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The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

1.50 PER ANNUM.
SINGLE COPY 3 CTS.

HALIFAX, N. S., AUGUST 12, 1887.

{ VOL. 4.
No. 32

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THE CRITIC,

Published every Friday, at 161 Hollis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia,

BY

CRITIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Edited by C. F. FRASER.

Subscription \$1.50 per annum in advance. Single copies 3 cents.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE.

Remittances should be made to A. M. FRASER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We doubt if it is universally known that Professor Tyndall, whose "unrivalled power of clear exposition, and of investing abstruse subjects with new interests by the charm of his style and the lucidity of his direction, has rendered him so potent an educator of his generation," is an Irishman.

The case of Baron Lilliere, a Frenchman who desires to become a citizen of the United States, has evoked much discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies. France holds that no citizen of the French Republic can swear allegiance to a foreign power without first obtaining leave from the Government at Paris, but all the same the Baron is taking out his naturalization papers and means to be an American even if he has to remain a Frenchman.

Peter the Great tried to accustom his sailors to drink salt water, so that in case of emergency they would not die from thirst. The experiment, it is needless to say, proved a failure, and caused the death of most of the sailors. Dr. Allinson, writing to the *Weekly Times* and *Echo*, protests against the use of salt by human beings, claiming that it is an unnatural taste that leads to overeating, and that in its mineral state it is positively injurious to the system. Those who do not agree with Dr. Allinson can take his opinion with a grain of salt.

There is no use in disguising the fact that there is vastly more ill humor going in summer than in winter. Vexations that in December, January, February or some other months that are windy or snowclad would scarcely cause a wrinkle in the brow, in June, July, August and a goodly portion of September cause much more demonstration. The prevailing heat is often added to, in fact, by the warmth of those who are any way harassed. Yes, the truth of it cannot be denied, there is much more wickedness of this kind abroad in summer than in winter.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Lake Foo Chang in China now occupies the site of what was once a thickly populated country. About two hundred years ago natural gas was discovered in the district and many borings were made, by some unaccountable means the flame of the gas, which was lighted at the surface, was drawn into the magazine below, causing an explosion such as human beings never before heard. Several millions of people are said to have been destroyed, and the face of the country entirely altered. A correspondent writing to "Iron" asks what precautions are being taken to prevent the occurrence of a similar catastrophe in the United States, and calls for a meeting of Congress to deal with the matter.

It is curious to note the scarcely veiled pleasure taken by a large portion of the American press in the depreciation of Great Britain. The Philadelphia *American* indulges in a leader a column long, which it heads—"The First Milestone in England's Decadence." Well, prediction has never been a very safe business, and it is quite possible "the end is not yet."

France is beginning to understand that brute force, backed up with shot and shell, is not always the most effective colonizing and civilizing agency, and she has, therefore, made a new departure with respect to her domain in Senegambia. Schools under government control have been established through the country, in which the sons and daughters of the Chiefs and principal men are being educated free of expense to their parents. The experiment will unquestionably prove a success, and the next generation among the Senegambians will look to Paris as their Mecca.

Little by little France and Germany are adding to their military encumbrances. The French Chamber of Deputies has passed the Mobilization bill, which will put more troops in the field. A bill has also been prescribed proposing the formation of a corps of 30,000 men, especially to protect the Italian frontiers in the event of Italy assisting Germany against France. On the German side much military activity is reported at Metz. The enlarging of forts and evolutions of troops are proceeding constantly. Work is conducted at night by the aid of the electric light. The balloon department is experimenting with a view of trying the destructive effect of dynamite hurled down upon forts from a balloon.

We have received a copy of the *Youth's Companion* containing a story entitled "Indians Devils," which was written by Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, and which was awarded the second prize of \$250. The story relates the experiences of the professor and his friend while on a canoeing expedition in the Squatook country, in the heart of the north New Brunswick wilderness, and describes the manner in which they defeated the purposes of two evil eyed Indians, and disposed of a panther or Indian devil, which was prowling near their camp. Aside from the thrilling adventures, the chief charm of the story lies in the graphic description of the scenery, and in the natural and graceful manner in which new topics are introduced.

New Yorkers are becoming fastidious as to their dining saloons. They are no longer satisfied to step down into the gas-lighted cellar apartments, which, however artistic the appointments or well-cooked the dinners, always had a close, oppressive feeling, and tended to make the diners bolt their meals, in order that they might hurry into the sunlight. Now the fashionable restaurants are in the top stories of high buildings, which are made easy of access by elevators. Here, in the eleventh or twelfth story, the anxious business man can take in the surrounding view, and while he is enjoying his dinner can gaze upon the Brooklyn heights or Bartholdi's Statue, or upon some other interesting view. Soup seasoned with sunlight scenery should stimulate the stomach, and prepare it for heavier and less easily digested food.

The Philadelphia Ledger's recapitulation of its local obituary columns for the last six months savors of the Old Testament chapters. It shows that longevity, so to speak, is not dying out in the big town of Delaware. The mortuary announcements of persons who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eighty years numbered 466, of whom 181 were men and 285 were women. A similar record for the first six months of 1886 contains a total of 448. The demise of four male and four female centenarians is recorded thus far this year. One of these reached the age of 104 and another 105. How many well preserved Philadelphians there may be who are buoyantly scaling their twelfth or thirteen decade does not appear. But it is comforting to thinking that the old gentleman who heard the historic peal of the Liberty Bell is still numerously among us. The statistics likewise show that the Ledger has a clientele old enough to know a good thing when they see it.—*N. Y. World*.

The Manitobans have evidently not been frightened by the disallowance of their Railway Acts on the part of the Dominion Government. They have long suffered from the high freight charges upon the C. P. railway, and have set themselves the task of breaking this monopoly, cost what it may. Judging from a perusal of a pamphlet recently issued by authority of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, Manitoba wheat is handicapped in the British markets to the extent of fifteen cents per bushel, as compared with wheat grown upon the same meridian in the United States. In addition to which, the Manitoba farmer has to pay enormous freight charges upon lumber and coal, which greatly increase the cost of production. The chief point at issue is, whether the monopoly clause in the charter of the C. P. Company, which forbids the construction of lines to the U. S. boundary, can, constitutionally, be enforced in Manitoba. Its application to the Northwest Territories is admitted, but in Manitoba, which had previously obtained a provincial charter, it may or may not be applied.

THE DELIGHTS OF SUMMER IN HALIFAX.

There are fewer places offering greater attractions to tourists than Halifax and its delightful surroundings. The cool weather of the summer months alone draws hundreds of visitors, anxious to escape the prostrating heat in the States. Most of these find strength and health in the cool ocean breezes, and return home delighted with the climate, but with very poor opinions of the facilities for getting about, and the information in regard to local points of interest at the traveller's command. While every moment of their time might be pleasantly employed in excursions by land or water, many monotonous hours are passed in the hotels or in visiting the same places day after day, while, if properly directed, they might spend weeks in this city and vicinity, and still have been unable to exhaust the many sources of recreation and amusement that are so bountifully provided.

Having visited the gardens and taken in the magnificent view from the citadel; having driven through the park and around the arm; having gone aboard the men-of-war, and made a rapid inspection of the troops in barracks, they generally consider that they have "done" the city, and then depart to spend the greater part of their time in some picturesque country town, where the inhabitants vie with each other in showing attentions to their guests, and where boating, fishing and driving, pleasant company, balls and parties cause the time to pass in a round of healthy amusements, and Halifax to them seems dull and stupid in comparison. In reality, it would be hard to find a place where the pursuit of pleasure has become more systematized than here; and let a visitor once be admitted within the charmed social circles, and he will be forced to admit that Halifaxians know how to enjoy themselves, and to wonder how they ever find time to work. Cricket matches are of almost daily occurrence, and at least two or three a week are of sufficient importance to draw crowds of the fair sex, who, although fiercely chaperoned, manage to indulge in any amount of chaff at the expense of their numerous male admirers. Yachting, boating on the harbor, lobster spearing along the banks of the arm by torchlight, lawn tennis, garden parties, five o'clock teas, balls, military and naval reviews, base ball, walks, drives, picnics, and what not, furnish a constant round of mild dissipation, and theatres, concerts, and operas have, as a consequence, great difficulty in obtaining audiences. Drives and walks are innumerable, and most of them end at some favorite resort a few miles out of the city. Crossing the ferry to Dartmouth, a drive of some nine miles down the Eastern Passage Road towards the mouth of the harbor, leads to Cow Bay, where a fine sandy beach provides unequalled surf bathing. In any other country, a large summer hotel would give accommodation to hundreds of guests, but the Moshers, who own the beach and adjacent land, demand such high prices for their property that capitalists will not invest, and, as a consequence, limited but excellent accommodation is provided in the various farm houses owned by them. Returning from the Bay, the Cole Harbor route should be taken, a slight deviation being made to visit the dyke, where, when the sea trout are running there is excellent sport, and which, at the proper season, is a favorite resort for wild geese and ducks. A drive of three or four miles brings one to Mrs. Walker's, a well-known resort on Salmon River, and here spring chickens, etc., not to be equalled elsewhere, are to be obtained, if required. Dartmouth is now distant seven miles by the main coach road, and when reached, the circuit of a most picturesque country has been made. Isnor, of Dartmouth, runs a coach to Cow Bay, and tourists would find this a delightful and inexpensive way of making the trip. Another favorite drive starting from Dartmouth, is along the beautiful Dartmouth lakes to Waverley, thence to Bedford and around the Basin to Halifax. The celebrated Montague gold fields are only some three miles from this road, and would well repay a visit. Waverley has now a large stock of ready-made, but empty houses, the gold excitement under which it sprung up, as if by magic, having for the present been transferred to other districts. A gold mine and mill in full operation, as at Montague, are not often to be seen in such close proximity to a city. Porter's Lake is sixteen miles from Halifax, and is reached *via* Dartmouth by the regular post road. Innumerable lakes, which at certain seasons afford good trout fishing, surround the city in all directions. Clear as crystal, they generally nestle in the valleys, but often are found on the tops of hills. Surrounded by fragrant spruce and hemlock woods, their calm surfaces only broken by the rising trout, there is an air of restful quietness in their neighborhood which lures one to spend hours in wrapt contemplation. A favorite drive to the west of Halifax is out the Margaret's Bay road to Wilson's, six miles, where a party can be royally entertained, and best of all, at a most reasonable rate. The rocking stone should certainly not be overlooked. It is on Kidson's farm, four miles from the city, and would make a capital picnic ground. Herring Cove, Prospect, Sambro, and the towns along the west side of the harbor are reached by branches from the Margaret's Bay road, and a day could be spent in visiting each. Here the visitor will encounter the hardy fisherman, and will find him the soul of hospitality. In fact, drive which way you will from Halifax, the road will be found interesting, and in most cases, give glimpses of fine scenery. Where there is a party, they should by all means combine and secure the tally-ho coach, which Mr. Bothwell has with commendable enterprise placed at the disposal of the public on most reasonable terms. Think of the delights of being whirled along by a four-in-hand, and of the splendid view to be obtained from the elevated position on the outside seats of the coach. Pedestrians will find the roads around the city most excellent to walk upon. With no dust and quickly drying mud the walker finds himself striding along the hard roads, and leaving mile after mile behind him with comparatively little exertion. Starting from Halifax, a walk of some twenty miles completes the circuit of the Basin. Bedford is half way, and very few pedestrians manage to pass Beech's. His hotel is one of the best kept houses in the Province, and as a caterer it would be difficult to surpass him. Most pedestrians start out to walk

right around the Basin, but after one of Beech's dinners, they generally break down, and are glad to return into town on the evening train, thoroughly delighted with their trip.

The Dartmouth lakes, the Harbor, Arm and Basin, furnish the canoeist with extensive practice ground. The oarsman delights to get "his sweetheart" into his boat, and row her to McNab's Island or round the flag ship while the band is playing. What an advantage he has over the rest of mankind in popping the question, as what girl would dare refuse a man, who might in his chagrin send them both to the bottom.

Excursions by steamer to Bedford, McNab's Island, and up the Arm, are frequent and cheap, and the harbor offers superior inducements to yachtmen. In fact, if our hotel proprietors had the time to direct the tourists to half the places of interest in Halifax and its vicinity, they would (the tourists) have to return several seasons in succession, in order to exhaust the great attractions provided, instead of (as many do at present) spending only a few days, and then flying to the country.

STRUGGLING AND KICKING.

Mr. Gladstone continues, to the distress of those who would gladly maintain their old opinion of his integrity, to furnish evidence that he has allowed the mortification of defeat to exercise a deteriorating effect on his loftiness of purpose. This obliquity has been strongly evinced with painful frequency in his distortions of history, and in the gratuitous and discursive nature of the inferences he draws from them. In a speech lately addressed to a group of his American admirers, he spoke once more of "the long, mournful, and almost, though not quite uniformly, disgraceful period of 700 years, during which we have been responsible for the affairs of Ireland." If it were not palpable that Mr. Gladstone's lust of popularity has driven him to seek for it in all directions, unrestrained by any sense of dignity, fitness, or patriotic feeling, it might be supposed that the practicalness of an "old parliamentary hand" would deter him from the superfluously mischievous course of raking up ancient wrongs for which, as has been shown in these columns, at least two generations of liberal English politicians have endeavored to atone.

Even if this were not so, the present generation is not responsible for acts of injustice committed by its forefathers; and to dwell upon them for party purposes—for it is impossible to ascribe the references to them to higher motives—is not only useless, but tends, by adding fuel to ferocious passions, to throw formidable obstacles in the way of the true and lasting union between the two peoples which it should be the aim of a conscientious and enlightened statesman to promote by every means in his power. If the common sense of the Scotch were not too strong, too sound, and too solid, to be stirred by claptrap, one might fancy Mr. Gladstone dwelling, to a Scottish audience, on the Flodden Field, or the oppressions of Edward the First. The same high-handed monarch was by no means tender of his Welsh conquest, and it is, perhaps, to be wondered at, that the G. O. M. has not (so far as we know) essayed to stir the Kymrie soul by the pathos of that historical event.

A large proportion of the people of Wales has indeed been stirred, both on religious and agrarian grounds, by the example of Irish agitation, and, although the Welsh movement differs from the Land League, there are suggestive points of resemblance. The most notable is that prompted by the observation of Mr. Cornwallis West:—"However desirable in themselves the measures demanded by the Welsh people may be, they can never be promoted by lawlessness." Is this sentiment, which, *prima facie*, so naturally commends itself to the law-abiding, entirely and unreservedly true? Does lawlessness never promote reform? We heartily wish we could give an unhesitating answer. But governing bodies are slow to redress wrongs they do not themselves feel. Ireland has experienced this in the repressive and, unfortunately, controlling action of the aristocratic class down to the latest times. Wales, in a less degree, feels it now in connection with the national church. There is still sufficient orthodox and aristocratic influence to delay the abolition of tithes, which are but a relic of ecclesiastical feudalism, and are, by the necessity of the case, unjust to nonconformists. That the tithes must go, no one can doubt. That with, or after them, will go the Establishment in Wales is as little to be questioned. The Anglican Church will be, in the long run, none the worse, and the Welsh farmer will be relieved of an impost perhaps more distasteful than absolutely oppressive, but none the less unfair.

But would these results, which it is impossible to doubt are desired by a majority of the Welsh people, be at all on their way to accomplishment if they were not promoted by a determination which, perhaps unavoidably, assumes a somewhat lawless aspect? We fear that the historical *insouciance* of the British Legislature requires the stimulant of a little struggling and kicking to awaken its attention to required change.

It may not be generally known, says a German paper, that the little seaport town of Wismar, on the Baltic, is virtually in the same position as Montague Tigg's shirt, namely, at the pawnbroker's. It was in 1803 that Sweden pawned the town to the Duchy of Mecklenburg for a round sum of money. It was then stipulated that the town should be restored to Sweden at the end of a century, provided the sum lent, together with interest, were paid back to Mecklenburg. This sum is now said to amount to several hundred million marks, and apparently there is little chance of Wismar being able to pay it at the date fixed. This singular treaty has lain dormant in the archives of the municipality ever since it was made, up to the other day, when apropos of the concession of some land to the customs authorities, it was exhumed for legal purposes.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

Hum! hum! I'm coming, coming,
Don't you hear me humming, humming,
Like some distant drummer drumming.
His tired troops to sleep?
Rat-tat-tat, and hum-hum-hum,
Near, more near, I come, I come,
With some to dine, to sup with some
With all a feast to keep.

Hum! hum! You cannot say
I sup and dine and do not pay,
Behind me, when I go away,
Just here, and here, and here,
I'll leave a tiny round bright spot
A brand-n. w coin, laid down red hot,
In full return for all I got,
I pay most dear, most dear.

Hum! hum! I've supped, and rarely;
And you still are sleeping fairly.
Hum-hum-hum! We twain part squarely,
All my dues I pay for.
One more taste, and one more sip,
From your eyelid, from your lip,
Then away I'll skip-skip-skip -
There's nothing more to stay for.

Once Denis Litchfield, in St. Nicholas.

Said Captious, pointing to a sign which read: "Umbrellas repaired and recovered!" "There is a palpable lie." "Why? How do you make that out?" asked Senox. "Well, umbrellas may be repaired, perhaps, but they are never recovered."—*Texas Sittings.*

"WHOLESALE."—Scot (to fellow-traveller on Northern Railway): "May ah reckon what line ye're on?" Our Artist (who had undergone a wide cross-examination with complaisance): "Well—I'm—I'm a painter. Scot: "Man, that's lucky! Ah deal i' pents—an' ah can sell ye white lead fair cheaper than ye can buy't at any o' the sheeps." Artist: "Oh, but I use very little. A pound or so serves me over a year." Scot: "E—h, man! Ye maun be in a very sma' way o' beezeness!"—*Punch.*

GENERAL LEE'S DEMIJOHN.—A short time after the battle of Fredericksburg the soldiers observed a servant carrying a big demijohn into General Lee's tent. Visions of toddy flitted before the eyes of the General's staff.

At 12 o'clock General Lee walked out, and with a twinkle in his eyes remarked:

"Perhaps you gentlemen would like a glass o' something?"

The verdict was unanimous.

Everything was arranged, the gentlemen drew near, the cork was drawn, and the steward poured out—buttermilk!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

At a recent meeting of the Louisiana Sugar Farmers' association, Mrs. Amanda Delmas, of St. Mary's parish, was duly elected a member, with all rights and privileges which attach to the association, but to be permanently exempt from the payment of the customary fees and dues required from members. Mrs. Delmas is reported to be a most enlightened and efficient planter, superintending all the operations of working her own extensive plantation, in which she has been very successful. She is a Louisiana Creole lady, possessing all the best qualities of her race, and is a distinguished example of what a Southern woman can do when left to her own resources.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The latest craze among the New York ladies is a "hair-album"—gentlemen's hair. Young men are besought for a lock of hair, and the request is such a flattering one that they are only too happy to comply when the right damsels apply. The contribution is tied with a blue-ribbon and goes into the "hair album" along with the hair of a crowd of other fellows. Over it will be written the name, age, color of eyes, date of receiving the memento, and general remarks as to personal appearance, etc., which may or may not be complimentary, as the album is never to be seen by any other than feminine eyes. The young ladies are as proud of their trophies as an Indian warrior is of the scalps he takes.

LUMINOUS MILITARY MAPS.—Some interesting experiments have just been made at Aldershot, with a view to testing luminous paint as a medium for reading documents and studying maps at night. A few nights ago several noncommissioned officers of the Scots Greys, under Maj. W. E. James, started at midnight on a hazardous expedition, the object being to hold the canal and prevent the scouts of an opposing force, represented by another party under Lieut. C. S. Harris, from discovering the strength of the Aldershot division. The detachments had severally to make for and hold three positions—Deep Cut bridge, Curzon bridge, and Pirbright and Cowshot bridges—finding their way thither by means of maps traced on transparent paper mounted on sheets of calico or linen cloth, which had been previously prepared with luminous paint. Although the night was very dark, these maps enabled the detachments to occupy their positions without mishap and just in time to prevent Lieut. Harris' scouts from crossing the canal. As the parties proceeded by proscribed routes, this result could hardly have been achieved without the assistance of the luminous maps; so the experiment is regarded as entirely successful.—*Boston Transcript.*

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MANAGER OF THE CRITIC, HALIFAX, N. S.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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The Wanderers Bazaar opens on Monday next, and should be liberally patronized.

The Pictou branch railway, it is expected, will be in full running order next month.

A Montreal despatch states that it is proposed to start a branch of the Merchants Bank of Halifax in Montreal, and that the business community expresses great satisfaction.

The Merchants Bank of Halifax has purchased a lot 30x50 feet, on the corner of Main and Westmorland streets, Moncton, and will proceed to erect a two-story bank building, to be completed by autumn.

Our militia men will now be on the *qui vive*, as General Middleton is shortly to visit the Province. When Sir Frederic goes to Aldershot he will find our boys in a position to give a good account of themselves.

A fire in the grain warehouse of the Montreal warehousing company raged for over six hours, but was finally extinguished after damaging the 320,000 bushels of grain in store. The loss was fully covered by insurance.

Changes have lately been made in the Cabinet of British Columbia, Robert Duusmuir, member of Nanaimo, having been appointed President of the Council, and J. H. Turner, a merchant, made Minister of Finance and Agriculture. The former is without a salary, and will not have to seek re-election.

At a meeting of the City Council on Tuesday evening, a motion that the meetings of the Board of Works be open to the press, with an amendment that all committee meetings be open to the public, was defeated after the amendment had been withdrawn. Notice of reconsideration was given, but it now appears that committee meetings will continue closed to the public.

The Dominion Government has called for new tenders for the weekly mail service between England and Canada. The tenders recently received are not regarded as satisfactory. The provisions of the contract provide for faster service, and only require that Halifax, Quebec and Montreal shall be the Canadian cities touched at in summer.

One hundred and nine delegates from various branches of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Maritime Provinces met in convention at Summerside, P. E. I., last week. Much regret was expressed at the unavoidable absence of Mr. John S. Maclean, who is at present in Baddeck, C. B. Mr. McLeod, the travelling secretary, appears to have done good work for the Association, and his services have been engaged for the ensuing year.

A correspondent asks how he will send in his yearly subscription for his paper, and whether he shall buy a post office order, inclose a dollar bill with stamps for the balance, or register the letter? When post-office orders can be obtained by all means send the money in this way, the order costs but two cents and never fails to reach the office. However, we are not particular what method our subscribers adopt, provided they remit promptly on receipt of bills.

It is not surprising that the Collegiate School at Windsor has proved such a success, seeing that its head master, Dr. Willets, spares no pains in procuring able assistants. Dr. Willets has recently made arrangements to obtain the services of Mr. F. J. Richardson as senior assistant master. This gentleman is a graduate of Trinity College, and holds certificates from the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. He will doubtless prove a great acquisition to the Windsor School.

The Halifax *Chronicle* is still hammering away at the City Council, which is mainly responsible for the disgraceful condition of our pavements, and strongly recommends the adoption of concrete with a slight covering of asphalt. Anything would be better than our present pavements, which are tiresome to walk upon, and, in many places, absolutely dangerous. By the way, could not the city afford to put down a few iron bridges at the street crossings? Those already in use have proved most convenient to pedestrians.

On Saturday last, whilst Messrs. Alvin Churchill and Osborne Foote were fishing off Chegoggin, they descried an object swimming about half a mile from shore, which excited their curiosity. They started in pursuit, and, upon nearing it, ascertained that it was a cow moose, about 3 years old. Attaching a line to its antlers they led it ashore, but, as they started to drive it along, it broke loose from them and again took to the water. Again pursuing it, the men secured it, this time more firmly, and succeeded in driving it into a barn, where it now remains, in blissful ignorance as to its fate.

Avonport bricks have a good reputation among builders, and according to the Windsor *Tribune* there is a hum in the brick yards. The *Tribune* says—"Mr. Jacob Walton, the enterprising brick manufacturer of Avonport, has now completed arrangements for turning out a large supply during the present season. His intention is to manufacture two million. One kiln has already been built, and another in process. With new and improved machinery he expects to be able to compete successfully for a good portion of the trade. Mr. Shaw is also manufacturing bricks extensively, and expects to complete one million during the season."

In the sculling match for the championship of the harbor, which took place on Wednesday last, Norris won an easy victory over Peter Day, his only competitor.

Sir J. Blackwood will, in the course of a few weeks, have crossed and re-crossed the continent on the C. P. Railway. He visits Canada as a representative of the British Government, in order that the feasibility of this northern route for the Asiatic postal service may be demonstrated to his satisfaction. Minister McLelan will meet Sir J. Blackwood by the quiet blue waters of the great western ocean.

A New Brunswick paper contains the following item, to the truth of which we can vouch—"E. S. Ritchie, proprietor of the Mansard House, has in his garden one of the greatest curiosities known. It is a rock maple and ash tree so closely united under one bark at the roots and for a short distance up the trunk as to make it impossible to trace the outlines of either tree. Above that point the ash begins to form, and at a height of nine feet from the ground entirely separates from the maple. They have the appearance of being twisted together, each making four distinct wraps around the other. This tree was transplanted about ten years ago, and is still alive.

In the town of Woodstock, N. B., there is great excitement over a fire-haunted house, which the occupants have been obliged to abandon. Forty distinct fires have broken out in different parts of the house within a few hours, and the family were kept busy in extinguishing them. At one time it would be the bed clothes that were on fire, at another the sofa, at another the window blind, still another, the clothes upon a child. The breaking out of the flames were preceded by thick smoke, and thus the family were enabled to guard against the flames spreading. No satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon has yet been made. Some persons assert it is due to spontaneous combustion, and it is noteworthy that the fire usually confines itself to cotton material. The foregoing is a synopsis of an account published in one of the St. John papers. We give it for what it is worth, but not having much faith in such mysterious occurrences, we believe that some human agency will be found to be at the bottom of the whole affair.

As we predicted, a deadlock resulted from the opposing votes of the clerical and lay delegates in the meeting of the Anglican Synod. The majority of the clergy were strongly in favor of Dr. Gilpin, and as strongly opposed to Dr. Sullivan as a candidate for the vacant Bishopric—while a large majority of the laity gave Dr. Sullivan their support, and opposed the candidature of Archdeacon Gilpin. During Wednesday four distinct ballots were taken for the candidates nominated, resulting as follows:—

1ST BALLOT—CLERICAL VOTE.		LAY VOTE.	
Archdeacon Gilpin	54	Archdeacon Gilpin	38
Bishop Sullivan	23	Bishop Sullivan	77
2ND BALLOT.			
Archdeacon Gilpin	48	Archdeacon Gilpin	34
Bishop Sullivan	20	Bishop Sullivan	77
Bishop Perry	8	Bishop Perry	7
3RD BALLOT.			
Archdeacon Gilpin	47	Archdeacon Gilpin	36
Bishop Sullivan	19	Bishop Sullivan	78
Bishop Perry	10	Bishop Perry	3
4TH BALLOT.			
Archdeacon Gilpin	44	Archdeacon Gilpin	40
Bishop Sullivan	18	Bishop Sullivan	74
Bishop Perry	3	Bishop Perry	1

It will be understood that a successful candidate must receive a majority of the votes cast by the clergy, as well as a majority of the votes cast by the laity, as now, if the candidates balloted for had received the support of the majority on each side of the house, it was mutually agreed that the names of Archdeacon Gilpin and Bishop Sullivan should be dropped, and a candidate mutually acceptable to both parties introduced.

At the adjourned meeting of the Synod, on Thursday morning, Bishop Perry, of Iowa, was unanimously elected to the Bishopric of Nova Scotia. It is understood that Bishop Perry, who will be in Halifax to-day, will probably accept the position. A large number of the Anglican clergy take part in the laying of the corner stone of the Church of England Cathedral. Several Canadian and American Bishops will take part in the ceremony.

It is said that the Chinese are becoming alarmed at the rate of mortality among themselves in New York from quick consumption. The physicians blame the light diet of the Chinese as being insufficient for this climate.

A very large whale, dead, floated into New York harbor last week and stranded on Bedloe's Island at the feet of Bartholomew's Liberty enlightening the world. Perhaps this is Neptune's mute offering of oil for her lamp.

Prof. Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," has been elected a fellow in the London Society of Arts, Letters, and Sciences. He is living quietly and happily in Baltimore, and has just reached his eighty-seventh birthday.

At Rockaway Beach Prof. T. S. Baldwin has covered himself with water by leaping from a balloon at the height of a mile, his descent being retarded by a parachute. In less than a minute and a half he descended into the water a quarter of a mile from the shore.

Lord and Lady Herschell have arrived at Newport. R. J. Herschell is chairman of a committee of the House of Commons recently appointed to enquire into the causes of the continual depreciation of silver. He goes to Montreal and thence to San Francisco, where he will investigate the production of silver.

There is an amateur astronomer on Boston Common who has a large telescope which he charges a small fee to look through. He shows the beauties of the sun and other heavenly bodies, putting up a notice of the attraction of the hour. The other day he had the sign with "Venus" on it posted, and one bald-headed man, half full, took a look and was highly indignant because he could see only her bright eye when he paid to "see the hull of Venus."

A telegram from Gloucester says that the fishing schooners *Arquaut* and *Col. J. H. French* have arrived home. Captains Harris and Sprague say that after the boats were seized they left for home, coming out through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, keeping 30 miles off shore and sailing around Cape Breton. A dense fog prevailed and the cruiser could not see them. The captains and crews say that when the seines were set they were four miles from shore, but a strong current setting towards shore carried them in shore, when the boats were seized. They were outside the limit. They will refit and fish on this shore. No fish were brought in by either vessel.

A Milwaukee despatch says:—"By a peculiar accident at the launching of the huge steamer *Wm. A. Wolf*, at Wolf and Davidson's shipyard, three persons were killed outright, several others fatally injured, about 20 seriously hurt and a number less seriously injured. About one thousand people had gathered to witness the launch. The docks were lined, vessels were crowded, and every wood and lumber pile was black with spectators. Directly opposite the cradled vessel was the large coal dock of the North Western Fuel Company. Upon the roof of this coal shed a large number of people had assembled. As the *Wolf* struck the water, her port bidge was buried in the back water of the slip, then she recovered and rolled heavily to port. The water displaced by her hull rose a tidal wave and swept over the coal dock and up towards its roof, causing a cloud of coal dust and spray. The supports of the dock were insufficient to stand the force of the wave, and about forty feet of the shed went down with its living freight. Instantly the shed went down there was wild excitement on the deck of the steamer. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued, but a few cool-headed people at once set to work to rescue the people thrown into the river and rescue those buried in the debris of the platform.

Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, is still dangerously sick.

Cholera is reported at Malta, fourteen cases and six deaths having occurred in 24 hours.

Another Mexican town, with a population of about 1200 inhabitants, has been nearly destroyed by earthquakes.

At a prolonged sitting of the Cabinet on the 9th August, it was decided not to proclaim the Irish National League.

The British Government are pressing Sir John Pope Hennessy, Governor-General of the Mauritius, to abandon his libel suit against the *Times*.

Three hundred members of the British Parliament have signed a letter to Lord Salisbury, (which has been forwarded,) in favor of granting a subsidy to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The King of Holland is ill, and there is much commotion concerning the succession to the throne in the event of his death. The ex-Grand Duke of Hesse will be a candidate. It is feared international complications will arise over the succession.

The *Kolnische Zeitung*, the *Krucc Zeitung* and other journals attack the Danish Government for declaring the necessity of fortifying Copenhagen against Germany, and warn Denmark that an alliance between France and Russia might lead to the conviction that the annexation of Denmark to Germany was a military necessity.

Alfred Krupp, the great gun manufacturer, has left by will two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the benefit of his employees. This liberal bequest has been handsomely supplemented by his son, who presents the citizens of Essen with one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Wealth in the hands of such men is not adverse to the public weal.

In a terrible fire which occurred in London on Saturday last two large warehouses belonging to Whiteley were partially destroyed, the damage being estimated at one and a quarter million dollars. During the progress of the fire the bridge which connected the warehouses and upon which several employes and firemen were standing, suddenly collapsed, the men falling into the street below, a distance of 80 feet. Five persons lost their lives and several were fatally injured.

Latest advices received from Henry M. Stanley are of June 6, when the expedition had reached a point half way between Yambi and Yambungu, the latter being the farthest point on the Aruwimi reached by Stanley in 1883. He expected to reach Wadelai about the beginning of August. As Stanley had been obliged to await the arrival of the contingents left at Bolobo and Leopoldville, and had adopted the overland route, he will now hardly reach Wadelai until the middle of August.

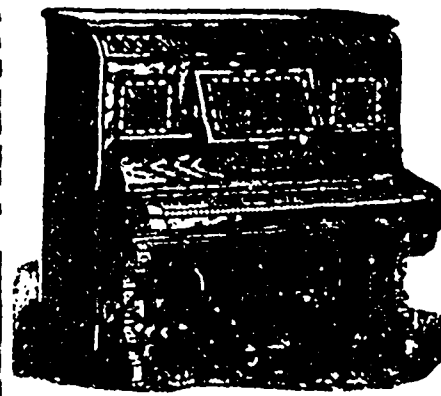
On Tuesday Sir J. Ferguson, parliamentary secretary of the foreign office, stated in the House of Commons that England never acquiesced in the presence of French troops in the New Hebrides. He declared that the government would in no wise consent that the withdrawal of the French from the New Hebrides be postponed until an agreement respecting the neutralization of the Suez Canal had been reached. *Le Paris* announces that in response to a request that France name the date for the evacuation of the New Hebrides, M. Florens declined to do so, until France was informed of the nature of England's policy in regard to Egypt and the neutralization of the Suez Canal.

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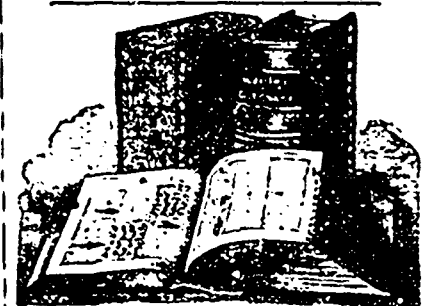
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RELIGIOUS.

CATHOLIC.

The details of the murder of Archbishop Laghors by Frank Fuller, which have just been made public, proves to have been one of the most cold-blooded and unprovoked assaults on record. The Archbishop was making a tour of a part of Alaska for the purpose of selecting mission stations in that land of volcanoes. Frank Fuller accompanied him, and while the prelate was lying asleep on a lounge, he deliberately took aim with his rifle and shot the defenceless man, the bullet passing through the brain. Archbishop Laghors was a man of scholarly attainments, and a zealous promoter of his church. By his death the church of Rome loses one of her most successful missionaries.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Presbyterian Church at Little River, Musquodobit, have extended a call to the Rev. T. H. Murray, at present of Lawrencetown, Halifax County.

Rev. Dr. Allison, a native of this Province, but who has been in the United States for over twenty years, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church last Sunday. He is an eloquent and able speaker, and those who had the privilege of hearing him will not soon forget the discourses which he delivered.

Rev. E. M. Dill, B. D., who concluded his college studies at the last term of Pine Hill College, has received a call from a church in Kansas.

Rev. Mr. Maxwell has accepted the call from Shorbrooke, and will be inducted on the 30th instant.

Rev. Mr. Winchester has resigned the charge of the Presbyterian church at Rapid City, in the Northwest, and has volunteered for missionary work in China.

The income of the Free Church of Scotland last year for Foreign Missions was \$486,145. Connected with the mission there are 27 principal, and 150 branch stations.

METHODIST.

The camp-meetings which have just been held at Berwick are reported to have been much more successful than any that have been previously held. A large number of Methodist ministers were in attendance, and assisted at the services. A temporary band was organized, and under the leadership of the Rev. W. W. Brewer, of St. John, and the Rev. D. Savage, of Ontario, did good work, and afforded an opportunity to ministers desirous of organizing praying bands in their respective circuits. Quite a large number of persons professed conversion.

The fall term of Mount Allison Ladies' College opens on the first of September.

Missionary meetings will be held throughout the Maritime Provinces in October and November. Rev. Dr. Sutherland, in company with the Rev. Mr. Hirai, a Japanese minister who is now on his way to Canada, will be in attendance.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

PSALM 121.

To hills whence comes my aid, with glad elation,
I lift my longing eyes;
In God who only giveth us salvation,
True succor ever lies.

Thy foot, sustained by Him whose eye ne'er sleepeth,
Securely kept will be;
Lo, He who Israel holdeth, as safely keepeth,
And watcheth over thee.

The baneful rays of sun and moon, deflected
By His all-powerful arm,
Are turned to shade, and thou art eye protected,
And safe from every harm.

God ord'reth all thy doings, and defendeth
Thee thro' thy earthly way
While grace the omnipotent Jehovah sendeth
Sufficient for thy day.

A. W. H.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE CANADIAN BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Canadian literature is amply indebted to Mrs. J. Frances Harrison, (Seranus), for this excellent compilation, which the publisher, Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, of Toronto, puts forth in creditable form. Mrs. Harrison's aim has been to construct a birthday book which should have some claim to recognition as an anthology. Complete success in this respect was hardly to be looked for; but the effort, consistently followed up, has conferred upon this compilation a dignity and value which are not ordinarily associated with this class of literature. The extracts are longer than customary, and are chosen so as to present a series of pictures of Canadian life, landscape, and climate. The French branch of our poetry is represented with impartial fullness, and well evidences, I cannot but think, that superior technique and that keener artistic perception which have enabled the French Canadian author to attain his general uniformity of excellence. Our English-Canadian, as a rule, when he turns to literature, displays less artistic conscience, less respect for perfection, than does his Gaelic fellow-citizen. It is pleasant to note the prominence given by Mrs. Harrison to the verse of that true Canadian, our pioneer poet, Charles Sangster. It might be wished that Mrs. Harrison had more numerous and more representative passages from her own vigorous and original verse; and more also, from the fugitive poems of those young poets, such as Mr. Carman and Mr. Lampman, in whose hands will be found to rest much of the future of our song. I have

noted several clerical errors, and a few points in which the compiler is astray as to matters of fact; but these blemishes, which will doubtless be removed in the next edition, detract very little from the value of a collection which is of great interest and importance to Canadians. The type, paper, pen work, etc., are excellent throughout; but in the name of all that is tasteful, I must protest against the crude, nerve-jarring blues and rods of the cloth in which the cheaper issues are bound. A smooth vellum cloth, in bright, but quiet tones, would give the book a wider popularity.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

King's College, Windsor, N. S.

TO THE FAR NORTH.

(Continued.)

DIARY OF A TRIP TO NORWAY ON THE "CEYLON."

When I got to Fjosanger, a gentleman who was going the same way, and who spoke English well, showed me the way and kept up an interesting conversation in spite of the heat. It was an intensely hot, sunny day, and we were very fortunate, as they say it rains three hundred days every year at least. He lamented the poverty of the country and said he liked Sweden much better, where there are hereditary nobility and estates. We passed several charming villas, with pretty grounds, and I saw some copper beeches, which were the first I had seen. The old church I had come to see is called Fortuns-Kirke, and is at Fantoft, the American consul's place. He is a Norwegian, and has restored it beautifully. It is not used now for service. I asked at his house if they would let me see the church, and his daughter and her cousin at once got the keys and took me themselves. They spoke English well, and explained everything to me. Naturally, they take a great interest and pride in it. It dates from the 12th century. When the door was shut it was indeed a very "dim religious light," but when my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I could distinguish the altar with the crucifix on it, and the paintings on the walls. It is really very lovely, and makes one sorry it is not used now for worship. The carving and shape reminded me of an Eastern pagoda, such as I have seen in Burmah, the dragon's head outside particularly. They say that the capitals of the pillars are exactly like (as far as difference of material allows) the Anglo-Saxon architecture of the same period.

Most of the modern carving was done by the Consul's son-in-law. In old times each one of the congregation held a candle, as it was too dark to see, the only light being from little windows above. There are cloisters which run round the building which, outside, is most fantastic looking. It was well worth seeing, and is most beautifully situated.

As I returned alone to the station I lost my way and went to a little villa, where I could see no one except a dog, who partook of the kindly Norwegian nature, and, after licking me all over, accompanied me half way to the station. When I got there I found that the train of 5.45, by which I had intended to return, only ran on Sundays, and, as this was Monday, it was not of much use. The next train did not go until 6.50, and it was now only 5. I had two hours to wait, and it was so hot, and I was very tired. I interviewed the station-master, who, by the way, was the best looking Norwegian I have seen, and asked if there was any coffee to be had, but there was no restaurant near. I went to some little distance and sat sadly under a tree. However, before long the station-master came and said if I would come to his house his wife should make me some coffee, so I gladly accepted his kind invitation and went upstairs to their sitting-room, where soon the welcome coffee appeared, with cream and biscuits. It really was most kind to take so much trouble for a perfect stranger. His wife returned some of the money I gave her, saying it was too much. I tried to while away the time by teaching him English out of Basdeker (he knew already a little) and trying to improve my Norwegian.

Having to wait so long upset all my plans, as I had intended to return to the "Ceylon" and bathe and dress for dinner. Now I was already too late, so when I got to Bergen I made the best of my way to the Scandinavia, only to find my friends had changed their plans, and were going to dine at the Norgo, a large new hotel, with nothing Norwegian about it, where we had a dinner that reminded me more of one at Bignon's or the Cafe Anglais than anything else. After we had coffee, we went to the circus. We drove, as it was pouring rain. It was crowded, and very damp and hot inside. However, it amused us, though it was very like a circus anywhere else. About 11 it was over, and we started for the harbor, where we found a small boat. We were all more or less drenched before we got on board. It was past twelve o'clock before I was in bed, and then I could not sleep for a long time, as something creaked and the cooks crew incessantly.

Tuesday, 27th. I went early on shore to see the churches, museum and fish market. Some little boys beguiled me into going up the belfry of the Cathedral. The steps are very old and steep, and rather difficult to get down. Santa Maria's Kirke is much more interesting. I had some more shopping to do and could not leave without a last cup of coffee. Alas! Bergen fully justified its reputation, and it rained more or less heavily all day. We left at 4 p.m. for Odde.

Wednesday, 28th. Anchored at Odde about 4 p.m. There are several expeditions to be made from this, the principal one being to the Skjoeggedalsfos, one of the three largest waterfalls in Norway, and I suppose in Europe. To do this one is supposed to start very early, as it takes a long time. The night before some gentlemen talked of going, but the next morning they told me they had given it up, as they had heard there might be some difficulty in getting boats. I determined to find out for myself, so at 7 a.m. I took a little boat and was rowed to the Hardanger Hotel, to enquire from the landlord if this was true. He was very kind, and told me everything I wanted to know. That there were plenty of boats, but that it

was a very hard climb, and that it was impossible to ride. He recommended the man who had rowed me on shore as guide, and told him to take great care of me.

I asked the name of a lovely yacht I saw in the harbor, and he told me that it was the "Katharina," with the Duke of Sutherland on board, and that he was staying at his hotel. I had a cup of coffee and hurried back to breakfast, and to ask that some luncheon might be put up for me.

I started alone, with my guide, at about 8.30. I made two false starts first and had to come back again, once for my umbrella, another time for the luncheon I forgot. It was a Robinson Crusoe kind of adventure that I enjoyed very much. And I would not allow myself to give way to fear, though when it got a little rough I began to feel very lonely, tossing about in that little cockle shell of a boat with no rower except my guide.

The beautiful yacht I had seen in the morning slowly steamed down the fjord in front of us. We rowed for about an hour, passing splendid wild scenery, with glimpses of the great ice field of the Folgefond, until we reached our first landing place, where we left the boat at the mouth of the lovely river Tyssan, which forms a waterfall as it falls into the fjord. We then began the ascent, and kept on steadily over stones, walking on the edge of slippery rocks, up wooden staircases, along trees and planks of wood fixed here and there over difficult places. Still onwards and upwards we toiled. Never in my life was I so hot, it was like fifty North Capes rolled into one. The day was close and still, especially when we were shut in by pine woods. At last I stopped for a moment, and stupidly sat on the edge of a log of wood, which was resting on some stones. As might have been expected it tilted up, sending me flying backwards, rolling over several rocks before I, with my hands instinctively stretched backward to save myself, caught something which stopped me, and the guide ran and pulled me up. I began to remember that I was supposed to have a charmed life, as a short time ago at Brighton I fell through a trapdoor in a shop, which had carelessly been left open, into the cellar below. I heard afterwards the people did not dare to go down, thinking I must at least be dead, but called to me at the top, like Darius to Daniel, in a lamentable voice, and were reassured by hearing me asking for water, and, wonderful to say, I was not even hurt.

I had three other falls later on in the day, the next was on my knees, on a hard rock, and hurt me a good deal. Indeed, I wonder how I managed to go down again, as it is hard enough to go down such a place with whole knees. By this time four gentlemen from the "Ceylon" had come up with me, and I was determined not to show that I was hurt, so I got up smiling and assured them it was nothing, as I did not choose them to think that a lady was sure to have some accident if she attempted such a climb.

Soon after we reached the only house in that desolate region, where we halted for a few minutes, and I had some strawberries and those who liked it had beer. It is a farmhouse, in Norwegian, Gaarden. A short distance from thence is the first small lake, which we crossed in about ten minutes, there was not only one boat, but several to be had. I was very thirsty and enjoyed some icy cold water from the lake, with a little claret which I had with me. We landed, and had a very rough bit of climbing between us and the other lake, but it was short, and it was so delightful to reach it and find ourselves near our journey's end. It is seven miles walk, at least so Wilson's guide says. We had four rowers, as one of the gentlemen took it in turn to row, and the boatman and my guide and theirs. The time is generally an hour and a half, but we did it in twenty minutes less. It now got exceedingly cold, the thermometer, which one of our party had with him, falling from 50 to 65 degrees. The scenery was very wild and severe. Great bare rocks and ice fields all round. The sky too was overcast, and, altogether, it reminded me of that lake of which Tom Moore sings, "whose gloomy shore never skylark warbled o'er."

We wrapped ourselves up as warmly as we could, but at first it was delightful to feel cool again after the heat of the climb. Not until quite the end did we come in sight of the wonderful twin waterfall of the Tyssentronge, on the left, of which one does not hear so much, but which is, in its own way, quite as fine. Two waterfalls fall over a cliff 500 feet high and unite in the middle.

A moment after one gets the first glimpse of the Skjoeggedalstos, which we had come all this way to see. At first both waterfalls are in sight at once. One hardly knew which to look at. We had one of the worst bits of climbing after landing, as the rocks are extremely slippery, but we went on as far as we could go to a point where we had a good view, and got a thorough wetting from rain and the spray, which "cloud-like mingled with the clouds." We stood there as long as we could, the roar of the water was like thunder, and thus wet through, but very happy, I began with the help of our boatman, a sturdy young Norseman, to descend to the boat, leaving the Skjoeggedalstos to roar and thunder alone for ever.

There are no fish in this lake, owing, they say, to its coldness, but its depth is amazing. The wind began to rise as we returned, and made us very glad that we had been able to accomplish our object first, as when it is rough boats cannot venture on it, and, indeed, I have a horror of little boats on a rough sea, having been nearly drowned twice when staying at Capri by boatmen trying ineffectually to enter the blue grotto there.

On our way to the farmhouse I slipped on some slimy black mud and fell full length, my gloves were full of it, but our hostess so kindly took them off herself and washed them quite clean. We had coffee there, and they actually had milk, though my guide told me they had none. I don't think I ever should have had courage to go on, if it was not for that coffee. I thought of staying there for the night, having a hay bed, and starting the next morning about 4, but it was represented to me that I would have about five hours before I could possibly think of going to bed, as it was then only 3 p.m., and that I would not know what to do all that time, so I decided to take courage and go on, though it was with regret that I saw perhaps my

only chance of ever sleeping in a hay bed fade away. I now parted with the people from the "Ceylon" who had joined me, as I preferred going my own pace with my guide, and I knew the others would like to go faster. After shaking hands with my boatman, who was a son of the house, and his whole family I set out. I got at the farm a good thick stick, like an Alpenstock, which was a good help, and in spite of my broken knees I kept on steadily. My boots had, alas, become as slippery as ice, they were only a pair of Pinet's with thick soles, but not suitable for climbing. I had another fall, and a narrow escape of rolling into the river below, so had my guide; he did roll a good bit, and I thought he was lost, when he caught something which stopped him. My feet often got jammed between stones, which hurt me very much. I was very tired when at last we got to the bottom. The evening shadows were lengthening, and it was unutterably beautiful, but I could only cast a "wistful glance." I dared not linger, as there was a good row before us to reach the ship, and my guide the only rower.

The fjord was tolerably calm, but he kept near the shore to avoid the wind in the middle. I took the seat and sat down in the bottom of my boat to rest myself. We passed such lovely saxifrage which I could almost touch, and in the most steep inaccessible place I saw a herd of goats. My guide said they sometimes missed their footing, and he had seen one or two fall into the sea. He told me, and so did the other men, that there are now no wolves or bears. I fear my beloved Baedeker has told a story, as he says, "there are numerous bears and wolves, but they are seldom seen in summer." I was in hopes we might have seen one in the woods. I always think Baedeker and Whiteley are two of the greatest benefactors of mankind in the present day, but more especially of women. I have wandered everywhere, with no guide except Baedeker, and when I want anything rather out of the way, I have only to write to Whiteley. Even when I wrote to him to know if he could make Indian rubber shoes for my Skye terrier to prevent his paws getting wet, he wrote back at once to say he would with pleasure, if only I would have him measured. I have not yet asked him to make me a collar of a pattern I have in my head of wickerwork, covered inside and outside with moss, (as I fear it will take some time to remove the preface so many have to cremation), but when I do, no doubt he will make it.

I rather enjoyed the row, and already felt a good deal rested before we reached the ship. I thought it was very late and that dinner would be over. However, the sailor who came to help me out of the boat said that they had only just begun, and kindly added that he was glad to see me back again, evidently having heard that there was little chance of my ever coming back at all. I hurried down, dressed, and went into dinner, where I found everyone thought I really was most wonderfully brave, going on such an expedition by myself, and they had heard an account from someone that it was a very hard climb for a man, and, as for a lady, there was little chance of her returning alive. I said I was much gratified to find what a deep interest I had excited, as I had started so quietly I thought few people knew anything about it.

After all, what is one to do when one is alone? Is one never to see anything one wants to, and always to go to the wall, because one has the misfortune to be a woman? or to go and beg and pray someone to take charge of one? Another thing there is no such cure for thinking too much, as some counter-excitement such as that day's climb. It was as good as two days' hunting. What good is there in being a coward? One misses what little there is worth having in life, if one gives in to it.

After dinner some people from the "Domino," of the Wilson line, came on board. I had a very hot bath, and went to bed at once.

Thursday, 29th. I went on shore and tried to get a cariole, or a pony to go somewhere, but found they were all engaged, so I walked about and went to the only shop, where they sell old silver, Norwegian dresses, &c. At Bergen the things were much prettier and cheaper. The man was much pleased because the Duke of Sutherland had bought some of his curiosities the day before.

I got some wild flowers in the country and came back to Odde, had a last cup of coffee, and went on board, very sad indeed to think I should see my beloved Norway and Norwegians no more, as we were to sail for England at 2 p.m., a day before our time too, which made it harder to bear, though the parting must have been sad whenever it came. I can only hope it won't be for long.

It was such a blessing to escape from advertisements for nearly a month, though I had not been without misgivings that perhaps on the highest point of the North Cape I should find Pease's Soap in huge letters.

ALBINA MURRAY ROLLAND.

MUSICAL ECHOES.

At the Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey on the 21st June, Dr. Bridge's "Anthem" was performed in a splendid manner. It is a fine, melodious and impressive work, and the Prince Consort's tune of "Gotha" is most ingeniously introduced; besides, the embodiment of "God save our Queen" makes it a national composition. The tone of its theme is jubilant and rejoicing and even brilliant. The singing of the finely trained choir was perfect, and the effect of the piano and sforzando passages in the best musical spirit.

Dr. Stainer's fine "Sevenfold Amen" ended the service, and as its harmonies died away in the beautiful aisles of the Abbey, we knew that one of the most impressive musical services we would ever hear was ended.

As the procession moved out, Mendelssohn's March from "Athalia," a March by Silas and another by Jekyll were performed. It is impossible for any Englishman not to have been proud that the foreigners who were present witnessed such a grand musical service in a country that has always been called unmusical.—Exchange.

A hint for the Wanderers. The latest novelty from Pittsburg, according to *The Musician*, is a "piano made of pretty girls." It proved part of a usual strawberry and ice cream festival. Upon entering the room, the heads and shoulders of several young ladies were visible above a screen extending the length of the room. All these young ladies wore masks, and from their necks hung suspended a cord, on which was printed a musical note. It did not take the audience long to discover that the human piano was simply a human piano. It was played by a young lady, who, armed with a wand, walked backwards and forwards. As she touched each of the other ladies with her wand they uttered a different note. But so great was the success of the experiment that we shall doubtless have something of the kind tried in this country.

Mme. Christine Nilsson, if report be true, has decorated two of her rooms in Madrid in a rather novel fashion. The bed chamber is papered with leaves of music from the operas in which she has sung, and the dining-room with the hotel bills she has collected in her tours through the world; out contemporary *The Musician* calls them, "Records of Din and Dinner."

We are glad to hear that Herr Klingensfeld will probably remain in Halifax on the staff of the new Conservatory of Music in connection with the Ladies' College. The directors may be congratulated on having such a distinguished artist among their Professors, and the many who have so much enjoyed his finished playing on the violin when last here, with Mrs. Whiddon's efficient and brilliant accompaniments, may hope for a similar pleasure during the coming season.

A betting man sat and watched with interest and excitement the perpetration of a piano and violin duet. "A dead heat, by Jove," he exclaimed, as both instruments wound up at the same time.

"Music is a discipline, a mistress of order and good manners. She makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable."—*Luther*.

COMMERCIAL.

There has been no appreciable change in the condition of or prospects for trade. The volume of distribution has continued to hold fair. Still the appearance worn by the markets has been quiet, as is customary at this season. The prospects for the fall trade are satisfactory, though the severe drought which has overspread the country for so long a period has had, and is having, an injurious effect on every branch of agriculture. Yet, even with this drawback, there is no reason to apprehend that serious results will follow.

The traffic returns of the great railways of Canada continue to be satisfactory. The Grand Trunk receipts for the first half of this year show an increase of \$773,660, and those of the Canadian Pacific of \$436,900, as compared with those of the same period in 1887.

If a few years ago any one had been bold enough to assert that at such an early period in the history of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Steamship Company, the overland ocean traffic between the large centres of Canada and the United States and those of China and Japan, would have developed into its present enormous dimensions, he would have been considered too wild a dreamer and enthusiast to have warranted the slightest credence being placed upon his forecast. It is now, however, difficult to conceive how any prediction could have been too glowing in picturing the immense trade advantages that were to accrue both to Canada as a Dominion and to the promoters of the longest and most important transportation route under one management in the world. In connection with its great stretch of railway, extending from ocean to ocean, it possesses a fleet of four first-class steamers plying between Vancouver, Higo and Yokohama, and connecting closely with other lines running to all parts of Asia and Australasia. Such is its despatch that it has already practically monopolized the vast tea carrying trade between China and Japan and this continent, immense quantities of goods being carried by this route to the large trade centres of the United States, as well as to every point in Canada. Besides the rapid strides which have been made and are making in its dead freight business, this line bids fair to attract the cream of the tourist traffic of both hemispheres, from the fact that it traverses sections of mountain, lake and woodland, which are unsurpassed for grandeur and picturesqueness by any other railway route on the face of the globe. The advantages which this great railway and steamship line open to commerce and travel, are, as yet, merely in their infancy, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the country are to be congratulated upon the steady development of one of the mightiest commercial enterprises ever undertaken by a single corporation.

A recent number of the *Winnipeg Commercial* says:—"The feeling of hope regarding the outcome of the crops has now given place to one of confidence. With the improved feeling has come a state of slightly more activity in most branches of trade. Nearly all dealers report some improvement in the present movement, though, of course, nothing very active is expected at this season of the year. In some lines fall goods are being received and sent out, and soon this work will be general. The feeling is altogether one of hopeful confidence in the future."

The Supreme Court of New Brunswick delivered, at Fredericton on Saturday last, a most important decision in *re* the *Maritime Bank*. Only four judges took part, and they were all unanimous in the decision rendered. The case presented contained three questions, viz.:—

1st—Whether a person owing to the bank would have the right to set off against a debt any claim against it or bills of the bank, which he might

hold or acquire by purchase, with a view to a set off up to the date of the commencement of proceedings to put the bank in liquidation. The answer of the court to this question is that the debtor would have such a right to set off.

2nd—Whether a debtor to the bank would have a right to set off a claim against the bank acquired by purchase after the commencement of proceedings in liquidation? The court answers that he would have no such right.

3rd—Whether or no the liquidators of the bank are obliged to accept from debtors to the bank, bills in payment of such indebtedness? The answer of the court is, that the liquidators must accept from debtors such bills as were held by the debtor at the time of the commencement of proceedings in liquidation, but not such as have been purchased since.

A heavy rain, which lasted in some localities for two days, and which reached all portions of this Province, has greatly improved the crop prospects with us, and the depressed feeling that our farmers were beginning to feel very strongly has given way to one of far more confidence.

We note with regret that this season's shipments of cattle to England have been unremunerative. If shippers have not actually lost money by their ventures—and many have—they have certainly not made any, at least we have heard of none that have succeeded.

The following are the assignments and business changes in this Province during the past week:—Harvey C. Porry, general store, Beaver River, assigned to Ruben Porry; Loithead Bros., saw mill, West River Station, assigned to Colin Fraser; Jos. R. Jonnett, crockery, Halifax, closed under bill of sale; R. W. Campbell, general store, Aspy Bay, offering stock for sale; McDonald & McArthur, fish, New Glasgow, dissolved, each partner continues individually; Steel Harrow Co., manufacturers, New Glasgow, dissolved, Wm. P. McNeil retired, remaining partners continue; W. I. Gillis, drugs, Pictou, sold out to R. D. Stiles.

DRY GOODS.—There have been a few considerable buyers in town during the past week, who have purchased rather freely. All kinds of dress meltons, etc., are being freely ordered, but usually in small lots. Commercial travellers report that they are doing a fair business, and that country dealers exhibit much confidence in the future, and a disposition to buy with discriminating freedom.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—Trade in this market has preserved a uniformly steady tone. More business has been accomplished than was expected, and, altogether, there has been no reason for complaint. Abroad a steady feeling has obtained, and little change in prices has occurred. Glasgow warrants are cabled at 42s. 2d., No. 3 foundry in Middelesborough at 34s. 4d., and hematite pig at Workington at 41s. 3d. Tinplates have remained steady, and Canada plates firm. Metals have a steady tone, with cable values well maintained. Advices from Pittsburg, Penn., are as follows:—"Bessimer is scarce and active at \$21.50 to \$22. Puddling capacity is 86 furnaces ahead of last year. Iron-making capacity is slack. Muck bars are \$32; merchant bar at 2c.; merchant stool active; wrought iron pipe dull, capacity excessive. Large steel rail orders are hanging around the market; quotations are \$39 to \$40. Blooms and billets are higher, and in active demand. Business centres in Western Virginia and Ohio show a strongly active market. The general outlook is good, and a heavy fall demand will soon set in. The heat has curtailed production, but the supply is sufficient for actual demands."

BREADSTUFFS.—The general market for flour has been quiet, but a good demand for strong bakers' has resulted in a somewhat active business at steady prices. The Manitoba wheat crop has about all been harvested, and reports show the quality to be excellent while the product is enormous. It is stated that the surplus from that province is eight to ten millions of bushels this year. In Chicago wheat has been very weak, ranging in the vicinity of 70c. The corn market there was also irregular and unsettled, values fluctuating widely. At the seaboard wheat was weaker and declining. In Montreal the grain market has been quiet and steadier than in other centres on this continent. Cables from England show the market to be dull and easy. Cargoes of wheat off coast were quiet, and on passage or for shipment dull. In Liverpool wheat was heavy and corn easier. In London Walla Walla wheat off coast was at 33s., and No. 2 club Calcutta, ex-ship, at 51s. 6d.

PROVISIONS.—Some improvement is to be noted in the local provision market. Western pork has been in more active demand, and a good trade is anticipated. In Liverpool provisions are cabled steady, pork, 71s., lard, 34s. 3d., bacon, 41s. to 41s. 6d., and tallow, 21s. 9d. In Chicago pork has advanced 90c. to \$12.15 year, and \$12.65 January. There was a weak feeling there in the hog market, and prices declined 5c. to 15c. The last quotations were, light grades, \$5 to \$5.25; mixed packing, \$4.90 to \$5.10. heavy shipping, \$5.15 to \$5.45. The cattle markets were steady, with unchanged prices.

BUTTER.—The butter market is decidedly firm, owing chiefly to the fact that most dealers and exporters have a good opinion of it, and not from an actually active consumptive demand. Finest qualities are in good enquiry, but there seems to be a general disposition on the part of producers to reserve the bulk of their make in the expectation of obtaining better prices later on. In their calculations, however, farmers are too apt to give no thought to the important items of interest, storage, insurance and deterioration in quality. We have no doubt that, as a rule, it is safer to sell butter as soon after making as possible, believing that a fair current market price is practically better than the chances of the future in nine cases out of ten.

CHEESE.—There has been no actual change in the cheese situation, but there has been an air of quiet strength about the market that seems to presage a stronger market to come. There has been more enquiry from the other side by cable, where quotations remain unchanged at 50s. A year ago they were at 41s., in 1885 at 39s., and 1884 at 41s. 6d. The future of the

cheese market is a difficult one to gauge, owing to the factors, which must have an influence upon the situation within the next few weeks, being of such a directly opposite character that one is too perplexed to draw any definite or satisfactory conclusion as to the course that values will take from this out. One thing is certain— that western factorymen are very firm and confident, many shrewd buyers asserting that the prices now asked are ridiculously high.

FRUIT.—The dried fruit market has remained quiet, with but little business in progress, as is usual at this time of the year. Crop advices from Europe indicate a fair yield. Low stocks keep Valencias, currants, figs and prunes firm. The markets are well supplied with fresh fruit—principally American—and there seems to be a full demand for all offered at satisfactory figures.

POTATOES.—A letter from Havana, bearing date of the 30th ultimo, says—"Our native stock of potatoes having become entirely exhausted, this market is now dependent on importations of this esculent. About 160,000 barrels will be needed between now and February next. New York shippers are the first to take advantage of the situation, but, as usual, the early shipments are of New Jersey and Long Island stock, which will not carry well, and is only taken by buyers because no better is to be had. The demand is good at \$9.50 Spanish bank bills per bbl. Nova Scotia and New York potatoes are preferred here, but shipments of these will not commence till later. We have already had enquiries from some of our friends in the British Provinces, and, from what we learn, we fear that it will not be prudent to start cargoes before the 1st of September, though some shipments by steamer will come through before that time. Our first planting will commence in October, and for this 2,000 to 3,000 bbls. of Early Rose (in addition to the demand for consumption) will be needed. For the second planting in January fully as many more of white varieties will be wanted."

SUGAR.—The refined sugar market has ruled steady at the recent advance, and a fair turnover of stock has been made. The Nova Scotia refinery is running on full time, and finds a ready market for all that it puts out.

MOLASSES is firm and in good demand. The sale a few days since of a lot of 450 puncheons of Barbadoes, soon to arrive, at 32½c, is reported from Montreal, and holders are now asking 34c. to 34½c.

TEA.—Some reports on the tea market convey the impression that business has improved, but, on the whole, trade has continued quiet. Demand has principally been for common to good medium. Advices from London, Eng., regarding black teas are as follows:—"The first four steamers with new season's teas from Hankow have arrived, and all teas above 1s. sold well. Below this price teas have shown a loss to importers."

COFFEE.—There has been little demand for coffee, and only a light supply is offering. In outside markets coffee appears to be showing a little more speculative steam, and here there is a steady feeling.

FISH.—Receipts of fish in this market continue to be small, but they are ample for all present requirements. There is a steady demand, but by no means a pressing one, so that what does come in is readily absorbed at figures covered by our quotations. Considerable quantities of mackerel have been caught close in shore about Prince Edward Island, and most of them have been landed at Port Hawkesbury, to be shipped to Boston. Herring have been rather depressed, owing to a reported very large Labrador catch. This report requires confirmation, but, meanwhile, it has the effect indicated. If the catch during the rest of the season should markedly fall off prices will undoubtedly recover. Our Montreal advice to the 5th inst., says:—"Canso herring have been offered at \$5.50, but as that figure is a fancy price, buyers have shown no disposition to take hold, especially as the weather is so warm." Latest advices from Newfoundland and the Labrador are more encouraging, and it is now believed that the codfish catch will be fully up to the average. The catch landed at Canso from the middle ground within the past few weeks has amounted to about 30,000 qtls. Our Havana quotations are to the 30th of July, and are as follows:—"The codfish market opened this week at \$6.25, but the liberal landings, wet weather, and duller demand, caused the price to fall off to \$6.00, at which the market closes with full supply; few orders are coming from the coast, as St. Jago is at \$5.50, and supplies many points in consequence. Haddock are quiet at \$5.50, with large stocks for the limited demand now noticed. Hake have been selling at \$5.00, but close weak with few orders."

Our advices from Gloucester, Mass., are to the 6th inst., and are as follows:—"New mackerel are in active demand, but orders cannot be filled. Last sales of Bays, two fares, \$10.75 per bbl. One small fare of Block Islands sold at \$10.75. Fresh halibut have been in light supply, with last sales at 7 and 5 cts. per lb. for white and gray. Last sales of split fish, cargo lots, George's codfish, \$2.75 per cwt.; Grand and Western Bank do., \$2.40; Shore do., \$2.25; hake \$1.00. We quote new George's codfish \$4.00 to \$4.12½ per qtl. for large, and \$3.25 for medium; Grand and Western Bank do., \$3.25 for large, and \$3.00 for medium; dry cured do., \$4.25; Shores \$3.75 for large, and \$3.25 for medium; slack-salted do., \$4.50; Nova Scotia pickled do., \$3.75. Cusk \$2.00, pollock \$2.00, slack-salted do. \$2.50; haddock \$2.25, and hake \$1.87½. Boneless and prepared fish 3½ to 4½ cts. per lb. for hake, haddock and cusk, and 4½ to 6 cts. for codfish, as to style and quality. Smoked halibut 6 to 8½ cts. per lb.; smoked salmon 15 cts. per lb. Medium herring 16 cts. per box; tucks 13 cts.; lengthwise 13 cts.; No. 1's 10 cts. Smoked mackerel 11 cts. per lb.; canned do., fresh \$1.00 to \$1.25 per doz.; canned trout \$1.00 to \$1.25; fresh halibut \$1.75; salmon \$1.65; lobsters \$1.65; clams \$1.65. Newfoundland herring \$4.00 per bbl. Nova Scotia large split \$5.00; medium \$4.00; Labrador \$5.50; trout \$12.00 per bbl.; pickled codfish \$5.00; haddock \$4.00; halibut heads \$3.25; tongues \$6.00; sounds \$11.50; tongues and sounds \$8.00; alewives \$3.25; California salmon \$15.00; Halifax do. \$17.00; clam bait \$5.00 to \$5.50; slivers, \$8.00.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

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

GROCERIES.

SUGAR.	
Cut Leaf	8
Granulated	10 to 11
Circle A	6½
White Extra	8½
Extra Yellow	5½ to 6
Yellow C	5½ to 6½
TEA.	
Congou, Common	17 to 19
" Fair	20 to 23
" Good	25 to 29
" Choice	31 to 33
" Extra Choice	35 to 36
" Choice	37 to 39
MOLASSES.	
Barbadoes	24 to 30
Demerara	30 to 31
Diamond N	34 to 40
Porto Rico	28 to 30
Crefurgen	27
Trinidad	27 to 28
Antigua	25 to 28
Tobacco—Black	37 to 44
" Bright	42 to 55
BREADSTUFFS.	
Pilot Bread	2.60 to 2.90
Boston and Thin Family	5½ to 6
Soda	6½ to 8½
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case	7½
Fancy	8 to 15

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

Quotations below are our to-day's wholesale prices for car lots not cash. Jobbers' and Retailers' prices about 5 to 10 cents per bbl. higher than car lots. Markets quiet and weak. Breadstuffs are selling at current cost.

FLOUR.	
Graham	4.40 to 4.65
Patent high grades	4.50 to 5.00
" mediums	4.50 to 4.65
Superior Extra	4.50 to 4.40
Lower grades	3.60 to 3.90
Oatmeal, Standard	4.10 to 4.15
" Granulated	4.40 to 4.60
Corn Meal—Halfax ground	2.85 to 2.90
" Imported	2.90
Bran per ton—Wheat	19.00
" —Corn	17.00
Shorts	20.00 to 21.00
Middlings	22.00 to 23.00
Cracked Corn	27.00 to 28.00
" Oats	25.00 to 26.00
" Barley	nominal
Feed Flour	2.50 to 3.00
Oats per bushel of 31 lbs	31 to 35
Barley " of 48 " nominal	55 to 60
" " of 60 " nominal	1.60 to 1.10
White Beans, per bushel	1.50 to 1.60
Pot Barley, per barrel	4.85 to 4.90
Corn " of 56 lbs.	65 to 70
Hay per ton	14.00 to 15.50
Straw	10.00 to 12.00

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

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. F. Mess, duty paid	11.50 to 12.00
" Am. Plate	12.00 to 12.50
" Ex. Plate	13.00 to 13.50
Pork, Mess, American	17.50 to 18.00
" American, clear	19.00 to 20.00
" P. E. Mess	16.50 to 17.00
" P. E. Thin Mess	none
" Prime Mess	2.00 to 2.50
Lard, Tubs and Pails	11 to 12
" Cases	12.50 to 13.00
Hams, P. E.	none
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.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

MACKEREL.	
Extra	none
No. 1	"
" 2 large	"
" 3 large	6.00
" 3	5.75
HERRING.	
No. 1 Shore, July	1.25
No. 1, August	none
" September	none
Round Shore	none
Labrador, in cargo lots, per lb	none
Bay of Island, from store	2.75
Alewives, per bbl.	1.75 to 5.00
CODFISH.	
Hard Shore	3.25 to 3.50
New Bank	3.00 to 3.50
Bay	none
SALMON, No. 1	17.00
HADDOCK, per qtl	2.00 to 2.25
HAKE	2.25
CUSK	1.75
POLLOCK	1.75
HARK SOUNDS, per lb.	10 to 35c
COD OIL A	22 to 25

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

LOBSTERS.

NOVA SCOTIA (Atlantic Coast Packing).	
Tall Cans	1.60 to 5.00
Flat	6.00 to 6.50
	Per case 4 doz. 11b 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
Spuce, dimension good, per m.	3.50 to 10.00
" Merchantable, do do.	8.00 to 9.00
" Small, do do	6.50 to 7.05
Hemlock, merchantable	7.00
Shingles, No 1, sawed, pine	3.00 to 3.50
" No 2, do do	1.00 to 1.25
" spruce, No 1	1.10 to 1.30
Laths, per m	2.00
Hard wood, per cord	4.00 to 4.25
Soft wood	2.25 to 2.50

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

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints	22 to 25
" in Small Tubs	20 to 22
" Good, in large tubs	18 to 18
" Store Packed & oversalted new	7 to 10
Canadian, Creamery, new	22 to 24
" Township	19 to 20
" Western	17 to 18
Cheese, Canadian	12

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

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Wool—clean washed, per pound	15 to 22
" unwashed	12 to 15
Salted Hides, No 1	7
Ox Hides, over 60 lbs, No 1	7½
" under 60 lbs, No 1	6½
" over 60 lbs, No 2	6½
" under 60 lbs, No 2	6
Cow Hides, No 1	6½
No 3 Hides	5
Calf Skins	7 to 8
Deacons, each	25
Lambskins	25 to 30

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

APPLES.	
No. 1 varieties, new, per bbl.	3.00 to 4.00
Oranges, per bbl, Jamaica (new)	8.50 to 10.50
Lemons, per case	7.50 to 8.00
" boxes	4.50 to 5.00
Bananas, per bunch	3.00 to 4.50
Cocoanuts, per 100	5.50
Onions, Bermuda, per lb.	2
" Egyptian	1½ to 2
Raisins, Val.	6 to 7
Figs, Elme, 5 lb. boxes, per lb.	11
Prunes, Stewing, boxes	none
Dates, boxes, new	6½ to 7

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

POULTRY.

Turkeys, per pound	12 to 15
Geese, each	10 to 16
Ducks, per pair	60 to 75
Chickens	30 to 60

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Steers, best quality, per 100 lbs. alive	5.00
Oxen	4.00
Fat Steers, Heifers light weights	3.50 to 3.75
Wethers, best quality, per 100 lbs	5.00 to 6.00
Lambs	2.50 to 3.00

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

HILDRED.

(Continued.)

They watched in silence, while the dark figure stood motionless and still behind them. The sun, as it set, seemed to touch the outer edge of the lake: a red gleam came over it, beautiful and curious, and then, almost at once, it was dark.

"We will go home by the coppice," said Lord Caraven; and his wife remembered that the long avenue of trees extended to the very gate. She could therefore walk almost side by side with them, yet quiet unseen.

They had not mentioned her name. Could she have been wrong in her suspicion? Had she mistaken her husband's word?

They were standing at the edge of the lake, a cold, dark sheet of water now, and she established herself behind a great group of alder-trees. It seemed to her that the silver veil on the fair woman's head and shoulders absorbed all the light there was. Presently she drew near. Another group of trees separated her from the two who were so unconscious of her presence—large trees with swaying branches, through them the night wind brought every word to her. They talked only of the light on the water, and the sudden darkness there—of some one who had known and loved Lady Hamilton before her marriage. She laughed coquettishly over it.

How long was that nonsense to last, the unhappy young wife asked herself. How long was she to stand under the darkening evening skies, with the great alder-branches swaying to and fro, the sighing of the wind in her ears, the fire of love, the madness of jealousy raging in her heart—how long? It was almost unbearable. She felt inclined to cry out that it must end. She clinched her fingers, she bit her lip; then suddenly she heard the sound of her name—her maiden name—"Hildred Ransome!" What were they saying? Was the earl telling how he had been compelled to encumber himself with a wife he did not love? Was he saying that, although he did not love her and they were strangers to each other, she cared for him? Was he laughing because she had owned that she was jealous of him?

"I cannot bear it!" she thought.

The next moment there was the sound of a shot—something seemed to rattle through the alder-branches—there was a low cry, a startled exclamation.

"There are poachers in the wood," she thought: "he will go in search of them and then he will find me!"

She turned to fly; now that there was the danger of being caught she seemed to wake to a full consciousness of what she was doing; the bare fact that she was listening seemed to come home to her as it had never done before. She turned to fly; not for anything that could be given would she be caught there. She wanted to hasten, but she could not: it was as though great weights of lead were fastened to her feet. Her brain was dizzy; the unusual excitement, the frenzy of love and jealousy, had been too much for her; her tall graceful figure swayed for a minute like a leaf in the wind, a low moan came from her lips, and then, as in a dream, the white angry face of her husband was looking into hers, and he grasped her arm in a harsh, cruel grasp.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Near to the lake, across which the last red glimmer of the sunset had faded, husband and wife stood for one moment beneath the darkening sky, looking at each other. Lord Caraven's face was ghastly white, an unknown, untold horror lay in his eyes, his lips trembled with uncontrollable emotion. Hildred—pale, terrified, wondering—gazed at him like one fascinated.

"What is it?" she gasped.

"You guilty woman," cried the earl—"you cruel, guilty, jealous woman!"

She shrunk back as though he had struck her, her lips parted as though she would speak, but all sound died away on them.

"You guilty woman," repeated the earl, "own the truth! You followed Lady Hamilton and me here to watch, to listen. Speak!"

"May Heaven pardon me I did!" she moaned.

"Here you must remain. I shall come back. I shall know where to find you, crouching at the end of the alder-trees, where you hid yourself to listen to your husband and his guest. Great Heaven, that a spy should bear my name! Stay here until I return. If you attempt to escape, I will send the whole county after you. And I was beginning to care for you—to think you a noble woman!"

She shrank cowering from him. His angry face, the anger that shone in his eyes, the stern voice frightened her. She shrunk lower and lower, until she fell on her knees, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Stir at your peril!" he said, and then he left her.

For some few minutes afterward she heard sounds on the borders of the lake: murmured sounds, as of intense pity and compassion, followed by the tramp of many footsteps, and then all was still.

The ground was covered with dead and dying leaves. Lady Caraven flung herself down upon them, and as she lay there the old words came to her—"Let me die!" Death would have been mercy.

What did it all mean? She had forgotten all about the shot she believed the poachers to have fired in the woods—it had not dwelt for one moment in her mind. She was in a maze of doubt, difficulty and despair.

What did he mean? If she attempted to escape, he would send the whole county after her! Surely she had not merited such threats. Surely she had not deserved language that he might have used to a murderer, but which came strangely enough to his wife. He had discovered that she loved him, that she was jealous, that she had followed him for the sake of

watching and listening to him; but surely that was not enough to call out a whole county to pursue her.

He had called her guilty. She had owned that she was. Ah, dear Heaven, if she had but died when a child in her mother's arms! He had called her cruel; that she was not, for she would never have voluntarily hurt even a worm. Why was she to remain there—to move at her peril? What did it mean?

The golden stars came out in the sky. Was it really herself, or was she dreaming? Was she Hildred, the beautiful popular Countess of Caraven, lying there in all the abandonment of her misery, her husband's angry voice in her ears, the marks of his angry grasp on her arm? Outcast, wretched, despairing, there was only one friend for her in the world, and that was Sir Raoul; if she could but see him, if she could but tell him! The pitiless night hid her from all eyes. Surely there had never been a night so full of pain.

How long she had been lying there she never knew. Time was all ended for her. She was conscious only of infinite misery. She did not even feel the chill breath of the wind as it passed over her.

Then, after what seemed to her an age of suspense and agony, she heard footsteps amid the brushwood, and Lord Caraven calling her by name.

"I am here," she said.

In the thick growing darkness it was with difficulty that he discovered her. He saw her at length lying with her face hidden among the dead leaves.

"You may rise and thank Heaven," he said in a stern voice, "that you have not succeeded; the evil is not so great as it might have been."

She rose and stood before him, the same dazed look on her face.

"I do not understand—you say such hard, such cruel things," she moaned.

"Hard and cruel," repeated her husband, with bitter contempt—"did ever a woman live so cruel as you?"

"I am not cruel," she replied. "I have been driven mad."

There was such infinite sadness in the young voice, such dreary despair in the young face, that he was touched in spite of his anger and contempt.

"Tell me," he said, "what made you do this thing—this cruel, ungenerous, unwomanly deed."

She thought he referred to her conduct in following him, and they seemed to her hard words.

"What made me do it? You will only despise and hate me the more if I tell you," she replied.

"Frankly speaking, Hildred, nothing that you can say to me will make the matter worse, but it may certainly be made better. Tell me the plain truth."

"Yes, I will tell you," she replied. "I see that all good understanding is at an end between us."

"That is quite certain," he said with emphasis; "with my consent you shall never enter my doors again."

"Have I acted so very wrong?" she asked sadly.

"Wrong!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "We will waive that. Hildred, you have done that which I will never pardon. Now tell me why you did it. You may speak the truth to me; you bear my name, I will shield you from all harm. No one knows but myself."

"Then she did not see me?" said Hildred, drearly.

"No—and you may be thankful for it," answered the earl, severely. "She did not see you. You may speak quite frankly—no one knows any thing about it except myself. Now tell me."

"What have I to tell you?" she said. "I—I did it; I followed you here because—oh, how hard it is to tell!—because I was jealous of her. I thought that you were both ridiculing me, that you would tell her that you had been obliged to marry me to save yourself from ruin, but that you did not love me, you did not care for me, you disliked me, you hated me, you longed to be free from me—my accursed money was all you wanted—that you would never like me. And I fancied she would pity you, in that soft, caressing voice of hers—pity you for being burdened with a wife you did not love. I believed that you would tell her that I was jealous of her, that then both of you would laugh at me."

The passion of her words had deadened all sense of shame. She had forgotten that which her jealousy had prompted her to do, and remembered only her great, bitter wrongs. She was no longer a heroine—only a passionate, injured, deeply-loving woman. She rose to the occasion.

The earl was impressed more than he would have cared to own.

"I could not bear it," she continued passionately. "I should have done worse than this, I am sure, if it could have been done. I was mad. I will tell you all. I was mad, because I had learned to love you with all the strength of my heart and soul. I could not bear that you should speak about me with careless words, it was as though you stabbed me to the heart with pleasure."

"You loved me?" he interrogated, incredulously.

The dark shawl fell from her, and she stood erect before him in all the dignity of her pale passionate beauty. Her amber dress and her raven hair gleamed in the starlight, the queenly head was held aloft; she no longer pleaded and wept; the memory of her passionate love and her bitter wrongs filled her with angry pride.

"Yes, I love you," she continued proudly. "Whose is the sin? Is it mine, because I, your wife, have to tell you this, and you feel surprised? I love you; and now that I have to leave you I tell you that woman who loved man, wife never loved husband, more dearly, more deeply, more devotedly, than I love you, I would have devoted my life to you. I would have died for you, every beat of my heart, every thought of my mind, every action was for you. I love you as Elaine loved the knight of old when she said—

"I have gone mad—I love you—let me die!"

She drew nearer to him.
 "I love you as no one else ever will—as no woman has ever loved you—partly because I could not help loving you, and partly because I have helped to awaken the better nature within you. You may live many years, happy, flattered, but no love like mine will ever reach you; the wife you are sending from you is the dearest and truest friend you have."

He looked terribly distressed.
 "Why did you not tell me this before, Hildred?" he asked
 "I tell you? How little you know me! Was it my place to go to the husband who neglected me and plead for his caresses, for his love? I would have died a thousand deaths first. How little you know me! I should not tell you all this now, but that I know in this world we shall never perhaps meet again. I am speaking to you across a grave. I stretch out my hands to you over a grave—the grave where my love lies—slain!"

And as she said the words she fell upon her knees, weeping, sobbing with bitter cries, as though a grave lay there, and she had fallen upon it.

He was touched. He could not tolerate what he believed to be her crime, but she was young, beautiful, and loving. Her crime had been committed through love of him. He raised her from the ground.

"I am very sorry, Hildred," he said; "it is very sad for both of us. Now we must talk of something else. You must go at once."

She raised her weeping eyes to him.
 "Must you souse me away?" she asked gently. "It was wrong. I was mad with jealous anger, but I did not think I was. Could you not overlook it?"

"You speak lightly," he replied sternly. "No, you can never re-enter my house. I have arranged it all. I did so when I took poor Lady Hamilton back to the Castle. I told our guests that you had been suddenly sent for by your father, that I had driven you to the station—and it is to your father's house you must go."

"Very well," she said, drearily.
 "You do not seem to understand," he remarked sharply, "do you not know the danger, the peril that hangs over you?"

She did not, but of what use was it to say so!

"Try to collect yourself and understand," he continued, "time presses. I cannot keep them away much longer. You must depart at once without being seen. No one must know at what hour you went. You must go to your father's house and wait there. If it should be needful to send you abroad, I will arrange it."

"Have I done so very wrong?" she murmured. The earl cried out passionately—

"Heaven give me patience! You must be mad to ask me such a question. One would think you did not know what wrong meant."

Hildred stood quite still, looking almost helplessly at him.

"You do not seem to realize or to know what you have done," he said nastily.

"I do—I do!" she moaned; "and there will be no pardon. I wish that I might fling myself into that lake. I would, but that there is a life to come."

"Hildred," said the earl sternly, "listen to me. I have told you that you must never re-enter my doors; but you bear my name, and for my name's sake I will shield you. The Countess of Caraven may have done wrong, but the world must not know it. I must save you from the consequences of your mad folly. See—I went quietly to your rooms and have brought you these." He gave her a cloak and a bonnet with a thick veil.
 "I found them in your wardrobe. Have you any money?"

"No," she replied vacantly, "none."

He took out his purse and gave it to her.

"I would accompany you," he said, "but that it would draw down suspicion on you. I must be here to ward it off. Wrap yourself in this cloak. Hide all that amber satin."

With cold trembling hands she obeyed him. Suddenly she remembered the rubies. She unclasped the necklace and bracelets.

"Take these," she said; and the earl took them—it was better, he thought, to humor her.

"Now you quite understand, Hildred? You must not go near Court Raven—you are known there. You must walk to Worseley; that is a larger station; no one will know you. Take a ticket for London. When you reach there, hail a cab and go straight to your father's house. Are you quite sure that you understand?"

"Yes; what must I say to my father?" she asked.

"You had better tell him the truth. He is a quick, keen man of the world; he will know far better than I do what should be done. Tell him all."

"Yes," she replied mechanically.

"Now hasten away from here, Hildred," he said. "I am in mortal fear. You understand all. You know the road to Worseley—it is direct—you take the high road without turning. Good-by."

She raised her dark sad eyes to his face; all the love, the passion, the regret that she could not put into words, was revealed in them.

"Good-by," she repeated.

He did not hold out his hand to her. Had he been speaking to the merest stranger, his voice could not have been colder or more stern. Then he turned quickly away, and Lady Caraven walked across the coppice and through a lane into the high-road. She walked quite mechanically. She had to go to Worseley, to take a ticket to London, and then go to her father's house. She repeated the words over and over again to herself, like a child who dreads forgetting a lesson. Her face was deadly pale; her limbs trembled with cold. The golden stars shone down upon her; the night winds whispered round her. She walked on, unconscious of it all.

(To be continued.)

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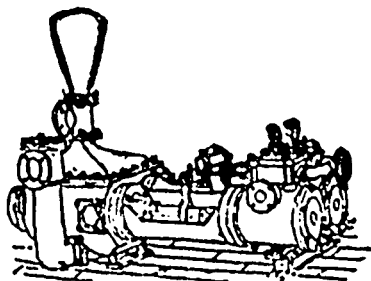
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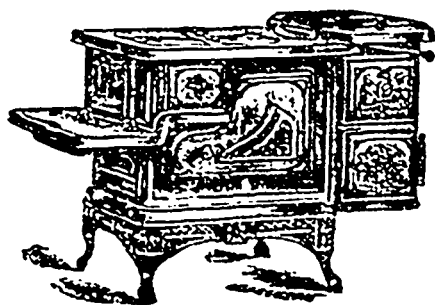
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MINING.

ANALYTICAL DEPARTMENT.—To meet a long felt want THE CRITIC has made arrangements with a competent Analyst, who will determine the quality of all specimens sent to be tested. The fee charged will be from two to eight dollars, according to the difficulty and expense incurred by the analyst in making the analysis. The strictest accuracy will be observed, and the result of the analysis will only be known to the operator and the sender of the sample. Send samples by parcel-post or otherwise, with a fee of two dollars. "Analyst," care A. M. Fraser, Business Manager of THE CRITIC. Should a larger fee be required, the sender will be notified.

UNITED STATES ALIEN LAWS.—In our last issue we briefly noticed the lately enacted American Alien Laws, and referred to the warning that the London *Mining Journal* had considered it necessary to give against investing in United States Mines. Congress last year passed an Act, entitled "An Act to restrict the ownership of real estate in the territories by American citizens." The Act declares it unlawful "for any person or persons, not citizens of the United States, or who have not lawfully declared their intention to become such citizens, or for any corporation not created by or under the laws of the United States, or of some State or Territory of the United States, to hereafter acquire, hold, or own real estate, or any interest therein, in any of the Territories of the United States, or the District of Columbia." The example set by Congress is being followed by separate States. Thus we find the State Legislature of Colorado has introduced a bill with a similar object. Section 1 says:—"Non-resident aliens shall, on and after the passing of this Act, be forever prohibited from acquiring by any form of purchase to them, or to their use, agricultural, arid or rough lands. Section 3 comes in as a qualifier, and says:—"This Act shall not apply to foreign corporations, syndicates, or individuals, acquiring, owning, holding, or working mines, or any industry other than the holding of real estate, for the purpose of making revenue from its rental value, or its use in value." The bill further provides that non-resident aliens shall be allowed three years for clearing out of their properties, but after that period "the same shall be forfeited in the same manner, and by like proceedings, as in the case of lands purporting to be acquired by purchase after the passage of this Act." Commenting on this, the *Mining Journal* says:—"Although the Colorado Legislature has exempted mining properties from this restrictive and obnoxious measure the probabilities are that the legislature in another year or two may, after a large amount of English capital has been absorbed in developing their mines, turn round upon their benefactors and apply the same law to mining as other lands. The question is one that seriously affects the honor of the American nation, as also separate States, and the iniquities and inequalities of such laws will not tend to create confidence in the minds of the British public as to the security of American investments. We have steadfastly encouraged the investment and development of American mining, railways, and land properties, but if English investors are to be debarred by a spiteful law from investing their capital in American ventures they will, of course, naturally seek safer investments in British colonies, where their capital will be safe, and engagements entered into honorably carried out."

It will be noticed that the Act does not apply to after-acquired titles, but with a disregard of all legal obligations provides for the forfeitures of titles acquired before the introduction of the measure. Such high-handed legislation justifies the *Mining Journal* in its strictures, and has shaken the confidence of English capitalists in United States investments. The London correspondent of the *New York Times* writes:—"The detailed provisions of the Alien Land Act, when known here, created the greatest excitement in financial circles. One great speculator tells me that no less than 300 big American land schemes are knocked in the head by it."

* * City investors and agents are in almost a state of panic, since it is uncertain how deeply the clause forbidding aliens to have even an indirect interest in land may shake mortgages and loan companies. The Mines Company of Gresham House, the biggest concern of negotiating agents in Europe, has passed a resolution that hereafter it will refuse to deal with any and all American mines, lands, and securities, in the Territories, even if the way is found to evade the law. The fact has scared the heretofore credulous English public out of all notion of touching American investments. There would be some compensation in the thought that this might drive home the swarm of American sharpers who have been a nuisance here so long, if it were not for the fact that many of them will be left utterly destitute borrowers. A few whose interests are in Nevada and California are in high feather at their luck. Naturally, colonial speculators are enraptured at the belief that English money will now float their way. So important do they regard this that the whole Act was cabled to the Cape of Good Hope on Thursday by agents here."

If Nova Scotia will only bestir itself, and lay before English capitalists the immense undeveloped mineral resources of the Province, millions of capital may now be diverted this way. The Cape of Good Hope and other distant colonies are evidently preparing to profit by the blow that foolish legislators in the States have given their industries, but who is attending to the interests of this Province? Another such opportunity to secure capital to develop our mines may not occur again in a century, but our people scarcely know that it has arisen. Mining men in all parts of the Province should act on the information as speedily as possible, and strive to form connections with reliable English promoters or capitalists. Avoid irresponsible speculators who are numerous and active, and deal only with men whose reputations to lose. If a proper English connection is once made, a steady stream of English capital will soon flow this way.

FIFTEEN MILE STREAM.—Some excitement has prevailed in this district of late, owing to the recent discoveries of Mr. May, the manager of the Egerton Gold Mining Company, now operating the property formerly owned by the Hall-Anderson Gold Mining Co. Mr. May has discovered

MINING.—Continued.

two new leads north of the McGilligan, both of which show gold very freely, and the largest of which is about five feet in thickness, divided into two seams by a small belt of slate. Mr. May has not yet developed the new find sufficiently to speak with accuracy; but from all appearance, it is one of the richest leads in the district. The other lead is small, but gives very good returns. Mr. May, on the 1st of August, sent in a bar of 64 ounces, as the result of two drills for a month. There is a prospect at present of the expenditure of some money on the road from Mr. Nelson's to the stream, which we believe is very much needed. The Egerton Co. have contributed one hundred dollars to the road fund.

RENFREW DISTRICT.—The old free claim at Renfrew, worked by the Renfrew Consolidated, is known to miners as a very valuable property. The company are now in difficulties, and the property has been attached, and will probably be sold at an early date. It has just been placed in thorough working order by the manager, Mr. Fiske, but as the capitalists in Boston have not furnished needed funds, Mr. Fiske has been obliged to attach, to secure cash advances made by himself, and to pay off all claims against the mine.

WHITEBURN GOLD DISTRICT, QUEENS CO.—*Editor Critic.*—Sir,—The praiseworthy interest you take in our mines, and the interesting manner in which you treat mining topics, tends greatly to encourage the weary miner, and to cause him to put forth renewed exertions in his toilsome search for the precious metal. THE CRITIC is a welcome visitor in every mining camp, and is read and re-read by the men. Croakers who would run down the most valuable mining property are too numerous, but with us at Whiteburn preliminary difficulties have been overcome, and the district has become known as a valuable one. Owing to the dry weather the mills have been running on half time, but, as some compensation, the ore taken out grows richer and richer each week as the leads are sunk. New leads are being discovered all around us, and the prospectors' hearts are being gladdened by rich finds.

Yours truly,

VULCAN.

Reports from Queens County prove that good work is being done at Vogler's Cove and at the "Fifteen Mile," a district midway between Liverpool and Caledonia, on the main coach road. George Snaddon and others, after much vexatious prospecting (the surface being from five to twenty feet in depth) have succeeded in striking the lead for which they have been looking. The lead is in reality two leads, somewhere about ten inches each in thickness, and separated by several inches of whin. Difficulty has been experienced from surface water, but this may easily be provided against; and as the lead looks well, the ore showing good signs of gold when blasted, the owners will be encouraged to push operations rapidly.

At Vogler's Cove, a Liverpool company have struck a lead, said to be from six to eight feet in width, and showing gold freely. The stock of the company under the impetus of the find, has risen rapidly in value, and shares are held at figures that prevent sales.

Prospecting is being vigorously pushed in all directions near Liverpool, and if there are any undiscovered leads, they will hardly remain so long.

KEMPTVILLE DISTRICT, YARMOUTH CO.—Three mines are now working in this district. At the Kemptville mine they sunk a shaft last winter 100 feet deep, and have tunnelled to strike the rich leads at that depth, but have not reached them yet. During the dry weather they have been prospecting the rich lode on the hill, and have taken out several tons of quartz which show very well, and will be crushed at the Cowan mill when they get to work.

The Cowan mine is also working on the rich lead in the swamp, which gave 22 oz. 4 dwts. to the ton at the last crushing. The mine has been under bond to some New York parties, which prevented working earlier in the season. They are now putting in a tight shaft and getting ready for the fall and winter, when the swamp will be quite wet.

On the Ryerson mine they commenced prospecting in June, and succeeded in finding the rich swamp lead, and two other leads, one of four inches, and another of three inches, with the rich lead in between, making three leads in the same shaft, all of them producing gold. About one and a half tons of rock have been taken out of these leads. Forty feet north of the rich leads they have found a large lead nine feet wide, which looks well, carries some gold, and plenty of other metals. This, no doubt, is the lead that the large rich boulders came from, and will, no doubt, be found to be the best in this district. About 20 tons of the ore will be taken out this week, to be crushed as soon as the mill is running; and should it turn out well, will be one of the best properties in this Province. At Carlton, about 35 men are taking out quartz which looks well, but the mill is stopped on account of lack of water.

The mines on Gold River are being worked as usual, but the water supply for crushing is short at this dry time. Quartz, however, of a good quality is being taken out, and will be all ready for the first rain, when we hope to hear of that mill taking lots of the precious metal from the quartz now being raised to the surface.—*Lunenburg Progress.*

The Director puts the silver production last year at \$49,895,930, which is the largest aggregate ever yielded in a single year.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

F. W. CHRISTIE,

Member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

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But what we can do.
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their operation to any other, especially as
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saving over the Stamp Mill. Also, in clean-
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HOME AND FARM.

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

The following practical directions are the result of the experience of a young lady, who, by a little study, the exercise of common sense, and the establishment of system, is beginning to make her poultry pay, as well as to improve her breeds, which were indifferent when she took them over a few months ago:

HOW TO FEED CHICKENS.—Give no feed to chicks for the first 24 hours, but feed the mother with corn, and give her water. This can be done without allowing her to leave the nest.

The second day feed with hard-boiled eggs, very finely chopped, always giving the mother more substantial food, such as whole corn.

The third day, hard-boiled egg, bread crumbs and oatmeal.

After this, wheat screenings, cracked corn, oatmeal boiled in milk, onions, (also cooked,) and most particularly must they have cooked meat, powdered oyster shells, and coarse sand mixed with their food.

These latter form bone and muscle, which, when properly attended to, make the frame develop rapidly, and form the foundation for fattening.

For five weeks the chicks should be fed at least four times a day.

Do not mix everything up together and feed the same mess four times each day, but give them a warm soft mess the first thing in the morning; then one kind of grain at the second feeding, (say cracked corn;) then another at the third, (wheat screenings with bread crumbs;) then a substantial feed before going to bed, say meat, corn, and scraps, always putting more grain in the last feed than soft food.

With a foundation of scraps carefully saved each day from the house, I have found grain last out much longer than when I neglected the scraps and depended wholly on grain. Meat and wheat screenings are essential for laying hens, also a little pepper once a week.

A soft mash in the morning, given warm, and composed of scraps, brain or shorts, a little grain (not corn,) and mix in meat as often as possible.

In the evening give a heavy feed of grain. Corn in the evening being very good. Give them a different grain every evening, until you run through your variety. A varied diet is as essential to fowls as to human beings.

Break up egg shells to mix with their food, and let them have gravel, sand, or oystershells to peck at.

Boiled potatoes, turnips and carrots are good to mix with their food, and if kept in a yard, give them plenty of green stuff, such as grass, vegetable tops, etc.

We are strongly impressed with the expediency of keeping before our agricultural readers the most practical remarks we can find on the subject of horse-breeding. We therefore extract the following, written by H. Stewart in the *N. Y. Times*:—"One might reasonably suppose that the last thing that the farmer should have to purchase would be horses to do his work, when these animals are so easily and cheaply reared, and that he should be forced to pay out \$300 to \$350 of hard-earned money for a team to do his work at short intervals for a few years. But the fact is so, and a prominent farmer of northern New York recently averred that the farmers of his county (Saratoga) annually paid out \$10,000 for horses. Under these circumstances, there is a profitable and sure business for a large number of farmers to merely supply their own wants, not taking into account the demands of the various industries which use so many horses, and which demands are constantly enlarging as population and business increase, and the wants of the enormous armies kept up in Europe, so uselessly and so mischievously for the public welfare." Mr Stewart deprecates as ruinous the idea of some young farmers that a pile is to be made by breeding horses of what he calls the \$20,000 kind; but this is not a craze which lays hold of the Nova Scotian farmer. He then proceeds as follows:—"It is not the diamond or gold which makes the world rich, but the humble clay of which bricks are made, the coal and the commonplace ironstone. In like manner it is the ordinary farm or road work horse which will bring wealth to the breeder. Nevertheless, it should be the best of its kind. No worn-out, diseased, cast-off-from-work mares can rear the foals which will make money for their owners. None but sound, healthy, well trained, docile dams should be used, and these of a kind which will produce good-sized colts: that is, of large, roomy build and good bone, but well proportioned. The selection of the sire is of equal importance. Health and constitution are specially desirable qualities in a sire; temper is another qualification. Size is of little moment; this is given by the dam, but figure and every characteristic which denotes mental quality should predominate in the male. The soundness of the sire in every respect should be insisted upon. Even accidental defects are transmitted. Blindness is hereditary, and a large proportion of those got of a blind sire will lose their sight in the first few years of their lives, and few will pass their seventh year without exhibiting the defect of their progenitor. Spavin, ring-bone, splints, and other bone diseases become hereditary, and a stallion whose hoof has been distorted by a wound in the coronet from a calk has produced colts which showed the defect in their hoofs at birth. For these reasons the farmer who would enter the profitable business of rearing horses for his own use or for sale should select the right materials to begin with or he will surely suffer disappointment."

That very valuable agricultural paper, the *New England Farmer*, publishes in its issue of 23rd July a series of cuts from photographs, illustrative of experiments extending over seven years, having for their object to

test the relative value of planting small whole potatoes as compared with large cut ones. Fertilizing agencies and all other conditions were equalized with great care. The illustrations show several stages of growth, and the results from each hill in large and small-sized potatoes. The small potatoes used were about an inch in diameter, and the pieces cut from larger ones (weighing about half-a-pound each) were cut to a size to weigh the same as the small whole potato, and each piece had the eyes reduced to two before planting. The advantage seems to have been, throughout stages of growth, and in the results, measurably in favor of the whole seed, in the proportion, at the end of seven years' experiments, of 205½ of large, and 62 lbs. of small potatoes for the whole seed, to 192½ lbs. of large and 71½ of small potatoes for the cut seed—the small whole seed producing 13 lbs. more of large potatoes and 9½ lbs. less of small ones. One result of adopting the principle recommended by the test would be some saving of labor in cutting seed. These observations are supplemented by a series of experiments on the respective values of the seed-end and the stem-end of potatoes used for seed. "These views all show that the seed-end produced plants that kept in advance of those that came from the stem-end" throughout the whole growth from the start, which was itself ahead. To a perceptible degree, the more rapid growth of the whole seed characterized the first experiments, though not to the marked extent of the second series. The yield of ten hills in six years' experiments was also in favor of the seed-end sowings in the remarkable proportion of 166½ lbs. large, and 47½ small—total 213½—to 141½ lbs. large, and 47½ lbs. small—total 188½ lbs., the seed end producing about 25 lbs. more larger than stem-end, and the same quantity of small. Experiments on seed plastered after cutting, versus uncovered cut, and on seed that is scabby were indecisive. The summing up is as follows: "In conclusion, I would say, years of close observation and careful experiments lead me to the following conclusions: 1st. Whole potatoes will produce a crop from a week to ten days earlier than cut potatoes. 2d. Small whole potatoes will produce for many years in succession just as good if not better results than large potatoes cut the size of the small whole ones. 3d. The seed-end of a potato is better to plant than the stem-end, because the plants start with more vigor, and produce larger and more potatoes. 4th. A large piece of potato is better to plant in ordinary soil, and will produce a much better crop than very small pieces or single eyes. 5th. Potatoes with sprouts long enough to break off in planting are not as good as potatoes with the eyes started just enough to show their good condition. 6th. The form of a potato can not, as a rule, be changed by the selection for planting any particular form. 7th. Two distinct varieties will not mix by planting in the same hill. 8th. The potato scab is a blemish that the more we investigate the less we appear to know about it."

OUR COSY CORNER.

A remarkable needle is owned by Queen Victoria. Indeed it is likely that there is no other needle so wonderful in the whole world. It represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This Roman column is adorned with many scenes in sculpture which tell of the heroic deeds of the Emperor Trajan. On the little needle are pictured scenes from the life of Queen Victoria, but the pictures are so small that it is necessary to use a magnifying glass in order to see them. Within the needle are a number of smaller needles which contain microscopic pictures.

There is perhaps no more useful article in the kitchen than old newspapers, therefore it is well to keep a drawer for them; they are convenient for covering the shelves, to polish silver, tinware, glass, and the stove, when broiling meat spread them on the floor to prevent the drippings from the meat spotting the floor; they are also convenient for starting the fire, to tack on the wall, to cover things, and in very many ways prove useful.

To be particular about the little things, such as the soap-dish, match-box, salt-box, wine basket and towel-rack, is a sure sign of a well-ordered kitchen. Dish-towels, kitchen aprons, and kitchen towels have of course a drawer kept for them in or near the kitchen; and it is also handy to have three or four different sized pan-holders hanging near the range, also a kitchen clothes basket or bag, in which to keep all soiled kitchen linen. A plain wooden chair, and a couple of milking-stools of different heights, one to be used as a foot-rest, are proper and necessary.

Fancy bed quilts are now quite the fashion. Bands of open work and plain linen are joined and bordered with wide lace. The open work consists of heavy antique insertion, or else wide insertion crocheted from linen thread with a lace border to correspond, and are lined with silk the color of the room furnishings. Instead of pillows, a very wide bolster is used during the day and is covered with a case made of the same material as the quilt. Crocheted and knitted quilts are becoming popular especially for using with old fashioned bedroom furniture. Many pretty patterns have been illustrated and described in different issues of the *Dorcas* magazine, and as the squares are made separately they are convenient work for odd moments.

Window glass can be decorated and the light subdued by dissolving dextrine in a concentrated solution of sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of zinc, sulphate of copper and other metallic salts; strain the liquid and brush a thin coat of it over the glass and dry slowly at the ordinary temperature, keeping the glass level. For protection it may be varnished. The effect produced is said to be that of an incrustation of diamonds, sapphires, etc., according to the color of the salt used.

A CARD

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

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

A MONSTER.

Dr. Franklin, with a party of his friends, was overtaken by bad weather on one of the West Indian islands, (which they had put into on a voyage to Europe), and took shelter in a public house, kept by a foreigner. Upon their requesting that more wood might be brought and put on the fire, the inhuman brute of a landlord ordered his sickly wife to go out in the storm and bring it; while a young sturdy negro wench stood by doing nothing. When asked, why he did not send the girl rather than his wife, he replied, "That wench is worth £80, and if she should catch cold and die, it would be a great loss to me; but, if my wife dies, I can get another, and perhaps woney into the bargain."

HALIFAX, Feb. 5, 1885.

Putner Emulsion Co., Halifax:

DEAR SIR,—Your Emulsion has been of great benefit to me in a case of severe hoarseness and bronchial troubles, and I am glad to add my testimony to your list—which I am sure is a long one. I heartily recommend it to those whose lungs are affected by this very trying climate, and shall always endeavor to keep a bottle of it handy for an emergency.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES J. ROSS,
Vocal Teacher.

In preparing Angel's Food we would advise the use of Brown Bros. & Co.'s Extract Vanilla, as it will be found far superior to many of the numerous flavoring essences.

A PROFITABLE BLUNDER.—When Isaiah Thomas, printer of the Farmer's Almanack, was called upon by a printer's devil to know what he should put against the 13th July, Mr. T. replied, "any thing," upon which the boy set "rain, hail and snow," at which the country was amazed, but it so happened that it actually rained, hailed and snowed on that day, and proved a profitable storm to the proprietor of the Almanack for the future numbers.

The award of medals and diplomas given PUTNER'S EMULSION at the great Exhibitions of Canada are sufficient of themselves to give it such a wide reputation.

G. F. COOKE.—Shortly after Cooke arrived in America, he was one evening in company with a number of actors whom he bored outrageously. "Mr. H****," said he, "what do you know of the stage—you are no actor, although the applause you receive from the Yankees makes you think yourself one." From the woe-begone appearance of the young Thespian the tragedian thought he had proceeded too far, and endeavoring to heal the wound he had inflicted, rose with tears in his eyes, observed, "What I said was in jest—I hold your professional talents in high estimation, and now freely make the acknowledgment." H. burst out in a loud laugh, exclaiming, "you old quiz, will you again say that I am no actor?"

THE EVIL OF POVERTY.—Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience. You will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good and produces so much inability to resist evil—both natural and moral—that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt. How many there are who are impoverishing themselves by paying large bills for useless medicine. This can be avoided by keeping a supply of the well-known remedy—Simson's Liniment—constantly on hand. As a relief for all pains and aches it is safe, effective and reliable. Price, large 4-oz. bottles, 25 cents.

FRANKLIN.—"Friend Franklin," said Myers Fisher, a celebrated Quaker lawyer of Philadelphia, one day, "thou knows almost everything; can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back-yard? my neighbors are tapping it of nights."

"Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the doctor; "let them but get a taste of the Madeira, and I'll engage they will never trouble thy small beer any more."

OTTAWA, Feb. 21, 1882.

Messrs. Putner Emulsion Co., Halifax, N. S.:

GENTLEMEN,—I have been troubled with weakness of the lungs and general debility during the past two years, so much as to cause me considerable anxiety, and hearing that your Emulsion was highly recommended by the medical and other reliable authorities, I concluded to give it a fair trial. I have taken about seven of your fifty cent bottles, and now find that my general health is much improved, my lungs and chest are a great deal stronger, and I have increased in weight twelve pounds, and feel pleased to be able to thus testify to the merits of your excellent Emulsion, which I can heartily recommend to all who are similarly affected.

R. T. ALLEN.

PETER PINDAR.—The following little anecdote has been left in Dr. Wolcot's own hand-writing:

"When the Duke of Kent was last in America, he took a stroll into the country, and entering a neat little cottage, saw a pretty girl with a book in her hand. "What books do you read, my dear?" asked his royal highness. The girl, with the most artless innocence, replied, "Sir, the Bible, and Peter Pindar!"



ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—During one of the college vacations, he and his brother returned to their father's in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then, resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe—and it was again tinkered. But it was not long before it wanted fixing again; and the father said in a pet, "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel with great composure hung it on the next tree; and putting on a grave countenance said, "It hangs very well; I am perfectly satisfied."

FROM THE HON. N. BERNATCHEZ, M. P. P.

MONTMAGNY, QUE., March 12, '87.

Having a bottle of Simson's Liniment and suffering from Rheumatism in the leg, I used it and it gives me pleasure to state the good effects produced by the preparation. On applying it to the painful part in the evening the next morning the soreness had entirely disappeared. If this testimonial will benefit you in any way you are at liberty to publish it.

N. BERNATCHEZ.

INDIAN VIRTUE.—A married woman of the Shawanee Indians made this beautiful reply to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. "Oulman, my husband," said she, "who is forever before my eyes hinders me from seeing you, or any other person."

When you have been out in the cold or have wet feet do not take brandy or other liquor, but mix a tablespoonful of Simson's Concentrated Extract of Jamaica Ginger in a small tumbler of sweetened water and drink it. It will be found more effectual than liquor and may save you from a bad cold.

CHANGING PLACES.—At the battle of Pootillos in Mexico, gained by General Mina over the Royalists, a trumpeter was made prisoner by a major of the Royalist calvary, who immediately forced him to dismount, and gave him his carbine to carry. The trumpeter soon ascertained that it was loaded; and when he found that the enemy's troops were in a state of confusion, he suddenly presented the carbine at the major, and peremptorily ordered him to dismount. He did so; and the trumpeter, jumping into the saddle, ordered the major to march before him, observing, "As you are obliged to walk, sir, I'll not trouble you to carry the gun."

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A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying: "My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him too long and he hardens."

FROM REV. P. J. FILLUEL, (Episcopal Minister).

DEAR SIR,—I have used your Emulsion myself, and so have members of my family, and must say with signal benefit. Soon after taking it on is sensible that the article is not a "bogus" preparation, but all that it claims to be.

I am 62 years of age, undertaking the performance of three full services each Lord's day, besides week-day duties, and I am occasionally greatly indebted to your Emulsion for the tone and vigor in which I am able to go through the physically oppressive duty.

I have recommended it to parties suffering from coughs, colds, debility, etc., and I am thankful to add that the results have, in every instance, been most beneficial.

Wishing you all success,

I am, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

P. J. FILLUEL,
Episcopal Minister.

A school-girl called upon by the teacher to define a hollow mockery, promptly replied, "A hustle."

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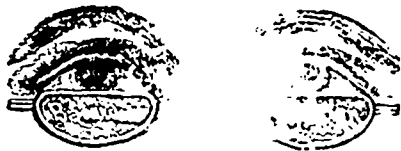
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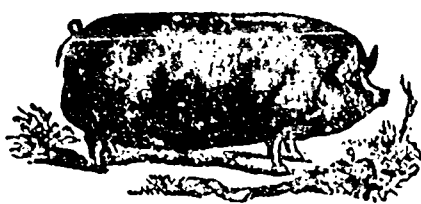
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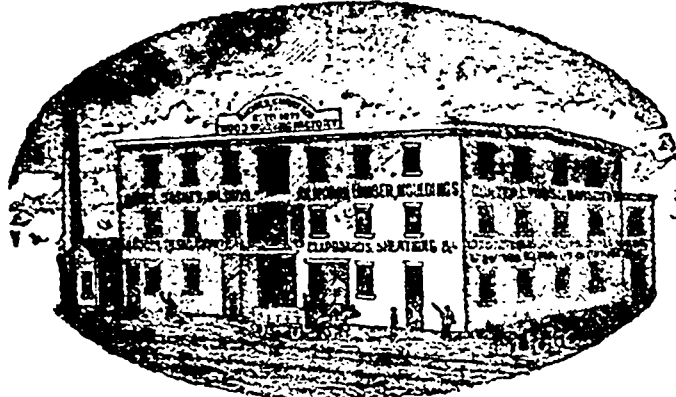
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