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HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

VOL. 4.
No. 8.

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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 his journal. Our readers are capable of approving or disapproving of any part of an article or contents of the paper; and after exercising due care as to what is to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The longest tunnel in the world, which has taken over a century to construct, has been lately completed. It is at Schemnitz, in Hungary, and is 10.27 miles long.

The condition of the poor in Digby county is a disgrace to our fair name as Nova Scotians. Our legislators should look into this matter and legislate in accordance with the facts. On this question more anon.

Previous to the elections fourteen railway projects were dangled before the eyes of the electors of this province, how many of these were mere election kites, and how many bona fide promises, will soon be made apparent.

The committee having in charge the arrangements for the proposed school exhibition in Dartmouth, have gone to work with a will, and it is expected that the exhibition will be one of the most successful of the kind ever held in Canada. It certainly will be if the teachers throughout the province co-operate willingly.

Now that the political hatchet is buried, let us move in the matter of the Jubilee celebration. It is an easy matter to make suggestions, but a difficult thing to make practical suggestions. Our civic fathers have the question under consideration and now that they have time to put on their thinking caps, we trust they will evolve a scheme worthy the combined brain-power of the city's government.

Our hard old-fashioned winters may have had their drawbacks, but most of us might well pray to be preserved from the skipping thermometer. A drop of sixty degrees in twenty-four hours, or a jump from zero to forty above in less time, is enough to give the whole community the epizoo, catarrh, bronchitis and pneumonia. No wonder our druggists smile and admit that trade is brisk.

Corporations are said to have no souls, but this is no reason why passenger steamship companies should allow their steamers to be turned into gambling saloons. Legitimate amusements during a sea voyage may be difficult to provide, but winking at gambling does not relieve the members of corporations from their individual responsibility in the matter. The evil is now said to have assumed large proportions, and vigorous measures will be required to put a stop to it.

Halifax society considers the remarks of THE CRITIC, with respect to the preponderance of the military element, as in bad taste, but admits that the opinions expressed both editorially and in correspondence, contain many poignant truths. There are still some truths to be told about Halifax society which have not yet been touched upon, but which fortunately only apply to a limited number of those whose names are to be found upon the books at Government House and at Oaklands. A satire upon married flirts or a trenchant leader upon local snobs could be written without difficulty.

An English chemist has found a way for turning to account the practically illimitable quantity of sea weed that the ocean supplies, or at least as much of it as may be desired. He boils the weed with carbonate of soda, and treats the filtered solution with sulphuric acid, obtaining from it in this manner a substance that has more viscosity than starch, or even gum arabic, and that can be profitably employed in stiffening various textile fabrics. It is also said to be excellently adapted for the making of syrups and for certain culinary uses. From the cellular and fibrous matter left after the extraction of that material—to which he has given the name of "algina"—a very good quality of writing paper can be cheaply made.

The inventive Yankee has discovered, not how to make bricks without straw, but how to make timber from straw. At the forthcoming American Exhibition, which is to open May 2, at Earl's Court, Kensington, will be a house of straw, now being made in Philadelphia. This house is an American suburban villa, very handsome and thoroughly artistic in design, two-and-a-half stories high, and covering a space of 42 x 50 feet. It is built entirely of materials manufactured from straw, foundations, timber, flooring, sheathing, roofing—everything, in fact, including the chimneys, the material being fire-proof, as well as water-proof. The inside finish will be in imitation rosewood, mahogany, walnut, maple, ash, ebony, and other fine woods, the straw lumber taking perfectly the surface and color of any desired wood. The straw villa will be devoted to the illustration of Philadelphia's commercial, financial and industrial interests by means of large photographs of the leading exchanges, banks, insurance buildings, factories, mills, schools, &c. A number of other leading American cities will also make novel exhibits of their municipal resources.

M. Henri Germain, chairman of the Crédit Lyonnais, has published a second letter in the *Temps* on the financial situation of France. In the first, he showed that in the course of eight years, from 1874 to 1882, the expenditure rose in France from 2,500,000,000 francs to 3,700,000,000 francs. "This short period" he says, "sufficed to increase the annual budget of the country by 1,200,000,000 francs. Since 1882 the amount of the expenditure has remained stationary. The war of 1870 and the invasion had already increased the burden of the tax-payers by 600,000,000 francs, as the budget of 1869 amounted to 1,900,000,000 francs. We see here a mutilated nation which has supported for a period of 12 years the burden of 1,800,000,000 francs of new charges, and, thanks to its persevering toil and wisdom, it has not swerved from its course, in spite of the improvidence of the men by whom it has been governed. At a time of unbroken peace, the expenses of France have increased by a sum almost equal to the amount of the whole budget of two great European Powers, Prussia and Italy. While the expenses of France have been increased by 1,200,000,000 francs, the budgets of the five other great Powers have been augmented in the same lapse of time in a very different proportion. They have been increased by 350,000,000 francs in England, by 200,000,000 francs in Prussia, by 550,000,000 francs in Russia, by 350,000,000 francs in Austria-Hungary, and by 250,000,000 francs in Italy."

There is a certain Mr. John Griscom in New York who has, according to the *Medical Record* of that city, a theory of his own to account for the success of the number of persons who are now fasting for four or five weeks at a time. According to him, it is all a matter of faith, and any person who will begin to fast with a full belief that it can be done without harm will succeed. "With the prejudice against fasting wholly removed," he says, "anyone in the enjoyment of perfect health could fast two or three weeks without inconvenience; but if a man should fast simply as an experiment, without a full belief that he could do it, he would kill himself." The use of Succi's red liquid, therefore, becomes plain—it is a medicine for the mind, and gives to the faster the necessary confidence. Griscom says that he has fasted for more than three weeks at a time, and his statement that the craving for food passes off at the end of forty-eight hours is confirmed by the evidence of involuntary fasters. Hunger is a much less imperious craving than thirst, which grows stronger with every hour of abstinence from fluids. The organism of a healthy man has extensive reserves in the fat which is stored in the layers of adipose tissue beneath the skin and in other situations; when the habit of drawing upon the food for the energy necessary for maintaining the physiological processes is broken during the first forty-eight hours, the subsequent drafts on the reserve are not attended by so much discomfort as during the period of transition.

THE HALIFAX FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The experience of years has proved the efficiency of the Halifax Fire Department, and its members can point with pardonable pride to the fact, that fires are so quickly subdued, and the average loss is so low, that insurance rates have been reduced. This is the more creditable when we remember that the department is a voluntary one, costing the city a mere song, in comparison with the paid departments of other cities; while its record for promptness and reliability is unrivalled. It is really remarkable, when one takes into consideration the inflammable materials which are so largely used in the buildings of this city, that the department has been able to cope so successfully with the fire fiend. A bird's-eye view of Halifax from the tower of the Brunswick street engine house would exemplify this, and one would imagine that a fire starting almost anywhere in the fire limits, would be bound to spread with the rapidity of lightning. But the department is ever on the alert, and at the first stroke of the fire alarm the doors of the engine houses are thrown open, the hose reels, only partly manned, are hauled out and started for the scene of the fire. Before it is reached, the different members rush in from all directions, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, the hose is attached to the plug, and in the generality of cases, the fire is quenched before it has time to gain headway. The Union Protection Company, as fine a salvage corps as exists, is always on hand, not alone to save from damage by fire, but from the no less (generally more) serious damage by water. When we think of the hardships that a fireman has to endure, the getting-up at any hour of the night, be the weather foul or fair, his constant peril of life and limb, his being fairly frozen fast to the ladders from which he directs a freezing stream upon the roaring flames, his heroic efforts to save life, ending in too many cases in the loss of his own; when we think of the courage, coolness and skill he is called upon to display, we must come to the one conclusion, that a competent fireman possesses all the qualities of a true hero. The man is there, and if the hour ever arrives, he will never flinch from his duties. All honor then to the brave men who, without the chances of pay or reward, stand ready at all times to save their neighbors from loss, or the city from destruction.

A paid department may become very efficient, but its members must lose the *esprit de corps* that animates our volunteer department. They work for stated wages, and are not guided by the same high motives that actuate our firemen. In the one case, it is a band of citizens fighting to protect their homes and their properties; in the other, the men are too often only interested to the extent of the wages that they earn. May the day be long distant before it will be found necessary to replace our present department by a paid one.

The men take a deep interest in their engine houses, and a visit to them shows that the rooms have been artistically decorated, and that they are scrupulously clean. The weak point in the department is the want of one or two first-class steam fire engines. The ones now in use have done good work in their day, and it is time to discard them. They are likely to break down at any moment, and should a disastrous fire be the result, we should not care to be in the shoes of the officers who have refused to accede to the constant demands that have been made for a new engine. The Mayor, in his address, says:—"A first-class steam fire engine has been asked for, for several years, and must be forthcoming in due time. It is to be hoped that it will be furnished before its services will have been found by experience to be indispensable." We cordially join with him in his statement that "too much praise cannot be awarded to the Chairman and Board of Firewards for their supervision and direction. But more especially to the officers and members of the Union Engine Company, Union Protection Company, and Union Axe Company, the grateful thanks of the citizens of Halifax are due. Such labors as are performed by the united fire department of Halifax, deserve the unstinted praise of their fellow citizens. It is very satisfactory to know that the condition of the Fire Department, coupled with the abundant supply of water, has borne fruit in reduced insurance rates."

INTERVIEWING.

For consummate cheek, commend us to, or rather preserve us from, the enterprising American reporter. He has reduced his business down to a science; and looking at it from that standpoint he pursues his calling with all the energy and ingenuity that such an avocation demands. We have heard of an enterprising Canadian scribe of this type who, upon hearing of the proposed marriage of a society belle, at once betook himself to her father's office, and began plying him with questions as to the birth place, family, means, and prospects, of his future son-in-law. In this instance, the only answer vouchsafed to the several interrogatories was—"That is a private affair." The reporter left the office disgusted, and showed his petty spleen by cutting down the description of the wedding, etc., to a three line item. But our reporters are miles behind their American cousins in the art of interviewing; and for the sake of domestic privacy and happiness, it is to be hoped that the art will become obsolete before they attain to any greater perfection in it. The following amusing illustration of the extent to which American reporters are willing to go, will make some of our readers smile. A reporter who has been representing a great New York daily at one of the fashionable watering-places on the New Jersey coast, has sailed miles ahead of his colleagues, by asking questions under unusual circumstances. A rumor came to the ears of the reporter that Governor Abbott was going to marry a beautiful and wealthy widow from Philadelphia. Having gained admission to the fair lady's presence, he instantly popped the question—of whether or not the report of her engagement was true. This is what took place:—

"Well, that is a curious question. It's so awfully absurd, and you are

such an absurd fellow," and the lady laughed as her flushes deepened. Still she was not offended.

"But is it true?" was asked.

"Well I don't know," was the answer, slowly, accompanied by another flush. "It is such an odd question to ask a lady. Of course the Governor and I are good friends, but I cannot tell you—oh, I think you had better see my lawyers, Abbett and Fuller of New York. I leave all my affairs in their hands."

"Will you not kindly set at rest the rumor which connects your name with Gov. Abbett's in a matrimonial sense?" insinuated the reporter.

"Oh you gentlemen of the press are so persistent—but I hope you won't publish my name. Now don't, won't you?"

"May I not congratulate you on your approaching wedding?"

"Well, I think you had better see my lawyers," was the merry answer, accompanied by a charming blush and graceful bow of dismissal. "I will say that I must not commit myself, pro or con. Now, I'll have to bid you good day," and blushing and smiling Mrs. Sharpsteen floated gracefully away.

We think most of our readers will come to the same conclusion arrived at by the beautiful widow—that it was an odd question to ask a lady.

OUR PARTY PRESS.

Philology teaches us that almost our whole stock of abusive epithets, that tainted vocabulary which enables a man to hurl indignities at his fellow, has descended to us from those early feudal times when men gave themselves up to the coarsest and most brutal passions. Such terms as villainy, revelry, jugglery, riddry and their cognates are the blossoms of that age of darkness and violence. Since then only a few distinctively opprobrious terms have been added to the language; but the stock already on hand, coupled with the elasticity of meaning in some others of our words, has until recently proved sufficient for even the most abusive. Though the ploughshare has not been beaten into a sword, it often serves as a cudgel. At this late day, however, in the progressive nineteenth century, the exigencies of political warfare seem to require more effective weapons than those which have been blunted by use. It is now generally agreed that mud is the most telling as well as the most appropriate missile available to the politician of this continent. For glib tongued abusiveness and ready inventiveness, the American party hack is simply above competition.

It is a matter of regret and shame that, in the political contest through which Canada has just passed, the party press on both sides should have manifested so strong a disposition to stir up the mud at the bottom. Undignified and extravagant language, and wholesale misrepresentation of facts, were the order of the day. No one who took the trouble to read the so-called despatches to the different papers concerning nomination day, could fail to notice the sameness of tone which pervaded them all,—a sameness which suggested the idea that the despatches to any one paper were all in a great measure the work of one pen. And the same is true of the other events of the campaign. With such a political press, it is almost impossible to learn the real truth about political matters, and we cannot wonder that so large a proportion of the masses are simply led by the noses. The whole power of the party press has been for weeks turned upon the characters and motives of our public men; and if only a twentieth of the accusations made were true, we should stand disgraced in the eyes of the outside world. The dignified, candid, respectful discussion of public questions which one finds in the English and Continental journals has no place in the columns of our party organs. One article is headed Boodle, another is about Boodlers, and a third enlightens us on the subject of Boodleism. We are doubtless only waiting for an opportunity to import from the mire of American journalism the equally elegant and respectful term "Mugwump."

Papers of such low literary taste and such dignified tone ought to be tabooed by society and excluded from the household of every self-respecting man. Then we might hope for an improvement. In the meantime we must blush and bear the taunts of outsiders at the low tone of our political journals.

Perhaps there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body, says the *Scientific American*, that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively; probably its chemical, electrical or vital conditions are distinctly modified. It conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to the torpid patient, "so many peals of laughter to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they do that far more objectionable prescription,—a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock.

The consumption of paper and the volume of its manufacture are sometimes taken as standards of civilization. The United States has 884 paper mills and 1,106 paper machines; Germany has 809 mills and 891 machines; France, 420 mills and 525 machines; England, 361 mills, 541 machines; Scotland, 69 mills, 98 machines; Ireland, 13 mills, 13 machines; Russia, 133 mills, 137 machines; and Austria, 220 mills, 270 machines. The average annual production of paper in all countries is estimated at 2,800,000 tons—a quantity which fairly entitles the present age to be called the age of paper.

CHUCKLES.

"Yes," observed Mrs. Gray, "we kinder get tired of gas, and now we're goin' to have the house lit with clandestine electric lights."

Probably one of the most trying times in a man's life is when he introduces his second wife, seventeen years old, to his eldest daughter, who is past twenty.

"Yes," mused a military man, as he strolled along the seashore over the shells, "yes, the waves are ever at war; they are constantly shelling the beach."

The prima donna who "carried away her audience" is earnestly requested to bring it back, as there were several mothers in it who left babies at home who may want something.

"Has the cookery book any pictures?" asked a young lady of a bookseller. "Not one," replied the dealer in books. "Why," exclaimed the witty girl, "what is the use of telling us how to serve a dinner if you give us no plates?"

It is not an unfair sarcasm that is embodied in the story of an organist who was asked: "Are you not a regular attendant of the Church?" "Oh, yes," said he. "And are you a Christian?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "I'm the organist."

In the year 1547, a proclamation was issued by Henry VIII., commanding "that women should not meet together to babble and talk; and that all men should keep their wives in their houses." Some monarchs seem to have had the impression that their subjects could carry out all sorts of impossible orders.

A stranger who was quietly looking over a water-power in a Western village was sought out by the Mayor, who said, "I hear you think of starting a factory?" "Yes." "It's a good place, you'll find our people all right. We do not put out any great amount of style, nor don't aim to. Here's a pair of suspenders I have worn for over forty years, though I'm worth fifty thousand dollars." "Ah! Um!" muttered the stranger: "but it was a suspender factory I was thinking to locate here"—*Wall Street News.*

MUSICAL ITEM.—Sam Ritchie, a Granger from Onion creek, was in Austin last week and called on a friend at the Brunswick Hotel. As they walked past the parlor a lady was observed pounding on the piano.

"What is she playing?" asked the Granger. "She's playing the 'Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.'" "So it's a harp that she is playing. Dang my buttons if it didn't sound like a piano; it looks like one, too."—*Texas Siftings.*

A gentleman, having tried the experiment last summer of roofing his house with the material out of which concrete pavements are made, was much annoyed by the animated discussions carried on by the cats of the neighborhood on the top of his dwelling. Finding the noise unbearable, he ascended the garret stairs one night and looked out of the trap-door. To his horror he found no fewer than 98 cats stuck fast knee-deep in the concrete, which had been softened by the heat. Some had been there four days.

A California editor thus simplifies a frequent railroad experience: "A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper."

"You are a native of this parish?" asked a Scotch sheriff of a witness who was summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling. "Maistly, yer honor," was the reply. "I mean, were you born in this parish?" "Nae, yer honor; I waana born in this parish, but I'm maist a native for a' that." "You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean," said the sheriff. "Nae, sir, I'm just here sax year noo." "Then how do you come to be nearly a native of the parish?" "Weel, ye see, when I cam' here, sax year ain', I just weighed eight stane, an' I'm fully seventeen stane noo; see ye see that about nine stane o' me belongs to this parish, and the ither eight comes frae Camlachie."

A new paper out West has started under difficulties. It tells its own story as follows: We begin the publication of the *Rocay Mountain Cyclone* with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type pounders phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. This mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamillies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the *Cyclone* whirling aphter a phashion till the sorte arrive. It is no joque of ours—it's a serious aphphair.

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Canada and West Indies.
TENDERS FOR STEAMSHIP LINES.
TENDERS will be received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, up to and including the 1st day of May next, from persons or companies, for the performance of the following steamship services, viz:—
1st, a line of mail steamers sailing from Halifax to Havana, thence to Kingston thence to Santiago de Cuba, thence to Canada; and (2nd) a line of mail steamers between Canada and Porto Rico and adjacent Islands. Trips to be made by each line fortnightly. Steamers to be of a size sufficient to carry 2,000 tons of cargo, and to be able to steam twelve knots an hour. The contract in either case to be for a period of five years. Tenders will be received for the above services either separately or together. Tenders to be marked on the outside "Tenders for Steamship Service to West Indies." The Government of Canada do not bind themselves to accept any tender.
By command,
J. M. COURTNEY,
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Finance Dept.
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

The Toronto City Council have resolved to erect an elaborate statue of the Queen in honor of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

The Acadians of the Maritime Provinces number 108,605. They are an intelligent and frugal body of people, and their public men are well educated in both languages.

The official valuation of real and personal property in the city of Halifax is \$20,895,754. About four fifths of this sum represents the value of real estate and one-fifth personal property.

The Toronto Board of Trade in 1883 had a membership of 132. Through the energy and business ability of its President, Mr. Darling, the scope and usefulness of the Board has been greatly enlarged, and its membership increased to 911.

Owing to the resignations of Messrs Mack, Bell and McGillivray, elections will be held for members of the provincial legislature in the counties of Queens, Pictou, and Antigonish. This double dose of political excitement in these counties will keep the electors busy until the Ides of March.

Mr. Alexander MacArthur, of Winnipeg, has started to find the North Pole, accompanied only by a friend and servant. When he overtakes Col. Gilder of New York, who set out on the same errand under similar conditions a short time ago, we hope the two of them will be able to decide amicably on the proper new name for the Pole.

Street lighting by electricity is being largely adopted by the smaller cities and towns throughout the United States, and from present indications it would appear that our wide awake towns in Nova Scotia are determined to keep abreast of the times in this particular. Truro, Windsor and Yarmouth have the matter of street electric lights under consideration.

The Conservatives throughout the Dominion felt pretty confident that the Government would be sustained at the polls on Tuesday last, but the Liberals were equally confident that the elections would place the Hon. Edward Blake and his party in power. In the Parliament just dissolved, the strength of the two parties was as follows:—

	Lib-Con.	Grt.	Maj.
Ontario	58	34	24
Quebec	48	17	31
Nova Scotia	16	5	11
New Brunswick	10	6	4
Prince Edward Island.....	3	3	0
Manitoba.....	4	1	3
British Columbia.....	6	0	6
	145	66	79

In the new Parliament the parties stand as follows:—

Provinces	Conserv.	Liberal.	Uncertain.
Nova Scotia.....	14	7	0
New Brunswick.....	9	7	0
P E Island.....	0	4	2
Quebec.....	34	30	1
Ontario.....	50	35	7
Manitoba.....	4	1	0
	111	84	10

Government majority 27, with 10 uncertain seats

British Columbia returned one Government supporter by acclamation. The elections for the remaining five members will not be held until the 8th of March. The returns from the Nova Scotia constituencies are as follows:—

GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS.

Antigonish	Thompson,	46
Annapolis.....	Mills,	28
Cumberland.....	Tupper,	682
Colchester	McLelan,	650
Cape Breton.....	McKeen,	180
Cape Breton	McDougall,	180
Digby.....	Campbell,	133
Halifax.....	Kenny,	100
Hants.....	Putnam,	119
Inverness.....	Cameron,	500
Pictou.....	Tupper,	500
Pictou	McDougall,	500
Queens.....	Freeman,	15
Victoria.....	McDonald,	67

OPPOSITION.

Guyaboro	Kirk,	400
Halifax.....	Jones,	100
Kings.....	Baden,	300
Lunenburg.....	Eisenhour,	121
Richmond.....	Fynn,	300
Sheburne.....	Roberson,	31
Yarmouth.....	Lovitt,	714

It is estimated that 75,000 people visited Montreal during the carnival week, and it is thought that had it not been for the sad railway accident near White River Junction, Vt., many thousands more would have attended. The carnival proved a veritable bonanza to the hotel and boarding house keepers and retail dealers in Montreal.

Harper's Magazine for February is a peculiarly strong number, being freighted with three serial stories, any one of which would be an extraordinary feat, four richly illustrated descriptive articles, a short story by Grant Allen, and an attractive variety of short poems, one of them from Cowley's "The Mistress" being charmingly illustrated by Abbey and Parsons.

Col. Goldie has been appointed to succeed Col. Black as quartermaster general at Halifax, and has been given power during his five years' term of office to purchase Canadian horses for re-mounts for the British army. An English veterinary surgeon will reside permanently with him and act under his instructions. Three hundred horses are to be purchased the first year, and the number will be increased in subsequent years.

The Department of Agriculture has just received from the Imperial Government the commemorative diplomas and medals to be awarded to every exhibitor at the late Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The number of each received is nearly three thousand. The medals are of bronze, and are very handsome in design and finish. They are about double the size of an ordinary penny. On the obverse side is a profile portrait of the Prince of Wales, while on the reverse are the words, "Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 1886," surrounded by a cluster of oak leaves. The diplomas are large-sized and of exquisite design and finish, being artistically colored.

The Ottawa Evening Journal says that it is almost certain that spring will see a line of steamships running regularly between British Columbia and the Australasian Colonies. Mr. Lucius P. Tuttle, Passenger and Traffic Manager of the C.P.R., of late has made several visits to New York with the object of purchasing a number of steamships for the proposed service to be maintained between Vancouver and Australia. It is learned on high authority that the C.P.R. has just about closed the purchase of three of the fastest steamers of the Cunard Line. The steamships will be placed on the Australian route in the spring. It is stated that the railway will shortly commence the publication of a monthly newspaper, to be devoted exclusively to the interests of the road.

People in Maine are petitioning the Legislature to abolish capital punishment.

There are now 365,783 names of United States pensioners on the lists, of whom 265,783 are army invalids.

A bill is before the Massachusetts Legislature for the incorporation at Worcester of the Clark University, to include a law, a medical, and a theological school, which Mr. Jonas G. Clark is to endow with at least \$1,000,000.

Some men are always superior to circumstances. A Nebraska man was carried forty miles by a cyclone, and dropped in a widow's front yard. He married the widow, and returned home worth about \$30,000 more than when he started.

Thirty curious wood carvings have been dug up on the line of the Cape Cod Canal at a depth of fifteen feet. They are of oak, and were made by a Mr. Nye, who was slightly unbalanced mentally, and who owned the land 120 years ago. The carvings are in an excellent state of preservation.

The New York Tribune says there is a strong probability that Paterson, N. J., whose chief industrial stay is the silk manufactories, will soon experience a lock-out that will close every one of these mills, and throw 15,000 men, women and children out of employment.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway has equipped two passenger trains between Chicago and Milwaukee with apparatus for heating by steam from the locomotives. The experiment is so far successful, but it has not had a test of severe weather. The company is also building an iron heating car to carry a boiler for generating steam for heating the train and to run next the engine.

A Swedish mechanic at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, has invented three nail machines, to work together, that will turn out 250 nails per minute, any size from the smallest to seven inches. One of the machines makes the common nail from the plate. The wire nail is cut and headed by the second machine. The third cuts a fluted nail with guttered sides, which the inventor claims will cling to wood better than any made.—English Mechanic.

The spread-eagle speeches of Senators Frye and Ingalls with respect to the Canadian fisheries were not calculated to encourage a friendly feeling between the people of the Dominion and the United States, but Congressman Butterworth, realizing the gravity of the situation, has come forward with a set of resolutions for which he deserves credit. By these resolutions the President is to be empowered to exempt from duty by proclamation all Canadian products, manufactures and merchandise, as rapidly as Canada shall by act of Parliament exempt the same articles coming from the United States from duty. The object of the resolution is declared to be to obviate the unfortunate complications now existing between the two countries, and to secure complete free trade. If this resolution pass the two Houses it will at one slash cut the Gordian knot, and solve all the international and commercial difficulties that have grown up between the two countries. A similar law is already upon the statute book of Canada, in fact it is the basis of the "National Policy," so that Canada has already gone her half of the distance.

Freemasons throughout the United States rejoice to know that the great Liszt was a member of the craft.

Tennessee has gone prohibition by a vote of the legislature of 87 to 4. The temperance signs of the times accumulate.

Chicago erected during the year 1886, 4,664 new buildings; Kansas City, during the same period of time put up 4,023. Kansas City and Chicago are booming.—*K. C. Journal.*

There are several new houses in New York city that are only fifteen feet wide. A large and pleasant entrance hall, with a fireplace and ornamental staircase, occupies the whole width of the house, and twenty-two feet back. The kitchen is in the rear, and parlor and dining room on the second story.

A special from Keogh, Montana, says: In round numbers there were on January 1st 200,000 head of cattle and 525,000 sheep on the range north and south of Yellowstone River, within a radius of one hundred miles of this point. Up to that time the stock had not suffered from the severity of the winter, but during January and the half of February just closing the losses have been enormous, in some places amounting to practically annihilation of whole herds. An Indian Territory special says: Reports from all parts of Indian Territory state the stock have wintered well and are in fair condition.

It is reported that Lady Randolph Churchill is about to visit America. The Queen's authority has been extended over Eastern Zululand with the assent of the Zulus.

London, Feb. 16.—Germany has annexed Kippin and portions of the East African coast under the terms of the Anglo-German Convention.

A Frenchman left an order in his will that five hundred thousand francs should be buried with him. A nephew was thoughtful enough to have a check for the amount put in the coffin.

The Austrian council of war has forbidden the officers of the army to leave the country while war is imminent. France is buying up horses in Spain, to be used in the event of war.

The Hovas are at length to have peace, in view of the probability of a Franco-German war. All the French troops in Madagascar have been recalled, excepting four companies, which are to remain at Dugo Suarez.

London, Feb. 18.—Advices from Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands, state that six natives who were condemned to death for complicity in the assault on Missionary Baker and his family, have been executed.

Advices from Metz report there is no cessation in French barrack-making around Verdun and Belfort, and that work on the fortifications at Verdun continues night and day. All commerce has been suspended at Metz. The inhabitants are storing their houses from cellar to garret.

The rules of procedure, now under consideration in the British House of Commons, confer special power upon the speaker, enabling him to limit the time for debate. They also provide for the appointing of standing committees, which may relieve Parliament from much of the tedious routine work which now has to be overtaken.

The entire framework of the main building which is being erected in London for the coming American Exhibition, is of steel rails, such as are used in the construction of railways. Two of these bolted back to back make an ornamental column, which, when the building shall have been taken down, will be ready for their original use.

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter in which he says he believes many members of the House of Commons are ignorant of the fact that down to the time of the union with England the Irish Protestants were the most prominent supporters of Irish nationality. The letter adds:—"They now have an opportunity of supporting nationality within safe bounds, giving peace to Ireland and comfort to the whole kingdom."

Advices from Lagos state that King Tofa, of Porto Nova, India, has practiced horrible cruelties towards his subordinate Princes, cutting out their eyes and tongues, breaking their jaws, and scalping and burning them. The torture, it is said, was prolonged many days before death released the victims. It is time that Portugal relinquished her three small possessions in India. Such atrocities as those committed by King Tofa could scarcely be possible under British rule.

The celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, which was held throughout India during three days of last week, was carried out most successfully. Religious services were held in honor of Her Majesty in all the Churches, Temples and Mosques, immense congregations attending. In Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and other cities, magnificent processions paraded the streets. The cities were brilliantly illuminated at night, and there were fine displays of fireworks. Twenty five thousand of the seventy-five thousand persons imprisoned for debt or for violation of the civil and military codes were set at liberty, the clemency of the Crown being particularly extended to women undergoing sentence.

It is semi officially stated that in Russian Government circles the conviction is gaining ground that war between France and Germany is inevitable. In addition to this it is said that as a fresh defeat of France might involve disastrous results to Russia, the Czar's Government will, in the event of war, preserve entire liberty of action. It will not support France as an ally, but may, by a firm reserved attitude, prevent Germany from sending the whole of her army west of the Rhone, and even if France should be defeated, attenuate as much as possible the effects of the disaster. For these reasons it is declared Russia will await the outcome of the different phases of the Bulgarian crisis with the greatest calmness, and act in such a way as to avoid being involved with Austria or England at the moment when France and Germany commence hostilities.

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RELIGIOUS.

PRESBYTERIAN.

It is not often that a minister is able to contribute largely to Church work. The Rev. Dr. Charles Robinson, of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, has, since his entry into the ministry, contributed \$150,000. What seems a yet more startling statement is the announcement that he has 150 sermons prepared, that have never been delivered.

Last week at a meeting of St. James' Church, Dartmouth, it was decided to extend a call to the Rev. John George, of Sherbrooke.

Rev. Mr. Archibald has tendered his demission as pastor of the Kentville Presbyterian Church.

On the 15th of March the annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in connection with the Presbytery of Halifax, will be held in this city.

A misprint in our last issue made the name of the "Rev. Salisbury G. Tappan" road, "Rev. Salisbury G. Tupper."

METHODIST.

The death of the Rev. A. P. Taylor, of the Richibucto circuit, occurred on the 10th instant. He had been unable to perform his pastoral duties for some months.

A Union Bible Holiness Convention was held in Queen's Square Methodist Church, St. John, this week, being conducted by three ministers of the United States.

The Methodists of Oxford, Cumberland Co., dedicated their new church on the 6th inst. The Rev. Cranwick Jost, President of the Nova Scotia Conference, conducted the service.

The Rev. C. S. Ely, missionary from the Methodist Church of Canada, who will be remembered for his admirable missionary addresses in Halifax about a year ago, arrived in Japan about the first of the year.

Last year the sales of the New York branch of the Book Concern in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, amounted to over \$1,000,000. The Cincinnati branch report nearly \$900,000 worth of books sold during the same period.

BAPTIST.

It has been decided to erect a building in Wolfville for the accommodation of the pupils attending the Academy. The attendance at all the institutions is encouraging, there being 93 on the roll of the College, 90 on that of the Academy, and 81 young ladies at the Seminary.

From statistics lately published we learn the relation of Baptist church-members to the population is, in Ontario, about one to eight, in the Maritime Provinces, one to every twenty three, and in Kings County, one to every six. Deducing the non-resident church-members in that County, there would be one to every ten. Allowing five Baptist adherents to every church-member, this would make about half the population of Kings Baptist.

The following statement of the receipts of the various organizations of the Baptists in the United States has been published. The missionary contributions amounted last year to \$1,671,716; for educational and other objects, \$1,914,442; for the support of churches, \$4,924,553; making a grand total for missions and church work of \$8,510,511. There were in addition to this amount trust funds held by missionary societies to the extent of \$1,380,112. The total number of laborers employed last year by the Publication Society, Home Missionary Society and Missionary Union was 2,486.

CATHOLIC.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Rigg, Bishop of Dunkeld, Scotland, has passed away. He was the first incumbent after the restoration of the Hierarchy in Scotland.

Rev. F. Bennett, Professor of English Literature in Ottawa College, has recently died. He was a schoolmate of Leo XIII.

Rev. P. McEvoy, vice-rector of the "Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses," Salamanca, has just been promoted to a chair in the time-honored university of that city, and will, in a short time, formally take his seat there as Professor of English.

At high mass in St. Mary's on Sunday last, the Rev. Father Biggs read the Archbishop's pastoral for Lent. The subject of such was principally faith; but, side issues such as the proper observation of the approaching penitential season were also dealt with. His exhortation to the Rev. Clergy of the Diocese to root out intemperance, should apply to anyone. "Alcohol," says His Grace, "is neither a necessity nor a luxury."

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

We are glad to learn that Rev. Canon Manyard, D. D., the respected Rector of Windsor, who has been seriously ill, is now much improved.

"Hospital Sunday" in New York is on the last Sunday in each year. Last year Churchmen led the van with \$16,184; Presbyterians next, giving \$6,897; Methodists, \$610; Roman Catholics, \$183.

It is now suggested that the seat of the new Bishopric in Yorkshire should be fixed at Halifax instead of Wakefield.

There are 26 Welsh Congregational Churches in New York, and 54 in Pennsylvania, where the preaching is mostly in the Welsh language.

The major monthlies have several articles of interest to Churchmen. Disestablishment of the Church of England, the Church House, and Church Patronage, are among the subjects treated.

THE SERENADER'S DOOM.

A Thomas sat on a fence,
Singing sweetly to the moon;
He thought his melody immense—
A most befitting tune.

He wagged his tail and winked his eye,
And thus in a merry strain,
Sang "When the Swallows Homeward Fly"
And "Robin Nest Again."

An Angry man arose from bed,
"Twas this "Miller of . . . Doe,"
He grasped his gun and smiling said,
"O, You'll Remember Me."

Then ope'd the window soft and looked,
There was "Music in the Air,"
He took good aim, that cat was booked
To "Climb the Golden Stair."

"O, Thomas cat, move on," said he,
"I need not your lullaby;"
The Tom cat coughed, then sang in glee,
"Wait 'Till the Clouds Roll By."

A thud'ring crack, a fearful cry,
That Tom cat flew far away;
You'll meet him "Coming Thro' the Rye,"
"That's What the Sparrows Say."

If to serenade, some dark night,
You're thinking about to go,
Don't try with sleepy men to fight,
"You Can't do it You Know."

—Joseph P. Kink.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

We had not gone more than a couple or three miles from Sedan, when the carriage came to a sudden halt, and I heard more than one rough voice ordering the driver not to move, unless he wished to be shot there and then. I drew back the leather curtains and looked out, when I found that some thirty or more armed men had surrounded the vehicle, and two of them, opening the door, ordered me in the most brutal manner to get out. At first I thought they were soldiers, and that they were laboring under some mistake, having taken me to be somebody else. But I soon discovered that they belonged to the Franc-Tireurs; and that they fully intended to make me a prisoner. I still thought there must be some mistake, and asked them what they wanted, telling them that I was an English newspaper correspondent, who had accompanied MacMahon all through the campaign, and was on my way to rejoin him. "Vous mentez" (you lie) was the polite answer I got; and, as one of them cocked his rifle and swore he would shoot me dead if I did not get out, I thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and got out upon the dusty road. I asked them where their officers were; but they replied that there were none present, and that Frenchmen knew how to deal with Prussian spies, without being controlled by officers. I asked them what I had done that I should be made a prisoner of? They answered that I was a Prussian spy, and that they intended to try me by court-martial and shoot me. I told them that if they would only come back to Sedan with me, the Commandant of the garrison would satisfy them that I was not a Prussian, still less a spy; but an Englishman who was going about his lawful work. They said that the Commandant at Sedan was, like most of the French army, a traitor to his country; that they would not believe a word he said, but had determined to make me a prisoner and kill me. Anything so brutal as they were in their words and manner, it has never been my lot to witness in any part of the world. At last they decided to begin what they were pleased to call a "conseil de guerre," or court-martial, in order that they might try me for being, as they asserted, a Prussian spy on French soil. I question whether, in the history of the world, a greater farce or a more entirely one-sided affair was ever enacted than on this occasion. One of them was called forward by the rest, asked whether he could speak English, and whether he would know an Englishman by sight when he saw him. To both questions he replied in the affirmative. He was then told to speak to me in English, and to look at me, and say if I was an Englishman. He came up to me and muttered some gibberish, which contained a few words that might, by persons of a very strong imagination, be called English. I endeavored to say a few words to him in my own tongue; but he stopped me by shouting out that I was a Prussian, that I spoke German, and did not understand a word of English. This seemed quite enough for those who were trying me. After consulting together for a few minutes, one of them announced in a loud voice that I had been found guilty of being a Prussian spy, and that as such I was condemned to be shot. He then told me—looking at his watch and letting me look at mine—that I had a quarter of an hour given me to live, and, as a proof that he meant what he said, orders were given to twelve of the party to load their rifles, and two others were told off to give me the *coup de grâce*, in the event of my not being killed by the firing party. In a word, my lease of life seemed to be very near its termination, and I felt very certain that I had not more than the fifteen minutes the fellow named in which to live. To analyse one's feelings or thoughts under such circumstances is impossible. At last an idea, a sort of forlorn hope, came to me, and I lost no time before trying whether or not I could put it in execution. I called to one of the men, who seemed to be a leader amongst his fellows, and told him that I wished, before being shot, to see a priest, which was a privilege invariably granted to even the greatest culprit in France, and asked him to find out the *curé*, or parish priest, of the nearest village, and bring him to me. My request did not seem to annoy my judges in the least. On the contrary, they approved of it, and at once sent off a couple of messengers in different directions to look for this *curé*. In the meantime my feelings and surroundings were by no means happy. It is true that since they had sentenced

me to be shot, the men had—most fortunately, as it afterwards turned out—unbound my hands and feet. I was allowed to sit on the ground, close to a wall, a sentry with a loaded rifle being within a dozen yards of me, and due notice was given that if I attempted to get away this man had orders to shoot me at once. I was covered with dirt and dust, the result of having been knocked down more than once when I was a prisoner. What the ultimate result of my reprieve might be, or what the priest could do if they found him, which seemed far from likely, was, I need hardly say, utterly uncertain. I kept on hoping for the very improbable best, but fearing in my heart that the more than probable worst would be my fate. At last what turned out to be my guardian angel appeared. The messengers who had gone in search of the priest had been absent some little time, and my captors were beginning to grumble and say that it was time to finish the business, and shoot me off-hand, when all at once an old man, "a *garde champêtre*," appeared on the scene, his fowling-piece over his shoulder, and the red-ribbon in the button-hole of his blouse, showing that he had served, and served with honor, in the French army. He asked what was the matter, and turning to me, inquired whether I was really an Englishman. I told him my story, and showed him the different documents I had by me, commencing with the pass given me by the chief of MacMahon's Staff. He read it carefully, and I could see by his face that he was convinced I was telling the truth. He then looked at my Foreign Office passport, but did not seem able to make out what it meant. All at once he left me, and I saw him go to where my carriage was, and whilst examining the vehicle and horses—the latter most providentially, as it turned out, having never been unharnessed—he spoke a few words to the coachman. He then came back to where I was, asked me to show him again my different papers, and then, turning to some of the *France-Tireurs* who were standing near, said in a loud voice, "Messieurs, you have made a great mistake. This person," pointing to me, "is not a Prussian. He is an English officer of rank, who has come to France in order that he may see and admire how Frenchmen defend their country. Even now French officers are expecting him at the head-quarters of the army." And then, turning to me, he said, "*Allons, Monsieur, en route; ne perdez pas un moment.*" With that he caught hold of my arm, hurried me away, and before my enemies had time, or anything like time, to realize what he was doing, we were not only inside the carriage, but were tearing along at a smart hand gallop, on the road to Mouson. The anger and vexation of my captors may be imagined. They had not the means of pursuing us; but they fired several shots after us, one of which went through the crown of my billycock hat. However, I was saved; and if ever one man saved the life of another, that old *garde-champêtre* saved mine. When we arrived at Mouson I got five hundred francs (twenty pounds) on my letter of credit, and made it a present to the fellow, who had behaved with such pluck, and who had certainly risked his life to save me. Had we been caught before we could reach the carriage, nothing could have saved him from suffering with me the death to which I had been condemned. And I may say with truth, that rarely, if ever, has a man had a more narrow escape from death than was my fate in this instance.—An ex-war correspondent in *All the Year Round*.

THE WONDERFUL ORGAN.

Many years ago there lived an organ builder who knew he was clever. He had produced a great many organs, and each one was of greater perfection than those that had gone before. At last he achieved one which was so wonderfully made that it could play of itself whenever a bridal couple entered the church with hearts attuned to the service of God, humble in their own eyes and well-pleasing in His. And when he had accomplished this he went a-visiting among the maidens of the country, choosing the most well-favored and best of them all, and his own wedding was being celebrated. But when he approached the church with his lovely bride, followed by a great procession of friends and relatives, all of them gaily adorned with flowers, his heart swelled with the pride of his success. He gave not a thought to her who was about to become his wife, nor did he think of God, who had so blessed him, but he only thought of himself and his cleverness, and how the people would marvel and praise him on hearing the organ play of itself. With these thoughts he entered the church, the fair bride beside him; but lo! the organ was silent. He felt grievously mortified, thinking in his proud heart that it must be the fault of his bride, and that very likely she was not so good as in his fondness he had believed her to be. And what with his pride and the disappointment of it all, his suspicion so weighed on him that at nightfall he left her secretly, going far away. In a distant country, where no one knew him, he took up his abode, dissatisfied with all things, and never another organ would he make.

Ten years came and went, and in the end he fell a-longing for his home; the forsaken bride drew his heart, her image urging him day and night to return. And strive against it as he would, he kept thinking of her, how lovely she had been, how good withal, and how evil it had been of him to forsake her, the thought of her leaving him no peace till he yielded; he resolved to go back to her and ask her to forgive him. Day and night he continued his journey, and his feet grew sore; but the nearer he came to his home the greater was his fear whether she would receive him back to her own old tender love. After many days he beheld the steeples of his native city radiant with sunbeams, and fell a-running for very eagerness. Other wayfarers by the road laughed at his haste, wondering if he were a fool or a thief. But when he entered the city, the first sight that greeted him was a funeral procession, a great number of mourners following the coffin, and all of them wept.

"Who is it that you are burying, and for whom all these tears?" he inquired.

"The sweet bride of the organ builder," he was told, "whom he forsook. She has been like an angel among us ever since, helping the poor and nursing the sick, and her last resting place shall be in the church."

He listened and said never a word, but with bowed head he walked beside the coffin, touching the pall with a trembling hand. No one recognized him, and he was not interfered with. He sobbed and wept; but at the sight of his deep grief the people thought "no doubt he is one of the numberless poor to whom the deceased showed kindness in the days of her merciful life." The church was roached, and the coffin was carried in when, hark! a wondrous strain. The organ was playing, untouched by hands, and the sounds floating through the building were not like an earthly song. They put down the coffin, and a great stillness had fallen on the people, the organ-builder leaning against a pillar, with eyes closed; and folding his hands. And the music rose and swelled, filling their hearts with awe; but a holy joy descended on his. He knew that God had forgiven him; sorrow had humbled him; and his pride was gone. The music ceased. A worn traveller lay still by the pillar. They lifted him and found him dead; and discovering it was even the organ-builder himself who had thus returned, they buried him with his bride. But the organ once more lifted its voice as they closed the grave; it was the song of things longed for and reached in the final content. The people remembered it, but never again was the organ heard thus playing all of itself.—*From the German, by Julius Sutter, in the "Leisure Hour."*

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

STRAY SHOTS.

Harper, for January, in its "Editor's Easy Chair," has some timely comments on the detestable modern practice of "interviewing"—a practice which goes as far to vulgarize the daily press as any of its many sensational abominations.

It is a signal example of the danger of permitting to oneself the remotest approach to laxity in regard to the sanctity of private conversation, that two men so distinguished as Mr. Lowell and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, should have retained opposite impressions of an interview.

There can be no question that Mr. Hawthorne is utterly in the wrong. He has allowed his zeal for his paper to obscure his sense of gentlemanliness, and has lowered himself to the level of a common-place reporter.

"The wonder is," says the "Easy Chair," "how Mr. Hawthorne could have supposed that Mr. Lowell could possibly have talked as he reported him for publication. Every day in the intimacy of home, a man says a hundred things of persons and affairs with a freedom which would be absolutely inconceivable if he were speaking for the public, and there is no situation to which the golden rule is more applicable than to the interview."

"There is no man living," the "Easy Chair" says, elsewhere, who could have been more amazed, more pained, and more indignant, upon finding his easy, unrestrained, talk over his pipe in the seclusion of his home, and in what he felt to be perfectly friendly confidence, published in a journal of immense circulation, and "blown about the world."

"Even if Mr. Lowell had made the personal remarks as they were recorded, and were willing that they should be published, it is most remarkable that Mr. Hawthorne should not, by pruning his report, have shielded a gentleman, for whom he professes great regard, from the inevitable consequences of such publication."

The "Easy Chair" illustrates the position by an anecdote:—There was once a club in Boston which included every noted man but one in that community; and, when one of the most distinguished members was asked the reason of the exception, he replied, "Because a club would be intolerable if it contained a member who would not hesitate to publish anything he might hear said at table." It was a severe estimate of the excluded person, but the doctrine was spirally orthodox.

Episodes of this nature are painful, but instructive. The facile sort of lacheté displayed is happily not very common in ordinary social intercourse. If it were life would be intolerable, yet, I suppose, there are those who have suffered at the hands of persons with whom they have found ordinary, familiar conversation unsafe. There is high and sound wisdom in the absolute reticence practiced by the best class of men of the world, and the maxim never to repeat except where repetition cannot by any possibility be distasteful, should never be lost sight of as one of the highest principles, perhaps the highest, which should guide us in our social relations.

Noticing, the other day, the mummies of two of the Pharaohs, I was led to advert to a correction, incidental to their identification, in the commonly known Bible chronology. It is fortunate for biblical students that Egypt, and, at present, perhaps still more, Assyria, furnish us with means of correcting dates.

In a review of Mr. Sayce's "Ancient Empires of the East," it is said of the Accadians, the primitive population of Babylonia and Assyria ("primitive" is the reviewer's word, not mine) that their standard treatise on astronomy was of such dimensions in B. C., 3800, that students were enjoined "to stand to the librarian in writing the number of the book or chapter they wished to procure."

I have lost some notes I made on reading Mr. Sayce's work some four or five years ago, and cannot remember having noticed this stupendous date, which I think must have struck me. I do not, therefore, feel sure that it is not a misprint in the American reprint of an English review which I have before me. Only think what it involves. Creation having taken place, B. C., 4004, the date, B. C., 3800, would take us past the Flood, back to a time when Adam was a stripling of about 200 years old. However, it may be right for all that.

It is certain that a literature, so rich as to necessitate the very modern-

seeming arrangement above mentioned, existed in and before the time of Uruch, King of Ur, (of the Chaldees) who was about contemporary with, if not before, Abraham. It is hardly necessary to say that the Chaldean literature was inscribed on tablets of clay, but its range was very extensive, and the precision of its records remarkable. It is this which renders them so valuable in checking the loose Biblical chronology. For instance, we learn that Ahab was living in 854, B. C., when he shared in a defeat suffered by Benhadad of Syria, at the hands of the Assyrians. The chronology puts Ahab's death in 897, B. C. Tiglath-Pileser received tribute from Menahem of Israel in 783, B. C. The chronology puts his death at 761, B. C. Sennacherib's campaign against Hezekiah took place in 701, B. C., while his death, according to the chronology, happened in 709, B. C.

The earlier libraries of Assyria and Babylonia were despoiled to enrich that of Nineveh under Esarhaddon and his son Assur-banipal. Both these monarchs were avid collectors and patrons of literature, and kept many scribes employed in copying, receding and translating from the classic Accadian the old literature of Chaldea; and the most valuable present a Babylonian city could send to the king was a new "text."

One of the curiosities of the Ninevah library was the private will of Sennacherib, in which he leaves certain valuables to Esarhaddon, who seems to have been his favorite.

It may be "the prerogative of parents to follow their own sweet will in the choice of names for their offspring," but common sense should keep them from making their offspring ridiculous. Freaks of the kind of which you have given instances are, however, not confined to the "Victoria Regina" species of parents. I know a young lady many years ago who rejoiced in the name of LEONIE KING-OWN. She was the oldest daughter of Captain Lonsdale, first chief secretary of Victoria. Captain Lonsdale had belonged to the 4th (King's Own) Regiment, and tacked on the queer appellation in affectionate remembrance of his old corps. FRANC-TIRREUR.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

(From our Staff Correspondent.)

Boston rivals Halifax in the variability of its weather, and during the past seven days we have had samples, varying from severe cold to spring-like warmth. For twenty four hours it poured rain, then came moist, disagreeable snow, and then the sun shone out, pouring a flood of light and life into the grand avenues that everywhere cross this really noble city. Historically this is the most interesting place in America, and at every turn one meets with old buildings, life like statues and monuments, commemorating noble deeds, great lives, and historical incidents. No wonder Bostonians are proud of their city, and are vain enough to call it "the hub of the universe." The great statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," would be much more appropriately placed at the entrance of this harbor than in New York. New York was largely settled by the phlegmatic Dutch, and took a very secondary part in the great struggle that ended in independence of the colonies. In the New World the Puritans of New England and the gallant cavaliers of Virginia, (at home sworn enemies,) joined hands and fought side by side for liberty and equality. The justness of their cause is now universally acknowledged, and the blood that was first shed in Boston has resulted in gaining for Great Britain a freedom of government that rivals, and in some respects excels, the constitution of this great Republic.

The past week has been full of interest to your correspondent, and one especially pleasant event was a lunch at the Barrister's Club at the invitation of Mr. W. K. Richards, a rising young lawyer, filled with love for his profession, and who is one day destined to rank high as an advocate. The club rooms are pleasantly situated in temporary quarters, awaiting the completion of new rooms in a more aristocratic neighborhood. While partaking of an excellent lunch, Mr. Richards pointed out a number of legal celebrities, amongst them several well-known writers on legal subjects. While enjoying a cigar in the comfortable smoking rooms, your correspondent was introduced to Mr. French, a gentleman who has spent some time in Halifax, and who is a great admirer of the scenery, climate and hospitable society of our city. Mr. Lowell, who is now residing here, and who seems a great favorite, has been elected a member of the club, a great honor, as very few outside of the profession are admitted.

Your correspondent had occasion to go out to Cambridge one evening, and was taken to within a mile of his destination by a "barge," as the rickety vehicles used for omnibuses are here called. It was the first night that cars had been run on the Cambridge road since the strike had been inaugurated, and every precaution had been taken to prevent trouble. At 10 p.m., your correspondent on his return trip to Boston, found a large crowd assembled at Harvard Square. Right in the centre of art and learning, there was a mob of unruly, ignorant men and boys, hooting, swearing and seemingly vying with each other in giving vent to obscene remarks. All around were the noble college buildings, the stately avenues of elms, the large hotels devoted to college students, the surroundings being in strange contrast to the unruly mob. Policemen by the score were scattered along the sidewalks, and two mounted police patrolled the street. A car was seen approaching and the mounted police galloped down to meet it, taking position on either side. The crowd set up a demoniac howl as the car approached and stopped, but did nothing until the passengers had alighted. Then a shower of rocks were sent through the windows, completely demolishing them. The mounted police charged the mob, jumping their horses on the sidewalk. One of the horses stumbled and fell, and his rider was thrown in the ditch. Triumphant yells greeted the discomfort of the poor policeman, and as he struggled to his feet and painfully mounted he gave strong proof of the fact that "a policeman's lot is not a happy one." The strike is not yet ended, but the companies are evidently going to get the better of the men. ADIOS AMICO.

COMMERCIAL.

The business of the past week has been as nearly as might be nothing. All interest has centered on the elections, and few persons have been willing to attend to anything else. While this is not surprising, in view of the important interests that were at stake, or that at least the large majority believed were; still it is unfortunate that the trade and business of an entire country should be thus periodically upset. Of course no remedy exists, but it is an undoubted evil that it should be so. As the battle is now happily over, we may hope that trade may resume its wonted channels with renewed vigor. This has been only a temporary check to the continued prosperity that we firmly believe the future holds for this country.

Building operations on a large scale are projected on this peninsula, and the opening spring will undoubtedly witness much activity in this line, affording work to hundreds of laborers and artisans.

The railway business of the country is in a flourishing condition. The earnings for the first five weeks of 1887 of the Canada Pacific show an increase of \$128,000 over those of the same period in 1886, while those of the Grand Trunk give an increase of \$121,000. The irregularity with which trains have been and are being run on the Intercolonial, has seriously retarded the movement of freight, mails and passengers. This is largely due, no doubt, to heavy and frequent snowfalls in the mountainous regions through which this road runs, but a good deal of it is the result of ill-judged parsimony in the equipment of the road. There is too little rolling stock and too few snow ploughs for the absolute requirements of trade. If this state of affairs is not speedily remedied, it will greatly injure the reputation of Halifax as a shipping port, for it does not pay to keep large steamers and other vessels on demurrage waiting for the freight to carry which they have been engaged. It will be a good thing for business when the Short Line, now building, is completed, for it will give an alternative route with its rolling stock and facilities for handling freight, and competition may force the managers of the I. C. R. to add to its equipment in due proportion to the demands for carriage upon it. True, these demands have rapidly increased, but wise men foresaw that they would and the I. C. R. people should have been prepared to fully meet all such possible growth.

Another matter that calls loudly for reform is railway rates. We do not refer specially or indeed principally to government railways, or those under government control more or less directly, but to all railways located in Canada. The Royal Railway Commission that recently met in Montreal, threw a flood of valuable light on this subject. A large mass of evidence of a very important nature was adduced. It was shown that the railways issue card-rates that the public accept in good faith as the regularly established tariff. The majority of merchants pay these rates, while a certain favored minority pay less. In every instance where this inequality has been exposed, the excuse is made that others could have had similar favors by asking for them. The country will expect the new parliament to enact a similar measure to the new Inter-State Commerce law of the United States, which establishes uniform freight rates for all persons in proportion to distances, and creates commissioners who are empowered to scrutinize books, take evidence, investigate complaints, and otherwise to vigorously enforce the law.

DRY GOODS.—Merchants in this line are preparing for an unusually large spring trade, which they appear to have good reason to anticipate. Though this trade has not as yet really opened, some good orders have already begun to come in, and country liabilities are, as a rule, promptly met. Some hints as to the stability of one or two city firms have been whispered about during the last two or three weeks, but enquiry leads to the belief that they are unshaken.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—The excitement and tension of prices in this line which existed for several weeks, have subsided and, though figures remain firm, the upward tendency has been checked, since it has been proved that even the unusually large demand in the United States can be supplied with comparative ease.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat has had a terrible fall within the past two weeks, equal to seven and eight cents per bushel, and many speculators on the Chicago market lost heavily. One Montreal firm is stated to have dropped \$80,000 there inside of three days. The sharp break is attributed to the fact that the California syndicate in Chicago threw suddenly on the market between five and eight millions of bushels. This, with the decline of war expectations, and the fact that the visible supply of wheat on this continent does not contract, its dimensions being still over 61,000,000 bushels, are great obstacles in the way of advance, and inducements to a decline. On the other hand severe floods in the Central Western States, and unreasonable weather in California, are represented as having nearly destroyed the crop of spring wheat. It is reported that many Western millers—especially in Canada—bought large quantities at or near the highest figures, fearing a further rise, and they cannot now grind without loss. They must, if their capital permits them to do so, simply grind from hand to mouth, and wait in the hope of some future rise which may give them a chance to unload again, though the probabilities are against such a contingency.

PROVISIONS.—Pork continues to advance, as we have already predicted it would, owing to the shortness of the supply. For the two previous seasons hogs and their products ruled so low that many Western farmers partially or wholly gave up raising them, and this has produced the natural effect of reducing the supply even below the actual market demand. We do not doubt that a considerable further advance in prices will be obtained. Canada is a very large consumer of mess pork, and she has hitherto been mainly dependent upon Chicago for her supplies. We note with pleasure that the farmers of Ontario and the North-West are beginning to pay more attention to raising hogs than they have done in the past, and it is probable that the Dominion will soon be in a position to draw her supplies from

home sources alone. A few car-loads of hogs have been received at Montreal. The quality is reported to be excellent, but the animals averaged rather small. P. E. Island cured pork is beginning to reach this market, and is in good condition and quality.

BUTTER.—The quieter feeling noted last week continues to be the leading feature of the market, and no important change has occurred. Holders are not inclined to give way in price, as supplies are small, and dealers say that there will be sufficient to last them till new make arrives in large enough quantities to form a factor in the market. However, the English market no longer calls for shipments, as the season is too far advanced to make such safe, and the Newfoundland demand has become very small.

CHEESE.—English-cable quotations are steady at 64s. 6d. The market on this side is quiet, but this is more owing to the absence of offerings than anything else. The stock on hand is very small, and holders are by no means anxious to sell. Factories are beginning to be put in readiness for a new season's make.

SUGAR.—The stocks of sugar held over in Germany, Holland, Russia, Austria and the United States from the product of 1886-87 are excessively large, still it is estimated that the beet-root crop of Europe for 1887-88 will exceed that of the last season by at least half a million of tons, while the cane crop will in all probability be up to the usual average. There seems to be nothing in the future to warrant any expectation of higher prices. Everything appears to favor the interest of buyers. This will keep the market dull, as buyers will avoid carrying large stocks, and will continue to provide for present requirements only. In England prices are forced down to almost their lowest ebb by the great quantities of both beet and cane products that are being poured in and that are expected. The future of the sugar market the world over has no encouraging points except to the consumer, and the only chance for refiners is to buy the raw article cheap enough to realize fair profits out of the low prices of the refined product. The Montreal refineries have been heavy losers during the past season on their importations of raw sugars—the depreciation in prices between purchase and delivery having ranged from \$10,000 to \$30,000 on single cargoes. The amount lost in this way by one of the refiners is placed by competent authority at \$150,000 on the season's business. The Russian government has proclaimed its intention of withdrawing the bounty on exported sugar, but this action does not go into effect till next season, so as to give those who are engaged in raising it time to adapt themselves to the new conditions of the trade in that country. The finance minister of that empire announces that he intends to protect the home production only so far as to supply the home consumption and not to supply foreign countries with cheap sugar at the expense of the Russian government and people.

APPLES.—An improvement has taken place in the English markets. A leading London firm of apple salesmen cabled under date of the 15th inst.: "The market is very firm and prices are advancing. We recommend shipments of the very best selected apples both to London and Liverpool. Baldwins, Spys, Spitz and Canada Reds are quoted at 15s. to 19s. per bbl., and Nonpariel, Swaar and Golden Russets at 20s. to 21s." It is estimated that there are now in Nova Scotia somewhat less than 15,000 bbls. available for shipment. Our advice to holders is to get their stocks away at once, as the season is now nearly ended, and new fruit of various kinds from the south of France will soon supplant apples with the English fruit-eaters.

TEA AND COFFEE.—There has been a better enquiry for tea at steady prices, and coffee is very firm.

FISH.—Our fish market is about in the same position as last week. Nearly all the fat mackerel that remained over from the last boat has been shipped per *Carroll* this week. We can learn of only two lots which are held back, and the holders of these lots seem determined to hold on until the last moment, but we fear the time has gone by for their getting the fancy price for them which was looked for some time ago. We think from what we can learn that prices for fat mackerel are no better than ten days ago, in fact, we think prices are off. No. 1 mackerel seem to be very dull of sale in the U. S. market, No. 2 large are preferred, being a less price and quality almost equal to No. 1, in fact, No. 2 large will sell when No. 1 will not. We learn that large arrivals of herring have taken place in Boston fish market—with Bay of Island herring there is no doing anything with them.

Advices from Kingston, Jamaica, to 8th inst. are about as follows: Owing to excessive receipts here, and all outports as heavily supplied, there is no opportunity of placing out of the Kingston market any portion of what is held here, and owing to these facts the market is very depressed. Buyers will not purchase more than required for a few days, and the result for some heavy losses to shippers, but it is thought that if all shippers hold off there would be a prospect of getting off stocks without a very large loss.

Advices from the Porto Rico markets to 9th inst. state that arrivals have not been so abundant of late and the markets at present are in a better condition, but prices have not advanced, nor will they unless arrivals are less frequent.

There is no question about it that unless shippers will be content with making their shipments further apart both to Jamaica and Porto Rico markets, they will not get paying prices. The French West India markets are not in a better position than the other West India markets.

Dates from Martinique to 5th inst., give the following:—"Two cargoes codfish had arrived at St. Pierre, Martinique, and sold as follows:—"Large \$17.00, small \$13.55—those were from St. Pierre, Miquelon. One cargo had arrived from Lockport, and sold at \$17.25 for large and \$16.25 for small."

Advices from Pointe-a-Petre to 4th inst., quote codfish \$14 per 50k., had-dock \$12 per 50k., herring \$16.20 per barrel; and one cargo from Lunenburg had arrived, and sold at the above prices. One cargo had also arrived from St. Pierre, Miquelon, and were retailing at \$20 to \$22 per 50k. for large, and \$15 to \$17 per 50k. for small, according to importance of lots.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

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

GROCERIES.

SUGAR.	
Cut Leaf.....	7 1/2 to 8
Granulated.....	6 to 6 1/2
Circle A.....	5 1/2
Extra Yellow C.....	5 to 5 1/2
Yellow C.....	4 1/2 to 4 3/4
TEA.	
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19
" Fair.....	20 to 23
" Good.....	25 to 29
" Choice.....	31 to 33
" Extra Choice.....	35 to 36
Oolong—Choice.....	37 to 39
MOLASSES.	
Barbados.....	30 to 32
Demerara.....	32 to 35
Diamond N.....	40
Porto Rico.....	30 to 32
Tobacco—Black.....	37 to 44
" Bright.....	42 to 55
BISCUITS.	
Pilot Bread.....	2.60 to 2.90
Boston and Thin Family.....	5 1/2 to 6
Soda.....	5 1/2 to 5 3/4
do. in lib. boxes, 50 to case.....	7 1/2
Fancy.....	8 to 15

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	20 to 25
" " in Small Tubs.....	20 to 24
" Good, in large tubs.....	19 to 20
Store Packed & oversalted.....	15 to 17
Canadian, Creamery.....	30
" Township, Fancy.....	23 to 25
" " Finest.....	22 to 24
" " fine.....	20 to 22
" Morrisburg and Brockville.....	20
" Westera.....	17 to 20
Cheese, N. S.....	12
" Canada.....	16

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

FISH FROM VESSELS.

MACKEREL—	
No arrivals Prices Nominal,	14.00
Extra.....	11.50
No. 1.....	9.25
" 2 large.....	none
" 2.....	6.50
" 3 large.....	6.50
" 3.....	6.50
HERRING.	
No arrivals. No sales. Quotations nominal.	
No. 1 Shore, July, very scarce	3.00
No. 1, August.....	none
" September.....	none
Round Shore.....	3.75
Labrador, in cargo lots, per 5l	none
Bay of Islands.....	3.75 to 4.00
ALWIVIS, per bbl.....	none
CODFISH	
Hard Shore...None Arriving	3.00
Bank.....	2.25 to 2.50
Bay.....	none
SALMON, No 1.....	none
HADDOCK, per qu.....	2.00 to 2.25
HAKE.....	2.10
CUSK.....	none
POLLOCK.....	none
HARE SOUND.....	45 to 50c par lb
COD OIL A.....	29 to 30

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

LOBSTERS.

Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing).	
Tall Cans.....	4.00 to 5.00
Flat.....	6.00 to 6.50
Per case 4 doz. 1lb cans.	

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

LUMBER.

Pine, clear, No. 1, per m.....	25.00 to 28.00
" Merchantable, do do.....	16.00 to 17.00
" No 2 do.....	10.00 to 12.00
" Small, per m.....	8.00 to 14.00
Spruce, dimension good, per m.....	9.50 to 10.00
Merchantable, do do.....	8.00 to 9.00
" Small, do do.....	6.50 to 7.00
Hemlock, merchantable.....	7.00
Shingles, No 1, sawed pine.....	2.00 to 2.50
" 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.

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

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

Flour.	
Graham.....	4.00 to 4.50
Patent high grades.....	4.00 to 4.50
" mediums.....	4.25 to 4.40
Superior Extra.....	4.00 to 4.10
Lower grades.....	3.50 to 3.80
Oatmeal, Standard.....	4.00 to 4.05
" Granulated.....	4.50 to 4.60
Corn Meal—Halfax ground.....	2.50 to 2.65
" Imported.....	2.00 to 2.20
Bran per ton—Wheat.....	18.00 to 19.00
" " —Corn.....	15.00
Shorts.....	19.00 to 19.50
Middlings.....	20.00 to 22.00
Cracked Corn.....	26.00 to 27.00
" Oats.....	25.00 to 26.00
" Barley.....	nominal
Feed Flour.....	3.20 to 3.60
Oats per bushel of 34 lbs.....	35 to 38
Barley " of 48 ".....	25 to 30
" " of 60 ".....	1.00 to 1.10
White Beans, per bushel.....	1.50 to 1.60
Pot Barley, per barrel.....	4.00 to 4.20
Corn " of 56 lbs.....	75 to 80
Hay per ton.....	12.00 to 14.00
Straw.....	10.00 to 12.00

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

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	11.00 to 12.00
" Am. Plate.....	12.00 to 12.50
" " Ex Plate.....	12.00 to 12.50
Pork, Mess, American.....	15.00 to 16.00
" " ".....	15.00 to 16.00
" American, clear.....	15.00 to 16.00
" P. E. I. Mess.....	14.00 to 15.00
" " old.....	12.00 to 14.00
" P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	12.00 to 13.00
" Prime Meat.....	10.00 to 10.50
Lard, Tubs and Pails.....	12.00 to 13.00
" Cases.....	none
Hams, P. E. I.....	11 to 12
Duty on Am. Pork and Beef 53.20 per bbl.	

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

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Wool—clean washed, per pound.....	16 to 20
" unwashed.....	13 to 15
Salted Hides, No 1.....	7 1/2
Ox Hides, under 60 lbs, No 1.....	7 1/2
" over 60 lbs, No 1.....	6 1/2
" under 60 lbs, No 2.....	6 1/2
Cow Hides, No 1.....	5
No 1 Hides.....	7 to 8
Calf Skins.....	25 to 35
" Deacons, each.....	25 to 35
Lambskins.....	20 to 25

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

APPLES.	
No. 1 Varieties.....	1.75 to 2.05
Oranges, per bbl. Jamaica (new).....	7.00 to 7.50
" Valencia.....	5.00 to 5.50
Lemons, per box.....	3.00 to 3.25
Cocoanuts, per 100.....	5.00 to 5.50
Onions American, per lb.....	7 1/2
Foxberries, per bbl.....	5.00
Grapes, Almeria kras.....	none
Raisins, New Val.....	6 to 7
Figs, Flemish, small boxes.....	12 to 15
Prunes, Stewing per lb.....	6 1/2
Dates, boxes, per.....	7 1/2

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

POULTRY.

Turkeys, per pound.....	11 to 14
Geese, each.....	40 to 45
Ducks, per pair.....	60 to 75
Chickens.....	30 to 40

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Steers, best quality, per 100 lbs. alive.....	4.50
Oxen.....	3.50
Fat Steers, Heifers light weights.....	3.00
Wethers, best quality, per 100 lbs.....	3.00 to 3.50
Lambs.....	3.25 to 4.00

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

HILDRED.

(Continued.)

They went into the refreshment-room, where he ordered soup and wine. He was solicitous for her comfort, he was attentive to her wants, but she noticed that he spoke to her only when civility dictated that he should speak, and that when he did address her he never looked at her.

He took his seat by her side in the railway-carriage. They travelled through the fresh dewy night, the pleasant air coming in at the open windows. He had carefully provided her with books and newspapers—with railway literature.

"It is quite evident," she thought, "that he intends me to read—he has no desire to talk to me."

They did not exchange many words. Sometimes, when the wind blew, he asked her if she was chilly. He offered to close the window, but she would not allow him—it was some relief to her to watch the fair sky and the fair earth. This was such a strange wedding-trip. She wondered if the time would ever come that he and she would laugh over it—would wonder why they had both been so silent, so reserved. She wondered a thousand things. Would her husband ever laugh and talk gayly, brightly to her, as he had done to the gentlemen on deck? Would he in time lay aside his reserve, his coldness? Would he ever look pleased or bright?

How strange that he should be so grave, so still—that he had not even one kind word to say to her on this their wedding-day! How strange that he paid her no compliment, never asked her opinion on any subject, never treated her otherwise than with the courtesy due to a stranger!

She was obliged continually to remind herself that he had asked her to be his wife. He must have cared for her, or he would not have married her. He was not a demonstrative man, perhaps. Then she turned slowly from the sky to the handsome high-bred face near her. He was reading intently, never looking up from his book. It was not the face of a cold-hearted cynic—far from it. Then her eyes wandered slowly away again.

The lovely dawn was flushing in the skies, the birds were singing, the air seemed to stir with new life—it was the dawn of another day. How often would the sun rise and set before she would understand this strange silence of the husband by her side—how many weary dawns would there be?

Suddenly—she could not tell why—her eyes filled with tears. The sky, the trees, the distant hills were all blurred and indistinct. She experienced a keen sense of desolation that no words could express. She would have given anything to be back with her father again.

"Paris at last!" said Lord Caraven. "What a long journey it has been! I am always longing for some motive power greater than steam—I should like to travel more quickly."

But she had no laughing answer. It had struck her that no husband ought to find his first journey with his wife long or tiresome. Again the sweet wild words of Elaine came to her—

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

There was neither love nor madness here.

Paris at last—Paris in the gay morning sunlight. They drove straight to the hotel; and then, for the first time, it seemed to her, he spoke kindly. He said—

"You look very tired—I should advise you to get some rest. I always find a cigar and the morning air most refreshing after a journey."

Half an hour afterward she stood alone in her room. She looked at herself in the tall mirror. It was a pale face with wistful, shadowed eyes that she saw therein. She was fatigued in body and in mind, yet she could not sleep. If she only understood, if she only knew the meaning of this silent love of her husband's that had never yet been expressed in words!

CHAPTER VIII.

A week had passed since Lady Caraven reached Paris—a strange week she had seen but little of her husband. He never took breakfast with her; they met at dinner, and twice he had taken her to the opera. He never interfered in the least with any of her affairs. He sent up her letters unopened, and never even inquired from whom they came. He sent every morning to ask if she had any particular wish for that day—if there was any place she desired to see. At first she said "Yes," and went to the different places of note. He accompanied her, but she could not avoid thinking that he was slightly bored by these excursions. The next time he sent she declined, and he did not remonstrate; he made no remark, and she felt almost sure that he was relieved by her refusal. When they went to the opera, they were never alone—he always secured some companion. It seemed to Hildred that he was quite as much a stranger as on the first day he entered the Hollies.

"Shall I ever be part of his life?" she thought. "Shall I grow to be heart of his heart, soul of his soul? Shall I ever know what he thinks, what he likes, what he loves?"

She had indeed no part in his existence—he lived as though she were not. He had fulfilled his part of the contract by giving her his name, his rank, his position. That a living, beating human heart might long for more did not occur to him. He never thought of her as his wife; the chances were that, if any one had asked him suddenly if he was married, he would have said "No." He had paid the forfeit of his folly by being in some measure compelled to burden himself with this young girl.

And it was a burden. He did not care to look at the wistful girlish face, to meet the dark eyes eloquent with a thousand thoughts, to see the scarlet lips mute and tremulous. He was not of an unkindly nature. He

was indolent, careless, selfish in most respects, but not unkindly; he would not, if he knew it, cause deliberate pain—he could not have enjoyed the torture of anything created. It was said of him that he had turned away sick and faint at witnessing the death agony of a bird he had wounded, but not killed. Such a man could not be deliberately, wantonly cruel; and this wistful girlish face with the dark sad eyes troubled him.

At first he was considerably surprised in his wife. He thought to himself that the daughter of a man like Lawyer Ransome, sharp, shrewd, cunning, must inherit some of his propensities—that she would occupy herself with small intrigues and maneuvers of all kinds. She did nothing of the sort; she was quiet and grave, calm, self-possessed. She did not even dream of the unstirred depths of passion and tenderness in her girlish heart.

It was decidedly tiresome having a wife. True, he saw little of her—for days together they sometimes did not exchange a word; but people had begun to look upon him as a married man, and he did not like it—when they met him, they asked how Lady Caraven was. "Lady Caraven!" He smiled scornfully to himself, remembering the fair and stately dames who had borne that name; remembering the dark-eyed girl who now bore it, he smiled in bitter scorn. He had never been one of those men who look forward to marriage as the one great end and aim of life. It had never had any great charm for him, even in the days when he was free to dream as he would; but his visions had been of a golden-haired love, radiant and fair, never of a girl-wife, the daughter of a man who had dealt faithlessly with him. He shuddered at the very thought of it.

He was not given to thought—the rules of right and wrong had not troubled him very much. He never realized that it was wrong to have married a girl he did not like—wrong to leave a young wife so entirely alone. He never thought of those things; he only remembered that marriage was a burden to him, that his wife's presence was some kind of mute reproach, that he was a thousand times happier away from her than with her.

Certainly he felt the burden less at Paris than he would have felt it elsewhere, because there was always something to occupy him and distract his thoughts, there were always some kind friends to relieve him of the ennui and tediousness of his existence.

One evening he was rather startled by Hildred. There was a favorite singer at the opera, and they went to hear her. She was very fair, and the gentlemen were busily engaged in discussing her. With Lord and Lady Caraven was a Frenchman, the Comte de Quesse, a great admirer of fair women. The conversation, kept up chiefly between the two gentlemen, was about the charming actress.

"She is of the real English type," said the comte, "and the English ladies are so fair—they are adorable!"

"I think myself," remarked the earl, "that a fair-haired English girl is certainly the loveliest object in creation."

The comte laughed.

"You prefer the blondes to the brunettes, then?" he said.

"Certainly," replied Lord Caraven. "I do not see how a woman can be beautiful unless she be fair."

He had entirely forgotten his young girl-wife with the dark eyes and the Spanish face. He would not have wantonly pained her, but he had forgotten her presence. She heard the words. At the time she made no remark, although they burned into her heart like fire.

The comte went home with them, and they were joined by another friend; but she found an opportunity of speaking to her husband when the other gentlemen were busy with *coarté*, and Lord Caraven had withdrawn to look over some letters that had just arrived. She summoned up courage and went up to him.

"Lord Caraven," she said, "would you mind telling me one thing?"

He looked up in wonder—it was so seldom that she voluntarily addressed him. As he looked he was slightly impressed with her appearance; the tall slender figure was draped in soft shining silk, the girlish face was flushed with the effort of speaking to him, the dark eyes were bright and starlike, filled with unutterable thoughts. He could not help owing to himself that there was some beauty in the thick coils of dark hair, in the tall slim graceful figure, in the perfect grace and harmony. She was simply yet beautifully dressed: a pomegranate-blossom lay in the coils of her hair.

"I want you to tell me one thing," she repeated. "If you admire fair girls with golden hair, why did you marry me, with hair and eyes so dark?"

She asked the question in such perfect good faith, in such earnest tones, with such sad sweet eyes, that he was touched, not deeply, but as he would have been had some child come to him with trembling lips to tell a pitiful tale.

"Why," she pursued, "if that was the case, did you marry me?"

"You know why I married you," he replied, gravely—"why ask me the question?"

He saw a vivid color spread over her face, a bright light shine in her eyes. The simple girl thought and believed he meant that she knew he had married her because he loved her. Her heart gave a great glad bound. He loved her! She would understand better in time; she would know why he seemed reserved, reticent, cold, and indifferent.

"You know why I married you," the handsome earl had said; and the words filled her heart with a strange sweet pain.

"I will try to remember," she said, gently.

Dull as was his ear, he heard new music in her voice.

"You will remember what?" he asked.

"I will remember why you have married me," she replied; and as she went away he wondered greatly.

"I should not think that she is likely to forget it," he said to himself. "Certainly women are puzzles. She will try to remember why I married

her—and the words seemed like melting music on her lips, a light that was like sunshine on flowers spread over her face! Why, I married her because her father sold her for a title, and she was willing to be sold!"

To those dying with thirst the fall of dew is a boon. To Lady Caraven the earl's few words seemed full of meaning; she said them over and over again to herself—"You know why I married you." She said them with many varieties of accent, with different intonations, and each time that she repeated them they seemed to mean more and more. For some hours she felt much happier; it was like a break in the cold tide of indifference. She kept expecting kinder words to follow, but they did not. Lord Caraven did not appear to remember what he had said!"

He went out that evening after the "little supper" was over. She heard a whisper of "billiards."

Nothing came of the one solitary dream of kindness. The next day Hildred did not see the earl at all; he went over to St. Cloud with some of his friends. The slight gleam of happiness died away, the old feeling of desolation came back to her. The Comtesse de Quesne called and pressed her to go out, but the girl was sick at heart. It was such a strange life—married without love, without even friendship or liking—married, yet living with her husband as though she were the merest stranger—his wife, bearing his name, sharing his fate, yet knowing no more of him than did the lowest servant in the household; his thoughts, his mind, his plans, his desires, his interests, his amusements, his pleasures, were all strange to her. It was an unheard-of position, an unheard-of fate.

"If I did not know that he had married me because he loved me, I should say rather that he did not like me," was a thought which often occurred to her, but she drove it away as unworthy. "If I were beautiful," thought the lonely girl, "I should think that he had married me for my beauty; if I had grand connections, for them; but I have none—I have nothing—my love has stooped to me from high estate." I shall never understand what he saw in me to make him love me."

She had paid so little attention to the words that she did not even remember than she had been called "Arley Ransome's heiress." Of all the ideas that occurred to her, the one that she had been married for her money was the furthest from her thoughts.

* * * * *

Three weeks had passed away, and Lord Caraven began to wonder how much longer he was to remain in Paris. If he had been free to follow his own inclinations, they would have led him to the gaming-tables at Baden-Baden. But, as he said impatiently, he had no idea of going there with a whole train of people to look after.

How long would she expect to remain in Paris? The honeymoon—that most absurd of all institutions—was supposed to last a month. It would be better perhaps to remain there until it was over, and then go to Ravensmere. He would be more comfortable there. The house was spacious, and it would be possible for him to move about without being haunted by the girlish, wistful face. So in Paris, until the honeymoon was over, he decided on remaining.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Caraven was willing to go to Ravensmere—willing to go anywhere that the earl suggested. She had grown quiescent. A new strange feeling was stirring in her breast; it was love for her husband—love for the handsome debonaire earl.

She did not know it; she was simple, inexperienced, unused in all the ways of love. She knew nothing of the signs that heralded its approach—she knew nothing of its pains, its torments, its pleasures—she knew nothing of its thousand and one Protean shapes. She remembered so distinctly when the first beating of her heart made her almost afraid of him. They had gone together to a fashionable ball. Lord Caraven was always scrupulously polite to his wife in public—never kind, never affectionate, but friendly polite. He always led her to a seat, remaining on duty for a few minutes, holding her fan and her bouquet. She was the only one who ever heard his faint sigh of relief when the duty was over.

On this evening she had taken great pains with her dress. It was of the palest, prettiest shade of pink—"Tears of Roses," *larmes des roses* her milliner had called it—and the delicate tint improved her as nothing else could have done. With it she wore a superb *parure* of diamonds.

"*Miladi is magnifique* to night," said Amice, proudly. And Lady Caraven looked wistfully into the mirror.

She must have been blind not to see the startling loveliness therein. The low evening dress showed exquisitely molded shoulders and a fair neck white as marble, a diamond cross shone on the white breast. There was a dainty bloom on the Southern face. The noble queenly head looked worthy of the diamond tiara; but no smile of content or satisfaction parted the crimson lips.

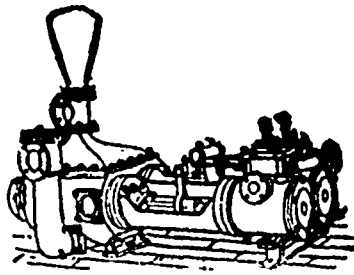
"I wish," she said, with a deep sigh—"oh, how I wish that I had golden hair! I wish that I could change it."

"Why, my lady, you have the most beautiful hair in all the world!" cried the maid, who honestly believed it. "I have never seen hair so long, so shining, so soft."

"It is the wrong color," sighed Lady Caraven; "but even if I could change my hair, my eyes will always be dark," and to herself she added, "He does not like dark eyes—he said so."

Many admiring eyes followed the young countess that evening.

(To be continued.)



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OUR UNEQUALLED OFFER.

We have arranged with the publishers of these books to furnish the whole forty-five with one year's subscription (either new subscribers or renewals,) to our paper for \$2.00; or we will send any five for 25 cts., or the whole forty-five for \$1.25. Address all orders to

A. M. FRASER,
MANAGER OF THE CRITIC, HALIFAX, N. S.

MINING.

ANALYTICAL DEPARTMENT.—To meet 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 \$1 to eight dollars, according to the difficulty and expense incurred by the analyst in making the analysis. The strictest secrecy 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 to "Analyst," care A. M. Fraser, Business Manager of THE CRITIC. Should a larger fee be required, the sender will be notified.

Good reports continue to be received from the gold mines in all parts of the Province, and great activity is manifested amongst mining men. Although we are in the depth of winter, new properties are being developed, and capital to carry on mining operations seems more plentiful than ever before. As will be seen from our New Brunswick correspondent's letter last week, the same activity in the mining of the minerals of that Province prevails, as is observable here. The mining outlook in both Provinces is most encouraging, and, if no mistakes are made, the present year is likely to largely exceed the last in the volume of business transacted. Our gold mines are now being economically worked by skilled managers, and very few mistakes have been made. "Nothing succeeds like success," and our great success during the past year has given our gold mines a deservedly good name abroad. Capitalists in all parts of the world are now turning their attention this way, and as our mineral resources are well nigh inexhaustible, we feel justified in predicting a most prosperous future for our hardy and intelligent miners.

Much still remains to be done before they can reap the reward their persistent efforts deserve, one thing that is especially needed being a careful survey of the gold producing districts of the Province. The maps now on file in the Mines' Office are miserable affairs, and are a disgrace to the department. Each district now has a separate map, and these maps are rolled up and stuck into pigeon holes, with a small tag attached to distinguish them. The older maps are, many of them, almost illegible. Some are badly cracked and torn, and all are so marked over as to be almost unintelligible to the average seeker for information. We can see no reason why suitable books could not be prepared, into which the maps of the different districts could be copied, and which could be much more conveniently referred to than the present maps. Where there are several parties all waiting to consult the maps of different districts, separate maps may be necessary, and if they are, greater care should be used in their preservation than is at present bestowed. Other points we have frequently referred to, and shall so continue to do until the evils complained of have been remedied.

Owing to the elections our correspondents in the different mining camps have failed to send in their notes on mining operations, but now that the political turmoil is over, we trust that they will keep us well posted. Through the mining exchanges of THE CRITIC in the Dominion and the United States, the Nova Scotia gold fields are becoming better known, and capitalists are being attracted to the Province who might otherwise seek investments elsewhere.

YARMOUTH, Feb. 22nd, 1887.

DEAR CRITIC,—As I write I can hear the cheers of the crowd over the returns for the elections as they come in. I am glad to hear these cheers, not because I am particularly pleased with the result of the elections, or that it makes much difference to me which party is in power, but because these cheers signify that the political battle is over, and that we can now attend to our ordinary avocations without the disturbing influence of politics to draw away our minds from business. THE CRITIC has for many months been strongly advocating the formation of a Miners' Association, and the necessity that exists for reforms in our mining laws. The position taken by THE CRITIC on both of these questions, has been cordially endorsed by your Yarmouth mining friends, but now that the elections are over, is it not time that some effort should be made to secure a preliminary meeting of miners, with a view to the establishment of the association during the month of March. I know that a large number of names have already been signed to the paper favoring the formation of the Miners' Association, and there are many persons who will be found ready to join it as soon as they understand that it is in actual existence. If THE CRITIC will take the initiative in the matter and call a preliminary meeting of those who have already attached their names to the document in question, it will confer a favor upon the mining fraternity, which the members of that liberal brotherhood will not be slow to recognize. The reform in our mining laws, although of prime importance, could well be left to the Association to deal with. I trust that you will act upon my suggestion at an early day. A. G. M.

NEW SAFETY BLASTING EXPLOSIVES.—Mr. C. E. Bichel, Government Constructor at Berlin, has invented a new explosive, powerful, yet particularly unobnoxious to the effects of concussion. It is based on three ascertained facts: (1) that resin oils and other hydrocarbons will take up when hot a quantity of sulphur and retain most of it on cooling. (2) These sulphuretted hydrocarbons mix readily and durably with nitrous compounds. (3) That the contained sulphur enables the mixture to explode under the action of an ordinary detonating fuse, notwithstanding that it is particularly unsusceptible to impulses, which often cause other compounds to explode. In the manufacture, resin and linned oils, sunflower seed oil, wood and coal tar, are preferred. The sulphuretted hydrocarbons are mixed with oxygen compounds, such as nitrous and chloric salts. Nitrous compounds not in themselves explosive, are also added, such as nitro-phenol, nitro-toluol, nitro-xylol, nitro-cumol, or nitro-benzol. The explosive effect is one of heaving and tearing rather than scattering.

LAKE CATCHA.—The bar of gold brought to town last week by Mr. J. M. Reid, Supt. of the Oxford G. M. Co., was the output of that mine during the first part of February, not January, as stated in our issue of last week.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD YIELD.—The Ballarotta' (Victoria) district yield for week ending Dec. 11th, was 2282 oz 8 dwts., and the Creswick district, 1321 oz. 10 dwts., total, 3503 oz. 18 dwts. Some particular yields mentioned are Egerton Tributary, 1001 tons crushed yielded 187 oz.; Band and Albion benzols, 240 tons, 299 oz. 12 dwts.; Star of the East, 273 tons, 445 oz.; Daylesford, 565 tons, 358 oz. 15 dwts. The total yield from Sandhurst district for the week was about 3500 oz.

In South Australia at the New Alma and Victoria Gold Mining Company's property, where the reef consists of almost solid pyrites, a crushing of 356 tons of stone yielded 260 tons of pyrites, 100 tons of which calcined and put through the amalgamating pans, yielded 288 ounces of smelted gold.—*The Mining Journal.*

The British Columbia *Colonist* says, "Since the year 1858, when the first great rush to the gold fields of the Fraser occurred, until the present date, fully \$50,000,000 in gold dust has been yielded from the mines, and competent authorities state as yet that they have only been scratched over—only the easier secured and rich paying deposits have been worked. Certain it is that as yet the country remains only prospected around the famous fields, and that in many sections of the gold belt nothing has been done. There are in Cariboo and other districts to-day known mining grounds that will richly repay a moderate expenditure of capital in hydraulicizing on improved principles. But this is not the class of mining that is now looked forward to as likely to prove one of the greatest—if not the principal—industries in the province. Recent examinations by mining experts, prospectors, and others who were in a position to judge, have all been productive of highly favorable reports as to the richness and extensive character of the mineral deposits in Cariboo, Yale, Kootenay and other districts. In many places work has commenced and machinery has been placed in position. Capitalists have signified their intention of investing, and everything is now tending towards an extensive treatment of the mineral-bearing rocks of the province, and especially of gold. Should results prove, as there is good reason to anticipate, the gold mining industry will branch into a permanent and lucrative one, and one that will hasten the progress of the province."

A San Francisco paper refers in the following manner to the monster nugget recently discovered in California: "There is at present in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s bank a bit of auriferous rock that any individual might be glad to possess. The nugget is one of the finest unearthed in California, both in size and richness. It is irregular in shape and about the size of an ordinary Derby hat. That there is very little rock and a great deal of gold in it may be determined by its weight, which is thirty-five pounds troy. Quartz of this sort is usually valued at \$200 per pound, and, allowing the large margin of \$1,000 for rock, the nugget would be worth \$6,000. The exposed rock and great gobs of gold that hang out of its sides so as to nearly hide all other composition and make it appear almost as melted metal, are not jagged or rough, but on the contrary, are smooth and polished in a manner that only water is capable of. The proprietors of the nugget are Messrs. Hayes and Steelman, of Sierra City, and they have left it on exhibition for a few days. At the bank it attracts much attention, but the employees could furnish no information concerning it beyond that it came from Sierra County, near Sierra."

A MOUNTAIN OF PAINT.—A few months ago, while some men were prospecting for gold in the western part of Calaveras county, large quantities of earth of all colors and shades were discovered. The substance rested in layers, and upon further investigation it was found to be various varieties of ochres. The find was a veritable mountain of paints containing all the primary colors with their various shades.—*Stockton Mail.*

The syndicate of Chicago capitalists who made the natural gas discovery while prospecting near Oxford, Benton County, Ind., are engaged in boring a second well on their lease of 1,500 acres of land.

The lead production of Colorado for the year 1886 exceeded 65 per cent. of the entire yield of the United States. The amount of silver dug out was 3,448 tons. Its average price during the year was \$1.01½ per ounce.

The gross mineral output of Montana last year was \$24,000,000, of which there was \$3,500,000 in gold, \$7,000,000 in copper, and \$13,500,000 in silver.

Columbia, in which the dearth of gold and silver has recently caused a commercial crisis, has produced from the time of its discovery down to 1885 no less than \$47,113,750 of gold.

Fifty thousand tons of soot are taken out of the chimneys of London every year. It is valued at \$200,000 for fertilizing purposes.

The coinage of the world for the calendar year 1885 was, gold, \$95,000,000; silver, \$97,000,000.

The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Coal Company are said to own full 7,000 acres of excellent coal lands in the anthracite regions from which not a pound of coal has been mined.

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

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

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

Owing to the sad loss by death of his youngest child, the editor of the Maritime Patron was unable to forward his copy in time for insertion in our last issue, but we cheerfully make place for it in our present number. Dr. Creed has worked faithfully and assiduously for the good of the Order in which he is so much interested. As a writer, his style is pleasing and vigorous, and we cannot but think that his many able editorials in the Maritime Patron have presented the Grange and its objects in a new light to many who previously regarded it with disfavor. Dr. Creed's ability as a writer and thorough knowledge of the requirements of the Order should entitle his expressed opinions to the earnest consideration of the Patrons of Husbandry. Although the Order has not deemed it wise to subsidize an official organ and remunerate the editor of the Maritime Patron for his untiring labors, we feel certain that its members fully appreciate the importance of sustaining an organ for the Grange; and should they at any future time desire to negotiate for space in THE CRITIC, we shall be prepared to treat their propositions with courtesy and liberality.—Ed. Critic.

Our valedictory, when half written, was laid aside, and the absorbing anxieties of several subsequent days precluded its completion until later in the week than usual. We had, however hoped that the delayed pages of our copy would have reached the printer in time for publication in last week's issue.

This opinion, were it only the result of one Patron's thought and experience, should demand careful consideration; but being as it is, in accordance with the concurrent testimony of many Patrons, and having been opposed by none, it might well be received as an axiom. We may not, however, more appropriately devote our remaining words than to the examination of the grounds upon which this opinion, or axiom, if it deserves so to be styled, is founded.

The Order of the Patrons of Husbandry may appropriately be regarded as a piece of machinery for the accomplishment of certain purposes—those described in the "Statement of Purposes" of the Order. The principle parts of this piece of machinery, as it exists in this jurisdiction, are Subordinate Granges, Division Granges, and the Maritime Provincial Grange. These facts will, of course, be understood to include Executive Committees and the Rituals of the Order.

Subordinate Granges associate farmers of a neighborhood together in weekly or fortnightly meetings. Division Granges (composed of delegates from the Subordinate Granges) afford Patrons of a county opportunities of meeting together to discuss Agricultural subjects, and any matters of interest that are not sectarian or partizan in character, and of acting together especially for County or Municipal purposes. The Provincial Grange (composed of delegates from Division Granges) concentrates and focalizes the wisdom, power, and influence of the Order in the jurisdiction. The Executive Committees of Division Granges and the Provincial Grange have authority to act on all matters of interest during intervals between sessions over which their respective Granges have jurisdiction. The Rituals of the Order inculcate the virtues of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Fidelity, especially in their relations to the Farmer's life, occupation and surroundings.

The machinery of the Order, as described, appears to be well adapted and sufficient for the work it is designed to accomplish, but on closer examination it will be seen, as experience has shown, that it does not provide for the regular, prompt, thorough, and inexpensive conveyance and circulation of notices and other official matter, reports of sessions, the communications of Patrons who have anything to offer for the good of the Order, general news and intelligence, or for explaining and advocating the principles and objects of the Order. The addition of an organ to the machinery of the Order supplies these deficiencies and makes it perfect and complete.

If the Maritime Patron has not, during the year of its publication, been to the Order in the Maritime jurisdiction all that an organ should be to the Order, the failure has not been because of limited space, nor because of lack of energy or zeal on the part of the editor; nor so much on account of lack of ability in that official, as it has been due to the lack of that support to which, as we have already said, it was fairly entitled.

It is for the Executive Committee of the Maritime Provincial Grange to decide whether the machinery of the Order is to be made complete and efficient for its work by the publication of an organ; and if it is decided to publish an organ, the Executive Committee are empowered to make all necessary arrangements therefor, with the characteristic proviso that no additional expense be incurred.

The few sisters and brothers who have assisted us by their contributions have earned our gratitude, even though we ourselves have neither been promised nor sought other remuneration than the good of the Order. If the Order has been benefited by our labors we are remunerated. Kind readers of the Maritime Patron we bid you, for the present at least, good-bye.

While the editorial pen is in our hand, we will take the opportunity to briefly notice a paragraph in the organ of the Grange Wholesale Supply Company of Toronto, which we re-produce below, in order that our remarks concerning it may be better understood by those who have not read the paragraph elsewhere:—

"HONEST CRITICISM—We feel under obligation for the very modest manner in which we are taken to task by our contemporary THE CRITIC of Nova Scotia. Bro. Creed certainly should know whereof he speaks, being interested in one of the institutions in question to the extent of being an active and profitable agent. But we would like to know whether the article alluded to was meant for an advertisement for the Insurance Company, 'Rosy Jones,' or as a dig at us; if the latter, we object to being criticised through a cheap advertisement of an Insurance Company which Bro. Creed represents.—Ed. Bulletin."

It is no matter of interest to us to know who the editor of the Bulletin is that discreetly hides behind an editorial impersonality, while bringing approbrium upon the Order that the Grange Wholesale Supply Co. was established to benefit. We are personally responsible for all that we have written in the Maritime Patron, or elsewhere. We have tried to speak and write always for the good of the Order, and in the paragraph to which the editor of the Bulletin objects, we had no other aim.

We mentioned no names in our article of January 14th. It is somewhat amusing, however, to notice that the Bulletin applies our "lecture" to itself. If it is applicable to that journal, we hope that the application will be beneficial.

We say plainly—and in saying it, we believe that we utter the sentiments of every Patron in the Maritime jurisdiction—that the warfare in which our Grange contemporaries are engaged, is disgraceful to the journals engaged in it; is injurious to the Order and to the Institutions of which those journals are the organs; and is in direct violation of the obligations of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry.

Our contemporaries are in many, we are pleased to say in most, respects, excellent journals, a credit and benefit to the Order, but while this foolish war continues, what true Patron can take pleasure in them? We are frequently applied to for Grange literature, explaining and advocating our principles and objects. Can we with propriety send either of these journals?

We have not advertised in the Maritime Patron one Grange Institution more than any other, nor any more than might reasonably be expected. Nor has Bro. Creed, as agent for the Grange Insurance Company, done more for the benefit of the Wholesale Supply Co. In both cases the desire has been to benefit the Order.

The Manager of the Dominion Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Association has favored us with a Memorandum of the business of the Association in the Maritime jurisdiction, which we publish for the information of Maritime Patrons:—

Total amount at risk.....	\$ 195,055 00
“ “ of undertakings.....	3,050 47
“ Deposits Cash.....	\$698 45
“ Short Date Notes.....	501 42
	—————\$1,199 87
Losses Paid:.....	\$733 10
“ Number of risks.....	193
Average amount of risks....	\$1010 64

The New York Tribune says that the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry is, numerically, the strongest secret organization in the United States.

Granges whose members read little, think little, and know little of the Order, finally have the label "dormant" attached to their names.—New England Farmer.

PREPARING SUMMER SUPPLY OF WOOD.—All work which can as well be done now as some months hence, should be done before the rush of spring work. Preparing the summer supply of stove-wood can better be done now, than in the spring or summer. The pieces can be sledded home now, which is easier and speedier than hauling them in a waggon. The temperature is more favorable to chopping, which is a job for cold weather and not for hot weather. And now green wood can be cut, and will be seasoned when wanted: whereas, if the supply is prepared only as needed, dry hard wood must be cut, or else the housewife be subjected to the vexations of burning green wood. The smaller branches are best prepared for the stove by using the ax exclusively; but the butts and the larger branches are best worked up by sawing them into stove lengths with a cross-cut saw, and then splitting them with the ax. Stove-wood can be made very rapidly in this way. Light, soft wood, thoroughly seasoned, is the best summer stove-wood. It makes a quick, hot fire, and dies down quickly without coals, allowing the room to cool quickly after the meal is prepared. Save the dense, hard wood for winter.

Unless some attention is paid to making fowls fat it will be found that when left to themselves they will be rarely fitted for the purposes for which they are designed. Fowls can be fattened readily and without much trouble, provided a little care is taken at the start. Three or four weeks of generous feeding will put them in the best trim to kill. The best way to fatten is to confine them in limited numbers, say twelve fowls to each coop. The coop must be about four feet long, eighteen inches high, and thirty inches wide for large chickens and proportionately larger for adult birds. The food should be ground oats and corn meal, with vegetables mixed, all thoroughly cooked and seasoned and fed warm. And this should not be fed so hot as to burn or injure them. When it is practicable to mix milk with the ground feed it will be found very beneficial.

The greatest of wastes on a farm is the not using of our brains—the greatest because at the bottom of nearly all other wastes.

CHIT-CHAT.

Jay Gould drops a bit of wisdom in saying that "men appreciate their own earnings more than a gift."

Mr. L. Tietjens, of Staasfurt, Germany, has recently patented an ingenious method of damming back the flow of water in shafts by the application of the well-known fact that certain salts increase their volume very materially by the absorbing of water of crystallization in hardening. To accomplish this, he takes either calcined soda, anhydrous alum, kieserite, or oxychloride of magnesium, mixes them into a paste, and then immediately injects them through a suitably arranged pipe into the fissures through which the water flows. It is said that as this paste hardens it swells enough to fill all the interstices of the rock and to render it water-tight.—*English Mechanic*.

ELECTRICITY ON RUSSIAN FARMS.—Electricity has been brought into play in Russia in a peculiar manner, according to a writer in the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique*. Owing to the severe competition of America and India in respect to wheat, Russian farmers and proprietors have lately sustained very heavy losses, which threaten to increase to an extent which will mean ruin to them. Realising this grave and very real danger, the editor of the Russian *Selsky Kholostane* has been making experiments with the electric light. One great, if not the greatest, disadvantage the Russian farmers experience is the shortness of the daylight, in consequence of which they cannot get sufficient wheat thrashed. To remedy this, the gentleman named has recently introduced on his farm the electric light, by which the work has been carried on later than was previously possible, and very satisfactory results have ensued.—*Electrical Review*.

Ouspensky, a popular Russian writer, recently found a river steambot in the Caucasus piloted by a youth of seventeen, who, although he was possessed of remarkable intellectual qualities, had abruptly abandoned his studies for manual toil, with intent to put Count Tolstoi's doctrines into practice. Many Russian families—people of standing and education—are taking their children from school, abandoning the delusions of so-called civilization, and retiring into remote country districts, where they propose to realize some vague ideal of primitive simplicity. This strange movement is vigorously supported by Count Tolstoi. The Count divides each day into four periods, separated from one another by a meal, and he indulges in hand labor and in literary work alternately. He has thus become accomplished in boot-making, expert in wood-splitting, and a very decent agricultural laborer. Whenever he visits his estates he assists his farm hands in plowing, sowing and getting in the crops.

A Boston man tells how few in England understand American English. "I had not been in Liverpool an hour," he says, "when I became convinced that I had much to learn about the English language. When I entered my hotel I asked the young woman who received me, 'What are your terms?' and had I spoken Choctaw she could not have understood me less. 'What do you charge a day?' I next ventured. 'Charge?' she replied, vaguely, and I gave it up. Another woman was summoned, and I tried again. 'Ah! you want the tariff?' she said at last, and sure enough I did. Now, if I had used the word 'tariff' in that sense in Boston it would have been considered slang. I tried in vain to get a pair of suspenders, as they would show me none but those for stockings, but I succeeded finally in buying some 'braces.' I might prolong the list ad infinitum, but enough is shown to warrant the publication of an American-English dictionary of synonyms for the use of travellers."

THE BEE'S STING A USEFUL TOOL.—From lengthened observations, Mr. W. F. Clarke, a Canadian, has come to the conclusion that the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging, but its use by that wonderful creature as a tool. Mr. Clark says he is convinced that the most important office of the bee's sting is that which is performed in doing the artistic cell work, capping the comb, and infusing the formic acid by means of which honey receives its keeping qualities. The sting is really a skillfully contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful of honey. This explains why honey extracted before it is capped over does not keep well. The formic acid has not been injected into it. This is done in the very act of putting the last touches on the cell work. As the little pliant trowel is worked to and fro with such dexterity, the darts, of which there are two, pierce the plastic cell surface, and leave the nectar beneath its tiny drops of the fluid which makes it keep well. This is the "art preservative" of honey. Herein, we see, says Mr. Clarke, that the sting and the poison bag, with which so many of us would like to dispense, are essential to the storage of the luscious product, and that without them the beautiful comb honey of commerce would be a thing unknown. This is certainly a most wonderful provision of nature.—*Iron*.

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

A CARD

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

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Notice to Subscribers.

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

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

A. M. FRASER.

Business Manager THE CRITIC,
Halifax, N. S.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

LOST IN THE SNOW.

There was not a greater favorite in the country than poor Tom Archer, the blind fiddler. He was always on the tramps passing from farmhouse to farmhouse, taking a meal here, passing a night there, and everywhere cordially welcomed by young and old. His only companions were his old fiddle and a faithful dog that always guided him on his journeys. We class the fiddle as his companion, as his whole soul seemed bound up in it, and he could often be seen sitting by the roadside and talking as affectionately to it as though it were human. When he drew his old bow across it, it seemed to give utterance to his every feeling, and expression to the true poetry that pervaded every fibre of his being. The weird and fantastic music that he at such times drew from it, struck terror to the rustic heart, and he was generally regarded as being endowed with supernatural power. On his arrival at a farmhouse a dance was soon improvised and then the old fiddle in unison with its master, changed its mood, and its merry tones stirred the blood of the most sluggish into life and activity. One cold, blustery night, Tom started to cross an extensive barren that lay between him and a farmhouse where he had agreed to play. He had not proceeded far before a blinding snowstorm set in, accompanied by a fierce wind that forced him to pause frequently and turn his back to the gale. Guided by his faithful dog, he had little fear of losing his way, but as he went on the snow was piled in huge drifts, and he felt that his strength was fast giving out. For some time he struggled on, but the intense cold overcame him and suddenly relaxing his hold on the string that held the dog, he fell prostrate in the drifts. The faithful dog sniffed around poor Tom for a few seconds, poking him with his nose in a vain effort to rouse him, and then, uttering a mournful howl, dashed on through the drifts to the farmhouse. The dog's howls brought the farmer to the door. He at once surmized what had happened and followed the dog to where Tom lay. Raising Tom's head he forced a quantity of Simson's Jamaica Ginger down his throat, which soon revived him, and so renewed his strength that he was enabled to reach the farmhouse in safety.

Symptoms of Worms in Children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. Abbott's Worm Tablets are simple and effectual.

For sale by Brown Brothers & Co.

A barn belonging to George McCallum was burned at Greenville, Cumberland, on the 3rd inst. with three cows, a horse, some hay and farm implements. The fire was communicated by a pot of coals used as a remedy for distemper in a horse.

If Mr. McCallum had known that Simson's Liniment would have cured his horse of distemper, he would probably have used it, and thus saved his horse, cows, hay, farming implements and barn. Hear what Mr. Wordin says about it:

MESSRS. BROWN BROS. & CO., HALIFAX:

Gentlemen,—I feel satisfied that Simson's Liniment has been of great benefit to a horse of mine, which was very sick with the distemper. Inside of twenty-four hours after applying the Liniment the horse was able to drink and has been improving ever since.

St. John, N. B., Feb. 12, 1887.

R. S. WORDIN.

Probably the most useful of all the senses is that of sight; and diseases of the eye are more distressing than diseases in other parts of the body. It is therefore meet that the greatest possible care should be taken of the eye to ward off disease. It was to this end that Simson's Golden Eye Water was invented.

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

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

Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is an invaluable remedy in all cases of consumption, scrofula, and other wasting diseases.

In making cakes always use the Cream of Tartar ground by our firm, as you can rely on its being pure.

BROWN BROS. & CO. ARE AGENTS FOR

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

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

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

Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. warrant all their spices to be pure and the best in the market.

JULIA'S SPONGE CAKE.—The weight of ten eggs, in sugar, and half their weight in flour, a little salt, and juice and grated rind of one lemon.

MAVFLOWER COLOGNE.—A very agreeable and refreshing perfume.

As an article of true merit Fiske's Lavodent is fast becoming popular. Those persons who wish to preserve their teeth, and at the same time keep them white and clean, should not fail to use it.

TEA DOUGHNUTS.—Three cups each of sugar and milk, three eggs, three spoons cream tartar, one and a half teaspoons soda, eight spoonful melted lard, nutmeg, flour to roll.

The awards of Medals and Diplomas given to Mr. Simson for Puttner's Emulsion at the Great Exhibitions of Canada are sufficient of themselves to give it such a wide reputation.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—One egg, two cups sugar, one cup of butter, one teaspoon soda, half cup sweet milk, rosewater, flour to roll.

PORT HILL, P.E.I., April 7, 1881.

PUTTNER EMULSION CO.:

Dear Sirs,—I have used your Emulsion extensively during the past four years, and have much pleasure in adding my testimony as to its efficiency. We had here last summer numerous cases of whooping-cough and scarlet fever. I found your Emulsion answer admirably when the acute symptoms had subsided, in very many instances. In most wasting disorders, especially those peculiar to children, your Emulsion has rendered me good service, being pleasant to the taste, and no feeling of nausea following its administration. It seldom fails giving good results, and I prefer it to any other preparation of the kind.

I am, yours respectfully,

J. F. BRINE, M.D.

A cough, cold or irritable throat, if allowed to progress, results in serious pulmonary and bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable. Simson's Tolu and Anniseed for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints, is very efficacious. For sale by Brown Brothers & Co.

FROM THE MEDICAL STAFF OF THE HALIFAX DISPENSARY, HALIFAX, N. S.

We, the undersigned physicians attached to the Halifax Dispensary, whose names are appended to this certificate, having had frequent occasion to prescribe "PUTTNER'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, HYPOPHOSPHITES," &c., have much pleasure in stating that we have every reason to be satisfied with the results from its use, having found it not only an efficient and reliable remedy, but also one which could be taken without any of the disagreeable effects which so frequently follow the use of Cod Liver Oil.

THOS. TRENAMAN, M. D., Visiting Surgeon.

CHAS. D. RIGBY, M. D., Surgeon.

ARCHD. LAWSON, M. D., &c., Surgeon.

D. A. CAMPBELL, M. D., Diseases of Women and Children.

J. VENABLES, M. D., Visiting Physician.

H. P. CLAY, M. D., Visiting Surgeon.

September, 1880.

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