said slowly. "I thought marriage was a religious ceremony, papa?"

"So it is, certainly, most decidedly. I am speaking of it from my point of view."

"Is your point of view the same as other people's, papa?"

"All sensible people have the same ideas on the subject," he replied, and again his daughter's dark eyes sought the lovely gleaming river.

"I did not think," continued Hildred slowly, "that marriage was a contract of any kind. I had a different idea of it. I thought it took place when two souls were attracted insensibly to each other, and life became nobler and better and higher because of their love; and I thought that same love began in time and ended in eternity." Arley Ransome looked in wonder at his daughter.

"Hildred," he said, "I hope you are not going to turn out romantic."

"I hope not," she replied quietly. "You have told me the truth, papa, and, though it has astonished me, I thank you for it—one should not have false notions. I have asked because it strikes me that it would be a terrible thing to marry without love, and then for love to come afterward."

The lawyer held up his hands in horror.

"Such a thing could not be. Every woman with a well-regulated mind loves her husband; every husband in the same way loves his wife."

"Then, if I marry the Earl of Caraven now," she said quietly, "I shall learn to love him afterward?"

"Certainly," he replied, with a wish that she were not so earnestly sincere.

"I have not thought of marrying," she continued, in the same earnest simple tone. "You see, papa, there was nothing to make me think of it. There were no gentlemen at St. Roche, and I have been so busy with my books. I liked study. I like it now. I like the idea too of being a countess—it has a pleasant sound—'Lady Caraven.' And you are quite sure, papa, that I shall love my—love Lord Caraven after marriage, if not before?"

"I am quite sure," he replied, with unnecessary fervor.

Suddenly she looked up at him.

"Papa," she said, "do you remember the song that I sung to you last night?"

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

"Yes, I remember it, Hildred. What about it?"

"Why, what does it mean—'nothing half so sweet in life'? If I marry the earl, shall I have no 'Love's young dream'?"

His eyes drooped uneasily from hers. He knew he was deceiving her, and she trusted so entirely to him.

"You ask me the most extraordinary questions," he replied. "My dear Hildred, do you expect me to extract common sense from novels and poems? I can tell you what will be much more useful to you than talking about love. As Countess of Caraven you will be one of the most popular ladies in London. You will have two magnificent homes—Ravensmere Castle in Devonshire, a fine old castle, and Holly House in town. You will have diamonds to wear. You will go to Court. You will rank among the peeresses of the realm. You will have wealth, rank, fashion, gaiety, influence, all at your command. You will be able to gratify every wish of your heart. The whole world will flatter you and pay you homage. You will have all that a woman's heart holds most dear."

"Except love—and that is to come afterward," she said.

"Certainly. You seem to think a great deal of this same love too, Hildred?"

"Yes; because I know, papa, that is what some women's hearts hold most dear."

"Quite right. You will find all that kind of thing come quite right, my dear. Now what is your answer, Hildred?"

She looked once more in her thoughtful fashion. The faint light gleamed on the river. The faint light was dying in the daffodil sky. The western wind stirred the green boughs; the song of the birds, the ripples of the river, the whisper of the wind, were all repeating the refrain of the song—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

What was it like, this dream that was to come to her—after marriage, not before—this dream that seemed to send poets and novelists mad, since they wrote and sung so much about it—this love for which some considered the world well lost, and which her clear-headed sensible father said was all nonsense? She would have liked to know something of it. Love's young dream—what did it do to the dreamers? Did it make the world any fairer? She wondered if there were people for whom the dream faded and who were married afterward. She was so long silent that the lawyer became uneasy; there was no telling what answer she might give.

"Your answer, Hildred," he said again.

She turned slowly to him.

"I will marry the earl," she said simply.

He looked delighted.

"I shall see him and tell him to-morrow," he said. "Now remember, Hildred, this is a very solemn matter. You cannot go back after you have once pledged your word."

"I shall not want to go back," she said. "It is a fair destiny—why should I wish to change it? Countess of Caraven! When shall I see him—the earl—again, papa?"

Arley Ransome could not suppress a slight pang of reproach. If she expected to find a gallant wooer in the spendthrift earl, she would be woefully disappointed. It would be best perhaps to prepare her.

"Very soon; and I am quite sure that he will be pleased. But, Hildred, I want to say something else to you. Common people have common customs. When Darby goes to woo Joan, he sits with his arm round her waist. Men like—then he grew confused, remembering that men were alike all the world over—"men like the Earl woo in a different fashion."

"What is their fashion?" she asked quietly.

"They say little of love—they talk no nonsense—they send princely presents of diamonds and jewels—they prove their love by actions more than by words."

"I see." Then she added naively, "Do you know, papa, I think I should like what you call the Darby and Joan fashion best."

Her simplicity appalled him, remembering what the earl had said—that he would do his best to make her happy, but that he should never like her. Arley Ransome began to wonder how it would end.

"Are there no Darbies and Joans in high life, papa?" she asked.

"My dear Hildred, high rank has great responsibilities. Men like Lord Caraven have something more to think of than love—that is very well for schoolgirls and beardless cornets. Try to forget it, and think of the brilliant future that awaits you as Lady Caraven. You will be a beautiful woman, Hildred, and I shall see my hopes realized in you. Then I may tell the earl it is all settled?"

"Will he not say anything to me himself?" she asked.

Now that she had promised to marry him, she began to recall his face. It was very handsome, indolently handsome; she thought it would be pleasant to see those blue eyes of his warm and brighten, to see the handsome face grow earnest and eloquent; besides, she would like to hear what he had to say. Her heart beat faster as she thought of it. Of course he would not call her "Honored Miss," and kneel down as the heroes in old-fashioned stories did; but he would talk to her, he would tell her why from the whole world of women he had chosen her. Sweet words would have a pleasant sound coming from him.

"He will speak to me himself!" she repeated plaintively.

(To be continued.)

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THE CRITIC now has a few regular contributors from different mining camps, and the number should be largely increased. We have enough gold mines in actual operation to fill our mining columns, each week, with interesting news items, valuable to the general reader and of the greatest importance to mine owners. We shall, from time to time, send special correspondents to write up the different mining camps, but if permanent good is to be done mining properties, they should be kept constantly before the public. To effect this object we should like correspondents in every mining camp, who would drop us a postal card each week, giving us the outlook of the mine, and the general news of the camp. This would impose very slight labor on each correspondent, but the total contributions would fill our columns with actual news, which would find its way to over four thousand and four hundred subscribers, and through them to thousands of other readers. THE CRITIC has always been the firm advocate of the mining cause. We have good reasons for our faith in the great mining resources of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and are anxious to inform capitalists in all parts of the world of the inviting field the two Provinces present for the investment of capital. We have the mineral wealth, we have an abundance of skilled labor, and all that we now need is capital. In no part of the world can money be more profitably employed than in developing the mining resources of both Provinces, and we are determined that this fact shall become known. All mining men then should aid us in the good cause, and the best way they can do this is by sending us regular weekly reports. What we want are simple facts, with no attempts at exaggeration, as exaggerated reports are sure to act on the sender with boomerang effect. We would advise in all cases that the prospects be underrated rather than the reverse, as properties are not purchased on reports, but upon a careful examination by competent mining men; and when the prospects have been exaggerated, suspicions that may permanently hurt the properties are almost certain to be aroused. While we are anxious to promote legitimate mining, we shall endeavor to expose all fraudulent mining schemes, and any individuals who may attempt to manipulate mining swindles need expect no mercy from us. The mining interests of the Province have, in the past, been greatly injured by sales of worthless mines, and now that everything is progressing so smoothly and properties turning out so well, great care will have to be exercised lest some fraudulent scheme should bring mining into disrepute. The number of unscrupulous operators has now been reduced to a minimum, but we still have with us jealous, narrow-minded men who think it necessary, in order to sell their own properties, to cry down every other mine. These men are public nuisances and should be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. Those implicated in applying this rather severe remedy, if arrested, would doubtless be acquitted, on the plea advanced by the Irishman for thrashing his wife, "that he was only abating a nuisance." We are thoroughly in earnest in calling on mine owners in all parts of the Province for mining news, not in our interest but in theirs, and we trust that in the future they will not let a week go by without sending a postal to THE CRITIC. Our New Brunswick correspondent keeps us well supplied with most interesting reports of mining events in our sister province, and we take this opportunity to return him and our able correspondents in Nova Scotia our sincere thanks.

HANTS COUNTY ITEMS.—Gold has been discovered near Ardoise Hill, and also near the red house farm, Burgess' Place, about four miles from Mount Uniacke. If the rumors about the new finds are correct, rich strikes have been made in both places.

Messrs. McNaughton, Sim and others, have evidently made a good thing out of the purchase of the Antimony mine at Rawdon. They own the adjoining properties, and the present works will doubtless be utilized in opening up the new ground.

COLCHESTER COUNTY.—The Stewiacke Valley and Lansdowne R. R., has secured the subsidy from the Dominion Government and the free right of way from the County Council, and are only awaiting the Local Subsidy to commence operations. The new road will prove an important factor in aiding the development of the mineral deposits of the valley, and in that way it is interesting to mining men. Messrs. Henderson and Potts, the well known manufacturers and dealers in paints and oils in this city, are the owners of a valuable deposit of Barytes, situated some five or six miles out of Brookfield Station, near the Upper Stewiacke Road, and the proposed line of railway will run close to their property. They have already shipped considerable Barytes to their works in this city, and when the railroad is completed will doubtless greatly increase their output. The lead mines at Smithfield and the iron deposits of Upper Stewiacke, will all be benefited. Specimens of the ores of the valley were collected and exhibited to the Cabinet at Ottawa, and also at Halifax, and were greatly admired. At the request of the Ministers the samples were left at Ottawa. The samples of lead ore were very fine, and surprise was expressed that the mines were not being worked. The new line runs within two miles of the mines, and a siding could be built at small expense. There are no engineering difficulties to be overcome, and no bridges of any size to be built on the proposed line, which connects Brookfield Station with the Pictou Branch, a distance of

only thirty miles, and there can be no doubt but that the Local Government will grant the subsidy. The people of the valley are determined to have the road, and woe be to the authorities that throw obstacles in their way.

GRAPHITE.—Although Graphite has been known from time to time immemorial, and its name at once indicates the antiquity of its principal use, its geological origin is still a matter of doubt, and its properties not yet half understood. It belongs to no particular geological horizon, but occurs in rocks of all ages, in beds; imbedded masses, laminae, or scales, more commonly in granite, gneiss, mica, slate, crystalline, limestone, and occasionally with deposits of coal. The famous Borrowdale variety is found in nests, in trap, in clay slate. Nearly every locality presents it in some new association, so that it is scarcely to be wondered at that geologists have been puzzled to account for the origin of a mineral that makes its appearance in utter disregard of the laws of deposition, stratification, injection or age. The recent progress of chemistry has thrown some light on this subject, and new theories have been advanced, tending to dispute the vegetable origin of graphite, and to explain its presence on the principle of the decomposition of cyanogen or of other into carbon compounds. In the preparation of caustic soda, cyanide of sodium is produced, and when, in the course of the operation, Chili saltpetre is added to oxidise the sulphides of iron and sodium, and the mass is in a state of fusion, graphite arising from the decomposition of the cyanide rises to the top, where it swims and can be skimmed off, washed and dried, when it presents the appearance of brilliant, light powder, perfectly pure and admirably adapted to the manufacture of pencils, and many other purposes. The brilliant, red crystals which form in blast furnaces and now and then give rise to what is called "salamander," were formerly supposed to be pure titanium. Wohler afterwards shewed that they contained cyanogen, and this discovery, together with the appearance of cyanogen in the soda ash manufacture, has led chemists to suspect that the formation of artificial graphite in iron furnaces is not always owing to the solution of an excess of carbon in the molten iron, but may be referred back to a compound of nitrogen with carbon, in other words, to the decomposition of cyanogen. Applying these observations to geological phenomena, some authors seek to account for the formation of graphite in nature, on the principle of the chemical decomposition of the cyanides. It is certainly a very ingenious theory, and has many strong points to sustain it, and as it may finally conduct us to an artificial method for the production of graphite, in any quantity and at reasonable rates, it deserves the careful study and experimental research of all parties interested in the development of this branch of industry.—*Canadian Mining Review.*

Mr. John McGuire, Manager of the Brookfield Gold Mines, writes as follows to the *Engineering and Mining Journal*: "Your readers in the States may be interested in learning something of the growth of mining interests in this part of Nova Scotia.

Work was begun here in June, 1886, and we have now four shafts of an average depth of seventy feet on a vein varying in width from fifteen to twenty-four inches.

Three hundred and fifty tons of ore have been hauled from here to our ten stamp mill at Pleasant River, seven miles away, which has produced seven hundred ounces of bullion eight hundred fine.

Our new mill here at the mine is finished, and we began running on New Year's day. The motive power is a forty-five horse-power engine, which drives ten stamps, a Blake ore-breaker, automatic fuel, Monitor concentrator, three hoists, a mine pump, ore-car, pumps, etc.

The mill is a three-story building; the ore being taken into the third story on an inclined tramway, which connects with tracks from each shaft house. It is then put through a screen, and the coarse ore run through the break. From the bin, the ore is fed automatically to the stamps without further handling, making on the whole a small but complete plant."

Quicksilver has got up to \$40 per flask. This is a rise of \$10 a flask since the first of January.

The old Raymond & Ely mine, at Pioche, Nev., has been started up after a shut down of several years.

A mining exposition is to be opened at Lima, South America, in June, 1887.

Copper is known to exist in more or less promising quantities in numerous places on the north shore of Lake Huron.

A new gold field in the northwestern part of western Australia is estimated to extend over an area of 4,000 square miles.

A new placer find has been made on Stewart river, one of the tributaries of Yukon of Alaska. It is reported that \$24,000 in gold dust has been taken out.

A marked falling off in gold deposits during the year was shown at the assay office at New York, where the value of gold deposited, exclusive of redeposits, amounted to only \$13,791,632.29, against \$26,419,503.11 in the preceding year, being a failure of about one-half.

Of the deposits of gold at the mints and assay offices for the year, \$32,456,493.64 is classified as of domestic production, \$4,317,068.27 as foreign bullion, \$397,545.23 old U. S. coin remelted and \$5,673,565.04 of foreign coin. The rest is old plate, jewelry, etc.

The total value of the gold deposited at the U. S. mints and assay office for the fiscal year 1886 amounted to \$49,606,534.65, of which amount \$4,696,785.46 consisted of bars redeposited, leaving the net value of gold deposited, \$44,909,749.23, against \$52,894,075.09 in the preceding year, a falling off of \$7,984,325.—*Chicago Mining Review.*

THE MARITIME PATRON,

AND ORGAN OF THE

Maritime Provincial Grange—Patrons of Husbandry.

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

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

The Executive Committee of the Maritime Provincial Grange assembled at Winans' Hotel, Truro, on Monday evening, remained in session until midnight, and resumed work on the following morning and continued until the close of the afternoon. The Committee devoted their whole time and attention to the careful consideration of the Order under the jurisdiction of the Maritime Provincial.

Delegates from all but one of the Dominion Granges in the jurisdiction assembled at Chisholm's Opera Hall on Wednesday morning, and at 10 o'clock a.m., were called to order by Past Worthy Master W. F. George, in the absence of Hon. A. McQueen, the Master of the Maritime Provincial Grange.

Reports of the Sessions of the Grange will be given in future issues of the Maritime Patron.

To Editor of Maritime Patron :

DEAR SIR,—Pictou Division Grange, No. 51, met in annual session on Jan. 4th, 1887, at 10 p.m., in Scottsburn Grange Hall. Considering the state of roads and weather and the distance which many delegates had to travel, (in some cases upwards of 20 miles), there was a large and enthusiastic meeting.

Bro. James McIntosh, Worthy Master, occupied the chair, and Bro. S. Setchell, Worthy Secretary, wielded the pen. Committee on Credentials was appointed, when it was found that 14 Subordinate Granges were represented by delegates, and I must say your correspondent never saw a more enthusiastic meeting—perfect harmony prevailed. Some of the private work of the order was discussed, also amendments to constitution. Certain changes were recommended to M. P. G. at its next session. Dinner was then announced by the good sisters of Scottsburn Grange, when all repaired to the dining room and partook of a bountiful repast. After dinner came Election of Officers.

Assessment reform came up for discussion, showing that it was as fresh in the minds of the farmers as on the day it was introduced, many of them feeling confident that at the coming meeting of the legislature, a bill would be brought in equalizing the burdens of taxation, basing their belief upon the promises made by many of our representatives.

VALUE OF ROOTS.—The chief point of excellence claimed for roots is, that they supply the amount of water which all animals need when on dry feed, in a moderate and gradual way. If cut and pulped and mixed with bran, oats, or mill-feed, they furnish a soft, semi-liquid mass, which does not irritate the coats of the stomach, and does not overload it or dilute its solvent juices as a copious draught of cold water taken all at once would be apt to do. There is force in this argument. Sheep ought to be compelled, as much as possible, to eat their food dry, as the saliva thereby secreted and mingled with it is of far more efficacy in assisting the stomach in digestion than any juice of roots, or any other moisture could be; still, it is undoubtedly injurious to the sheep to be obliged to drink at one time all the water it requires in twenty four hours, especially if it is ice-cold.

Roots are not so necessary for Merinos as they are for the mutton-breeds; they are principally useful for ewes when giving milk, and for a short period before they begin. Sugar-beets, mangels, rutabagas, yellow turnips, and white turnips, are valuable in the order in which they are here given.

READING FOR FARMER BOYS.—The character of a person is developed largely by his reading, if he reads at all. If he has an aptitude in any special direction, quite naturally his reading will be of the kind most suited to his peculiar bent of mind. Every parent should study the characteristics of his children, and help them to such reading as will most practically assist them in developing their capabilities. The farmer should put before such of his boys as are inclined to work on the farm, good agricultural papers—not those with theories which he knows to be impracticable, but common sense papers which are edited from a practical standpoint and are for practical men. The boy who reads such a paper will become interested in it, because it treats of the work and the daily life going on about him—the work and the life he knows most about. Whenever he reads of new methods of doing things he will compare them with the method with which he is familiar, and the best method is the one he will follow, be it the new or the old. The paper will sow seed for thought in his mind, and what a boy needs, is to be set to thinking. He does not require to have his ideas thought out for him by some one else, if you encourage him to be his own thinker. A good paper, which deals with the problems most familiar to him, is the best stimulus for thought.

MIXED FEED.—There are two cardinal principles in relation to mixed feed; first, that mixed feeds are better than plain; second, that all the elements of the mixture should be fed each day, instead of one element for one day or one week, and another for another day or week. Thus, for instance, the experiments at Rothamstead, England, showed that eight pound of peas, or six pounds of oil-cake meal, would make a pound of live weight; while, of peas and oil-cake meal mixed, four and one-half pounds

would suffice. It is as an element of mixed feed that roots attain their greatest value. Thus, in a great majority of cases; it will be found that a sheep receiving three pounds of bright wheat straw, and six pounds of turnips per day, will increase as much in weight, or keep in as good condition, as another with three pounds of the best timothy hay; while the former will cost less. It has been ascertained that to keep a sheep in good thriving condition, fifteen pounds of perfectly dry feed (of average good quality) is required per week for each one hundred pounds of live weight. But since hay and grain, in their ordinary condition, contain about fourteen per cent. of water, from eighteen to twenty pounds per week will be necessary, or about three pounds per day. To facilitate digestion and prevent constipation, it would be well if an equivalent of this amount of nutriment could be expanded in bulk, so as to weigh seven or eight pounds.—*American Agriculturist.*

Straw can be turned to good account as fodder with a little meal added. When this is done it is as good as hay and a cheaper food, unless it is rye straw which the city stablemen want and the paper makers. Straw and meal are a more complete food than hay alone.

A well-known sheep breeder who makes a special business of raising early lambs says that if at any time the steady growth of a sheep is interrupted, and especially if the animal be permitted to fall off in flesh, the wool growth will be lessened, and that part of the fleece which is grown at such a time will be of uneven and inferior quality, thus not only lessening the quantity, but also the quality of the product. This is no new experience, but it deserves repetition.

EXHAUSTION OF SOILS.—Nature made the best possible use of the long ages prior to the settlement of this country by white men, in forcing the most luxuriant growth of vegetation, and by its decay and that of the annual crop of foliage, had filled the soil with an amount of fertility that seemed exhaustless. So thought our fathers, and so think now many of the occupiers of the great fertile West. But a continual taking out and putting nothing back would exhaust even the ocean. It has exhausted the millions of acres of the older East, and it will exhaust the most fertile fields of the West. A study of the census must convince any searcher that the production of all our crops is year by year growing less and less. It cannot be attributed to a change of seasons for a series of years, but can only be due to one cause—the gradual exhaustion of plant-food by our unthinking and unwise course. This subject of husbanding the resources of our acres, and of returning to our starving fields those elements of plant growth quite or nearly exhausted, is yearly forcing itself more prominently upon the attention of the farmers of at least the eastern half of our country, and the line is very rapidly extending westward. Millions of acres that once produced magnificent crops of the various grains, even west of the great lakes, are now lying vacant, or barely paying for the most shiftless cultivation. This question cannot be seriously considered too soon, even by the farmers on the now rich and productive prairies west of the great rivers. Every train that passes eastward is loaded with a portion of their fertility, much of it in the crude and barely remunerative state of bran, oil-meal, and the coarser grains, and, to the shame of the farmers, even in the bones of their animals, while the returning trains carry back nothing in the nature of plant food. Though Western farmers may think they have no need of such knowledge, they should not fail to thoroughly post themselves, and those farmers who do so and who take advantage of this knowledge, will, by and-by, be looked upon as the "lucky ones" who have the richest farms in the vicinity in which they live.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A NEW POTATO.—An English paper says that a new potato has been discovered by M. Saca, of Bolivia. The plant, which is called by the natives *papa pureka*, is said to be richer in flour than other sorts, and to crop in that climate four times a year. It has from ten to fifteen stalks to a plant which sends out smooth light green leaves from the ground upwards.

COST OF A CREAMERY.—A letter to the editors of the *Country Gentleman*, asking for "the probable cost of a creamery using the milk of 50 cows, and the cost for each additional 50, and the cost of a cheese factory," has been referred to the Vermont Farm Machine Company (Bellows Falls), who write as follows: The apparatus for a dairy of 50 cows for making butter would cost:

| | |
|---|----------|
| No. 8 Elevator Creamer..... | \$117 00 |
| No. 6 Davis Swing Churn..... | 18 00 |
| No. 3 Eureka Butter Worker..... | 10 00 |
| Nesbitt Self-Gauging Butter Printer | 5 50 |

This will be sufficient for a dairy of the above size, unless the cows are larger milkers than the average. If the party prefers the senior style creamer, the price will be \$22 less. It will be seen that a dairy of 50 cows can be fitted up with the latest dairy apparatus, having all the conveniences for saving labor, for \$150; or, if the party does not wish to pay for all the conveniences, he can save \$22, making his bill \$128. For 100 cows the bill would be increased only \$117 dollars, and so on for each 50 cows. For making cheese from the same dairy, the party should have a 200-gallon Self Heating Cheese Vat and Equalizer (\$75), a gang press (\$45), hoops, curd-knives, and small utensils (\$20 to \$30). By putting in an upright press he can save \$25, and thus make a cheese apparatus cost about \$115.

KEEPING FARM ACCOUNTS.—I am a farmer, and have "kept books" for many years. No other work will prove more satisfactory and profitable,

and it is not too difficult for any farmer of ordinary ability. The system once begun, he will wonder how he ever got along without it, and find that it makes money for him every day. Get a rather narrow "cash book," having opposite pages for debit and credit. It is best to keep this book where you will see it every evening.

If "Dr." and "Cr." bother you, head the one side "Money paid out," and the other "Money taken in." Saturday night transcribe all the week's items in the cash book on to the proper accounts in what I call the Ledger. This should be a long, thick, but narrow book, as you will find it easier to have the two sides of accounts on opposite pages. In the ledger you will want to keep a number of accounts, but the two of most importance are to be headed "Farm" and "Family." Let farm account be first of all, and thirty or forty pages further along begin the family account. On the farm account credit the farm with everything it brings in; on the opposite page debit it with everything paid out for it.—John M. Stahl.

KEEP A GOOD TEAM.—Without doubt the greatest and most common loss in team management is from keeping poor horses unable at any time to do a full day's work. It is the most difficult thing possible for many farmers to get the idea into their heads that a horse capable of doing but little is entirely valueless. An old, worn out horse will always sell for something, no matter how poor he may be, and always for a greater price in proportion to his value when most worthless. For farm purposes, with the dear wages now paid to farm help, it does not require much deduction from a full day's team work each day to make up the value of a first-class team in every respect.

ROOTS FOR DAIRY COWS.—Roots are healthy food for cows and increase the flow of the milk, but care is required in feeding those liable to give an unpleasant flavor to the milk and butter. Carrots and sugar beets, experience has taught, are among the roots best adapted for dairy cows. Turnips and cabbages give unpleasant flavor to both milk and butter. Roots should not be fed alone but in combination with more nitrogenous food.

ORCHARDS AND POULTRY-YARDS.—It has been demonstrated that the old theory of the hens protecting the orchards when running at large is incorrect. But the Massachusetts Experimental Station managers have proved, upon trial, that even plums may be protected from curculio when the hens are confined in small yards around the trees. The fowls, having no shade but the trees, remain near them, and it is best to have only one tree in each yard. They scratch the surface of the ground, hunt all around the trunk of the trees, and, what is more, deposit their manure daily for the support of the growing-fruit, as well as keeping down grass and weeds, which are destroyed in their young stages. It is becoming evident that fruit-growing and poultry raising are, or should be, joint occupations, the one being beneficial to the other, and if it can be demonstrated in all sections that the hens will protect the plum and peach trees, the knowledge of the fact thus gained is invaluable.—*Farm and Garden*

FEEDING WHEAT BRAN.—Feeding corn meal and hay will keep calves and colts fat; but the animals will not grow rapidly unless fed oats, wheat bran, or oil-cake in addition. By many, wheat bran is preferred to oil-cake for young animals, because it is not so concentrated, and does not tax the digestive organs so severely. Calves grow very rapidly when fed corn meal, oats, wheat bran and clover hay, because such feed furnishes them what muscle-forming matter they need. If wheat bran is kept in the slop-barrel, the pigs will grow faster. A good slop for pigs is made by pouring hot water over wheat bran, and feeding it while yet warm. Sir John B. Lawes states that the manure made by sheep from bran is worth more than the bran originally costs. Mature sheep do unusually well when fed bran, and young sheep make a yet greater gain from it.

TRAINING YOUNG HORSES.—A colt ought to be thoroughly halter broken at 1 year old. At 2 years, having learned the rudimentary lessons of being led about and handled without fear, an acquaintance with bit and bridle is in order. Previous to placing any portion of harness on a young horse let him smell and see it.

The first bit put into a horse's mouth should be a simple one, such as a plain bar or a jointed snaffle. Especially in the first trials should an easy mouthpiece be used to induce the animal to take it fearlessly. Many persons through ignorance do injury both to the horse's temper and his mouth by using a severe snaffle. It is bad policy to work a horse too early or to overwork one of any age. Give the colts light work until they have developed their powers by degrees.

Geo. W. Farhart, Captain of Police, Baltimore, Md., says:—"I have used Salvation Oil and found it a most exceeding remedy. I recommend it to all."

Yesterday I had a horrid cold. I used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and to-day I am as well as ever.

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

A CARD

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

"BELL" ORGANS JUST PUBLISHED!

AT THE COLONIAL.

PATRONIZED BY ROYALTY.

In musical instruments, certainly Messrs. W. Bell & Co., of Guelph, Ont., have reason to be proud of their success, and it is universally conceded that their display was about the most prominent in their line.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, personally congratulated them on having the most handsome exhibit: the stand itself, a work of art in design and fitting, having been erected at a cost, it is said, of £600. The wood-work is in enameled white, and real gold, handsomely carved, and the drapery is in silk plush and Indian mullin.

The Marquis of Lorne, and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, after thoroughly testing the instruments made and exhibited by the different manufacturers, decided to buy one of the illuminated pipe top "Bell" organs. This sale was followed by others to the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Bourke, Governor of Madras, India, and Sir Robert Affleck, each of whom purchased one of their large and handsome organs.

The popularity of this instrument is growing more extensively every year in the British Isles, and on the continent, confirming the critical judgment of experts, who have pronounced them superior to all others for purity of tone and pleasing design.

In the Citadel of Quebec, a "Bell" organ graces its drawing-rooms for the use of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and in far distant Victoria, B. C., Lady Douglass selected a "Bell" organ for her use.

Perfection in these instruments has only been attained after years of experience and study, by using the best material and employing none but skilled and practical workmen, Messrs. Bell & Co. have produced an organ without an equal.

Prominent English organists, who have tried them at the Exhibition, have been delighted with them. *The Invention*, a journal published in London, says:—"The excellence of workmanship, and quality of the 'Bell' organs, leave only one verdict possible to any expert who cares to personally inspect them, as we have done for ourselves, and we have pleasure in expressing ourselves as greatly pleased with the genuine organ tone brought out in their instruments."

The Music Trades' Journal says:—"That Messrs. Bell & Co. are now doing a very flourishing business, which ought certainly to be much extended as a result of their handsome exhibit at the Colonies, and it is gratifying to note that the judges at the Exhibition have endorsed our opinion as to the excellence of their instruments."

We understand that Messrs. Bell & Co. have received the Gold Medal at the Liverpool Exhibition, which has just closed.

W. H. JOHNSON,

121 & 123 Hollis Street, Halifax.

Is the Sole Agent for the "Bell" Organs for Nova Scotia.

Pianos! Pianos!

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Commenced the year 1887, (14th year in Business) with a very large stock of the choicest PIANOS, by the best American and Canadian Manufacturers, and including

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CHICKERING,
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Which will be sold very LOW FOR CASH, or on easy terms of payment. This, being the dull season of the year, is a most favorable time

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EMINENT
THROAT AND LUNG SURGEON.

Having Removed from the PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA, TEMPORARILY, owing to the fact of litigation pending, regarding his right to practice in the Province. The M. B. after while, will learn to treat a Medical CONFERENCE Medical ETHICS fully demand in a civilized country.

With the above EXPLANATION, Dr. Washington asks all who may desire to consult him, to correspond, when a full list of QUESTIONS ESSENTIAL to the case, will be forwarded to him out, and treatment expressed, as the case requires.

DISEASES TREATED.

Catarrh, Nose, Head and Throat, Chronic Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, Sore Throat, Asthma, Consumption, etc., etc.

125 Yonge Street, TORONTO.
Inhalation of Cold Medicated Vapor the principal of Treatment.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

REFORMED AT LAST.

A prominent professional man residing in one of the most thriving towns in Nova Scotia, had, by the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants, reduced himself and his family almost to the verge of starvation. He was a man of brilliant talents, and could have commanded a handsome income if he would have left liquor alone, but although he made frequent attempts, he always relapsed, and his family and friends were in despair. His wife was devoted to him, and tried by all means in her power to wean him from his unquenchable thirst for liquor. He would sometimes abstain for a week or more, but the craving for stimulants would finally force him to succumb. She tried to substitute harmless stimulants for alcohol, but for a long time met with no success. Finally she procured a bottle of Jamaica Ginger, and induced her husband to take a few doses of it. He found it a pleasant, invigorating tonic, producing all the beneficial effects of brandy, while entirely removing the terrible craving for liquor which had rendered all her previous attempts at reform abortive. By a continuous use of the Ginger, he finally conquered all desire for drink, and to day is a reformed man. The world has since prospered with him, but he freely acknowledges that without Simson's Jamaica Ginger, he might before now have filled a drunkard's grave.

Simson's Jamaica Ginger is particularly recommended for cramps and pains in the stomach. A few drops gives to that organ a glow and vigor equal to a glass of brandy or other stimulant without any debilitating effects.

WHAT THE DRUGGISTS SAY.

We, the undersigned druggists, take pleasure in certifying that we have sold Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, etc., for a number of years, and know it to be one of the oldest as well as (especially of late) one of the most reliable preparations in the market for the cure of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, coughs, and all lung diseases. The sale of it (Puttner's Emulsion) is steadily increasing, and is larger than for all other preparations of the kind in the market combined. We know of no article that gives greater satisfaction to those who use it, and we do not hesitate to recommend it.

- | | |
|--|--|
| Brown & Webb, Wholesale Druggists. | Henry A. Taylor, Disp'g & Family Chem. |
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| Jas. R. Gordon, late R. N. Druggist. | J. H. Margeson, " " |
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| Geo. Irwin, Dispenser and Family Chem. | R. McFarridge, M.D., " " |
| W. H. Hamilton, Man'gr Apoth Hall | W. H. Simson Ph.G., " " |
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The Collector of Customs at Montmagny, P. Q., speaks:
To Brown Brothers & Co., Halifax, N. S.
I was very much troubled with a sprained foot, and, though having an antipathy to patent medicines, I was induced to try a bottle of Simson's Liniment, and with such great success that I have recommended it to all my neighbors. I also recommend the same liniment for Bunions and Corns, as a friend who used part of my sample bottle can also testify.

EUGENE HAMOND, Collector of Customs.

Montmagny, P. Q., Dec. 13th, '86.

"The car is full of alumni," whispered Miss Beekonstreet to her friend from the West, as they both journeyed Cambridgeward in the horse car. "Yes," said the Chicago girl, "and how it chokes one up, don't it? I wonder they do not open the ventilators."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*
Mayflower Cologne is a delightful perfume.

Simson's Liniment relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Bruises, Cuts, Neuralgia, Scald Head, Swellings, Tumors, Contraction of the Muscles, Frost Bites, Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Stiff Joints, Lame Back, Spinal Complaints, Inflammation, Chillsains, Pain in the Back, Side, Chest, or other parts of the body, Asthma, Colic, Diphtheria, Quinsy, Sore Throat, and other innumerable Pains and Aches to which mankind is subject. It is also invaluable for the many accidents and diseases with which horses and other animals are afflicted.

"Doctor," said the friend, stopping him on the street, "what do you take for a heavy cold?" "A fee," replied the doctor softly, and so passed on.—*Robert Burdette.*

We would recommend Simson's Tolu and Aniseed.

BROWN BROS. & CO. ARE AGENTS FOR

MCPHERSON'S DIPHTHERIA WASH—Highly recommended as a cure for Diphtheria.

POLAND MINERAL SPRING WATER—For Bright's Disease and Urinary Complaints.

BUTCHER'S ANTISEPTIC INHALER—For the permanent cure of Catarrh, etc.

Brown Bros. & Co.

Gentlemen,—I wish to speak with approval of Simson's Liniment. Having my knee fractured and the cords almost destroyed by a kick from a horse, and other applications not proving successful to reduce the pain and soreness, I used two bottles of the liniment, which, at every application, took effect; and now, after six weeks being laid up, I am able to walk nearly as well as ever. I have also used the liniment with great success in taking the soreness from corns in horses after removing them.

JACOB FOSTER.

Coldbrook, Nov. 10th, 1886.

Bridgewater, Oct. 9th, 1886.

Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co.

Gentlemen,—This summer I burnt my hand very badly, so that I could not work. By applying Simson's Liniment I received instant relief. It killed the pain and prevented the burn from blistering, so that I was able to go to work again at once. I find Simson's Liniment the best liniment for family use that I have ever had in my house.

Yours truly,

WM. REEVES.

The man who published a book entitled "The Art of Living a Hundred Years" is dead at the age of 38.—*Boston Post.*

If he had used Puttner's Emulsion he might have succeeded in carrying his theories into practice.

Such was the demand for Puttner's Emulsion that it became necessary to employ the use of steam power, and to entrust the compounding to a skilled chemist.

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

What looks nicer than a good set of clean teeth. If you wish to preserve yours, use Dr. C. K. Fiske's Lavodent, manufactured by Brown Bros. & Co.

A South End dentist had to pay \$150 for pulling the wrong tooth.—*Boston Post.*

Brown's Toothache Drops are an infallible cure.

Physicians' prescriptions and family receipts compounded with great care by Brown Bros. & Co.

WORMS.—The administration of medicinal preparations in the form of lozenges is of all modes the most eligible and convenient, more especially for children. Abbott's Worm Tablets will be found to be the best preparation to destroy and eradicate those pests. Children cry for them. They contain no mercury or other mineral poison. For sale at Brown Bros. & Co.'s.

YANKEE WAFFLES.—A large gill of yeast, one quarter pound of butter, six eggs, one quart milk, salt, flour to make a batter as thick as for a griddle cake. Bake in waffle irons as long again as you would need to bake them on a griddle.

The good reputation and extensive use of our flavoring essences has induced unprincipled parties to use our name in selling their worthless trash. Intending purchasers in the city will do well to buy direct from us. Those in the country will see that our name—Brown Brothers & Co., is on the label.

Remember the place to get the best

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

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50 baskets of Piper Heldsteck's Celebrated Champagne, in quarts and pints.

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10 hds. Graham's one diamond and three diamond Port. Just received per S. S. Milanese.

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25 cases Coates' Celebrated Plymouth Gin. Just received per S. S. Milanese from London.

Hennessy's Brandy.
150 cases Hennessy's *, **, and *** Brandy. Just received per S. S. Avlona from Charente.

Lerond's Brandy.
25 quarter casks and 30 octaves and 200 cases Lerond's Brandy. Just received per S. S. Avlona from Charente.

Martell's Brandy.
150 cases Martell's *, **, and *** Brandy. Just received per S. S. Avlona from Charente.

Bass's Ale.
100 bbls. Bass's Pale Ale—Bottled by Patterson & Hibbert's—in quarts and pints Just received per S. S. Milanese.

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150 cases Celtic, Mackie's and Williams' Islay Blend Whiskey. Just received and for sale by

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We claim to be the leading Millinery House of the Maritime Provinces Our Stock of Hats, Bonnets, Gauzes, Trimmings, Ribbons, etc., etc. is large and varied.

Our facilities for purchasing are unsurpassed.
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Net Nets,
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