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THE CRITIC,

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The trial of the Chicago Anarchists cost \$25,000, and the lawyers are the only persons who have made any money out of the affair.

When Mr. Irving landed in New York, he was at once sued for the price of two plays by one Mr. Hose, of Brooklyn. Irving was angry and complained that American enterprise prompted men to take undue advantage of strangers. The turning on of the Hose should have cooled his wrath.

A German newspaper estimates the number of sewing-machines annually produced at 1,500,000, one-third of which are of German manufacture. Estimating the number of people in need of sewing machines at 500,000,000, the annual production allows one for every 300 civilized people.

Territorial extension is now the policy of Germany. According to the Hamburg Geographical Society, Germany has annexed within the past year 34,508 square miles in New Guinea, 3,399 in New Ireland, 9,349 in New Britain, and 15,261 in the Bismarck Archipelago, altogether 62,517 square miles, or an area greater than that of the three Maritime Provinces.

Last year the United States imported from Canada, Scotland and Bermuda, 642,000 bushels of potatoes, and exported to Cuba, the Sandwich Islands and other countries, 373,000 bushels. Uncle Sam buys his potatoes in Canada, and sells them at a profit in Cuba. Would it not pay us to carry on this trade direct.

A regular edition of the *Canadian American* is to be published in New York, in the interests of the many Canadians living in that great metropolis. The Jaffrey Brothers, who now publish the *Canadian American* of Chicago have succeeded admirably in catering to the needs of the thousands of Canadians dwelling in the United States. We trust their dual enterprise will be crowned with the success it deserves.

Russia has succeeded in disestablishing Prince Alexander, but it is not probable that she will take active measures in the Balkans before spring. Had Prince Bismarck given the Prince the weight of his support, Russia would have been thwarted, but Bismarck never regarded the Bulgarian throne in a serious light, since he advised Prince Alexander in the first instance to take it, as it would furnish him with a pleasant memory after he had lost it.

A pedestrian walking through Halifax during the later hours of the evening, cannot fail to notice the number of young children to be seen playing about on the pavements at a time when they should be sound asleep in their beds. In Oakland, California, the church bells are rung at nine o'clock, and children found on the streets after that hour are arrested. If such a law could be enforced in some parts of this city, much good would result.

The latest European sensation has been caused by Signor Succi, the Italian fester at Milan, who will not divulge the secret of his African herb liquor, as he intends to take out a patent for it. He claims that the liquor will become a staple drink among the poor. He says it will be sold cheap, so that a large family may subsist for a week on a franc's worth of liquor. Succi is visited daily by dukes, princes, senators, deputies, and hosts of foreign doctors. His strength is unimpaired.

The lucky stars shine on the royal house of Denmark. The members of that family appear to have the monopoly of all vacancies that have or may occur. When the Greek Republic went to pieces, it was a Danish Prince who was chosen to wear the Hellenic crown. A Princess of Denmark will, in the course of time, be Queen of England, her sister being already the Czarina of Russia. And now that the Bulgarian throne has been rendered vacant by the overthrow of Prince Alexander, Prince Waldemar, a younger son of King Christian of Denmark is to take his place.

Within the past twenty-five years the fever for collecting cancelled postage stamps has twice been at its height. During the first craze, many old and valuable stamps were rescued from destruction, and large collections were made; but these are dwarfed into insignificance by the collections made at the present time, several of which include a sample of every stamp that has ever been issued. The extent to which the business is now carried on may be estimated from the fact that a single house in Nuremberg disposed last year of 23,000,000 stamps.

The Trades' Congress, recently convened in Toronto, commenced its morning sessions at 8 o'clock, and its members were consequently able to overtake the work without running into the "wee sma' hours of the night." Civilization has heretofore tended to push on the breakfast hour far into the forenoon, and delay the time of retiring long after the sun had gone down. Perhaps this is the result of the variation in the length of the daylight in high latitudes, but be this as it may, the day is the best time for Parliamentary and other bodies to transact their business in.

We were of the opinion that no one living in a civilized country for a moment doubted the rotation of the earth, but there are some persons ever ready to believe a doctrine, whether it be a new or an old one revived. An English society, whose members are of that way of thinking, is about to issue a weekly journal, to be devoted to proving that this planet is not a revolving globe. The society's appeal for support for the journalistic enterprise is made to "all those who profess to love their Bible, and are zealous for the truth it contains." Galileo's ghost should haunt the editorial sanctum of the new journal.

Why is it that so many women aspire to be called ladies, despising the term woman, which is by far the nobler appellation of the sex. In a recent issue, anent the foolish fashion of using the word lady in preference to woman, *Puck* makes a telling hit. It has been customary, it says, for a long time to call all women ladies. In fact, the term "lady" has got such a hold on the populace that it is almost a questionable piece of propriety to call a female a woman. It is not necessary to resort to argument to prove that "woman" is preferable to "lady." It prints a few quotations from the literature of civilization and polite society, substituting "lady" for "woman," just to let the casual reader know how works. The following are samples:—

Man that is born of a lady is of few days, and full of trouble.

Ophelia—"T is brief, my lord—

Hamlet—As lady's love.

What mighty ills have not been done by lady?

Who was't betrayed the capitol? A lady.

Who lost Marc Antony the world? A lady.

Who was the cause of a long ten-years' war,

And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Lady—

Destructive, damnable, deceitful lady.

Here are a few more:

A continual dropping on a rainy day and a contentious lady are alike.

It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling lady in a wide house.

Favor is deceitful and beauty in vain, but a lady that feareth the Lord she shall be praised.

No fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed lady.

The lady that deliberates is lost.

O, lady! Lovely lady, nature made thee to temper man.

Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy lady.

A lady moved is like a fountain troubled.

WOMEN IN INDIA.

The women of the upper classes in India, though enjoying high social positions, have few pleasures to compensate for the life of drudgery and seclusion which they are obliged to undergo. In the average Indian family, writes Capt. Richard Carnac Temple in a recent paper, the strictest domestic economy is the rule of life, and the household work is done by the women of the household, not, as with us, by paid servants. Servants there are, of course, in all Indian families, but they are, as a rule, on a totally different footing from that of the European domestic, being for the most part independent persons with a *chentelle*, for whom they perform certain customary services for a customary wage. The distribution of the daily work, down to the most menial kind, lies with the *matrifamilias*, who may be best described as the oldest married woman in the family proper, for widows can have no authority. The cooking, as the work of honor, she keeps to herself, but the house cleaning, the washing, the care of the children, the drawing of water, the making of the beds, and so on, is done by less dignified members of the household, as she directs; and whatever is most menial, most disagreeable, and the hardest work, is thrust upon the bride.

Not only is our bride thus turned into a drudge, often unmercifully overworked, but from the day she gives up her childhood to the day of her death—it may be for 60 years—she is secluded, and sees nothing of the world outside the walls of the family inclosure. She is also, by custom, isolated as far as practicable from all the male members of that little inner world to whom she is confined. Free intercourse, even with her own husband, is not permitted her while yet her youthful capabilities for joyousness exist.

Every person belonging to the European races well knows how much common meals tend to social sympathy; how powerful a factor they are in promoting pleasurable family existence, and in educating the young to good manners. There is nothing of this sort in Indian upper-class society. There the men and women dine strictly apart, the women greatly on the leavings of the men, and that, too, in messes of degree, very like those in a royal naval ship. *Patrifamilias* dines by himself; then the other men in groups, according to standing, waited on by the women under fixed rules; and lastly the women, when the men have done, our poor young bride coming last of all, obliged often to be content, it need hardly be said, with the roughest of fare.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

The Germans maintain an immense army, and every industry in the country is taxed in order that German pre-eminence in this respect may be kept up to the proper standard. Many well-informed writers believe that Prince Bismarck's military policy is prompted by a desire to annex to the German Confederation a portion of the Austrian Empire, and there is good reason for believing that their views are not without foundation; but the constant state of preparation for war, in which Germany is kept, is probably due to the bellicose action of France, the latter country having never forgiven the occupation by Germany of the Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The following extract from the *North German Gazette* places the question in its true light. "If certain English journals look for the cause of the uncertainty and apprehension that fill the world in the condition of Bulgaria, this only proves that their judgment of the state of Europe is entirely wrong. We have no interest in Bulgaria, whose condition does not at all affect us; and on her behalf we would not keep a single soldier under arms.

The necessity for all our armaments lies with France, to which country the English Press must turn in its search for the causes of the stagnation of trade and the uncertainty of the future. The French continue incessantly to raise their fighting power; and from every French newspaper it may be seen how rapidly the combative strength of France is being increased, and what financial sacrifices are made to perfect the efficiency of the army. In England they know very well that Germany must have her eye constantly fixed on the West; and therefore they also ought to be in no doubt that it is simply France who is responsible for the situation in Central Europe."

THE SCOTTISH PROBLEM.

The agrarian difficulties which have arisen among the crofters dwelling in the Western Islands and Highlands of Scotland, are the result of governmental mistakes made in bygone years, through which the rights of the Scotch peasantry were greatly curtailed. Previous to 1745 the Scottish clans held their lands on the communal system, reserving in common to all large and extensive tracts of pasture land. But since that time the chieftains and their descendants have held the land in fee simple, and while these newly-created landlords have recognized the rights of the crofters to occupy the holdings upon which they were located, they have appropriated for other uses the pasture land which had previously been used as common. It is stated on good authority that at least 2,000,000 acres, part of which is cultivable, and the remainder good pasture land, have been turned into sheep farms and deer parks, and the crofters deprived from privileges which they regarded as ancient rights. For the landlords it may be said that the rents collected from the crofters were small, in fact so small that it was found impossible to improve estates from the money derived from this source, and that having by Act of Parliament become owners of the soil, they sought to improve their position by utilizing the extensive commons, which they turned into large sheep farms. For a time sheep farming paid, but for the past few years it has proved unremunerative, and the landlords in many cases have established deer parks, from which they derive a certain income. Viewing

the question from the crofters' standpoint, it appears that they are unable to obtain by law security of tenure, fixed rents, or compensation for improvements; and believing as they do that the Crown had no right to deprive them of their privilege to use of common land, by vesting the title in the chieftains, they naturally feel incensed at its being transformed into what they regard as useless pleasure grounds. Although the grievances of the crofters have attracted the attention of the British public, it is not by any means clear that they can be satisfactorily settled by Act of Parliament. The landlords are themselves, with a few exceptions, in needy circumstances, and having held the title to the estates for the past 140 years, they object to an interference with these rights from any source. The crofters are in fact too numerous for the cultivable land available, and as the price of agricultural products has greatly reduced, they find it quite impossible to earn a subsistence upon their small holdings. These holdings have moreover been cut and recut into still smaller holdings for the accommodation of the younger branches of families, and this state of things is yearly growing from bad to worse. To the minds of most men, the claims of the Crofters to the use of the common pasture lands appears fair enough, but how this is to be met, without interfering with the vested rights of the landlords, is the knotty problem now vexing the soul of broad minded British statesmen.

AN AGE OF PROGRESS.

The natural aversion which nine readers out of ten have to perusing long and dry articles upon scientific subjects, may be readily accounted for, but there are probably few who realize how far the comforts, and even pleasures of modern life, are dependent upon the studies, researches, and discoveries of the small army of scientists engaged in promoting the welfare of their fellow-men. The busy housewife, the industrious farmer, the skilled mechanic, the manufacturer and the merchant, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the quiet but determined plodders, who, in the laboratory, the factory and the machine shop, are working out scientific problems, and adding their quota to the discoveries and inventions of the age which have so marked his nineteenth century of ours. In this connection it is satisfactory to note that the "British Association," one of the oldest and most useful scientific organizations in the world, is still continuing to attract the interest of our fellow-subjects in all parts of the Empire. Two years ago, the Association met in Montreal, that being the first occasion upon which a meeting of the Society had taken place outside of the British Isles. This year, it met in Birmingham, the industrial centre of Great Britain, under the Presidency of that distinguished Nova Scotian, Sir William Dawson. In his opening speech, the President briefly reviewed the onward march of science during the past twenty years; and while he recognized the difficulties which still had to be met and overcome, he believed that evidences were to be seen on every hand of the steadily increasing interest taken by the public in scientific matters. This he regarded as a healthy sign of the times, and one that bore promise for the future. Not only in England and the United States, but also in Canada and the Australian Colonies, were there evidences of the public awakening to the advantages of scientific research. No Canadian city of any pretensions is now without its public museum, and in many of them were to be found well equipped laboratories. Sir William drew attention to the lack of schools for the technical training of our youth, and cited the action of Germany in establishing such schools as being worthy of imitation. As the first Canadian President of the Association, Sir William Dawson reflected credit on the land of his nativity, discharging the arduous duties in a manner worthy a savant of such distinction. Two years hence the Association is invited to meet in Australia, and there can be no doubt, from the cordial manner in which the invitation was received, that a large number of the members will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded for visiting our fellow-colonists in the island continent.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

We have in this country too little independent journalism; but we have some. Fortunately for us there are a few papers which are not bound to support any party, but are free to commend or to condemn. But it is one thing to be independent, and quite another thing to seem so. Most men have a strong political bias. To them the policy of their own party is either wholly or mainly right, while that of their opponents is either wholly or mainly wrong. The journal which is perfectly impartial, if any can arrive at that ideal stage, is sure to be considered by most men of either party as favoring their opponents. If a journal which purports to be independent refuses to express an opinion on a matter of great public importance, it is justly condemned by all as a guide who withholds his guidance when it is most needed. If it is true to its principles, it is accused by one party of taking sides against it.

But the vast majority of our papers are pitiable examples of blind and unscrupulous partizanship. Often setting out with the best intentions, they become the mouth-piece of an individual or a clique, and from that day they deal out mis-statement and captious argument, in their fanatical zeal for party. The press, as it exists in many cities of England and the Continent, is really a great educative agency, and a guide to the intelligent discharge of the duties of citizenship. But the party press, as we have it so commonly on this continent, is a noxious weed, spreading the seeds of error among its readers. Were the organs of the Government or the Opposition the only journals published, political morality would be vastly lower than it is even now; for unthinking attack and unhesitating defense of political measures, are alike productive of evil. It is, then, the province of the independent, non-partizan journal to counteract the effects of an unscrupulous party press; and there can be no doubt that it is accomplishing its noble mission.

TIT-BITS.

A little girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the hostess' new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright; but it don't scare me."

"I've a perfect antipathy for the mountains," said Mrs. Gush to Mrs. Parvenu as they sat talking together on the summer hotel piazza. "Have you?" said Mrs. Parvenu, "Well, I've an Alpine stick, and the man said it was just the thing; but I'm sorry now, I didn't buy an antipathy like yours!"—*Boston Journal*.

It is said that the colored people of the United States maintain more secret and benevolent societies than any other people on the face of the globe. There would seem to be nothing remarkable about that, however, for its natural for colored people to keep dark.—*Boston Post*.

Scene—Art-school.—Mrs. Nouveau: "And is that large picture some of your work?" Pupil: "Mine? Oh, no, madam! That is one of the old masters." Mrs. Nouveau (in an undertone to her companion): "I don't like to hear a young man speak so disrespectfully of his teachers."

A lawyer, having occupied a journalist's rooms one night, thought to make a joke at the expense of his host, and sent him the following lines:

"I slept in an editor's bed last night,
When no other chanced to be nigh;
Then I thought as I tumbled the editor's bed,
How easily editors lie!"

The journalist was equal to the occasion, and immediately penning the following lines, sent them to the lawyer:—

"If the lawyer slept in the editor's bed,
When no other chanced to be nigh;
And though he has written, and naively said,
How easily editors lie;
He must then admit, as he lay on that bed,
And slept to his heart's desire,
What'er he may say of the editor's bed,
'Twas the lawyer himself was the liar!"

A CLEVER DODGE.—Rabelais, the witty philosopher of the fifteenth century, was summoned from Rome, by his patron, Francis I., probably as bearer of some diplomatic mission. On reaching Lyons he found himself short of money, and thus unable to continue his journey to Paris. To get out of the difficulty he had recourse to the following hazardous experiment, Gathering a quantity of brick dust, he made it up into several little packets, and wrote on one, "Poison for the King!" on another, "Poison for the Dauphin!" and so on till he had provided for all the members of the Royal Family. These packets he left lying about in his room at the inn, where they were discovered by the landlord, who at once gave information to the magistrates. The latter took immediate steps to arrest our traveller, and had him conveyed to Paris with all dispatch, and directed that he should receive, on the way, every attention befitting a criminal of such importance. On reaching his destination, Rabelais asked to be taken before the king, who, on recognizing him, burst into a hearty laugh, and invited his illustrious prisoner to supper.

There is a law in Switzerland which compels every newly-married couple to plant trees shortly after the ceremony of marriage. The trees ordered to be planted on wedding days are the pine and weeping willow; and on natal days the birch.

"Here I've talking for half an hour!" exclaimed an auctioneer, "and I haven't got an offer." "Half an hour, indeed!" murmured an elderly maiden; "what's half an hour to many long, long years, and still no hopes of an offer?"

"The *Gazette* says there is a great increase of celibacy in Boston," says Mr. Perkins, the other evening. "Deary me!" sighed Mrs. Perkins, "I suppose it's all on account of them high east winds. Is it anything like dipthary, John?"

A man advertised for the worst dog in the city. His idea was that the people were so fond of their own dogs that they wouldn't bring a single animal to him. But he lost his bet. Thousands called, each bringing his neighbor's dog.

"There," said Mrs. Highflyer, as her daughter ceased from torturing one of the high-numbered operas of Beethoven, "that's what I call a finished performance, eh, Mr. Jones?" And Mr. Jones nodded and said, "Thank Heaven!"

A Westminster justice, taking a cab in the city, and being set down at Charing-cross, the driver demanded eightpence for his fare. The justice asked him if he would swear the ground came to the money. The man said he would take his oath on't. The justice replied, "Friend, I'm a magistrate;" and, pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow sixpence, saying he must reserve the shilling to himself for the affidavit.

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

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Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Arisaig Harbour Works," will be received until Friday, the 24th day of September next, inclusively, for repairs to the Pier, and the construction of a break-water at Arisaig, Antigonish County, N. S. according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Office of the Collector of Customs, Antigonish, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. Persons desirous of tendering are requested to make personal enquiry relative to the work to be done, and to examine the site themselves. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to FIVE PER CENT. of the amount of the tender, which will be so forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Our Subscribers and Advertising patrons will please note that Mr. A. M. Fraser, formerly of Windsor, has been appointed Business Manager of The Critic. Hereafter, all remittances should be made payable to him.

Subscribers remitting Money, either direct to the Office, or through Agents, will find their receipt in next paper.

It is now nearly two years since THE CRITIC was established. Its readers have had a good opportunity to judge of the tone, character, enterprise, and worth of the journal, and if they deem its merits are worthy of their continuance and support, we ask their co-operation to still further increasing its circulation. Any subscriber renewing his subscription will, upon forwarding to this office \$2.50, be entitled to two copies of THE CRITIC for the ensuing year, one to be mailed to his own address, the other to any person he may desire. Ask your neighbor to club with you for THE CRITIC when you next renew your subscription; or, if you have a brother, son, or relative, resident in any other part of Canada or the United States, send in your order for two copies, and we will send the absent one THE CRITIC for the next year, post paid.

Next year, the great telescope at the Lick University will be completed, and through it many astronomical discoveries are expected to be made. The apparent distance of the moon from the earth will be greatly reduced, so that our satellite may be viewed as if seen by the naked eye at a distance of 100 miles from the earth's surface.

Justin McCarthy, who is playing a prominent part as an Irish Nationalist and Home Ruler, is shortly to visit Canada and the United States. Judging from the favorable reception accorded to his principal work, "The History of our Own Times," by Canadian and American readers, Mr. McCarthy will attract large audiences should he consent to speak from the public platform. The sons of Ireland living in Halifax should persuade their talented countryman to visit this city.

A foreman in one of the shops at Moncton, named Charles Robinson, has invented a car coupler that seems to fill the bill completely. It is simple in construction, easily worked, and reliable every time. It is patented in Canada, and ought to have a very extensive sale.

The state entry of the Marquis of Londonderry into Dublin was made with the usual official demonstration, but was devoid of interest. The Marquis was accompanied by his wife. They were received into Westland Row by a crowd which cheered them. Both the Marquis and Lady rode thither from the station on horseback. Lady Londonderry, in tribute to the Irish people, wore a dress of white poplin. When the couple departed from the railway station they were greeted with cheers followed by groans. The Marquis recognized the greeting by lifting his hat, bowing with a smile to the crowd. The entire route from the railway station to the Castle was lined with troops. Most of the buildings were decorated and the streets looked gay; the Hibernian Bank building was conspicuous by the total lack of decoration. Kildare Street Club House was filled with people. In Nassau a banner with the inscription "The Queen and the Constitution" was displayed. During the progress of the vice-regal procession cheers were nearly everywhere accompanied by groans, but the cheering predominated. The vice-regal party was welcomed at the Castle by a large crowd of Loyalists who cheered heartily. There was also a hostile crowd there, which did its best to offset the welcome by cheering lustily for "Parnell and United Ireland." The hostiles attempted to follow this up as the Marquis and Lady Londonderry entered the Castle, by singing "God Save Ireland;" but the police rallied and put a stop to it.

The Prince of Wales has sent a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, suggesting as a suitable memorial of the Queen's jubilee the establishment of a permanent imperial, colonial and Indian institute on the basis of the present exhibition, for the promotion of emigration and the expansion of colonial trade.

News received from Belle Isle indicates that a large ocean steamship has probably been wrecked or has had her decks swept in a heavy gale. Much wreckage has been washed ashore in the Straits. It consists of cabin doors and bedding, spars and other material. A number of dead cattle have also been thrown up by the sea, but nothing has yet been found by which to discover the identity of the wrecked vessel. Several steamships have sailed from Quebec for Liverpool and London within the last few days, and all, or most of them, carried cattle. Among them were the "Lake Superior," "Dominion," "Oregon," "Parisian" and "Erl King."

Succi, the faster, has successfully accomplished his task of subsisting thirty days, without ordinary food, on mineral waters and an extract from an African root. He finished the task without being at all exhausted.

The Digby Courier calls upon the county representatives to take some active measures towards securing the construction of the missing railway link between Annapolis and Digby, but regretfully admits that the question of building this much-needed road, has now become a party shuttle-cock.

On Sunday evening last, 300 Spanish soldiers, quartered in Madrid, revolted against their officers and paraded through the city endeavoring to incite a revolution. The affair ended in a fiasco, and the rebels are to be dealt with in a summary manner.

The Executive Committee of the Maritime Provincial Grange held its session at Truro on Wednesday last. The Worthy Master, Hon. A. McQueen, Sheriff of Westmoreland Co., N. B., was unavoidably absent, being detained by official duties. The other members of the Committee were present. The interests of the Order were carefully and thoroughly discussed. A full report of the business transacted at this session, will be published in our next issue.

The physicians of Charlottetown report fever as prevailing to an alarming extent in that city. No cause is assigned, but presumably there is bad drainage.

The Railway Convention at Truro was a success. About 800 employees of the I. C. R. took part in the religious services.

November 18th has been appointed as Thanksgiving Day throughout the Dominion. Good-sized gobblers will be in demand.

The daily press severely criticises the action of Mr. N. H. Meagher for excluding the reporters from the trial of the David J. Adams case. Mr. Meagher is of the opinion that the publication of the evidence would prejudice his case, but fails to substantiate his views by logical reasoning.

COPENHAGEN, Sept. 18.—The Government has prohibited the circulation in Denmark of the *Danish Pioneer*, published in Omaha, Nebraska. This was done under the provisional law of August 13th, which the Ministry has proclaimed without the sanction of the Legislature, and contrary to the will of the people. No special reason is given for the prohibition.

The oyster fisheries in P. E. Island are now being vigorously pushed. From 600 to 700 barrels of oysters are now being daily secured from the beds.

The sculling race on the Thames for the championship of the world was hotly contested. Gaudaur, the American sculler, twice led his opponent, but Beach finally succeeded in rowing him down, crossing the line in five and a half seconds ahead of the American. The race was one of the most tightly contested that has taken place for many years.

If anything worthy of note happens during next week, Professor Wiggins will claim that he predicted it. As it is, he now prophesies for the 29th inst. earthquakes, the outbreak of volcanoes, tidal waves and heavy storms. These will occur somewhere between the Rocky Mountains and the Balkans. As severe shocks of earthquake have been felt at Savannah and at other points in the United States during the present week, Wiggins will have these to fall back upon, in the event of his predictions not proving correct.

The will of Abbe Liezt has been made public. It makes Caroline Wistzenstein his sole heiress.

The authorities of London contemplate presenting the freedom of the city to Prince Alexander.

In an interview with Prince Bismarck M. Dogiers, Russian Foreign Minister, distinctly promised Russia would not occupy Bulgaria.

At the French army manoeuvres a Russian General congratulated the commander of the 12th Army Corps upon the splendid appearance of the men, saying: "With such troops you have nothing to fear from any one."

"Mill Village" says: "The closeness of the cricket match played by our boys with the Bridgewater team, has caused much excitement. The Bridgewater eleven won by twenty runs. Several more matches will be played this season. The saw mill of Stewart, Freeman & Co. will close down this week. This is the only mill now in operation on the Medway River. Forty men have been employed throughout the season. The firm referred to are making extensive preparations for pulling in timber during the coming winter, and it is hoped that their enterprise will meet with the success it deserves."

Sobrange has resolved to prolong the state of siege in Bulgaria, also to court-martial eighteen officers connected with the kidnapping of Prince Alexander in order to restore the discipline and morale of army. England, Austria and Italy have recognized the Bulgarian regency.

Parnell's Land Bill has been defeated in the British Commons by an adverse majority of 195 votes. The Gladstonites supported the bill.

Miss Charlotte Worth, who enlisted and remained in the Salvation Army against the wishes of her parents some time ago, has been married to General Booth's son. General Booth has departed for the United States.

Specialists declare that the new Monu-Licher repeating rifle, now being manufactured for the Austrian army, is the most perfect rifle ever invented. It fires forty rounds a minute.

The *Japan Gazette* says: "The total number of cases of cholera throughout the country since its first appearance this year is 59,000, of which 37,000 ended fatally. The epidemic is now abating. Cholera is still raging throughout the Corea. The official returns state that the fatal cases for July were 38,600."

Nubar Pacha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, has, at the request of the British Government, started for London to assist in the settlement of Egyptian affairs. The hostile Arabs of the Soudan have assembled in force in Dongola and now threaten the Egyptian frontier.

RELIGIOUS.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Rev. T. Aitken Harlam is canvassing the city as the agent of the Sabrevois mission. He is a son of the Rev. W. Harlam, the celebrated Mission Preacher.

The Provincial Synod had a very short session. Rev. F. R. Murray and Dr. Hole have returned to the city. The former goes to Spring Hill to hold a mission for ten days.

The authorities of the Diocesan Theological College of Montreal have agreed to postpone any action toward obtaining the power of granting degrees in Divinity for the next three years.

The centennial celebration of the Colonial Episcopate in the appointment of the first Bishop of Nova Scotia, will probably be a very important occasion. The question was very warmly taken up at the late meeting, and delegations were appointed to attend the services at Halifax next August from every diocese in Canada. Scottish and American Bishops will be invited, and an attempt will be made to induce the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Patriarch of the Anglican Communion, to be present.

PRESBYTERIAN.

At the recent communion in the Presbyterian Church at Montague, P. E. I., 101 new members were added to the roll, making an addition during the last three months of 233 members.

The Rev. C. Chiniquy lectured in St. Matthew's Church on Wednesday evening.

There was a large gathering at James' Church, New Glasgow, on the 17th instant, on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of its existence. The pastor of the church read a paper on the early settlement of Pictou, and the position of civil, social, and ecclesiastical affairs in the province a century ago. Dr. McCulloch gave interesting facts and figures bearing on the progress of Presbyterianism. The Rev. E. Ross read a paper on the history of the denomination in Pictou from the union in 1817 to the union in 1875. In the evening, Mr. D. C. Fraser touched on the salient points of the history of the church up to the death of Rev. Dr. Roy. Interesting addresses were also given by Messrs. J. D. McGregor, and J. S. Maclean, and the Rev. J. D. McGillivray, the latter urging upon his hearers to hold to the doctrine of their Church. The musical part of the service was deserving of all praise. The Chief Justice was to have delivered an address, but was unable to be present.

BAPTIST.

The Baptist Church at Antigonish, which has been without a minister for some time, has secured the services of the Rev. W. B. Bradshaw.

The Rev. P. S. McGregor, of the New Glasgow Baptist Church, having resigned his charge, the congregation have succeeded in obtaining the Rev. A. T. Dykeman, late of Woodstock, N. B., as their pastor.

The Rev. C. C. Burgess has entered upon his duties as pastor of the Baptist Church at Pugwash.

The Rev. A. L. Therrieu, of Quebec, gave an interesting description, last Sunday in Granville St. Baptist Church, of the Grande Ligne Mission.

METHODIST.

The Methodists of the Maritime Provinces are to be congratulated on having the Rev. Dr. Lathern as Editor of the *Wesleyan*. The reverend gentleman will be a worthy successor to the Rev. T. W. Smith.

The Methodists seem bound to make the federation scheme a success, there being a large sum already subscribed towards the endowment of Victoria College.

Bishop Taylor, the well-known missionary, who has already begun two chains of missions across Africa, hopes to start two more during the present year.

Mrs. Mary R. Davenport, M. D., who, with her husband, is stationed at Douda, Africa, in connection with Bishop Taylor's self-supporting African Mission, writes that the missionaries are all in good health.

CATHOLIC.

The Rev. Dr. MacGregor, P. P., Vale Colliery, lectured at that place on Saturday last on "The Defects of the N. S. Common Schools."

Recent rumors concerning the alleged serious illness of the Pope, are emphatically denied in Rome. His Holiness is enjoying excellent health.

A German Jesuit, Father Sommewoget, has compiled a catalogue of books on the Blessed Virgin, written by members of that order. They number 2,307.

The University of Notre Dame, Ind., has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Rev. A. A. Lambing, of Pittsburgh, Pa., so well known through his Catholic, historical and other writings.

The name of the diocese of Grass Valley, California, has been changed to Sacramento, and the residence of the Bishop will be in the latter city.

Of all English-speaking people, the Liverpool (Eng.) *Catholic Times* says, that twenty-three millions are attached to the Church of England; and sixteen and a half millions each, to the Methodist and Catholic churches.

There are thirty-seven Catholic Weeklies in North America. There are several Catholic Monthlies, and one Catholic Quarterly.

The *London Tablet* is authority for the statement that there are nineteen million Catholics in Germany, and that better people, morally, do not exist in Europe.

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

Each tender must be accompanied by an ACCURATE bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, EQUAL TO FIVE PER CENT. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By order,
A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 10th Sept., 1886.

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Manager and Publisher.
MONTREAL, 4th August, 1885.

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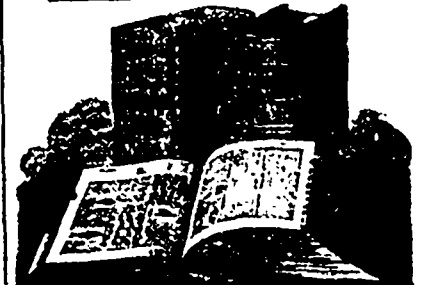
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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

AN INDIAN SUED FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.—Nora Engart, prepossessing in appearance, and aged 18 years, has sued Marshall Kid-Lo-Sio, a Miami Indian, living near La Fontaine, Indiana, for breach of promise. He is said to be of rather bad character, and is not such an individual as would naturally win the affections of a Caucasian maiden. The complaint alleges that Kid-Lo-Sio was assiduous in his attentions to Miss Engart, proposed marriage and was accepted, and subsequently disregarding his betrothal, wedded another woman, to all of which Kid-Lo-Sio sets up a stout denial. Several damaging letters, however, are in the possession of Miss Engart. The demand is for \$5,000, and as Kid-Lo-Sio has property, a verdict in favor of Miss Engart would be worth 100 cents on the dollar.

It is said that Maurice Strakosch has discovered another nightingale. This one, like Mme. Christine Nilsson, is a Swede. Her name is Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson. She is still in her teens, and is remarkable both for beauty and a superb soprano voice. It is now fully thirty years since Mr. Strakosch discovered the greatest of all songbirds in his young sister-in-law, Adelina Patti, but long as has been her reign and great as has been the flight of time since his first marvelous discovery, he is still unwearied in the search for great singers.

Near Coblenz is the Church of St. Castor, and this church they are now bedecking with evergreens, for it is this month 1,000 years old and fifty years to spare.

At the late annual convention in San Francisco, the G. A. R. of California sent the President an invitation on a card of solid gold.

AGASSIZ AND THE STUDENT.—The writer well remembers his introduction to the late Professor Agassiz, and how he learned his method of investigation.

Having undertaken the study of natural history, I went to the Professor and asked him where to begin. "Ah," said he, "so you want to begin, do you? All right, here is a bluefish; now take it, dissect it carefully, note all you see, and come back to-morrow at the same time and report." Off I started with my fish, but as I was not to report until the next day, I kept at it, every hour finding something new. I went to the Professor at the appointed time, feeling proud and confident that my natural discernment, for such I was pleased to term it, had enabled me to master the subject, and that I should well acquit myself in my report. The Professor listened to all I had to say, and in his quiet way remarked, "So, so, very good, but not all." To make a long story short I kept at the fish for a month, receiving always the same answer, "very good, but not all." How I hated that fish at the end of the week. How it did smell! I did not want to touch it, and flew into a rage at least a dozen times, and yet each day I found something new, and so on until the end of the month, when what there was new about that fish that I did not know was not worth knowing.—*Electrical Review.*

A VERY DESPERATE GAME.—A writer in the *Paris Martin* tells the following story:—In 1871, immediately after the surrender of Paris, and when the German army was in the city, General Boulanger, then a colonel, was in command of the 127th of the line. The regiment was *en echelon* in the Rue Saint Honore, guarding the limit beyond which the Prussians were not to pass. At the intersection of the Rue Saint Honore and another street, the name of which the writer does not recall, but he remembers that it was near the Rothschild house, suddenly appeared the general in command of the Prussian army, followed by his brilliant staff. They were about to pass the line of demarcation, when Colonel Boulanger rode up in front of them. "General," said he in a loud voice, "you cannot pass." The latter pretended not to understand, and appeared to be about to come on, when Boulanger, purple with rage and hatred, dashed forward, sabre in hand, and shouted out in a savage voice: "General, you must not pass. If you advance another step—" Then, seeing that the brilliant troop had come to a halt, he added, with an imposing gesture, the words: *Respect la consigne!* "It needed but little," says the writer, "to put a match to the powder at that moment. There and then Germany might have lost some precious heads. Inspired by the conduct of our brave colonel, we grasped our chassepots. The quality of the game was most tempting."

SMART CAT.—A remarkable Maltese cat is to be found on Sullivan street. While sitting sunning itself the other day, all unconscious of game near by, a large rat that had been watching it stealthily from under an adjacent shed suddenly darted out across a narrow passageway about six feet from puss' nose and through a friendly knot-hole in the fence. At a glance the cat took in the situation. With one bound she topped the fence, some five feet high, and with the second she lit upon and caught Mr. Rodent just as he emerged through the knot-hole on the other side. The owner submits that it was the smartest feat that that or any other cat ever accomplished.—*Toronto Globe.*

Philadelphia has 1,500 miles of streets.

The breweries and distilleries of the United States pay to their employees in wages \$120,000,000 a year.

King Humbert has erected a monument to Victor Emmanuel at Turin; cost \$200,000.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

SO SHORT! SO SWEET!

Why isn't so long that Winter stays
To rack the earth with bitter blast,
And clogs with frost his darksome days,
But Summer goes so fast!

How is it, when the heavy skies
Their cold white burden earthward cast,
That Time walks slow, with downcast eyes,
But Summer goes so fast!

O laggard Time! Escape the storm!
Go clasp the Spring lest she slip past.
Who walks with her, his heart grows warm,—
But Summer goes so fast.

Deep is the sky of softest blue,
Darker the blue of waters vast.
Sweet flowers the field and roadside strow,—
But Summer goes so fast.

Still runs the burden of our song—
The same refrain from first to last;
How is it Winter stays so long,
But Summer goes so fast!

FREDERICTON, N. B.

JANE E. G. ROBERTS.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

A TIGER HUNT IN INDIA.

(From the French.)

While living in India, I have assisted at several very interesting tiger hunts, but I will not speak of them now for two reasons, first, because I have related the most curious, and secondly, that in these wild chases I have not taken that brilliant role which all narrators attribute to themselves in speaking of each expedition in which they have had a part. My passion for the chase has procured me the friendship of several old hunters, among them, a mighty nimrod named Major Walker, generally known as the *tigercater* throughout the three presidencies. It is one of Major Walker's tales that I give here, as told by himself.

"I was an ensign in Her Majesty's 23rd Regt. of Infantry. My regiment was stationed at Palamow, except one battalion, to which I belonged, and which was detached at Sahruk. The place was dull, and to cap my misfortunes, two officers obtained leave of absence, and another dangerously ill had been left at Palamow.

One day I was chagrined at having my captain's daughter reject my addresses. In the hope of dissipating my grief, I had my horse saddled and rode out with the intention of plunging into the thick jungles which begin a few miles from Surak. Only a few moments after starting I met a lieutenant of my regiment named Richard Mowbray. At the time of which I speak, he had been married for three years to a charming woman whom he adored; as to him, he was a man six feet in height, ugly enough, but active and robust. He had conceived a friendship for me, and on my side I was much attached to him. Seeing me at a hard gallop, Mowbray hurried his horse and joined me. At twenty years old one must upon his heart, and I related all to my friend, who did not try to comfort me, but pressed my hand and rode on in silence beside me. At the end of a few miles we heard cries of distress. Pressing forward we soon arrived at a clearing. About five hundred feet before us ran a deep stream, bordered with rushes and bamboos; on the other side, about twenty Indians, men and women, were indulging in noisy lamentations. We crossed the stream and approached to learn the cause of their grief. Perceiving us they separated, and in the midst of the group we saw an unfortunate woman, covered with blood, kneeling near the horribly mutilated body of an Indian. The body of this man was horrible to see. The skin of his head terribly torn almost fell over his eyes, his neck was broken, and a little above his right hip was an enormous wound.

Five or six Indians ran towards us, lifting their arms and crying aloud, 'The tiger, sirs! the tiger! He has carried off the child, and killed the father, and the mother, see what a state she is in.' The poor woman was indeed to be pitied. Though the claws of the tiger had only grazed her, they had made deep scores in her shoulders and arms, and the unfortunate creature was suffering horribly. They told us that while the unhappy family were walking by the river, a tiger had sprung upon the child. Though without arms, the father had hastened to the rescue, but what could he do against the terrible animal? After throwing him on the ground, biting him in the neck and side, the tiger shook him as a cat shakes a mouse, then seizing the child in its mouth, with a few leaps disappeared. Three other persons, inhabitants of a village seven miles away, had already been devoured by this same tiger. 'He will not stop there,' said the speaker of the crowd. 'Once a tiger has tasted human blood, he wants no other—if the gentlemen do not come to our help and kill this *man-eater*, we are lost!' At this moment the unfortunate woman, absorbed till now in her grief, suddenly raised herself, and throwing herself at our feet cried out, 'Avenge my husband, avenge my child.' In my then frame of mind life was a burden, and a danger to face, a godsend indeed.

'Be calm,' I said to the poor widow. 'I will myself go in pursuit of your enemy. A few days hence, I swear, he shall have devoured me or I will have rid the country of him.' Cries of joy greeted this promise, made in all sincerity, and with all the thoughtlessness of a heart twenty years old.

Mowbray said nothing, but made a gesture of dissent, of which I asked him the cause. 'I will explain presently,' said he in a low voice. A tiger hunt demands some preparation. I promised to return the next day or the following one, and was turning to go, but Mowbray stopped me. 'Is the shiklaroo (native hunter) here?' demanded he. A man already old and

lamo advanced from the crowd and saluted us. 'Ali-Khan is old,' said the Indian, proudly drawing himself up, 'but his musket has killed many tigers.' 'Very well,' interrupted Mowbray, 'let us lose no time, some one must follow the tiger, that, when we come to-morrow, we may know what direction he has taken. Take a dozen coolies with you Ali Khan, and try not to lose the track of the man-eater. The slaves of your highness will obey,' replied the old man, bowing respectfully. Mowbray made some other arrangements, and then off we started at a gallop.

'Now,' said I to my companion, 'Why were you displeased when I promised that woman to kill the tiger?'

'Because, my friend, you undertook a most imprudent enterprise. A tiger is not killed like that. You have heard our comrades tell of many fortunate hunts, but they had elephants, a numerous pack of dogs, servants and good native hunters. We lack all these things. We must hunt this tiger on horseback, with only our servants and the old hunter, for I take no account of the other Indians, who, at the first roar, will only think of saving themselves.' 'You are right,' I replied, 'but why not have told me this sooner?'

'There was no time before you promised, and afterwards—. The word of an English officer is sacred.'

'It binds only myself.'

'And think you I will let you expose yourself all alone in your inexperience? Is it thus you estimate your friends?'

I gave my friend my hand, and soon his ill-humor passed away. Presently we arrived at Sahrak and began our preparations at once. First we obtained leave and the services of a sergeant named Duncan, an excellent marksman and devoted to Mowbray. As we had to pass several nights in the jungle without shelter, it was necessary to furnish tents and provisions of all kinds. To carry them we bought two native ponies, and hired half a dozen *baugy bearers*. (The *baugys* are baskets suspended at either end of a long rod, which rests on the shoulder of the bearer). As arms, I carried a double-barrelled gun and an excellent German rifle. Mowbray had the same. Duncan a gun, and Mowbray's servant an old rifle. Our dogs left much to be desired. There were ten of them, but only three were experienced in tiger hunting. We sent them on before, and on Wednesday morning left at day-break. When we arrived at Garpoor, six hours afterwards, a thick fog covered the country. The inhabitants of the village ran out to meet us, telling us the old hunter had left two hours before. We then hired a guide and sixty Indians as bearers. Among them we distributed rattles, horns, bells, pieces of metal, and for want of better, bits of boards, with which to make the greatest noise possible, and followed by this escort, we started in quest of the shilkaree. We joined him about half past eight in the morning, just as the fog lifted, and he proudly showed us traces of the tiger. 'Where is he?' demanded Mowbray. 'I think in that ravine,' replied the hunter, showing us a thicket about a hundred yards distant. I have found the entrance and I know he has a lair there, for I've found hanging on the branches shreds of clothes and even hair, and traces of blood on the earth.'

I shuddered at these words, pronounced with great coolness. 'Let us see,' said Mowbray. The shilkaree led us to the place he spoke of, and we were convinced of the truth of the information. 'Let us attack at once,' I cried.

Having consulted the old hunter, Mowbray then told him and the servants to disperse the bearers. As they had to enter the thicket on the side opposite, to send the tiger towards us, a long circuit was necessary, which compelled our waiting at least two hours. Mowbray, the sergeant and I, were posted opposite the entrance of the thicket, twenty-four yards from each other. Each perched on a tree, gun in hand, had a servant behind ready to exchange our guns. As soon as the bearers were placed, Mowbray's servant gave the signal by discharging his gun, when the keeper of the dogs at once uncoupled them. Soon discordant noises, mingled with the baying of the dogs, told us the bearers were approaching us. Nothing appeared meanwhile. The noise made by the instruments of the bearers became more and more distinct. Soon we saw the red lights, glancing like serpents of fire through the thick foliage, and knew they were the rockets sent up by my servants to force out the tiger, but he persisted in giving us no signs of his presence. Suddenly old Ali, who had returned, attracted our attention by a low whistle. Looking in his direction we saw an almost imperceptible undulation of the top of the tall bushes at the entrance of the ravine.

'The tiger!' murmured the old hunter.

Two minutes after, the tiger sprang into the open space which he had to pass to reach the jungle on the side opposite the bearers. As he passed me a hundred yards off, I fired, striking him in the body. Suddenly he either saw or scented the old shilkaree, who was seven or eight hundred feet away, and sprang towards him out of reach of Mowbray's gun. Understanding at once that the old man, with his inferior weapon, could not defend himself. Mowbray dropped from his tree, and hastened to get within range of the tiger before he attacked the old Indian. Though too distant to have the least hope of arriving in time, I followed Mowbray's example. Unfortunately, in my haste, I caught in the branches and fell into a mass of vines and prickly plants. Hurrying made matters worse. I had torn hands, a bleeding face and bruised body, but I felt nothing. As I again started to run, I heard two shots, then a roar of pain and rage, Mowbray had fired, the tiger had fallen. He uttered a cry of joy which soon changed to one of anguish, for the tiger had risen, and leaped towards Mowbray. Not having been followed by the servant with his second gun, Mowbray was unarmed, with the exception of his hunting knife. Holding this in his hand he bravely awaited his foe. With one more leap the tiger caught him, and both rolled on the ground, but the tiger rose alone. Placing one of his enormous paws on the breast of my friend, and lashing his sides with his bloody tail, the

tiger looked first at old Ali, then at me, who, both limping, were hastening towards him. For one moment we believed he would leave his prey, either to take flight or throw himself on one of us. But suddenly he lowered his head, we heard a horrible crunching sound, accompanied by a cry of distress, which froze the blood in my veins. The old hunter, who was much nearer than I, arrived first. The brave old man approached within twenty yards of the tiger and aimed at him with a firm hand. Some sparks flew, but his musket missed fire. The tiger raised his head and fixed his wrathful eyes on us. Before the old man could reload, I arrived, breathless and distracted, and without waiting to take aim, I fired. My ball struck one of his front paws. As he turned to run at me, Ali fired in his turn, striking him in the shoulder. Spite of these wounds, the horrible animal made two or three leaps towards me. I fired once more almost point blank, and this time he fell, never to rise again. I ran to Mowbray. He still breathed, but was in a terrible state. 'The tiger!' murmured he, as I tried to stop the blood which covered him.

'Dead!' said I.

'Good!' replied he, 'the honor of the 23rd is saved. And Duncan?' 'He is safe and sound,' I said. Duncan arrived an instant after. He sank on his knees beside Mowbray, and the worthy fellow wept like a child. I was filled with despair. But for my imprudent promise, Mowbray never would have dreamed of hunting the tiger. My generous friend guessed my thoughts. In a feeble voice he strove to comfort me and show I had nothing to reproach myself with. In a few moments he asked me for a drink. A coolie ran for the water, and I sent my servant at a gallop for our surgeon at Sahrak.

'It is useless!' muttered Mowbray. 'All is over for me, I feel it. My poor wife! My poor child!' His words became confused, delirium seized him, and in two hours the bravest, most loyal servant of Her Majesty was only a corpse. We took him to Sahrak, and the sad news was broken to his wife. For me, I remained three weeks in bed. In his last fall, after my shot, the tiger had scratched me badly. God knows I did not wish to survive my devoted friend, for whose death I shall always reproach myself, but my prayer was not heard. The following year my uncle died, leaving me his fortune. My first care was to buy elephants and dogs, and from that day I have given all my spare time to hunting tigers. Thirty years have gone by since the death of my poor friend, my hair has whitened and my hand has not the same firmness, but still only the word tiger makes me grind my teeth and chills my very blood.'

Major Walker ceased. After a few moments he went into his tent.

'Poor Walker,' said Captain B., 'the memory of the death of his friend will be the remorse of his life. But he did not tell us that he gave up marrying a young girl that he loved, in order to leave his fortune to Mowbray's son, who became his by adoption.'

Zerr.

THE BOYCOTT.

MR. EDITOR,—From the general tenor of your comments upon my communication on this topic, it is obvious that we view it from different standpoints and receive diverse impressions of its general character. Almost everyone who speaks our language has had the tenderest feelings of his nature stirred by Mrs. Stowe's pathetic description of the incidents and characteristics of negro slavery, and had their sympathies and admiration excited by the Christian simplicity, nobility and grandeur of character with which she has invested Uncle Tom, while they have been filled with disgust and detestation of the brutish character of Legree. Now sir, there are some Legrees living to-day, who are equally insensible to every consideration of right, and toward whom the exercise of the golden rule would be veritably casting pearls before swine, and it is not to be wondered at if we, impelled by just indignation like "Massa George," administer to Mr. Legree the only kind of argument that his constitution seems susceptible of appreciating. Now sir, I have not said that the boycott does not to some extent interfere with personal liberty, as man has to sacrifice some of his freedom of action as a citizen, and be governed by laws that may injuriously affect him individually, and he has to sacrifice some degree of liberty of thought and action in joining an organization of any kind, but such surrender does not compromise the character of the man, but is justified by the end in view, of harmonizing varied interests and securing the greatest good for the greatest number. Then, sir, if boycotters sacrifice personal liberty in seeking to advance the interests of a community by seeking on behalf of a weak and uninfluential portion of the community to acquire or retain rights or privileges essential to manhood, it seems to me the sacrifice is a commendable one, and I fail to see any wrong in a body of working men or an entire community voluntarily withdrawing their support and custom from a man or company whose avarice makes them oblivious of all considerations of justice. It surely cannot be much harm to let such an establishment severely alone, so that its proprietor may have time for reflection and amendment.

Of course if it is an effective weapon in a good cause, it may be quite as effective when exercised in the interests of tyranny and injustice, and it may be that its exercise in an arbitrary manner, or for the enforcement of unreasonable demands, has attached a degree of odium to it that its exercise in a legitimate way does not merit. I do not question an employer's right to discharge an employee with whom he is dissatisfied.

You advise the abandonment of such measures as the boycott and a resort to the ballot box, well sir, a great deal has been done by enacting laws for the benefit of the working classes, and much more may be done, and I hope the work may be completed and the problem solved without resort to violence, but it is a very tedious and laborious process, as it required 50 years of effort and agitation on the part of the Earl of Shaftesbury and others, to secure the passage of laws for protecting the interests of the

employees of the mining and manufacturing industries of England. I appreciate the difficulties involved in the solution of the labor question, and will be much obliged if you will inform me how I can obtain the report of the labor commissioner referred to by you.

W. S. S.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

DORCHESTER—A VISIT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

We had the pleasure—not unmixed with a degree of sadness—of a visit to the Penitentiary located here. It stands on a commanding eminence, like some grim castle of the olden time, overlooking a great extent of marsh, drained by a sink emptying into Shepody Bay. There are about twenty acres enclosed in a high stockade, which will, in time, give place to a wall of stone. At the corners are sentries on duty, stationed in boxes high enough to have a commanding view of the yard and adjoining country. On entering the yard through the massive gateway, we see the convicts at work in their parti-colored but comfortable suits, grading the grounds, and attending to the garden in front of the buildings. On presenting my card, and having a friendly chat with the Warden, I was kindly shown by his deputy through the various workshops and apartments of the place. I saw the wash-room, which all the inmates are required to visit at stated intervals; the shoeshops, tailoring rooms, blacksmith shop, and wood-working factory; where there is a large steam engine working up lumber from the log into pails, tubs, clothes pins, broom handles, etc. A walk through the Penitentiary proper showed us the surgeon's office, well provided with the requisite drugs and medicines; the chapel, where the spiritual wants of the inmates are attended to by two chaplains, a Protestant and a Roman Catholic; also, the school-room, library, dining room, kitchen, etc. Plain, but wholesome fare was on the tables for their dinner, consisting of soup, meat and potatoes, and good bread. The cells, with their grated iron doors, and walls of solid stone, are about four by nine feet, and were often tastefully decorated with cards and pictures, and wood-work of the convict's own handiwork. Each one is provided with a cot and comfortable bedclothes, pans and pails. The building is warmed throughout by steam, and kept scrupulously clean in every part. There are at present one hundred and forty convicts, with forty attendants, including warden, chaplains, instructors, surgeons, guards, etc. A firm, but not harsh management is maintained throughout, it being the aim of the warden and his subordinates to use the convicts as men; and if any show themselves unworthy, to treat them accordingly.

A glance at the Report for last year shows that, considering the large number there, there were very few punishments indeed inflicted; and to judge from what I saw, I should say that kindness was the ruling motive. And if after leaving there, the convicts do not observe the laws of the land, they will not violate them through revenge for unmerited harshness.

A. M. S.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

SUSSEX—THE GARDEN OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Sussex, the county town of King's County, N. B., is not surpassed in picturesque beauty by any town in the Maritime Provinces—hill and valley, meadow and field, alternate in pleasing variety on every hand. The soil is of the most surprising fertility, anything grows that receives even a moderate share of attention. Herds of beautiful cows and horses are abundant, some of the former numbering as many as sixty on one farm. Wheat, as fine as any in the Dominion, can be raised without manure; but the farmers in general do not seem to work with that order and system that can alone insure success. They do not to a great degree appreciate the advantages they enjoy. On thing that militates greatly against the welfare of the place, is the disinclination of the land holders either to sell or work their farms. Large areas are kept in stump and brush, so as to be of no use to any one, and are held at such high figures that no one can buy. The price of farm produce is low, and young men are leaving for other lands. Beautiful plums and other fruit, can be raised with a little attention.

Messrs. Culbert & Theals are successfully at work in the nursery business, having now a fine nursery of one hundred thousand apple and plum trees, and a large amount of currant and other small fruit stock, with a good supply of ornamental trees of different kinds, adapted to this climate. They find a ready sale for all they have to ship, and consider their enterprise as but in its infancy.

A. M. S.

OUR COSY CORNER.

POTATO SALAD.—Sliced cold boiled potatoes, almonds blanched and quartered, hickory nuts also, if liked (both of these may be omitted). A very small quantity of chopped onions; pour over this any good salad dressing, not too much, and garnish with chopped parsley; cold boiled beets, sliced lemon, and anchovies, may be added to the salad if liked.

"Home Decoration" gives a description of a portable spirit lamp which appears to be very useful. The lamp itself is of metal, two and a half inches in diameter, and about half an inch high. The cover lifts off and under it is found a fine wire which covers a pad of asbestos. A tablespoonful of alcohol is slowly poured over the wire and allowed to soak into the asbestos pad. When completely absorbed, the lamp may be turned upside down, but the liquid will not run out. A match applied to the wire will ignite it, and the tablespoonful of alcohol will prove to be enough to boil water, broil a steak, or make a piece of toast if required. Ladies have found these little lamps most convenient for heating the irons with which they torture their hair into little curls to hang over their foreheads. These lamps are sold in

small boxes, about four inches square, which contain, besides the lamp, a small iron frame on which to place it, and prevent its burning anything that it may be placed upon. A little square iron frame with legs fits into this frame, and holds over the flame of the lamp the piece of broad which is to be toasted, or the meat to be broiled. A small pan also comes in the box, and holds enough water to make a couple of cups of tea. This little lamp will be found of great service in various ways. Water can be heated so quickly by it, in cases of sudden emergency, and for a sick room it is simply invaluable. Poultices can be made and heated in the little saucepan for the invalid, or soup warmed in the middle of the night at ten minutes notice, or a cup of tea made for the weary nurse; and all this done quickly and quietly, and without requiring a fire to be kept alive for the purpose.

Have you a gardening apron? If not, get two yards of common ticking, cut off about a foot of the cloth and sew it across the bottom, making four deep pockets out of this. Put two smaller pockets higher up. Now you have places for seeds, trowel, strings, tacks, sticks, hammer, weeder, and the like. The cloth is so thick it keeps the dress dry, and the knife and scissors are always handy. A lady writes that her temper has improved amazingly since she has worn the gardening apron.—*Popular Gardening.*

Every thing Japanese and East Indian is in fashion.

A silk kerchief is the prettiest kind of drapery for a tarnished photograph frame.

"Royal red" note paper, of a very brilliant hue, is used by fashionables, but is in very bad taste.

Golden mushrooms are the fashionable bangles on fine gold wire bracelets, at present.

Dude collars for young ladies are higher than ever; they are not generally becoming.

This autumn all the browns are to shade to yellow rather than red, which has so long been fashionable.

Sash pins and slides are made an eighth of a yard wide. They are dainty for children.

Tiny tables with two shelves are extremely pretty, when fitted up tastefully with colored ribbons, and plush if fancy dictates.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

COMMERCIAL.

The general tone of trade during the past week has been one of satisfactory progress. As a whole, it has been as active as could have been expected. While there is no excitement or special "boom," there is good, substantial business doing which is based on legitimate requirements. The country is taking a materially larger quantity of goods than in the corresponding period for several years, but owing to large crops which realize favorable prices, it is able to pay for them, and does so with encouraging promptness.

The shrinking prices of the past two years have caused severe trials to those merchants who were compelled to carry the burden of large stocks, and business was not always profitable; but if we judge the signs of the times correctly, it looks as though the future will witness both higher prices and larger profits. Staple dry goods have decidedly advanced in prices recently, and in all other lines the tendency is clearly more in the direction of higher than of lower figures.

There has been a marked change in the temperature during the past week, and the nights have become frosty. This will hasten farmers in getting in their late crops, and their attention being thus fully taken up, may cause a temporary check to the business of buying and selling. This, however, will be only of short duration. Shipments of apples and other products are increasing in volume, stimulated by an active demand in Britain and Europe.

The West Indian markets are still in a very unsatisfactory condition. Their purchasing power has been much reduced by devastating storms on the one hand, and by the vastly increased competition that Europe offers to their principal product—sugar. There is also not the margin for profit that there once was in their alcoholic beverages, and it scarcely pays now-a-days to turn the juice of their canes into rum.

Dry Goods.—The market has been quite active, and a fair distribution of seasonable fabrics has transpired. Commercial travellers have done very well, and mail orders have come in freely, while a fair number of buyers have been on the market making personal selections. Colored cottons have advanced 10 to 15 per cent, and the latter range may be regarded as firmly established. Foreign woollens show a very firm tone. On the whole, the dry goods trade has a firm and healthy aspect, except a few complaints of keen competition from causes alluded to last week.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—The trade in these lines is badly demoralized. The immense overstock in Britain prevents manufacturers from disposing of their wares, except at a discount from cost. None appear willing to discontinue production, and the work of overstocking continues. Some day a crash must come, and then the business will be revolutionized. Meanwhile, the public gets its iron cheap, and indications are favorable for still lower prices in the near future.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat and grain are fluctuating wildly for reasons that it is difficult to assign. The reports of the crops in different parts of the world are so conflicting that it is impossible to form any judgment on their accuracy. It may, however, be safely asserted that the probabilities favor higher than lower prices in this line.

PROVISIONS.—Prices continue without noteworthy change. The English market is dull and heavy, and that naturally reflects on ours to the extent of preventing large transactions from transpiring. In Chicago pork experienced a serious decline towards the end of last week, but it partially recovered afterwards. Beef is very weak, and holders of large stocks show considerable anxiety, as all their efforts to bull the markets have been without avail.

BUTTER.—The market is tame and uninteresting. The demand for shipment appears to have somewhat fallen off, while the volume of receipts seems larger. This, of course, occasions some weakness, though quotations remain the same.

CHEESE.—This commodity still advances in England, and that fact causes prices here to remain very firm at quotations. It is not probable that figures can be forced beyond what they now are, and producers will likely do better to close at once, instead of waiting for a break, which must be downwards, and not an advance.

TEA AND COFFEE.—The tea market has been steady, and a fair amount of business has developed. Yokohama cable advices show that the recent advances have been firmly maintained. Tea seems to be a good property to hold just now, as reports from all the primary points are favorable. The coffee market has a strong tone with active business, and prices have an upward tendency. In New York, prices have advanced 3½ cents from the lowest point last winter.

FRUIT.—The dried fruit market has been very quiet, pending the arrival of new fruit, which will meet a welcome, as the old stocks are literally sold out—especially in currants and raisins. Shipping apples are arriving very freely, and find ready, though low, markets.

LIVE STOCK.—The supply, both as to quantity and quality, has been excellent, but prices have been rather low relatively.

LUMBER.—Considerable activity exists, and the demand is quite equal to the supply. Very little has been shipped abroad, but repairs and new building operations create a steady and healthy consumption.

SALT is firmly held, as it is said that the West Indian yield will be very small this year, owing to the destruction of the pans by hurricanes.

REAL ESTATE has exhibited some life during the past week, though there have been more negotiations than actual transactions. It looks, however, that the long-continued depression in this line is passing away, and holders of land are more hopeful than they have been for a long time.

FISH.—There has been very little doing in the fish market since our last issue for want of stock. Codfish are not coming from the coast as at this time in other seasons, but now that the weather has got cool we look for large arrivals from the coast. Those that do come to market are meeting with ready sale at an advance on former prices. It is only the short arrivals that cause the advance. We are not aware of any advance in any of the West India markets that will warrant paying any advance in this market. The three cargoes of French codfish alluded to in our last issue as then being on the market, have since been placed at about \$1.90 per qtl.

Mackerel have advanced considerable since our last issue, and we may now look for a still further advance, as we think that the recent storm has broken up the schools in the North Bay, and there will be very few more to come from that quarter. We also think that the season has so far advanced there will be very few caught on the American coast. We hope our shore fishermen will be fortunate enough to secure a large catch of the late run of mackerel. Up to the present there are so few mackerel held on the coast that the advance is not felt. From all the information we can get there has not been a season for many years when there were so few mackerel held on the coast; and in this market there could not be had to-day 50 bbls., there being very few here indeed. The only quantity that we know of is one or two fares of Bay mackerel which are stored and held for higher prices. All of the 1885 catch of mackerel that was held in this market for sale has been disposed of. We know of no late improvement in the West India markets.

Advices from Boston to 17th inst. are about as follows:—

Dealers have had a fair trade during the past week, and receipts have been light in all varieties of fish except mackerel, which continue to arrive from the Provinces in large quantities; the greater part of the receipts of late arriving from ports in Nova Scotia, 955 bbls. arriving this day from Lunenburg. The market remains about the same notwithstanding the large receipts.

The following are the quotations:—Bay 1's, \$16.00, 2's, \$10.00 to 12.00, 3's, \$8.00 to 10.00; Shore 1's, \$20.00, 2's, \$12.00; Nova Scotia 1's, \$16.00, 2's, \$10.00 to 12.00, 3's, \$7.00 to 8.00; P. E. Island 2's, \$11.00 to 12.00, and unculled, \$10.00 to 12.00. Codfish are in light receipt. We quote large George's \$3.00, medium \$2.30; large Shore \$3.00 to 3.25; large dry Bank \$2.25 to 2.50, medium \$2.00; large pickled Bank \$2.37½, medium \$2.00 to 2.12½; Portland round Shore herring \$3.75. Very few fresh mackerel now arriving; vessels do not seem to catch as many in Massachusetts Bay. Some Shore mackerel are arriving at Portland nearly every day which are caught on the Maine coast. A sale of a trip of Bay mackerel at Boothbay at \$11.50 and \$20.00 packed.

Gloucester, Sept. 17.—Arrived schr. Nellie M. Davis from North Bay, 150 bbls. mackerel; schr. G. P. Whitman 300 bbls; schr. Rattler 450 bbls.; schr. Clara S. Cameron 200 bbls.

Below will be found a comparative statement of the catch of mackerel at U. S. Ports for the past four years, week ending Sept. 17.

1886	1885	1884	1883
51,259 bbls.	250,302 bbls.	291,090 bbls.	115,306 bbls.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

Our Price Lists are corrected for us each week by reliable merchants, and can therefore be depended upon as accurate up to the time of going to press. We intend devoting special attention to our Commercial and Financial Articles, and to our Market Quotations, and to this end have secured the co-operation of several persons thoroughly conversant with questions of finance and commerce.

GROCERIES.

SUGAR.		
Cut Leaf	8	to 8½
Granulated	6¼	to 6½
Circle A	6¼	to 6½
Extra C	5¼	to 5½
Yellow C	5¼	to 5½
TEA		
Congou Common	17	to 19
" Fair	20	to 23
" Good	23	to 29
" Choice	31	to 33
" Extra Choice	35	to 38
Oolong—Choice	37	to 39
MOLASSES.		
Barbades	30	to 32
Demerara	30	to 35
Diamond N	42	
Porto Rico	31	
Tobacco—Black	37	to 46
" Bright	42	to 58
BISCUITS.		
Pilot Bread	2.80	to 2.90
Boston and Thin Family	5¼	to 6
Soda	5¼	to 5½
do. in lb. boxes, 50 to case	7¼	
Fancy	8	to 15

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints	20	to 25
" " In Small Tubs	20	to 24
" Good, in large tubs	18	to 19
" Store Packed & oversalted	10	to 12
Canadian, Creamery	22	to 24
On Creamery, the tone is firm		
" Township, finest	18	to 20
" " Finest Fancy pkgs.	19	to 22
" " fine	17	to 18
" Morrisburg and Brockville	18	to 17
" Western	13	to 16
Cheese, N. S.	10	to 10
Canada	10	to 10

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

FISH FROM VESSELS.

MACKEREL.		
No. 3 large, Catch 1886	5.00	to 5.25
" " " " " 1886	4.75	to 5.00
HERRING.		
No. 1 Shore, July 1886	4.75	
(reported almost a total failure our shores.)		
ALBANY'S (C'tch, 1886, per bbl	none	
CODFISH.		
Hard Shore, 1886, per qtl	2.50	
Bank	1.80	to 1.90
Bay	none	
SALMON, No. 1	15.00	
HADDOCK, 1886, per qtl	1.90	
HAKE	1.90	
CUSK	none	
POLLOCK	none	
HAKE SOUNDS	45	to 50c per lb.
COD OIL A	29	to 30

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

LOBSTERS.

Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing),		
Tall Cans	4.75	to 5.25
Flat	6.00	to 6.50
	Per case 4 doz. 1lb cans,	

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

LUMBER.

Pine, clear, No. 1, per m	25.00	to 28.00
" Merchantable, do do	14.00	to 17.00
" " No 2 do	10.00	to 12.00
" Small, per m	8.00	to 14.00
Spruce, dimension good, per m	9.50	to 10.00
" Merchantable, do do	8.00	to 9.00
" Small, do do	6.50	to 7.00
Hemlock, merchantable	7.00	
Shingles, No 1, sawed, pine	3.00	to 3.50
" No 2, do do	1.65	to 1.25
" " " " "	1.10	to 1.30
" Spruce, No 1	2.00	
Laths, per m	4.00	to 4.25
Hard wood, per cord	2.25	to 2.50
Soft wood		

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

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

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

FLOUR.		
Graham	4.40	to 4.50
Patent high grades	4.40	to 4.60
" mediums	4.25	to 4.40
Superior Extra	4.00	to 4.15
Lower grades	3.00	to 3.85
Oatmeal, Standard	4.40	to 4.50
" Granulated	4.75	
Corn Meal—Halifax ground	2.90	to 2.95
" —Imported	2.95	to 3.00
Bran per ton—Wheat	15.50	to 16.00
" —Corn	14.50	to 15.00
Shorts	17.50	to 18.00
Middlings	20.00	to 21.00
Cracked Corn	29.00	to 30.00
" Oats	25.00	to 26.00
" Barley	nominal	34.00
Feed Flour	3.25	to 3.50
" From Frozen Wheat, nominal	2.75	
Oats per bushel of 34 lbs.	40	to 42
Barley " of 48 " nominal	75	to 80
Peas " of 60 "	1.10	
White Beans, per bushel	1.50	to 1.65
Por Barley, per barrel	4.85	to 4.90
Corn " of 56 lbs.	80	to 85
Hay per ton	13.00	to 14.00
Straw	10.00	to 12.00

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

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid	11.00	to 11.50
" Am. Plate	11.50	to 12.00
" Ex. Plate	12.50	to 13.00
Pork, Mess, American	12.50	to 13.00
" " " "	11.50	to 12.00
" American, clear	15.00	to 15.50
" P. E. I. Mess	12.75	to 13.00
" " " "	11.50	to 12.00
" P. E. I. Thin Mess	10.50	to 11.00
" Prime Mess	9.50	to 10.00
Lard, Tubs and Pails	10	to 11
" Cases	12	to 12½
Hams, P. E. I.	19	to 15c
Duty on Am. Pork and Beef \$2.20 per bbl.		

Prices are for wholesale lots only, and are liable to change daily. These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Wool—clean washed, per pound	15	to 20
" unwashed	12	to 15
Salted Hides, No 1	7½	
Ox Hides, over 60 lbs., No 1	7½	
" " " " "	7	
" over 60 lbs., No 2	6¼	
" under 60 lbs., No 2	6	
Cow Hides, No 1	6¼	
No 3 Hides	5	
Calf Skins	8	to 10
Oxen	25	to 35
" Deacons, each	25	to 1.00
Woolskins	25	to 35
Lambskins	25	to 35

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

APPLES, (No. 1 Gravensteins) per bbl.	1.50	to 2.00
" Other No. 1 Varieties	1.10	to 1.60
Oranges, per bbl, Jamaica (new)	2.00	to 2.50
Lemons, per case, best quality	11.00	to 12.00
Cocoanuts, per 100	5.00	to 5.50
Onions, American, per lb.	2¼	to 2½
Foxberries, per bbl.	3.25	
Bananas	2.00	to 3.00
Grapes, Almeria, kegs	7.00	
Raisins, New Val.	9¼	

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

POULTRY.

Turkeys, per pound	none	
Geese, each	none	
Ducks, per pair	60	to 80
Chickens	40	to 60

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Steers, best quality, per 100 lbs. alive	4.00	
Oxen	3.50	
Fat Steers, Heflers light weights	3.98	
Wethers, best quality, per 100 lbs.	3.00	to 4.00
Lambs	3.00	to 4.00

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

A BARREN TITLE.

(Continued.)

"May I presume that your lordship has never been married?" asked the lawyer, in his most insinuating tones. He was looking down and fumbling with some papers on the table before him.

The countess turned her head quickly.

"Never, Flicker, never," replied the earl, impressively; "on that word of honor which her ladyship believes would fetch so little if put up for sale. I have been very near it, though, once or twice—very near it indeed—but Providence has always intervened."

Her ladyship turned away in a huff.

There was an interval of silence. Mr. Flicker was engaged in tying up his documents, and the earl was watching him.

"May I ask whether you have formed any plans for the future?" asked the dowager, presently.

"No plans in particular. I think that I shall go and live at Brimley, at least for some time to come."

"At Brimley! Why, that is only sixteen miles from Ringwood."

"Precisely so. We shall be neighbors. A dozen miles, more or less, are not of much consequence in the country."

The countess did not look overwell pleased. "What is your object in choosing Brimley for a residence?" she asked.

"I lived near there with my father when a lad, and I still retain some pleasant recollections of it, so that the place will not seem altogether strange to me. In addition to which, I see from an advertisement in to-day's 'Times' that 'Laurel Cottage' there is to be let on lease—the very place to suit an elderly bachelor of limited means and unambitious tastes. I shall run down there to-morrow and see about it."

"Well, sir, I hope that when next I see you I shall find some improvement in your toilet and general appearance."

"Possibly, madam, possibly. I admit that there is some, slight room for alteration, perhaps for improvement. I have not followed the fashions very attentively of late. The state of my finances did not allow of my doing so."

"Mr. Flicker will send you a check to-morrow."

"I shall be greatly obliged to Mr. Flicker."

"What a pity it is that you threw your chances to the dogs in the way you did when a young man."

"What a pity it is that my cousin Charles, your good son, madam, could not see his way to advance me the three thousand pounds which was all I needed at that time to save me from destruction. But he buttoned his breeches pocket—saving your ladyship's presence—and allowed me to go headlong to the deuce."

"You forget, sir, that you had five hundred pounds from him only six months previously."

"I forget nothing. Three thousand pounds would have been my salvation. I did not have three thousand pounds, nor three thousand pence, and you see the result before you to-day."

"Charles was building and planting at the time, as I well remember, and the sum was a much larger one than he could spare."

"So the building and the planting went on, and Cousin Jack was obliged to fly like a thief in the night. It was the young fool's own fault, and it was only right that he should suffer. So ridiculous of him, wasn't it, to think that because he and Charley had been school-fellows and like brothers for years, he could now ask Charley to pull him through his troubles? I've often laughed since to think what a young greenhorn he must have been. I'll warrant you he knows better by this time."

The countess' head was beginning to shake worse than ever. Flicker made a sign to the earl, and the latter rose. "Good-morning, Aunt Barbara," he said; "shake hands with me for my mother's sake, if you won't for my own."

She stared very hard at him for about half a minute, and then she extended two claw-like fingers. "Get a decent coat to your back before you let me see you again. And—I don't want to see those gloves any more."

Next day "Mr. Fildew" received from Mr. Flicker a check for one hundred and fifty pounds, being the first quarterly instalment of his allowance at the rate of six hundred pounds a year.

"Greedy old hag!" muttered the earl to himself as he pocketed the check. "She might just as easily have made it twelve hundred as six. I'll be even with her for this before I've done with her."

CHAPTER VI.

MILD LUNACY.

"This must be the house, No. 105 Cadogan Place," said Clement Fildew to himself, as he stopped in front of an imposing-looking mansion. Taking the steps two at a time, he gave a loud rat-tat-tat at the door. "Is Miss Collumpton at home?" he asked of the man who answered his knock.

Miss Collumpton was at home.

"Will you give her this card, and say that I have called at the request of Sir Percy Jones?"

He was shown into a morning-room while the man took his message. After three or four minutes the door opened, and a young lady entered, dressed very plainly in black. As their eyes met they both started, and then, as if moved by a common impulse, they drew a step or two nearer each other, while Clem colored up to the roots of his hair. The young lady, who was by far the more self-possessed of the two, was the first to

speak. "Unless I am much mistaken," she said, "you are the gentleman to whose kindness I was so greatly indebted when coming up to town the other day."

"And you are the lady to whom I had the good fortune to be of some slight service."

"A slight service, do you call it? It seemed to me a very great service at the time. I missed you in the confusion at the terminus, so that my aunt was not able to thank you, as she would very much liked to have done."

"I certainly can't see that any thanks were needed. But, putting that aside, I am very pleased to have met you again." And as he said this there was a fire and earnestness in his eyes that in its turn brought a vivid blush to the young lady's cheeks. "I came here at the request of Sir Percy Jones," he added, "to see Miss Collumpton respecting a portrait. I never expected to have the pleasure of finding you under the same roof."

"I have been living here for some time," she said. Then to herself she added, "I wonder whom he takes me for—a nursery governess or a companion, or what?"

"I hope Miss Collumpton is not a very exacting young lady. If she is I am afraid that I shall scarcely be able to please her. I have painted very few portraits as yet, but Sir Percy was so pleased with the one I did of him that he declared he must have one of his goddaughter to take with him when he goes abroad."

"I don't think that you will find Miss Collumpton very exacting."

"I am glad to hear that. I wish it was your portrait I was going to paint instead of hers."

It was on the tip of her tongue to ask, "Why do you wish that?" but, happening to glance at his face, she saw the same look in his eyes that had troubled her before. She dropped her lids and looked another way. There was a moment's awkward silence. Then she said, "I think I had better go and fetch Miss Collumpton. She promised to follow me at once;" and with that she got out of the room.

Left alone, Clem went back at once to his examination of the prints and sketches on the walls. But he saw them without seeing them, and could remember nothing of them afterward. He had caught Love's fever, and the symptoms were declaring themselves already. He was standing before a little sketch by Stanfield and smiling fatuously, as though there was something comical about it, which there certainly was not. When the patient takes to smiling in this purposeless way it is looked upon by those learned in such matters as a very bad sign.

About a week previously, as he was coming up to town, a young lady—the young lady who had just left the room—got into the same carriage, a second-class one, at Tring, in which he was already seated. He was not aware that she had been driven to take refuge in the second-class on account of the first-class seats being all occupied. They were presently joined by a cad of a fellow, who was evidently half-drunk, and just as evidently determined to talk to the pretty girl on the opposite seat, whether she liked it or not. At length the annoyance reached such a pitch, and the lady became so plainly distressed, that Clem, whose blood had been simmering for some time, felt called upon to interfere. Thereupon the cad turned on our friend like a young bear, and growled out something about wise people minding their own business, adding a certain epithet which had better have been left unspoken. The result was that before he knew what had happened he found himself lying in a heap in a corner of the carriage, with a discolored eye and a bruised nose, and a feeling as if a fifth of November cracker had exploded in his head. The train was slackening speed at the time, and as soon as it stopped the wounded knight scrambled out of the carriage, holding his handkerchief to his nose and muttering something about fetching the police. But he was seen no more. The rest of the journey came to an end far too soon for Clem. When he alighted at Euston the young lady was at once taken possession of by an elderly lady, while Clem rushed off in search of his portmanteau. But Clem had not forgotten the sweet face of his travelling companion. Being an artist, what more natural than that he should attempt to sketch it from memory as soon as he reached home, and not once but twenty times.

"What do you mean by neglecting your Academy picture in this way?" Tony Macer had fiercely demanded three days later. "And what do you mean, sir, by drawing the same simpering face from morn till eve and grinning to yourself all the time like a jackass in a fit? You've been idiot enough to go and fall in love, have you? By Apelles! I thought you had; I would take you *vi et armis*, and hold you under the back-kitchen tap for half an hour, and see whether that wouldn't cool your foolish brain!"

This threat of Tony must be taken *cum grano*, seeing that he was only about four feet eight inches high and had the arms of a girl of sixteen, whereas his friend Clem could easily have lifted him up with one hand and hurled him across the room. But Tony's objurgations did Clem good, and he was fast regaining his interest in mutton-chops, bitter-beer, and the progress of his picture, when the deplorable meeting we have just recorded took place, and all hopes of his convalescence were at once scattered to the winds.

The siren who was the cause of all this commotion in our young painter's heart, having shut the door behind her, ran quickly upstairs and burst into a tiny boudoir, where another young lady, also dressed in black, was sitting calmly at work.

"Mora! Mora! what do you think? This Mr. Clement Fildew, whose godpapa has sent here to paint my portrait, turns out to be the same gentleman who took my part in the train the other day when that man insulted me so dreadfully. Is it not strange that we should meet again in this way, and so soon afterward?"

"Very strange, indeed. But such coincidences happen oftener in real life than many people imagine."

"But the strangest part is to come, dear. Mr. Fildow doesn't take me for myself, but for you."

"How can he take you for me, Cecilia, when he and I have never seen each other?"

"I mean that he doesn't take me for Miss Collumpton. He believes me to be somebody else living under the same roof with that paragon."

"But why did you not undeceive him the moment you discovered his mistake?"

"I don't intend to undeceive him just yet; it is such fun to be mistaken for somebody else."

"But you can not keep him in ignorance much longer. He has come here to take your portrait."

"I'll tell you what I mean to do, Mora—it came into my head while I was talking to him; I mean to introduce you to Mr. Fildow as Cecilia Collumpton, and myself as Mora Browne, your companion and friend. He can then take your portrait, as well as mine."

Miss Browne's large blue eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Good gracious! Cecilia, what madcap scheme will you take into your head next?"

"I don't know what my next scheme will be, but I think this one will be immense fun, and I trust to your friendship to enable me to carry it out."

"Of course you may trust me for anything; you know that quite well. But what will your aunt say, and what, in the name of goodness, will Lady Loughton say, should either of them hear of it? They would never forgive me for my share in the deception."

"I don't mean either of them to know anything about it. Surely you and I can keep our little plot to ourselves."

"Your scheme frightens me, I must confess. It seems so terribly audacious."

"In its audacity lies our security. Besides, what is there to be afraid of? You certainly look the heiress more than I do. And for myself it will be a fresh experience—something altogether novel and delightful—to be talked to and treated, not as a young woman with so many thousands a year, but—but—"

"As her humble friend and companion," interposed Miss Browne, with the slightest tinge of bitterness in her tone. "As one who esteems herself passing rich on eighty pounds a year."

"Forgive me, dear," said Cecilia, contritely. "I had no intention of hurting your feelings."

"I know it, dear, I know it. Don't say another word. And now I am at your service, although I am afraid you have hardly considered how foolish we shall both look when we have to face the necessity of an explanation."

"I don't at all see why we should look foolish. You may leave me to arrange all that." Miss Browne shook her head, but offered no further opposition in words.

Cecilia Collumpton had stated no more than the truth when she said that Mora Browne looked far more like an heiress than she did—that is, taking the common idea of what an heiress ought to look like. For Mora was tall, fair, and stately, with large, limpid blue eyes, and a wealth of golden hair. Her figure had the ample proportions of a youthful Juno, but, as all her movements seemed timed to slow music, there was no perceptible lack of harmony. She had a cold, clear, incisive voice, and a slight hauteur of manner, which, in her case, was not affectation, seeing that it was natural to her, and not put on. She was the daughter of a rector, who had ruined himself and his family by some mad speculations in mining shares. Although she was Cecilia's dearest friend, and had known her since girlhood, she would not come to live with her except on the footing of a paid companion, to whom, and by whom, a month's notice could at any time be given. But none the less had Mora an intense detestation of poverty and all its surroundings, and years ago she had made up her mind that if she were ever to marry, it should be only to some man of ample fortune, who could afford to keep her as she felt she ought to be kept.

Cecilia Collumpton at this time was just twenty-two years old. She was a brunette, and rather petite in figure. She had a small, classically shaped head, a straight, clear-cut nose, and eyes of the darkest gray, with gleams of opaline light in them whenever she was at all excited. She was quick, vivacious and emotional, and brimful of spirit and energy. She was easily imposed upon. A tale of distress brought tears to her eyes in a moment, and she never paused to inquire whether it was a reality or a sham before bringing out her purse. She was fond of riding, but loved a wild scamper across the downs far more than a regulation canter in the park. Her aunt called her "undisciplined," and Lady Houghton termed her "a hoydon," while Slingsby Boscombe, in some verses he once addressed to her—the feet of which, truth to tell, halted so wofully that Sir Percy Jones, who happened to come across them one day, gave it as his opinion that they must have been composed by a cripple—wrote of her as his "sweet wild rose," and yet Slingsby had never been in love with her.

Miss Browne, followed by Cecilia, sailed slowly into the room where Clement was waiting. He broke the reverie with a start, and advanced a few steps to meet them. "You are Mr. Fildow?" said Mora. Clement bowed. "And you have called respecting a portrait which Sir Percy Jones has commissioned you to paint?"

"Yes, Sir Percy asked me to call without delay, as his time in England was now getting very short. I am desirous of knowing what days and at what hours it will be convenient for you to give me the requisite sittings."

Mora put a finger to her lips and considered for a moment.

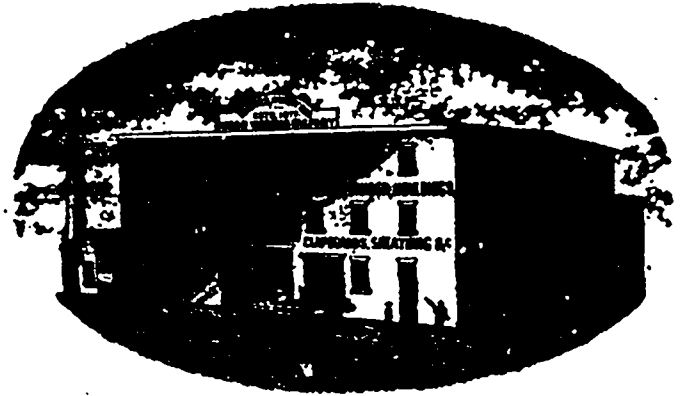
"To-day is Tuesday. Suppose we say Thursday next, at eleven, for the first sitting. We can arrange for future sittings afterward. Will that suit you, Mr. Fildow?"

(To be continued.)

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MINING.

OUR COAL INDUSTRY.

To the Editor of the Critic:—

Sir,—I do not intend to be drawn into a controversy upon the operations of the National Policy—at all events, not in the columns of your excellent paper. It is quite evident that the writer of your Mining Notes is a believer in the National Policy, and has ample confidence in the ultimate success of the attempt to build up a healthy and profitable trade between Nova Scotia and the Upper Provinces. This is a point of radical difference between us. It is quite enough for the present for me to reiterate my settled conviction that this is an impracticable and losing game. The results of experience, so far, are on my side. Here we may let the matter rest.

But I am compelled to ask the use of your columns for a brief space, for the purpose of contradicting and disproving a charge made against the present Local Government. You suggest that I should induce my colleagues to repeal the obnoxious legislation of the Session of 1885, which places new burdens on proprietors of coal mines. No such oppressive legislation was passed in 1885, nor last Session. According to the Statute, the Royalties were fixed at nine and seven-tenths cents per ton on round coal. It had been fixed at sixpence, or ten cents; but the change to Canada currency in 1871 reduced it to nine and seven-tenths cents. The coal leases expressly stipulated that until the expiry of the leases in 1886, no change should be made in the amount of Royalties charged.

But, in the development of the trade, some mines found it advantageous to sell their coal according to the run of the mine, without screening to separate the round coal from the slack. There was no alternative, therefore, but to charge Royalty on the whole amount sold, at the regular rates upon round coal. This was considered oppressive, and injurious to the trade. In order to remedy this defect, the Government submitted to the Legislature a measure in the Session of 1885, fixing the Royalty on the whole amount of coal taken from the mine at *seven and a half cents per ton*. There was surely nothing oppressive about this. But in order that there should be no complaint that the terms of the leases were in the slightest degree changed, the Act expressly provides that no Mining Company shall be bound to accept the Act, but all may have the option of paying according to the original scale.

I think, therefore, you will see there was not a pretense of foundation for the imputation that the Government imposed any new burdens of any kind upon the Coal Mining industry. On the contrary, recognizing the altered conditions of the trade, they promptly introduced measures to meet the conveniences of those more particularly affected.

I am not aware that the present or any other Provincial Government have ever intimated any intention of increasing the Royalty on coal. The Government are most friendly disposed to the industry, and most anxious to promote its prosperity. I would be delighted to see this system of collecting Royalties abolished. But you will, perhaps, permit me to say, that this can only become a practical question, when the Federal Government put at the disposal of the Local administration a sum sufficient to carry on the affairs of the Province with efficiency. A few years ago, the Sister Province of New Brunswick was augmenting her Local revenues by the imposition of a stumpage tax. The amount collected was, if I remember accurately, only a little over \$60,000 the last year. This was felt to be oppressive to the lumbering industry, and the tax was commuted by the Dominion Government at \$150,000 a year for all time to come.

The Coal Royalties of Nova Scotia yield a much larger revenue, and while the stumpage dues were a diminishing source of income, the Coal Royalties of Nova Scotia are increasing, and we hope will expand much more. If the Federal administration were justified in commuting the stumpage tax of New Brunswick on such handsome terms, possibly some one will point out some reason why they would not be equally justified in giving the same measure of relief to the coal industry of Nova Scotia on terms as liberal to this Province.

Halifax, Sept. 20th, 1886.

J. W. LONGLEY.

PHOSPHATE INDUSTRY.—The phosphate industry of Ontario is steadily increasing in importance, and the outlook has been greatly improved by the last report of Mr. Hotchkiss, United States Consul for the district of Ottawa. He has opened the eyes of the American consumers to the fact that the phosphate imported from Germany and other parts of Europe was simply the crude Canadian phosphate, mixed with the poorer phosphate of those countries, and prepared by means of sulphuric acid; then shipped to the United States, and sold at a cheaper rate than the Canadian phosphate could be bought at. The Americans now find that they can import the crude Canadian phosphate, and treat it with the sulphuric acid largely produced there, and thereby get a cheaper article than they can import from Germany. The result has been a great revival of the Canadian phosphate trade, and orders are flowing in at a rate that proves the industry is bound to assume immense proportions.

The probabilities are that there are large deposits of phosphates in Nova Scotia. The Inspector of Mines, in his last Report (page 5) says:—"Future researches will probably disclose other valuable minerals; thus the Precambrian rocks of Cape Breton, like their counterparts in Quebec and Ontario, may yield phosphates, plumbago, asbestos, etc., in addition to the iron and copper ores already known to exist in them."

Cape Breton offers a tempting field to the prospector, and we may be called on any day to chronicle the fact that rich stores of phosphates have been found in that locality.

PROSPECTS BRIGHTENING.—The gold mining outlook grows brighter and brighter every day. New finds are frequently reported, and best of all the

capital to develop them is at once forthcoming. The find at Malaga Lake in Queens County is likely to prove one of the richest in the Province, but unfortunately it seems destined to undergo the same trials as a famous Salmon River mine. Rival claimants are in the field, and as the property is undoubtedly very rich, a settlement will hardly be reached without an appeal to the courts. Under the system at present in vogue of taking up mining claims, it is the easiest thing in the world to put in a bogus application and force properties into litigation. No capitalist will look at a mining property in the title to which there is the slightest suspicion of a flaw, and, taking advantage of this, unprincipled men make a contest on the most frivolous pretext and often succeed, where the real owner is anxious to sell, in forcing a compromise and getting an entirely unmerited share of the mine. This business has been reduced almost to a science, and if not put a stop to in some way, is bound to do immense harm to the gold mining industry. We do not know that these remarks apply to the Malaga Lake contest, as we are not familiar with the points at issue, but we do know that similar tactics have succeeded in numerous other cases.

A radical cure must be found for the evil, and we would almost favor making it a penal offense to put in a bogus claim to a mine. In most cases it is simply an attempt to extort money through false pretenses, and should be punished accordingly. A party contesting should be obliged not only to furnish security for costs in case he failed in the suit, but also security for any damage that the owner incurred through the contest. This alone would prevent any but *bona fide* claims being raised. Time is everything to a mine owner, and any disputes should be adjudicated upon at once, and it might be well to have them referred to a mixed board of Arbitrators, composed of mining experts and Judges of the Supreme Court, where decisions in all cases should be final. When the Mining Association is organized, this subject should be one of the first to demand attention. It is an easy matter to drive capital away from a country, but a most difficult matter to restore confidence where it has once been lost. Outside of this one cloud of litigation, the mining horizon is clear. The capitalists now investing their money in this Province are also practical miners, and are not to be made the dupes of dishonest men. The day of the cunning mine manipulator has gone by and the best proof of the value of the gold mining industry in Nova Scotia lies in the fact that mines are now bought and sold solely on their merits.

At Crows Nest Mr. McKenzie is continuing his work on the slate lead, which is showing well, and has opened a new lead about 75 feet south, which shows gold freely.

At Goldenville, Mr. Williams has succeeded in bottoming the old German pit on the New York property, and the appearance of the bottom of the shaft is encouraging.

Mr. Jas. A. Fraser, M. P. P., is working in the Pactolus ground, and is driving to the east. It is considered that a large body of good ore lies before the face of the levels.

A little work is being done on the Mundic lead on the old Wellington property, but the general aspect of this once flourishing district is very dull.

The Salmon River mines continue busy as usual, and about seventy men are employed in mining quartz and milling it in the big crusher, which keeps thirty-eight stamps going steadily.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week, fire was discovered in one of the engine buildings at Albert Mines, Albert Co., and in a short time five buildings were destroyed by the flames, namely: The engine house, with two engines in it, one blacksmith shop, the carpenter shop, a dwelling and storehouse. In the latter building there were 8,000 cedar shingles, other lumber, sleds, punge, and a lot of tools destroyed. There was no insurance on the buildings, and the loss cannot be correctly estimated until Capt. Henry Calhoun returns from St. John. The loss of these buildings makes the mines look rather forsaken, and it is generally believed that their destruction is due to the act of an incendiary, as yet unknown.

The "Blockhouse Gold Field" has gained some notoriety. During the past week quite a number of gentlemen have been prospecting and found good sights. We understand that about 150 acres have been taken up in this district. Mr. Foster of Halifax was in the Bay last week and made Messrs. Millett & Co., a good offer for their claim. Good specimens were found on this property last week, but the best specimens found yet are from the property owned by Jos. A. Mills.—*Lunenburg Progress*.

GOLD.—A company has been formed at Brooklyn to work the lead recently discovered on the Stoutly property at Point Pleasant, and it is reported that the parties interested are sanguine that their labors will be crowned with success.—*Liverpool Advance*.

Have you struck a lead.

Mining stock is booming.

Look out for Prospectors.

The woods are alive with them.

The boulders are getting a shaking.—*Liverpool Times*.

MAHON BAY—SPONDO GOLD PROPERTY.—We are glad to correct an error in regard to this property, which occurred in THE CRITIC of the 3rd September. One of the original owners writes us that the property was not lost to them, but still remains in their possession. We had been informed that the original owners had been a day too late in taking up their property, and we felt too glad to find that the report was untrue. The lead is over eleven feet in width, and from reports of the yield of the quartz, tested in Yarmouth, it should prove one of the richest mines in the Province.

THE MARITIME PATRON, AND ORGAN OF THE Maritime Provincial Grange—Patrons of Husbandry.

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

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

In the last issue of the Maritime Patron was published the Declaration of Purposes of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry. We trust that the principles, purposes and aims of our Order, as therein declared, have been carefully examined by, and have received the unqualified approval of, all thoughtful readers of this journal; that those who are eligible by occupation and interest will be impelled to unite with us; and that our Order will gain the moral support of those who, while (unfortunately) ineligible for membership, must approve of our principles, purposes and aims.

A word here with reference to our "Business Relations." All whom the farmer feeds, and for whom he furnishes the raw material for clothing—with the exception of those who make their living by passing raw or manufactured products from the producer to the consumer—must readily admit that "a surplus of middlemen" must diminish the profits of the producer on the one hand, and on the other must increase the cost of products to the consumer, and therefore that the more intimate the relations of the producer and the consumer, the better for both.

It is no less evident that middle-men or agents acting between the farmer and the manufacturer, must increase the cost of the farmer's supplies, and indirectly the cost of farm products. That the interests of the producer and the consumer are identical, not conflicting, as is too generally assumed—must be an axiom of political economy, Agriculture being the prime producer—essential to and at the bases of all production, in fact—it is but another form or presentation of this axiom, to state that every individual is directly and intimately interested in whatever is calculated to promote the welfare of agriculture and the prosperity of the farmer.

We have invited attention especially to the "Business Relations" of the Grange, because that is very generally regarded as being the unsound plank in the platform of the Order, and we have endeavored to show that not only is this plank sound, and that without it our platform would be deficient as one on which farmers should stand, but also that in endeavoring "to bring producers and consumers, farmers and manufacturers into the most direct and friendly relations possible" by "dispensing with a surplus of middlemen," the Grange is laboring in the interests of all consumers.

It will be said by our opponents that we might as well try to direct the winds, or to alter or work against the laws of Nature, as to change the established laws of business and commerce, or to divert these from their time-worn channels. It will be argued also that middlemen and agents are not only a useful, but a positively essential part of the machinery that passes products from the producer or manufacturer to the consumer or user. Well, let us admit this—let us admit that the very existence of middlemen and agents in the machinery of trade is *prima facie* evidence that they have been found an essential, if costly, part of that machinery. We admit that the manufacturer cannot profitably be his own agent—that to ensure ubiquity for his wares, he must employ not only the ubiquitous advertisement, but also the ubiquitous agent. We admit also that the wholesale dealer cannot without grievous loss to, and disarrangement of his business—break bulk or cut pieces, or allow of the picking and choosing incident to a retail business, and upon and for which the retailer calculates and abundantly allows. We admit too that it is a positive advantage in many cases to the farmer to dispose of his surplus products to his nearest trader who will take his "truck" and supply his wants. "Every man to his own trade" is a good precept. The farmer's time is worth more to him on his farm than at market—the one he knows, the other he *thinks* he knows. But, we do not propose to do away with middlemen, only the "surplus of middlemen," which are those who stand between us and the manufacturer or the consumer. We propose to deal both with the ultimate consumer and the manufacturer through our wholesale supply companies, to whose stores or markets Patrons may consign their produce, and from or through whom may be obtained, what is required direct from the manufacturer, or supplies in quantities to suit at wholesale rates. We may not in this way always get their supplies at lower prices than others who purchase from retailers or agents, but the Patron, bound by the ties and obligations and precepts of the Order, should be sure of honest dealing, of getting what he wants of the best quality and at the lowest price over cost and charges, and a fair price for his produce. This we claim is not a "cheap Jack" system of business, a scheme for robbing middlemen and agents of their legitimate rights and profits, but a fair, straightforward, and if properly conducted, eminently advantageous and satisfactory method of trading for Patrons; and no less advantageous and satisfactory for manufacturers and for the consumers of Patrons' products. Let it be distinctly understood that we defend and advocate a principle and a purpose of our Order, not any particular company that may undertake to put that principle into practice, and carry out that purpose. At the same time we say to Patrons. If brothers and sisters have, for the sake of carrying out the trading principles, and perfecting the commercial relations of the Order, risked capital to start a wholesale supply store, you should consider yourself bound to take advantage of the facilities thus supplied, not only for the sake of the capital risked, but also that this as an institution of the Order should be a success. Patrons should in all their dealings, but, we were about to write, especially in the dealings which involve the credit of the Order, and the fair name of the Patron, remember the signet, "AN HONEST MAN IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD," we are,

however, ashamed of the thought that Patrons should have any other motive for or incentive to honesty than honesty itself and its inherent nobility. The name of Patron of Husbandry, should, in the markets of the world, be a guarantee of honesty, a guarantee that the produce offered for sale is as represented. This suggests the necessity of a system of grading produce, which will be treated of hereafter.

The Annual Grange and Farmer's Picnic, under the auspices of Hints Division Grange, was held, as advertized, on Tuesday 14th inst., at West Gore, and was in every respect a success. The number present was variably estimated at from six hundred to one thousand. Speeches were delivered by Rev. W. J. Ancient, John Buras, Esq., of the Grange Wholesale Supply Co., Thos. Smith, Esq., of Windac, Henry Allison, Esq., M. P., Rev. Mr. Corey, and others. Remarks made by one of the speakers concerning the commercial relations of the Order, suggested the remarks in the Maritime Patron of this week.

WHEN TO CUT WHEAT AND OATS.—In order to determine just when wheat should be cut to obtain the best results in respect to the quality of the flour, we must understand what changes take place in the kernel after it is formed, and cut it at the right stage of development. When the grain is formed, it is simply a little sac filled with water, holding in solution a little sugar. If cut at this stage, the water would dry out, and the grain would shrivel up and be worthless. As it progresses, more sugar is formed, and a portion of it is changed into starch, the granules of which floating in the centres give it a white appearance, and the wheat is then said to be "in the milk." Next, gluten, which is the nutritious or flesh-forming principle, appears; it is this which makes the flour stick when kneaded into dough. As the process goes on, the starch and gluten increase, and the water and sugar diminish until the milk disappears, and the kernel is filled with a soft, dough-like substance. When the kernel arrives at this stage, the quicker the grain is cut the better will be the flour, for after this stage, if the wheat is allowed to remain uncut, the gluten diminishes, and the silicious matter increases until all the moisture is gone and the kernel becomes hard. Therefore, the time to cut the wheat is when the milk has all disappeared, and the kernel can be crushed by the thumb and finger; and other things being equal, the flour cannot fail to be good in quality, white, and nutritious. Oats should be cut as soon as the slightest change shows in the color of the straw immediately underneath the panicle, no matter how green the stem may be, and not be allowed to stand on the ground until they are dead ripe, as in that condition there is a great loss from the shed grain. When cut early they require a little longer in the stock, but the grain is quite matured, and the straw is then much more valuable for fodder. Farmers in Scotland and the north of England depend a great deal on the oat-straw for carrying their horses and cattle through the winter and use comparatively little hay. Green oat straw contains about as large a proportion of albuminous compounds as occurs on an average in ordinary meadow hay. When the oat-straw is allowed to get over-ripe before cutting, however, the amount of albuminous compounds dwindles down to about one-half. Over-ripe is, therefore, not only absolutely poorer in albuminous or flesh forming matter than greener straw, but it likewise contains these important constituents in a less soluble, and, therefore, less digestible form.—*Scottish Agricultural Gazette.*

SEASONABLE HINTS.—At the end of a season, when honey has been scarce, colonies are very likely to be stripped pretty closely of their honey, more particularly when the honey extractor is used, and when this is the case the colony must, as a matter of course, be fed to enable it to pass the winter in comfort. Many bee-keepers are of opinion that to feed the bees makes them lazy, than which there could scarcely be a greater error, as bees will not touch syrup or any other artificial food when honey is to be had. Other bee-keepers, while admitting the necessity of feeding, think it economy to give the colony barely sufficient to keep the bees alive until they can provide for themselves, but this is an error almost as serious as the other, as bees are in a continual state of uneasiness when not amply supplied with food. They leave the hive at unseasonable times in search of honey, and the result is a great loss of bee-life just at the time when they are most wanted. If the facts we have given are borne in mind, there can be no second opinion as to the advantages of feeding bees liberally at the close of the season in return for the surplus honey of which they have been deprived by the bee-keeper.

To provision a colony of bees for the winter, about twenty-five pounds of honey, or its equivalent, will be required. If the honey is in the comb, a fairly correct opinion may be formed as to whether there is sufficient if we take each comb when well filled and sealed as containing about four and a half pounds of honey, so that six store combs will be an ample supply. If there is little or no honey in the combs we must be prepared to give the colony about twenty pounds of good sugar (that at 2s. 4d a stone will do very well), which, with the water necessary to make it into syrup, will make up the desired weight. At this time of the year syrup should be made by stirring the sugar gradually into boiling water at the rate of four pounds of sugar to each quart of water, adding a few pinches of salt to prevent the sugar crystallizing.

The next question to be decided is the particular sort of feeder to be used. A very good one is the square pan feeder, which is cheap and easy to refill. A tolerably good feeder can be made by covering the feed hole with a piece of perforated zinc, or a piece of tin in which a few holes have been punched, will do very well; a pickle-jar is now filled with syrup, covered with a piece of muslin, inverted, and placed in that position standing on the perforated zinc. At the Kensington Bee Show, Mr. J. Hole, of Tarrington, Tedbury, exhibited a capital dummy feeder, which we intend to try.

Colonies which are at all weak should be strengthened by uniting two or

more, according to the instructions we have given from time to time. Where driven or condemned, bees can be bought for anything under eightpence a pound, they are well worth getting, either to strengthen existing colonies, or to make up new ones. In the latter case, about ten pounds of bees are required for each colony, and they must be hived on full sheets of comb foundation. Some difference of opinion exists as to the proper number of frames to be given to such colonies, but our rule is to give a frame of foundation for each pound of bees, and one frame extra. Colonies made up in this way must be fed liberally, and as rapidly as the bees are able to take the syrup.

Care must be taken that each colony has a fertile queen before going into winter quarters, as on this depends its existence. Any colony in which brood or eggs cannot be found, or in which the drones are allowed to live, may be set down as being queenless, and steps should be taken without delay to give it a queen, either by introducing one, or by uniting to it a sufficiency of bees having a queen amongst them.—*Exchange*.

BREAKING A COLT TO THE HALTER.—If the colt endeavors to pull away after the halter is on, you have to circumvent him by a little strategy. Take a common clothes-line rope and make a large slip-loop knot around the body, drawing it moderately tight, and pass the end up between the front legs through the halter. The reason for doing this is very apparent. He cannot understand how anything can pull the hind part of his body and his head at the same time; and on feeling the strain behind he will go forward, and thus you will accomplish your object without being compelled to use force. Taking this rope in the right hand and standing directly in front of the colt, say, in a decided manner, "Come here!" and at the same time pull the rope sharply. The colt will invariably move forward, and when he does so, caress him. Repeat this two or three times, until he will quickly move forward; then say, "Come here!"

Next, with the rope hitch him to the manger or to a post, and, standing in front of him, open and shut umbrellas, shake buffalo robes and heat tins pans—in fact, make as much noise as possible without touching him. Of course he cannot think of two things at once, and the rope tied around him behind catches him by surprise, and he will end by giving up trying to get away when he finds that he is freer from pain when he is quiet and still than when jerking his head. For a very nervous horse put the rope as far forward as possible around the body. This treatment can be applied until he is thoroughly halter-broken. The same arrangement is the most successful one in existence for halter pullers, and is also a most valuable assistant in leading a horse behind a wagon. How many people are at their wits' ends continually when on a long ride with a horse tied to the carriage behind—and yet this simple invention would prevent it all, and they would not be obliged to even give the horse a thought.—*American Agriculturist for July*.

DO VARIETIES RUN OUT?—By the popular phrase "running out," as applied to fruits, is commonly meant loss of vitality, quality, or fruitfulness. That some varieties have lost one or more of these qualities when grown in other localities by some men, seems very clear. That the same varieties, when grown in other localities by other men, are as perfect in fruit and foliage as ever, is equally clear. It would seem, then, that the question of deterioration is largely one of soil or treatment. It is quite natural for a fruit-grower to plant in better soil and take better care of strawberry plants that cost him thirty-six dollars, than if they cost him but two dollars and a half a thousand. It is just as natural for him to become less and less careful of the new varieties as they become more common. If careful selection and cultivation improve, it must also be true that neglect will deteriorate. The plants in a strawberry patch if allowed to do so will become matted together, each runner producing from two to five plants. The further they are from the parent plant, the weaker will the new plants become. These end plants are smaller, less vigorous than the larger, and if planted a deterioration must be the result. In a propagation bed the runners should be cut off after the second plant has formed. This will place a great check upon deterioration.—*American Agriculturist*.

The art of feeding stock for profit through the winter is learned only by practice. Most farmers are satisfied if they get the manure clear for their profit, but it is quite possible to make a good money profit if the cattle or sheep are well selected, well fed, and well disposed of. These three requisites imply a great deal, not only as regards feeding, but also in regard to business management in buying and selling. As a rule, two-year-olds that are thrifty and in fair condition pay best for feeding with hay and grain through the winter, as the feeder gains not only by the weight made, but in the advanced price procured for the finished cattle. But a novice will be wise in starting easy in the business with the benefit of advice from some experienced feeder. The staple grain food is corn, which at the present prices is cheaper than either linseed or cottonseed oil meals. Fifteen pounds of cornmeal a day is more than any two-year-old will eat with profit; 8 pounds is a fair ratio and 12 pounds a full one.—*N. Y. Times*.

The cheapest disinfectant is dry earth, and a supply should be secured during a dry time. Dry earth does not mean dry sand, but a good, strong loam. No matter how dry the surface of the soil may appear to be, it never becomes perfectly dry, as more or less moisture will come up from below by capillary attraction. To completely dry the earth, a drying platform of old boards should be constructed, upon which the surface soil may be thrown; being cut off from all moisture from below, a few hours of exposure to the sun will dry it completely. It should then be run through a sieve or riddle to remove stones and trash, and the fine earth placed in barrels or boxes, and stored under cover. Lay in an abundance, for use in henhouses, or wherever an unpleasant odor is to be stopped.

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