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THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 31, 1886.

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THE CRITIC,

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With the year which closes to-day another link in the century's chain is broken, leaving fourteen more yet to be enjoyed before the century itself gives place to another. Many of our readers, we hope, may live to see the advent of the 20th century, but for the present we shall content ourselves with wishing one and all of them a bright, happy and prosperous New Year.

The German Reichstag has so far failed to respond to the Chancellor's demands for an increase in the army and navy estimates. Prince Bismarck is not one to brook defeat, and he probably considered it the best policy to allow the members to return home for their Christmas holidays before deciding to cut down the vote for these two services, in the hope that when they return they will be in a better humor to deal with the proposed increase.

As a rule, most persons prefer paintings which depict some stirring or well-known scene. The "Battle of Waterloo," or the "Return of Napoleon from his exile in Elba," would attract and rivet the attention of those who do not claim to be judges of the painting art; but it takes an artistic eye as well as an educated taste to appreciate some of the more beautiful representations of still life.

Mr. Stevens, the bicyclist, who is attempting to ride round the world, has written to a contemporary from Teheran giving an amusing account of the effect produced upon the native mind by the arc lights which the Shah has recently had placed in the square of the palace. It is the lighting up that astonishes them most of all. The general conclusion is that nothing but the direct instrumentality of Sheitan could produce an instantaneous illumination of such dazzling brightness.

How many of our Nova Scotian snow-shoe clubs are to be represented at the great gathering of Canadian snow-shoers to take place in New York next week, under the auspices of the Oritani and Canadian Clubs? Mr. George M. Fairchild, President of the Oritani Club, and Mr. Erastus Wiman, President of the Canadian Club, are making preparations to give their fellow-citizens from Canada a cordial reception. Four hundred blanket-robed snow-shoers from Montreal, and at least two hundred from Quebec, have made arrangements to attend, and Bengough, the celebrated caricaturist, has been engaged to lecture in Steinway Hall during the week. The affair is regarded as one of the coming social events of the winter in New York society.

There is a crisis in the French War Department. It is discovered that the Goo government cats, detailed to catch mice in the army clothing store-houses, have been overfed and have quit work. A reduction in their rations is ordered.

In looking over the names of Halifax merchants and professional men we cannot fail to note that the majority of our leading citizens to-day were born and brought up in the country. Unquestionably the city-bred boy has greater advantages, educational and otherwise, than the country lad; but, as a rule, everything is cut and dried for him, and hence he never develops that individuality in character which marks the boy who has been reared in the country.

Sir T. Spencer Wells, in his address before the sanitary congress recently held in New York, gave expression to some wholesome truths with respect to the capabilities and endurance of women. He pointed out that for every instance of disease in mind or body caused by overwork, many examples could be shown of young women breaking down from want of mental occupation, deficient exercise or too luxurious living. Woman's sphere is unquestionably the home, but her usefulness need not be limited within the four walls of a dwelling house.

An effort is now being made to form a great colonization company of those persons who own land within a radius of fifty miles of the city of Winnipeg. During the boom this land was eagerly bought up by speculators, homesteads being held for sale at exorbitant figures. Owing to this, the tide of emigration passed westward to the available lands of the C.P.R., and Winnipeg was left to be a city in a comparatively unsettled country. The new company, it is hoped, will, by the inducements offered to immigrants, soon bring under cultivation the millions of acres of fertile land, the virgin sod of which has never yet been turned.

The disgraceful suit for divorce which Lord Colin Campbell has brought against his wife has at length been brought to a close, after an eighteen days' trial. The jury have declared Lady Colin Campbell innocent of the charges brought against her by her profligate and licentious husband, and no divorce is to be granted. Lord Colin Campbell who has, throughout the whole affair, acted as though his wife had been a vagrant, will have to pay the costs of the suit, which amount to \$175,000, and these will have to be extracted from his father, the Duke of Argyll, who is far from a wealthy man.

The British occupation of Egypt has been a somewhat profitless enterprise from a national standpoint, but to the Egyptians it has been an unmixed blessing. France, who deserted Britain at a most critical time, is now demanding with Turkey that a limit be placed upon the British occupation; but, as Lord Salisbury and Gladstone have both said, "the limit is one, not of time, but of the work to be performed." Egypt is now quiet. Her financial affairs are in a satisfactory condition and her enemies within and without are silenced, but the evacuation of the country by the British, although within measurable distance, cannot yet be undertaken.

The citizens of the United States have wiped out the dark blot of slavery, but the stain of Mormonism has not yet been obliterated. Wales is the great mission field of the Mormon emissaries, and annually hundreds of Welsh girls find their way to Utah to become the wives of their brothers-in-law, and yet the U. S. government has, so far, failed to grapple with the evil successfully. Perhaps the reason for this may be found in the looseness of the marriage laws in many States of the Union; for, after all, it is a distinction without a difference whether a man have several wives at the one time, or by easy divorces have a number successively.

Some one has suggested that instead of giving each child a name at birth he or she should be assigned a number, thus obviating the confusion which results from several persons in one place bearing the same name. We have seen this idea elaborated in a lengthy article, but confess that the writer only confirmed our belief in the wisdom of family names being continued. They are in themselves scraps of history and revelations of human interest, compared with which mathematical exactness would be prosaic. To address your letter to Mrs. 9,832,701 might be more convenient than to give the full address of a certain Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith, but no one save a crank would ever think of giving the idea a practical test. We have standard time on trial just now, and that is enough for the ordinary mind to grapple with.

AFFAIRS IN BURMAH.

The comparative ease with which the British overthrew King Theebaw has given rise to the belief that Upper Burma will be readily brought under the influences of a civilized Government. But, unfortunately, the military and civil authorities have not to deal with the people as a whole, but rather as a mass of unrelated units. Each village acknowledges its tribal head, but the people of one village have nothing in common, so far as government is concerned, with those of the surrounding villages. It will,

therefore, be necessary to establish throughout Upper Burmah strong military posts, and to have in readiness flying columns to move hither and thither as occasion demands. The Dacoits and many of the more peaceful inhabitants in the villages now have fire-arms in their possession, and these will have to be appropriated by the Civil Government. But Britain never relies entirely on force for maintaining a foothold in a country like Burmah. Roads, railways, and telegraph lines will need to be constructed, and as these will give employment to many laborers, they will direct the attention of the people to new and more profitable industrial pursuits than have hitherto been attempted. The Dacoits or armed bandits, who are the terror of the country, would form excellent material for the civil police force; and General Roberts, appreciating this fact, has already taken steps to induce them to lay down their arms to accept the more honorable position of guardians of the public peace. The disarming of the people in a country where ferocious wild beasts are numerous, appears almost cruel; but General Roberts is confident that the protection afforded by the constables and the military posts will provide even better protection than is guaranteed by the possession of imperfect firearms.

A RETROSPECT.

In this, our fifty-third and last issue of *THE CRITIC* for the year 1886, we shall briefly summarize the more important events which have transpired during the past twelve months, such as the compilers of annual registers collate in their yearly publications. As yet the black thunder cloud of war, which has for months hung over the nations of Europe, has not burst; and, happily, the conflicts which have taken place, have been comparatively insignificant in their character, and unimportant in their results.

The kindred people of Bulgaria and Servia have, in their desire for the pre-eminence of their respective States, endeavored to settle their jealousies on the battle-field; and that which at one time threatened to involve the greater Powers in a life and death struggle was by the energy and skill of Prince Alexander crushed in a campaign of a few weeks in length. Little Greece, stung at the indifference of the Powers, in failing to recognize her just right to territorial extension, drew the sword in her own behalf, and threatened, if left alone, to drive the unspeakable Turk from European soil; but, muzzled by the Powers, her belligerency resulted in little more than a military demonstration.

In other parts of the world petty wars have been going on, one of the most important of which to us is that which has resulted from the British occupation of Burmah, while France has had her troubles in Anam and Madagascar, and Germany and Portugal in the dark continent. Politically, the year has been uneventful. Death has removed from the Spanish throne the accomplished young Alphonso, and Russian intrigue has been successful in ousting from his position, Prince Alexander, the successful commander and peaceful ruler of Bulgaria. Denmark has experienced the drawback of a constitution in which an arbitrary king is counselled by an irresponsible Ministry. Fickle France has again lost confidence in, and overthrown a government; while in Great Britain Gladstone has been defeated by his friends, and Lord Churchill lifted into the saddle, despite his enemies within the Tory party. The great questions which have agitated the minds of leading public men in this or in other countries still remain unsolved. Irish home rule, socialistic reformation of society, and the battle waged by the Knights of Labor in the interests of the laboring classes, are still live issues of to-day, issues which will yet have to be met and dealt with in a fair, manly, and decisive manner. Dynamite and the fiendish bombshell have, alas! again been resorted to by the misguided advocates of liberty and equality. Brussels, Amsterdam and Chicago, have been the scenes of socialistic upheavals, almost unprecedented in history, compared with which the depredations of the London mobs appear trivial indeed. At home, the political cauldron has been for months at the boiling point. The scaffold of Regina has been made a political platform in one section of the Dominion, while the no-popery cry, provincial rights, exclusion of the Chinese, and Repeal, have done duty in other portions of the country.

Commercially, the results of the year are not as encouraging as the outlook in the spring led men to suppose they would be, but it is satisfactory to know that business to-day is on a more healthy footing, and the prospects are still brighter than they were at this time last year. Nature has stamped 1886 with indelible proofs of the mighty forces which she still controls, as is evidenced by the terrible disasters which followed the volcanic outbreaks and earthquake shocks experienced in Greece, Carolina, and New Zealand. Would space permit, we might draw a veil over these unpleasant events of the year, and present to our readers a bright and glowing picture of the more pleasant features which have marked its course, but these we will leave for another occasion, satisfying ourselves in closing this retrospect by wishing our subscribers A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

Now that we are at the beginning of a new year the time seems propitious to say a few words on the advisability of advertising. The most successful merchants of our time, the men who are now in the enjoyment of enormous fortunes, or whose names have been handed down to posterity by their bequests to universities, religious and benevolent institutions, have all been believers in advertising, and have freely acknowledged that their success is or was mainly due to a generous use of printer's ink. Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You may know what you are doing, but no one else does.

When we look over the list of pushing business men in this city and Province, we find that nearly all of them are in favor of advertising, and that

the few who neglect this important medium of reaching customers are gradually falling to the rear, and if they do not soon wake up will be lost sight of altogether. One great mistake made by some merchants is in the want of regularity in their advertising. They make spasmodic attempts to reach customers just as the spring or autumn trade is at its height, but for the rest of the year discontinue advertising, and so fail to keep their names before the public. This we think is a mistake, and we are borne out in this opinion by the fact that, as business grows dull, the most successful merchants increase their advertising, offer special inducements to their customers, and in this way work off all their old stock and are thus enabled to meet each season's business with the newest and most saleable goods.

Most of our merchants are now closing up their year's business, and we trust that all of them have been blessed with increased profits. If they find themselves with large stocks of unsold goods on hand, or if they have any lines of goods which they wish to close out to make room for new stock; now is the time to attract customers. If they expect that they can sit down and do nothing and that buyers will likely come along they will be sure to be disappointed. If, on the other hand, they will write out a list of the inducements they have to offer and hand it in to *THE CRITIC* office, the facts will be published to thousands of buyers in the city and country, and orders will come in from all directions. They may be rushed with work in closing up the year's business and in taking stock, but they should see to it that their advertisements are at once written out and sent in for publication. A few minutes' work at night before bedtime will do the business and their customers throughout the Maritime Provinces will be kept posted on the goods they have in stock. *THE CRITIC* is now one of the best, if not the very best medium for an advertiser to reach his customers. It has attained to a circulation of over **Four Thousand Three Hundred** copies weekly, and is constantly increasing, and its advertisements are set up in the neatest and most readable style. Without wishing to sing our own praises our success warrants us in stating that *THE CRITIC* has met a long felt want. That our editorials, our news columns, our full commercial reports, our farming and mining departments, and our columns of advertising are read and re-read by thousands of subscribers, and that (unlike many papers which are generally thrown aside as soon as the news has been glanced at) *THE CRITIC* is carefully preserved for future reference.

Remember that people like to see what they can buy and where they can buy it, and that the most certain means of imparting this information is an advertisement in *THE CRITIC*.

IS LIFE WORTH SAVING?

Most of the young and middle-aged people of the present day are apt to infer, from the fact that a grand parent or great-grand parent is still living, that longevity is the characteristic of a former generation, and that the present business worries, social methods, and mode of living have a tendency to reduce the span of life far below three score and ten years. That this idea is erroneous will at once be admitted if we remember that the members of any family who run into the seventies and eighties are the exceptions; and that, as a rule, the majority of our ancestors have died in comparative youth or middle age. Longevity is, in fact, more characteristic of the nineteenth than of the eighteenth century, and will probably be more marked in the twentieth century than it is at present. This is unquestionably the outcome of the more universal recognition of those sanitary laws which tend to preserve health and prevent premature decay, and as the importance of these laws is recognized by all civilized governments, we can gather from the collated official statistics some facts in which all of us are more or less interested. The annual death-rate in Paris has been reduced in four hundred years from 50 to 26 persons in each 1000 of the population, while in two hundred years it has been reduced in London from 80 to 23 per thousand. The average death rate in England and Wales is nineteen in each one thousand inhabitants, the average duration of life having been increased in less than a century from eighteen to forty-one years. It is evident that when the average life of individuals is prolonged, their productive capacity is correspondingly increased, and therefore from an economic standpoint life is worth saving. According to the lowest estimate it costs five hundred dollars to rear a child to an age at which its labor will be advantageous to the community and the death of all children before this age is a direct loss to the commonwealth. Between the ages of twenty and sixty the average value placed upon the life of a man is \$750, and his annual productive power at \$95, if through well organized sanitary arrangements the state can prolong the life of its productive members during the period of productiveness the country gains materially, and the laws deserve the untiring consideration of those whose duty it is to frame them and see that they are properly carried out. But there is still another good result which arises from the lessening of the death average and the consequent increase in the length of life. Statistics prove that on an average persons residing in a climate like ours are incapacitated from work ten days in each year, or in other words one person out of each thirty-six of the population is constantly sick, but thanks to medical science and improved sanitary conditions, men and women are now less liable to sickness than they were fifty years ago, and hence the state is the gainer by the lessening of the number of those who are incapacitated from doing their fair share of labor. If in a comparatively short time the average life of man has been doubled and his liability to sickness diminished fifty per cent, we may fairly hope that, as the world progresses, still more gratifying results may be reached, and although the doctors may, like Othello, find their occupations gone, they can point with pride to the profession which, through its unselfish philanthropy, has minimized the sorrows of mankind and reduced the ill to which men hitherto have been unwilling heirs.

CHUCKLES.

The nicest thing in boots.—A pretty foot. Girls who marry coachmen ought to be stable in their affections. A genuine counter-irritant is the woman who shops but does not buy. It is not considered at all witty to call an auburn-haired girl a chestnut belle. Georgia has prohibition, but she also has a moonshine distillery to each 400 voters. Ho (on horseback): "Shall we take the highway home? She: "No; I would prefer the bridal path, I think." Teacher: Fominius of friar! Bright boy: Hasn't any. Teacher: Next 2nd bright boy: Nun. Teacher: That's right. 1st bright boy: That's just what I said. She: "And you are really better, Professor, since you came to live in Hampstead?" Ho: "Oh, yes, a different man altogether." She: "How pleased all your friends will be!"—Texas Siftings. First professional tramp: "Congratulate me, old man, I'm going to Paris." Second professional: "How'd yer work it?" First professional: "Said I was bit by a mad dog; popular subscription getting up to send me to Pa-toor."

A Yankee traveller going up the Nile for the first time saw a crocodile. He looked at it for some time when a neighbor asked what he thought of it. "Wall," he replied. "I can't say its a handsome critter, but by gosh I must say it's got an all-fired open countenance." Ho: Tell me, my sweet, are you superstitious? She: "What a funny question! Why do you want to know?" He: "Answer me first." She: "Why, I am not in the least superstitious." He: "Then I don't mind telling you—you are my thirteenth sweetheart."

Assistant (to employer)—"Please, sir, what shall I mark this lot of new silks at?" Employer—"Twelve shillings a yard." Assistant—"But the cost price is four shillings a yard." "Employer—"I don't care what it cost. We are selling off regardless of cost."—Eng. Ex.

"You sit on your horse like a butcher," said a pert young officer, who happened to be of royal blood, to a veteran General who was somewhat bent from age. "It is highly probable," responded the old warrior, with a grim smile. "It is because all my life I have been leading calves to the slaughter."

This is the latest witticism with which W. S. Gilbert is credited. "It is easy enough for bishops to be good on a salary of five thousand pounds a year," said the satirical dramatist, looking round on a select circle of literary friends, "but we have to be good for nothing,"—a prize—"and some of us are."

The Alleghenians are a frugal folk. A Pittsburgh man advertised for a cook, and received this note from a citizen of Allegheny: "Dear Sir: I have seen your advertisement for a cook for three days in the papers. When you get what you want, please send the rest of the girls to me, as I don't care to advertise."

"Yes," said Mr. Hendricks to the minister. "I am proud of that dog. Why, he knows the different days of the week." Just then the dog began to run to a gun which stood in the corner, then back to his master, and wag his tail. "He's made a mistake this time, pa," said young Bobby. "He thinks it's Sunday."—Harper's Bazaar.

In England, between 1815 and 1820, a banner with the following inscription was carried at workingmen's demonstration:— Eight hours of work, Eight hours of play, Eight hours of sleep, Eight shillings a day.

As Mr. Fisher was addressing the Supreme Court on the subject of the rents received by Rutland, a nail in the bench tore the back of his gown. He complained that that was the third gown which had been so torn, besides several pairs of trousers. "They are rents in arrears," said his honor the judge. "Yes," replied Mr. Fisher, amid shouts of laughter, "and a distress to me."

First beggar woman—What do you pay a day for the lite of that brat? Second beggar woman—Twenty pfenninga. First B. W.—That's too much. For that much money you can have a deformed husband, blind in both eyes. I don't see how you can lay up any money when you pay twenty pfenning for a child that is not even deformed and hasn't got a single sore on it. "Yes, Bobby," said the minister, who was dining with the family, "everything in this world has its use, although we may not know what it is. Now, there is the fly, for instance. You wouldn't think that flies were good for anything, yet ——" "O, yes I would," interrupted Bobby. "I know what flies are good for." "What, Bobby?" "Pa says they are the only thing what keeps him awake when you are preaching."—Life.

MORE MONEY FOR YOUR WORK if you improve good opportunities. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail, free, full information showing how you can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day and live at home wherever you are located. Better write; some have made over \$50 in a day; all new. No capital required; started free. Both sexes; all ages. Success for every worker. Send address and see for yourself.

Show Printing } Our Type } Are Second to NONE } Our Prices } in the Maritime } Our Facilities } in the Provinces. HALIFAX PRINTING COY., TELEGRAPH OFFICE, HALIFAX, 161 HOLLIS ST. We print by hand, by steam, or from blocks—by the team. Print in black, white, or in colors. Of sombre or bright. We print for merchants, and land agents, too. We print for any who have printing to do. We print for bankers, clerks, auctioneers, for druggists, for dealers in wares. We print for drapers, for grocers, for all who want printing done, and will come or may call. We print pamphlets, and ledger books, too; in fact there are few things but what we can do. We print labels, of all colors in use, size, especially fit for the many producers. We print forms of all sorts, with type ever set, legal, commercial, or houses to let. Printing done quickly, bold, stylish and neat. At HALIFAX PRINTING COY., 161 Hollis Street.

J. S. MACLEAN & CO. Jerusalem Warehouse, 251 and 253 HOLLIS STREET. WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Importers and Dealers in Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco. PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES of all kinds.

Happy is the man who is blessed with good sight. To be pitted is he who is sightless. How fortunate the one wearing Laurance's Glasses, which impart a clear and perfect vision. But it may be there are some to whom a Spectacle would be of no benefit, being deficient in an optic. Their personal appearance would seem more natural with the aid of an Artificial Eye an assortment of which has just been received at the

London Drug Store, 147 Hollis St. J. GODFREY SMITH, DISPENSING CHEMIST, PROPRIETOR.



And Agent for the English Optician, B. LAURANCE.

New and Specific REMEDIAL COMPOUND FOR ALL Female Complaints and Derangements so common with our best FEMALE POPULATION. One trial will convince. Recommended and prescribed by the best physicians. IT WILL CURE the worst form of Falling of the Uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to Cancerous Humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It permeates every portion of the system, it dissolves calculi, corrects the acidity of the urine, restores the normal functions of the kidneys and prevents the organic degeneration which leads to Bright's Disease. Prepared in Liquid and Pill form. Pills by mail, 50c. Liquid, \$1 a bottle, or \$7 per dozen. OF ALL DRUGGISTS. Correspondence solicited and answered by a competent female correspondent. Address, with stamp, REMEDIAL COMPOUND CO., (Inquiry Department.) DERBY LINE, VT.

WM. BANNISTER, Importer and Retail Dealer in WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, Plated-Ware & Spectacles. Personal attention given to all REPAIRS. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. 144 Granville St., Halifax.

BOOK BINDING. Magazines, Music, Law and Library Books neatly bound in sheep, roan, calf and morocco. Having a good stock of colored calf, Persian and Morocco leathers I am prepared to bind Works of Art, such as Pictures, Engravings, Maps, etc., in gold, silver or on colored sides. Subscribers to magazines and other valuable publications of the day can have their numbers or parts bound in a neat volume of 6 months or a year. ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY SOLICITED. ALL WORK PROMPTLY DONE. E. J. SMALL, 197 Hollis Street, Opposite Province Building.

NO BACK-AGNES. A NEW INVENTION. RUNS EASY. No matter how long you have been suffering from Back-Agnes, it will cure you in a few days. It is a simple remedy, and can be used by anyone. It is sold by all druggists. Write for a free trial.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY. SECTION—GRAND NARROWS TO SIDNEY. Tenders for the Work of Construction. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Cape Breton Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Wednesday, the 12th day of January, 1887, for certain works of construction. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the office of the Chief Engineer and General Manager of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the office of the Cape Breton Railway at Port Hawkesbury, N. B., on and after the 25th day of December, 1886, when the general specifications and form of tender may be obtained upon application. No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all conditions are complied with. By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th December, 1886. Printed by Halifax Printing Co'y, 161 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

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

The Spring Hill *Times*, after a short, but brilliant career, has suspended publication.

The City Council of Halifax have passed estimates for the ensuing year, commencing May 1st, amounting to \$252,000.

Next week will be observed as a week of prayer in the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches throughout the Province.

Mr. Meikle, who did such good work as an evangelist in this province, will be engaged in mission work in Illinois during the winter months.

Rev. Canon Brock, President of King's College, will preach in St. George's church on Sunday evening next in behalf of the Restoration Fund of King's College.

The Rev. K. C. Hind has been licensed by the bishop to the parish of Newport. He will carry on the work until Easter, when the election of a rector will probably take place.

The handsome parliamentary buildings at Ottawa will now appear to better advantage during the evening, eight brilliant electric lights having recently been erected in front of them.

In our Church of England notes which were unavoidably delayed in preparation, mention is made of the fact that the Christmas services were well attended in the city in spite of bad weather.

Nearly one thousand invitations have been issued to leading French Acadians in the Maritime Provinces for the banquet given last evening to the Hon. P. A. Landry, M.P. for the county of Kent, N.B.

The young ladies in Montreal are looking forward to an unusually gay season, as Lord and Lady Lansdowne, with their suite, have taken up their residence in the city and will remain there throughout the month of January.

As usual every year after the ice bridge takes, little huts for the unlicensed sale of whiskey are being erected on Ottawa river midway between the Ontario and Quebec shores, where the license authorities of neither province may interfere.

The late W. D. Lawrence, of Maitland, Hants, was one of those who accumulated wealth during the palmy days of wooden ships. Through Mr. Lawrence's industry and foresight, he has been able to leave to the members of his family the sum of \$225,000, no mean amount even in these days of millionaires.

The report comes from Montreal that Engineer Pearson, of No. 14 Fire Station, has invented a contrivance for keeping water warm in fire engine boilers constantly and at a very slight cost, which enables an engineer to raise steam within five minutes, while heretofore it has taken an average of at least twelve minutes.

The chief of police of Montreal is now vigorously carrying out the law which prohibits the hiring of cabs on Sunday. Montreal cabmen are generally in accord with the movement, and only the penurious grinders who are willing to work the horses and themselves seven days out of each week, are grumbling at the law.

Miss Anning, an aged spinster of St. John, recently died and left four-fifths of her estate, which is valued at \$30,000, to the charitable and benevolent institutions in our sister city. During her life Miss Anning denied herself the ordinary comforts enjoyed by the poorest classes, but by her death she has enriched several deserving institutions and organizations.

Our city fathers have acted wisely in awarding the contract for the supply of groceries for civic institutions to E. J. Lordly. Had they done otherwise they would have jeopardized the only principle which makes tenders and contracts advisable. It is somewhat surprising that any discussion respecting the awarding of this contract should have taken place at all.

It is gratifying to see our leading daily papers taking such an interest in the consolidation of our western railways. Halifax and Yarmouth are now connected or disconnected by two distinct lines of railway and a water stretch in lieu of the link yet to be built. All parties agree that the roads should be completed and placed under one management, but they disagree as to which party should control this patronage. By all means, if possible, let the Dominion government complete and incorporate the line as part of the Intercolonial. This, we believe, would be in the true interests of the public.

The English-speaking citizens of Montreal are desirous of nominating an Englishman for the position of mayor, and many leading Frenchmen are anxious to second the movement being made by them. The present chief magistrate, Mayor Beaudrer, is of French descent, and as he is an excellent official, no one can well see why his origin should disqualify him for re-election.

Dr. Charles Cogswell has never forgotten his native city of Halifax. To him Halifax is indebted for the fine balustrade which now surmounts the walls surrounding the parade. The doctor now proposes if subscriptions to the amount of \$3,000 can be obtained, to place in the parade a finely executed statue of Sebastian Cabot, who, with his father, John Cabot, discovered America June 24th, 1497.

The central route for the Cape Breton railway selected by the government is strongly opposed in St. Peter's and Arichat, but so far Baddeck and Port Hood have expressed no opposition to the location of the line. If this trunk road is practicable St. Peter's will probably have to be content with a branch line, but until the engineer's report is published it will be well for all parties to reserve judgment, meantime keeping their powder dry.

It is understood that in the distribution of North-West medals to the members of the Mounted Police, they will be granted to those only who actually were under fire at Duck Lake, Cut Knife, Batoche, Frenchman's Butte, or on board the "Marquis." Considerable difficulty has been met with in coming to a decision in the matter, but it is conceded that it would not be a fair way of settling it to recommend every member of the force for a medal.

Every train bound east from Boston contains many passengers whose destination is the Maritime Provinces. These are the young men who have been employed on New England farms or in New England factories during the busy season and who find it better during the dull times to come to their old homes in Acadia. Were they to apply the same brain and muscle in the native land as they do under the stars and stripes there would be no need for them being classed as birds of passage.

The ice castle designed for the next Montreal carnival will be larger than any of its predecessors, covering an irregular open square of some 14,000 feet. It also differs from past ice castles in that no two of any of its sides will be alike, affording a great variety of outline from different points of view. The site, as usual, will be on Dominion Square. The castle will be lighted by electricity for a fortnight after the carnival, for the benefit of such visitors as may desire to avoid the crowd and bustle of the fête.

Mr. Mowatt's Government has been sustained in Ontario by an increased majority. In the last Parliament the Premier had a majority of nineteen, which is likely to increase in the present house to twenty-nine or thirty. Of the ninety seats in the Ontario Parliament, three are secured to the Government by legislation. Three constituencies which will probably return Liberals have not yet been heard from. Of the remaining eighty-four seats, the Liberals have secured fifty-four, and the Conservatives thirty. The "no-poppers" cry, through which the *Toronto Mail* sought to overthrow the Premier and assist Mr. Meredith, has signally failed in its purpose. Mr. Meredith may well exclaim, "Save me from my friends."

The Canadian Pacific Railway, working in connection with the Commercial Cable, has had a test of speed between New Westminster, B. C., and London. Messages were exchanged in one minute. The first message was as follows:—"New Westminster sends greetings to old Westminster. Weather cloudy; light rain; thermometer 44. What is the weather with you and time of day?" The cable, working direct by Canso over a circuit of 4,600 miles, brought an answer from London which was received at 9:21 p.m., the reply sent being:—"Old Westminster sends kindly greetings to younger namesake. Weather here heavy; fog; temperature 32; city enveloped, but three miles outside clear; time 8:22." In reply to this came the question. "Have you any visitors?" Answer—"We hoped to have Sir G. Stephens, but he was prevented from coming here at present."

A vessel secured \$4,500 worth of sponge in one week's trip along the Florida coast recently.

The Russian Minister at Washington is allowed \$25,000 a year by the government for the purpose of giving entertainments.

The bathing superintendent at Asbury Park, (N. J.), reports that 300,000 people bathed there this year, and not a single accident occurred within his limits.

The population of Florida is said to have increased twenty-eight per cent. in the last five years. The value of property has doubled during the same time.

55,547,040 cans of tomatoes were packed in the United States during the past season. This is below the annual consumption requirements of the country.

An Indiana contractor who repairs mail bags made a mistake of two cents in footing a bill and Uncle Sam kept him out of \$350 for six months and put him to \$3.60 costs as the result.

An eagle, nine feet from tip to tip, tried to capture a farmer at Toronto, Dakota, a couple of weeks ago, but he captured it alive, and was at last accounts trying to sell it to help bring his family from Norway.

A London despatch to the *New York World* says that very good progress is being made there in the organization of a syndicate for the purchase of the bonds of the Cape Cod Canal Company, and it is expected that a large force of men will be engaged very soon on the undertaking. It is hoped in London the canal will be opened for traffic by next fall.

The ominous fact is stated that the navigation of Lake Champlain is so injured, owing to the cutting down of the forests, that access to some of its chief ports is difficult, and that every year the lake is becoming more shallow.

Eggs and poultry command a better price in the cities and mining camps of Colorado, take it the year round, than in any other place in the United States. Eggs are said to be worth thirty-five cents a dozen in the Denver (Col.) markets.

The total subscriptions to the Charleston relief fund throughout the country amount to about \$815,000, being a loss of over five and a half millions by the earthquake and the cyclone of 1885 to be borne by individuals, corporations and the Government.

The Princess Louise has made several drawings for the *Youth's Commission*, to illustrate an article on "Salmon Fishing on the Cascapediae," by the Marquis of Lorne. They use the money which they receive for their work in helping poor English and Scotch families to emigrate to Canada.

Woodchucks got to be such a nuisance during the autumn in Madison County, N.Y., that the authorities authorized the payment of ten cents for each woodchuck tail presented to the County Treasurer. The official was absent one week, and the boys of the vicinity passed off on his wife 1,400 chipmunk tails, on which she paid out \$1.40 bounty.

Two years ago, it is stated, not more than six rolling-mills and steel-works in the United States used natural gas as fuel; now there are sixty-eight rolling-mills and steel-works which use the new fuel, and sixteen more are making preparations to use it. Every rolling-mill and steel-works in Alleghany County, Pa., fifty-five in all, now use natural gas.

A New York oil merchant has for the past year furnished a line of steamships with oil, to be used to lesson the dangerous effects of heavy seas. Ten vessels, including all the cattle steamers, have been provided with the necessary appliances to use oil when occasion requires. The method adopted of using oil is by means of punctured canvas bags filled with oakum.

If any readers have received postal cards mailed at Atlanta, Ga., and written any time between 1883 and last week, they may here read an explanation of the delay. The postmaster the other day found over fifty postal cards that had fallen under a board of the letter box. Some of them were three years old. There was nothing to do but to mail them, as it would be a violation of the law to destroy them.

The number of prominent citizens of the United States who have died through the year just closed is phenomenal. Generals and statesmen must, after all, share the fate of all mankind, although in some instances life may be prolonged abnormally. General John A. Logan, the Illinois soldier and politician, was called to his rest on Sunday last, at the age of sixty years. Possessed as he was of good judgment, clear intellect, great executive ability and undaunted courage, he successfully played the double role of a soldier and statesman. His name will be cherished as one of the illustrious dead of the nineteenth century.

While we in Nova Scotia are experiencing an English winter, our friends in England are having a taste of one of our real old-fashioned seasons—sharp winds and biting frosts alternating with heavy snow falls, railway trains delayed, telegraph wires down, and such like wintry associations.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says Austrian statesmen declare that the maintenance of peace is entirely dependent upon the action of the Czar, and as he drinks, *delirium tremens* may at any moment cause him to commit an act of folly which would precipitate a war. Austria must be ready for such a contingency. The *Pester Lloyd* says the Czar's fear of the Nihilists is excessive. He is suspicious of everybody with whom he comes in contact, including even his wife and children.

Sir John Kirk, the British ambassador in Abyssinia, has just forwarded to London the copy of a letter sent by the late El Mahdi to Emir Pacha, governor-general of equatorial Africa. In this letter the El Mahdi describes the siege and capture of Khartoum, with the subsequent massacre of General Gordon, his troops and many of the inhabitants. This is the first official information that the British government has received as to the fate of Gordon, and should set at rest at once and forever the disquieting reports about Gordon still being alive.

The resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer, has greatly weakened the Salisbury administration. The cause of Lord Randolph's resignation has not yet been satisfactorily explained, although it has been stated that excessive army and navy estimates prompted it. Lord Salisbury has offered the Premiership to Lord Hartington with several seats in the Cabinet for Liberal Unionists. No definite steps have yet been taken. Lord Randolph is entitled to draw, as a pension, a sum almost equal to that which he received as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Parnell has given the Irish National party the choice between the "plan of campaign" and "a strong attack upon the whole policy and action of the Government towards Ireland" at the next session of Parliament. If they wish to hold what they have gained, they will choose, as did Mr. Pinkerton, M. P. for Galway, who announced that the plan of campaign has been abandoned. The plan of campaign, that of offering reduced rent, and if that is not accepted, putting the money into the hands of trustees to be used for League purposes, was an alluring one so long as it appeared that the tenants could not be interfered with, but as the tenants are likely to lose both their holdings and the rents they have deposited, the "plan of campaign" has already been opposed in many quarters by the Nationalists.

- 50 half chests Tea.
- 50 brls. P. E. I. Pork.
- 50 qtls. Table Codfish.
- 75 brls. Cornmeal.
- 50 brls. Flour.
- 15 pm. Molasses.
- 25 tierces Molasses.
- 100 Canadian Cheese.
- 100 tubs Butter.
- 25 brls. Sugar.
- 25 brls. Beans.

The quality of the above goods is highly recommended

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W. EATON & SON
259 & 261 BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX.

W. F. FOSTER,
DEALER IN
Wool & Wool Skins, Ox & Cow
Hides, Calf Skins, &c.
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MANUFACTURERS OF
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HALIFAX, N. S.

H. F. WORRALL,
Shipping & Commission Merchant
500 brls Canada Roller Patent Flour, various brands
150 brls "Hillsbury's best" Flour
200 bags (49lbs) do
250 brls American K. D. C. Meal
6 brls Shoulder Hams
100 pieces Rolled and Breakfast Bacon
1500 hds Liverpool Salt
500 full bound Mackerel Barrels
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General Fishing Supplies.
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TEAS.
IN STORE AND TO ARRIVE—
2,500 Packages Choice
CONGOU
—AND—
INDIAN TEAS.
Season 1885-86, 1886-87.
BEST VALUES IN MARKET.

J. E. MORSE & CO.,
TEA IMPORTERS,
77 Upper Water St., Halifax, N.S.

Piper Heidsieck Champagne.
50 baskets of Piper Heidsieck's Celebrated Champagne, in quarts and pints.

Graham's Port.
10 hds. Graham's one diamond and three diamond Port. Just received per S. S. Milanese.

Plymouth Gin.
25 cases Coates' Celebrated Plymouth Gin. Just received per S. S. Milanese from London.

Hennessy's Brandy.
150 cases Hennessy's *, **, and *** Brandy. Just received per S. S. Avlona from Charente.

Lerond's Brandy.
25 quarter cases and 30 octaves and 200 cases Lerond's Brandy. Just received per S. S. Avlona from Charente.

Martell's Brandy.
150 cases Martell's *, **, and *** Brandy. Just received per S. S. Avlona from Charente.

Bass's Ale.
100 brls. Bass's Pale Ale—Bottled by Patterson & Hibbert's, in quarts and pints. Just received per S. S. Milanese.

Islay Blend Whiskey.
150 cases Celtic, Mackie's and Williams' Islay Blend Whiskey. Just received and for sale by

Kelley & Glassey,
196, 200 & 204 HOLLIS ST.
HALIFAX.

N. Washington, M.D., L.C.P., L.O.
EMINENT
THROAT AND LUNG SURGEON,
Having Removed from the PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA, TEMPORARILY, owing to the fact of litigation pending, regarding his right to practice in the Province. The M. D. after while, will learn to treat a Medical CONFERENCE of Medical ETHICS fully demand in a civilized country.
With the above EXPLANATION, Dr. Washington asks all who may desire to consult him, to correspond, when a full list of QUESTIONS ESSENTIAL to the case, will be forwarded to him, and treatment expressed, as the case require.
DISEASES TREATED.
Catarrh, Nose, Head and Throat, Chron Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, Sore Throat, Asthma, Consumption, etc., etc.
125 Yonge Street, TORONTO
Inhalation of Cold Medicated Vapor the principle of Treatment.

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BOOK BINDERY
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JOHN A. POND --- Proprietor
Shirts, 10 Cents.
Shirts, with Collars, 12 Cents.
Cuffs, 4 Cents.
Collars, 2 Cents.

RELIGIOUS.

PRESBYTERIAN.

At a special meeting of the Foreign Mission committee, held last week at Truro, the proposal to send a fourth missionary with the Rev. Mr. Annand to the New Hebrides, was fully discussed. On account of the vote being a tie, no steps will be taken in the matter until June next.

The Rev. Dr. Hutchison, of Banchory, is to be the next Moderator of the General Assembly of the Established Church in Scotland, while the well known Principal Rainy will fill the same position in the Free Church.

A Presbyterian church was opened at Tatamagouche Mountain on the 19th inst.

The Synods of New York and Pennsylvania contributed last year over a quarter of million dollars for Home Missions.

On Thursday last, the Rev. A. Falconer was inducted into the pastorate of Prince Street Church, Pictou.

The Pulpit of Greenock Church, St. Andrew's, N. B., built of solid mahogany, relieved with panels of birds-eye maple, cost over £500 sterling. The church is a grand old edifice, finished inside with birds-eye maple and mahogany. Rev. Archibald Gunn is now pastor of the St. Andrew's, N. B., congregation. The sermon preached by Mr. Gunn on the 62nd anniversary of the church, is about to be published at the urgent request of the congregation.

The Presbyterians of Canada have commemorated their centennial this year by building a manse. The pastor and family moved into it last week. It is situated near to the church and in addition to being very comfortable and commodious it has also a very handsome appearance. The contractor was D. A. Munro of Wolfville. The house, barn, and land attached cost in all \$2,350. There will be a debt of \$1000 on it for a short time.

BAPTIST.

The Rev. Mr. Boggs, missionary from the Baptist Church of the Maritime Provinces, expects to leave Boston in a few days for India.

Last Sunday was appointed by the Baptist convention as the time for taking a special collection on behalf of Toronto Baptist college.

The Year Book of the F. C. Baptists of New Brunswick has just been published. There are 151 churches; 46 ordained ministers; and four licentiate. 115 of the churches reported a membership of 9,666. \$236.00 was contributed to Home Missions, and \$774 to Foreign Missions. There are 97 Sabbath schools in connection with the denomination, with a membership of 5,708.

There are now 161 German Baptist churches in the United States and Canada, with a membership of 13,000. The number of missionaries in connection with those churches are fifty-five.

The Baptists of England have 3,654 churches and chapels, and a membership of 315,940. The number of Sunday schools is reported at 72,000. In 1821 the church membership was only 42,000. There are 1900 ministers connected with the denomination.

METHODIST.

The Missions connected with the Methodist church in the United States employ 2,508 missionaries and 2,397 assistants in the Home field, and 116 missionaries and 72 assistants in the Foreign field. The latter received for the current year \$110,536, and Home missions \$381,000.

As already intimated, the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States collected last year within a few thousand dollars of a million for missions. Chaplain McCabe, the Secretary of the Missionary Society, has decided upon a new plan for this year. There are to be fifty thousand million-dollar leagues among the Methodist children, each league to contain at least five members. The children will be supplied with subscription cards. It is expected that by this plan a large amount will be collected.

There are fifty three ordained Methodist ministers in New York city.

Bishop Taylor, of the M. E. Church in the United States has already established seven stations, in which there are 53 missionaries, and hopes this year to establish many more.

CATHOLIC.

In the mining town of Leadville, Col., there is said to be a congregation of 4,500 Catholics, and 600 children in the parish schools.

From the single Catholic newspaper that existed in Germany before the Kulturkampf, the Catholic press there has increased to over one hundred newspapers.

A dispatch from San Francisco says that Mgr. Capel, in view of stories that were published recently reflecting upon his personal character, threatens to take steps for obtaining legal redress. The reverend gentleman proposes to institute libel suits against the *World*, the *Times*, the *Star*, and other papers in the city of New York.

The claim of the Knights of Labor to Papal recognition, are being discussed before the sacred congregation in Rome.

Ante the appointment of Mr. Matthews as Home Secretary in Salisbury's Cabinet, the *Hork* says: "We deplore Lord Salisbury's appointment of a Popish Home Secretary as a well-nigh suicidal policy." Happily in this "Canada of ours," no such narrow-minded sentiments disgrace the columns of any journal worthy of the name, concerning the rights and liberties of her Majesty's Catholic subjects. Our grand confederation can in this respect compete with, if not excel, any country on this earth.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]
THE TIDE OF TIME.

The tide of time is a wondrous tide,
It is swift and sure and strong,
It bears us all on its bosom broad,
It deepens the burden or lightens the load,
As it bears us swiftly along.

In childhood's hour no cares we knew,
Life was a sweet, bright dream;
The future a field of unknown bliss,
Whose radiant pathway we could not miss,
As we glided down the stream.

But as older we grew the tide swifter ran,
And we found that the bye gone years
Were but memories left, as spots of light
In a clouded life that was never bright,
Faded hopes to water with tears.

And ever and over the tide swift runs
On its course to the unknown sea,
It bears weary hearts to the silent grave,
Their souls to the hands of Him who gave
From sorrow and care to set free.

So tide of time with your wondrous sweep,
Roll on and on forever,
'Till time itself shall be no more,
Its current lost on Eternity's shore,
Forever and forever.

New Brunswick.

HECTOR.

A STRANGE APPARITION.

To the Editor of the Critic:

Sir,—Your remarks on the "New Sixth Sense" in a former issue of *The Critic* bring before us for the moment a very interesting subject, and one from which, as time goes on, we may expect now and startling discoveries.

The question as to what forms the most reasonable belief in the theories of visions and other spiritualistic phenomena before us in the present day is asked with eagerness on all sides.

We all know that modern society presents to us many instances of delusion and imposture in the phenomena in question, yet there are few men, I venture to assert, who will care to deny that there are actual and very frequent occurrences of a most mysterious nature, which it is impossible to believe to be the result of fraud or imposture.

The following particulars of a singular apparition, seen by two officers who resided in this city some years ago, were related to me recently by a friend of mine in England, and form an instance of the many like occurrences of which we believe no natural explanation can be given at the present time.

During the winter of 18— a detachment of the 33rd regiment of infantry was stationed at Sydney, in Cape Breton. For some time Col. G— and three other officers were quartered together, occupying four small rooms at one end of the barracks. Two rooms were on each floor. They were slightly built and simply furnished, and allowed of no possible hiding places.

It might as well be here related that the troops had been ice-bound for some time, and the ships expected from England had not been able to get in, so that provisions were scarce and the troops had run short of wine and spirits of every description.

One evening, after an early dinner, Col. G— and another officer were in an upper room looking over some maps and plans of the surrounding country, Col. W— and Gen. S— (afterwards Sir John), being occupied downstairs. Suddenly Col. G— heard the exclamation: "Good Heavens! my brother Jack!" from the room below, which led him to run down at once. Here he found Gen. S— looking about in an alarmed manner, and Col. W—, who had called out the words, searching the inner room. "Oh! then," he said, as he entered, "the ice has broken up and Jack W— has come out to see his brother." "I do not know," replied Gen. S—, "but a gentleman just came in and looked earnestly at W— and then went in there," pointing to the room where Col. W—, who now appeared, had been searching fruitlessly. Col. W— was much agitated; and repeated the same story. "It was my brother Jack," he said, "but he was dressed in very strange clothes, and carried a hunting whip in his hand."

One of the party then ran out to the sentinel, who was stationed below, commanding the only approach to the barracks, but he had not seen anyone pass, and was sure no one had gone up unseen by him. These facts were noted down at the time, and nothing further transpired to explain the apparition.

After some weeks had elapsed the ice broke up and the ships arrived from England. The first news received was by Col. W—, telling him of the death of his brother Jack, who had been killed in the hunting field; and among the supplies received were clothes made in the same fashion as those worn by the figure seen and noted at the time as being so peculiar.

Years passed away. One day Gen. S—, who had been much impressed by the whole affair, was walking through Bond St, London, with Col. G—, when he suddenly stopped and said: "There, G—, is the man I saw in Cape Breton."

"I never did doubt your statement," replied the Col., "but this confirms it. That man was always called Jack W—'s double. He dressed like him and copied his effect in every way."

Doubtless many of your readers could supplement this narrative with many similar stories, for the truth of which they would be willing to vouch. Though not a believer in ghosts, I cannot help thinking that there are many occurrences which are quite as incapable of being explained away as the one here related.

A. J. W.

A CORRESPONDENT'S COMMENTS.

To the Editor of the Critic:

DEAR SIR,—In my letter on Farming in the North-West Territories you have printed me as saying, "Timber for building, firing and fuel." Now, I am not chargeable with such a piece of tautology as that is. What I wrote was, "Timber for building, fencing and fuel." There were some other slight alterations which did not seriously affect the sense intended to be conveyed, but, as a critical rule, I should say it is better to correct nothing but the "bad grammar," or, more properly, "bad construction," in a contributed article, as the feeling that you are never sure of your utterances appearing as they are written takes the heart out of a writer, and is a main reason why the present one has stopped contributing to the newspaper press. I should like to see THE CRITIC something more than a newspaper in this respect, and that it would rely upon the comments of its editor to correct opinions, or even expressions, that seem faulty, and I would not have these comments tacked on as a short paragraph between brackets at the end of a correspondent's letter—a practice which seems to me to savor of indifference or presumption. The place for editorial comments I conceive to be the leading columns of the journal. Now let me make another "comment of a correspondent." The style of the genial "old lady"—if she be old—who has commenced a new serial in your paper, will be I think fresh and racy; but I am anxious to know from her where she gets her authority for the justification, in the moral sense, of "wild oats," and the practice of sowing the same; not within the limits of the Christian church, I am sure. Neither clergyman nor layman will aver that it is right to leave the young to the foolish courses into which they are likely to fall in the absence of instruction, and the grace of God. Such an appeal is rather to the lax human affections than to the instructed judgment. If a fall of any sort does take place it is a happy thing to have the subject of it converted, that is turned from the error of his ways, and this is the first step towards the reception of moral and religious truth acting on the practice of the daily life. The phrase "wild oats" is one of the world's delightful vagaries of expression, by which it ensnares the mind to the reception of a good deal more than appears on the surface. We are beginning to find out some of the old world's bad tricks and to repudiate them, and, to come back to our authoress, she is right in saying that modern educated women are deficient in humour. If they have any humour they keep it wofully to themselves, relying, I suppose, upon their physical charms, and the entrancement of sweet eyes. But the Nuremberg Doll should not be their accepted model, I believe, and so a good, fresh, hearty story about a live woman who is also a lady, will be very acceptable, I should think, to THE CRITIC'S readers, and so the further "remarks" of this "correspondent" may be reserved for the next occasion.

Yours,
Quebec.

CANADIAN.

P. S.—By the way, that "Long Lake" beyond Qu'Appelle is said to be the finest fishing lake in the North-West. Somebody ought to build a large hotel there. They are already furnishing a railway line from the C. P. R. C.

POLITICS.

To the Editor of the Critic:

All men and women are interested in politics, or ought to be. What! farmers, mechanics, teachers and gospel preachers interested in politics? Yes, if they care for the welfare of their country.

Perhaps some persons may think that such statements and intimations require a little explanation or qualification. Most readily shall the requirements be met. Let us define the meaning of the word here used and then we will know what we are thinking and writing about.

What is politics? Ans.—*The science of government.* And what is government? Ans.—*The administration of public affairs.* Surely every man and woman would like to see public matters so managed as to contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of the people generally. This management must be in the hands of men whom we call politicians. And they must, in civilized countries, be elected by the people to this position. They are the servants of the people to carry out their well "understood wishes." And when, after trial, those thus selected will not do it, the people have the right and ought to select others. It is, therefore, plain that as public affairs affect all, less or more, every person should use his or her influence to correct the wrong and promote the right in governmental matters.

I know there is another sense attached to the word politics which presents the subject before us in quite a different light. Webster's second definition of the word politics is, "In a looser sense political affairs, or the contest of parties for power." That, certainly, is a very truthful definition of politics in our day. It seems impossible, in this day, to run a government by a coalition of both parties. Hence the idea of an opposition. I suppose that does not mean opposition to government but opposition to being governed in a certain way. Neither party desires to destroy government but each one thinks he could do it better than the other one.

What then can be done to purify party politics? Send the best men available,—men of integrity, good moral character, reliable and intelligent men, to parliament, whether avowed party men or not. The idea has been too prevalent that good men ought not to engage in political matters for fear of corruption. Does that mean we should keep all the salt at home and let the body-politic putrefy? No, let us send more salt, until the whole lump is seasoned. There are sufficient men in our country of the right stamp, but too many of them hesitate to face the difficulties associated with political life. This is to be regretted. A nation or dominion cannot be rightly governed unless wise and good men are at the helm of affairs. Shakespeare's ideas on this subject are still appropriate:

"Now call we then our high court of Parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-governed nation."

Burke's words are equally suggestive and important: "Refined policy has ever been the parent of confusion. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle."

If men are ambitious only for popularity and power they are not suitable for parliamentary duties. Colton says: "It is an easy and vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them; but to benefit and improve them is a work fraught with difficulty and teeming with danger." Franklin uttered important truths one hundred years ago, which are being illustrated in political circles in our day: "We assemble parliaments and councils to have the benefit of their collected wisdom, but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconveniences of their collected passions, prejudices and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower their wisdom and dupe its possessors."

There has been no progress of late years in political dignity, eloquence and integrity. Improvement is very desirable. And the press ought to be an educator in this matter, but generally it is not. Some papers are chiefly occupied in presenting only the leading features of their party. Nor are these all presented. Faults and failings are studiously concealed.

We would not like to say of all politicians, but we hesitate not to declare it of some, that the language of Dryden concerning the populace is applicable to them:

"The rabble gathered round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths wide open; some
Tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it,
And he that lies most loud is most believed."

Perhaps that will do for the present; you may again hear something on this theme from your occasional correspondent. ALPHA.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

A STORY OF LAHAVE.

There is a beautiful river in Acadia, the LaHave. It is comparatively unknown, no romantic ruins of castles are on its banks giving it interest to tourists. It is, however, beautiful and, lacking the ruins, a Rhine in miniature. Many islands, lying at its mouth with their jagged granite cliffs, form a barrier to the billows sweeping in from the Atlantic. There mists from the ocean have their home, enveloping islands and sea in their fleecy folds. On each side of the river are gently sloping hills, dotted with clumps of spruce and hemlock, forming a border to the blue waters of the river. Fishermen's cottages fringe either shore. Many islets scattered up and down in the quiet reaches of the stream, are like so many emeralds set in a ground work of sapphire. On a summer evening the sun on going down sometimes sheds a crimson glow over the calm bosom of the river, and shadows deepening over shore and forest, tell that day is drawing to a close. At other times the river is even more beautiful. When on a summer's night the moon sheds a flood of light on its dancing waters, whilst the hills on either side are wrapt in sombre hues, it is a happy scene. The echo of songs comes faintly across the water or the dull heavy thud of the oars in the rowlocks of some belated fisherman's skiff, breaks in upon the silence. Fire flies like winged diamonds flit through the darkness. The last note of the evening songster dies away in yonder wood, and then the spirit of night on dusky pinions, wings its flight from the serene sky, veiling every object from view with the shadow of its ebon wings.

Where the river narrows a promontory juts out called Point LaHave. When it breaks the waves it rises perpendicularly in a cliff. Here are the ruins of what was once Fort La Main, its outlines may yet be distinctly traced, though after more than a century the parapet has crumbled into ruins. The embrasures, six in number, can well be counted, the glacis is faintly outlined, the parade is still there, but the magazines have crumbled into ruins, but where the walls remain intact they show how substantially built they were and with what nicety the small stones of which they are formed were fitted together. A well that formally supplied the garrison with water is now filled up with stones. There is a tradition among the fishermen that it has a wall of marble. Near the ruins of the fort are those of the chapel. The stones of its foundation have to a great extent been carried away. Near the chapel is the graveyard, where the old inhabitants of the village sleep. Even here rest is denied them. The intruder is the ever restless sea, which is invading their dark and narrow homes. Every year it washes away some of the cliff, till now human bones bleached white may be seen protruding from its side or washed entirely out, lie on the beach at its foot. The sea respects neither the living nor the dead. Not far in rear of the fort is a large pond. On its surface now float, as in olden days, the large leaves of the lily, concealing amid green drapery their white and scented blossoms. At the left hand corner of the pond is an oblong shaped island covered with willows and rushes. Into this pond, says tradition, the French threw the guns of the fort, the chapel-bell and the treasures on their retreat to Annapolis.

This then is all that remains of the labors of Le Main. This was the place he selected for building and establishing his trading post and the port. The scenery of the place captivated him. Not far from the fort, on a gently sloping declivity, are the decaying and crumbling ruins of an old stone house. This was the dwelling of the Commandant, Le Main, in the old and happy days of French Acadia. The house commanded an extensive prospect of forest and river scenery. Long, long since, has it been a deserted

ruin, but once it was a happy home. Its halls re-echoed in days of yore with the songs and Merriment of youth. The grounds about it are all gone to waste and wilderness, except where some old-fashioned flowers still bloom.

In this quaint old-fashioned house built in negligent style, (there are still existing sketches of it in Indian-ink), lived Eugenie, the pride of LaHave. Her hands touched the flowers and trained the creepers and roses round the portico, to shade off the hot summer sun. The woodbine and the virginian creeper, both lent their aid to screen in dark glossy folds of verdure, the windows; but not content with this, they sought the eaves, and as if with ambitious aspirations, climbed up to the wide old-fashioned chimneys, the summer house of the swallows.

There in winter the commandant, kind and affable, welcomed his friends. Crackling fires roared in the long fire-places. In those days the board was, not without reason, made of sturdy oak. Over all such festivities Eugenie presided as hostess, for her mother was dead. The French song in describing Eugenie's beauty, compares her to the lily or fragrant rose, when in summer's early morning it blooms in modesty and only half displays its blushing loveliness.

In every community, no matter where, there is among its people, however rude or ignorant, very often an object of either love or pride, or of both mingled together, someone more gifted by nature, more beautiful, but not always happier on that account. Intellectual endowments command respect and admiration, sometimes awe. Beauty attracts, a winning and engaging manner reconciles, but sweetness of disposition disarms all ill-feeling and smother all jealousy. Such an one was Eugenie Le Main, of the French village of LaHave in Acadia. She was an object of love and admiration by the villagers.

About this time hostilities had again broken out between the French and English in Canada. Detachments of British troops were sent to attack the outlying posts of the French. LaHave was one of their points of attack. Of this, LeMain was not aware. We pass now to another scene. It was night. The sentinel paced his weary rounds on the fort. The night deepened into darker shades. There was no sound but the wind and the ripples breaking upon the beach, no enemy was feared, for the British were thought to be far distant. The sentinel, wearied with fatigue and heat, slept. He dreamed of his home in sunny France.

"The sentinel rests his arms upon his knees,
And in his sleep, he dreams, he thinks he sees
His humble cot, he hears the honey bees
With low complaining murmur in the trees."

Suddenly a rifle-shot re-echoed through the night. The soldier never awoke from his happy dreams. The shot aroused the garrison. It was, however, too late, they were taken by surprise. Le Main instantly rushed to his post and put himself at the head of his soldiers. The British made a simultaneous attack on the fort and Commandant's house. In the course of the conflict the house was set on fire by one of the soldiers. The fire soon made headway, and lurid flames wrapt the building around with their red and fiery arms. Dark columns of smoke rose skyward and mingled with the darkness of the night. The conflict soon ceased, for the British had captured the fort, the French retreating to the further side of the river. The Commandant, Le Main, was slain. By this time the fire had made great progress. The British soldiers gathered round to watch it burn down, for nothing could be done to save it. All at once a form was seen at one of the topmost windows. By the lurid glare they saw a young girl imploring help and stretching out her arms for assistance. It was but for a moment. The roaring flames swept wildly around her, they hide her from view, that was the last seen of Eugenie. With a dull crash the roof fell in, and the smoking ruins became Eugenie's tomb.

C. T. EASTON.

THE ORPHEUS CLUB CONCERT.

The Orpheus Club of Halifax, with the ladies' auxiliary, gave their first concert of the season in the new Orpheus Hall on Tuesday evening last. The audience was large and generally appreciative, but the effect of several of the beautiful numbers rendered by the club, and the piano solo of Mr. C. H. Porter, was completely destroyed by the audible toto-a-tetes which were being carried on in different parts of the hall.

The chances of Mowatt carrying Ontario and the enumeration of the presents received by the "young hopeful" are no doubt interesting themes of discussion, but some other and more fitting time for conversing about such matters might, we think, be found. It is both unfair to the performers and to those among the audience who attend for the purpose of hearing the music, for persons to talk while the choruses or solos are being rendered. In both the duo with Miss Wylde and in the piano solo—a fantasia in C minor—Mr. Porter displayed artistic skill, his technique being charming, denoting years of untiring industry.

Mr. C. J. Ross sang acceptably Gounod's Nazareth, but the mournful style adopted by the singer and the tearful tones of his voice were not in keeping with the joyous and triumphant character of the song. Mr. Ross possesses a well cultivated and rich baritone voice, and sings with much expression, but the tremulous style which he invariably adopts in all songs greatly mars his singing. Miss Gussie Taylor sang in a bright and pleasing manner as an encore, "Bless your little heart I love you," but the singing of the Recitative in her original solo was labored, and although the Rondello was performed with more ease, the selection was evidently ambitious. Captain Addison articulates well, which is in itself a great charm, but the captain is evidently more at home on velvet pile than on the stage in a concert hall. The numbers rendered by the club were uniformly good, both as to time and shading, and reflect great credit upon Mr. C. H. Porter, the director. In a friendly way however it might be suggested that greater

distinctness in pronunciation should be aimed at. In the numbers rendered jointly by the club and the ladies' auxiliary, some fine effects were produced, but the parts are not yet sufficiently well balanced to ensure perfection in this respect, the altos being decidedly weak and the tenors forcing their notes so as to be unpleasant to the ear. The sextette, "O Sonno Carlo" was by all considered the gem of the evening, Mr. S. Sichel rendering his solo most creditably. If this, the first concert of the Orpheus Club, may be taken as an earnest of what this organization can and may yet accomplish, Halifaxians may congratulate themselves that the club has been permanently established in the city, and may anticipate that through it the musical taste of our citizens may be raised above the dead level of provincialism, upon which it has hitherto stood.

THE PILGRIM SHIP "MAYFLOWER."

Amid the many mythical stories which have been aloft as to what ultimately became of the pilgrim ship *Mayflower*, it will be interesting to our readers to peruse the following, which from so eminent a writer may be accepted as the true sequel of her voyaging. With regard to this famous ship Mr. Edwin Arnold, in his delightful book on "India revisited," says:

"Among the curious treasures of the Madras Museum, which the Governor has greatly developed, is a golden coin of Claudius, the Emperor, struck to commemorate the conquest of Britain, and discovered in excavating a foundation near Madras. What chapters of fancy might be written about this aureus, which thus strangely links the past and present in England's history, and came, perhaps, to India, in the scrip of St. Thomas.

The only fact that could be mentioned by me at all to match the odd thoughts suggested by this Roman coin, with its device of *ob Britannos devictos*, in connection with the same locality, was one regarding the famous old ship *Mayflower*, which bore the Pilgrim Fathers to New England. It has recently been ascertained that this vessel was chartered in 1639 A.D. by the East India Company, and went to Masulipatam from Gombroom for a cargo of rice and general produce. She was lost upon the voyage home, one of the ships whose history is linked with that of the birth and uprise of great nations, like the aureus in the Madras Museum."

COMMERCIAL.

Wholesale trade has been very dull for the past two weeks, as is usual in the holidays. On the other hand, retailers generally have prosecuted an active business in nearly all lines. The latter is a gratifying circumstance, as it confirms the fact that the past year's business has been profitable and good wages have been earned by all. Travellers in most branches are in, and many houses are finishing their stock-taking.

A review of the general business of the year which closes to-day shows that a fair volume of trade has been done, with profits averaging larger than for two or three previous years. Prices of all the leading staples have been on a firmer basis, and it is thought by many that further advances are more likely in the near future than lower figures. The outlook for 1887 is most cheering and confidence is generally felt and freely expressed. For a few weeks business will probably be confined principally to a sorting-up trade, but the chances are good for an active and profitable spring business. Payments continue to be fairly satisfactory.

An event that has caused considerable talk during the week has been the failure and assignment of Messrs. R. B. Mackintosh & Co., wholesale grocers, of this city. This concern has been doing a large business during the past few years, and was reported by many as being staunch and thoroughly reliable. Shrewd men have for some time past had their doubts, and have hinted that, in order to effect sales, the firm was more than "shading" from regular market prices—in fact, that they had acquired the reprehensible habit of selling below actual cost. This idea spreading among parties from whom they obtained their supplies, it became gradually more and more difficult to keep up their stock of goods. No figures have been officially published as yet, as the auditing of their accounts is not completed, but it is conjectured that the liabilities will foot up between \$30,000 and \$35,000, while it is feared that the available assets will be very small. In the act of assignment about a dozen creditors are made preferential, whose claims aggregate about \$7,000. It is thought that these preferential creditors may eventually realize perhaps 40 to 50 per cent. of their claims, but it is extremely problematical whether others will receive anything, as most of the goods owned by the firm are said to be hypothecated to the Bank of British North America for advances made by it, and there cannot be very much else that is available to realize upon. The additional statement that the senior member of the firm "has gone to the United States on a visit," and that his brother is his assignee and principal preferential creditor, do not detract from the interest of the situation. While we would not be understood even to suggest that there is anything necessarily or even probably wrong in this arrangement, still it would have been indisputably preferable all around if the above were not the facts in this case.

In view of this affair we would point out a moral to business men, and that is to learn for themselves what the true position is of those to whose hands they propose entrusting their goods. Commercial agencies may be very good in their way, and are in many cases useful and honest, as far as it is safe to be, still their reliability is limited by many circumstances. In the first place when they find a firm handling large quantities of goods and taking up its notes promptly, they have to assume that it is safe and to rate it in proportion to the business that it transacts, as shown by the credit that it gets. Again, it would not be safe and would often not be right to give currency to rumors and suspicious of other men in the trade.

The business of this port is growing rapidly. Scarcely a day now passes without one or more steamers lying at the railway wharf, either discharging European goods into long trains of cars to be sent into the interior of the country, or receiving from the elevator or the wharf thousands of bushels of grain, or of barrels of apples, or hundreds of cattle, sheep, etc., and other staple products of Canada. All this gives employment to many wharf and train hands, stevedores, checkers and others who would otherwise be idle or nearly so at this season of the year, owing to the customary decreased movements of sailing vessels.

BREADSTUFFS.—The British markets have been very quiet, though prices are unchanged there. The crops of England, France and Russia were very small, but the large increase of the visible supply of wheat on this continent—which amounted last year to the fine pile of 61,160,330 bushels, and is growing at the rate of over a million and a half of bushels per week—effectually stops any advance in figures. The exports of wheat and flour from Atlantic ports from July 1st to the 11th instant, were 55,213,038 bushels against 26,493,245 for the corresponding period last year. Still the vast pyramid rising in America casts a dark shadow over the hopes of speculative buyers for a rise.

Provisions have been dull and heavy and little business has transpired. Prices are nominally unchanged.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.—Present indications point to a continued healthy trade in those articles, because the British markets are more dependent on Canadian supplies than they have been for five or six winters. If the present export demand continues as it promises to do, fancy prices may be reached before next spring.

POULTRY.—Many tons of poultry that were killed and dressed, to be sent to reach the Newfoundland market in time for Christmas, missed their steamer connections, and had to be added to this city's stock. At the same time the weather was very warm, so that the goods would not keep, and had to be sold very low. Doubtless many speculators will find that their losses have been serious when they come to compare their accounts.

SUGAR.—This article continues to disappoint those who have invested in it, in expectation of a rise. It still obstinately refuses to move upwards.

TEA AND COFFEES are dull. We believe that the retail prices are, and for some time have been, far higher than the facts of the case warrant. The "Trade Bulletin," of Montreal, urges putting a duty on tea, and claims that \$1,000,000 per year might thus be added to the revenue, without adding a fraction to the cost to the consumer. We have not looked into the matter sufficiently deeply to say whether our contemporary is correct or not. The New York market for tea continues firm, the late advance being well sustained. The statistical position appears to be solidly in favor of holders, especially at points of production. London advices report that the bulk of the medium and fine teas have come up to the level of 10d. to 1s. per lb. in value. The situation at this moment is therefore encouraging.

FRUIT.—Heavy arrivals of apples in England last week had a tendency to weaken the markets there for a day or two, but it was soon evident that the demand is fully equal to any possible supply, and the previous tone was speedily recovered. Gradually advancing prices may be effected for good, well-packed apples throughout the winter. There has been no change in dried fruits, though the demand has been active.

FISH.—This market is in a very quiet state, and in all probability will remain so until some time after the beginning of the New Year. There have not been any arrivals of pickled fish from the coast for some time. It is quite probable that what mackerel are on the coast and the outports will remain there until an advance takes place. Many are looking for an advance on fat mackerel soon after the commencement of the New Year, but we think no material advance will take place in mackerel, and particularly on No. 1 and No. 2 large for the next two months. Some Shore codfish have come to market since our last issue, and have found ready buyers at fair rates. It is impossible to give any quotation for mackerel; they are held for much higher prices than can be had at present, and no sales are being made. Some advance had taken place in the Jamaica markets but we fear that the market will soon be so overstocked again that prices will decline. The late advance there fully illustrates the necessity of regular shipments to that Island. It is impossible for any market to keep up when flooded with an article. The Cuba market has also advanced, but we fear that late shipments will cause a decline again. The Porto Rico markets are not yet in a good position; shipments have been too frequent, not allowing the market to work up.

We hope, that with the beginning of the New Year, there may be an advance on all kinds of fish. It is very discouraging indeed to purchasers who have invested large amounts in fat mackerel, to be obliged to sell them at a loss. The fishermen who were fortunate enough to have secured any fat mackerel the latter part of the season, and then brought them to market, have, we think, made much more money out of them than those who purchased here. The market turning this way will have its effect next season. A great many purchasers seem to run away with the idea that, because the quantity caught by U. S. fishermen the last season was so much short of the previous season, prices must advance soon and rapidly. Perhaps they may, but it must be considered that prices of all kinds of mackerel are now high, and consumers in the United States are asking for and looking for cheap fish. Frozen codfish, frozen herring, halibut, etc., are now being used in place of the high-priced mackerel; and when a certain time comes around, fat mackerel are not wanted. We would advise all who have fat mackerel to be prepared to sell when they can see a profit, and not to let an opportunity pass where a sale can be made at a profit, though it may be small.

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.		BREADSTUFFS.	
SUGAR.			
Cut Leaf	8 to 8 1/2	PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.	
Granulated	8 to 8 1/2	Our quotations below are our to-day's wholesale selling prices for car lots net cash. Jobbers' and Retailers' prices about 5 to 10 per cent advance on carload lots.	
Circle A	5 to 6	FLOUR.	
Extra Yellow C	5 1/2 to 6 1/2	Graham	4.40 to 4.50
Yellow C	1 to 5	Patent high grades	4.85 to 5.00
TEA.			
Canton Common	17 to 19	mediums	4.30 to 4.50
Fair	20 to 23	Superior Extra	3.95 to 4.10
Good	25 to 29	Lower grades	3.30 to 3.80
Choice	31 to 33	Oatmeal Standard	4.30 to 4.40
Extra Choice	35 to 36	Granulated	4.30 to 4.40
Oolong—Choice	37 to 39	Corn Meal—Halifax ground	2.85 to 2.95
MOLASSES.			
Barbadoes	30 to 32	Imported	2.85 to 3.00
Demerara	30 to 33	Bran per ton—Wheat	17.50 to 18.50
Diamond N	40	Corn	15.00
Porto Rico	31	Shorts	19.00 to 19.50
Tobacco—Black	37 to 38	Middlings	20.00 to 22.00
Bright	42 to 58	Cracked Corn	24.00 to 25.00
BISCUITS.			
Pilot Bread	2.60 to 2.90	Oats	25.00 to 30.00
Boston and Thin Family	3 1/2 to 5	Barley	nominal
Soda	5 1/2 to 5 3/4	Feed Flour	3.50 to 3.60
do. in 1 lb. boxes, 50 to case	7 1/4	Oats per bushel of 34 lbs	34 to 38
Fancy	8 to 13	Barley " of 48 "	nominal
The above quotations are carefully prepared by a reliable Wholesale House, and can be depended upon as correct.			

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.		PROVISIONS.	
Butter and Cheese.			
Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints	20 to 25	Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid	11.00 to 11.50
do. in Small Tubs	20 to 24	" Am. Plate	11.50 to 12.00
do. Good, in large tubs	19 to 20	" Ex Plate	12.50 to 13.00
do. Store Packed & oversalted	10 to 12	Pork, Mess, American	13.50 to 14.00
Canadian Creamery	24	" Mess, American	12.00 to 12.50
do. Township, Fancy	22 to 23	" American, clear	15.00 to 15.50
do. " Finest	20 to 22	" P. E. I. Mess	13.00 to 13.50
do. " fine	18 to 20	" " old	12.50 to 12.75
do. Morrisburg and Brockville	17 to 19	" P. E. I. Thin Mess	10.50 to 11.00
do. Western	18 to 16	" Prime Mess	9.50 to 10.00
Cheese, N. S.	12	Lard, Tubs and Pails	10 to 11
do. Canada	14	" Cases	12 to 12 1/2
The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer in Butter and Cheese.			

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

FISH FROM VESSELS.		WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.	
FISH FROM VESSELS.			
MACKEREL.		Wool—clean washed, per pound	13 to 20
Extra	15.25	" unwashed	12 to 15
No. 1	12.25	Salted Hides, No 1	7 1/2
" 2 large	9.50	Or Hides, over 60 lbs, No 1	7 1/2
" 3 large	7.50 to 8.00	" under 60 lbs, No 1	6 1/2
" 4 large	6.00	" over 60 lbs, No 2	6 1/2
" 5 large	5.50 to 5.75	" under 60 lbs, No 2	6 1/2
HERRING.			
No. 1 Shore, July	5.00	Cow Hides, No 1	3
No. 1, August	none	No 3 Hides	3
" September	4.25	Calf Skins	25 to 35
Round Shore	3.75	" Deacons, each	25 to 30
Laborator, in cargo lots, per 1/2	4.50	Lambskins	25 to 70
Bay of Islands	3.75 to 4.00	The above quotations are furnished by WM. F. FOSTER, dealer in Wool and Hides, Comber's Wharf.	
ALBUVICKS, per bbl.	none	HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.	
CODFISH.			
Hard Shore	3.00	Apples, (No. 1 Greenstems) per bbl.	2.50 to 2.75
Bank	2.10	" Other No. 1 Varieties	1.75 to 2.00
Bay	none	Oranges, per bbl, Jamaica (new)	6.75
SALMON, No. 1	14.00	" Valencia	6.00 to 6.25
HADDOCK, per 1/2	2.00 to 2.25	Lemons, per box	3.50 to 3.75
HAKE	2.10	Coconuts, per 100	5.00 to 5.50
CUSK	none	Onions American, per lb.	2 1/2 to 3 1/2
POLLACK	none	Foxberries, per bbl new	3.00 to 4.00
HAKE SOUNDS	43 to 50c per lb.	Grapes, Almeria, keg	0.00
COD OIL A	2 1/2 to 5.00	Raisins, New Val.	8 to 1
The above are prepared by a reliable firm of West India Merchants.			

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

LOBSTERS.		POULTRY.	
LOBSTERS.			
Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing)		Turkey, per pound	11 to 20
Tall Cans	4.60 to 5.00	Geese, each	10 to 45
Flat	4.00 to 4.50	Ducks, per pair	60 to 50
Per case 4 doz. 1 lb. cans		Chickens	30 to 60
The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.			

LUMBER.		LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.	
LUMBER.			
Pine, clear, No. 1, per m.	27.00 to 28.00	Steers, best quality, per 100 lbs. alive	4.50
" Merchantable, do do	14.00 to 17.00	Oxen	3.00
" No 2 do	10.00 to 12.00	Fat Steers, Hefers light weights	2.75
" Small, per m.	8.00 to 14.00	Weethers, best quality, per 100 lbs.	2.75 to 3.25
Spruce, dimension good, per m.	9.50 to 10.00	Lamb	2.25 to 3.00
" Merchantable, do do	8.00 to 9.00	The above quotations are prepared by a reliable victualler.	
" Small, do do	6.50 to 7.00	LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.	
Hemlock, merchantable	7.00	Steers, best quality, per 100 lbs. alive	4.50
Shingles, No 1, raw, pine	3.00 to 3.50	Oxen	3.00
" No 2, do do	1.00 to 1.25	Fat Steers, Hefers light weights	2.75
" spruce, No 1	1.10 to 1.30	Weethers, best quality, per 100 lbs.	2.75 to 3.25
Planks, per m.	2.00	Lamb	2.25 to 3.00
Hard wood, per cord	4.00 to 4.25	The above quotations are prepared by a reliable victualler.	
Soft wood	2.25 to 2.50	The above quotations are prepared by a reliable victualler.	

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

[WRITTEN FOR THE CRITIC.]

A CRITICAL AND PUZZLING CASE.

(Continued.)

Then they talked of the old times, Dr. Cairns and the children occasionally asking questions or laughing at some ludicrous reminiscence, while the firelight flitted among them, shedding a ruddy glow on the happy circle, and dancing with uncouth weird shadows on the walls and ceiling.

The entrance of a servant interrupted their pleasant talk. "Shall I light the gas, please marm? Its after your tea time."

"Yes, Ellen, you can light the gas, please, and set the table. We'll have tea right away."

"Rick," said Dr. Hannaford, "what is the name of your patient that we found asleep this afternoon? That cur yelped so I couldn't hear the name when you introduced me to her sister. I have been puzzled with Miss Millicent's face. That's what troubles me. I have had a chapter of recognitions this afternoon. I am prepared for anything in that line."

"Please, sir, Mrs. Burton has sent for some more of the medicine—the child's worse to-night."

Dr. Cairns and his friend consulted together in an undertone and then withdrew to the surgery, where the former prepared a vial of the medicine."

When they returned to the sitting room tea was ready and waiting, and the haunting face and the question about the name were forgotten, to return again to Dr. Hannaford's mind as he sat gazing into the fire after supper.

"You were going to tell me the name of your lady patient," he said to his friend.

"That young lady's name is Nancy Prior."

Dr. Hannaford started as if shot. He could scarcely restrain an exclamation or the impatience that seized him, yet what could he do? What was that name to him? Why should he feel any interest in Nancy Prior? Why does he call her *Prior*? These thoughts rushed through his mind.

"Did you say *Prior*?" he said, turning to Dr. Cairns.

"I believe that is her name."

"Is she not a married lady?"

"Why, no! at least, I know her as *Miss Nancy Prior*. But why do you ask? You appear to take a remarkable interest in my patient."

"I am mystified. I feel like one in a dream, and to tell you the truth, I can hardly await the interpretation that time or investigation might bring."

"Come, Ned, tell us all about it. Marian! Dr. Hannaford has a story of real life to tell us with a mystery, and love, and disappointment and all that."

"That will be just delightful!"

"Oh, yes, Dr. Hannaford, do tell us a story," cried Mabel, and the other children turned from the table where they had been variously employed, and chimed in with earnest solicitations as they gathered around the fire.

"Well, it looks as though I was in for a story, *volens volens*."

"That's the way to look at it. Now go on," said Dr. Cairns.

"Story telling is not in my line. I doubt if I can even give you a chapter or two of personal history in an interesting way."

You know that after I got my diploma I was quite used up, and concluded to take the tail end of a long prescription, which, as is too frequently the case with prescriptions, is the part that does not carry the poison and that *does* carry the jewel hope. I determined to abjure books and study and seek recreation and change of scene and air.

Having arrived at this determination, the next consideration was one of ways and means. I had worked my way through and my purse was empty.

While thinking this matter over I stumbled upon an old friend and schoolmate who had a general agency for an American nursery.

"I wish you could tell me where I can get a few good active, intelligent men to take orders," said he.

"How will I suit for one?" said I.

"You! Well that is a good one," said he.

But when he saw that I was in earnest he consented.

"Why, my dear fellow, what can you be thinking about? Such an unprofessional thing you know. You would never get over it! Never!"

"I shall have to do a still more unprofessional thing if I mope about much longer," said I.

"What's that?"

"Die!" said I.

"Die! Why Hannaford, you don't mean to say that you are as bad off as that? You don't look very robust, but there must be any amount of stuff in your *materia medica* that would fix you up all right."

"Hang the *materia medica*!" said I. "Pardon me Mrs. Cairns, I am forgetting that there is no necessity for going over conversations minutely, and am getting off the regular 'said he' and 'said I,' and naughty expletting besides. What you want to know is my connection with this puzzling and critical case of Rick's."

"Go on, Ned, tell your story in your own way, we're much interested," said Dr. Cairns.

Well, I made a bargain with my friend, and it was decided that we should start on the following Monday for the scene of action. In the meantime he succeeded in getting two others to suit him, and on the appointed day we all started together.

My friend had a light express wagon with two comfortable seats, we stowed ourselves and our luggage into this and the huge horse trotted off as though he had no load behind him. We had a jolly time, I assure you, and when we arrived where we were to commence work, I already felt fifty per cent. better.

My friend's plan of campaign was to drive his crops to some suitable centre, assign each of us a territory which we were expected to canvas thoroughly, and when the country within a convenient distance of our centre had been thoroughly canvassed, gather up his men and drive to another centre of action or base of supplies.

I really enjoyed the work. Before many days I felt strong and hearty. I hardly ever failed to take an order wherever I called. There was a prevailing prejudice against "yankee tree pedlers," so I refrained from making known my business until I had ingratiated myself with mine host or hostess, or both and particularly the latter.

Many pleasant acquaintances I made. I generally managed to give some information that was regarded as being valuable. Many an aching tooth I extracted, many a free prescription gave. Frequently was I urged to set up in practice.

One evening about sunset—I wish I could paint for you the picture that memory unveils—I cannot. Who *could* paint those glorious hues of cloud and sky and foliage? A peculiar blush prevailed the air and tinted everything. The effect was weird, almost ominous. I had paused at the top of a hill to enjoy the picture I would fain reproduce for you. Behind me was a dense wood, whose recesses were already gloomy. Over the wood, high up in the sunlight, a pair of hawks wheeled in graceful circles. Among the tree tops a gang of noisy crows discussed the hawk question or some equally exciting topic. Before me was a long slope, at its foot a cosey valley, through which meandered a river, here and there visible between tall trees that skirted it on either side. The road wound down the hill, crossed the river on a long bridge and wound up the hill that bounded the valley on the other side. Clusters of buildings dotted the hill sides, and in the hollow appeared to be quite a village.

"Here's several days' work in sight," said I. "Now where shall I put up and make headquarters." Seating myself upon a boulder at the roadside I proceeded to inspect the homestead in view, and while thus employed was startled by a sudden frightened "Whoa," and turning round saw a horse running away with a waggon, which was swaying from side to side of the road and in imminent peril of being upset in the ditch. The occupant of the waggon, a young woman, was endeavoring to stop the horse. In an instant the team would have passed me on its way to almost certain destruction. Dare I risk my own life to save that of an unknown woman? I saw that the shaft bolt had come out, permitting one shaft to drop down and strike the horse's heels. I jumped on to the road ready to catch the horse as he swayed from me, calculating that I would thus stand a better chance of escaping injury. In another instant they were upon me and I was struggling with the frantic animal. I have a confused dreamy recollection of being under the horse's hoofs, of seeing the wagon pass over me, of hearing a soft pleading agonized voice, and my next recollection is of waking in a strange room. If I were writing a yarn that I had to spin out, I would describe this room, the view from the windows at my right side, and my sensations and speculations. As I am not, I will simply tell you that after a few moments of inspection and speculation and endeavor to make out where I was, how I came there, how long I had been there, what was the matter with me, etc., etc., during which moments I instinctively shrank from moving; I tried to lift my head, cried out and relapsed into insensibility. When I again become conscious it was night. A man sat at the table, upon which his arms rested and his head upon his arms. A lamp burned dimly upon the table and a fire blazed in an open grate. I lay watching the man, the lamp and the fire for some time, endeavoring to recall how I came there, but I could not. Presently the man lifted his head, got up and came softly to my side, and that man was your patient, Mr. Burton. The sad woe begone dreamy look his face had worn when I first saw it, gradually gave place to one of pleasure and almost womanly tenderness, as he exclaimed, "You are better."

"Where am I? How did I get here? How long have I been here?" I asked.

"You must not talk. You must keep still and quiet," he said.

I told him that it would do me most harm to wonder about and puzzle over it, and he informed me in few words that I had stopped the horse long enough for his wife to jump out, that the horse had thrown, trampled upon and dashed over me, and in turning up into the road leading to his home at the mill, had upset the wagon and himself over and over, down a steep bank into the river. The wagon was smashed to pieces and the horse killed. He had seen the horse running away with the empty wagon and had, with an awful dread at his heart, run up the roadside until he found his wife, herself uninjured, sitting by the roadside pillowing my head on her lap and endeavoring to staunch the blood that was flowing freely from wounds in my head. He had obtained assistance from the nearest house, to which he had me conveyed. When the doctor arrived he dressed my many wounds and remained by me all night, as also did Burton and his wife. From day to day I had lingered unconscious, almost lifeless, the end momentarily expected. He was very, very grateful. He could never, oh, he could never repay me. He would call his wife at once to tell her the good tidings that I had at last returned to consciousness, but she had slept very little and needed rest.

A month and more had gone out of my life. Would I ever see mother again? How long would I live? These were the thoughts that now filled my mind until I fell asleep—not now a dreamless sleep. I dreamed of a beautiful soft-voiced woman, of runaway horses, of being in that wagon when it rolled over and over into the river, and of struggling in the water, and awoke to find the woman of my dream bending over me and bathing my forehead and face. Hers was a beautiful face indeed, as it was lit up with such a glad grateful smile when my gaze rested upon it. My heart seemed to bound to meet hers, but the next instant I remembered that she was a wife, and I tried to close my eyes and my heart. I do not mind

telling you that I succeeded, but both enclosed and shut in, not out, this fair woman. It must be, it is I know, inexcusably wicked, but when I saw your patient to-day my heart bounded as it did when I first gazed upon those rich brown tresses, and I feel sure that she is Mrs. Burton, though you call her Nancy Prior. I cannot understand it."

"Well, Dr. Hannaford, you are not going to leave your story half told. Tell us how you got along after that night?" said Mabel.

"I remember nothing more of that night. When I again awoke I heard voices in my room."

"I believe you care more for him than you do for me. He is a brave, noble fellow, he saved your life, perhaps it belongs to him. I do not blame you, but it almost maddens me, though I feel grateful to him."

The voice was Burton's.

"Oh! he is stirring, come out" The words were spoken in a whispered woman's voice. I heard the door open and shut. After a while the door again opened, footsteps approached softly. I felt lips press my cheek and a voice say, "Good-bye, you saved my life, may the good Father above save yours. Good-bye!" The footsteps retreated, the door again opened and closed and I felt lonely and dreary as if my life was a blank before me, aimless and hopeless.

Burton watched with me the rest of the night but only spoke when actually necessary.

Next day when I awoke, Mrs. Burton was at my bedside and was in and out during that day, and afterwards, while I kept my room she would read to me, sing to me, converse with me. Mr. Burton shared with neighbors, who were all very kind and attentive, the task of watching at night. I rapidly improved when improvement commenced, and on the day before Christmas the doctor said I might, if very careful, mingle with a grand Christmas party to be held in honor of my convalescence, my host and hostess having crowned their much kindness by throwing their house open for the purpose.

During the time that I had been laid up my mother had also been confined to her bed, and neither my brother nor his wife could leave home.

My friend who had employed me had several times come long distances to visit me, and he and his corp of agents attended our Christmas party. I need not describe the profuse and beautiful decorations, or tell about the homage your humble servant received. I was the honored guest and the hero of the occasion and received many Christmas presents. A pair of beautifully worked slippers "from a friend," excited my curiosity and admiration. After I had examined and admired these gifts, I was led to the window in front of which stood a fully equipped turnout of sleigh and robes and horse with silver-mounted harness. Mr. Burton stood at the horse's head. Mrs. Burton, who was standing beside me, said, "Dr., do you feel well and strong enough to take a short drive?"

"Yes, I think so," said I, "but you must remember that I have no winter wraps with me."

Away she went, returning with a splendid buffalo overcoat, sealskin cap, fur gloves, and felt overboots. On each of these articles was a card, on which I read these words: "For Dr. Hannaford from Nancy Burton's brothers. A token of gratitude for a dear life dearly saved. Happy Christmas and A Happy and Prosperous New Year to you."

I had been too much surprised, dazed, I may say with the whole affair, so entirely unexpected as it was, to feel emotion of any kind except surprise, but this episode, the magnificent gratitude overcame me, emotion choked utterance, a flood of tears burst from my eyes. I could only seize Mrs. Burton's hand as I exclaimed.

"This is too much, I am very weak. Pardon me."

"Come, put on those things. Shall I drive you?" said Mrs. Burton as she withdrew her violently trembling hand, in a voice evincing almost as much emotion as my own.

I expressed the pleasure the proposal gave me, and donned my wraps, assisted by Mrs. Burton, who, after a few moments absence, returned ready for the drive.

The horse and sleigh were brought round to the door. As I stepped up to take my seat beside my fair driver, I found a card on the cushion addressed to me, and turning it over I read the words, "Will our friend, Dr. Edward Hannaford, please accept this sleigh, robes, horse and harness, from John and Mary Burton. small acknowledgment for a life saved and a life risked. Wishing you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

I assure you I couldn't feel any more. I had already been overcome with gratitude for gratitude. I could only take my place beside Mrs. Burton and lift my hat and bow to the acknowledgment of the cheers from the crowd of friends assembled at the door and in front of the house.

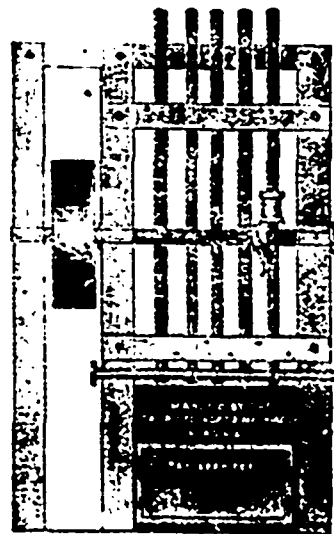
We dashed out of the lawn and up the hill, past the scene of my nearly fatal adventure, through the woods at the summit of the hill, turned off and sped over a lonely by-road through the fields and out upon the highway down which we proceeded to the river. River roads are always picturesque—this one is I think especially so. From it the river is seen sweeping in graceful curves through elm parked intervals, then down at your feet hugging closely the precipitous banks on the very verge of which the road runs. Further on it disappeared from view behind a low hill, on the gentle slope of which, among stately poplars and ancient wide-spreading willows, nestled a farmhouse and clustering barns. Still further on we crossed a long bridge,—I can still hear the hollow frosty creaking of the sleigh runners, and the tramp, tramp, of the horse's hoofs—then around and up a sharp steep curve and into a brown spine carpeted grove of gnarled and rugged pines, among whose solemnly swaying arms the winter breeze played mournful anthems and funeral dirges for the dying year. Emerging from the pine wood we came suddenly and to me unexpectedly in sight of the mills and miller's home, and beyond the cozy village.

(To be Concluded.)

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MINING.

ANALYTICAL DEPARTMENT.—To meet a long felt want *The Critic* has made arrangements with a competent Analyst, who will determine the quality of all specimens sent to be tested. The fee charged will be from two to eight dollars, according to the difficulty and expense incurred by the analyst in making the analysis. The strictest 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.

Mr. Touquoy was in our office on Tuesday week with a tempting gold bar weighing 111 oz., taken from 70 tons of quartz. The gold is of the finest and purest quality and reached the highest market price. Some of the quartz yielded as high as 5 oz. to the ton. Mr. Touquoy has 15 men at work on his Moose River property and reports that mining prospects are very bright in that locality.

The *Chronicle* copies a paragraph which originally appeared in *The Critic*, regarding the property of the Duluth Gold Mining Company at Millisic Lake, and credits it to the *Lauenburg Progress*. The *Chronicle* takes rather a roundabout way to get its mining news.

FIFTEEN MILE STREAM.—A company with a capital stock of \$10,000 divided into 800 shares of fifty dollars each has been incorporated to carry on the business of mining and milling at 15-Mile Stream and elsewhere in the Province. Daniel W. Crockett, Hopewell; Wm. G. Matheson, New Glasgow; Aleck Fisher, Pictou; and John H. Sinclair, New Glasgow, are the incorporators, and will carry on business under the name of the Egerton Gold Mining Company. We believe that the company have the Hall-Anderson mine and trust that they will succeed in placing this well-known property amongst the best of dividend-paying mines.

MONTREAL MANGANESE MINING COMPANY.—Notice has been given that letters patent for the incorporation of a joint stock company to be called the Montreal Manganese Mining Company, for the mining of manganese and other minerals in the County of Hants or elsewhere in the Province, has been applied for pursuant to statute.

The chief place of business in Nova Scotia will be Maitland, and the intended capital stock is \$100,000, to be divided into 10,000 shares of ten dollars each.

H. T. Harding is solicitor for the applicants. The provisional directors of the company are to be H. T. Harding, David Andrews, and Thomas Ralph. The Hon David McLellan, Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick, J. T. McBride of Montreal, and W. R. Stockbridge, broker of Boston, are prominent amongst the applicants.

Hants County is celebrated for its large deposits of manganese, and we are glad to note that a company with plenty of capital to work them will soon be in active operation. We are informed that the new company will purchase extensive manganese properties near the Shubenacadie River.

The Critic has frequently pointed out the advisability of forming local companies with sufficient capital to meet the preliminary difficulties and delays inseparable from mining enterprises, and will consequently watch the progress made by the two new companies with great interest.

We had a pleasant visit from Captain O. B. Browne, of the Brookfield mine, who has been spending some weeks at the Rawdon Gold mine. The Captain is almost an old forty-niner, and has passed most of his life in the mining regions of the West and Mexico. He worked for years on the Comstock lode and has been actively employed on most of the richest and deepest mines in that famous region of bonanzas. The Captain has had great experience in timbering mines and in putting up and working the most approved mining machinery, and he is just now trying to introduce the pan amalgamators, now in general use in the west, into this Province. He says that for large leads of low grade ore there is nothing like them, as by their use the capacity of the mills can be largely increased, and there is no necessity for stopping and cleaning up. With the plates the ore has to be very finely pulverized in order to pass through the meshes of the fine sieves used, but where the amalgamating pans are used it can be treated in a much coarser state, thus greatly increasing the capacity of the mill. The initial cost is heavier than where plates are used, but this additional expense is soon repaid by the increased output. In the case of small leads the plates at present used do very well, still he claims that even here if amalgamating pans were used the same amount of work could be done in much less time. Large leads of low grade ore can only be made to pay handsome dividends by being worked on a large scale, and it is in cases of this kind that the great superiority of amalgamating pans over plates is proved. Plates are now rarely seen in the West, and amalgamating pans are universally used. The Capt. is trying to induce the makers and patentees of the pans to send patterns of their machinery into Canada, so that they can be manufactured here, and the large duty saved. If he succeeds, another season may see the new system in actual use at Gold River, where the leads are reported to be from 15 to 18 feet in thickness. Just previous to coming to Nova Scotia, Captain Browne had been opening up a silver mine near Port Arthur, Canada, which, from information he has just received, is turning out well. We have to thank him for news of the Rawdon mine, where he has been arranging for steam pumping and hoisting machinery.

A copper mine (sulphuret of copper) in the LaTete district, in Charlotte county, N. B., has recently been bonded, with fair prospects of sale being effected.

RAWDON MINE.—Messrs. McGuire, Hughardt and some other Minnesota capitalists, have now purchased the west mine at Rawdon, and Mr. Discoway, lately of Moogeland, Tanguor District, has succeeded Mr. McNaughton in the management of the mine. A new 20 horse power engine and boiler will shortly be in operation, and steam hoisting and pumping will supersede the work now done by horse power. The mine is a very fine property, and when the new machinery is in operation its gold producing capacity will be greatly increased.

MCAUGHTON MINE.—The east mine is still in charge of Mr. McNaughton, and the main shaft is now down some 400 feet. The ore improves in depth and completely upsets the theory of some croakers, that Nova Scotian gold mines are mere surface deposits. What might have proved a most serious loss was happily averted. The roof of the mill building caught fire, but fortunately the men were all up-out of the mine getting their dinners, and when the fire was discovered all hands set to with such a will that it was soon extinguished with slight damage to the property.

BROOKFIELD MINE.—Mr. McGuire is putting operations on this property with his usual vim, and we expect that the Happy New Year will find him in town with the inevitable gold brick. We might remind him and our other mining friends, that if they have any surplus wealth in the shape of pretty specimens suitable for pins, etc., etc., that *The Critic* office would prove a good place to discommodate themselves. Don't inundate us gentlemen.

MILLISIGATE LAKE.—Captain Joseph Lloyd, of the Duluth Gold Mining Company, has returned to Duluth after inspecting the mine near Bridgewater. He is convinced that the price paid for the mine was too much for an undeveloped property and that the Wiswell Crushers have not sufficient capacity to make low grade ore pay. He has consequently contracted for a twenty stamp mill which is to be erected at once. We hope the Wiswell mill is not going to prove a failure, not so much on account of the mill as on account of Messrs. Gammon, Roberts and the other gentleman in Yarmouth, who must have invested heavily in the crusher. We should like to hear from them in relation to the matter. We sincerely hope that Captain Lloyd and his associates may succeed at Millisigate Lake, as they have plenty of capital to back them, and if they succeed in their first venture they are just the men to invest largely in our gold mines.

ALLOY OF ALUMINIUM AND TIN.—A useful alloy of aluminium and tin has been obtained by M. Bourbouze, by melting together 100 parts of the former metal with 10 parts of the latter. This alloy is whiter than aluminium, and has a density of 2.85, a little greater than that of the pure metal, so that it is not too heavy to replace aluminium in instruments requiring great lightness of their parts. It is less affected by reagents, etc., than is aluminium, and also is more easily worked. Another of its merits is, that it can be soldered as easily as brass without any special preparation.

CONCENTRATES.—It is reported that a rich placer discovery has been made near Flathead Lake, M. T.

Most of the iron and steel of Bulgaria, and all the tin, lead and zinc imported are from England.

A dispatch from Victoria, B. C., reports a valuable gold find close to the boundary between British Columbia and Alaska.

In the Queen of the West mine, Wyoming, the vein of mica bearing rock is 1,500 feet long and from 20 to 60 feet wide.

The weekly statement of the Bank of France shows a gain of 13,527,000 francs gold and a loss of 1,450,000 francs silver.

From 1860 to 1867 India took silver at the rate of \$75,000,000 annually, more than the whole yearly produce of silver at that time.

England in her Indian dominions is coining about as much silver yearly as the United States does under the operation of the Bland Act.

In September \$71,220 Mks. of gold money was coined in the Imperial German Mints, making the gold coin in currency now 1,953,040,265 Mks.

To the United States the exports of tin in 1884, 1885 and 1886 during the first 9 months were 145,051 tons, 155,155 tons, and 186,460 tons respectively.

For the 8 months of the present year, excluding all ores, the receipts of bullion in Salt Lake City, Utah, have amounted to a total of \$3,755,029.75.

Sulphur was exported from Sicily to Stettin and Danzig to the extent of 22,000 kantars, or from January to August 3, 131,000 kantars; 13 kantars going to a ton.

The imports of block lead from Germany to China were 10,000 pikuls last year against 8,000 pikuls in 1884, 12,562 pikuls in 1883; and 34,892 pikuls in 1882.

The Franklin mine, Michigan, yielded in November 335 tons, 920 pounds. The product of the Calumet and Hecla for November, was 2,373 tons, 1,015 lbs.

The output of the Huron copper mine, Michigan, for November, 111 tons, 1,000 pounds.

Four hundred and seventy-three tons, six hundred and thirty pounds was the product of the Quincy mine, Michigan, for November.

The total value of U. S. copper exports in ten months this year was \$3,879,211, as against \$7,062,169 last year in corresponding months.

The copper mines of Arizona, except where they are close to the railroad and ores are easily fluxed, can not at present be worked at a satisfactory profit.

The imports of copper at New York during the month of November were 116 tons matte, and exports of matte and ore, 2,523 tons, and of ingot 1,982,567 pounds.

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

Good-bye, 1886!

We say not "good-bye" to thee as our utter the last sad "Farewell" over a dying friend. There are no dead years, England's post-laureate, and his awfully realistic description of the death of an old year, to the contrary notwithstanding. The years do not die—they are immortal. There are no dead years.

Close your eyes and recall the past. Memory wanders through the year as through a picture gallery, or gazes at a succession of dissolving views. If you are methodical, if in your mind the years are separate and distinct, you may imagine them to be profusely illustrated volumes, ranged upon the shelves of History, and that in your reveries you take down volume after volume; but there are no harrowing scenes over dying years such as Tennyson has pictured: there are no dead years; no countries where they are entombed; no monuments; no mural inscriptions.

Or you may imagine that, as it really is,

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players."

That Memory or History calls up the players and raises the curtain on comedy, roaring farce, tragedy, or, as is often the case, mixes all up together.

"All the world's a stage," and as truly as every play has an author, every act and every scene put on the boards of the world's stage has an author, and the author is He Who wrote the Drama of History "in the beginning," when "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and His spirit "moved on the face of the waters."

Are we, the players, merely puppets, going through the parts written for us "in the beginning"?

Avoiding polemics, we may adopt the broad, useful, practical, indisputable creed, that it is those who in the drama of "Paradise Lost" play honest, industrious, God-fearing, man-loving parts "in Faith, in Hope, in Charity with Fidelity," who shall have parts in "Paradise Regained," and shall unite in the grand chorus of "Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men" sung at the fulfillment.

It is well to review the past, and to take experience for a teacher and guide in the future. But we have neither space nor time for much moralizing, or for reveries, however practically useful in tendency.

It has been our duty and our endeavor during the past year to edit this column in the interest of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry in the Maritime Provinces. Ere the volume of 1886 is closed, we desire to record the hope that our labors, if not altogether "good and acceptable," may, as far as "good and acceptable," "be blest with a liberal harvest," and that we may be permitted and aided to work more wisely and more efficiently in 1887.

Welcome the New Year. May it be a happy and prosperous year for you, kind reader.

A review of the work and progress of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry in this jurisdiction during the past year might appropriately appear in this place, at its close; as, however, a full report will in a few weeks be presented to the Provincial Grange by its Secretary, a synopsis of which report will be given in this column, we will only say at present, that during the past year there has been a large decrease in membership, and that as there are disintegratory influences always at work in societies and organizations, as in all things, continued exertions and unflagging zeal are required merely to balance loss by gain. Therefore, if the required exertions are not used, the inevitable result must be in the end entire disappearance. Success in any enterprise or undertaking can only be attained through persistent efforts to accomplish a mission or purpose, or to supply a distinct want.

We have received through the kindness of an esteemed member of Anchor of Hope Grange, No. 863, of Welford, Kent Co., N. B., a copy of "The Pioneer," a manuscript paper, containing contributions from members of that Grange. The articles, for the most part, are spicy and well written. We heartily recommend all our Granges to follow the example set by No. 863, and with the New Year start a Grange journal. It will be found to be both educational and amusing. We hope to find space for extracts from "The Pioneer." We also have to thank the Secretary of Annapolis Division for a very full Report of the Autumn Session of that Division, which we shall endeavor to publish in our next issue.

We will be expected to report to the Maritime Provincial Grange, at its Session, commencing on the 26th prox., when the question will have to be decided—Shall the Maritime Patron be continued? Will the Granges to which THE CRITIC comes, sisters or brothers, who are subscribers, or indeed any of our readers, whether Patrons or not, kindly favor us with their views on this question—Should the Maritime Patron be continued? We shall also be very greatly obliged for hints, suggestions, or criticisms. The more candid our friends are, the more highly will their remarks be appreciated. We are fully aware that there must have been many defects in our editorial management. We shall be grateful to our friends who will point these out.

In many places where potato rot prevails only the small potatoes, the latest set, escape the infection. These late potatoes are generally unripe, and will be very unreliable for seed purposes.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—In respect to kindness to animals, commend us to the Hindoo rather than the European standard of civilization. The Hindoo religion enjoins one to be kind and merciful to all living creatures. To put to death any creature that has life is an unpardonable sin to a Hindoo, while to protect it is one of the highest virtues. Beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects, are as much the object of the Hindoo's kindness as human kind. The Hindoos of the higher castes never take flesh. They live entirely on milk and vegetables. Hindoos of certain sects take meat, but they would not eat it unless it be of goat, sacrificed before a god or goddess. They would never think of shooting a bird or killing a beast. They look upon the European practice of shooting and hunting as barbarous. They distribute rice and corn to crows and other birds every day. Our first personal experience of handling animals was under the principle of arbitrary and coercive measures, and we look back with horror upon our own cruelty to our first bulky horses and the kicking cow. We respect in our memory the resentful spirit of both in asserting their natural "rights" in refusing to be subdued. A few years' after experience on a farm soon convinced us of the barbarity of our ideas, and ever since we have been learning that the human must first learn to control himself before attempting to control the brute creation. Acting upon the principle of uniform kindness in word and deed, the most incorrigible brute may be controlled and rendered gentle and kind. We have in a dozen instances taken horses which had been so ruined by arbitrary and brutal measures as to be entirely useless, if not dangerous, and in a few weeks' time rendered them the most willing, obedient, and kind servants. We have taken the wild, long-horned cattle from the range, and by continued and uniform kindness in voice and manner rendered them so obedient as to come to call and allow the milker to draw the fluid without fear, so long as he used no harsh words or acts. Kindness and self control will subdue the balkiest horse and conquer and subdue the most vicious cow or ox.

MAKING ROCK-WORK.—When constructing a rockery don't form a plan in your head of what your rockery is to look like. You need no plan. The principal need is to get some one to draw some rough scraggy stones for you—the rougher and more lichen-covered the better. Direct that the stones be unloaded in the place where your rockery is to be. The best place for it is in some retired corner, where there is considerable shade. Nothing is more out of place than an eruption of rocks on a well-kept lawn. After the rocks are unloaded don't try to arrange them. Let your rockery be built in just that unconscious fashion, if you want it to be a success. Any attempt to rearrange the stones will spoil it. The effect should be one of careless, natural arrangement, and the dumping down of those stones without any other object in view than that of getting them unloaded, will produce the nearest resemblance to nature's way of doing such things. Procure earth—from the woods if possible—and put over and among the rocks, and with a stick work it in among them. The free use of water will wash the soil into the crevices. When you have all the openings filled, get bits of blackberry roots, wild ferns, and such other plants as you usually find growing among rocks and thrust them into the soil, and wait.

By and by the reward will come. You will have a rockery that hasn't a prim look about it. You will have a rockery that doesn't do violence to your sense of the "eternal fitness of things," by having all manner of foreign plants growing on it. Only wild plants are needed there. You want a tangle of vine and fern, just as you see it in the woods and pastures, with bare rocks jutting out here, there, everywhere, half covered, half concealed. Leave it to take care of itself. The more freedom it has, the more satisfactory it will be. Build one in this way, and contrast it with the elaborate affairs in some fashionable gardens, which suggest the mason and an architect every time you look at them.—*American Agriculturist*.

A NEGLECTED CROP.—It would be better for us if we considered the manure made on the farm as a crop: and it is strange that we do not do so, for it is a product of the farm and has a money value as much as corn or hay, or cotton. When we once consider manure as a crop, we will take just as much pride in making a big crop of manure as of corn; and we will no more allow part of the manure crop to go to waste, than we would part of the wheat or hay crop. Generally but little can be charged against the production of the manure crop; all the cost is often the expense of harvesting (gathering and storing) this crop. On the most fertile farms this crop is worth to the farmer several times the cost of harvesting it. And it is the greatest wonder of our farming that we do not start out in the fall with a determination to make a better manure crop than our neighbor, as we start out in the spring with a determination to make a better oat, potato, or tobacco crop. The cleanly man will harvest a large manure crop, because he will gather up all refuse and put it in the compost heap. He will have clean stables, clean barns, clean yards—a clean farm; and cleanliness is the preserver of health. Thus we see that while the wheat or potato crop supplies strength and energy, the manure crop, closely gathered and well kept, prevents the agents of disease from stealing away that strength. Pride in the manure crop goeth before wealth and health.—*American Agriculturist for November*.

TO FATTEN TURKEYS.—Turkeys are readily fattened on thick boiled cornmeal and oatmeal, mixed with chopped suet. The turkeys should be kept in closed coops, away from other birds. A part of a shed which is only partly lighted is a suitable place, and the fowl should be given every three hours. No water is required with this food. The fattening will be completed in twenty days, when the birds will be fit for market.

The regulations of the Dominion Government prescribe that 60 pounds be recognized as the weight of one bushel of onions.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Sod school-houses are still used in Choyenno county, Nebraska.

To the railway trains of Russia a church-car is attached, in which travellers and trainmen can attend divine service.

Of the 290 750 miles of railroad in the world, no less than 174,016, or 60 per cent. are in English-speaking countries.

A German physician asserts that half of the female sex are slightly touched in the head. He never could induce one to marry him, no doubt.

Exemption from mistakes is not the privilege of mortals; but when our mistakes are involuntary, we owe each other every candid consideration; and the man who on discovering his errors acknowledges and corrects them, is scarcely less entitled to our esteem than if he had not erred.

Physicians are now using aniline oil as a local anesthetic, when simple operations, such as the opening of a felon, are to be performed. The finger in such a case is dipped for a short time in the oil; and although the flesh may be subsequently cut to the bone, it is said there is absolutely no pain.

According to Fraulein Louisa Lauw, Mme. Patti deliberately proposed to the Marquis de Caux, and not he to her. One evening while they were sitting chatting alone, he innocently mentioned that Paris reported them to be engaged—and he laughed. "Very well—why not? I should be very happy, I am sure," returned Adelina; and with some confusion the marquis accepted her hand then and there.

Two Frenchmen, MM. Bonfante and Maisonneuve, have undertaken experiments to facilitate the photography of submarine objects. If a diver could be supplied with a suitable camera, and perhaps also with a sufficiently strong artificial light, he could bring to the surface far more satisfactory reports of what was beneath than any verbal descriptions, however honest and accurate, could possibly supply.—*Amateur Photographer.*

It has been ascertained that the timber, which has been floated in water for considerable time is no longer liable to the attack of dry rot. The albumen and salts are slowly dissolved out, thus depriving the fungus of the nutriment needful for its development. A French experimenter has shown that fresh sawdust rots away in a few years in damp earth, whereas sawdust from which the soluble matters have been soaked by water remains unchanged under like circumstances.

A Manchester firm has just completed a new rope making machine, which, whilst enabling any lengths of ropes to be manufactured, dispenses entirely with any necessity for a rope-walk. The complete machinery does not occupy a floor space of more than three yards square, and is very simple both in construction and working. The yarn is wound on a series of bobbins, and the whole process of manufacture is finished on the machine, the rope being transferred direct to a drum, on which it is wound in coils ready for delivery. The machine can be readily regulated to give any twist or hardness to the rope that may be required.

There is more in a heap of coal than most persons are aware of. Besides gas, a ton of gas coal will yield 1,500 lbs. of coke, 20 gallons of ammonia water, and 140 lbs. of coal tar. Destructive distillation of the coal tar gives 69.6 lbs. of pitch, 17 lbs. of cresote, 14 lbs. of heavy oils, 9.5 lbs. of naphtha yellow, 6.3 lbs. of naphthaline, 4.75 lbs. of naphthol, 2.25 lbs. of alizarin, 2.4 lbs. of solvent naphtha, 1.5 lb. of phenol, 1.2 lb. of aurino, 1.1 lb. of aniline, 0.77 lb. of toluene, 0.46 lb. of anthracene, and 0.9 lb. of toluene. From the last-named substance is obtained the new product known as saccharine, which is said to be 230 times as sweet as the best cane sugar.—*Iron.*

As a rule, man is not overpoweringly brilliant. When I hear of any bright performance I am more than eager to place it to his limited credit. Man deserves some praise for trying to shine. Naturally he can never attain the witty heights of woman, but he gets more than even. He always has his own way, which no woman ever does. He can spend all the money he wants to, which no woman ever can. He stays out till all hours, which no woman is allowed to do. He can buy a hat or a coat without being compelled to account strictly for each cent, which no woman is ever permitted to do. He can spend \$2.50 for a lunch, and growl at a quart of ice cream bought for the family use, and he can spend \$25 for a lark, while she stays at home with the children and burns one gas jet, and eats the scraps. Yes, there are times—all times—when a man has the best of it.

In mining districts Salvation Oil is regarded as an indispensable necessity. Miners will have it.

Life is but short, and we should do all we can to prolong it. Check a cough or cold at once by using the old reliable remedy, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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

A CARD

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

IRA ETTER, To Gold Miners!

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for a number of years and know it to be one
of the oldest as well as (especially of late)
one of the most reliable preparations in the
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The sale of it (Puttner's Emulsion) is steadily
increasing, and is larger than for all other
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greater satisfaction to those who use it, and
we do not hesitate to recommend it.

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CHARLES J. MACDONALD,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Halifax, 14th Dec'r., 1886.

Letter from FRANZ LISZT,
"The King of Pianists."
 (TRANSLATION).

Messrs. Chickering, —
 It is very agreeable to me to add my name to the concert of praises of which your Pianos are the object.

To be just, I must declare them perfect (perfectissimus, superlatively perfect.)

There is no quality which is foreign to them. Your instruments possess, in a supreme degree, nobility and power of tone, elasticity and security of the touch, harmony, brilliancy, solidity, charms and prestige, and thus offer a harmonious ensemble of perfections, to the exclusion of all defects.

Pianists of least pretensions will find means of drawing from them agreeable effects; and in face of such products—which truly do honor to the art of the construction of instruments—the role of the critic is as simple as that of the public; the one has but to applaud them conscientiously and with entire satisfaction, and the other but to procure them in the same manner.

In congratulating you sincerely upon the great and decisive success obtained at the Exposition at Paris, I am pleased to anticipate the happy continuation of the same in all places where your Pianos will be heard, and I beg that you accept, gentlemen, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments of esteem and consideration.

ROME. (Signed) F. Liszt.

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The balance of the Bankrupt Stocks that we have purchased. It will be our utmost endeavor to close out every item of these goods ere stock-taking—first of the year. If marking down the Prices will effect this, the object will be attained. None of these goods are old shop-worn, like most Bankrupt Stocks. They were all city trades. The largest one we secured on exceptionally favorable terms. The goods were all quite new. Over \$15,000 worth of goods had only been received by the bankrupt a little over a week ere he was closed up by his creditors. If you want anything in our line, you are invited to call and inspect the Prices. A penny saved is a penny earned.

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We have recently made a large Purchase of VERY FINE BLACK WORSTEDS. Which we are enabled to offer at Prices never heard of before in this class of Goods.

SUITS \$16; PANTS \$4.25; OVERCOAT \$12.

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SUITS \$16; PANTS \$4.25; OVERCOAT \$12.

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[ADVERTISEMENT.]

BURDETTE'S BOIL.

When it appeared on the horizon of the nations, principally consternation, I took issue with the medicine man of our reservation. He pronounced it a plain, plebeian boil. I said it was Syrian carbuncle. Then I compromised on a Bavarian tumor, but as the doctor still held out I offered him his choice of an Artesian wen or a Tasmanian abscess. I was very anxious to secure one of these titles. It is sometimes easy to be a martyr when it would be unendurable to have the earache. A man with a Bavarian tumor could prop himself in pillows and receive callers, bunches of grapes and sympathy. A man with a boil must get up on time, put on his clothes and go to work. A hay fever sufferer rises to the dignity of an invalid; a man with a cold in his head is a sniffling boor. If you have heart disease you are interesting; if you have dyspepsia, which makes you much more miserable, you are a nuisance. There is a touching pathos in an empty sleeve which makes men and women feel tenderly toward you, but, if you have lost your teeth, men call you a gummy old back number. So this matter of a title for my lump, was by no means so unimportant as it may seem to the heartless jester who never felt a wound. My physician is a kind-hearted man, but a man of high professional honor. He refused to make a single concession that would imply an imported article. He said they came too high for short men. But the next day he made a critical examination. He said he felt for me,—he did, too; I felt him feel,—and that, while my stud was still only a boil, yet it was a boil, with a big B and carbuncular tendencies. That which we call kleptomania by any other name would steal as much. Now, that was a small thing to be pleased over. But it did please me. It removed from my affliction any taint of common origin. It gave my pain a pedigree, and tempered my groans with echoes of the past, which are about the best thing to temper groans which I have ever used. The day the doctor put carbuncular tendencies in the battery, I swathed my neck in higher bandages, groaned louder and louder, stayed in bed half a day, and bullied the umpire. During the dynasty of a plain boil I had only the privileges of a fourth floor lodger.

We feel for the clover Hawkeye man, and the more so as we know that if he had taken a course of Puttner's Emulsion to brace up his constitution he need never have been troubled with boils. Simson's Liniment would have soon allayed the pain and irritation, but if he had had these popular remedies, Burdette would have been so intent in singing their praises that the world would have lost his highly amusing dissertation on boils.

By the people's verdict Puttner's Emulsion is declared to be the very best preparation containing cod liver oil, it being the product of many years laborious chemical investigation before reaching its present most perfect combination. Physicians prescribe and bear testimony to its wonderful properties for the cure of pulmonary consumption, bronchitis, whooping cough, wasting and nervous diseases, rickets, scrofula, asthma, &c. As a flesh and blood producer it is really marvellous.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle.

ARROWROOT PUDDING.—Boil a pint of milk with white sugar and lemon rind, mix two table spoons of arrowroot with half a pint of cold milk and pour the boiling milk into it. Then return the whole to the saucepan and continue to stir till it just boils; let it cool and mix with it the yolks of from two to four eggs previously well beaten, stirring the arrowroot rapidly as you pour them in. Then bake on a buttered dish.

Simson's Liniment is one of the best articles of the kind ever manufactured and that it is appreciated by the public is proved by the fact that Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. have had to largely increase their facilities for manufacturing it in order to meet the large orders they are constantly receiving.

It is a combination of vegetable oils so blended together as to form an elegant preparation, and it has been a great success in the cure of rheumatism, sciatica, bruises, cuts, neuralgia and the other innumerable pains and aches to which mankind is subject. Price 25 cents.

PEANUT PUDDING.—Three cups flour, one cup molasses, one cup milk, one cup raisins, one and one-half cups suet, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, spice to taste.

When you have been out in the cold or have wet feet, do not take brandy or other liquor, but mix a teaspoonful of Simson's Jamaica Ginger in a small tumbler of sweetened water and drink it. It will be found more effectual than liquor and may save you from a spell of sickness. It is a grand tonic and will give great relief to the dyspeptic. Manufactured by Brown Bros. & Co. Price 25 cents.

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.

LEMON PIE.—One cup white sugar, one tablespoon butter, one table spoon corn starch, one cup hot water, juice and grated rind of one lemon, cook for a few minutes, then add one egg. Bake with top and bottom crust. This makes one pie and is very nice.

FISKE'S LAVOENT.—This is the name of an excellent tooth wash prepared by Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. from a formula of Dr. Fiske's, the well-known and skillful D.D.S. of this city. The excellent properties of this wash and its efficacy in cleansing and preserving the teeth make it a welcome acquisition to the toilet, and the tasteful way in which it is put up adds to its desirability.

AUNT SUSAN'S SPONGE CAKE.—One heaping coffee cup flour, one oven cup sugar, six eggs, beat yolks and sugar together and the whites separate, add flour last, flavor to taste, sift sugar over the top before putting in the oven.

Simson's Chemical Food is a combination of iron, lime and phosphorus; and medical science teaches us that the body is composed largely of these three elements, the bones consisting almost altogether of phosphorus and lime, and the blood containing a large quantity of iron, whilst the three are diffused throughout every part of the system, even to the hairs of the head which turns white from a lack of one or more of these three elements. Persons who are nervous and weak from overwork, children who are pale and fretful, who complain of being tired, whose limbs are weak, and who have rickets; women who are run down from nursing or overwork, or are troubled with diseases peculiar to their sex, all need phosphorus, lime and iron.

Simson's Chemical Food is a scientifically compounded preparation containing these three elements and is made in the form of a syrup which is pleasant to take and easily assimilated by the digestive organs, making it the best vitalizing tonic ever offered to the sick. Its merits are recognized by all physicians who are acquainted with its composition and it is largely prescribed by them. Manufactured only by W. H. Simson.

For coughs use Simson's Tolu and Aniseed, it is one of the best of lung healers.

JELLY CAKE.—Five cups flour, one cup milk, two and a half cups sugar, one heaping cup butter, one teaspoon soda, four eggs, small nutmeg. Bake on plates.

If the nerve of the tooth can be got at, nobody need suffer for one minute with the toothache if they will only use Brown's Toothache Drops. They not only stop the pain, but when applied on cotton wool they are almost equal to filling. If the root of the tooth is ulcerated the only remedy is "cold steel" and the sooner it is applied the better. The price of these Drops is 15 cents per bottle.

CREAM CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—Three cups sugar, one cup butter, four cups flour, two cups sour cream, three teaspoons soda dissolved in a little cold water, one half of a grated nutmeg and a teaspoonful essence of lemon.

CALIFORNIA CAKE.—Three cups flour, two cups sugar, one cup each water and butter, two eggs, one teaspoon cream tartar, half teaspoon soda, spice to taste.

Remember the place to get the best

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

Pure Spices, Flavoring Essences,

DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES

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