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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

EDITORIAL.	
Peace or War?	1, 2
Scientists and Their Theories	2
Corrupt Practices at Election	2
The N. W. Mounted Police Force	2
Notes	1
CONTRIBUTED.	
American Vulgarisms	6
A Trip to the Eastern Gold Districts	12, 13
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Chit-Chat and Chuckles	3
News of the Week	4, 5
Horse Whispering	6, 7
Paris and London: A Bundle of Contrasts	7
Musical Echoes	7, 8
Detached Thoughts	8
Commercial	8, 9
Market Quotations	9
Serial	10, 11
Mining	12, 13
Home and Farm	14
Religious	15

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. A. W. Dimock, an American millionaire, has had his wife's features carved on a meerschaum pipe, and his own on another, each pipe having cost him five hundred dollars. It is such extravagances upon the part of wealthy individuals that make the horny handed son of toil fret at the distribution of wealth, and long for the time when industrious labor shall secure its fair share of the profits of production.

Down in Texas, a negro sheriff having been killed, the negroes of his county rose to take revenge upon his white murderers. The troops of the state were called out, and the so called insurrection quelled. If the sheriff had been a white man, and his murderers colored persons, what a pow wow the affair would have created. Evidently, the color line still exists in Texas as elsewhere, and is no more likely to be obliterated.

Speculators who are fond of deals should take Horace Greely's advice, and go West. That is the land where money is made in a week and lost in a day. It is the land where stocks are boomed, and the values of real estate go up with a rush; but after all it is the land of speculation, and sooner or later the inflated balloon collapses, and the thousands of bitten ones bemoan their luck, and envy the individuals who have made money by playing upon the public credulity.

As our Thanksgiving day approaches, we can well afford to recall the bounties of Providence for the past season, more especially as we in a great measure escaped the effects of the drought which in other countries destroyed the crops, bringing the people to the verge of starvation. In Friaul, Austria, the gaunt figure of famine is lurking in every homestead; while its twin brother, the spotted fever, is decimating the population, and thousands of persons are leaving the country, dreading the horrors of the coming winter.

The reading public will hear with regret of the death of Mrs. Craik, better known as Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." To this gifted writer we are indebted for many charming stories, all of which bear evidences of the high ideal at which Miss Mulock aimed, as well as of the power of the writer to express her thoughts in pure, clear and rhythmic English. Her last work, "An Unknown Country," has just been issued from the press by the Harper Brothers, and as it embodies impressions of the writer in visiting Ireland, it will probably be read by a more extended circle than any of her previous publications, excepting it may be "John Halifax, Gentleman."

The names of some persons are said to carry weight, and, no doubt, financially and otherwise they do; but when brought to the actual test of the weight of the signature, it is found that few names weigh more than five milligrammes, about twice the weight of a hair from a man's head. So delicate are the scales which are now manufactured, that it is an easy matter to note the difference in weight between a blank slip of paper with or without a name written upon it.

Ignatius Donnelly in order to prove that Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays, says that Shakespeare died in the prime of life, after a three days' drunken spree. This kind of proof is never convincing; and unless Mr. Donnelly can advance something stronger for his theory that Bacon was the real author of the great dramas, than mere abuse of Shakespeare, he is not likely to carry conviction to the hearts of the millions who are wont to look upon Shakespeare as the great master mind of his age.

General Booth is endeavoring to obtain the services of five thousand persons for missionary work in Zululand and the Republics of South America. We may not admire the methods of the Salvation Army, but its audacious aggressiveness is enough to make satan shake in his shoes. Whether this extraordinary missionary movement will die with the death of its promoter, or whether the organization will finally settle down as a distinctive branch of Christ's church, are questions which have passed through the minds of many thoughtful men.

The rapid rate at which the United States Government is paying for its war debt must be a matter of surprise to some of the European monarchies in which the public liabilities are as steadily increasing. In eighteen sixty-five the U. S. debt was about two and three quarter billion dollars, it is now a little more than one billion dollars. The reduction has been at the rate of seventy-two million dollars per annum; and if continued for the next twelve years, will entirely wipe out the war indebtedness.

There are State laws against the consolidation of corporations in the United States, but there are likewise no end of loop-holes by which wealthy companies manage to escape from their direct violation. This is evidenced by the recent purchase of the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph system by that great and growing monopoly, the Western Union Company. The B. & O. system has been leased for fifty years, and five million dollars cash has been paid for the privileges. The law forbids purchase outright, but does not prohibit leasing, which, however, as far as the public are concerned, practically amounts to the same thing.

The United States is no doubt a great country, but we are sometimes apt to be carried off our feet by the deluge of national statistics which is poured forth from Washington. In one of these, respecting the dairy interest, we read that one hundred million acres of land are devoted to pasturage, and that the annual yield of butter is one billion three hundred and fifty million pounds. Now, this sounds large; but as a matter of fact, it merely means that about one twentieth of the area of the United States is devoted to pasturage and crops for dairy purposes, and that the yield of butter is equivalent to a half a pound per week for each man, woman and child. Aggregations are loud sounding, but it may well be doubted whether the cows over the border are better fed, or the bread of the people better buttered than is the case in this well favored Province of our own.

The Australians are in dead earnest in preventing the French occupation of the New Hebrides. Their experience of French convict stations, such as that in New Caledonia, leads them to dread the proximity of a French penal settlement, and they are making a determined opposition against the establishment of a second station of the kind. In New Caledonia there are thirteen thousand French convicts, a large proportion of whom would, under British laws, have been condemned to the gallows, but under the French laws the most hardened villains, as well as those who have been guilty of comparatively slight offences are herded together in one station, the preponderance of the vicious element levelling the whole community to a plane of moral degradation as low as can well be imagined. Australia seeks to protect herself from becoming the asylum of the released or escaped convicts, and we sympathize with her in the decided stand she has taken.

PEACE OR WAR?

The European political sky is seldom cloudless, there are generally a few storm-clouds flitting about, attracting the attention of Christendom. Fortunately the storm clouds are readily dispersed, and the storm comes not, even when most expected. Such seems to be the position of European affairs at present. In the early part of this year it was the general belief that the horrors of another war could not long be averted. Germany and France were eyeing each other jealously, each on the alert lest the other should surpass her in warlike equipment. Even in England there was no little alarm lest France should seek in a war with the sea-girt nation an

escape for the pent-up mortification caused by the humiliating Franco-German war. The belief that France was getting into a promiscuously bellicose state of mind was strengthened by the hostile utterances of the French press, and by the coquetting of France with Russia about the Eastern embroglio. At the same time the hand-shaking of the three Emperors was suspended, and it seemed as if Russia were about to give up the friendship of Germany for that of France.

But the aspect of the heavens has changed. Russia shows a disposition to go back to her old love; and has only flitted with France to gain an end. The new Pan Slavonic organ, *Grajdanin*, gives the following not very flattering estimate of France and Frenchmen.—“Away with a nation that does not believe in the Almighty, a nation incapable of defending itself, and which surrenders itself to an enemy in hundreds of thousands.” * * * The Frenchmen of the present day are a depraved body, destined by fate to exhibit the spectacle of degenerated patriots. The present Frenchmen is composed of nothing but words—everything is words; and, in fact, there are wanting in his practiced qualities, a superabundance of which is found in his words—manliness, bravery, patriotism, solidity, and sincerity.” Whether or not we can subscribe to the whole of this character-sketch, whether or not parts of it remind us of the proverbial pot reproaching the kettle with blackness, at least one thing is pretty clear—the spirit it breathes is not a friendly one. Thus with France isolated, and with the old harmless good-understanding between Russia and Germany, the peace of Europe may be looked upon as safe for some time to come.

SCIENTISTS AND THEIR THEORIES.

It is, perhaps, well for the peace of mind of many human beings that their circumstances do not admit of their closely investigating the scientific theories of the age; or of their reading the articles upon scientific subjects which have been contributed by savants of the nineteenth century. Not long since in perusing a report of the late meeting of the British Association, we were particularly struck with the hard matter of fact way in which the questions were discussed, as well as with the positive manner in which the scientists undertook to prove that the human race was fast going to the dogs. One writer declared that man was fast reverting to an earlier and lowlier ethnic form, and, as a proof of this fact, he called attention to the growing popularity of trowsers among men, and to the divided skirt among women. In India, he claimed that the missionaries appear to be as much pleased when the natives donned the latter garment, as when they became converted and were baptized. Another savant of high standing stated that the increase of consumption was due not to hereditary causes, but to the low physical conditions of mankind. One speaker declared that we ate a much greater amount of food than did our forefathers, while another asserted that owing to the prevalence of dyspeptic and other kindred complaints, we could not now digest as much food as our ancestors. In speaking upon economic matters one gentleman remarked, that while the material wealth of the world is greater than ever before, the general uneasiness that exists in commercial circles prevented mankind reaping the full benefit therefrom. We might go on and give the gist of several other papers read before the Association, all of which were tinged with the same despondent feeling, and show that scientific investigations have not a tendency to make the intellect more hopeful, or the spirits more buoyant.

The human race may be deteriorating; consumption may be on the increase, and the economic malaise universal, but does any man whose brain is not excited by overstudy, and who enjoys good health, believe for a moment that the human race is not advancing mentally, morally, physically and materially? Science itself proves that we are now in a position to take an intellectual grasp of many subjects of which our predecessors were profoundly ignorant. Who that has dipped into the history of bygone ages can question the moral superiority of the men of to-day over their blood-thirsty progenitors? If there are in this nineteenth century many persons whose physical condition is far from perfect, it proves nothing but that the conditions of life aided by medical skill have enabled them to live and enjoy their existence, whereas a few centuries since persons similarly conditioned would have probably sunk into an early grave. No one whose memory extends back over a quarter of a century can doubt that materially our advancement is phenomenal. Our parents' luxuries we now regard as necessities; and with each decade we find, as our wants become more numerous, the means of supplying them are improving. The man who believes that the world is going to the dogs, will have to shut his eyes to the visible evidences to the contrary which surround him on every hand; even the members of the British Association, while they take occasion to air their pet theories, would scarce dare to assert that the wheels of civilization were rolling backwards, and that, in the course of centuries, the human family would return to its primitive state, and live upon the spontaneous products of mother earth.

CORRUPT PRACTICES AT ELECTIONS.

We have frequently been surprised at the comparatively low moral tone of public opinion with respect to bribery at elections. This or that representative, may be unseated for bribery, but, saving in the columns of the newspapers opposing the candidature of any such men, we never hear or read of any protest against trafficking in franchises. We are, of course, aware that the party of purity is a myth, and that few strong party men have any hesitation in buying up votes as if they were goods and chattels. We are also aware that hundreds of persons who would shrink from committing a dishonorable act, or to whom the idea of interfering with

freedom of religious thought would be regarded as detestable, have never yet come to look upon the purchase of a man's vote as in any way a reprehensible act, or one that would imply political immorality. Any one who has had much to do in political campaigns knows that what we have said is true, and yet, beneath all this apparent corruption, there is a strong sentiment of justice and fair play which will eventually force its way to the surface and aid in purifying the methods by which men are chosen to be the parliamentary representatives of the people. Meantime, it is the duty of every man who wishes to preserve his honor unsullied, and his character free from the leprosy of conscious wrongdoing, to strive by all the means in his power to prevent the offering of bribes to those among the electors whose poverty often, alas, makes them susceptible to such corrupt practices. It is the briber rather than the bribed that is to be condemned, for it is he who, by the use of money or by undue influence, throttles the free expression of public opinion, purchasing for a mess of postage the birth-right of a brother citizen. It may be claimed that there are many electors who have no definite opinion as to the merits or demerits of either political party, and who have no particular preference for either of the party candidates, but in answer, we would say that this is due to the false tone of public sentiment with respect to bribes, of which the greedy or needy classes of voters take advantage, and that were there no such thing as the purchasing of votes, such electors, instead of marketing their citizenship, would study more closely the public questions of the day, and deposit their ballot according to their own convictions.

Within the next few weeks we are to have in this Province four or five political contests, in all of which party feeling will probably run high; but as four of these have been made necessary owing to bribery by agents of the former candidates, it is to be hoped that the lesson of these contested elections will have a wholesome influence upon the constituencies, and result in an abstention from those corrupt practices which have too frequently thwarted the will of the people and called in question the wisdom of popular representation in the government.

THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE FORCE.

We received some communications about three months ago from the N. W., which induced us to notice what seemed to be current opinions among those qualified to know, as to the state of the Force. There was evidently dissatisfaction, more or less widely spread, and it was especially asserted that the Force was recruited from unfit material, and that the rate of desertion was higher than that of the army.

We regret to find that the dissatisfaction still exists, and is the subject of frequent discussion by the press of the Territories. It is not likely that there is so much smoke without some fire, and if the system under which the force is being worked by its chiefs is vexatious and faulty, the more public attention is drawn to it the better.

Private advices, which we occasionally receive from persons competent to judge, agree with more than one respectable newspaper in the territories in allusions to a tone of discipline calculated to encourage a rash use of fire-arms in effecting arrests, and to an excess of militarism. It is said that mere smartness of appearance on parade in the person of a recruit of a few days standing, outweighs appreciation of the superior qualities of prompt readiness for service, and the coolness and self-reliance which are absolute requisites in dealing with law-breakers—white or Indian.

Comparisons are drawn between the alleged recent muster of every man along a considerable section of railway to arrest a single Indian, who was not after all arrested, and the capture by Major Walsh, out of Sitting Bull's camp, of all the Indians he saw fit to secure with about eight men only of his force. Allusion is also made to the rapidity (a little exaggerated) with which Major Walsh's troops were accustomed to respond to the call of "Boot and Saddle," a rapidity which, it is implied, cannot be attained under a system of excessive drill, burnishing and pipe-claying. Now, the methods of Major Walsh, probably the smartest officer the force ever had, were not without some points of particularity which were not always agreeable to his men, and he was by no means altogether indifferent to drill, having been himself a particularly capable adjutant. Still, we fear, from what we gather, that drill and pipe-clay are being carried on to an extent detrimental to real efficiency, and provocative of discontent and doubts of the competency of superiors.

If such errors of judgment are prominent, they can lie only with the actual chief, the commissioner. The Comptroller, Mr. Frederic White, is a gentleman of excellent judgement, but it would not occur to him to interfere in the details of executive command, unless indiscretions were specially brought to his notice.

The Assist.-Commissioner is a gentleman who has had more experience in continued active service than any officer in the Canadian Forces, his employment having been without intermission from 1870, when he was appointed a captain in the Red River Expedition of that year. He has been eleven years in the police, entering as a Superintendent (then Inspector), and he has, we believe, always been popular.

Superintendents McIlree, Neil and Greisback, and Inspector Norman, have been in the force from its inception in 1873, and Superintendent Cotton's service has been continuous in the N. W. for 13 or 14 years. He is also in every respect a good officer. The former Commissioners, Col. French, Col. MacLeod, and Col. Irvine, were all men peculiarly fitted by natural ability, as well as by N. W. and military experience, for their important post; but, beyond the fact that Mr. Lawrence Herchmer was, we believe, at one time a Lieutenant in the army, we are unaware what were either his fitness for, or his claims to, the supreme position.

We shall take some pains to arrive at the root of this matter.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

Russian men are very tall. They very frequently walked over poles.

Legal.—Can a blind man be held liable for a bill which he accepted payable at sight?—*Boston Post.*

Capitalists in Buenos Ayers are establishing a horse railroad 200 miles long. Mules will be employed as the motive power.

"Whatever you do, my boy, begin at the bottom, and work up."
"But, father, suppose I was going to dig a well?"

"It's a fine day, your honor," said the Disorderly Drunk in a whoodling tone. "It is indeed," replied his honor, sternly. "Ten dollars fine."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"That bonnet would scare the devil himself," said a Bookman street man to a Salvation Army lieutenant.

"That is the reason I wear it, sir," she said.

Between two and three tons of postal cards are manufactured every day at Castleton, N. Y. The largest order ever filled for one city, New York, was 4,000,000 cards, or about twelve tons of paper.

Some remarkable stories have been told under the head of "Antipathies," but the most remarkable we ever heard was that of the man who could not sleep in church because the nap was worn off his overcoat collar.

It takes three weeks to perform a marriage ceremony among the upper classes in Japan, and we don't see how the editor of a daily paper in that country finds time to get "united in the holy bonds of wedlock."—*Norristown Herald.*

Boston Hostess. "Did you think the allegro movement of that concerto by Beethoven most inspiring?" Friend from the West: "Stunning! And wasn't Mr. Beethoven himself perfectly elegant? Such lovely whiskers. I do wish he'd play again!"

A rustic visiting London was accosted, upon his arrival at Euston Square by one of the cabbies with "Hansom, sir? Hansom?" Hodge, thinking he referred to his good looks, "Hey, tha fogey, awm a deal hansomer than thee, or aw cuddant shame to show my face on Lunnon."

Old lawyer (to young partner): "Did you draw up old Moneybag's will?" Young partner: "Yes, sir; and so tight that all the relatives in the world cannot break it." Old Lawyer (with some disgust): "The next time there is a will to be drawn up I'll do it myself."

AN IMPORTANT MATTER.—Little Dot—Mamma, Dick is kissing me.

Mamma—I am glad he likes you so well, dear.

"But it isn't w'ight."

"Oh, it don't matter, pet. What makes you think it isn't right?"

"'Cause nurse told papa so."—*Omaha World.*

A Philadelphia girl says "Really!" a Boston girl, "Ah!" a Chicago girl, "Which!" a Baltimore girl, "Indeed!" a Providence girl, "Ho-ow!" a London girl, "Fawney!" a Leadville girl, "What are you givin' us?"—*New York Journal.*

Correct for the most part, but the *N. Y. Journal* gentleman has evidently never been in London.

An improved pocket or portable apparatus for taking photographic pictures has been recently patented by Mr. W. J. Lancaster, of Birmingham, which may be made either in the form of a watch or chronometer case, tobacco-box, match box, cigarette-case, purse, locket, charm, or other like article, by which means a person is able to carry a complete photographic apparatus in a very small compass.

Mrs. Isabella Mitchell, M. D., of Detroit, has invented a process for preserving meat and vegetables at a merely nominal expense. Mrs. Mitchell was graduated as a physician from the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery about eleven years ago, and in the course of her studies and practice became interested in developing the uses of ozone and finally discovering that it was not only a tonic and health giver, but also a great preservative agent. She has, she claims, succeeded in perfecting her methods, and her mechanical appliances are already protected by patents, while she has filed a caveat for the fluid used, the composition of which is yet a secret.

Writing on "hearing," a correspondent in *Nature* says:—"The hearing in some birds seems as wonderful and discriminating as that of smell in dogs. I have watched with astonishment a thrush listening for worms—as their manner is—and evidently hearing them too, within two yards of a noisy lawn-mower on the other side of a small hedge of roses. Probably the worms came nearer to the surface in consequence of the vibration caused by the machine—they are said to do so—but that the thrush heard and did not see them was evident. Robins appear to be able to distinguish the voices of their own offspring and parents from a number of others, and at a great distance.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Those who wish to secure pleasant and profitable reading matter for the winter evenings should note our exceptional offer which appears on page sixteen. For \$2.50 in cash we undertake to send Mr. Carter to any subscriber for one year, supplying him in addition with seventy-nine of the most readable of readable books. Those who are renewing their subscriptions, as well as new subscribers, should take advantage of this offer.

The Joggins railway is to be operated by telephone, thus obviating the necessity of employing skilled telegraph operators.

A heavy fire in Winnipeg has destroyed property to the value of \$24,000, only a part of the loss is covered by insurance.

The Canadian Pacific will expend over \$1,000,000 upon its Montreal station and its approaches. The foundations for the new station are to be completed within six weeks.

The brig *Hebe*, bound from Rio Janeiro, has been stranded in the Magdalen Islands, and her crew are down with small-pox. Every precaution will be taken to quarantine the shipwrecked sick ones.

Dr. Brodeur, who made a post-mortem examination of the body of Senator Senecal, says that the development of his massive brain reminded him much of the brain of Gambetta, which was of abnormal size.

Harrison R. Forbes, of Forbes & Co., of Toronto, has crossed into the United States, not being in a position to meet the liabilities of the firm of which he was Forbes and also Co. The bucket shop business was the cause of his ruin.

The rolling stock of the Intercolonial railway consists of 60 first-class cars; 72 second-class and emigrant cars; 11 sleepers; 42 baggage, express and postal cars; 1,529 cattle and freight cars; 1,442 flats; 1,828 hoppers; 83 vans, and 164 locomotives.

Bridgewater is one of the most enterprising towns on the Western Shore. Its trade is large, and its people wide awake. A shoe factory is, it is said, shortly to be established in the town. According to the growth in our population, we require annually 15,000 pairs of shoes more than in the preceding year, so the home market is all right.

The City Council should take up the matter of an Exhibition in Halifax next year, and push it with energy and determination. If the Exhibition is to be a success, the thousand and one details of its carrying out should not be left until the eleventh hour. If Halifax is to have the Exhibition, it should do it well, otherwise it had better be left alone.

It has more than once been hinted that a syndicate of capitalists were desirous of purchasing the Intercolonial Railway, but it is said that the Government will not entertain the idea of its sale until the completion of the Short Line. For our own part, we hope that they will not entertain it even then, as the road, which belongs to the people, should remain under Government control.

It is satisfactory to note that the Opposition, as well as the Government press, unqualifiedly endorse the appointment of Sir Charles Tupper as the Canadian representative upon the Fishery Commission. Sir Charles is unquestionably the strongest man that could have been appointed, and as he will be supported by the Minister of Justice as legal adviser, both parties may rest assured that the Canadian case will be presented in a proper manner.

Dalhousie College was formally opened on Tuesday last by appropriate ceremonies, which were held in Orpheus Hall. The addresses by Professor Seth was decidedly profound, and his arguments in favor of his claim that philosophy is the science of sciences, were logical throughout. The new college building is almost finished, indeed, so near has it approached to completion that several of the lecture rooms will be ready for occupation on Monday next.

A definite offer, it is said, has been made to the Dominion Government by a syndicate of English capitalists, to construct the subway connecting Prince Edward Island with the mainland. Twenty thousand dollars a year for twenty years is the subsidy asked for. The sum appears modest, as compared with the estimated cost of the work as laid down by Senator Howland, but if a company can be found to do it for the money, the chances for the subway project are decidedly bright.

Crowded houses nightly greet the J. S. Murphy company at the Academy. Some of the scenes in "Kerry Gow," which was played during the first three nights of the week, are strikingly realistic, notably the one where Murphy actually forges a horse shoe, and where the carrier-pigeons bring home the result of the race. The company is well fitted to produce this play, but are expected to surpass themselves in the production of "Shaun Rhue," which is put on the last three evenings of this week.

The Victoria County Election case, which was settled this week, has excited no little interest in political circles. John A. MacDonald, member of Parliament for Victoria, was accused of personal bribery, and Mr MacCurdy, the petitioner, protested against his holding the seat for that county. The evidence given at the trial can leave no doubt in the minds of those who have read it, that corrupt practices were indulged in by those who supported Mr. MacDonald; and on account of these the election has been voided. The charges of personal bribery were not sustained by evidence such as in the judgment of Judge James, was sufficient to disqualify Mr. MacDonald; but stripped of the technicalities of the law, most persons would be forced to conclude from reading it, that the respondent's conduct defied the spirit, if not the letter of the Election Act, and that he had in fact a very close shave.

The *Springhill News* evidently believes that Springhill is to be the Newcastle of Nova Scotia, as it calmly suggests that that place should be the shire town of the County of Cumberland. Amherst, the present municipal capital, has always had the credit of being a wide-awake place, and, if we mistake not, will smile at the pretentiousness of the big settlement at the black diamond mines.

Several gunning accidents are reported during the past week. In one, the son of Mr. B. A. Smith, of Halifax, while out shooting near the North-West-Arm, was accidentally shot in the legs by his brother; the wounds are of a most serious nature, and it is feared one, if not both legs, will have to be amputated, in order to preserve his life. Another is the fatal accident which befell Edward Rafuse, of Chester, who, while out gunning, undertook to destroy a snake, which was lying in the road, by striking it with the butt of his gun. The fowling piece was loaded, and young Rafuse received the full charge in his body. Death was almost instantaneous. The lad was eighteen years of age. These are sad lessons, the effect of inexperience and thoughtlessness, and parents should see to it, that their sons are thoroughly trained in the use of fire arms before allowing them to handle such dangerous weapons.

A sad case of death resulting from a mistake happened in Lorne, Pictou Co. A daughter of Mrs. MacKay had been taking beef, iron and wine as a tonic, and her mother, mistaking a bottle containing carbolic acid for that containing the usual medicine, administered a half wine glass of the poison. The girl, discovering the mistake, told her mother, and desired that her father might be called at once. She lingered until the next day, the physicians being unable to counteract the effects of the acid. This story, which appeared in the Halifax dailies, is no doubt true, but it is somewhat curious that a mistake should be made between dark-colored beef, iron and wine and light clear carbolic acid. It is also strange that the mother should have asked the daughter to drink it down quickly, seeing that beef, iron and wine has quite a pleasant taste. At any rate, the folly of leaving bottles of mixtures without labels has been sadly proven.

The *Bridgewater Enterprise* says:—"The Nova Scotia Telephone Company propose completing the telephone system throughout the Province as soon as possible. Already they are established in some of the leading towns of the province, and are now making arrangements for connecting the Western Counties with Halifax. In Lunenburg County the company have met with signal success through the energetic canvassing of Mr. Wm. M. Duff, who is acting for the company, and in less than three days secured subscribers in Lunenburg and Mahone Bay for about fifty private instruments, and in Bridgewater about thirty. In all probability there will be taken in these places, in all about one hundred instruments. The company are in a position to furnish telephones at an exceedingly cheap rate, and in this go-ahead age the convenience and practical advantages of the telephone have been fully demonstrated, and every business man should have one. Mr. Duff will be pleased to talk with any one upon this great enterprise."

Geronimo, and fourteen other Apaches, have been indicted for murder by the grand jury of Arizona.

The U. S. Government is in constant receipt of telegrams from Socialist organizations, praying that the sentence of death passed upon the Chicago anarchists may not be carried out.

A second steamer has arrived in New York from Italy, and is proved to have several persons afflicted with cholera on board. The New York authorities have quarantined the steamer, and will take every means to prevent the spread of the disease.

Farmers living in Howard County, Indiana, in the vicinity of the great Shradler gas well, near Kokomo, go on record as harvesting the first wheat by natural gaslight. A dozen self-binders, and men shocking wheat by this light, was, says the *Indianapolis Times*, truly a novel scene, which was witnessed by hundreds of people, who surrounded the fields of grain in carriages.

Train robbers appear to have superseded the highwaymen of old. The other day, three of these hardy villains, closely masked, stopped an express train a few miles out of El Paso. Two of them covered the engine-driver and fireman with revolvers, while a third attempted to blow open the door of the express car, but the agent in charge shot him dead just as he was about entering the carriage. For cool audacity these train robbers are the equals of Blue-skin, who figures so largely in Newgate's fiction.

The *Marine Industrial News* says that the stuffed skin of a sea serpent is now being exhibited at Peake's Island, Portland harbor, by W. H. Ordway. His snakeship was captured on the Banks of Newfoundland, Oct. 11th, 1886, by Capt. E. F. Barnstead of the sloop *Hattie F. Walker*, Halifax. Its length was 47 feet, 3 inches, and its weight 900 lbs. Its mouth contains a fine set of teeth, and on its upper jaw are two fangs, each 13 inches long. Five feet back of his head are flukes on each side, and the end of his tail is formed like a sculling oar, being flat and 9 inches in width at the end.

A young man named Charles Francis Stain, now undergoing his sentence in a Connecticut State prison, has made a confession which implicates his father and one Oliver Smith, as being the murderers of Mr. Warren, the Treasurer of the National Bank at Dexter, Me. This case has been wrapped in mystery for the past nine years, and never before has there been the slightest clue discovered as to who committed the act. It has often been more than hinted that the treasurer was a suicide as well as a defaulter, but such gossiping stories have never been contradicted nor substantiated. Now, the truth is coming to light, and Mr. Warren's character will be vindicated.

Scarlet-fever still rages in London, and no lessening is reported. One thousand nine hundred scarlet fever patients are now in hospital.

Russia will celebrate, on October 30, the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of her first railroad. The country now has 17,000 miles of railroad.

Owing to repeated appeals for chips from trees felled by Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, a printed circular has been issued fixing a uniform charge of eighteen pence for a small block, and three shillings per cubic foot, exclusive of carriage.

The daughters of the Prince of Wales are now sick with measles. Princess Louise has fortunately only a slight attack, but it is feared that she may yet be a victim to consumption, and great anxiety is felt for her on that account.

The population of France does not increase in the same rapid manner as does that of the French population of Quebec. During 1886, the excess of births over deaths in France was but 52,000, being less than one-half of the excess four years ago.

Joseph Chamberlain has been most enthusiastically received by a portion of the people of Ulster; and while he has done little to promote a kindly feeling among those in favor of and those opposed to Home Rule, he has spoken with no uncertain sound as to the necessity of preserving the unity of the empire intact.

An Australian nightingale has appeared in Brussels, and has taken her audience by storm. Mrs. Armstrong Gibbs, of Melbourne, who has assumed the stage name of "Melva" in honor of her native city, has created a tremendous sensation in the musical circles of Brussels, and must be considered the newest and brightest star of this decade.

Evidently, the health of the Crown Prince of Germany is far from satisfactory. While in London, under the treatment of Dr. MacKenzie, his throat was cauterized; but the cancerous growth in it is again making its appearance; and as the Prince is physically incapable of standing another operation of the kind, grave fears are entertained as to the results.

The jury before whom the Mitchellstown policemen have been tried for murder, has found a verdict for wilful murder against Inspector Brownrigg and his subordinates. It is said the Government will shield the convicted men. Certainly, if the order to use fire-arms came from the Castle, the Castle authorities, and not the men who were carrying out their orders, should be held responsible.

The Chinese Government is about to employ a dozen bright young men as reporters of civilization. They will be chosen by competitive examination, and will be sent abroad for two years to study foreign countries. Each will take a specialty to "work up," and will send a monthly report to Peking. After two years the Government will use the services of each in the department in which he has done best, and the most promising young men will be ennobled.

The French military scandal occupies the attention of both public and official circles. It is impossible to deny that the revelations gratify German sentiment towards France. Gen. Boulanger's conduct is especially condemned by the whole press. His action is revolting to the German ideas of army discipline. The relations between German and Russia are becoming more embittered, no mask is now worn on either side. The press of St. Petersburg and Moscow is now permitted to indulge in its natural disposition to abuse the Germans. The inspired press is not backward in responding in kind. An article in *Kreuz Zeitung* caudally warns Russians that Germans may favor a restoration of the ancient kingdom of Poland, consisting of the present provinces of Russian-Poland and extending to the Black Sea, thus forming a bulwark between the aggressive Czarism and the rest of Europe. Diplomatic intercourse between the two Governments is limited to unavoidable communications which are exchanged with frigid civilities. The noted Nihilist, Leon Jassevitch, has been arrested in Vienna. Russian agents at Paris warned the Vienna and Berlin police to watch the Nihilists, who they supposed had started to operate a plot in Moscow. Jassevitch was shadowed from Geneva and was arrested in Vienna as he was about to start for Copenhagen where the Czar is at present residing. It is surmised he intended to attempt to assassinate the Czar. He will be surrendered to the Russian authorities.

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**NOVA SCOTIA
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The Nova Scotia Telephone Company (Limited), have completed their Truro Exchange of about forty subscribers, and the same is now connected by through line with Halifax. A Toll Office has been opened at the book store of MR. MORTON, next door south of the Queen Hotel, where parties desirous of having a conversation with any residents of Truro can have connection made and five minutes conversation for twenty-five cents. The line is being rapidly pushed, connecting Truro with the exchanges of some thirty subscribers in New Glasgow, Stellarton, Westville and Pictou. Offices will be opened in a few days at Shelburne and London-derry, ready for business.
B. F. PEARSON,
Secretary.

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FOR SALE AT
15 Mile Stream Gold District.**

Lease No. 89, containing 36 Acres, and adjoining the Egerton Gold Mining Co. who are now working.
Eight Leads have already been found on this Property.
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Further information may be obtained by application to
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HERKLEY, WAVERLEY, RANGER, RADIANT, MODEL PARLOR, FRANKLINS, IVY, SCOUT, } For Parlors or Bedrooms.
DOUBLE OVEN BOX STOVES, FARMERS' BOILERS, REGISTER GRATES, SLATE MANTELS, SHIPS' CASTINGS, HOUSE PUMPS, FOUNDRY SUPPLIES.

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The citizens of Halifax are hereby notified that the NOVA SCOTIA TELEPHONE COMPANY (Limited) is now constructing a Telephone Exchange in the CITY OF HALIFAX, and Instruments will be put in at the following Rates:—

**\$30.00 Per Annum for Business Places.
\$25 00 " " Residences.**

Connection can now be had with TRURO, and Lines are being built to PICTOU and AMHERST. The Company will also have connection shortly with WINDSOR, BRIDGEWATER and LUNENBURG.

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B. F. PEARSON,
Secretary.

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The STIRLING MINE

As one of the best in the district.

The whole of this valuable property, consisting of ninety five and a half acres, is now offered for sale, together with all the shaft houses and mining buildings erected thereon. There are several noted leads now opened up on the property, all gold bearing, and investors now have an unequalled opportunity of purchasing a thoroughly reliable gold mine. For Terms and Particulars enquire at

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

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

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Manager.
Address, P. O. Box 113, Yarmouth, N. S.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

AMERICAN VULGARISMS.

A writer in the *Queen*, describing a trip by steamer along and among the western isles of Scotland, has the following passage:—

"Before we go any farther, let us insist—it scarcely seems necessary—on the pronunciation of our bonny vessel's name. It is not *Ivanhoe*, as you, my dear lady, thinking to be more correct than your neighbors, persist in calling it. It is not a French nor a Russian name, but a Scottish, god-mothered by the English, or, may be, the exact reverse. At any rate, it is 'Ivanhoe'; as it is Ardrishaig, and not Ardrishæg; Oban and not Obân; as our well-beloved cousins, the Americans, will go on saying, in spite of any number of quiet corrections by the better informed, whose ears are pained by the false quantity."

Just so. What will our well-beloved cousins *not* go on saying and writing, in defiance of all reason, taste, and analogy? And first, as we have been led to it, let us notice the snobbish conceit of accenting the last syllable of words and names of two syllables, which they think so "commel-faut," such as Parnell, Darnall, &c. They always remind me of the young fellows whose chin and cheek my old colonel's old servant used to take down with a calm and scornful snorer, and "Ah! you think you're d—d smart?"

Another American pet affectation of recent years, is the perpetual use of the participle "gotten," instead of "got." It cannot be called incorrect, at least in most instances, but sounds absurdly pedantic. As an example of its clumsy awkwardness, I read, recently, in a story in the *New England Farmer* this instance.—"I had just gotten off my horse." One is continually reminded of its burlesque use in one of the Ingoldsby Legends—

"And none of the crew may venture to hint
Our skipper hath gotten a sinister squint."

Which half conveys the ludicrous idea of the "skipper" having obtained his squint by his own will or endeavor, or "by some mysterious accident" begotten it. And, as usual, Canadian writers allow themselves to fall into any slipshod provincialism of which awkward American writers set them the evil example. Such and such a book is "well gotten up," is as frequent as it is unpleasant.

A most detestable vulgarism, which has come to be coolly printed as if it were perfectly proper, is "most" for almost. "When I was most well," is one instance out of half a dozen (no, dear friend, I decline to write "a half-dozen,") in a fairly well written American novel put into the mouths of persons supposed to be well-bred.

In the same novel I note the following elegant passage:—"Both of whom accepted, Grace for the entire holidays, and the Judge for a day or two, as he did not wish to crowd."

To *have* a person do so and so, is another frequent piece of boorishness, as—"and had her father ask him to their dinner table."

Equally clownish is the trick of using the verb to order or direct before a past participle, instead of an infinitive mood passive, as "I ordered the room kept dark," instead of "to be kept dark," or "I ordered that the room should be kept dark," &c.

Some and *any* at the end of some sentences, are singularly ungraceful, as "though she snubbed me *some*," and "he asked if he could help them *any*." The words are not only absolutely superfluous, but successfully vulgarize what they are tacked on to.

Unnecessary and minute particularization in small things is always clumsy, and gives the effect of people not knowing what to say, or exactly how to behave themselves. "Would you wish a little of *the* bread?" or "do you wish some of *the* butter?" are, or used to be, common interrogations at country tavern tables by persons who wished to be civil at meals.

"Plenty," for "plentiful" is another frequent abomination. "This fall's report shows them to be more *plenty* than for a number of years." "In favorable seasons the birds are *very plenty* in that locality."—*Forest and Stream*.—Which ought to be ashamed of itself!

It seems to be becoming impossible for any one to write "round" simply. It must always be "around," a word which can rarely be legitimately used, except in poetry. Webster gives two examples which illustrate with clearness the poetical and graceful, and the common and vulgar use of the word—

'A lambent flame around his brows.'—*Dryden*.

"I was standing *around* when the fight took place."—*N. Y. Police Gazette*. And, no doubt, he gave full nasal twang to his evidence. If one were hypercritical, it might be open to ask how a fellow could be standing *around* anything, to get round it he must move, and when he moves he is not standing. It is quite possible the "a" was originally prefixed when an additional foot was required to round a metre.

And, no, again, my respected American friend, I will not write *a meter*. Many of the current vulgarisms come of the lack of taste incidental to superficial education, and to the slipshod pleasure of the uncultivated in slang on the one hand, or crude pomposity and *mouthiness* (to invent a word) on the other. But there are conceits which have obscured

the judgment of those even who are entitled to be called authorities, which leaves a doubt whether there is not an inbornness of questionable taste on the American atmosphere. The lack of fine perception is apparent enough on the part of the English Revisors in the Revised Version of the Testament in the numberless instances, in which the flow, and ring and dignity of the authorized version have been sacrificed to an incongruous modernization, without the excuse of any necessity of alteration of even a shade of meaning. Let any one compare the opening verse of the Epistle to the Hebrews in the two versions, and he will at once become aware of the point. But, in bad taste as are the English emendations, those of the American editors, as may be seen in an appendix, are in a worse. It is this crude desire of modernizing which has led the American press to persist in writing *theater, meter, &c.*, ignoring the Greek deviations *theatron, metron, &c.*, and destroying the association. The substitution of *plow* for plough, though opposed to the Teutonic, Slavonic and Zech analogies, has a better common sense recommendation in the excision of two letters in writing the word. Any assumed reform, however, which obscures derivations is of questionable value in an age which recognizes its great indebtedness to philology.

The constant misuse of *shall* and *will*, and *should* and *would*, demand a separate notice.
FRANC-THEUR.

HORSE WHISPERING.

It is commonly believed that there are undoubtedly mysterious influences by which an immediate ascendancy is gained over the horse, independent of the process of teaching or the promptings of affection. There was formerly living in the county of Cork a family who laid claim to the possession of a secret by which the wildest or most vicious horse could be tamed. This secret is said to have been originally imparted by a Bohemian gipsy to the then head of the family, a century and a half ago, and to have been regularly transmitted, as a parting legacy at the time of death, from the father to the oldest son. Possibly there may be residing in county Cork a scion of the family still practising, with more or less success, the art of "horse whispering;" but it is an indisputable fact that, at the commencement of the present century, the fame of Con Sullivan, the then head of the family, for miraculous cures of vicious horses, had spread far and wide throughout Ireland.

Among the many well-attested accounts of the wonderful achievements of Con Sullivan, "the Whisperer," the services which he rendered to Colonel Westonsra, who afterwards succeeded to the title of Rossmore, were the talk of the whole country. The colonel had a splendid race-horse called Rainbow, and he was anxious to run him at the races on the Curragh of Kildare; but the horse was so wild and vicious that his owner found he must give up all thoughts of bringing him out and running him. He would bite everyone who went near him (like the present Lord Falmouth's brute, Muley Edris, who "savaged" the late Fred Archer's arm), and it was necessary to tie up his head when the groom who attended him was with him. If a horse chanced to be near him, he was sure to bite him or try to; and the legs of the jockey who attempted to mount him did not escape his fangs. Lord Doneraile said he knew a person who could cure him. The colonel could not believe him, and a wager of £1,000 was laid on the matter. A messenger was despatched for Con Sullivan; who was known throughout the country side as "the Whisperer," from the supposition that he whispered into the horse's ear, by which means he quieted such as were unruly. When he was told the state of Colonel Westonsra's horse, he desired to go into the stable to see him. "You must wait till his head is tied up," was said and repeated by those who were present. "No occasion," said Con; "he won't bite me." So in he went, after peremptorily ordering no one to follow him till a given signal should imply that they had his permission. He then shut the door for the unenviable *tête-à-tête*. In a little more than a quarter of an hour the signal was heard. Those who had been waiting in alarm for the result rushed in. They found the horse extended on his back, playing like a kitten with "the Whisperer," who was quietly sitting by him. Both horse and operator appeared exhausted, particularly the latter, to whom it was necessary to administer brandy and other stimulants before he could be revived. The horse was perfectly tame and gentle from that day.

In the spring of 1804, Mr. Whaley's King Pippin was brought out to run at the Curragh of Kildare. He has been described as a horse of the most savage and vicious disposition; he had a habit of flying at and worrying any person who came near him. When he could turn his head round, he would seize his rider's leg with his teeth and drag him from his back. The difficulty of managing such a horse may be conceived, and on this occasion it was impossible to put a bridle on him. "The Whisperer" was now sent for. He remained shut up in the stable all night. In the morning King Pippin was seen following him like a dog—lying down at the word of command, and permitting any person, without resistance, to put his hand into his mouth, while he stood "gentle as a lamb." He was brought out in the course of the meeting, was run, and won the race. The fame of "the Whisperer" had now spread throughout the country, and his services were in extensive demand.

This extraordinary person has been noticed in many and various publications. Crofton Croker speaks of him in his "Fairy Legends" as "an ignorant rustic of the lowest class," while he bears ample testimony to his extraordinary powers. "I once saw his skill," he says, "tried on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's lecture I went, not without incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, who were eye witnesses of the complete success of his art. This had been a troop horse, it was supposed that after regimental discipline had failed, no other could be found availing.

I observed that the animal seemed terrified when Sullivan either spoke to him or looked at him."

Were we to recount all the well-authenticated details of the marvellous powers of "the Whisperer" we should far exceed our limits. There are hundreds of cases on record of persons—some, we believe, still living—who were witnesses of his marvellous powers, or who have benefited by them. How he obtained this wonderful command over the horse has never yet been ascertained. Some fancied that he poured some opiate into the ear of the animal, while others ascribed his success to magic. Crofton Croker observes that "he seemed to possess an intuitive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of the *le chat* shows that, on particular occasions, something must have been added to it."

The power of "the Whisperer" is glanced at in "Borrow's Bible in Spain," from which, too, it would appear, that he had taken some lessons in his art. In "Lavengro, the Scholar," he enlarges on the subject, and from what he says it would appear that the cure of the animal is effected by a word. The smith of whom he speaks, he tells us, "uttered a word which I had never heard before, in a sharp and pungent tone. The effect upon myself was something extraordinary, a strange thrill ran through me, but with regard to the cob it was terrible. The animal forthwith became like one mad, and roared and kicked with the utmost desperation. He afterwards uttered another word in a voice singularly modified, but sweet and almost plaintive. The effect of it was instantaneous as that of the other, but was different, the animal lost all its fury, and became at once calm and gentle. This extraordinary power, hitherto so inexplicable, may now, perhaps, be traced to mesmerism—by such as believe in it."

Dr. Esdaile, in his "Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance," quotes a remarkable passage from Collin's account of the North American Indians, observing that "it appears that they know the soothing effects of mesmerism upon brutes, and turn it to practical purposes." In describing the capture of buffalo calves after the death of their mothers, he says: "I have often, in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of a calf and breathed a few strong breaths into his nostrils, after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way as closely and as affectionately as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam." In describing the capture of wild horses by the lasso, he also says: "The hunter gradually advances, until he is able to place his hand on the animal's nose and over its eyes, and at length to breathe into its nostrils, when it becomes docile and conquered, so that he has little else to do than to remove the hobbles from its feet and lead or ride it into camp." No doubt this attractive power has often been employed by those who have stolen cattle. It is said to be practised in Hindostan in luring away children. There are rumors all over that country of persons compelled by charms to follow others. "It has been discovered," says a Malacca journal, "that there exists a gang of child-stealers. A person, when walking in the suburbs of Canton, recognised a child of his employer who had lately suddenly disappeared from Calcutta. The child did not know him, but appeared stupid. When brought home the stupefying charms could only be dissipated by the priests of Buddha"—who were probably well acquainted with the means by which the child had been stupefied, and doubtless knew the corrective or antidote. Dr. Esdaile saw a boy in India of about ten years old, who had been found two miles from his home, following a man and appearing in a stupefied state. When he came to his recollection he told that, when in a field by his father's house, a man whom he had never seen before came up to him, took him by the hand, and began to mutter charms over him; very soon after the man passed his hands across his eyes, and thereupon he lost his senses and felt compelled to follow him. That one person can compel other persons to follow and obey them, by the exercise of some occult power, is an article of belief all over the East.—*St. James' Gazette*.

PARIS AND LONDON: A BUNDLE OF CONTRASTS.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."—*STERNE, Sentimental Journey.*

In a preface to a book not yet published (the title of which is to be "*Angleterre et France*") M. Felix Pyat—who knows England well, having lived here as a political refugee for thirty years—has indicated, in an original and picturesque fashion, many points of dissidence between the social customs of the two nations. The following from the preface of M. Pyat's work is quoted by the *Pull Mall Gazette*:—"Paris is right handed, London left-handed. The Parisian coachman keeps to his right, the London one to his left. The former is seated in front of the carriage, the latter behind. Paris is compact, London scattered. The heart of Paris is the Hotel de Ville, that of London is the Bank. . . . Paris has a girdle of fortifications and an *octroi*, London has neither wall nor town duties. Paris increases by absorption, London by expansion. Paris is built with stones, London with bricks. Paris has high houses and narrow streets, London wide streets and low houses. Houses in Paris have wide doors for carriages, in London the doors are small. In fact, Paris has its doors larger than its windows, whilst London has its windows larger than the doors. Paris has espagnolette windows opening like doors, London guillotine windows. Paris has its shutters outside, London inside. Paris is collectivist, London individualist. Paris dwells in masses, inside barracks and convents; London lives in private, a home for each family. Paris has its *portier* (doorkeeper), London its key. Paris has its public cafes, London its exclusive clubs. Paris sleeps in a bed placed along, side the wall, London in the middle of the room. Paris rises early, London late. Paris pronounces *caca*, London *cocoa*. . . . Paris is large, London enormous. Paris dines, London eats. Paris takes two meals a day, London four. London, says Voltaire, has a

hundred religions and one sauce, Paris has a hundred sauces and no religion. London has a three-pronged fork, Paris a four-pronged one. Paris uses a napkin, London the table cloth. . . . Paris eats corn, London drinks it. Paris eats boiled meat, London roasted. Paris eats fried potatoes, London boiled. Paris leaves are long, London leaves are square. Paris likes the white of turnips, London the green. Paris serves oysters on the concave shell, London on the convex. Paris puts butter in its *bricoles*, London on its bread. Paris drinks wine, London beer. Paris takes coffee, London tea. Paris at table is sociable, London isolated. Paris has the *table d'hôte*, London the dining-room box. Paris is gay, London dull. Paris whips the horses, London flogs its criminals. Paris lounges, London goes. Paris makes laws during the day, London during the night. Paris has spring showers in March, London in April. London has but few soldiers, Paris too many. In Paris the soldier is a power, in London a nonentity. The Paris soldier wears red trousers and a blue coat, the London soldier a red coat and blue trousers. The former is always armed, the latter carries only a short stick. The Paris soldier is a conscript, the London soldier a volunteer. In Paris priests celebrate their marriages, in London they themselves get married. In Paris girls are rigidly kept, in London they are free. In Paris married women are free, in London they are not. Paris opens its museums on Sundays, London on week days. In Paris churches are always open, in London they are nearly always closed. Paris has sedentary judges, London ambulatory. Paris has her milkmaids seated, London her milkmen with 'rounds.' Paris warms herself with wood, London with coal. Paris buries her dead too soon, London too late. Paris throws her refuse into the streets, London keeps it inside. Paris retains her sewage in the house, London throws it at once in the river. Paris has more mad people, London more idiots. Paris has more suicides, London more homicides. Paris is more of an artist, London more of a merchant. In Paris men are more lively than horses, in London horses are more frisky than men. Paris works, London traffics. London is religious, Paris humane. Paris is democratic, London aristocratic. Paris workmen call each other citizens, London workmen mechanics. The former work in their blouses, the latter in coats. Working Paris wears a *casquette* (a cap), working London a hat. *Canaille* Paris fights with the feet, a London mob with its fists. Working Paris calls the pawnbroker 'my aunt,' working London 'my uncle.' Working London says, like its Queen, "*Dieu et mon Droit*," Rule Britannia; working Paris says, like the Republic, 'Rights of Man, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.'—*Ibid.*

MUSICAL ECHOES.

Sleepy old Halifax seems at last to be waking up, even in matters musical. The Conservatory is now fairly launched with a good staff of teachers, and over one hundred pupils, whose numbers are rapidly increasing. It will, doubtless, realize ere long the intention of its promoters and become the musical centre for the Maritime Provinces, as the one just opened in Toronto will be for Upper Canada. The latter is specially favored in starting fully equipped with a capital of \$50,000 and forty-five teachers, but the Halifax Conservatory will, no doubt, be equally successful on a smaller scale, its prosperity being assured with Mr. C. H. Porter, Jr., for presiding genius. As pianist, conductor and composer, his powers are already well known to us, and have won for him golden opinions both in Germany and the United States.

We have come to the point of intelligent (?) rapturing about the "great masters," where the name Beethoven stands as the personification of all grades and kinds of good music. This of course, is not musical taste. It is simply an incident in the increasing information about music, from which scarcely any man who reads at all can escape; but it is not musical taste, nor, properly speaking, is it musical information. In fact our well-informed learned men are in about the same condition respecting Beethoven, that the average reader of the newspapers is in regard to Shakespeare; it is the correct thing to know that Shakespeare *was* a great writer, but is impossible to do this without reading any of his work—and *this* is the way in which it is generally done. It is the same with Ruskin; how many who mention his name with such an account of certainty have read the "Modern Painters"? Very few, I fancy, unless I have encountered a set of unfavorable specimens.—*W. F. Matthews A. M.*

Verdi's "Othello" seems to have been a success. Criticisms of the most varying sort have come to us by cable, but the final judgment is, that it is a work worthy of the composer's name. Italian music is taking a fresh start and may, after all, resolve the eternal problem, how to write a fresh, melodious work, but, withal, earnest and profound. The old Italian school is dead, and may it never be resuscitated with its insipid melodies and meaningless ornaments, and yet after all, it is the most singable music. Singers like it, and say it does not ruin the voice like Wagner. To Italy, then, we must look for the preservation of *Bel Canto*, and Verdi, while not slavishly imitating Wagner, shows his influence, and the consequence is, that in "Othello" we have a work as far removed from artificiality as from pedantry.—*Etude*.

THE CZAR AS A MUSIC TEACHER.—A letter from St. Petersburg to one of the Vienna papers says that the Czar is much absorbed just now by giving lessons on the pianoforte to his little daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia, who has made marked progress under her father's instruction. His Majesty dislikes the classical composers, and teaches his daughter exclusively dance music. The child has been promised a long-coveted bracelet if she learns a favorite waltz of the Czar's by next month.—*London Telegraph*.

LISZT'S LAST WISH.—It was Liszt's last wish to be buried beside Wagner in Bayreuth. Wagner's grave is in the garden of the villa "Wahnfried," a beautiful, quiet spot, shaded by dark evergreens. Unfortunately, for some reason, the city could not grant Liszt's request.

At a recent sale at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's an A. Stradivarius violin (1712) fetched £120 and one by Guarnerius (1738,) £110, while another, also by Guarnerius (1732), went for £160. A violoncello by Guarnerius (1712) was sold for £100, a couple of Boehm flutes, in solid silver, by Messrs. Rudall, Carto, were knocked down for the very low sums of £11 and £9 respectively. One of these flutes was an extra long one (extended down to G) and capable of emitting a lovely full tone in low notes, even like the French horn. Upon making inquiry at the manufacturers' we were surprised to ascertain that even such special flutes as here described are kept in stock at Borneo-st.—*Musical Opinion.*

SARASATE.—If for once a proverb is not applicable, it is that of "No one is a prophet in his own country" in regard to the great Spanish violinist, Sarasate. Whenever he appears in his native town, Pamplona, in Spain, the whole city turns out. Annually he goes there and gives four concerts for the benefit of the poor, and is made much of in return. The inhabitants of the city, with the employees of the Government at their head, receive their beloved Sarasate at the railway station; processions with torchlights and music pass through the town; illuminations adorn the principal buildings, and before Sarasate's hotel the open square becomes a dining hall, where thousands of couples pass the whole night dancing, singing, and rejoicing at the presence of their famous townsman.—*American Musician.*

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.—Rochefoucauld.
The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.—Atterbury.
Nothing that is self-evident can be proper subject of examination.—Southey.

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil, the product of all climes.—Addison.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.—Colton.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you spell characters.—Lavater.

Thou true magnetic pole, to which all hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!—Byron.

Agitation is the method that plants the school by the side of the ballot-box.—Wendell Phillips.

The troubles of age were intended to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach the end.—Swift.

The infinitely greatest confessed good is neglected to satisfy the excessive uneasiness of our desires pursuing titles.—Locke.

He that doth a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that tied their hearts together.—Jeremy Taylor.

So our lives glide on; the river ends we don't know where, and the sea begins, and then there is no more jumping ashore.—George Eliot.

The scholar without good brooding is a pedant, the philosopher a cynic; the soldier a brute, and every man disagreeable.—Chesterfield.

We praise the dramatic poet who possesses the art of drawing tears—a talent which he has in common with the meanest onion.—Heinrich Heine.

Number itself importeth not much in armies where the people are of weak courage, for, as Virgil says, it never troubles a wolf how many the sheep be.—Lord Bacon.

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature and of nations.—Burke.

The accusations of conscience evidence the omniscience and holiness of God, the terror of conscience, the justice of God, the approbation of conscience, the goodness of God.—Charnock.

If the search for riches were sure to be successful, though I should become a groom with a whip in my hand to get them, I will do so. As the search may not be successful, I will follow after that which I love.—Confucius.

COMMERCIAL.

No material variation has been observable in the general course of trade during the past week. A fairly active and satisfactory movement has continued in most of the staple lines. As a rule, prices have remained steady; and as there have been no fluctuations, business has been done on a steady basis.

Figures are curious things to manipulate sometimes. For instance, we note that some of the Opposition papers are showing that the official returns for the fiscal quarter and year ending on the 30th of June last show the "balance of trade" to be woefully against Canada. That is, that in that period, we imported and paid duties on more goods than we exported. Looking merely at the surface, this appears to be quite true, but the fact is, that, as every one knows, the changes in the tariff which were made to go into effect after the 30th June caused immense quantities of goods to be hurried forward, entered as for consumption, and duties paid on them before that date. Also, that large quantities of spirits paid the internal revenue taxes at the same time, to avoid the new regulations respecting warehousing, which went into effect on the 1st of July. It would be as reasonable to

argue that the consumption of intoxicants was suddenly, mysteriously, and enormously increased at once, and to assert that in the last week in June more liquor was drunk than in the whole of any previous year.

One of the most important local events of the week, has been the trouble of the contractor for the building of the new city hall. It has not as yet been officially stated how grave the disaster is, but the immediate effect that concerns the citizens is, that the work on the new building will be retarded. This event will afford the Board of Works an opportunity to blunder, if they are not very careful. The contractor was under bonds to complete the work within a certain time, and his sureties should be held to the terms of their bonds. At all events, no action or inaction on the part of the city should give them a loophole for escape.

We note that his honor the Recorder has been instructed by the City Council to urge on the Department of Agriculture the claims of this city to have the Dominion Exhibition of 1888 held in Halifax. We trust he may succeed. Speaking of exhibitions, leads us to remark that the plan of holding an annual county fair is a palpable failure for many reasons. It would be better for the Government to save the money thus frittered away, and to have Provincial Exhibitions held at stated intervals, say once in every four years. If this should be done, prizes could be offered that would be worth competing for, and competitors and the public would stand a chance of learning something which they cannot do under the present system.

Civic affairs are coming to a pretty pass in many things. The City Assessor declines to furnish the License Inspector with lists of the parties who are entitled to sign petitions for licenses unless he is paid extra for doing so. The City Council should here interfere and compel the Assessor to do all the duty for which he receives his salary. The City Health Inspectors are not properly backed up by their official superiors in their efforts to compel nuisances to be abated where the offenders are men of wealth and standing in the community. A certain lawyer has made it his business of late to hunt up women who have been so unfortunate as to bear children without previously going through the legal forms proscribed, and inducing them to go to the Poor House for a few days, so that they and their illegitimate offspring may become chargeable upon the city. He then, in the name of the Board of Charities, prosecutes (or persecutes) the alleged father, and generally makes him a charge on the city, by lodging him in jail for six months. This he does with the (perhaps innocent) connivance of the Board of Charities. His object is, of course, to get fees from some one, but we are pleased to note that some of the Aldermen have had their attention directed to the matter, and they declare that they will not vote the money to pay such bills. It is to be hoped that this species of black-mailing will be at once effectually stopped.

The following are the business changes in this Province during the past week:—Brennan & Brown, painters, Picton, dissolved; W. J. Holley, clothing, Halifax, succeeded by R. B. Elliot.

THE COOPS.—The weather has been too fine to favor an active movement in heavy textile fabrics as yet. Money comes in slowly, because farmers show no haste in disposing of the results of their last season's work. Still a fair amount of business is doing in this line, though it is chiefly of the sorting-up order. The Manchester, England, *Guardian* says:—"The market is quiet throughout. The inaction of buyers continues. For the present the larger wants of the distributing markets are fully satisfied. Prices, however, are firm. Some sellers are supported by the strength of their position, having sold as much as they care to sell at present. Others are confident that before they actually need them they will be able to command orders at or near current rates. They are conscious of the difficulty of raising prices. Experience has taught sellers and buyers to disregard the movement of the cotton market as a factor in determining prices. There is a moderate demand for some spinnings and export yarns from several eastern markets and Egypt, but, on the whole, the transactions are not large. Purchases by home manufactures are limited. Cloth is inactive. There is little enquiry for India and China staples. The demand from Calcutta is especially slack. Prints and other finishing goods are steady. There is little doing for India. Fine and fancy goods are almost neglected. Heavy goods are quiet, with a moderate demand.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—A very good local trade has been done in iron and hardware, and a fair amount of business has been accomplished for forward delivery. Buyers hold the advantage owing to good supplies, but prices have been nominally steady. Warrants are cabled at 40s. 6d., which is a decline. London cables are:—"Tin, spot, £105 16s.; three month's futures, £105. Market firm. G. o. b. Chili bars, £39 16s.; soft Spanish lead, £11 17s. 6d.; do English do, £12 2s. 6d.; best selected copper, £45 5s.; tin plates, 13s." At Pittsburg, Pa., the entire iron market is reported strong. Manufactured iron is in good demand, and all the mills throughout Pennsylvania and the West are crowded with orders. The entire production of the mills will be absorbed to the end of the year. Nails are in fair demand at \$2. Merchant steel is not so active, although there is no change in price. Wrought iron pipe manufacturers have booked heavy orders during the past few days. Steel rails are dull at \$38, at their works. Blooms and billets are at \$32 50. The entire outlook is encouraging.

BREADSTUFFS.—The flour market has been steady and fairly active, with a satisfactory trade in grades below superior, including extra, fancy and spring extra. Low grades were slow. Beerholm's cable says:—"Cargoes off coast, wheat and corn nothing offering. Cargoes on passage and for shipment, wheat slow, corn quiet. French country markets dull. Liverpool standard, California wheat, including club whites, 6s to 6s. 3d. Wheat and flour in Paris, quiet. Mark Lane, English and Foreign wheat quiet, American and Danubian maize steady; English and American flour quiet." The Chicago grain option markets were weaker, and fractionally lower.

SADDLE AND SABRE.

(Continued.)

The Major had a tremendous idea of his own astuteness; he was always vaunting that nobody ever got over Dick Kynaston, and fell, as such men invariably do, into the mistake of thinking he could turn his fellows inside out. He thought Norman Slade might give him many a valuable hint in Turf matters. He had heard of that gentleman's reputation for reticence, but only let him—Dick Kynaston—make his acquaintance, and he would very soon worm out of him what he knew.

Norman Slade literally swelled with indignation at that dinner, when, under an affectation of boisterous jocularly, he recognised that the Major was actually attempting to pump him: Can you fancy what the feelings of a crack leader at the Old Bailey would be at being cross examined by Mr. Briefless? But after a while Norman began to take a saturnine pleasure in the operation, though the Major would have been hardly reassured could he have heard Slade's remark to himself as he walked home:

"If that chattering beast puts together all he has got out of me, he'll find it amounts to very little, and more calculated to mislead him than not."

The Major, on the contrary, went home with the impression that he had quite subdued the slight prejudice against him on the part of Norman Slade to commence with; that he had parted with that gentleman on the most friendly terms, and had already possessed himself to some slight extent with Slade's views on forthcoming Turf events. We do at times go home pluming ourselves on the favorable impression we have produced, serenely unconscious that our host or hostess may have mutually agreed that as it was the first, so should it be the last time we are present at their hospitable board. There is no end to the limit of human vanity, and the people who honestly recognise that they have, to use a slang phrase, not "come off" in a social gathering are few and far between. Most of us believe that it is our jest or repartee that gave brilliancy to the meeting, or that it was our never being vouchsafed an opportunity clothed the gathering with such unmitigated dullness. No man had a higher opinion of himself as a conversationalist than the Major. He had a good stock of stories, and not hackneyed stories, which he told well, and he had a jovial off hand sort of manner, very apt to impose on those who were not shrewd observers. He never made a greater mistake than when he thought he had imposed upon Norman Slade. That gentleman, who had carefully avoided knowing him for some years, was never so thoroughly convinced of the correctness of his judgment as at this moment.

Suddenly a tall, haggard-looking man stopped abruptly opposite Norman, and with a curt, "How d'ye do, Slade?" sat himself down on the adjacent chair. The merest novice could have made no mistake about the status of the newcomer. He was certainly a man about whose position in the world there could be little doubt, though the worn and haggard face was that of a man who, though still in his prime, was living a life that must break the strongest constitution if persisted in. The dark circles under the eyes, and the careworn lines about the mouth, were indicative of a man who kept abnormal hours, and never ceased battling with fortune, and his face did not belie him—play in some shape was pretty much Sir Ronald Radcliffe's idea of existence.

"Nice morning, Slade," he said, as he settled himself in a chair. "Not often you come amongst the trees and the dicky birds, and you're about right. Awful bore, you know, if it's only the taking you're hat off. Don't know why I come here, knowing such a lot of women as I do. Heard anything of old Bill Smith lately?"

"Yes," said Norman, gravely. "I'd a few lines from him not long ago, in which he said he had small hopes of his half dozen two-year-olds this year, that they were all backward, and he belived most of them bad—in short, I am afraid, Radcliffe, that Bill has gone to the deuce. There isn't such a horseman on the Turf, there isn't such a judge in a trial in England, but I hear from up in the North that they can trust him no longer. I don't mean that he isn't square enough, but that drink has laid hold of him, and there's no depending on his being sober when wanted."

"End of everything when it comes to that," said Sir Ronald. "A fellow gets mistaking the winning-post and all sorts of games."

"Ah, well," said Slade, dreamily, "you and I, Radcliffe, have landed many a pretty *comp* out of poor Bill's inspirations. I shall go up and stay with him about the back end, and I'll slip you a line then, and tell you what I think of him. As for the horses, I don't suppose his young ones are worth looking at."

"It's getting about time I had a turn over something," replied the Baronet, moodily. "Money is getting scarce as corn was in the bad times of Pharaoh. Don't know how the deuce you manage, Norman; things never seem to fly up and hit you in the face."

"Well, Radcliffe," rejoined Slade, "I neither bet nor spend money like you—haven't got it, and never had it, so I can't. I go for a *comp* now and again, as you know, but then it is on the strength of very excellent information, and I always stand to win a good stake at comparatively a small risk. My usual betting is a thing that never makes me uncomfortable, and as for my whist, shillings and half-crowns content me."

"By Jove!" said Sir Ronald, turning half round in his chair and surveying his companion in languid astonishment. "What a deuce of a lot of time you must have to spare. Why it would take you hours, and be a sinful waste of luck, to collect a few pounds at that price!"

"Never you mind," rejoined Slade, "I only play for amusement."

"Of course, so does everybody; whist is a healthy recreation. My dear Norman, beware of indolence, and whist, for such pitiful points as you mention, is a waste of those golden hours, concerning which that impostor,

the bee, is always dangled before our eyes. Don't know much about that insect myself, but a fellow conversant with his habits told me the other day that the bee was nothing like such a fool as these ballad-mongers made him out; that when he had the chance, he infinitely preferred stealing honey from the nearest grocer's to toiling for it on his own account."

"Well, Radcliffe," rejoined Slade; "you and I are old friends, and I'm not likely to leave you out in the cold whenever I get a chance. You can work a commission as well as anybody, and I know, from experience, don't cackle. But, honestly, at the present moment I know nothing more than most racing men about coming events; and as for what you want, a real good chance at long odds, have no conception of such a thing."

"Well," rejoined the Baronet, "much obliged to you for your good opinion, old man. The financial crisis presents its constantly-recurring aspect, but there's nothing more to be done than, in the words of the ballad, 'Fear not, but trust in Providence,' and devoutly hope my creditors will trust in me;" and with this Sir Ronald picked himself out of his chair, and, with a slight nod to his companion, strolled onwards.

"Good fellow that," muttered Slade; "and for all his swagger and languid airs, just as 'cute a man about racing as I know. They tell me he plays a capital rubber besides; but it must all beat him at last. He's an extravagant man, and perpetually playing for stakes out of all proportion to his capital. I wonder what Sir Ronald began the world with. He had a fair income, no doubt, to start with, but I should think he has reduced it a good deal since he came into the property, and, from all accounts, her ladyship is not likely to make his income go further."

As for the subject of these remarks, he strolled in his usual listless fashion towards Hyde Park Corner, exchanging greetings right and left on his way. Everybody seemed to know him, and with every one did he seem popular. Women smiled and bowed to him with *empressment*; men greeted him heartily, and not with that careless nod that signifies utter indifference at meeting one. Radcliffe was as popular a man as any in London; but how he had lasted so long with his extravagant habits was an enigma that puzzled those who knew him best extremely.

VII.

FURZEDON ENTERS SOCIETY.

"Well, Lettice, I am very glad to have you with me again, though I don't quite know how I shall amuse you now you are here."

"Nonsense, auntie," rejoined Miss Devereux laughing. "You London people always seem to us country folks to go out so much. I am sure when I pass six weeks with you I go out more than I do in all the remaining weeks of the year."

"I am a sociable being," laughed Mrs. Connop; "and as Providence has given me the wherewithal to keep up a good house, I like to see people about me. I like to see young people, too, about me. It keeps one from getting rusty, and I have no idea of settling down into an old woman before my time."

Nobody certainly would have described Mrs. Connop as an old lady. She carried her fifty years wonderfully well; without affecting any undue juvenility, she was as sprightly a woman of her age as any in London. Fond of society, full of go, and a fluent talker, she had got together a large if somewhat mixed acquaintance. She went everywhere, and though it is quite possible that fastidious people would have pronounced her not in society, she mixed freely in an extensive social world of her own. She might be unrecognised by the queens of the fashionable world, but there are various circles in London that exchange the most friendly relations, although their names never figure in the *Morning Post*. A young lady under Mrs. Connop's chaperonage would be certain to have a good time of it, although, perhaps, she would not be seen in the stately mansions of Belgravia. Letty made no disguise about it; she always looked forward eagerly to an invitation to Onslow Gardens.

The Devereuxs were an energetic family, and never allowed themselves to be bored anywhere, they were people who could always make for themselves occupation, and although North Leach was a quiet enough place when the hunting season was over, yet Miss Devereux never found her time hang heavily on her hands. Letty invariably regarded her London visit as one of the best "bits" in her year. There was, too, just a little bit of uncertainty about it, that gave a zest to the invitation. Although her aunt had asked her regularly since she had left school, yet there was always a possibility that that enterprising lady might take it into her head to go abroad for a time. This year Letty was looking forward to seeing a good deal of the Kynastons while in town; she did not care very much about the Major, but she had struck up a great friendship with Mrs. Kynaston. That lady reciprocated the feeling. There was a freshness about Letty which though it a little amused her, she could not but regret the loss of in herself. Married to a man like the Major, she had not been likely to retain the quality long; and there were times when Kate Kynaston felt bitterly sick of the life she was condemned to lead. The only daughter of fashionable but impecunious parents, it had been impressed upon her from her childhood that she was bound to marry the first eligible suitor that presented himself. Captain Kynaston, as he was then, a fast young man in a crack Dragoon regiment, and with the reputation of considerably more money than he had ever possessed, seemed to Kate's father to fulfil all reasonable expectations; it is true, when they came to the settlements, that battered old *roue* felt somewhat disappointed, but things had gone too far to retreat, and he could do no more than see that such settlement as Kynaston could or would make was tightly tied up. There is much virtue in a settlement of gentlemen of the Kynaston type, as it not uncommonly becomes to the after a few years the sole source of income upon which they can confidently rely. The Major's case was not exactly so bad as that, but with his taste

for good living, the card-table, and the racecourse, his income, outside that settled on his wife, might be termed a little precarious.

There were people who spoke slightly and shook their heads over Kate Kynaston's doings, although civil enough to her when they met. Kate's audacity sometimes paralysed them, and Kate's quick tongue undoubtedly awed them. She was a dangerous woman to splinter lances with; she had a quick eye for the joints in her adversary's harness; she mixed much in the world, and was thoroughly *au courant* with all the fashionable scandal of that world; and the quick, razer-like thrust she could deliver under a traducer's guard had made women wondrous shy of personally attacking her. But, for all that, there were times when Kate tired bitterly of this ceaseless battle of life—of this continuous struggle to hold her own in the weary treadmill of society. It is all very well if you are one of the heavy galleons that sail under a recognised flag, but for the dashing privateers that flout their own gay colors, and only hold their own by finesse, adroitness, and cajolery, its fruits savor of the Dead Sea.

Kate Kynaston was just the woman who in the last century might have renounced all pomps and vanities, and betaken herself to a convent, might also very probably have got painfully bored with the seclusion in six months, emerged again into the world and become more *mondaine* than ever; but in the days of which I am writing this was not to be thought of; moreover, the Major, if he had no great regard for his wife, would have been the last man to permit anything of that sort. Mrs. Kynaston usually assented to his wishes with easy indifference, but the Major had a dim perception that there might come a time when some point would raise a battle royal between them, and that, should such arise, Kate might prove troublesome to coerce.

It is singular how we re-act upon each other's destinies; we go along on our own jog-trot road till suddenly some new being, of whose existence we have so far never heard, crosses our path, and changes the whole current of our destiny. Impossible to say what this new factor in the woof of our lives may do for us, but so it is; his advent changes our fate for good or evil. Mr. Furzedon, a few months ago, was utterly unknown, even by name, to all the characters in this story; even Charlie Devereux, whose acquaintance with him was the longest, had known him scarce eighteen months; and yet this man is destined to considerably affect most of the leading characters in this narrative. Mr. Furzedon has left Cambridge, not seeing his way into getting much more profit out of that University. He gave some very extensive wine and supper parties previous to his departure, at which no expense was spared. As before said, he was a man who could spend money freely when he saw a possible return for doing so. And in this instance he was anxious to thoroughly clinch his acquaintance with all the eligible young men he had contrived to get intimate with.

Mr. Furzedon has established himself in chambers in Ryder Street, and, as he sits lingering over a latish breakfast, is meditating deeply how he is to set about the working his way into society of some sort. A shrewd, pushing man, callous to a rebuff, and of considerable tenacity of purpose, he was pretty certain to attain his end before long. As he had gone to the University with the sole purpose of making desirable acquaintance, so he had lately contrived to get himself elected to a club. It was not, perhaps, one of the crack establishments of the West End, but had a fair second-rate reputation, and its ballot was known to be not so stringent as in some possessed of greater *prestige*. Like even the best of clubs, its members were rather a mixed lot. Mr. Furzedon frequented the Parthian with great assiduity; he set himself to work to learn the names and history of the members, and it is astonishing how much a man who makes that kind of thing his business can pick up about his brethren. There are clubs of which it is said: "They never let the wrong man in there." Sheer fallacy! The most exclusive coterie, like any other community, cannot avoid falling into that mistake. If at times institutions like the Parthian, owing to a shortness of members, are not quite so strict in their ballot, it naturally follows that the proportion of black sheep is larger, and it was in sifting the black from the white that Mr. Furzedon was now engaged. The conduct of clubmen is erratic; there is the pleasant, genial, talkative man, known to every one, but of whose life nobody can tell anything after he has passed the club porter; there is the man who dines there three hundred nights out of the year, but who apparently knows nobody, and invariably takes his meal in solitude; there is the member who bores you with his own affairs; and the irascible member who is in weekly communication with the Committee.

It was not likely that Furzedon could arrive at a sketch of the lives of all his brethren, but he did of a great many. He himself was merely a representative of a type found in all similar institutions, the man who invariably calls the waiters and inquires the name of any one whose face he does not know. Where Furzedon thought his inquiries satisfactory, he endeavored to scrape an acquaintance. This brings us again to another type of club man, not quite such a bore, perhaps, as Toe Thompson, who, as the legend goes, always commenced his insidious advances by treading on his victim's corns and then apologising, but Mr. Furzedon was conscious that he must do something more than that. Club acquaintance by no means leads to intimacy with social surroundings. He was busy this morning thinking what houses he could call a and Mr. Furzedon felt gloomily that, with the end he had in view, they were very circumscribed in number. There was Mrs. Kynaston, but then he did not know where she was. She was a lady with no fixed abode, and though she and the Major usually spent six months of their year in town, yet they rented their house as they chanced to pick it up. Ah! there was Mrs. Connop, that was the aunt Miss Devereux always came to stay with, and surely Miss Devereux must be in town by now. No difficulty in finding Mrs. Connop, she had a permanent abode, her address was easily to be arrived at in the Blue Book, and if he could only see Miss Devereux, she would probably know where Mrs. Kynaston resided.

(To be continued.)



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wharf, Cape Tormentine," will be received at this office until Friday, the 28th day of October next, for the construction of a Wharf at Cape Tormentine, Westmoreland County, N. B., in accordance with plans and a specification to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and on application to Mr. E. T. P. Shewen, Resident Engineer, Cape Tormentine.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to order of Minister of Public Works for the sum of SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$7500), must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order, A. GOBELL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 28th September, 1887.

Western Counties Railway.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after MONDAY, 16th May, 1887, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

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LEAVE DIGBY, daily at 3.00 p.m. Arrive at Yarmouth, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, 6.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday, at 6.00 p.m.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. Connections at Digby daily (with Steamer to and from Annapolis, Halifax, and Stations on the W. & A. Railway, with Steamer "Secret" from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and for St. John every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, with steamer "New Brunswick" for Boston every Tuesday.

At Yarmouth, with Steamer "Yarmouth" for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evening, and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted), to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

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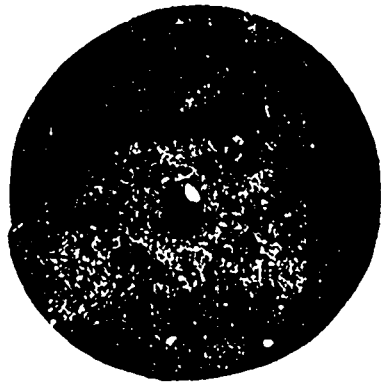
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We beg to say that we carry the largest and best assorted Stock in the Provinces; and if parties requiring Lubricants will inform us of the kind of work it is to do we will send an Oil, and GUARANTEE it satisfactory or no sale.

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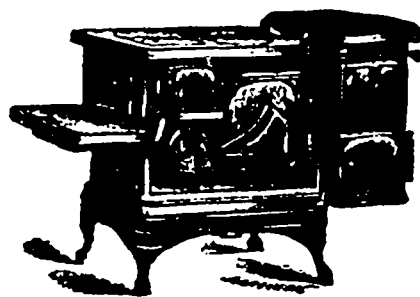
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MINING.

A TRIP TO THE EASTERN GOLD DISTRICTS.

(Continued.)

DESCENT OF THE DUFFERIN MINE.

Proceeding to shaft No. 5 West, Captain Archibald introduced me to Mr. Irwine, the underground foreman, and we prepared to visit the underground workings. One of the workmen loaned me his overalls, the Captain procured me a miner's jacket, and then lighting our candles we commenced the descent of the 200 foot ladder that leads to the lower level. The foreman went first, the Captain second, and I followed. Outside it was bright sunshine, but in a second all was gloom, intensified by the flickering light of the candles. Kent Archibald did not go with us, and just as I disappeared I noticed a sardonic grin on his face, which plainly said, "we've got a duffer-in this time," (no joke intended). The ladder followed the incline of the lead to the south, and then went to the bottom without a break, so that we had to step down—down—down—with a monotony that grew ink-some in the extreme. I had been given the best position, as the lower men on the ladder have the benefit of all the dirt kicked off the rungs by those overhead, but somehow I did not feel happy. A poor man had been killed by falling from that very ladder, and this thought would recur to me, and I found myself grasping the rungs at a great expenditure of strength, and taking most unnecessary pains about my footing. The air seemed stifling, and the perspiration came out in beads on my forehead and ran into my eyes with blinding effect. But there is an end to all earthly misery, and almost before I knew it we were at the bottom. The foreman led the way along the tunnel, the walls of which in places were timbered, but in others the solid slates were sound, and extended away above our heads without a flaw. The floor of the tunnel was of quartz, and the work of sinking the shaft we had come down will soon be proceeded with. At places we had to crawl over wheel-barrow loaded with quartz, or to avoid masses of rock that the miners had dislodged at their work.

350 feet west of the shaft we came to the end of the workings, where the miners were drilling away for dear life and getting out quantities of good pay ore. Returning, we followed the workings for some distance east of the shaft, and inspected several bodies of miners at their work. The lead widens and narrows, varying from one to six feet in width. By some very rough crawling we might have gone through the whole 1500 feet of workings, but the Captain concluded that we had better climb to the surface and reach the easterly workings by another shaft.

If the descent had been tiresome, the ascent was even more so, and, as I crawled on deck and laid down on a pile of quartz, gasping for breath, I mentally vowed that it would be many a long day before I would again attempt such a climb. Examining the great blocks of quartz that came to the surface, I found them peppered with gold, and concluded that the west end of the mine must be yielding very rich ore. On attempting to walk, I found that my knees were very shaky, with a decided tendency to bend inward, but saying nothing, I followed my guides to shaft No. 2 east. Here the Captain concluded to remain on the surface, and only Mr. Irwine and I went down.

The descent was made partly by ladders and partly down the incline of the mine—and I can't say which is the worst, as the inclines are very slippery. At one place a short length of ladder led down to where the miners were at work. The ladder did not reach to the bottom of the level by some six feet, and it was necessary to scramble down as best one could. I found slight trouble in getting down, but on the return what little strength I had left was nearly exhausted in getting up.

In this manner we reached the bottom of the workings, 160 feet from the surface, and here passed through the cross-cut into the north level. This we followed for 400 feet easterly, and came upon the miners working on the face of the tunnel, where the lead was fully 25 feet wide. We also visited the middle lead, which is from two to three feet wide, and the south, which is from five to six. In cutting the cross-cut a new lead was discovered between the middle and north, which also is gold bearing. I was simply astonished at the size of the leads, the extent of the workings, and the perfection with which the mining operations are conducted. Cross-cuts and galleries seemed to lead off in all directions, and I should certainly have lost my way without a guide. After some time spent below, we returned to the surface and went down another shaft still further east. This was less than one hundred feet deep, and at one time we were over the workings we had visited from shaft No. 2. We inspected all the levels, found the miners busy in all directions, and took refuge while shots were being fired in a cross-cut. Finally we reached the surface by a different shaft than the one we had descended, and I dropped on a pile of rocks completely exhausted and very seasick from the fumes of the dynamite. With considerable effort I "calmed rebellious nature," but for some ten minutes, as I lay bathed in perspiration and gasping for breath, no reward would have tempted me down another shaft. I had just had visible evidence of the enormous richness of the Dufferin mines, but if its proprietors had stood before me and offered me the whole mine provided I would visit all three shafts over again, I should have declined without thanks. While Capt. Archibald was waiting for me at shaft No. 2, a darker, whom I had passed in the tunnel, came to the surface and yelled to the man on deck. "Golly, you should see dat coon down below, he's getting the fat tied out of him, I tell you!" and he was right.

The two Archibalds made me their guest, and after a hearty dinner at the boarding-house, Kent took down his repeating rifle and, with the Captain, we walked up to the big dam. Here we got into a row-boat, and the Captain and I pulled up to the lake, about two miles.

A crane and an eagle were sighted, but were too wary for a shot, so, after a good look at the lake, we returned and fired a few shots at a mark.

The Salmon River is a good fishing stream, but fish and game soon vanish from the neighborhood of a mining camp, and the sportsmen of the future will have to look much further inland.

The Dufferin Mining Company own 342 mining areas, and the surface from Eagle Lake on the east, to across the Salmon River on the west. A large number of leads are known to exist on their property besides the ones now being worked, but no attempt has been made to develop them. They give employment to from 80 to 100 men, and such perfect discipline is enforced that no friction is observable.

I have endeavored to give an impartial account of my visit to the mines, and the facts prove the property to be of immense value.

HATTIE-ROSS AREAS.

Daniel Hattie, of Sherbrooke, and Peter Ross, of Halifax, own the ten areas bounding the Dufferin mine on the east, and have worked them at considerable profit. There is nothing being done on them at present, but Captain Archibald conducted me over the property. The Salmon River leads run through the areas, and one lead, two and a half inches wide, has yielded a large amount of gold.

The mill, containing an 8 stamp battery, was nailed up, and the pumping gear stored away.

The big Salmon River lead has been opened up, but not worked to any extent. Eagle Lake adjoins the property, and furnishes an unlimited supply of water for a steam mill. I am given to understand that parties are anxious to purchase the property, and work has been stopped while the negotiations are pending.

CLEANING UP THE DUFFERIN MILL.

Kent Archibald very kindly gave up his bed to me, and I slept soundly in spite of the noise of the stamp mill. On awakening I noticed that the mill had ceased running, and was informed by the Captain that they were "cleaning up," i. e., gathering the amalgam from the plates and batteries, preparatory to retorting and smelting. On entering the mill, I found Mr. Irvine, sr., and the foreman, engaged in removing the dies and collecting the amalgam, which looks very much like lead.

They had not finished cleaning up at dinner time, and, as I was anxious to catch the coach for Sheet Harbor, Kent harnessed up his mare and drove me over to Whitman's. Both Kent and the Captain are the kindest of hosts, and if I ever get the stiffness out of my joints, I shall have only pleasant recollections of my visit to the Dufferin mine.

SALMON RIVER TO SHEET HARBOR.

The stage coach for Sheet Harbor came dashing up at three in the afternoon, and, bidding good-bye to Kent Archibald and a number of new found friends, I got into the back seat. The passengers were a girl, who had been enjoying a "tea-meeting" at Moses's River, and Mr. A. W. Drillio, of the same place. I had just heard an anecdote in which Mr. Drillio, a former lawyer of Halifax, and some rich specimens borrowed from the Dufferin mine, played an important part. It illustrated how gold mines, or quartz mines, are sometimes sold in Nova Scotia, and proved that "far ways that are dark, and ticks that are vain," some mining speculators are not a whit behind the "heathen Chinese." Mr. Drillio was pleasant and talkative, but the girl could hardly keep her eyes open, and was evidently suffering from the "tea meeting," which had lasted three days, and had proved such a financial success that a church debt had been liquidated. As a fifteen gallon keg of whiskey played a prominent part in the accounts of the jubilee, it may not be worth while to enquire into the moral effect of these gatherings. Mr. Drillio stated that he, with some Halifax parties, was interested in a valuable gold mine at Harrigan's Cove. Thirty-six leads are to be traced on the outcrop, four of which have been worked and show gold freely.

When we stopped to water the horses, three more passengers, a comely matron with a baby in her arms, and a very pretty girl, bound on a visit to Halifax, took seats in the coach.

The pretty girl was wedged in between Mr. Drillio and myself, which gave us an opportunity of indulging in the old chestnut "of a rose between two thorns," and we soon became the best of friends. The balance of the trip was very lively, and we drove up to Sutherland's in Sheet Harbor just before dark, in the best of humor. I was advised to stop at Hall's, but a party of sportsmen had monopolized that hotel, and I was crowded out. In coming from Salmon River the stage coach has to make a detour of three miles in order to leave the mails at Chisholm's mill, which certainly seems an imposition on the travelling public.

In search of mining items I dropped into Mr. C. C. Hart's store after tea, and found that I had come to the right spot.

Sheet Harbor is a centro from which several mining camps are most conveniently reached. A drive of some nine miles leads to the Loch-a-Ber District, where John Anderson and other parties have opened up some very rich leads. Continuing on up the river a point only two miles distant from Fifteen Mile Stream is reached, and I am informed that this is the most comfortable way in which to reach that noted gold district. From Loch-a-Ber the journey has to be performed in boats, the total distance from Sheet Harbor being under 20 miles.

ANOS AMICO.
(To be continued.)

MOOSE RIVER.—Mr. D. Touquoy has again visited the city, and as a result of two months work by ten men, has produced 257½ oz. of gold from 234 tons crushed. The last 57 tons gave 111½ oz. Mr. Touquoy's crop of gold babies is steadily on the increase, twins being the last addition.

HARRIGAN'S COVE.—Claude Drillio found a rich boulder at Harrigan's Cove on the 15th Sept. last, and a party are now prospecting for the lead.

Mr. J. C. Ashton has just returned from inspecting the Loch-a-Ber gold district. He seems to be most favorably impressed with the Anderson property, and the prospects are that he will purchase. Mr. Ashton is from Lancashire, England, but has lately arrived from the South African gold fields, having there been connected with the Oriental Company. He fully bears out all that Mr. Rider Haggard has to say about the Boers of the Transvaal, whom he pronounces brutal in the extreme.

The following are additional official returns for September, so far received at the Mines Office:

District.	Mill.	Tons Crushed.	Oz. Gold.
Carriboo	Moose River	114	108½
Sherbrooke	Goldenville	127	39½
Whiteburn	McGuire	29	127
Sherbrooke	Crows Nest	10	27½

Section 51 of the Mining Act, which requires every licensed mill owner to make monthly returns, seems "more honored in the breach than in the performance." A number of the mill owners comply with the Act, but a large number do not. Justice to all parties should cause the Mines Department to move in the matter, and force mill owners to make monthly returns or suffer the penalty.

City Foundry & Machine Works F. W. CHRISTIE,
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MECHANICAL ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS. Gold Mining Properties Examined, Reported on, and Titles Searched.
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Valuable Coal Mining Property
FOR SALE,
Situated in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia,
AND KNOWN AS THE
Styles Mining Company's Property.

This property consists of five square miles, and is only distant from the celebrated Spring Hill Coal Mines, seven miles. It is on the north dip of the Spring Hill coal basin, and the out-crop has been traced for two and a-quarter miles. Two seams have been developed, the upper being 6 feet in thickness, and the lower, which is separated from the upper by a thickness of strata of about twenty feet, being four feet in thickness. The indications point to the existence of other seams on the property. The coal is of superior quality, and has been pronounced by consumers the

Best Coal for Domestic Purposes they have ever used.

For Gas and Steam Purposes, it is unequalled. The late Mr. Hartley, a most efficient member of the Geological Survey of Canada, reported as follows: "The analyses show the coal to belong to the class known as highly bituminous, in fact, cooking coals in character very similar to those of the North of England, known as North Country, or NEWCASTLE HADLEY COAL." "The high rate of volatile to fixed combustible matter should render the coal in common with the Newcastle Coal, which it resembles, an admirable gas coal, while in the amount of sulphur it falls much below the average of Newcastle Coals, (which contain about nine tenths of one per cent., as determined by the Admiralty Steam Coal Tests), therefore the gas obtained from it should be very easily purified." "The coke of the coal appears in every way well adapted for iron smelting, as it is firm and rather compact, and in content of ash and sulphur, will compare most favorably with that from any coal in the Province." "The position of the Styles mining areas is very advantageous in relation to the opening up of the seams, and also of connection with the Intercolonial Railway, which passes within a mile and a-half of the property." "The Spring Hill Mine is acknowledged to be more advantageously situated for shipping its coal than any other mine being worked in the Province. The Styles Mine is quite as advantageously situated, and commands the coal markets of Montreal, Quebec, the United States, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland." "The new tariff has given an impetus to the manufacturers of iron, and as the coke of the Styles seams is specially adapted for iron smelting, the probabilities are that in a few years a home market will be found for most of the output." Parties desiring to purchase will be furnished with full particulars on application at

HOME AND FARM.

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

WHEN FALL PLANTING IS BEST.—*Eds. Country Gentleman*—The question of fall planting of trees periodically occupies the columns of the leading agricultural and horticultural journals, and during the early fall months no question is oftener asked by purchasers of trees than, "Do you recommend fall planting?" The answers, "no" and "yes," may both be applicable if the situation and condition of the soil where the trees are to be planted are known.

On soils imperfectly drained, in which an over-abundance of water remains from the time our autumn rains fall until the first of May, then I would say "no" leave your planting alone until spring. To the tree ever so carefully lifted, there are a good many mutilated roots, these broken roots, if the soil in which they are placed is in good condition, will callus and be in a suitable state for making a new growth on the first approach of warmth in the soil in spring. If, however, too much moisture is present in the soil, instead of forming a callus, it blackens and decays back to the main root.

The same holds true in the transplanting or repotting of greenhouse plants. Take roses, for instance. Remove a good, thrifty plant from a small to a larger pot, then keep the soil soaked with water, and the rootlets will soon decay, while if, after receiving a good watering after the operation of potting has been finished, the soil is kept damp without any approach to saturation, the broken ends of the roots will soon heal over and emit strong, healthy, fleshy new roots. Under certain conditions a tree can be transplanted at any season of the year.

In the early part of last August, in building some new greenhouses, a fine, strong, healthy tree of cut-leaved maple was in the way and had to be removed. I accordingly cut back the immature shoots, and cut off, not pulled, the most of the remaining foliage, then carefully preserved all the roots possible, and replanted in another place, watered well, and the tree is now in excellent condition. It has formed new roots, and put out a few short shoots, just sufficient to help mature the roots.

My reason for cutting off, instead of pulling off, the leaves was to prevent all danger of the stripping process adopted by many nurserymen in order that they may ship trees and shrubs early in the fall, many wounds are made, especially if the leaves are in a healthy, vigorous condition; these wounds often doing an irreparable injury to the tree. If the leaves are matured I would have no objection to stripping off the leaves, but if in a growing state I consider it a considerable injury to take them off.

On all well drained soils, either natural or artificial, and where the trees to be planted are well matured, I prefer fall planting; the trees get settled in their position, and are ready to commence root-growth before spring-planted trees are moved, and if a dry time occurs during May or June they stand it better than the spring planted ones, especially the late-planted ones.

One point I would impress upon tree-planters—to pack the soil closely around the roots—if shoveled in on top of the roots and the feet used to pack the soil, a great many empty spaces are left around the root, which prevent the production of new ones, and leave the old in a condition to easily dry up. I generally use in filling up these empty spaces a short, round stick about an inch or so in diameter; put the soil in in small quantities, and pack firmly under, above and all around every root, leaving no possibility for any air spaces, nor any root in a condition to die from lack of moisture.—*M. Milton in N. Y. Cultivator and Country Gentleman*

THE HEMLOCK SPRUCE—ABIES CANADENSIS—The *London Garden* says that among the conifers, the hemlock spruce stands out as conspicuously from the rest in point of graceful growth as the weeping willow does among deciduous trees, and that it is not too much to say that the hemlock is the most beautiful of all the spruces. But it must be seen in health and vigor, and not be placed in a wind-exposed place, or in a wet, undrained soil. Some persons who have seen it in this country growing in dense woods only, and more or less distorted for want of space, are not aware of the graceful form the trees will assume if allowed room for the branches to expand in all directions, with their partly drooping shape, and the rich green of the foliage at all seasons of the year. One of its highest merits is its freedom from the stiffness and formality of many other conifers.

RULES FOR KILLING WEEDS.—Weeds are of three kinds, namely—1. Annuals, which depend entirely on seeds for increase and growth; 2. Biennials, which bear seed the second year and then die; 3. Perennials, which continue indefinitely, and increase by seeds and by spreading and running roots. To clear the land of annuals and biennials, the seed must not be allowed to ripen, and the soil must be stirred over and over till all the hidden seeds are started and the plants are destroyed. Among annual and biennial weeds are rag-weed, pig-weed, chess or cheat, wild mustard and many more. Among perennials are ox eye daisy, plantain, johnswort, and others which do not spread by creeping roots, and Canada thistle, quack-grass, milk-weed, and others, which have creeping roots and spread by them indefinitely. The easiest way to kill these and all perennials weeds is to smother them, either by continued clean cultivation, by summer-fallow, or by choking them by means of luxuriant shading crops.

AGE OF APPLE TREES.—Western orchardists have remarked that apple trees do not last more than twenty or thirty years in the Western States. Charles Tenbner stated, in an address before the Missouri Horticultural Society,

that there were several causes for this brief period of their existence, among which were poor soil, want of drainage, overbearing, growing in stiff sod, no manure, and want of moisture in severe droughts. Accidental causes were stated to be horors, mice, rabbits, cattle, sheep, heavy pruning, &c. There is no question that trees, both East and West, would live longer with proper manuring. We have seen old trees standing in gardens, where they received more or less annual cultivation and fertilizing, which were still bearing fine crops at sixty years of age, while neglected orchards in the neighborhood of the same had half the branches dead, and they had nearly ceased to bear. In one instance a tree of the Fall Orange was supposed by the owner to be nearly dead at sixty years, a large portion of the top consisting of dead limbs. But a new owner pruned out the dead portions, and liberally top dressed the ground for a rod on each side. New life was imparted, and it gave sixteen bushels of fine fruit in a single year.—*N. Y. Country Gentleman.*

One of the most valuable agricultural exchanges we have the privilege of receiving is the *Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine*, (360 Richmond St., London, Ont.) Besides practical agriculturism, it embraces articles fraught with the highest, and, at the same time, the most practical, considerations of morality. It has also the advantage of good illustrations, which we cannot reproduce. Many valuable quotations are unavailable to us on account of this inability, the articles illustrated necessarily losing their force of demonstration when deprived of the aid of ocular presentation. Space, (or the want of it,) precludes our noticing at present several most suggestive articles in the September number, but more than one of them are of a nature to invite a more lengthened notice, which we hope shortly to be able to give to them.

Keep your tools free from rust and dust; clean them every night after work, before putting them away. During the time they are not in use a good oiling will prevent rust from forming on them. Implements well taken care of last much longer than those that are left wherever last used, and it is much easier and more satisfactory to work with clean, bright, well-kept tools and implements.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

OUR COSY CORNER.

Poplum effects, modified by advanced tastes, are seen upon some of the latest Paris dresses.

Correspondence cards are used as matters of convenience, although they are much less fashionable than heretofore. The newest have a slightly rough, parchment finish, or a linen finish like the linen paper. Another style has ragged edges, and the envelopes match.

A critical philosopher once stated that he could tell the taste and habits of a lady, if he could know exactly the stationery she had purchased and used for two years previous to the date of his opinion. Be that as it may, there is a great deal of character in the material a lady uses when she desires to express her thoughts in writing to her friends.

Many devices are used to ornament the heading of the sheet of paper. The name and address, the monogram, the name of the country house in the season, the lodge or gate to the grounds, a crest or other heraldic emblem may be used. Some of these designs are highly ornamental, and when done by artists in their profession are especially attractive.

Plain, elegant stationery is decidedly the most appropriate for the use of a gentlewoman, indeed, is one of the most conspicuous marks of refinement. The eccentricities of fashion make very little if any difference in her selections, and all "high novelties" in the way of glaring color or design are carefully avoided. Exceptions to this rule are, however, made in the case of young ladies, for whom there is always something novel and pretty provided.

Marcus Ward's linen paper is always suitable and lady-like, and is used by many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, to the exclusion of all other styles and qualities. There are novelties in elegant, plain surfaced paper with water-lines in various fanciful shapes, the most desirable being a series of lance-shaped bars set so as to form squares, and the waterlined cross-bar is again in favor. Especially attractive also is the paper with a surface resembling linen cloth. It is furnished in light and heavy weights.

One of the most delicate and trying of the details of correspondence is the use of sealing-wax, which has been revived to a very general extent. Care must be taken that the wax is not too hot, or it will blister and lose its adhesive qualities, or burn holes in the paper. Hold it just near enough to the taper to allow it to become quite soft, and when it seems ready to drop, touch the end of the stick of wax to the paper and turn it quickly, leaving a quantity just sufficient to cover the surface of the seal slightly heated, indeed this is absolutely necessary if the wax is allowed to become cool. Only practice can give the dextrous handling necessary to this process.

There are various shades and colors used in sealing-wax, and among young ladies each shade is said to have a certain significance. White is used for weddings; black, drab and purple are mourning; lavender is condolence; dinner invitations are sealed with chocolate color; blue denotes constancy, green expresses hatred; vermilion signifies business, ruby or cardinal denotes the most ardent love; light ruby or rose is affectionate remembrance; pale green is innocence; yellow indicates jealousy; yellow green signifies disappointment and grief; dark brown, melancholy and reserve. Young ladies often adhere strictly to these significations, and much amusement is afforded thereby.

RELIGIOUS.

BAPTIST.

Rev. J. R. Hutchinson, missionary from the Baptist church in the Maritime Provinces to India, has translated a tale of Hindu domestic life, by one of the ablest Brahmin teachers. The work, which is spoken of very highly, may be obtained from the translator, who is residing at Wolfville.

The Free Christian Baptist Conference, of New Brunswick, was held at Middlelands, N. B., on the 1st inst. The reports presented from the different districts showed an increase in the membership of 335 last year. For all purposes, \$19,693 were raised. The Conference, with the aid of the Nova Scotia Conference, supports three missionaries in India. A resolution was passed regarding the doctrine of instantaneous and entire sanctification held by some connected with the denomination, and endorsing the teaching on the subjects of Butler. A very lengthy discussion took place regarding the proposed union with the Baptist church in the Maritime Provinces. Some of the sections of the basis were regarded as not explicit enough. A resolution to defer action, and commend the subject to the churches for serious consideration was finally passed. A large amount of business was then transacted by the Conference.

Rev. Mr. Hunt, a son of the late Superintendent of Education in this Province, and a brother of Mr. J. J. Hunt, of this city, who has been for some time pastor of the Baptist church at St. Stephen, N. B., has received a call from an influential Baptist church in Massachusetts, and it is believed that he will accept.

METHODIST.

Rev. David Savage and his band of workers closed their labors in Brunswick Street Church on Sunday evening, on which occasion the church was crowded. They commenced their labors at Charles Street Church on Monday, and have been holding meetings every night since.

The Methodists of Canada raised last year for mission purposes about \$200,000, being an increase over the previous year of about \$12,000. This must be gratifying to every one connected with the denomination, and an incentive for even greater effort this year.

The model of the statue of the late Rev. Dr. Ryerson is now completed. The face is said to be excellently modelled, with an expression of earnest gravity, and the whole figure very striking and effective.

PRESBYTERIAN.

At a meeting of St. Andrew's congregation, held on Monday evening last, it was decided to extend a call to the Rev. D. M. Gordon, of Winnipeg. The call was presented to the Presbytery of Halifax yesterday for transmission.

According to a report presented at the late Synod, there are 523 Sunday schools in the Maritime Provinces connected with the Presbyterian Church, having a membership of 27,000. Last year, they raised for all purposes, \$8,642.

Rev. Gurabed Nergararian, missionary to Turkey, who has been for some time engaged in lecturing in the leading Presbyterian churches in Ontario, occupied the pulpit of St. Matthew's church on Sunday evening, and delivered a very interesting lecture on missionary work in Turkey.

The Presbyterian churches of Toronto have decided to hold special Evangelistic Services annually.

Rev. D. S. Fraser has resigned the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Mahone Bay.

In addition to his duties as pastor of Erskine church, the Rev. L. H. Jordan has consented to take the position of lecturer in Homiletics for the present term in the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

The sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper were administered recently in the Japanese Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, Cal. A large company of young men were present on the occasion. Two young men were baptized, having been received into the church from heathenism on confession of their faith in Christ, and two others were received by letter. The church now numbers fifty-sixty members.

In Kochi, Japan, the city occupied by the missionaries of the United States Southern Presbyterian Church, work was begun only two years ago. Now there is a Presbyterian church of over two hundred members. The gain in the whole of Japan for the last two years has been seventy-seven per cent.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Rev. G. Gooderich Roberts, M. A., Rector of Fredericton, will preach the Anniversary Sermon of the Church of England Institute, on Oct. 27th. Mr. Roberts is the father of Professor Roberts of King's College.

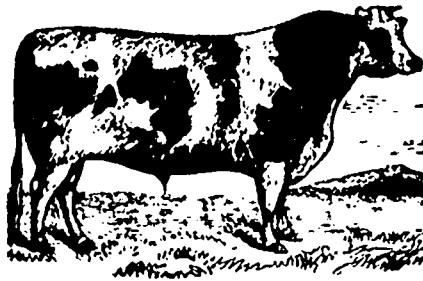
The Anniversary Service of the Sunday School children of Halifax was held on Sunday last in St. George's Church. About 1,500 children were present. Rev. F. H. Almon gave a very effective address. Prof. S. Porter presided at the organ.

The usual Church Congress of the Church in the United States, will be held at Louisville, on Oct. 18th:

Two new churches have been recently built in Toronto, and two more are in contemplation.

Truro (Eng.) Cathedral will be consecrated on Nov. 2nd. The Prince of Wales, who is Duke of Cornwall, has signified his intention of being present.

The Bishop of Lahore is about to resign his see, and it is probable that Archdeacon Matthew, of the same Diocese, will succeed him.



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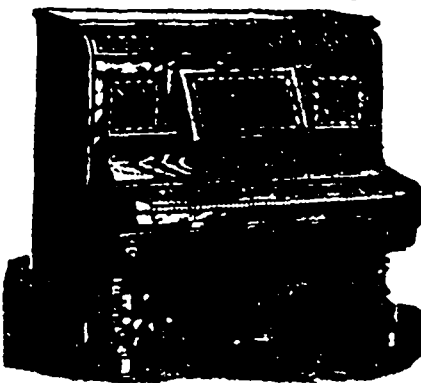
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