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THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

1 50 PER ANNUM.
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HALIFAX, N. S., MAY 28, 1886.

{ VOL. 3.
{ No. 22.

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One may cease to marvel at the value of the annual exports from England when he reflects that the easily over-looked item of umbrellas exported amounts to £581,000.

It pays to be a New York alderman with an elastic conscience. Not long since twenty-two of the civic fathers secured a charter for a Broadway street railway company, quietly pocketing \$20,000 apiece as a reward for the prompt and faithful performance of their duty. They now express surprise that the public should look upon the transaction as shady.

It costs something for a European country to keep up its national status. The French Minister of Marine has just condemned twenty-three ships of war which cost the naval department \$20,000,000, and has asked the Chamber of Deputies for a vote of \$7,500,000 to complete the new ships now under construction. Big nations need big purses well filled.

We are indebted to Sir Charles Tupper for a copy of the "Official Catalogue of the Canadian Section of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition." It is a neatly printed volume of 300 pages, containing in addition to a well arranged catalogue of exhibitors and exhibits, a well written introduction, dealing with the resources of the Dominion.

The recent destruction of property at Mandalay has been much more extensive than was at first supposed. The Burmese are by no means content to accept the situation without a struggle. They hated Theebaw, but now that he is safely out of the country they are organizing a widespread rebellion. It cost \$2,000,000 to restore order in Lower Burmah after that country had been seized by Britain, and it is probable that the experiences at the mouth of the Irrawaddy will have to be repeated in Upper Burmah.

Madame de Valsayre proposes to form in Paris a gymnastic and fencing society for women. The zealous *mulamc* goes so far as to suggest the formation of a corps of woman-warriors at some future day. At last the objection to woman's rights is to be removed; women are no longer to be taunted with a desire to declare wars which men will be obliged to wage; but this proposal out-Herods Herod. France and Germany bear the palm for masculine women. The United States may have its "strong minded" champions of women's rights, but they have yet to produce their Louise Michel or their Madame de Valsayre. May the day be far distant.

The strike of the street railway employees in Toronto has taken an unusual course. The strikers have adopted a novel and legitimate method of meeting their former employers by establishing a bus line to run in opposition to the street cars. As the action of the employers in dismissing their men simply because the latter belonged to a labor union was arbitrary and unpopular, the bus line promises to be well patronized. Strikers are not always in a position to enter into competition with the capitalists; but, when the experiment can be tried, even its failure will result in one great boon—the establishment of a better understanding between labor and capital.

In the discussion over the "Logan Bill" in the United States Congress, a distinguished senator asserted that in the event of a complication with England over the fishery question, the militia of Maine could defend that State against any force that could be sent from Canada, upon which the *New York Army and Navy Journal* remarks "With our recent war experiences so freshly in the memories of many of the leaders in our National Congress, it is singular that they should be so blind to the incontrovertible fact that a well-disciplined light division of such troops as England sends into the field, could walk through Maine from end to end and lay all her cities under contribution before a sufficient force could be organized to avert this progress."

The question of abolishing the Canadian Senate has been discussed in the Dominion Parliament, and has, for the time, received its quietus. Some day it will be not very distant future, it will come up again, and the Senate will be abolished. The growth of popular government is incompatible with the existence of this irresponsible, ornamental, and expensive body. It is a very costly luxury, at \$150,000 a year, even if it is harmless in its action, or rather inaction. The provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia manage their provincial affairs without any so-called "check upon hasty legislation." The other provinces could dispense with their legislative councils just as advantageously; and what is true of individual provinces is equally true of the Dominion. The House of Lords, in England, is only tolerated because it is a natural growth upon the constitution, and even this body is not sure of perpetuity. The American Senate does not represent the opinions of the American people—at least in the present fisheries muddle, it does not seem to voice the general wish. In a young country like Canada, the expenses of government should be reduced to the lowest figure, consistent with efficiency.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Free trade, as a theory at least, is almost two hundred years old. Its mention in print was a notice of its operation in Hungary, in 1703.

Bartley Campbell, the noted play-wright, is at present an inmate of an insane asylum in New York. His case is considered incurable.

Ottawa has stolen our thunder. We intended to have a Summer festival in Halifax but postponed it. Ottawa now announces a Summer festival commencing on Dominion Day.

The advocates of repeal in Nova Scotia are making a leap in the dark. They know what has been, they know what is, but how can they tell what is to be?

New words are constantly creeping into the English language. The latest is from Tennessee, in which State an office-hunter is styled a "scramblator."

The Bermudians evidently believe in the Cobden theory of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest markets. They buy blue nose potatoes at 60 to 80 cents per bushel, and sell their own to New Yorkers from 8 to 10 dollars per bushel. This is free trade.

We all realize the advantages of pictorial illustration, especially its influence upon the youthful mind, but it appears like an innovation to have ministers of the gospel illustrating his text by chalk-pencillings upon the black board. The custom is growing in the United States.

The sphere of woman is enlarging. Not long since we heard of a lady applying for a certificate as a captain of a Mississippi steamboat, and now we learn that Brigham Young's fifth wife has taken up the occupation of an American lobbyist, and is buttonholing the representatives at the Washington capitol on behalf of Mormonism. Surely these saints of latter days have fallen from grace, when women are found to advocate the cause.

POINTS FOR DISCUSSION.

For the next two weeks our provincial politicians will be busily engaged in reviewing and comparing the records of the last two Nova Scotian administrations; but while the electors will naturally feel a deep interest in the unfolding of these two pictures as represented upon Liberal or Conservative canvass, they must not lose sight of the issue upon which the outgoing government desires the verdict of the people. Those who are now so vigorously advocating the dismemberment of the Dominion should be in a position to show the electors what the results would be if repeal is obtained. They should be prepared to prove that Nova Scotia, as an isolated Province, without free trade with New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and without reciprocity with the United States, would be financially and commercially in a better position than she is to-day. They must, moreover, give the electors their solemn assurances that the repeal which they are advocating is not a mere political stalking-horse, and that they are in a position to obtain that which the Hon. Joseph Howe and his contemporaries failed in securing. On the other hand, the opponents of repeal should clearly define the policy in which they believe. They should state openly their views as to the financial condition of the Province, and how they propose bringing about a readjustment of the terms of the union. They should outline a broad and liberal Nova Scotian policy, such as could be endorsed by intelligent electors in both parties. We believe that an honest, fair discussion upon the foregoing points will convince our people that the true interests of Nova Scotia cannot in any way be served by an agitation which is without definite aim, and which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would make the political map of Nova Scotia similar to that of the petty German States prior to their unification. The *Morning Chronicle* admits that if the people of Cape Breton desire to have that fine Island formed into a separate Province, they have a perfect right to have their wishes granted. If this be true of Cape Breton, the same is true of Cumberland, Hants, Colchester, Pictou, and Antigonish Counties, the people of which might, in the event of repeal being granted, desire to remain within the Dominion as a portion of the Province of New Brunswick. The fact is, repeal is out of the question, and the men who are advocating it are endeavoring to mislead the people. We want honesty of purpose in our politicians as much as we want honesty in government. If the financial terms of Confederation are not satisfactory, let us unite as one man in demanding a readjustment of these terms. We may not have a Howe to fight our battles, but we have plenty of men possessed of sufficient brain power and good common sense to settle the financial question satisfactorily to the people of Nova Scotia, without having the Province kick over the traces and endeavor to break away from the Confederate team.

A NOTABLE MEMORIAL.

Probably no man in the nineteenth century has aroused more deep sympathetic interest among all classes, all creeds, and all nationalities, than did the late General Gordon, hero of Khartoum; and we are safe in asserting that no woman ever received such a touching memorial of a nation's grief as that lately presented to the sister of the Christian soldier. The Queen, with commendable zeal, has reproduced the design of the cover and pages of this remarkable memorial volume, with the fac-similes of the signatures of the Royal Princesses. The cover is of white vellum, decorated in the fifteenth century Italian style, with a frame of gold ivy leaves, into which the following appropriate scriptural quotations are introduced: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the path, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." The panel within is decorated with heraldic roses, shamrocks, thistles, and ivy leaves, and the monogram of the hero in the centre. The panel design is repeated on the fly leaf. On the first page is placed the dedication to Miss Gordon in ornamental lettering. The second page bears the address of the ladies of the United Kingdom, which is as follows:—

"MADAM,—We, the Princesses of Great Britain and Ireland, the Peeresses of the Realm, and the wives of Bishops and members of the House of Commons, as representing the women of the United Kingdom, desire to be allowed to associate ourselves with you and with your sisters in your sorrow, and express our heartfelt sympathy in your loss.

We earnestly wish to record our deep veneration for your brother, the noble defender of Khartoum, who sacrificed his life to uphold the honor of his country, and who died a heroic death in a far off land.

In the depth of your sorrow you must find consolation in the conviction that your brother's life has not been lived in vain. He leaves to his country, and to the world, the undying legacy of a life of self-denying faith and of devotion to duty, and to God.

In ages to come British mothers will bid their sons look to General Gordon as an example to inspire them to great and noble deeds, and place him among the heroes of whom she is proud. England will evermore hold in honor the name of Charles Gordon, the brave soldier, the loyal subject, the faithful chieftain, the loving friend of the poor, the desolate, and the oppressed. It is your privilege to be the sister of one whose memory is revered, and whose death is mourned in all countries of the world. We trust that the sympathy which fills the hearts of all English women, and of which these words are but a feeble expression, may in some degree soothe the bitterness of your grief."

This address is within a frame of victors' laurel; at the top of the page is the monogram, C. G. G., and below is the late General's coat of arms, crest, etc., with the family motto, "Semper Fidelis," (always faithful). His orders and medals are introduced here, as also the peacocks' feathers, in accordance with the honors he received from the Emperor of China. The

remaining pages of the volume bear the signatures of the Royal Princesses, the Bishops' wives, and the wives of the members of Parliament, the name of Miss Florence Nightingale, Britain's most philanthropic woman, being added at the end, and such a notable memorial cannot fail to delight the sister and relatives of General Gordon, and will doubtless be treasured as one of the most precious of the family heirlooms.

OUR RIGHTS.

The interest which is evinced by France in the Fishery Question between Canada and the United States, only serves to prove that our fisheries are of much greater importance than Senator Frye and the New England fishermen are willing to admit. It is quite evident that the deep sea fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia would be of little practical value to French and American fishermen without their being accorded the privilege of purchasing bait from the inhabitants dwelling in the fishing villages along the shore. This is the whole question in a nutshell. The United States and France claim that our government has no right to prohibit the sale of bait to foreigners, but the contention is as fallacious as it is ridiculous. If a Nova Scotian barque bringing a cargo of sugar from the West Indies to New York wishes to load flour at Boston for Halifax, she must go from New York to Boston in ballast, the law of the United States restricting the coasting trade in the Republic to American vessels. No one in Canada for a moment questions the right of the Washington government to carry out regulations which are presumably framed in the interests of American citizens and ship-owners; but when we in Canada, after having our fish shut out from the United States market by a hostile tariff, after having, for the sake of a peaceful solution of the Fishery Question, allowed our American cousins the free use of our fishing grounds for nearly a year after the abrogation of the Washington Treaty, and after agreeing to have the whole question submitted to a joint commission for arbitration, choose to stand upon our rights, we are at once exposed to the artillery of the American press, and to the vituperation and bitter denunciation of American politicians. But we have no idea of taking back water. If our contention that Canada has a perfect right to manage her own affairs be correct, and if it can be proved that under no existing treaty has the United States been accorded the privileges claimed by Senator Frye and his associates, then it is plain that we must strictly adhere to the policy of protecting our fisheries, come what may; but Americans will do well to remember that this policy has been forced upon Canada by the United States, and that so soon as the lawmakers in the latter country agree to the appointment of an arbitration commission, Canada will hail it with pleasure, believing that by arbitration alone can the question be settled in a permanent and satisfactory manner.

THE SPY SYSTEM.

The customs authorities are incurring very severe censure by maintaining a sort of spy system for the detection of fraud; and from the imperfect data before us, we are disposed to concur in this censure. It is always a pity when law must sail under the colors of illegality, even in order to discover the methods adopted by the law-breaker. But we frequently learn of instances in which the cunning artifices of swindlers are detected by apparent participation in their crime. Two striking cases of this have come to light during the past few days. A number of ticket agents in the offices of the G. T. R. have been under suspicion for some time. To certain trusted passengers they have been selling long-distance tickets, and accounting for them as covering short distances. Detectives, by assuming a knowing air, managed to buy tickets, as passengers with whom the agents were in collusion. They kept the tickets and exposed the fraud.

A bolder and more cunning swindle has been recently exposed by the Ontario detective, Rogers. A man named Martin, making his headquarters at Blythe and Lucknow, addressed circulars to various individuals, who he learned were out of employment. He professed to be engaged in making counterfeit bank-notes, so good that they could not be detected. As specimens, he enclosed small clippings of real bank-notes, offering to sell \$100 of such notes for \$30. He appointed a place of meeting, enjoining the strictest secrecy in everything. His victim was told, at the rendezvous, that the last supply of the notes had been sent away with an agent the same day, but was promised that others would be forwarded to any address, if he left the pay for them. Detective Rogers learned that a Guelph baker had received one of the circulars, and he induced him to communicate with Martin, enclosing a marked bank-note. The result was, that Martin was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for inciting to fraud.

Many of the operations of detectives have to be carried on by means of feigned accomplices in crime—otherwise called spies. It seems an unworthy method for authorities to adopt; but we may well doubt whether, after all, there are not many kinds of fraud which can only be detected by fraud. While admitting this, however, we feel certain that, by the adoption of a proper system of checking returns, both railway systems and customs departments could dispense with the obnoxious and degrading occupation of the spy.

The strikes for the eight-hour system in the United States meet with varying success. In Pittsburg and vicinity the claim has been granted in several instances. In St Louis the master plasterers have allowed their men to work eight hours for \$2.50 instead of ten hours for \$4.50 as heretofore. In many cases the demand has been refused, on the ground that other competing companies would obtain an advantage by adhering to the long day system.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]
TRIANGULAR PUZZLE.

1. The initial letter of a constellation.
2. Two last letters of something often sought for in lofty mountains, but not always found.
3. Something ladies married and single frequently do for profit or amusement.
4. A trick rather more dangerous than amusing, occasionally practised by some quadrupeds.
5. A famous river mentioned in the Bible.
6. A deservedly popular hebdomadal published in this Canada of ours.
7. Accomplices—Abettors.
8. The most crafty Prince of the heroic ages—who at last received his well merited punishment.
9. A delusion—a hallucination.

Read the initials forming the perpendicular, and the finals forming the hypotenuse, and you will find on both lines the name of a custom practised in a celebrated city of ancient Greece, hundreds of years B. C., and of which some famous as well as infamous persons were victims.

Read the letters forming the base and you have the name of a delusion by which not a few in days gone by were influenced, and only too many are still apt to be deceived and fooled.

C. A. S.

The CRITIC will be sent free for one year to the person giving the only correct answer to above puzzle. When two correct answers are sent in, The CRITIC will be sent free for six months to each of those answering correctly. Answers should arrive at CRITIC office before Wednesday, marked answer to puzzle.

Answer to Numerical Enigma published last week:—

My 12, 27, 22, 7, 5, 19, is PHAROS.

My 14, 6, 26, 11, 17, is FUSIL.

My 20, 4, 13, 1, 4, 10, is SCORCH.

My 21, 3, 15, 5, 21, 16, 4, is DEMOTIC.

My 8, 13, 9, 2, 25, 23, 18, is To SHINE.

My whole is "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH."

TIT-BITS.

It is not considered necessary in society to return a bill collector's call.

A New York girl selected a Socialist to marry, because he loved Herr Most.

A man never realizes how much of a sponge he is until he slips down in puddle and mops it all up.

The editor of a morning paper knows all about the nights of labor.

A monopolist—The man who minds his own business.—*New Haven News.*

"Great days for the laboring man," says an exchange. Yes, but pretty poor Knights.

A Brooklyn woman is keeping in a book a list of things she ought to purchase, but cannot afford to wear. She calls the book her ought-to-buy-graphy.

An actor, who was extremely ugly, was playing a part in which a lady had to say to him, "Ah, sir, you change countenance." A wag in the pit cried out, "Let him do so, pray—don't stop him!"

Who shall do justice to woman in describing her? Not her own sex, nor one of them, Lady Montague, has said, "It goes far to reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that thus I am in no danger of ever marrying."

Let us be satisfied with Ruffini's description of her: "Just corporeal enough to attest humanity, and yet sufficiently transparent to let the divine sign shine through."

Kato Field recalled the saying of Horace Greeley, when asked as to the relative superiority of men and women: "It depends upon the man and the woman."

She was young, she was green, she was very new in Washington. At a recent Swell affair she had gone with the crowd into the refreshment room. Presently an elegant looking waiter, for all the world like a foreign ambassador, bowed politely before her and murmured: "Is there any one waiting on you, miss?" "Sir? sir?" she stammered, in startled embarrassment. "Pardonnez moi. Is there any one waiting on you?" "Oh!" she said, blushing brightly. "No sir, not in Washington. But when I'm at home I've got more beaux than any other girl in town."

Jones: "Smith, you are the laziest man I ever saw." Smith: "Correct." Jones: "They say you sleep fifteen hours out of every twenty-four." Smith: "Correct." Jones: "What do you do it for?" Smith: "In order to economize. You see it costs you nothing to sleep, but the moment you wake up expenses begin."

WE WANT
AGENTS

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Many young men and young women are at a loss for

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They desire to make a

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RELIGIOUS.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The new Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Moorhouse, has arrived in England. The confirmation of his election has taken place, and he is now installed in his new Cathedral. He was a man of notable ability before he went to Melbourne. He has now ripened by his experience there. His first sermon in London, on Easter Day, at St. James' Paddington, has attracted much attention from the skill and boldness with which he handled the difficult points of the Relation of Faith to Science, its subject being the Resurrection of the Dead. Whatever may be thought of the general principle, we will doubt the wisdom of this particular instance of transplanting an eminent man from the Colonial Episcopate to serve in the Mother Church.

The able and eloquent Bishop of Peterborough has emphatically endorsed the valuable and self-denying work of Sisterhoods in the English Church, in a speech at Leicester. The necessity of such work, and its compatibility with common sense, as well as the principles of the Church of England, are becoming more widely acknowledged every year.

In the death of the Bishop of Edinburgh, the Church of Scotland has sustained a heavy loss. After one of the most brilliant careers ever known in the University of Cambridge, Mr. Cotterill went to Madras and devoted himself to scholastic work. Appointed Bishop of Grahamstown, he nobly sustained his Metropolitan, Bishop Gray, in his condemnation of Bishop Colenso; and in 1870, he became assistant to Bishop Terrot, of Edinburgh, whom he succeeded in 1872. His best work is probably the "Genesis of the Church," though he leaves several others of the greatest incidental value.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, last year, started 195 new churches and 380 Sunday schools in the United States.

On Wednesday last, the Rev. John Cullan, late of Scotland, was inducted into the pastorate of St. Andrew's Church, Pieter.

The new Presbyterian Church, at Lockport, will be dedicated on the 20th inst.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States is now in session at Minneapolis, Minn.

The Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., was inducted into the charge of St. James' Square Church, Toronto, on the 20th inst.

METHODIST.

The Rev. W. Briggs, the well known Book Steward, of Toronto, has received the well-earned degree of D.D. from Victoria University.

The Rev. Allen Bartley has conveyed real estate, valued at \$200,000, to build and endow a Methodist University, which will be located at Bartley, Neb., U. S.

The Revs. Watson Smith and J. L. Butty conducted the Services in the new church, at Coburg Road, last Sunday.

The fifth annual conference of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor (Methodist) will be held July 6th to 8th, at Saratoga Springs.

According to Statistics lately published there are 4,000,000 persons connected with the different branches of the Methodist Church in the United States.

BAPTIST.

The Rev. Mr. Dykeman, of Maine St. Baptist Church, Woodstock, N. H., has resigned.

The Rev. I. M. Weeks, has declined the call extended to him by the Pagrath and Wallace Church. This is a good field for a young and energetic man.

The Rev. P. R. Foster has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Osborne, Shelburne County, and will spend the summer travelling in the United States to recruit his health.

Through a generous response to its appeal the Baptist Missionary Union of the United States has discharged the debt of \$122,000, with which it was encumbered at the close of its financial year.

The Baptist Year Book for 1886 shows that there are, North and South, 2,953 regular Baptist Churches—an increase of 354. The ordained ministers is 16,191, a loss of 487. The number of baptisms reported is 55,840, and the number of church-members 2,572,238.

CATHOLIC.

The Papal Benediction, which His Grace the Archbishop is deputed to bestow on the faithful in Halifax, will be given in the cathedral on Sunday evening next.

Father Ellis's many friends will be glad to learn that he returns in improved health.

Bishop Cameron was in the city last week, having come to be present at a reception given to Archbishop O'Brien by the pupils of the Academy Mount St. Vincent.

The annual distribution of prizes to the girls attending St. Mary's Sunday School, by His Grace the Archbishop, took place after Vespers on Sunday evening last.

At Easter, the Holy Father distributed, through the Apostolic Almoner, a sum of 14,000 francs to the poor of Rome.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

The following Price Lists have been corrected up to the time of going to press and are thoroughly reliable and accurate.

GROCERIES.

SUGAR.		
Cut Leaf	8 08 1/2	
Granulated	7 1/2 to 7 3/4	
Cut Leaf A	8 1/2 to 9	
Extract	6 1/2 to 6 3/4	
Yellow A	7 1/2 to 8	
TEA		
Assam Common	17 to 19	
" Fat	20 to 23	
" Good	25 to 29	
" Choice	31 to 33	
" Extra Choice	35 to 36	
Orongong Choice	37 to 39	
MOLASSES		
Barbadoes	10 to 12	
Demerara	10 to 12	
Diamond N	43	
Porto Rico	31	
SOAPS		
Ivory bar, 1 lb 2 lb and 3 lb	6 1/2	
Canada	4	
No 1 Family	4	
Brand	3	
Toilet 15 to 20 per doz		
CANDLES		
Do, Paraffine	10 to 20	
BISCUITS		
Pat Bread	2.60 to 2.90	
Boston and This Family	6 1/2 to 7 1/4	
Soda	6 to 7	
do. in lb. boxes, 50 to case	7	
Fancy	8 to 15	
CONFICIONERY		
Assorted in 30 lb Pails	12	
Royal Mixture	11 to 20	
Lozenges	12 to 15	
1 cent goods 144 in a box	85 to 110	
Toys per hundred	65 to 75	
Clear Candy Toys	18	
Brooms	2.60 to 4.00	
Starch Blue and White	6	
" Lilly White	8	
Prepared Corn	9	
BUTTER		
Canadian	none	
N. S.	20 to 24	
CHURSE	9 to 10	
EGGS	10 to 11	
Tobacco—Black	37 to 46	
" Bright	42 to 58	
Blacking, per gross	3.00 to 4.00	
Blacklead	2.00 to 10.00	
Pearl Blue	2.50 to 3.00	

The above quotations are corrected by Mackintosh & Co., Jericho Warehouse.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

Prices nominal. No arrivals. No sales.	
MACKEREL	
Extra	none
No. 1	1.00
No. 2 large	2.25
No. 2	2.60
No. 3 large	2.00
No. 3	1.00
Small	1.00
HERRING	
No. 1 Shore, July, No sales	2.60
August and Sept.	1.50 to 1.75
No. 1 Round Shore, Scarce	3.00
No. 1, Labrador	none
ALBACORE, very scarce	3.25
CODFISH	
Hard Shore to equal	2.50 to 2.70
Bank	2.60
Bay	1.90 to 2.10
SALMON, No. 1	none
No. 2	none
No. 3	none
HADDOCK	none
HAKE	none
CUSK	none
POLLOCK	none
FISH OILS	
Cod A	.35 to .36
Dog A	.25 to .29
Pale Seal	none
HAKE SOUNDS	45 to 50c per lb.

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

LOBSTERS.

Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing).	
Tall Cans	5.00 to 5.50
Flat	6.00 to 6.50

Per case 4 doz. 11b cans. The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

APPLES, No. 1, per bbl.	1.75 to 2.50
Oranges, per bbl. Jamaica (new)	7.50 to 8.00
" case, Valencia	9.00 to 9.50
Lemons, per box	4.00 to 4.50
" case, Palermo	6.50 to 7.00
Cocoanuts, per 100	none
Onions Bermuda, per lb	5
" Mediterranean, per lb	3 to 3 1/2
Foxberries, per bbl	3.60 to 3.75
Figs, 1 lb box (fresh)	16 to 18c
Dried layer (new)	7 to 8c
Maple Sugar	11 to 13
Bananas	2.75 to 3.00

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

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

Our quotations below are our today's wholesale selling prices for cash will in ten days after shipment.

GRAHAM	
Patent high grades	5.25 to 5.80
" meahams	4.75 to 5.00
Superior Extra	4.50 to 4.80
Lower grades	3.50 to 4.45
Oatmeal, Standard	1.50 to 1.75
" Granulated	5.00 to 6.50
Roll'd Oats	3.00 to 6.00
Corn Meal—Half ground	2.00 to 3.15
" Imported	2.80 to 2.85
Bran per ton Wheat	20.00 to 22.00
" Cereals	18.00 to 20.00
Shorts	22.00 to 24.00
Middlings	25.00 to 28.00
Cracked Corn	29.00 to 30.00
" Oats	25.00 to 30.00
" Barley	31.00
Pea Meal per bbl	3.75
Feed Flour	3.75 to 3.50
Oats per bushel of 34 lbs	42 to 45
Barley " of 48 "	75 to 80
Peas " of 60 "	1.10
Corn " of 80 "	80 to 85
Hay per ton	14.00 to 16.00
Straw	9.00 to 10.00

A. GUNN & Co., 253 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am Ex Mess, duty paid	12.00 to 12.50
" Am Plate	12.50 to 13.00
" Ex Plate	13.50 to 14.00
Pork, Mess, American	13.50 to 14.00
" American clear	13.50 to 14.00
" P. E. I. Mess	13.50 to 14.00
" P. E. I. Thin Mess	13.00 to 13.50
" Prime Mess	12.00 to 12.50
" Prime Mess	11.00 to 11.50
Lard, Tubs and Pails	10 to 11
" Cases	12 to 12 1/2
Hams, P. E. I.	12 to 13c
Duty on Am Pork and Beef	20 per bbl

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

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Wool—clean washed, per pound	15 to 20
" unwashed	12 to 15
Green Hides—Ox, inspected, No 1	7 1/2
" Cow	7 1/2
Salted Hides—Ox in lots, No 1	7 1/2
" Cow	7 1/2
Calf Skin	8 to 10
" Deacons, each	25 to 35
Wool Skins	23 to 1.00
Lambskins	.33

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

LUMBER.

Pine, clear, No 1, per m	23.00 to 28.00
" Merchantable, do do	14.00 to 17.00
" No 2 do	10.00 to 12.00
" Small, per m	8.00 to 14.00
Spruce, dimension good, per m	9.50 to 10.00
" Merchantable, do do	8.00 to 9.00
" Small, do do	6.50 to 7.05
Hemlock, merchantable	7.00
Shingles, No 1, sawed pine	3.00 to 3.50
" No 2, do do	1.00 to 1.25
" spruce, No 1	1.10 to 1.30
Laths, per m	2.60
Hard wood, per cord	4.00 to 4.25
Soft wood	2.25 to 2.50

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

POULTRY.

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

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK.

Steers, best quality, per lb.	4.50 to 5.00
Oxen	4 to 4.50
Fat Steers, Heifers light weights	4.00
Wethers, best quality, per lb.	6.00
Lambs, " (70 lbs. and upwards)	6.00

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

'T WAS BUT A GLANCE.

'T was but a glance, yet with that glance
I saw a form so fair,
No creature of the painter's brush
Could e'er with it compare.

'T was but a glance, yet with that glance
I saw her eyes so bright,
I could but think of them all day,
And dream of them all night.

'T was but a glance, yet with that glance
I saw her lips so sweet;
Had I my wish, ah, then how quick
My lips those lips should greet.

'T was but a glance, yet 'twas a glance
I shall regret for aye;
For when I asked the maid to wed,
She answered: "Nay, sir, nay!"

ANONYMOUS

Windsor, May, 1886.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

TRIFLES—WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Why does not the writer of the free and easy "Here and There" column of last year continue his contributions? He may have seemed too caustic sometimes, but after all, a kindly soul was evidently his.

"Sturler" has now been too long silent. His charming quotations, his happy comments, his unflinching vivacity, his half-wicked humor, his thoroughly wicked puns, made his contributions delightful to every cultured reader.

Said the Burlington *Harbinger*, upon hearing of Mrs. Cook's proposed lecture tour—"Dr. Joseph Cook is reported to have planned a series of 'thoroughly original' lectures, to be given shortly, in Boston and other eastern cities. And his wife, of whom we expected better, is also to take the platform. Their family are preparing to follow. The rest of the people of New England are preparing for the woods."

Ah, the irony of circumstances! Gladstone was once held up to execration by the dynamite organ of New York, now it displays his portrait with encomiums. It is well for the G. O. M. that he has other friends.

The following parody was picked up on Hollis street. The owner can have the MS. upon proving property and paying expenses of copying. Who the parodist is, I do not profess to know:—

"Three poets went writing—each all in his vest
Even here in the East as the sun went down;
Each felt that the editors loved him best,
And would welcome 'Spring' verses unto the town.
For poets must write, tho' the editors frown.
Their Esthetic natures will not be put down,
While the harbor bar is moaning!"

"Three editors climbed to the highest tower
That they could find in all that town;
And they planned to conceal themselves hour after hour,
Till the sun or the poets had both gone down.
For spring-poets must write, tho' the editors rage;
The Esthetic spirit must thus be engaged
While the editors all are groaning."

"Three corpses lay stark on the harbor sand,
Soon after a bright spring sun went down;
And three editors sat at a banquet grand
In honor of poets no more in town.
Yet poets will write while editors sleep,
Tho' they've nothing to earn nor ought to keep;
And the harbor bar keeps moaning."

Emerson says:—"Men who have commanded great armies and taken great cities; who have made laws for an empire or proclaimed the greatest discoveries in science, have sometimes shown the most idiocy in connection with the commonest affairs of life." Illustrative of this dictum is a little story of Sir Isaac Newton, which all the young readers of *The Critic* may not have already seen. The discoverer of the law of gravitation once amused himself by constructing with his own hands a neat little domicile for his cats. For the convenience of the larger feline, he cut a hole at one of the corners; then at another corner, for the equal convenience of the kitten, he cut a smaller hole; and it was only after he had been rallied and teased considerably about it by one of his friends, that he realized the fact, that the first hole would have sufficed for both—which, one might well suppose, ought to be self-evident to the feeblest understanding. Think of it!—the author of the *Principia*, one of the grandest works of human intellect, did not of himself perceive that a kitten could pass through a hole large enough for a cat! But Sheridan (Richard Brinsley) is said to have blundered quite as badly. Two days after he had gone to live in a suburban villa, he was visited by a friend, whom he told from the veranda, he must climb the fence, if he wished to come to the house. "But can't I go in by the gate," asked the friend, "I am very sorry," was the dramatist's reply, "But I can't untie the string. I myself had to climb over the fence since coming here." "I see it is but a leather string; why not cut it with a knife?" The non-plussed wit looked at him in amazement, then at the gate, drew forth a knife, cut the string, opened the gate, gave it a spiteful kick, and petulantly said—"If you love me; if you care a straw for me, kick me so. Why shouldn't I have thought of the knife before?"

SANTON-RESARTUS, JR.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

BOSTON, May 22, 1886.

It is entirely a work of supererogation for me to remark that the recent developments in the fishery matter are at the present time the all-absorbing topic of discussion and comment in this vicinity. There is blood on the moon and wrath in the eye of the Yankee fishermen at the recent seizure by the Canadian authorities of two of their vessels. All the events of the day in the old world and the new have to give way to this interesting matter, and even the coming marriage of the chief executive of the nation pales in significance before this. Of course the views expressed both by the public and the press, as to the legality of the seizures, are diverse, but the weight of opinion, so far as I have been able to see, is decidedly in favor of the ground that they were unwarranted and a flagrant breach of international courtesy. Halifax and Digby have figured more extensively in the telegraphic columns of the local papers of late than they have for a long time before, and the fishery question as viewed from these points, has been worked for all it is worth. There has been a vociferous cry ascending from the Maine and Massachusetts fishermen ever since the late unpleasant occurrences happened for revenge and retaliation, and resolutions have been resolved by the lineal mile calling upon Congress to take such action. A vigorous attempt is being made to have the ports of the country closed to all Canadian fishing vessels until such time as the Dominion government sees fit to remove the present restrictions on the American ones, on the one for that principle. Whether this will be finally done or not remains to be seen, but it certainly will if the wishes of the New England fishermen are deferred to by Congress and the administration. It galls the native fishermen very much to observe their Canadian brethren sailing serenely into Gloucester and other American ports and purchasing all the bait and provisions they require without molestation, while they themselves are "scooped" by Admiral Scott's armada if they enter a Nova Scotian harbor for the same purpose. And truly, this feeling seems only natural. There is apparently something wrong somewhere. It seems that somebody isn't living fully up to the golden rule's provisions. The talk of retaliation has gone so far even that threats have been made to send out armed schooners to make reprisals upon the audacious Canadians, and there was a rumor to the effect that one was being fitted out in Boston a day or two ago. This, however, proved to be a canard, and the Dominion fishery fleet is still safe. The ingenious Nova Scotian fishermen can hardly realize the terrible significance of such a threat as this. The American schooner is a fearful destructive agency and more terrible in its effects than dynamite. It is only a year or two since a proud United States "war" vessel was run into and sunk beneath the yeasty waves by one of them, and only recently the still prouder "Oregon" was sent to the bottom by one. Whatever the doughy cruiser "Lansdowne" does, let it beware of the American schooner, especially when the said schooner is under motion. Then is the time you want to get your torpedoes out and your red lights burning. I don't want to risk my reputation as a prophet by discounting the outcome of this decidedly uncomfortable state of affairs, but whatever it is it will be a decided relief to have all settled one way or another.

For the past three weeks we have been enjoying the not very pleasant novelty of a strike, in which nearly all the building trades have been involved. The carpenters, plumbers, painters and bricklayers all went out for eight hours as a day's labor, instead of ten, except the last-named, who more modestly asked for nine. During the period named there has been a pretty general stagnation of the building movement and thousands of usually busy men have been idle. It looks at this writing as though the whole matter were likely to be a failure, for the carpenters have collapsed and given up the struggle and the demands of the others have not yet been met by the capitalists. It took the carpenters a long time to get ready for an organized movement of this kind, and now that they have finally done so they have been forced to acknowledge defeat. The union of capital has proved too strong for organized labor in this instance, but a new test will doubtless be made ere long. Without entering at all upon the merits or demerits of this question of shorter hours of work, one very bad feature of the present difficulty is that, while the master builders have loftily arrogated to themselves the privilege of strongly organizing, they have very inconsistently and insolently refused for a moment to admit the right of their employees to do the same. If this principle is to be followed out, it need not be wondered at if the country is again torn up by bomb-throwing such as that at Chicago recently.

T. F. A.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

[From the "Canadian Gazette," London, England.]

One part of the programme at the opening ceremony of the Colonial Exhibition was intended to be the presentation to Her Majesty by Lady Tupper of a bouquet of Canadian flowers forwarded by the Montreal Horticultural Society. Unfortunately, the bouquet reached London unfit for presentation. The Queen, in expressing her regret, conveyed to the Executive Commissioner and Lady Tupper her thanks for the personal interest they took in the matter.

The remainder of the exhibits to complete the Canadian Section are at last on the way. The consignment consists of about 800 tons on the steamship *Uhunda* of the Furness Line, which sailed from Halifax on the 6th inst.

Already much attention is being attracted in the Canadian Section by the agricultural machinery now in motion. This is probably the first time that machinery of this nature has been shown in motion in England. Large

numbers are also visiting the practical illustration of fish breeding, which was so highly commended at the International Fisheries Exhibition in 1883.

Among recent additions to the Canadian display is a large map of the Dominion prepared under the direction of Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, Chief Engineer and General Manager of Canadian Government Railways in operation. The map has been placed in the Central Gallery, and forms a useful and highly creditable supplement to the exhibits. In the north annexe an office has been opened during the past few days for the use of exhibitors. It is already much used and appreciated.

A number of the exhibitors now in London from the various Colonies are said to be considering means for a united gathering. If the idea be carried out, it will probably take the form of a banquet at the Exhibition towards the close of the present month.

AGRICULTURE: THE FRUITS OF CANADA.—There is an old saying that the record of agriculture in a European country is often to a large extent a record of its general history. How much more so is it with Canada, where the class of yeoman farmers is the very backbone of the land, and where to their success is mainly due the progress of national industry and commerce. To agriculture, prominence is therefore very properly given in the Canadian section of the Colonial Exhibition, and it is but natural that, coming to treat in detail the display of Canada's resources, this group should first claim attention. The products under this head fall into five classes, namely—fruits and vegetables, cereals, farinaceous products, dwellings, utensils and fertilisers, and machinery in motion. We will speak firstly of the fruits, and leave to another occasion the treatment of other classes.

The fruit exhibits are for the most part grouped around the agricultural trophy in the eastern transept of the central gallery, and will be found to comprise some 1,000 jars. Among them will be seen substantial apples of every variety from the eastern Provinces, the luscious outdoor grapes of Quebec and Ontario laughing to scorn the sceptical Britisher whose chief knowledge of Canada seems to relate to the snow-shoe and ice-palace, the many-tinted peaches, plums, and quinces, as well as plump cherries, gooseberries, cranberries, and endless other small fruits, cultivated and wild, representing almost every section of the Dominion, from Prince Edward Island in the east to distant Vancouver Island on the Pacific. Shown in museum jars, each labelled with the name of the grower and locality of growth, and preserved either in hydrate of chlorate, boro-glyceride or sulphurous acid—for all three solutions have proved most useful—the exhibit would be a revelation to most Canadian eyes, even though acquainted with the exhaustive collections shown at Boston in 1873, and at Philadelphia in 1876. Still more must it attract attention among the many thousand visitors to the present Exhibition, unversed as the vast majority of them are in the productiveness of the Dominion in this respect. "What, do you mean to say that all these fruits come from Canada, that ice-bound country?" asked one visitor last week; and his exclamation expresses the very general feeling of surprise that must be aroused by so admirable a display.

The variety of the exhibits from the various parts of Eastern Canada is a clear indication of the importance there attained by this industry—an importance largely traceable to the stimulating influences of the Fruit Growers' Associations of Ontario, Nova Scotia, and Quebec. The last named is now incorporated with the Montreal Horticultural Society, and thus strengthened it is doing useful work. The Nova Scotian association was organized about twenty-two years ago, and receives from the Provincial Government a grant of from 200 dols. to 300 dols. a year. Its operations are extensive and increasingly helpful to the advance of the industry.

MY VIEWS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Read before the Fruit Growers' Association and International Show Society of Nova Scotia:

GENTLEMEN,—Your Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. C. R. H. Starr, has invited me on this the occasion of your Annual Meeting, to contribute a paper giving MY VIEWS OF NOVA SCOTIA GENERALLY, AND AS A FRUIT GROWING COUNTRY IN PARTICULAR, AS WELL AS OF NOVA SCOTIAN APPLES IN LONDON, HOW THEY COMPARE WITH THE APPLES OF OTHER COUNTRIES, ETC., OR anything relating to the interests of the country that may occur to me.

Let me then assure you that if in any way I can benefit the fine country you inhabit, or give pleasure to a people who, during my fourteen months' residence in their midst, received me and mine with a kindness and sociability it would be impossible to forget, I shall be only too glad. At the same time, since my knowledge of your Province is but limited, and a mere visitor's opinions are so liable to error as to stand constantly in need of correction, I am inclined to doubt whether you will consider them at all worth listening to. However, I will do my best. At times indeed it happens that a pilgrim coming from afar, and, like Burn's "chief," bent on "takin' notes," will hit upon something, maybe upon more than one something, which to others may prove not wholly unprofitable.

And first, let me say, I think it would be difficult, if not impossible, for any observant person to reside awhile in Nova Scotia without hearing away an abiding recollection of its varied beauties and manifold advantages, and henceforth holding it in affectionate remembrance. To-day, in this huge hungry wilderness of brick and mortar, of frequent leaden skies, of smoke-charged fogs, of ozone-less atmosphere, air which our latest prophet of evil, Dr. Cantlie, author of "Degeneration amongst Londoners," says, has, in certain districts, probably had no real renewal for a century or more; it is pleasant to turn back a page in memory and, thinking afresh on Nova Scotia, see in my mind's eye—what? A fair peninsular of lake and forest and verdant glade, whose green slopes are never, as in mid-continent, withered by too monotonous sunshine into sandy-looking, low-coloured

deserts; swift streams which are a delight alike to artistic eyes and to the disciple of Isaac Walton, and rivers which do not, for months together, as in scorching Australia and elsewhere, present a summer appearance of dry ravines diversified with mudholes; a land unvisited by tropical tempests or arctic blizzards, or by those far-reaching floods which devastate the Mississippi and other extensive valleys, or by the scarcely less far-reaching, rapidly-spreading bush or prairie fires which reminds us, though anything but erroneously, of Uncle Sam's proverbial love for things, calamities seemingly included, on a vast scale; a land indeed where old age is still vigorous and centenarians are not unknown. Plovers and capes, I remember, whose familiar features are never, as in those most unquiet portions of the globe, Iceland, Java, Hawaii, Spain, Calabria, and elsewhere, suddenly and violently distorted, and at times wholly obliterated by earthquakes, with all their dreadful accompaniments of huge encroaching and receding sea waves, of yawning, sulphur-belching fissures, and vegetation-and-habitation destroying lava streams. Certainly we will not hope to see a third Pliny arise to describe the destruction of Kentville as the second of that name described Pompeii. No, one associates no such horrors with Nova Scotia, where, maybe more vividly than all other scenes, one recalls a fruitful and beautiful valley especially associated, those many years past, with Longfellow's best known poem, and which to English eyes wonderfully resembles that portion of the "Old Home" we sometimes call "the Garden," namely Kent and Sussex, though more particularly the long Arun valley in the latter county. Which of the two valleys, Annapolis or Arun, is the more beautiful, it would be very hard to say. But lovely as they are, Kent and Sussex never show us autumnal hues like your splendid fall tints, and we may gaze long indeed at our starlit skies, there or elsewhere, ere we behold auroras magnificent as those your unclouded heavens exhibit after dark.

The rich district watered by the Cornwallis and Annapolis rivers, one is not likely to forget, having in spring once seen it with its miles-long array of gorgeous-hued apple blossoms, or later, the beautiful display of rosy-checked fruit which fairly bows to earth the weight of tree, and whose delicious flavor, color and perfume our cooler English summers and cloudier skies seem capable of producing in inferior fashion only.

When—though merely for the moment—one ceases to think of the apples, there are the wonderful dyked meadows, so verdant and fertile, to be remembered, with their rich hay crops and their capacity for raising cattle wherewith to feed hungry mankind. Would that every acre were multiplied a hundredfold! Then to what dimensions might not your meat exportation trade grow, while we in Great Britain should scarcely need to look so far away for beef and mutton as the remoter North-West, United States, or yet less accessible South America and Australasia.

To turn, however, from a mere dream to things practical. Let not Nova Scotia's still but partially explored mineral wealth be left unnoticed! See how small your fair Province shows upon the map! Yet is she, or so a certain statistician tells us, thus far at least the third coal-producing country in the world. And, while enumerating her many virtues, it is well to mention that in some portions of the Province iron is found in close proximity to coal, a neighborliness by no means universal elsewhere, and which should surely point to a brilliant destiny, to a time—let us hope not distant, though that must depend on Nova Scotians themselves—when perhaps that monster of encyclopedic knowledge the proverbial "every school-boy," beside whom one is apt to feel such a dunces, will, at future class-examinations and on other occasions, inform us that Nova Scotia is one of the countries pre-eminent as a manufacturing centre. Why not? The tide of empire, we are told flows westward; and empire can neither spring into existence nor be maintained without accompaniment of trade and consequent prosperity. And it is inevitable that as the older countries get exhausted, the younger must take their place; and that this commercial inheritance does in turn come to us, that empire does not really spread gradually westward, the experience of thousands of years has shown in the example of civilization's slow march from far-off China, Japan, and elsewhere to western Europe. Whether we shall catch this westerly wave of prosperity as it surges into view, or remain apathetically apart from its influence must always rest with ourselves. Again I ask, why should not Nova Scotia attain pre-eminence? She has, we well know; lying stored beneath her citizens' feet ample means of becoming a great industrial power. And is it likely that if better and more energetic times dawn, her mineral wealth will not be brought in ever increasing quantities to the surface, there to be turned to account by Nova Scotian brains and sinews?

From coal and iron and other minerals and metals, one turns in thought to gold, by no means forgetting that big brick so recently exhibited and which was made to represent the auriferous "take" of 1885; and thence to the forests rich still in timber and anything but destitute of game; and involuntarily one wonders whether, in days primeval, there lived a transatlantic St. Patrick to charm away from your peninsula all venomous snakes, and so make wandering in the "pathless woods" the unalloyed pleasure that it is. From woods to lakes with their finny inhabitants is an easy mental transition; and thence what more natural than to pass to the sea? With your forests to build ships while the fashion of "wooden walls" yet lasts, with your iron to turn (among other purposes) to similar account when its day shall be more fully established, and with a people who once at least were so energetic as to produce a greater number of distinguished men than any other Province, and who also are so prone to take to sea-faring life that Nova Scotia has been declared to be, for size and population, the first maritime power in all the world, you ought not to fall behind in the race with the sister members of the Dominion, nor need you ever be cut off from communication with the rest of a world whom you should teach to estimate your worth. Nor so long as the sea, which all but surrounds you and which ameliorates your climate, teems, as to-day it does, with fish, should you ever dread the making acquaintance with famine.

Looking, moreover, at your admirable geographical position, which almost seems to suggest the idea that your Province was designedly planted to bar the watery way in the very face of vessels bound to and fro between Europe and Interior Canada or the United States, it would appear as if part of your manifest destiny at least were to serve as calling port, or half-way house, to both the old world and the new—a position of which too much could hardly be made. With us the sea has long rolled over the tongue of land, once much more than tongue, along which aboriginal Britons walked dry shod to what to-day is France. But once the Straits of Dover had no existence, just as once too the Thames was tributary to the Rhine; and what are now the British Isles—set in a sea generally so shallow that a tall building, if placed upright at the bottom, would partly show above the waves—were joined to Europe in a style so wonderfully resembling that in which Nova Scotia is joined to North America, that one might almost look to see your Province play to-day towards Europe. A witty Frenchman once said that, while most of the European capitals face towards the setting sun, standing in some instances almost at the edge of their country's western limit, London alone has had the foresight to plant herself to eastward with very evident intention to swallow up the trade, traffic, population and everything else it could win from its less astute, westerly-gazing rivals. We cannot say that Halifax is the only American or Canadian port which faces eastward, the better to follow London's greedy example and swallow up the overflow from other North American ports. Still, seeing as I have just pointed out, how boldly the Province of which she is the capital projects into the Atlantic, she certainly might make a very great deal more of herself than she actually does. Anyway, since healthy ambition is one of the noblest of virtues, when old Europe has grown hoary as yet older Asia has done before her, Nova Scotia, among other portions of the newer world, should not fail to fulfil that manifest destiny to which her position and resources clearly entitle her.

Your Province, I am sorry to say, is not half so well known to the outside world as it deserves to be. "Nova Scotia!" one person will exclaim, "oh, yes, an island, is it not, somewhere near America?" Or another, seemingly with Sable Island on the brain, will observe, "Let us see, wild horses, and sand, and icebergs, and shipwrecks, and that sort of thing!" Or a third will say, "Oh, yes, a horrid place where people are frozen to death three quarters of the year, and losing your nose and ears is quite a common experience!" While a fourth thinks it is a naval and military station somewhere, is not where, near Australia perhaps; anyway has heard of the place but never was there. It is evident, is it not, that as regards our knowledge of geography, the schoolmaster is very much abroad!

Now, ought not a land that is so munificently endowed to be far better known? To many of course, it is familiar enough, such for instance as in summer, the sunbaked dwellers in inland Canada and in the States, who flock thither to enjoy cool, fresh, invigorating air, and who, having once paid the visit, are said very willingly to repeat it. But how seldom from Europe does a visitor, much less a settler, find his way there! And yet a few days' voyage will take us to your doors. And we are going every day to the North-West and Manitoba, to the United States, Australasia, India, the Cape, anywhere but to the colony that is nearest, and to the climate and resources that most resemble our own. That the fault of this indifference lies wholly with us, I cannot think, although the apparent slight is certainly the result of ignorance on our part. Does it not rather rest with yourself to make your Province known, to attract settlers, and above all, to make it worth while to stop?

During my visit it struck me that Nova Scotia badly wanted three things:—Capital, new blood, and self reliance. There is probably no country under the sun that would not be better for all three, which failing, stagnation is too often the result. Towards your shores, the new blood seems to flow but slowly. Rather is there, I am told, an ebb than a flow. And it is inevitable that with such ebb should be borne away the country's capital and the mature and youthful brains and sinews which produce that capital. Governmental hand-books, when they do not paint too glowing a picture of things, are admirable in their way, especially when, in addition to other valuable information, they contain trustworthy evidence from those emigrants who have already settled in the country. But hand-books on Nova Scotia are hardly, if ever, seen here. Handbooks recommending Manitoba, the North-West, Ontario, and distant British Columbia are plentiful enough; but for all she is heard of here, Nova Scotia might almost have no existence. Twice, I think, during the year just expired, I have seen a letter in the public press advising your Province as a field for emigration. About as frequently is one counselled to try antipodean Tasmania, that by all accounts, delightful but inveterately "Sleepy Hollow." This, as regards Nova Scotia, should not, and need not be. Governments, emigrant-agents, and hand book are useful too as a means of attracting public attention and as dictionaries of reference; but it rests much more with private enterprise to make the country which requires emigrants possessed of capital and energy really worth while settling in. Who that knows Nova Scotia can doubt her capability to become a first-rate colony?

How well, when they are known, her products in the way of apples stand in the world's estimation, the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*, in part reprinted in the *Halifax Chronicle*, of December 14th last, has already told you. Which voracious narrative points an obvious moral. How often do we hear that to insert the thin edge of the wedge into something or somewhere is a most laudable operation? Seeing then that your apples are, as it were, paving the way to our mutual better acquaintance, we will consider them as the figurative wedge's thin end, to whose insertion we will gladly enough submit. Send it, or rather them, in ever increasing quantities, and we will undertake to eat them all as long as they continue to be good. But drive in the wedge up to the thicker end. In plainer words, why should you stop at apples? Delicious they are, and that their worth and nationality

are winning recognition is proved by the fact of their ready sale, and this, whereas half a dozen years ago all the apples which crossed the Atlantic were indiscriminately called "American." Later they came to be divided into "American" and "Canadian," and now it is not uncommon to see the provincial name labelled above the toothsome crimson pile. "Fine Nova Scotia apples" was the notice lately read while passing a large city fruit-shop. Next day, when sending to purchase some, the news was that the stock was sold out. Which circumstance shows two things: The folly of putting off till to-morrow that which you can do to-day, and a gratifying liveliness in the apple demand. The above too is doubtless not a solitary experience.

One pretty compliment upon the fruit was passed the other day, by correspondingly pretty lips. "They taste of bright sunshine." "Like cream; the nicest I ever ate," declared another fair damsel to whom Nova Scotian apples was a new sensation.

We all know that that man has been called a benefactor of his species who makes two blades of grass to grow where before only one blade flourished. And in pity for us hungry Britons, as well as in consideration for your own pockets through trade expansion, cannot you yet further extend your orchard and other food-yielding systems? I am well aware that your own needs are large, because it has been said that Nova Scotia herself can consume all she produces; and I know that your neighbor the other side of the boundary line is willing to get through any surplus you can spare, although he has abundance of fruit and other resources of his own. But just now I am solely considering Nova Scotia as a food-producing country, helping to supply the motherland. You must know how, thanks to our open ports, we annually import from our opposite neighbor, France, to say nothing of other countries, millions of eggs and an enormous amount of poultry, butter, cereals, etc., whereby food here is rendered cheap and abundant, French peasant housewives, the thriftiest in the world, are found in pin-money, and that spirit of mutual dependence is fostered which, between foreign countries, is once the best guarantee of peace and the surest mode of promoting reciprocal commerce. From those tiny oases, the Channel and Scilly Isles, we also draw goodly supplies of cereals which, owing to warmer situation, are ready for market earlier than similar produce grown in the larger British Isles. Time was when the journey even from France and these islets was slow enough, with no little chance of the perishable stuff losing its freshness. Time is, however, that we draw our supplies thence as fresh, or all but as fresh as from any other part. And now that steam is so rapidly annihilating space that our globe practically contracts to quite trifling dimensions, and that we think far less of a trip to the antipodes than our great-grandfathers did of coaching or posting from London, say to York, a regular preliminary of which tremendous undertaking was, it is said, the making of the intending traveller's "testament," shall we not say time will be when it may be as easy for Nova Scotia to help feed Britain as our other neighbors find it. One good step towards that desirable end you have already taken, in the subsidizing of direct steam communication. The next will be to insure the highest rate of speed. The idea that Nova Scotia should take a more active part in supplying us with food has nothing absurd about it. If limited area be thought an objection, how is it that New Zealand, not so very much larger a Province, and far more remote, is already contributing handsomely to our meat markets?—thereby, perhaps, avoiding glut in her own.

In considering the brilliant future, whose realization assuredly lies in your hands, I have said nothing yet about your tariff. Nor, although it is a question on which I feel very strongly, will I enlarge upon it, because I am aware it is one on which much difference of opinion exists. Only there can be no harm in remarking that when weighing against one another the relative merits of Free Trade and Protection, it would be well to pay little heed to what the advocates on either side, myself included, say, but for each person to examine the question impartially for himself. And I will add that, so far as we are concerned ourselves, the Belgians, and a few more people who enjoy the nearest approach towards Free-Trade, which the nations have yet made, we and they find that commerce flourishes best where it is least fettered. Also, that hostile tariffs are a species of warfare, not so destructive to human life as ordinary war, but otherwise hardly less detrimental to public well-being.

I have nothing to add except to apologise for the length of my paper, to plead for indulgence to ignorance, should any misstatements have inadvertently crept in; and once more to assure you of the pleasure it gives me to help, as far as lies within my limited power, to promote Nova Scotia's interests. That my crude suggestions can accomplish much, I have little hope; but if, in your abler and more experienced hands, they should develop into something practical, I shall feel that in listening to what I have written, you will not altogether have wasted your time.

(Mrs.) E. C. FELLOWS.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Dear Sir,—Will any of the contributors to your valuable journal give a remedy for what is called the "black knot," which affects drupaceous trees?

At one time, plums of every variety grow so plentifully in this county that they were absolutely a drug; now, all such trees are either dying or dead. The disease has even effected the forest trees; that is the drupaceous, notably the wild cherry, which latter are all dying out.

What is the nature of this disease, and is there any remedy? I rid the few plum trees I have left every year of any sign of the disease, but it re-appears as regularly as I remove it.

Yours,

A. W. MACDONALD.

ANTICOST, May 20th, 1886.

ARBOR DAY.

How important it is that each child should love and become attached to their school house while young. When we remember that the growth and development of a nation depends largely on the education of its people, we should strive to make our school-house attractive, that each child may be willing to attend our daily schools, and endeavor to obtain all knowledge while in youth. Thus we feel inclined to say that our rulers have acted wisely in appointing an Arbor Day, on which the children may spend a pleasant time decorating the school-house by planting trees around it; and although they may never reap much benefit from them, if, in after years any of them should pass and see another group of children enjoying the shade which their labor produced, they would feel amply rewarded for their work.

Nothing can render our homes or public buildings more attractive than to be surrounded by fruit or ornamental trees, beneath which we may in the proper season sit and enjoy the cool refreshing breeze, or eat the delicious fruit which God has kindly provided for our use.

Let us think for a moment how largely man is dependant upon trees of various kinds for his sustenance and wealth.

The good ships built with our lofty forest trees have carried the costly merchandise over the foaming seas, and yielded large profits to the country. The large quantities of lumber which are annually procured from the forests give employment to many of our fellow-creatures.

And further, man has, by his wisdom, converted hot arid deserts into fruitful fields by planting trees, which have afforded many a weary traveller a comfortable resort from the burning rays of the sun.

In some countries rapid thaws have been prevented by large forests, as they cause the snow to melt more gradually.

Although we read in ancient times of a man being caught in a tree by the hair of his head, yet it was not its fault, but his, because he, like many men, carried his head too high.

We hope, that on Arbor Day, the 18th of May, not only the scholars, but also the parents and older ones, will come to encourage and help us in our work.

FLORENCE I. KNOWLES, *Pupil South Rowdon School.*

POLITICAL REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Thursday, May 20.—Foster moved the second reading of the bill respecting fishing by foreign vessels. Thompson said at the present juncture it seemed necessary to rely largely upon the imperial statute of 1819. The subordinate legislation of the Dominion does not fully cover the provisions of that statute, and this bill proposes to bring our legislation so fully up to the imperial act that all the provisions of the latter shall be covered by the laws of Canada. The act gives power to officials to bring any vessel, found within any harbor of Canada or within three miles of the coast, into port and search her cargo, to examine the master upon oath touching the cargo and voyage, who shall be bound to truly answer the questions, or otherwise incur a penalty of \$100.

After a short discussion the bill was read a second and third time.

Friday, May 21.—Langvin moved that on Tuesday the house go into committee on the Cape Breton railway resolution.

The house went into committee on the P. E. Island tunnel bill and passed it and a number of other public bills.

The house adjourned till the 25th.

Tuesday, May 25.—The bills respecting the improvements of the harbor of Quebec, and respecting tolls over the Grand River, were read a third time.

On the third reading of the bill respecting the North-West Territories, Weldon moved an amendment that judges should not be eligible for the North-West Council.

Thompson said that no new principle has been adopted, as stipendiary magistrates were now ex-officio members of the Council. It was important that in the early stages the judges should be utilized for the purpose of framing the laws.

On division the amendment was lost.

On motion to go into committee on the resolution respecting the Cape Breton railway, Langvin explained that the government desired to give Cape Breton the same facilities as to railway transportation as other parts of the country. The effort made to procure the construction of a railroad by a company had not been successful, and the government now resolved to build the road. The cost of the railway would be \$1,700,000.

In committee Mills objected to the spending of so much money.

Charlton doubted whether the road would pay. Railway investments in the east had been a great burden on the country. He opposed the expenditure of so large a sum for a railroad on the Island, as when built it would not pay.

Cameron claimed that the road in conjunction with the Pictou branch, and Eastern Extension road, would pay well. He claimed that \$2,500,000 is the sum Cape Breton is entitled to on the same basis as P. E. Island.

Paint said the building of the road would be the last and most important link in the trans-continental railway. The proposal to give a railway to Cape Breton removed a feeling in the island that the Dominion would not consider the interest of Cape Breton.

Kirk, Kaulbach, Woodworth, and others, took part in the debate. The resolution, on being put to the house, was carried.

The house then went into committee on the franchise amendment bill.

Pope, the Minister of Railways, has given notice of the following railway subsidies: for railway from Maccan Station to Joggins, \$38,400; for a line from Truro to Newport, forty-nine miles, \$156,800; and for a railway from the Intercolonial through the Stawiacke Valley on a line which will afford facilities of communication with the iron mines at Springside, Upper Stawiacke, and Musquodoboit settlements, twenty miles, \$80,000.

Wednesday, May 26.—Mr. McLellan laid on the table the supplementary estimates for the present fiscal year. The total amount estimated is \$3,501,921, of which \$418,256 is chargeable to capital, and \$1,836,113 to income; \$1,014,310 is the amount required for expenses connected with the North-West trouble, and \$233,242, unprovided items; \$332,114 is to be expended on public works in the Maritime Provinces.

Langvin introduced a bill to authorize the government to construct the Cape Breton railway.

PLUMS.

If one has a soil suited to it—a heavy clay or loam—it can usually be grown very easily. The fruit is so grateful to the taste and useful to the house-keeper that it should be given a fair trial, either in the garden borders or wherever a tree can be planted so as to secure plenty of light and air. The young trees may be one or two years old from the bud; I should prefer the former, if vigorous. Never be induced to purchase old trees by promises of spurely fruit. It is quite possible you may never get any fruit at all from them worth mentioning. I should allow a space of from ten to fifteen feet between the trees when they are planted together, and I should cut them back so that they would begin to branch at two feet from the ground. Long, naked stems are subject to the gum disease.

In the place of general advice in regard to this fruit I shall give the experience of Mr. T. S. Force, of Newburgh, who exhibited seventy varieties at the last Orange County fair.

His plum orchard is a large poultry yard, containing half an acre, of which the ground is a good loam, resting on a heavy clay subsoil. He bought trees but one year from the bud, set them out in autumn, and cut them back so that they began to form their heads at two feet from the ground. He prefers starting with strong young plants of this age, and he did not permit them to bear for the first three years, his primal aim being to develop a healthy, vigorous tree, with a round, symmetrical head. During this period the ground about them was kept mellow by good cultivation, and being rich enough to start with, received no fertilizers. It is his belief that over-fertilization tends to cause the disease so well known as the black knot, which has destroyed many orchards in this vicinity. If the garden has been enriched as I have directed, the soil will probably need little if anything from the stables, and certainly will not if the trees are grown in a poultry-yard. During this growing and forming period, Mr. Force gave careful attention to pruning. Budded trees are not even symmetrical growers, but tend to set up a few very strong shoots that rob the rest of the tree of sustenance. Of course these must be cut well back in early spring, or we have long naked reaches of wood and a deformed tree. It is far better, however, not to let these rampant shoots grow to maturity, but pinch them back in early summer, thus causing them to throw out side branches. By summer pinching and rubbing off of tender shoots a tree can be made to grow in any shape we desire. When the trees receive no summer pruning, Mr. Force advises that the branches be shortened in at least one-half in the spring, while some shoots are cut back even more rigorously. At the age of four or five years, according to the vigor of the trees, he permits them to bear. Now cultivation ceases, and the ground is left to grow hard, but not weedy or grassy, beneath the boughs. Every spring, just as the blossoms are falling, he spreads evenly under the branches four quarts of salt. While the trees thrive and grow fruitful with this fertilizer, the curculio, or plum-weevil, does not appear to find it at all to his taste. As a result of his methods he has grown large and profitable crops, and his trees in the main are kept healthy and vigorous. His remedy for the black knot is to cut off and burn the small boughs and twigs affected. If the disease appears in the side of a limb or in the stem, he cuts out all trace of it, and paints the wound with a wash of gum shellac and alcohol.

Trees load so heavily that the plums rest against one another. You will often find in moist warm weather decaying specimens. These should be removed at once, that the infection may not spread.

In cutting out the interfering boughs do not take off the sharp-pointed spurs which are forming along the branches, for on these are maturing the fruit-buds.

Mr. Force recommends the following ten varieties, named in the order of ripening: Canada; Orleans, a red cheeked plum; McLaughlin, greenish, with pink cheek; Bradshaw, large red, with lilac bloom; Smith's Orleans, purple; Green Gage; Bleeker's Gage, golden yellow; Prune d'Agon, purple; Coo's Golden Drop; and Shropshire Damson for preserves.

If we are restricted to very light soils, we shall probably have to grow some of the native varieties, of the Canada and Wild-geese type. In regard to both this fruit and peaches we should be guided in our selection by information respecting varieties peculiarly suited to the region.—E. P. Roe, in *Harper's Magazine for June.*

COMMERCIAL.

FISH.—The fish markets continue in a very dull state, there is nothing doing but in a retail way. Some considerable dry and pickled fish had arrived since Saturday from Cape Breton, but we do not learn of any sales being made. In fact we think that it will be very difficult to sell readily at such prices as were paid some few weeks ago, owing to new fish being so near at hand, and West India markets so dull. Late advices from the Jamaica markets report that market in a very bad state. We notice that there is an appearance of mackerel on the coast east and west. None have yet come to market. The banking vessels that come in for bait report fish very plenty on the banks. It is thought that next week considerable fish will be landed from the banking vessels.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

(Continued.)

I remember quite well hearing of his going out to India, with very little interest and no capital, nearly twelve years ago, and what a struggle it would be to him to get his foot even on the lowest rung of the ladder. Even then I had wondered if he wished there were no such person in existence as the little wild girl at Yattendon Vicarage. It seemed hard that he should have inherited nothing but the empty title—sometimes I wished my father had not left Woodhay to me, but to him. But Woodhay was not entailed, and my father cared for no one but me. Nevertheless, as a child, I had often thought of my cousin, Sir Ronald Scott—wondered what he was like—and even made up my mind to marry him some day, and so repair the injury I had unconsciously done him. Now, as I lie among my velvet cushions soberly regarding him, I bethink me of the resolution I have come to lately, of leaving Woodhay to him when I die. His yearly income in India promises soon to be equal to my own; but that makes no difference. Woodhay ought to go with the Scott title, as it has gone for the last four or five hundred years. This magnanimous arrangement fills me with no sorrow for myself as I lie among my cushions studying his worn profile as it appears against the sunny square of open window beyond.

"You are awake, Rosalie?" Some occult influence has drawn his look toward me, or perhaps the magnetism of my own steadfast gaze. He throws down the newspaper and comes across the room. "I hope you feel rested, cousin?"

"Oh, yes, thanks! Have I been long asleep?"

"I do not know—you were asleep when I came in half an hour ago—at least, I suppose so, for you were so quiet that I never knew you were in the room till Miss Dean came to the window to warn me in a whisper not to wake you."

"I thought you were playing tennis?"

"I was playing; but I wanted to read that article about Indian affairs in to-day's 'Times.'"

"Has Olive finished her game yet?"

"Not yet, I think."

I glance at the table where Digges has just deposited our afternoon tea-tray.

"I wish she would come in and give us some tea."

"Shall I go for her?"

"Oh, no; she will come when she is ready?"

"You will feel lonely without your friend," he says, as Olive's merry laugh comes in through the open window. Olive is going away to-morrow; Elinor is not strong, and wants her at home.

"Yes," I answer, tears coming into my eyes—I must be weak yet, or I should not cry so readily. "They have written for her; I shall miss her very much."

"You are going away yourself very soon, are you not?"

"They want me to go to Monte Carlo; but I don't care about it."

"Yet I am afraid you will find this place dull in winter."

"I never found Woodhay dull," I answer, looking out of the window. "I never lived here, to be sure—that I can remember; but then, even as a child, I was constantly coming and going, and loved it better than any other place in the world."

"It is a fine old place," he says, following my look; "any one might well be fond of it."

I glance at his face; but it is perfectly unconscious—entirely free from hatred, envy, or any uncharitableness. He speaks of Woodhay just as he might of any of the neighboring places—the Towers of Dunsandle.

"I think one always cares for one's own property; very few people hate the place where they were born."

"Very few," he agrees readily. "No matter how well people get on in India or the colonies, they always intend sooner or later, to 'go home.' Not one man in a hundred would be satisfied to die in a foreign country."

"Not even a Chinaman?" I laugh.

"Not even a Chinaman or a coolie who has lost caste. But they never do go home; if a Chinaman by any chance loses his pig-tail, he never goes home again."

"Doesn't he?" I say, with much interest.

I have risen from my sofa, and am standing in the window, my hands clasped at the back of my neck, my eyes on the distant blue hill melting hazily into the blue sky. Ronald is standing in the window beside me, his hands in the pockets of his gray tweed coat.

"I feel as if something were going to happen," I remark dreamingly. "I should say it was a thunderstorm, if that sky did not look so much more like wind. Have you ever had previsions, Cousin Ronald?"

"Not such as you mean," he answers, with his grave smile.

"Have you never felt that something was going to happen?"

"Often. But it was not from any premonitory mental depression."

"Lowness of spirits is not a sign of impending misfortune. Don't you know what Shakespeare says—'Against ill-fortune men were ever merry.'"

"Or when old women tell children they will soon cry, because they are laughing so much?" he adds, shrugging his shoulders.

"That is another case in point."

"I don't think you are merry enough now to dread any misfortune following on the skirts of your merriment?"

I glance at him, displeased. This brown-eyed cousin of mine laughs at me, and I do not like it.

"You will believe me when we hear some bad news perhaps?"

"I thought we were to have ridden to-day, Rosalie. A gallop across the moors would do away with a great many of your provisions."

"I felt so tired, I did not care to ride."

I look out into the garden again indifferently. I wonder what Ronald Scott thinks of me? I know my want of interest in everything puzzles him a little—he cannot imagine why I do not take any pleasures in my woods, my meadows, my horses, my dogs, and my beautiful old house. Certainly I have been ill, but I am well now—so well that I have been on horseback several times, and have driven Olive and myself all about Yattendon in my basket-phaeton. But people say my illness has changed me very much; my face looks haggard, there are dark shadows under my eyes. Nobody knows what I suffer; through all my wanderings I have never mentioned Gerard Baxter's name. I am surprised that I did not, he is never out of my thoughts. I have never heard of him since that day when we said good-by to each other in my leafy comb—not one single word! I do not know whether he is dead or alive—Olive does not know. She has never spoken of him since that morning she told me all she knew about him as we came through my wood. I do not think she suspects anything—she never thought I cared for him; but, if she had heard anything about him, she would have been sure to tell me.

Ronald Scott has been very good to me in a brotherly kind of way—and Olive treat me very much like a spoiled child—sometimes I suspect he thinks me anything but an agreeable kind of person. I wonder if he ever cared for anybody himself—if he cares for anybody now. It would be impossible to tell from that grave stern face—I often fancy he is a man who would have—

"Two soul-sides, one to face the world with

And one to show a woman when he loved her."

"Cousin Ronald," I ask suddenly, without turning my head, "have you any sweetheart in England?"

"Why do you ask, Cousin Rosalie?"

"Because I want to know, I suppose."

"But I may not care to have you know that I am sweetheartless."

"Then you have none?"

"Have you one in your eye for me?"

"I suppose you came back for a wife, cousin?"

"Why do you suppose so?"

"You are a Yankee for answering questions with questions! Because, when an Indian judge comes back to England, everybody knows he comes back to look for a wife."

"Then everybody is wrong, as far as I am concerned."

"Because you know where to find her?"

"Because I did not come home on any such quest, Cousin Rosalie."

"Upon your word?"

"Upon my honor!" he laughs, looking around at me. "Why, cousin, I never thought you had a turn for match-making!"

"I never thought so either. But I know plenty of nice girls—Elinor Deane and Ada Rolleston and Kattie."

"Why do you leave out your own particular friend?"

"Do you like Olive?" I ask quickly, glancing round at him.

"Or do you like her too well to wish to see her married to me?"

"I think you are too late to try for Olive," I say, shaking my head.

"You would not advise me to enter the lists against Lockhart?" he asks, smiling.

"Well, I think Olive likes him—a little. But she is such a mad-cap—what she likes one day she hates the next."

"Then, if she likes Lockhart to-day, there may be some chance for me to-morrow."

"I should like you and Olive to care for each other," I say dreamily.

"I like her better than any other girl in the world."

"Then you must like me a little, to wish to bestow her upon me."

"I like you very much, cousin. You have been very kind to me."

"Rosalie, do you like me well enough to care what becomes of me?"

"How can you ask such a foolish question?"

"As you said just now—because I want to know."

"Of course I care. You are the only cousin I have—it is not as if I had half a dozen, or half a score, like most people."

"And you care for me with all the caring that you might have divided among half a dozen, or, perhaps, half a score?"

I do not answer.

"Rosalie, I did not come back to England to look for a sweetheart—or a wife. But do you think you could ever care enough for me—at any future time—to give me both?"

I turn my head now to look at him. His grave eyes meet mine unwaveringly; his head is a little bent as he looks intently into my face.

"No," I answer, in the same grave matter-of-fact tone in which he has spoken, without any change of color or added pulsation of the heart. "I shall never care for any one, Ronald—I do not intend to marry any one."

"This place ought to have been yours—at my death, it will belong to you."

"At your death?" he repeats, with a shocked look. "Why child, I am ever so many years older than you are!"

"Only ten. And, when one does not care to live, it makes a great difference—"

"But you care to live! It is only some morbid fancy you have taken into your head—people often take such fancies into their heads when they have been ill."

"This is no fancy of mine—the stronger I get, the more I seem to see how little life is worth living!"

"But you have so much to live for; you have everything your heart can desire."

Have I? I do not answer him, my eyes are on the great pearly bank of cloud whose fringes are slowly turning from silver to gold in the light of the setting sun.

"Rosalie, will you let me try to make you happy? Will you try to care for me a little? I love you—I have loved you since the first moment I saw your face. Don't you think I could make you happy, loving you so much as that?"

I do not think it for a moment. I do not seriously entertain the thought even for one second of time. A year ago it might have seemed to me a very desirable arrangement. It would rest Woodhry to the man who I always felt ought to have had it. But a year ago I did not care for anyone else. Now my heart lies buried in a grave that was dug for it down among the tangled ferns and leaves and grasses in my shadowy comb one day—a grave whose fresh sods I have never visited—a grave where with my dead love I have buried all hope, all pleasure, all desire of life.

"I am sorry, if you really care for me, Cousin Ronald. I don't know how you can"—smiling slightly—"knowing how cross I am!"

"May I ask you one question, Rosalie?"

I know what the question is before I look round into his face.

"Yes," I answer slowly; "I suppose you have a right to ask."

"I do not want to ask it by reason of any right, and you are not bound to answer me."

"No; I am not bound to answer you."

"Rosalie, have you ever fancied that you cared for any other man?"

The question is put so gravely, so composedly, that it does not startle me. I answer it just as gravely, just as composedly, looking straight before me at the smooth gray terrace-walk.

"Not fancied it, Cousin Ronald! I have cared for another man so much that, though you may be a hundred times better, a thousand times worthier, you can never be to me what he once was."

"I am not going to ask you his name. But this man, Rosalie, it cannot be but that he loved you in return?"

"Oh, yes, he loved me!"

"Then is he dead?"

"No," I answer, with a strange little smile, "he is married."

For one moment Ronald Scott stands beside me in dead silence. I do not look at him; but I can fancy the astonishment—the disgust, perhaps—in his grave stern face—his silence might mean either or both.

"Poor child," he says at last—and his tone is only pitiful, not disgusted at all—"poor child!"

I do not look at him, and I do not think he is looking at me. But two great tears well into my eyes and fall upon my ashy purple gown.

"I will not trouble you any more, dear," he says, gently. "I would never have asked that question if I had dreamed what your answer would be. But I could not think you cared for any one—it seemed so unlikely that—he would not care for you."

I hold out my left hand to him—the one next to him—without turning my head. The foolish tears drop down my cheeks and fall upon the gown whose dead violet shade Olive abhors.

"I shall be your friend always, Rosalie—remember that!"

"Yes," I say vaguely, not dreaming how soon I shall make trial of his friendship; "I shall remember."

He stoops and kisses my hand gravely, dispassionately, and walks out of the room just as Olive and Mr. Lockhart come into it.

* * * * *

"There is no news in the paper to-day," Olive says, picking up the "Times" from the floor where Ronald Scott had thrown it.

"Is there not?" I answer languidly, still standing in the deep bay window looking out.

"Nothing that I call news. Oh, what is this?"

She does not speak again for a minute or two. I suppose she is studying the paragraph which seemed to have attracted her attention. I am studying the sunset colors in the sky, the mystic glory of sunset hill, the deep ruddy green of my shadowy woods. Mr. Lockhart has just wished us good-bye and left the room; Digges has carried away the tea things; Olive has more than once suggested that it is time for my ante-prandial drive; but I was in no mood for exerting myself—even to the extent of putting on my hat.

"Such a horrible thing!" Olive exclaims. "Allie, did you know that unfortunate Gerard Baxter was married?"

"Yes," I answer calmly, without turning my head: "I know it some time ago."

"I declare I don't like to tell you above it—it is enough to shock you if you had never known the wretched boy."

"What is it?" I ask, confronting her. The girl is sitting on the corner of the sofa, looking up at me with a white startled face.

"Why he was arrested the day before yesterday on a charge of having murdered his wife!"

(To be Continued)

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

In his official report the Master of the Indiana State Grange says that "No order can long exist without an organ to champion its cause." This utterance we purpose making use of as a text, though it bears no closer relation to our remarks than texts usually do, and though we use it to express disagreement perhaps more than agreement.

In assuming that an organ is essential to the existence of an Order, our text we think assumes too much, what indeed is incapable of proof. In assigning the championship of a cause as the purpose of such an organ, or the purpose for which an organ is essential to the existence of an Order, our text we think assumes too little, or takes too limited a view of the work and objects of the organ of an Order.

It may be fairly assumed as the teaching of history that no Order can long exist without a mission, and some hopeful degree of success in its prosecution. It may also be fairly assumed that championship of some kind is essential to the successful prosecution of a mission; and further that an organ, if properly conducted, is the most efficient instrument for the prosecution of a mission, or of such missions as Orders undertake. Therefore, though we do not admit that "no Order can long exist without an organ to champion its cause," we assert that no order can afford to do without an efficiently conducted organ to champion its cause, were this its only purpose. The other purposes of an official organ, and in particular of our official organ, were expressed and defined in our first issue. We shall briefly recapitulate for our present purpose, what we believe to be the relation that should exist between the Order in this jurisdiction, and its acknowledged organ—what each should be to the other—and the latter to the work and the world.

In doing this we shall try to answer the inquiry, "What is the good of an official organ for the Grange?" The comparison between what the *Maritime Patron* is, and what it should and might be, will not, we anticipate, be creditable to the Order or ourselves. Our organ should explain and advocate our objects and our missions. It should proclaim our opinions and our sentiments. It should be the medium of official communication. Besides these, which are its peculiar objects, to be acceptable to Patrons and the public, whom we must reach through it if it is to be an efficient champion and missionary; our grange organ must furnish appropriate agricultural articles, select literature, and "news."

THE CRITIC, in which we have chosen to plant our embryo *Maritime Patron*, fairly well supplies literary attractions, an excellent résumé of news, and commercial and market intelligence. In these respects it is all that we should desire, but while the paper has a good circulation and a good reputation outside our gates, comparatively few granges or grangers take it or see it, because it does not offer the requisite inducements. Is this the fault of Patrons or of the people? or of the Patron who has the editorial management?

We can only claim to have devoted much time and our best judgment and efforts to our one column. To select from a mass of material, from a crowd of thoughts pressing for utterance, and to trim and cut to fit a very limited space, is a task the peculiar nature and difficulties of which, only those few can appreciate who have tried it. Our organ is not a success as such, and will not be as at present situated.

Patrons will not subscribe for the paper because it does not give them for their money what they as Patrons and farmers desire. The manager of the paper promises to add the inducements demanded as soon as subscriptions from Patrons warrant the required addition to the size of the paper. In the meantime, hoping for something better, something more efficient and satisfactory, for the sake of Patrons and granges who have subscribed; for the sake of the little good we may possibly accomplish, we shall continue to work for the good of the Order in our allotted sphere, and to meet the wishes of the Order as we find possible.

The promises Patrons made in the start, to furnish papers on agricultural subjects, reports of sessions, etc., have been more honored in the breach than the observance. This is not far to the experiment, to the Order, or ourself. We again appeal to Patrons to aid in making their organ creditable and successful by pen and pocket contributions.

As the days get longer, the labors of the field more pressing, and the evenings shorter, grange meetings become less interesting, and the attendance smaller. Many granges die down to their roots—a few staunch and zealous members—during the summer, and revive again with the approach of winter. A few granges that we know of never fail to hold their regular weekly meetings, which proves what all might do. If the brothers are so busy, the sisters should assemble at the appointed time and place, elect a *pro tem* Master from among themselves, if neither the Master nor the Overseer are present, open in ample form, and discuss subjects of special interest to themselves, such for instance as relate to the dairy, poultry management, household work, home education, woman's place in the grange and its mission, woman's place and mission in the world, and its work, and in politics, etc., etc. If the sisters adopt this plan they may be quite sure that the brothers will be on hand to share in "the labors of the day" long ere they are "completed." Granges that die down in the summer do so because they do not appreciate

the facilities which grange meetings afford for intercourse, and for intellectual and educational improvement. They have not sufficient vitality and zeal for summer life, they revive slowly in the autumn and rarely attain to full vigor and usefulness.

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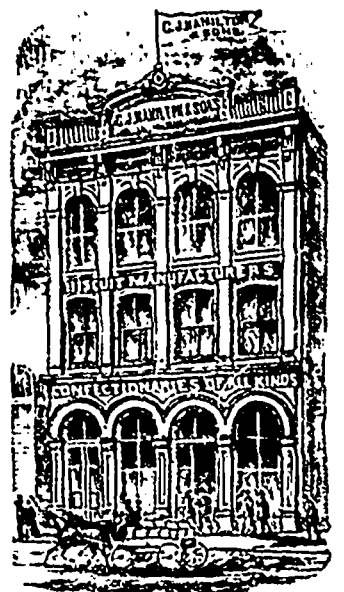
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MINING.

CALEDONIA.—*Dear Critic*,—The Lacy gold mine in this place, which lies next to the McGuire property, has recently been bought up by Jas. E. Barras, of Liverpool. It is understood that mining operations on this property will be commenced at once.

The McGuires have struck it rich on their property, and the mill is stamping out the gold in fine style. In one run, a fine brick of 100 ounces was taken out from 10 tons of quartz. You will see by this that our Liverpool rocks are worth smashing up. There is quite a gold fever in this district; and should the mines turn out as well as people think they will, there will be lively times in old Queen's County again.

Yours,
L.

W. J. Nelson has sold another valuable gold mine at Brookfield, Queen's Co., to a company of Duluth gentlemen, at a large price. This makes seven mines that he has sold since Feb. 5th, 1886. Mr. Nelson is an enterprising mine agent, and those interested in the properties of which he has disposed, have good reason to be satisfied with the conditions of sale.

MORE GOLD.—It is said that the discovery of gold in Honduras is likely to prove as important a one as any of the great placer districts of California. The new field is in the eastern portion of the republic of Honduras, and about 150 miles from the Atlantic coast and adjacent waters of the Guayope River. A party of prospectors recently inspected a stream and gravel bed for nearly fifty miles, and found scores of placers where the gravel gives from 10 to 19 cents to the pan. They have begun regular mining, however, in a place where, after much toil, they succeeded in turning the river from its native bed. Here they dug down and are sluicing out from \$7 to \$10 per cubic yard. The yield is fully equal to that of the best placer diggings in California.—*Mining Review*.

NOVA SCOTIA GOLD FIELDS—"PAY STREAKS."

The Editor *Canadian Mining Review*:

DEAR SIR,—I have been much interested in Mr. Kinahan's letter on this subject in your last issue. I think that he does not quite understand the peculiarities of our gold districts. We have an immense number of comparatively small veins, running almost without exception, parallel to the beds of slate and quartzite composing our gold measures. Thus a trench 150 feet long has exposed twenty veins, and similar results have been observed at depths up to 400 feet. These veins occur along the denuded crests of anticlinal folds, and it is considered that they occupy the fissures and lines of minimum pressure presented during the progress of the folding. It will be noted that our worked veins seldom exceed fifteen inches in width, and a pay-streak occupies the whole width of the vein. Thus each of these veins is practically a separate lead, and I cannot recall an instance of two neighboring veins having pay-streaks at all parallel. I gather from Mr. Kinahan's remarks that he refers to wide ore grounds. We have instances of this in the large vein of ankerite carrying limonite at Londonderry, and in the Precambrian of Cape Breton where lenticular bodies of copper pyrites occur in a thick bed of felsite. In both these mines the arrangement of the ore bodies is as described in the mine of Orca,—and the system of prospecting by cross-cuts is regularly practised. The pay-streak in our gold veins may be described as a line or point of maximum richness surrounded by somewhat less auriferous quartz, which gradually becomes poorer until the pay-streak ends at the line of profit. Such pay streaks, with occasional exceptions, have a dip approaching the vertical, and in one instance at least have been followed for about 600 feet. As the veins are those of segregation, and possibly contemporaneous with the folding already referred to, the source of the gold must be looked for in the surrounding rocks. It is well known that the slates are frequently, the quartzites occasionally, auriferous; and that in each district there is a rule that all the pay-streaks dip either to the east or to the west, (the veins having an approximate east and west course). The cause, therefore, producing these pay-streaks must be uniform throughout each district. With an apparent uniformity of distribution of gold through the enclosing beds, the enrichment of the veins might be sought for in local lines of comparatively greater transverse disturbance having a uniform dip due to the conditions of folding and upheaval in each district. By this means gold might be concentrated more readily along certain favouring lines and the enriching effect of feeders and flat leads lends ground to this view. If, however, the gold has been originally precipitated, possibly through the effects of organic matter, along certain lines, e.g., of a shore or beach, in comparatively narrow and frequently limited zones, then in each district, after the beds had been hardened, elevated, folded, etc., it might be assumed that portions of the veins nearest to this ground would receive the gold in a concentrated form. However such original causes may have laid the foundation of pay-streaks, subsequent faults, movements, etc., have in all probability greatly modified them. Practically, cross-cuts have been repeatedly driven across the measures when these rich zones have been worked out, but hitherto unsuccessfully. And now the miners agree that the chances of success lie in trying for the possible downward extension, after a barren interval of the pay ore.

Possibly, Mr Editor, some of your readers, better qualified than I am, may throw some light on this subject of pay streaks, which is exciting a good deal of interest in our mining circles at present, and I remain,

Yours very truly,

E. GILPIN, JR.

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[FOR THE CRITIC].
HOW I SECURED A BONANZA.

CHAPTER IV.—Concluded.

"The worst out. I'm afraid Mr. Spendall we are badly sold on that property." (He kindly used the plural) "To be honest with you, I never found no lead and didn't know where Jake's property was. I heard that he had made a rich strike and was going to the Mines' Office to take it up, and my object was to get in first and take up claims ahead of him. I hadn't marked no tree as stated in the application, but my cue was to hang round, and when Jake applied, read his description, *find the location of his property*, and then hump it back to the mines as fast as my horse could take me. Once there, all I had to do was to mark a tree with my initials on Jake's property, and, as my application was in first, *with the tree for a main starting point*, he would be shut out and the property would be mine. Jake never came to time, and I found out to day that the whole story was started by that lying young son of his, who stole a piece of quartz from the Andersons' land and swore that it was from a lead his father had found."

Dave's great indignation with Jake's son for the lie he had told was not simulated, and was decidedly amusing after the part he had attempted to play.

When he had finished, the whole scheme was as plain as a pike staff. His application was drawn so that it would have covered almost any new property at East Chezzetcook, and by going back and marking a tree, as he proposed, he would have had a claim to the property that it would have been almost impossible to upset.

In case of a contest a little perjury might have been required, and perhaps he would have proved equal to the occasion. The probabilities were, that Jake Rehm who was honest, ignorant and poor, had he really applied for the property, would not have contested the matter.

I had been initiated into one way of "jumping" a mining property, and had actually been an innocent participator in a most nefarious scheme.

Here was I, Theophilus Spendall, barrister and a preacher of honesty in mining matters, actually inveigled into an attempt to rob a poor man of his rights. Had it succeeded, Dave would never have told me of his little ruse, and by representing that Jake Rehm was trying to "jump" him, would have secured my legal services (as an interested party) free of charge. Compared with Dave—where was the "Heathen Chinese?"

I was struck dumb with anger and indignation, and seeing that a storm was brewing, he beat a hasty retreat, while I turned to my desk a "sadder," and I wish I could add "a wiser man." He soon after married and now has quite a family of young porcupines. "The world has prospered with him," and his comfortable homestead is the pleasantest place to visit in East Chezzetcook. He always has "a sure thing in mines," and parties having money to lose could not place it in safer hands than those of Dave Victor.

THEO. SPENDALL.

THE END.

AMOUR GOLD FIELDS.—It is reported in engineering circles at St. Petersburg that the Russian Government intends to render the extraction of gold in the Amoor region a Crown monopoly, and to despatch thither a large number of officials to organize the industry on a large scale. Although Siberia has been since its annexation by Russia one of the chief gold producing countries of the world, the immense auriferous resources of the Amoor region have been practically kept a secret by the Russian Government, and every attempt on the part of foreigners to examine and work them has been prohibited. This policy had its origin in the fear that if the real character of the Amoor gold deposits become bruted abroad, a rush of diggers might take place from California, and it might be difficult on the part of Russia to prevent them after a while from hoisting the Stars and Stripes. Considering that the whole population of the Pacific littoral of Siberia is only 100,000 souls, of whom only a few thousands are Russians, and that troops, until the extension of the railway system, were sometimes more than a twelve-month on the journey from Moscow to the Amoor, the risk was obviously one that Russian statesmen could not disregard with impunity. Hence, immediately after the annexation of the Usuri district of the Amoor region in 1859, an order was issued forbidding foreigners to open up gold mines, and the gold washing undertaken more recently by Siberian diggers has been discouraged as far as possible. None the less, the yield of gold by the rough washing process common to Siberia has been so largely in advance of anything recorded in California or Australia, that of late years the centre of the Siberian gold industry has shifted from the Ural-Altai region to the Amoor, and the migration of diggers eastward shows no tendency of abating. Within the last twelve months a fresh movement has sprung from the gold diggers assembled in the Amoor. Hearing that gold existed on the Chinese side of the frontier, where neither officials nor severe restrictive laws, as in the Amoor region, prevailed, several thousand made their way thither, and opened up deposits of astonishing richness. Topographical officers and Cossack scouts following these new arrivals, in course of time the Pekin authorities became alarmed, and to prevent the sudden annexation of this promising "Penjleh," marched a large body of troops unexpectedly to the place, and dispersed the gold diggers. The noise which this affair has occasioned in Europe has made the Russian Government apprehensive afresh of a run of foreigners to the Amoor; and in order to prevent this, and keep the diggers from migrating again, has determined to place the gold industry under the entire control of the State. At the same time, wishing to increase its financial resources, it has decided to work the deposits on a more extensive scale than has yet been attempted in Siberia.—*London Engineering.*

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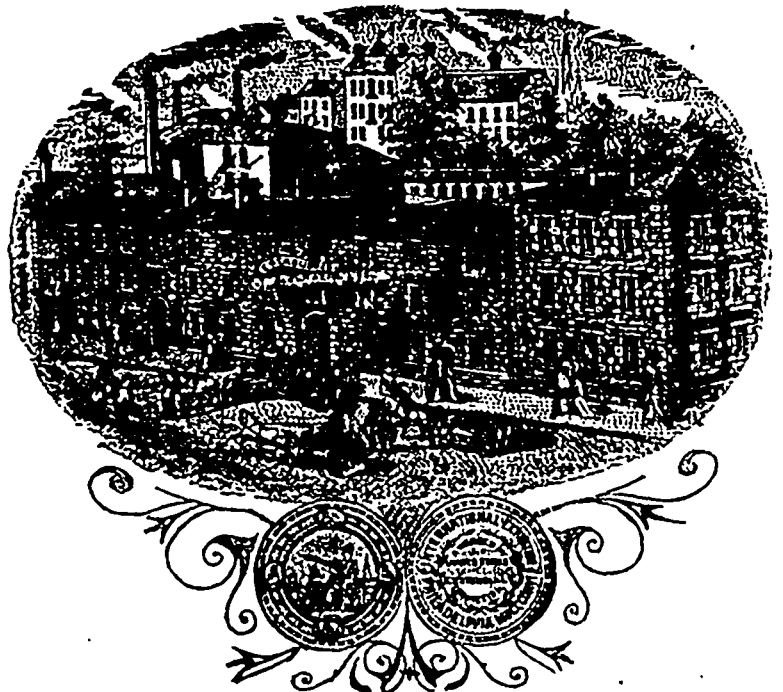
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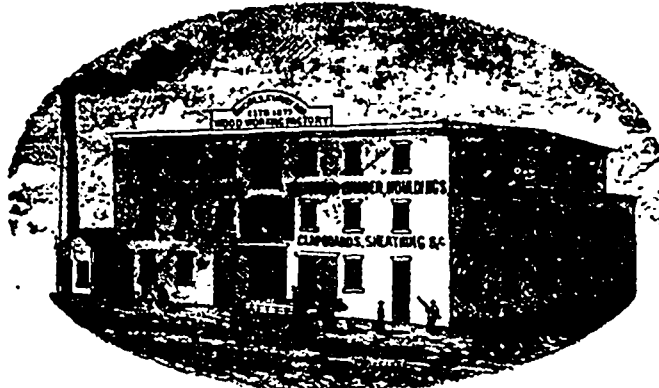
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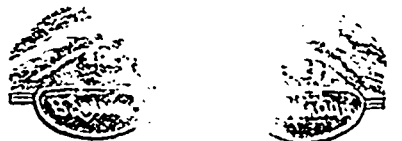
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