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# THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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HALIFAX, N. S., JULY 8, 1887.

{ VOL. 4.  
{ No. 27.

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## THE CRITIC,

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

BY

CRITIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Edited by C. F. FRASER.

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

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE.

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

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

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have received the Calendar and Catalogue of Mt. Allison College for 1887. It is very creditably got up, and contains every necessary information.

Fashionable female idiots in London are now said to be adopting a mode of coiffure called the "Indian," which is an imitation of the Squaws of the "Wild West Show," and is said to be "delightfully barbaric!"

Lovers of Shakespeare, and indeed all friends of English philology, will be glad to learn that Mr. John Bartlett, of Boston, is about to bring out a new Shakespeare "Concordance." It will cover about 1600 pages of 8x11 in. Mr. Bartlett has previously done very valuable work in this direction in his Shakespeare "Phrase Book," published four or five years ago.

Says *Texas Siftings*:—"It seems strange that the Irish in America, who enjoy the largest liberty in holding public meetings and making parades, should exhibit such intolerance toward other nationalities attempting the same thing, as was the case in Boston when the English residents were celebrating the Queen's Jubilee at Faneuil Hall. Such exhibitions will not do for the Irish cause in this country."

The collapse of the Chicago wheat-rings must be regarded with satisfaction. All rings and corners are bad, but that which tries, for its own greed, to raise the cost of the staple of life is peculiarly iniquitous. Corners are almost as bad as boycotting and trades-union tyranny; and, as the London *Jobe* puts it, they "are speculations for the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many, which latter have, therefore, every excuse to rejoice when they collapse."

The *Times*, apparently with undue precipitation, has charged Cardinal Manning and Archbishop Walsh with being Separatists. The venerable Cardinal replies with spirit and effect, both for himself and the Archbishop, denying the truth of the accusation in well chosen terms, and concludes as follows:—"If, sir, I have written with unusual warmth, I confess that I hold that resentment is sometimes a duty, and this is such a time, when our words touch our highest responsibility, and inflame more the heated condition between two peoples whom justice and truth would still bind in peace and unity. I ask you, sir, as an act of justice, to give this as prominent a place in the *Times* as you have given to the unhappy imputations."

We observed with pleasure on the 4th the Stars and Stripes floating from the main of the "Bellerophon" and "Pylades," indicating that the display of bunting with which they were adorned was in honor of the American Anniversary. This courtesy, in the presence of the American man-of-war which arrived on that morning, is as it should be.

We are glad to notice in the *Nova Scotia Gazette* the authorization of the Stillman Woollen Company (Lim.) at Eight Mile Brook, in the County of Pictou. The establishment of home manufactories should, we think, conduce to a little of that kind of patriotism which gives a preference to our own manufactures over those of other countries. The resources of Canada for home production are practically almost unlimited. Why should we import, and pay high duties for, articles we can ourselves produce?

Again we notice complaints of the disgusting behaviour of boys, some of them quite young, not ten years old, a contemporary says—smoking, drinking, and using abominable language at the N. W. Arm on Sundays. When will common sense prevail to sanction and enforce the use of the whip to these young scoundrels? For all indecencies, whether of men or boys, flogging will be found the best remedy. The cowardly ruffian who maltreats women, is always the man who shews the white feather and howls under the cat.

Recent visitors to Paris note with regret—at least those who have been familiar of old with the glories, attractions, and refinement of Lutetia—a great decline in style and character. The newspapers have dropped the rapier of the keen-edged and delicate French wit, and have taken to bludgeons. The fair Parisiennes even, it is said, have lost the unerring taste in dress, which almost made every Frenchwoman charming. Literature has deteriorated, and nothing is said to remain the same but the worst features of Parisian conceit and braggadocio.

"Harper's" for July comes to us as attractive as ever. The article on "West Point" is full of interest, we should suppose not only to soldiers, but to ladies, for, apropos of accomplishments in general, we find the following passage:—"For years dancing was an elective accomplishment. Observant officers noted that, as a rule, only those cadets who danced were apt to seek the society of ladies, and everyone knows that, in forming the manners of a gentleman, association with refined and cultured women is indispensable. Hence the now inflexible rule that every cadet must learn to dance, as he does to ride, fence, shoot, spar and swim, and, before he begins his long tussel with mathematics and science, the embryo soldier is turned over to the daily ministrations of a 'Turveydrop.'"

King George of the Tonga Islands, who seems to be somewhat of a reformer, having embraced Christianity, desires to persuade his subjects to the same step. His ideas of persuasion, however, seem to be modelled on those of Charlemagne and St. Olaf of Norway. Wesleyan Methodism having commanded itself to his taste, His Majesty ordered all his subjects to become Wesleyans. They rebelled, and the dusky monarch was only deterred from a war of extermination by the intercession of the Commander of an English gunboat, to which, to his credit, he yielded.

Civilization is turning many things topsy-turvy in the South Sea Islands. The Hawaiian Sovereign also seems to have brought his kingdom to the verge of a revolution. His Majesty's ideas are likewise said to be spiritual, but not quite of the same kind of spiritualism as those of his brother sovereign. Perhaps they might more correctly be termed *spirituous*. The King is allowed to enter liquors without duty, and is thought to be a silent partner in certain Hawaiian grog shops. Here would appear to be a field for the energies of some of our enthusiastic prohibitionists.

We cannot refrain from reproducing the following touching appeal of Sir Arthur Helps, for consideration of our dumb fellow-creatures in their helplessness under the irresistible power, too often harshly wielded, of man:—"I can hardly express to you how much I feel there is to be thought of, arising from the use of the word dumb as applied to animals. 'Dumb Animals.' What an immense exhortation that is to pity. It is remarkable that this word 'dumb' should have been so largely applied to animals, for in reality there are very few dumb animals. But doubtless the word is often used to convey a larger idea than that of dumbness, namely, the want of power in animals to convey by sound to mankind what they feel, or perhaps I should rather say the want of power in men to understand the meaning of the various sounds uttered by animals which are mostly dumb, such as the horse, which, except on rare occasions, or in extreme suffering, makes no sound at all, but only expresses pain by certain movements indicating it. How tender we ought to be of them, and how observant of these movements, considering their dumbness. The human baby guides and governs us by its cries. In fact it will nearly rule a household by these cries, and woe would betide it if it had not this power of making its afflictions known. It is a sad thing to reflect upon, that the animal which has most to endure from man, is the one which has the least power of protesting by noise against any of his evil treatment."

## COMMERCIAL UNION.

The Commercial Unionists are vigorously agitating their side of the question, and it must be admitted that, in theory at least, they present a strong case. To the average citizen who has had to pass the ordeal of the custom houses, both going to, and coming from the States, the proposition that these pests to the traveller should be abolished, has much to commend it. Free and unrestricted intercourse with our Southern neighbors would certainly be beneficial to some portions of the Dominion, the Maritime Provinces in particular, so that without discussing the *modus operandi* by which this result is to be brought about, or the thousand and one difficulties that have to be surmounted before Commercial Union becomes practicable, many impulsive Canadians have taken the theory, and are advocating its adoption on grounds, the soundness of which has yet to be proved. The question is an open one, and still has to be discussed in all its bearings. Admitting, that theoretically, it would be advantageous to the Dominion, let us cursorily examine some of the practical difficulties that will have to be surmounted before it can be put in operation. And first, it would be well to examine the question from the American standpoint. It must be remembered that the American Government has taken the initiative in terminating the different commercial treaties with the Dominion. The Reciprocity Treaty and the Treaty in regard to the fisheries were both terminated by the authorities at Washington, and they have since refused to negotiate a new Reciprocity Treaty, although the Dominion has made every honorable effort to induce them to do so. Their hostile action forced the Dominion to adopt a protective system, and what grounds have its advocates to expect that the States would now consent to enter into Commercial Union with the Dominion? They might be willing to join with Ontario and Manitoba alone, but will New England consent to admit Nova Scotian fish free from duty, and will Pennsylvania agree that Nova Scotian coal and iron shall come in unrestricted competition with her own? We very much doubt it. If the Commercial Unionists place their reliance on the bill introduced into Congress by Mr. Butterworth, we fear that they are doomed to disappointment. The bill is a good one, and its introducer proves that he knows what would benefit both countries; but if it is passed by Congress, it will certainly be defeated by the Republican Senate, if not on principle, to embarrass the President. The only argument, in our opinion, that would induce the United States to favor Commercial Union is, that it would prove the entering wedge for annexation; and this argument, we think we are safe in saying, would kill the movement on this side of the line. From our knowledge of public opinion in the States, we fear that Commercial Union with the Dominion would prove an unpopular measure, and one that could not be carried through Congress and the Senate.

On this side of the line, the obstacles in the way of Commercial Union are numerous, and great skill will be required to surmount them. Without an assimilation of tariffs Commercial Union is almost an impossibility. The United States tariff is very much higher than our own, and it is questionable whether the increase would meet the popular approval. If this increase were made we should be discriminating against English goods; and although the argument against this is called a purely sentimental one, it is possible that even on that account, it would prove unsurmountable. But is it purely sentimental? We think not. The Mother Country has it in her power to aid the Dominion, and she has generally done so. At the present moment Parliament is debating the advisability of granting a large subsidy to the Canada Pacific, for the purpose of establishing a mail route to India and Australia. If this is granted, it cannot but prove of great advantage to us. Shall we then give the Home Government an excuse for refusing the grant, on the ground that nothing can be done for a colony which would find itself bound to discriminate against English goods? These are serious difficulties, and to them must be added the fact that we cannot break faith with our home manufacturers, who have spent millions in establishing factories, on the assurance that they were to be protected from outside competition. They and their employees will oppose Commercial Union with all their strength; and the last election abundantly proved that no party can succeed in the Dominion which they do not trust. These are a few of the difficulties in the way of Commercial Union that occur to us, and at present they seem quite as hard to meet as any that have yet been advanced against the other great question—Federal Union.

## TOMMY ATKINS' RATIONS.

It is generally admitted that a very satisfactory amount of practical improvement in the condition of the soldier has been effected of late years, and when we also take into consideration the diminished exigencies of his career, due to short service, we are apt to be surprised at the continued prevalence of desertion. A recent debate on the army estimates, however, throws some light on this point.

The recruit is given to understand that he will have free rations; but the promise is broken to the sense, and turns out to be practically a somewhat bitter mockery. It is naturally interpreted to mean as much wholesome and nourishing food as young men need; but, in point of fact, the British soldier gets about five or six ounces of meat, after deducting bone and waste in cooking, from a nominal ration of three quarters of a pound. This morsel he has for dinner, and for breakfast and supper the state provides a very limited amount of bread and tea.

If the hungry Atkins is unreasonable enough, like Oliver Twist, to want more, he must satisfy his desires out of his scanty pay. Is it any wonder if he deserts? A daily exasperating grievance of this sort is far more chargeable with desertions than any supposed tyranny of martinet officers, which is far less prevalent than it used to be.

Fancy the Canadian soldier serving under such conditions. English

departmentalism cannot divest itself of red-tape. The minute and vexatious fiddle-faddle of stoppages out of a shilling a day would drive a Canadian officer out of his senses. Free kit and free rations should be terms to be understood in their fullest sense, allowing for reasonable wear and good appetites.

Whether or no general officers in command are alive to the evil, or, if they are, whether they make urgent representations to head-quarters, or, if they do, whether Red-Tape snubs the writers, or merely pigeon-holes the letters, no man may know; but, until it is both understood and remedied, the Imperial Government may continue to lay its account with the waste expenditure of training a soldier to no other end but to make a deserter of him.

## THE WAR OUTLOOK IN EUROPE.

The great manipulator of European politics has probably succeeded in averting any outbreak of hostilities this year, but it has evidently required a good deal of management. It has had to be made apparent to Russia that Germany is not disposed to bar her road to Constantinople, and, somehow or other, the constitution of M. Rouvier's ministry has been accomplished without General Boulanger.

It is quite possible that the retention of the popular general might have meant war, and, if the chances of an outbreak have even been postponed, something is gained. Whether this probable respite has been attained through the representations of Prince Bismarck, or through M. Grévy's own foresight and firmness, is not very material. Perhaps it is due to both. That M. Grévy, however, is not wanting in those essential attributes, we have had a good deal of evidence. Prudence has been shown on both sides, but on all sides it has been compulsory. Germany, powerful as she is, is heavily handicapped by the hollowness of her *entente* with Russia, and the almost certainty of the use Russia would make of an opening. Russia herself is not altogether so internally sound, either as to her army, or as to the people at large, as to have no causes for hesitation, even without taking into consideration the power of Austria, which, though she is almost proverbially unfortunate in the field, is yet a powerful factor. Moreover, the prowess of her arms is so nearly on a par with that of the other great powers, that it might only depend on her developing a capable general to make her at any moment the equal of any of them. It is in this respect that she has been so often unfortunate, but we must remember that *Blau* inflicted crushing defeats on the great Frederic at Hochkirch, and on Fink at Maxen; that Laudohn commanded the hearty admiration of the king, although he consummated the Prussian defeat of Kunersdorf; that the Archduke Charles defeated Napoleon at Aspern; and that it was "touch and go" with the Prussians at Sadowa, despite the self-recognized want of genius of Benedek, who, indeed, perhaps thought too moderately of his own capacity. At all times the Austrian troops and generals have shown superiority to the Italians, yet Italy herself is of some account.

Still no one can feel assured that the spark may not at any moment be struck which shall set alight the explosive materials of European jealousies armed to the teeth, and, under present conditions, it would be marvellous if England should escape being drawn into the struggle.

## TROUBLE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The persistent rumors of a possibility of a recurrence of trouble in the North West, lead us to consider it a duty to pointedly draw attention to some intelligence we have received from those parts. It comes from a person of reliable observation, who has every facility, and a competent knowledge.

It is to the following effect. That the Qu'Appelle murders are said with much probability of truth, "to be designed to draw attention from the Bloods and Blackfeet in the Macleod District, and are probably the forerunners of trouble, only to be averted by prompt action. That the Metis and Indians throughout the territory are very unsettled, refuse to put in crops, and are wandering from one place to another with no apparent motive."

On the other hand, the class of men recruited into the Mounted Police are unsuitable, the training they receive does not fit them for prairie work, and but few of the force can be trusted near the boundary, as they desert at every opportunity.

The sooner precautions are taken, and, as our correspondent says, "the sooner a change is made, the less chance the people of the east will have to pay another \$5,000,000 to send troops up." The number of deserters is said to be 50 per cent. greater than from the Imperial army. The authorities, it is added, "have all been warned, and we wait to see what they will do."

Now it happens that we have exceptional knowledge of the Mounted Police from its beginning, and we are startled to hear complaints of precisely the faults which characterized its earlier days, chief among which is the bad selection of men. We are also quite aware of the influences which frequently control selection, to the detriment of the service.

We further think it is the duty of the government, and of the C.P.R. offices and emigration bureaus in England, to impress upon intending settlers the expediency of providing themselves, whenever they have the means, with efficient arms.

The treatment of consumption by the injection of carbonic acid gas into the stomach is again put forward with circumstantial evidence. We do not know how the doctors are inclined to regard it; but, if there is really anything in it, it is of immense importance.

## CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

"You can't play that on me," said the piano to the amateur, who broke down on a difficult piece of music.

"I hear that old Curmudgeon is sick. Is his illness really serious?"  
"To him, possibly; not to the rest of the family."

There is said to be a tree in New Guinea which, when touched, knocks a man down. It must be a species of boxwood.

A Chinaman wants to be a policeman in New Haven. He doesn't care so much about the salary of the position, but there are about fifty small boys he hungers to club to death in a legal way.

Scene—A Highland stream; Sandy fishing in it under a steady down-pour of rain. Enter Donald.

Donald—"What are ye gettin', Sandy, ma mon?"

Sandy—"Weet!"

A Scotch Presbyterian minister, who married a couple of his rustic parishioners, felt exceedingly concerted on his asking the bridegroom if he were willing to take the woman for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head and saying—"Ay, am wullin', but I'd rather hae her sister."

One of our city contemporaries announced the Dominion Day last Friday in these cheerful terms: "To-day is the funeral first. Halifax will observe as usual by strict attention to business." There is sometimes a shocking amount of jollity about funerals, but the 1st July does not seem to be our contemporary's "funeral" anyway.

PADDY'S AIM AT A SPARROW.—An Irishman tried to shoot a sparrow with an old Queen Anne musket. It fired. The bird, with a chirp or two, flew away unconcerned in the foreground, and Pat was swiftly and noiselessly laid on his spine in the background. Picking himself up, and shaking his fist at the bird, he exclaimed, "Faix, you wouldn't a chirped if you'd been at this end of the gun."

Mr. Minks—"Seems to me that now girl is a very good one, isn't she?"  
Mrs. Minks—"She is a perfect treasure. I can't imagine how I ever existed before she came, and I'll never let her go, never; but the beauty of it is she is just as well satisfied as I am, and I know she'll never think of leaving." "Don't be too sure about that. She may take a notion to get married some fine day." "No danger; she's been married once."

Scene—Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea. Detachment newly arrived. Young subaltern, with an umbrella meets Irish corporal, who duly stands at attention and salutes.

Young Sub.—"Well, Corporal Murphy, what do you think of Aden?"

Corporal M.—"Sure, sir, oi think its moighty hot, an' I don't wonder as Adam and Ave was onaisy in it."

With all his sincere religious conviction, Mr. Justice Lush was not austere, still less fanatic. He did not neglect his wine, and he continued almost to the end of his days the old-fashioned habit of finishing his bottle of port after dinner. Perhaps it was a recollection of this indulgence which, in Westminster Hall, on November 2, 1865, suggested a joke on his name and that of a colleague in the Queen's Bench appointed about the same time, Mr. Justice Shea. As the new judges walked up the hall there were loud cheers, and cries of "Lush and Shea." "Lush and Shea," said a bystander; "that is the old toast of 'Wine and woman.'"

The Chicago Times says: "Sarah Bernhardt and her pet tiger cub Minette had a royal time on Thursday afternoon at the hotel, which was not so pleasant for the other parties concerned. Mme. Bernhardt ordered a special dish cooked for the cub. When it was brought in by the waiter the hungry young tiger made a spring and fastened his teeth in the arm of the terrified attendant, which caused him to utter a howl of agony, and hastily deposited his assailant's dinner on the richly carpeted floor. The waiter retired, and soon after found it necessary to call a physician to dress the wound. His injuries are said to be quite serious, and blood poisoning is feared. The cub also attempted to bite the head waiter, but the latter was too alert. Bernhardt was much amused over the little episode, but the bitten waiter proposes to sue for damages."

HOW SHE GOT HER INSPIRATION.—Howard Paul tells this story of Eliza Nicolle, the famous English costumier, who is to London what Worth is to Paris. She received one day *carte blanche* for a costume from a lady of high distinction and immense wealth. It was for a ball dress, and the only conditions imposed were that it should be suggestive of youth and spring. The fair *modiste* racked her brains, but the longed-for inspiration would not come. Time was short, the fair client much too rich to disappoint, and the idea obstinately refused to present itself. All night long Miss Nicolle wrestled with her wits, but they got the better of her, and at last, weary and irritable, she abandoned the struggle for the time, and threw open the window to watch the coming daybreak. She leaned out, moodily watching the ever-changing greys and greens, and rosy flushes in the east, until by-and-by the sun rose in all its splendor, and with it came the vainly sought idea. The soft greys and faint pink flushes, the delicate primrose and sudden burst of rosy red were an inspiration, and when Eliza Nicolle sent home the dress, christened "Dawn in June," it was declared a veritable *chef d'oeuvre*.

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## 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.

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

For the five months ending May, the C. P. R. cleared \$552,633.

Lieut.-Governor Masson is said to be suffering from softening of the brain.

The army horse buying in Canada is a failure, owing to the limitation of price by the authorities. The amount prescribed is insufficient to procure good cattle.

Sir John was not absent from the house a single day during the whole session, and stood it out during the long all-night sittings in a way that excited the envy of younger men.

Sir Ambrose Shea is seventy-three or four years of age. Having spent his life in temperate climates it is to be hoped that a removal to the tropics at that advanced period of life may not be found too trying.

Charlottetown, Amherst, and other towns celebrated the Queen's Jubilee on the 1st inst. Visitors to those places express themselves as highly pleased with the manner in which the programmes were carried out.

The cricket match at Seabright, N. Y., between the Canadian cricketers and a team selected by the clubs of New York, which took place last week, resulted in a victory for the former by five runs. We trust they will be as successful when they meet the crack cricketers of England.

The citizens of Toronto are to enjoy a free band concert once each week during the summer months, the proprietor of the *Evening Telegram* having generously offered to pay all expenses. Had the Queen City a public garden as handsome as the one in Halifax their concerts would be as delightful as those enjoyed every summer by our people.

The news from Newfoundland is not of a very encouraging character, owing to the shore fishery being very poor, and the injury to crops on account of dry weather. At Harbor Grace one hundred men broke into the Poor Commissioner's store. They demand that the government furnish them with employment in order that they may obtain the necessaries of life.

The second C. P. R. steamer, the *Parthia*, arrived at Vancouver on the 4th with 150 passengers, amongst them the Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly, the senior marquis of the Scotch peerage. Her cargo included 35,472 packages tea, besides 121 packages of sample tea, 21 of silk, and 12 sacks of mail. Merchants in China and Japan are evincing a decided preference for the C. P. R. route, and it is evident that we are only witnessing the beginning of an enormous traffic destined to flow through the Dominion.

We have received the following pamphlets: The "Calendar of St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B.," for 1886-7, containing all information concerning that educational institution. "The Manufacture, Consumption and Production of Iron, Steel and Coal in the Dominion of Canada," by James Herbert Bartlett, (Montreal, Dawson Bros.) Though published in 1885, much of the copious information and elaborate statistics contained in this work of 167 pages are of use for reference to-day. "The Uses and Abuses of the Electoral Franchise," by J. L. McDougall, Mabou, C. B.; a few pages of practical information and advice on matters of assessment and registration addressed "To the people of Inverness."

A great desideratum in Point Pleasant Park, to which we would direct the attention of the Commissioners, is drinking fountains. The park is already a much-sought resort of men, women and children throughout the summer months, and is a beautiful and in many respects a pleasant spot. Still the only place in its precincts where drinking water is obtainable is from an old pump on the Tower Road, and that has not even a cup attached, and any thirsty person on a hot day after going there has to pump with one hand while catching the water as best he can in the other and then conveying it to his mouth. A dozen or more little shady grottoes, judiciously located where water could be obtained, each furnished with one or more drinking cups, would be a decided boon to thousands, and greatly increase the attractiveness of the park. It would cost money, of course, but how better could part of the bequest of the late Sir William Young be utilized? The money was left for improving the park, without restriction as to how it should be employed.

On the 30th June a New York lady, Sadie Walford, wife of Robert Walford, of the well-known shipping firm of H. B. Bailey & Co., of that city, committed suicide in an apartment of the Queen Hotel. A report of a firearm discharged in the room occupied by Mrs. Walford was heard, and on the proprietor and others entering the apartment she was found sitting in an easy chair with a revolver in her hand. She gasped heavily and rapidly, but uttered no word, and within half a minute after the report was heard expired in the arms of those supporting her. Upon investigation it was found that the bullet had entered the breast just above the region of the heart, and had entered that organ. The body was removed to the morgue, and next day an inquest was held, which resulted in the coroner's jury returning a verdict to the effect that the deceased came to her death by a shot fired by her own hand. Her remains were interred on Saturday. She was about 32 years of age, of a prepossessing appearance, and, during her stay in Halifax, had made many friends. There can be no doubt that the act was a deliberate and premeditated one, brought on, it is believed, by domestic troubles.

McAlpine's Halifax Directory for 1887 has been issued, and will be valuable to all professional and business offices.

A branch of the British Medical Association has been formed in the city, with Deputy Surgeon-General McDonnell, C. B., as president.

Mackerel are reported plentiful, and schooling in Antigonish Bay and around Cape George. Several schools were seen in Port Hawkesbury harbor on Tuesday.

The *Bellorophon* and *Pylades* sailed yesterday for St. John. The ship will be away about twelve days. *H. M. S. Canada* left Charlottetown on Tuesday, for Pictou, Georgetown, and Souris.

The intense heat during the latter part of last and the first of the week was far from pleasant. On Monday the thermometer registered 92, the highest in Halifax, it is said, for a great number of years.

The election of the Episcopal Synod on Wednesday fell upon Dr. Edgell, Chaplain-General of the Forces. The result seems to have been received with mixed feelings of surprise, gratification, and disappointment. The Bishop-elect probably owes his elevation, if it may be so called, to the local knowledge of him arising from his having been Garrison Chaplain in Halifax eleven years ago.

The ball given by the York and Lancaster Regiment on Thursday night was one of the pleasantest entertainments that Halifax has had for some time. All the arrangements were excellent. The tent accommodation was distinguished by the taste with which the marquee, etc., were adorned, and the subdued light of colored lamps shining softly on ferns and flowers was charming. The supper-room was particularly well-arranged with small tables for four, and two bottles of champagne, well cooled, kept going on each, and, there being no crowding, tho' the rooms were full, there was perfect comfort.

The Keene Dramatic Company are giving a series of most excellent performances to an array of almost empty seats. Halifaxians have long been complaining that the attractions offered at the Academy were not sufficiently elevated in their tone to warrant their patronage; and now that Manager Clarke has, at great expense, brought on one of the best companies that has ever appeared here, our citizens neglect to avail themselves of the great treat offered. It is not at all creditable to the good taste of the public, and the want of appreciation displayed will almost certainly deter really good troupes coming this way.

A most horrible murder has been discovered in P. E. Island. A girl named Mary Tuplin, of Margaree, having disappeared suddenly, a search party was organized, and on Monday last her body was found at the bottom of the south-west river, with a large stone attached to her waist, and on further examination it was ascertained that two bullets had been fired into her head. According to the story of the mother of the victim it appears that her daughter had been seduced by a young man named William Millman, and on the Sunday night previous to her disappearance had a conversation with him outside of her house. On her return the girl informed a married sister that Millman intended making arrangements for their marriage on Tuesday, and on that evening left the house to meet her betrayer. That was the last seen of her alive. Millman and two other men, Nelson Evans and Thomas Bryenton, have been arrested on suspicion.

The *Eucenia* at King's College was celebrated on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, and the various ceremonies and festivities were enjoyed by a large number of visitors, in addition to the townspeople, college officials and the students. The weather was perfect, and the extensive college grounds, which are so beautifully situated, were seen at their best, the well-kept lawns and the grand old trees of the park vying with each other in the "wearing of the green." On Wednesday morning the old graduates defeated the undergraduates at a game of cricket, which was mainly remarkable for the poor playing on both sides. The *Conversazione* in Convocation Hall in the evening was attended by the *elite* and beauty, and a more brilliant or more delighted audience has never before been gathered within its walls. The Hayden Quintette Club played a choice selection of music, and the only regret expressed was that the programme was too short. Formerly the galleries, with their snug alcoves well lined with books, were thrown open to the public, but this year the students had evidently determined to kill off flirtations, and so admittance to the galleries was denied. The following morning the president, professors, governors, students, and the boys of the Collegiate School formed in grand procession and marched to the parish church. It was a pretty sight, the bright red gowns of the D.'s C.L. being in vivid contrast to the sombre dress of the undergraduates. Divine service was impressively celebrated, and at 2 p. m. the Convocation assembled, when the usual formal exercises in connection with the presentation of degrees were gone through with. We need not enter into details, as they have already appeared in the daily papers, but we might hint that the exercises were rather marred by some of the audience going out before the conclusion "to see Blomidon." Visitors should remember that this is hardly good form, and not offend in the future. The festivities were wound up by a grand subscription ball at the Clifton Hotel. The students, out of respect for the late Bishop, did not give their usual ball, and so the townspeople and the visitors, who were aching for a dance, got up an entertainment of their own. The Windsor Brass Band furnished the music, and played most acceptably. Even here the rule against flirtations was rigidly enforced, all loving couples that attempted to stroll away being pounced upon by active chaperones and quickly coralled. Dancing was vigorously kept up for some hours, and the guests finally dispersed to their homes, declaring the ball a great success. King's College has now quite recovered from the unfortunate disputes of a few years ago, and its *Eucenia* was most heartily celebrated.

The Union Engine Company has passed resolutions repudiating any imputations of disloyalty in connection with the absence of a flag on the central engine-house on the 21st June, as well as responsibility in the matter, the company considering that it is in the hands of paid civic officials.

The festivities at Kentville were wound up on Saturday last by a Jubilee picnic to Baxter's Harbor. Some twenty couples in covered buggies participated, and found the romantic scenery and cool breezes of the Harbor a pleasant escape from the heat of Kentville, where the thermometer registered 80 in the shade. All was fun and frolic, heightened by the usual over-ights inseparable from picnics. Spoons were conspicuous by their absence, we refer of course to the manufactured article, as the more delightful product of spontaneous combustion was in unlimited supply.) On returning a tour was made to the "Look Off," from which point five counties may be seen. The view from here is certainly superb, and visitors to the Province would not miss it if they wish to see the finest agricultural portion of Nova Scotia, if not of America. The twenty couples, of course, went into ecstasies over the view, but could not "look off" very contentedly with more brilliant attractions nearer by. From the "Look Off" there was such a diversity of routes that the party became rather "broken up," but in due time all reached Kentville in safety, delighted with the rich farming country they had passed through. The comfortably shaded and neatly painted barnhouses, with hammocks invitingly slung between the trees, the trim lawns and flourishing gardens, the well-tilled fields and large orchards, the thoroughly prosperous, comfortable look of the country were eagerly descanted upon by couples who during the whole trip had occupied themselves solely in studying the color of each other's eyes. But cool sea breezes, exhilarating drives, and pleasant company will expand the imagination, and why should it not be given wing?

Sixty skeletons of murdered men have been found at the bottom of a deep cave in Tennessee.

It is reported that orders have been sent to the Cardinal Archbishop of New York to excommunicate the Rev. Dr. McGlynn.

The heat in the Eastern States has been intense, and many fatalities are reported. The mercury has ranged from 90 to 100.

For the eleven months ending May 31 the number of immigrants which arrived in the United States was 417,860, as against 284,252 for the corresponding period last year.

The new American yacht *Volunteer*, the proposed defender of the America's cup, was launched at Wilmington on the 30th June. She is about the same size as the *Mayflower*, and, from her description, will be quite as formidable an antagonist to the *Thistle*.

The investigation into the condition and treatment of the patients in the New York state asylum for the insane on Ward's Island, reveals "a frightful condition of affairs." Mostly such investigations seem to have that kind of result. It is a terrible reflection on human nature that so often where men are endowed with power over helpless and irresponsible fellow-beings, they abuse that power.

"Bijou," a famous elephant, said to have been on exhibition in the States for sixty years, has been obliged to be killed. He was probably nearly a hundred years old, and had become so weak and ill that it became necessary to put an end to his misery. He was not only remarkably clever but also very affectionate. A sufficient dose of poison was administered in a box of chocolate bonbons, and the poor beast is said to have twined his trunk caressingly round his keeper as he expired.

The "Thistle" still carries all before her in British waters, having defeated the "Irex" on Wednesday in a regatta at Lays, Scotland.

An interesting sight at the supper at Buckingham Palace recently was Queen Kapiolani in her jubilee robe, cared for by the Duke of Edinburgh in Scotch kilt.

The trial in London of the captain and three seamen of the British barque *Lady Douglass*, charged with the murder of a Malay sailor, has resulted in a verdict of guilty.

Forty houses, including a crowded hotel, fell into the lake, at Lug, Switzerland, on Tuesday night, owing to the giving way of the quays. A hundred persons are said to have perished.

The forthcoming marriage of the Emperor of China is officially announced. His wife has been selected. The festivities will cost £1,000,000. Numerous changes are expected in the imperial government.

American enterprise was not absent at the Queen's Jubilee. A Yankee hired a block on a slightly London corner two months ago for \$2,500 and put up stagings costing \$500 more. The rentals for seats on the 21st brought him in \$6,000.

Apropos of bicycles, on which one of our contemporaries has an article, these machines were successfully used at the Easter Volunteer manoeuvres in England, and a further adaptation for purposes of Military Transports, a machine seating twelve soldiers, has been adopted.

Mr. Bright has again delivered himself on Irish affairs in a letter in which he says that Ireland is not neglected, but that good measures in relation to that country passed since 1880 have been obstructed by conspiracy deriving its funds and inspirations from American enemies.

At the earnest request of Turkey the British government agreed to the postponement of the ratification of the convention regarding Egypt until the 4th instant. On that date, Turkey not having ratified the agreement, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, special British commissioner, was instructed to leave Constantinople.

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## RELIGIOUS.

## METHODIST.

Rev. L. Daniel has severed his connection with Beech St. Church. Last Sunday he was presented with a very handsome writing desk by those amongst whom he has labored during the past three years.

Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, occupied the pulpits of Brunswick St. and Grafton St. churches last Sunday. His thoughtful and eloquent addresses deeply impressed the large audiences.

The salaries of many of the Methodist ministers in this province have been entirely inadequate. We are glad to know that at the last Nova Scotia Conference a scheme was devised which will increase the amount now received by them. Probationers are to receive a salary of \$350; ministers in full standing, \$500 for the first year after reception, which sum will be increased yearly by \$25 until the salary reaches \$750.

Rev. Ralph Brecken preached his farewell sermon at Grafton St. Church last Sunday evening, and will immediately enter upon his duties as pastor of the Methodist Church at Sackville, N. B. During his residence in this city he has made many friends, and his departure will be a severe loss to the church in Nova Scotia.

## CATHOLIC.

The Monks of St. Bernard have had their famous monastery, on top of the Alps, connected by telephones with several of the neighboring villages, in order to more successfully carry on their great work of rescuing travelers from the horrors of the mountain avalanches, or from the dangers of the terrible snow storms which often prevail there.

On Good Friday at Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, Pero Monsabro, one of the most eloquent preachers in Paris, preached a sermon that created a veritable sensation among the bosoms of fashionable ladies who had gathered around his pulpit. He began by severely reprimanding his fair listeners for ruining their health by frivolity, luxury, flirtation and excess of gayety. He then criticised their dresses, beginning with an attack upon their hats and ending by an onslaught against high-heeled shoes and pointed toes. He declared *poudre de riz* to be an abomination of the devil, and said that tight lacing was not only hideous but wicked.

The bazaar in aid of the new church of St. Agnes, opened at the Drill Shed on Monday and continues during this week.

## BAPTIST.

Rev. J. F. Avery, pastor of the Tabernacle of this city, severed his connection with the church. Last Sunday evening there was a large attendance, on which occasion the reverend gentleman delivered a far well sermon. He is about to leave for England to pay a visit to his old home, and on his return will go to New York, where he will engage in evangelistic work. Not only the church with which he was connected, but the country generally, will regret the departure of one who has been a painstaking pastor, and an indefatigable worker in everything pertaining to charity and benevolence.

During 1886 nineteen new missionaries were accepted for service by the English Baptist Missionary Society.

It is stated that the Rev. Mr. Caldwell has severed his connection as pastor of the Baptist Church at Sydney.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The *Encomia* of King's College last week was well attended, and a good deal of business was transacted both by Alumni and Board of Governors. The new governors are—W. C. Silver, N. W. White and D. P. Allison. The Halifax representation on the board is growing less, and the country representation larger, which is a good thing. King's College must be thrown on the affections of the church at large before it can be a great success.

Rev. W. C. Winslow, who received the honorary degree of D. C. L., with Dr. Barnard of Columbia College, is an enthusiastic Archaeologist, and has given special attention to the Egyptian exploration fund's operations. He spent two days in Halifax, and preached a most interesting and instructive sermon in St. George's Church on Sunday evening.

Rev. J. W. Sparks, of Brooklyn, preached in St. Mark's Church on Sunday morning. He is a candidate for the rectorship.

## PRESBYTERIAN.

On a recent Sunday one hundred and sixty were added to the communion roll of the Presbyterian Church at Wood Islands, P. E. Island.

Rev. Mr. Laing is about to visit Cape Breton on behalf of the Presbyterian Ladies' College.

Last year the Presbyterian Church in Canada raised \$50,000 on behalf of foreign missions, an increase of \$10,000 over the previous year, and for all purposes \$1,580,000. The number of communicants now connected with the church is reported at 136,000.

The Presbytery of Halifax will meet in St. Matthew's Church next Tuesday for the transaction of ordinary business.

Every member of the Southern Presbyterian Church who served in the war was strongly in favor of union with the Northern Presbyterian Church.

Rev. L. H. Jordan, of Erskine Church, Montreal, and former pastor of St. Andrew's Church, of this city, is spending his vacation in Halifax.

The Presbyterian Church (North) is to raise this year \$800,000 for foreign missions, a similar amount for home missions, and a relief fund of \$1,000,000 for disabled ministers.

## A REMINISCENCE OF "H. M. S. PINAFORE."

(As Performed by the "Bellerophon" Operatic Company.)

The curtain rose and the light shone down on many a jolly tar,  
And a telescope carried a midshipmite thro' many a stirring bar;  
The captain walked the quarter-deck with a regular Naval strike,  
And a fearful frown which didn't deceive, and the cheers of the crew belie.

His daughter, the pretty Josephine, her tale of grief confided,  
And Relfo told his, and strange enough the two tales coincided.  
Then a gallant lurch alongside dashed upstepped the occupants—  
And tripped on deck—a fine striped corps of sisters, cousins and aunts.

The Lord High Admiral mild salutes and a flourish of trumpets came,  
And with courtly grace set all at ease  
With a fatherly word about "if you please,"  
Oh, Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., and honor to that great name.

The fair-haired Hebe, of graceful mien, attended her great relation,  
And carolled forth in dulcet tones her modest admiration  
While tars and sisters, marines and boys, and the mid and the cousins and aunts,  
Swayed back and forth with instep arched in a most alluring dance.

The captain sang to the quivering moon in a charming attitude,  
While "dear little Buttercup," under the rose, sat munching some hard tack  
To keep her fragile form buoyed up beneath this trying mood.

And Dick, for his manly sentiments and handsome tout-ensemble,  
Received a vegetable tribute, as sipping a taste so humble,  
And Buttercup, in a few terse words, unmixed papa and lover,  
While Josephine, gently fans herself and the man now high above her.

And the Admiral turns in eager haste to the lovely trusting Hebe,  
And the captain changed to a seaman plain, says—"Buttercup do not leave me."  
"I'll never again use a 'big, big D.' and I'll never be untrue to thee."

And the telescope with the midshipmite, and the sisters and cousins and aunts and  
With the jolly tars, and ask outright,  
"Will you be true forever?"

And the one time captain sweetly sings outright the old refrain, "No, Never!"  
PIERRE DUN.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

My thoughts have flown this summer eve,  
Back to my childhood's home;  
Across a vista of many years,  
The crowding memories come.

The dear old house I seem to see,  
With vines all covered o'er;  
The Virginia creeper's glossy leaves,  
Wave o'er the open door.

I see the elm trees grand and tall,  
The plums with tufted plumes;  
And the mossy bank beneath their shade,  
Where the sweet wood-violet blooms.

In fancy I cross the velvety lawn,  
(Where the trees' soft shadows lie,  
Netted in delicate tracery);  
To where the stream flows by.

I seem to hear the children's voices,  
Heard in a by-gone day;  
As they sat by the quiet streamlet,  
Resting from their play.

Never more their laughing voices,  
Echo round the place;  
Flown away each little birdie,  
Gone each merry face.

Now the nest is bare and empty,  
Father, mother, gone;  
All is desolate and dreary,  
Cheerless and forlorn.

Alas! Alas! how swift time flies,  
The years roll on apace,  
Still thro' the mists of memory,  
I see the dear old place.

COLLEEN BARR.

## TO THE FAR NORTH.

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

Our steam yacht as they call her, though she is a 2,200-tonner, started from Gravesend on Thursday, July 8th, 1886, leaving England in the midst of its election fever. There was a great crowd at luncheon on board, as several people's friends came down to see them off. There were quite 70 passengers, every cabin was full. It was the usual kind of menagerie one meets, go where one may by sea or land; for a passenger ship is only a floating hotel, Dr. Johnson would have added "with a chance of being drowned." As in an ordinary menagerie one sees specimens of more or less curious creatures, so in a human one one sees specimens of different varieties of our own race, which to a student of his kind are very interesting, and one gets a little peep behind the scenes often when people are travelling that one does not at other times. I feel more and more how well Thackeray knew human nature. In most voyages I have met a Becky Sharp, and though she may be innocent as a lamb outwardly and playful as a kitten, one feels that there are claws beneath the velvet paws, if one is endowed with instinct, which all people are not. Well, at all events, the Becky Sharps are amusing, which the Amelias one meets are not. Ah! when shall we learn to dress ourselves? There was one particular arrangement, however, which made one forget all else, and shudder and shut one's eyes, "swore" so fearfully, as the French say. The day after we left England was lovely and bright, the ship bounded along over the blue white-crested waves, and I began to think that "life on the ocean wave" wasn't such a bad thing after all, especially as there were no cockroaches—a cockroach is indeed my *bete noire*. I never saw any insect while on board the *Ceylon*.

The second day, however, I awoke with a headache, brought on no doubt by sleeping in a close atmosphere, as the wind had freshened so much that all the ports were shut, and as mine leaked and was not tightly enough screwed I had cold water douches all night at uncertain intervals. I covered myself in waterproofs and shawls, but all was useless. For the next two days I felt rather wretched, it got quite cold, and I began to think I would be happier at home; but I very soon changed my mind after even my first day in Norway. We reached Trondhem on Monday, July 12th, just after breakfast. It is the largest town so far north in Europe—it was the old capital. I landed with some friends who were on board with their son, I had known them in India. They ordered a carriage and a pair of ponies to take us to the Lofos Falls, about an hour's drive. To me the drive through quite a new country was charming, especially as the weather was all that could be wished—the first fine day—for we heard it had rained for a month before. The roads, as might be expected were very heavy and full of ruts, the sun shone in rather a subdued way, and only came out altogether every now and then. The children we saw were often quite pretty, very fair with blue eyes. They seemed very much at their ease, and came flying after us with plates of wild strawberries, and very dirty hands that "offered early flowers," just as they do in the Riviera and Italy. We passed fields full of every kind of wild flower; I never saw them so lovely and luxuriant as in Norway. We were very much interested in the way that they dry their hay by hanging it on hurdles, a very good way for a wet country. It seems to be the universal custom, at least we saw it at every place we stopped at. We spent more than an hour at the waterfall, which is very fine; one gets a good view by looking through the window of a mill just above. I was much struck by the ponies, they look so well cared for and happy, it was quite a pleasure to see them. The houses here are chiefly of wood, many of them with beautiful flowers in the windows inside the glass, which seems to be the usual place for them in Norway, and they seem to grow and thrive much better than ours in England. I saw lovely ones everywhere we went. They say their climate here is not more severe in winter than ours in England. I saw in one of the streets a most formidable black bull blindfolded, with a man holding on to each horn, and another to a rope fastened to a ring in his nose, and yet they seemed afraid he might get away, which he was trying to do. In the country we passed a white one, led in the same way, only not blindfolded. We had luncheon on our return at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and were kept waiting very long for it, though we had ordered it in the morning. We went afterwards to see the beautiful old Cathedral which they are restoring, but found it shut until 6 p.m., so we waited in the churchyard. Nearly every grave was decked with flowers, which they renew every Sunday. Many of them were in large chalice-shaped cups, made of painted tin. It seemed a favorite rendezvous of the people. There were many sitting or walking about. Punctually at 6 o'clock we were admitted, and shown round the Cathedral and the octagon chapel. The High Altar in grey and white stone is the most exquisite I have ever seen. They sell photographs and curiosities to help the restoration fund. It was now time to think of going on board for dinner. I saw nothing I cared to buy except fur and feather rugs. They make pretty soap-stone things, and curious quaint glass monsters. When we left the ship in the morning the sea was perfectly calm, but on our return a sudden squall came on, and the sea dashed into the little steam launch, which took us to the ship, in a most alarming way, drenching many of us, and we were glad indeed to find ourselves safely on board.

From this on until our return from the North Cape it was really never dark, and the cocks would crow at the most unseasonable hours. As it was always daylight they did not know when to stop, until at last one wished that they would follow the example of Lord Dufferin's cock, of which he tells us in his charming "Letters from High Latitudes," and jump overboard.

After leaving Trondhem we had delightful weather as far as Tromsø, and very warm, in fact the farther north we went the warmer we found it, though I believe this is exceptional. It was indeed "Sailing on a Summer Sea." We passed several small ships, built very much after the model of those of the Vikings, coming from the north, laden with wood and dried fish, going to Bergen, from whence they bring coffins filled with bread.

On the 14th, Wednesday, about 4 a.m., we stopped at Torghatten, a lonely island, where the mountain has a wonderful natural arch through it, something like the grotto at Posillipo, near Naples—only that the latter is artificial. I was fast asleep, but the shrill steam whistle awoke me, and soon one heard the usual cry, "Any ladies or gentlemen for the shore?" Though I had only been four hours in bed I jumped up, and very soon after appeared on deck, just in time to get into the first boat, and very glad I was that I did get up, as I was amply repaid, though I had to walk through a marshy bit of ground and to climb for more than half an hour, by the lovely views on the way and the delight of getting to the top and looking through that wonderful hole. On the way down we got some beautiful moss and flowers. We were glad to have our baths and breakfast, as we had started without any. The whole of that day we passed charming scenery. The Seven Sisters Mountain and the Horseman's Island were very striking. The latter is so called from being so like a man on horseback covered with a cloak, about which there is a curious old saga. In the evening we reached the Svartisen glacier and anchored. We had hardly done dinner, but everyone rushed on deck, and certainly it was one of the loveliest sights I ever saw. The glacier comes down to the sea, divided by a mountain into two arms, the crevasses are deep blue, and altogether the scene was perfect—that lovely little fjord, some of the mountains quite bare, rugged and wild, others covered with trees and vegetation, such waves of color and that mass of ice like a waterfall on a level with the sea—whereas the glaciers in Switzerland are thousands of feet above it. We went on shore at once, and as the boat was not brought quite near enough to the shore for us to land without getting ourselves wet, one of the party, a

stalwart young Scotchman, jumped into the water and, with the help of a sailor, made a sodan chair and so carried us on shore. We set off over a very rough road to the glacier, but it was so slippery that we only ventured on a little way. Soon the steam whistle sounded, and slowly and sadly we left a scene of such marvellous beauty, I shall never forget it. I could not think of going to bed as we steamed past this enchanted land, though I had got up so early that morning. Soon after 11 the moon rose from behind a solemn dark peak, in shape like the Matterhorn, looking unnaturally large, and mingled her light with the sun's. It was past 1 a. m. before I could decide myself to go to sleep and shut my eyes for a time on such beauty, and even then the people were rowing about in little boats as if it was the middle of the day.

Thursday, 15th. Just a week to-day since we started. All day we sailed among the Lofoden Islands, and passed exquisite scenery. We anchored at Tromsø about 9 p. m., and at once boats were got ready to take us on shore. The party divided, some going up a steep hill opposite to the town on the other side of the harbor. I stayed with those who preferred the town. Here we saw the first Lapps, and very ugly they were, both men and women. One man in particular had a most repulsive face, a type of low cunning and looked as if he was very fond of drink, which no doubt he was. They are indescribably dirty, and, they say, never wash themselves, but they look quaint and picturesque in their short dresses of skins, leather leggings, pointed shoes and knives—all made of some part of the reindeer—except the blades of their knives. The women wear gay colored cloth caps, sitting tightly round their matted hair. They must feel it very hot, as it was quite 80 degrees in the shade. They are very small, and their numbers are gradually decreasing. The shops amused us very much. I bought some gulls' eggs and pretty baskets. There are good furs, much cheaper than at home. When we had bought what we wanted, we hurried up the hill behind the town to see the midnight sun. It does not set at all at this time of the year, but sinks gradually near the horizon, and as gradually rises again. At 12 o'clock it was still in sight, and quite dazzled me. Soon after, it slowly got higher and brighter. The moon was quite overpowered though she was full. It reminded me of the scene in "Alice in Wonderland," where it says:

The sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might,  
And this was rather odd,  
As 'twas the middle of the night

The moon was shining sulkily,  
She thought he had no business to be there,  
After the day was done,  
'Tis very rude of him, she said, to come and spoil the fun.

It was indeed Wonderland as we wandered through the wood, carpeted with moss and ferns, and bright with starry flowers. We seemed to have come to the very land of the "lotos-eaters" with its "charmed sunset," where it was "always afternoon," and where "all round the coast the languid air did swoon." I was sorry when one had to think of coming back to ordinary life again, and wondered my way reluctantly towards the harbor. The streets were full of people and children playing, and when I asked if they ever went to bed, they said 2 a. m. was the usual time. I thought the people both here and everywhere we went had charming manners, the men usually raising their hats to me, and children dropping the most fascinating little curtsies. We noticed as we rowed to the ship a most delightful breeze and that indescribable feeling of freshness which only comes at dawn, and this in spite of the sun never having ceased shining. A lady told me that she and her husband lost their way and got into the grounds of a pretty villa near the town, and the lady of the house invited them to go in. Her drawing-room was so pretty with a great deal of her own work, which she had done in the long winter evenings. She had several visitors, as midnight is the fashionable hour for visiting in the summer at Tromsø. It was nearly 2 a. m. before we were on board, and very kindly a supper was ready for us. I really hardly felt as if I wanted any sleep, and indeed I did not have much, as at 5.30 I was called to have my bath, as the one thing indispensable to me is plenty of water and time, first for my salt water bath and after it fresh water and soap.

ALBINA MURRAY ROLLAND.

(To be continued.)

#### MUSICAL ECHOES.

Herr Klingentield's numerous friends in Halifax are much pleased to welcome him back from the U. S., and only wish he could be induced to remain here permanently.

Though our musical taste has greatly developed in the last few years, an artist like Herr Klingentield needs a wider field for the exercise of his talents than Halifax can yet offer.

Polonaise, piano; Mazurka, piano, C. H. Porter. Mr. C. H. Porter's name on the title page is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the pieces recently published. They will amply repay the careful study requisite to render them effectively and prove most attractive, his work being always fresh, vigorous, and out of the beaten track.

Josef Hofmann, the young pianist, who is now astonishing the European world, will be ten years of age on the 20th June. This promising youthful genius was born at Kraku, in Poland, and studied under his own father, when the family moved to Warsaw, in Poland.—*Musical Courier*.



An organ is on exhibition in Milan that is built entirely of paper. The maker is a priest and a Lyceum professor, Don Giovanni Crespi-Righizzo. He was assisted by a workman, Luigi Colombo. They have already received a patent for the invention, for which a German house has offered them 50,000 lire.—*American Musician.*

"A Transcription of Bonnie Doon," said Mary, reading from the title of her latest piece of music. "What is a transcription, papa?" "A transcription, my dear," replied papa, "is a composition in which the tune is lost in the process of spoiling the music."—*Boston Transcript.*

#### A UNIQUE WORK ON CANADIAN TOPICS

Mr. Erasmus Wiman, President of the Canadian Club, writes us as follows:

"It is the intention of certain members of the Canadian Club, in New York, to issue, in the form of a beautiful book, the papers which have been delivered before the Club during the past winter by prominent parties, together with those which are to be delivered during the remainder of the season.

"These papers will include a speech on 'Commercial Union,' by the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, member of Congress, who is said to be one of the most eloquent men of that body; a remarkable production by Prof. Goldwin Smith, on 'The Schism in the Anglo-Saxon Race.' A paper by Dr. Grant of the Queen's University on 'Canada First.' One by J. W. Bengough, Editor of the Toronto *Grip*. By Mr. Le Moine, of Quebec, on 'The Heroines of New France.' By J. A. Fraser, 'An Artist's Experience in the Canadian Rockies.' By Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of King's College. By George Stewart, jr., of Quebec. By the Rev. Dr. Eccleston, on 'The Canadian North-West.' By John McDougall, on 'The Minerals of Canada.' And by the Editor, G. M. Fairchild, jr., on 'The History of the Canadian Club.' The work will also include extracts from the speeches and letters of the President."

We have no doubt this volume will be well worth its price. The book is to be issued in beautiful style, at \$1 per copy.

Parties desirous of obtaining copies can do so by enclosing the price of the book to JAMES ROSS, Canadian Club, 12 East 29th Street, New York.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

#### A MONCTON HOLIDAY.

A day in the country is always a refreshing experience for city people, and a holiday in a country town gives one a sort of kaleidoscopic view of ruraldom. Last Friday being Dominion Day, I decided to remain in Moncton and witness the celebration. Well, Dominion Day began at the usual hour in the morning; but the beginning of the celebration was not quite according to time-table. From an early hour the country people kept pouring into Moncton, taxing to the utmost, and beyond the utmost, the stabling capacity of the town. The principal streets were perfectly gaudy with bunting and evergreens. A New Brunswick sun beamed rather warmly upon the scene; for, before the end of the day, the mercury had soared up to 93 in the shade. Up and down the burning sidewalks wandered troupes of the rural population, waiting for the arrival of an excursion train from St. John. An empty box in a shady lane a few feet from the sidewalk, where the varied crowd passed and re-passed, afforded me at the same time a welcome seat and a rare chance of enjoying the attractions, the appearance and the remarks of the passers-by. A trio of well-dressed young ladies are detailing in no very confidential tones the extent of their preparations for a hot day. "I left off my—, and my—, and my—," says one. (Being a bachelor myself, the names were unfamiliar, and have escaped my memory; but, if there is a married man in your office, he may be able to fill these three blanks.) In another place a crowd has gathered round a small boy, who is distributing something which seems to be in great demand. What can it be that is thus given away gratis? Small handbills, describing the wonders of Frank Robbins' circus. The country-people actually ask for, read, fold, and pocket these specimens of imaginative literature. How different is the experience of the bill-scatterer who offers his bills to the cold, cautious, pre-occupied inhabitants of a city! A newsboy passes, calling out, "St. John Sun, St. John Sun." "Is it anything like as hot as Moncton sun?" asks a facetious countryman. "No, my son," is the ready and effective reply. Steadily and silently through the babbling crowd a figure moves, holding aloft a monstrous cluster of red and blue toy balloons. I recognize the philosophical countenance of a Greek who, two years ago, was a fellow-passenger with me from Boston to Halifax. On that occasion he was bent on smuggling a gun, which he expected to sell at a good profit. True to the commercial instincts of his people, this man, whose ancestors may have fought at Marathon or moved the refined Athenians with their elegance, is now selling children's toys in a distant New Brunswick town! A large proportion of the crowd are French people, chattering in little groups, exchanging words of welcome, and giving their mincing little hand-shakes. For the rest of the people, they are evidently out-and-out New Brunswickers, no English, no Irish or Scotch characteristics being noticeable in their dress, appearance, or speech. Each little group has its leading spirit—one who, whether from strength or vivacity, is listened to by the rest, and whose jests are sure of applause. He walks half-a-step ahead of his companions, looking to the right and left to discover a person or thing about which he can raise a laugh. When all is done he will be voted either a jolly good fellow or a jolly big fool, and he doesn't care which.

But meanwhile the laggard excursion train has arrived, the procession

has been formed, and is now approaching. From my box I can see and hear all. Brass bands, fife-and-drum bands, engine companies and polymorphians, make up the first part of the procession. One troupe consists of Chinese with the Eastern dress and parasols. Another is made up of Zulu warriors, blackened to the proper shade and carrying Zulu weapons. The New Brunswicker makes a very imposing Oriental or Zulu, except when he has occasion to exchange English with a friend in the crowd: then he comes to impose. Several figurative chariots are scattered along the line of the procession. One has a figure of Britannia sitting on the front, a well-polished cannon on either side, and a Union Jack waving over her head; while behind sits a ludicrous figure of Uncle Sam, stealing fish out of a pool in the centre. Another chariot represents fairyland, the fairies being eleven little girls attired according to the latest fairy fashion-plate. The effect of the added figures, artificial beetles, butterflies, &c., made on a gigantic scale, was really good. Another waggon held an enormous shoe, from the top of which and from numerous holes in its sides, the heads of children were thrust. The latter part of the procession was illustrative of the various trades which flourish in Moncton. Many of them had miniature establishments on the waggons, where the employees were at work. Moncton is a thriving town, if we may judge from the trades' procession, the bustle in her streets, or the customs returns, which have doubled during the past year.

The afternoon was occupied with sports in the Park, and the event of the evening was a torchlight procession. These occurrences are of so common a character that I have not space for them. All the proceedings were highly creditable to the management; and the vast crowds which thronged the streets seem to prove that Dominion Day is looked upon as a red-letter day in this part of New Brunswick. SILENT OBSERVER.

#### COMMERCIAL.

The trade movement has been fairly active, but there has not been any new development tending to affect the current of affairs. The markets have, however, been more or less affected by the lassitude incident to the season; still the distributive volume of business has continued to be satisfactory, with every indication of a healthy fall movement. The prospects of a good harvest are excellent, and with the splendid agricultural condition of the country have begotten a feeling of confidence which promises to take tangible form in a good autumn business.

Quite a flurry was caused in liquor circles by the discovery in the last days of June that, by the terms of an act passed at the recent session of the Dominion Parliament, all liquors, whether of home distillation or imported, must after the first of the current month be warehoused in bond for one year before they can be entered for consumption. Dealers were thereby obliged to clear and to pay the duty on all the liquors that they expected to sell between that date and the 1st of July, 1888. The result was that our wholesale liquor merchants were necessitated to pay all the money that they had in hand or could borrow to pay these duties, and the receipts in the Inland Revenue and Customs departments were enormously large for a few days. The wisdom of this policy of forcibly withdrawing from circulation in business so large an amount of capital is questionable, and it is but little consolation to those who find themselves pinched to know that the difficulty will last only one year, and that after the 1st of July, 1888, stocks will "mature" regularly and that thereafter they will be able to take goods out of the warehouse and to pay the duty on them as they are needed. A similar "trick on trade" was proposed several years since with regard to native whiskey in the United States, but the very proposition evoked such a storm that it was hastily withdrawn. It was held that, even for the purpose of obtaining a large sum of money in an emergency, the government had no right to cripple the business resources of the country by suddenly withdrawing large amounts of cash from general circulation. Besides this, though, after a year passes, the public may be reasonably sure that the liquor that it consumes is at least one year old, still, in the meanwhile, it is almost as sure that new unmaturing stuff will generally be absorbed.

The Chicago bucket shops closed their doors and went out of business on the evening of June 30th in compliance with an act passed by the Illinois legislature making their business illegal. The managers and proprietors of the establishments popularly supposed to belong to the class of gambling concerns called "bucket shops," were very angry at what they termed an unjust discrimination between their methods of "trading" in grain, provisions and stocks and that in vogue upon the regular board of trade. They threatened all sorts of retaliatory measures, injunctions, etc., but when the time came they quietly submitted and closed up. It is expected and to be hoped that their branches and offshoots in other cities on this continent will soon be forced to follow suit.

The drouth and excessive heat of the past ten days threatens to do injury to the grass and early vegetable crops. A heavy rain is much needed and would do an incalculable amount of good.

A new telephone company, organized under an act passed at the late session of the legislature, has been formed and is now engaged in erecting its poles and stretching its wires so as to connect Halifax with Truro, New Glasgow, Pictou, Annerst and other northern and eastern points. It is contemplated to send out branches to Acadia Mines, Stellarton, etc., and shortly to erect a main line along the south-western shore, at least as far as Lunenburg and eventually further. We wish the new company the fullest measure of success, as they will satisfy the feeling that there is a signal want of rapid inter-communication that is rapidly growing in all parts of the province.

The following is the only business change in this province during the past week: John A. Brown & Co., saw mill, Lawrencetown, dissolved, John A. Brown continues and liquidates.

**DRY GOODS.**—Little change has occurred in the situation, as business has continued quiet. Some travellers have gone out with samples of fall goods, but it is too early as yet to arrive at anything like an exact estimate regarding the fall movements, though present indications are that such will be considerable. The leading staples have undergone no fluctuation in values and the general tone is steady.

**IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.**—The position, as a whole, has remained unchanged with trade in most varieties of iron and hardware, and has continued to be of satisfactory volume and prices steady. Advices are that the unusual and protracted heat has strengthened the prices of English manufactured iron. Cables quote Glasgow warrants at 42s. 4d., No. 3 foundry in Middlesbrough at 34s. 6d., and hematite pig in Workington at 44s. 6d. Pig iron in American markets has continued very quiet with little business in progress. The labor troubles in the west among foundrymen have greatly restricted movements. In finished iron, bars have been selling at 2c. Tin plates have been in fair request. Metals are steady to firm. Late London cables are: Tin, £102 7s. 6d.; soft Spanish lead, £12 5s.; best selected copper £44 10s.; soft English lead £12 10s.

**BREADSTUFFS.**—The grain markets in Chicago have been quiet and easier with wheat a shade lower. Reports of the American wheat crop are very conflicting, but there seems no reason now to doubt the earlier promise of a large yield. The British grain markets have ruled dull and slow in tone, although the weather has been dry and rain much needed. Wheat cargoes off coast were very dull and on passage or for shipment rather easier. In Liverpool wheat was slow and corn firm. In London mixed maize was quoted at 19s. 9d., and Minneapolis straight flour at 23s. 3d. In this market flour was quiet and nominally steady with little movement.

**PROVISIONS** have been quiet and unchanged with little or nothing doing, though a moderate jobbing trade was done at about steady prices. In Liverpool lard was easier and about 3d. lower. Pork was unchanged at about 66s. 6d., lard at 38s. 6d. and tallow at 22s. 6d. In Chicago lard was strong and advanced 15c. to 17c.; pork is not quoted; meats were stronger and advanced 10c.

**BUTTER.**—Creamery butter has shown a decided tendency to stiffen, but no real advance in prices has been attained. There is no shipping demand, but a good, new article is easy to place at full figures.

**CHEESE** continues to be inexplicably strong in the upper provinces and considerable excitement has been experienced in Brockville and other producing markets. English prices, however, do not warrant shipments at the figures at which cheese is now held on this side, so that no export business can be done.

**APPLES.**—Messrs McKittrick, Hamilton & Co., of Liverpool, have recently published their annual report on Canadian and American apples for the season of 1886-87, from which we take the liberty to transcribe the following, in the hope that the portion relating to Nova Scotia apples and their packing, may prove a useful lesson to our farmers and shippers:—"At the same time the character of the fruit has been a great improvement upon that of previous seasons, and the packing showed that shippers were realizing that to get good returns fine fruit well packed and carefully selected was a *sine qua non*. Canada, as usual, has been to the fore, and we have had really perfect parcels landed here for which high prices have been obtained. \* \* \* Nova Scotia had a very good crop this year and sent the bulk of the fruit to the London market. As a rule Nova Scotia fruit is very good and commands good prices, particularly Nonpareils. The packages, however, are smaller and more like drums and want greater bilge. The packing, too, leaves much to be desired. Scarcely 10 per cent. was landed here tight. If shippers would study the art of packing apples they would do much better and make more money on their shipments." New apples from Cincinnati have been received at Montreal and sold at \$6 to \$8 per barrel. Of course prices will drop rapidly as the supply increases. Our early supplies come from eastern points and will be due in a week or two.

**OTHER FRUITS.**—Large quantities of tropical fruits and of native strawberries are in receipt and the prevalent heat has caused an immense demand for them, especially lemons and oranges, which are unusually cheap and good. In dried fruit a fair business has been done at steady prices.

**TEA AND COFFEE.**—The tea market has been moderately active and steady, but without new feature. The *S. S. Parthia* (from Japan) arrived at Vancouver on Monday last with a cargo of 42,108 packages, of which 35,472 were tea. The Amoy market continues firm but dull and quotations are unchanged. The summer crop is reported by cable to be in good leaf and cup and generally of satisfactory quality. The coffee market has ruled firm, but owing to light stocks in first hands the movement has been limited to small jobbing lots.

**SUGAR AND MOLASSES.**—The market for refined sugar has been rather quiet, but appears to have developed renewed strength, and it is claimed that inside quotations would not be shaded even for round lots. Yellows have likewise grown firmer. The turnover in both has been fair. In molasses the outlook is encouraging to holders, and prices are firm. There is little to arrive offering.

**FISH.**—This market is virtually bare of shipping fish, though this does not greatly matter in the absence of demand from either the United States or the West Indies. In some of the latter markets a better feeling is reported, which, it is hoped, may develop into something like an active demand by the time that we are ready to supply it. Reports from Newfoundland are very discouraging so far, and appear to point to a strong probability that the catch this year will be below the average—perhaps a virtual failure. Some fair catches of cod are reported as having arrived at our western outports, but most of the vessels in that line are not believed to have done well. The mackerel catch has also been very small this season, but several Gloucester mackerelers have returned home with very good fares.

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.

<b>SUGAR.</b>		
Cut Leaf	7 1/2 to 8	
Granulated	6 1/2 to 7 1/2	
Circle A	6 1/2 to 7 1/2	
White Extra C	5 1/2 to 6 1/2	
Extra Yellow C	5 1/2 to 6 1/2	
Yellow C	5 to 5 1/2	
<b>TEA.</b>		
Congou, Common	17 to 19	
" Fair	20 to 23	
" Good	25 to 29	
" Choice	31 to 33	
" Extra Choice	35 to 38	
Oolong—Choice	37 to 39	
<b>MOLASSES.</b>		
Barbadoes	27 to 29	
Demerara	30 to 34	
Diamond N.	34 to 40	
Porto Rico	28 to 30	
Cienfuegos	26 to 27	
Trinidad	28 to 29	
Antigua	29 to 28	
Tobacco—Black	37 to 44	
" Bright	42 to 58	
<b>BISCUITS.</b>		
Pilot Bread	2.60 to 2.90	
Boston and Thin Family	5 1/2 to 6	
Soda	5 1/2 to 5 3/4	
do. in lib. boxes, 50 to case	7 1/2	
Fancy	8 to 15	

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints	20 to 22
" " in Small Tubs	18 to 20
" Good, in large tubs	15 to 18
Store Packed & oversalted new	7 to 10
Canadian, Creamery, new	19 to 20
" Township, Fancy, new	17 to 19
" Old	7 to 10
Cheese, Canadian	10 1/2

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

FISH FROM VESSELS.

There are so few pickled or dry fish arriving from the coast that a quotation cannot be correctly given. The most of those that are arriving are consigned, and go into store.

<b>MACKEREL.</b>		
Extra	none	
No. 1	none	
" 2 large	none	
" 3	none	
" 3 large	none	
<b>HERRING.</b>		
No. 1 Shore, July	none	
No. 1, August	none	
" September	none	
Round Shore	none	
Labrador, in cargo lots, per 50	none	
Bay of Islands, from store	2 1/2	
ALSAWIVES, per bbl.	4.50	
<b>CODFISH.</b>		
Hard Shore	3.00 to 3.10	
New Bank	3.00 to 3.25	
Bay	none	
<b>SALMON, No. 1</b>	none	
HADDOCK, per qtl	2.00 to 2.25	
HAKE	2.10	
CUSK	none	
POLLOCK	1.00	
HAKE SOUNDS	45 to 50c. per lb.	
COD OIL A	29 to 30	

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

LOBSTERS.

Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing).	
Tall Cans	4.60 to 5.00
Flat	6.00 to 6.50
	Per case 4 doz. 1lb cans,

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

LUMBER.

Pine, clear, No. 1, per m.	25.00 to 28.00
" Merchantable, do do.	14.00 to 17.00
" No 2 do.	10.00 to 12.00
" Small, per m.	8.00 to 14.00
Spruce, dimension good, per in.	9.50 to 10.00
" Merchantable, do do.	8.00 to 9.00
" Small, do do.	6.50 to 7.00
Hemlock, merchantable.	7.00
Shingles, No 1, sawed, pine.	3.00 to 3.50
" No 2, do do.	1.00 to 1.25
" spruce, No 1.	1.10 to 1.30
Laths, per m.	2.00
Hard wood, per cord.	4.00 to 4.25
Soft wood	2.25 to 2.50

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

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

Quotations below are our to day's wholesale prices for car lots net cash. Jobbers' and Retailers' prices about 5 to 10 cents per bbl. higher than car lots. Market quiet and weak. Breadstuffs are selling at current cost.

<b>Flour,</b>		
Graham	4.10 to 4.65	
Patent high grades	4.00 to 5.00	
" mediums	4.50 to 4.57	
Superior Extra	4.70 to 4.40	
Lower grades	3.80 to 3.30	
Oatmeal, Standard	4.10 to 4.15	
" Granulated	4.10 to 4.50	
Corn Meal—Halifax ground	2 1/2 to 2 1/2	
" —Imported	2.90	
Bran per ton—Wheat	19.00	
" —Corn	17.00	
Shorts	20.00 to 21.00	
Middlings	22.00 to 23.00	
Cracked Corn	27.00 to 28.00	
" Oats	25.00 to 26.00	
" Barley	nominal	
Feed Flour	2.50 to 3.00	
Oats per bushel of 34 lbs	34 to 35	
Barley " of 48 "	55 to 60	
" " of 60 "	1.00 to 1.10	
White Beans, per bushel	1.50 to 1.60	
Pot Barley, per barrel	4.85 to 4.90	
Corn " of 54 lbs.	65 to 70	
Hay per ton	14.00 to 15.50	
Straw	10.00 to 12.00	

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

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid	12.00 to 12.50
" Am. Plate	12.50 to 13.00
" Ex. Plate	13.50 to 14.00
Pork, Mess, American	17.50 to 18.00
" American, clear	19.00 to 20.00
" P. E. I. Mess, new	16.50 to 17.00
" P. E. I. Thin Mess	14.00 to 15.00
" Prime Mess	12.00 to 12.50
Lard, Tubs and Pails	11 to 12
" Cases	12.50 to 13.00
Hams, P. E. I.	none
Duty on Am. Pork and Beef	\$2.20 per bbl.

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

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Wool—clean washed, per pound	15 to 22
" unwashed	12 to 15
Salted Hides, No 1	7 1/2
Ox Hides, over 60 lbs., No 1	6 1/2
" under 60 lbs., No 1	6 1/2
" over 60 lbs., No 2	6 1/2
" under 60 lbs., No 2	6
Cow Hides, No 1	6 1/2
No 3 Hides	5
Calf Skins	7 to 8
" Deacons, each	25
Lambskins	15 to 20

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

<b>APPLES.</b>		
No. 1 Varieties, new, per box	3.00	
Oranges, per bbl. Jamaica (new)	10.00	
" case, Valencia, repacked	2.50	
Lemons, per case	4.50 to 5.50	
" boxes	3.25 to 3.50	
Bananas, per bunch	3.00 to 4.00	
Cocoanuts, per 100	5.50	
Onions, Bermuda, per lb.	2 1/2 to 3	
" Egyptian	2	
Pine Apples, per doz.	2.00 to 3.00	
Raisins, New Val	6 to 7	
Figs, Elemc, small boxes	13 to 16	
Prunes, Stewing, boxes	6 1/2	
Dates, boxes, new	6 to 7	

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

POULTRY.

Turkeys, per pound	12 to 15
Geese, each	40 to 60
Ducks, per pair	60 to 75
Chickens	30 to 50

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Steers, best quality, per 100lbs. alive	5.00
Oxen	4.00
Fat Steers, Heifers light weights	3.50 to 3.75
Wethers, best quality, per 100lbs.	5.00 to 6.00
Lamb	none

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

## HILDRED.

(Continued.)

"Say rather what would I not do. I would reform all abuses. I would make Ravensmere a model estate—people should point to it as a pattern. I would make your laborers men; they are now only soulless drudges. I would pull down those wretched cottages where squalor and disease run riot, and build in their places houses such as even the poor could love. I would educate the children. What a question it is you ask me! What would I not do?"

The earl rose from his chair; he bent his head with chivalrous grace before her.

"My wife," he said, "you shame me."

"No," she cried, "you must not say that to me."

"I repeat it—you shame me," he went on. "Yes. I give my consent—my free, full, hearty consent. You will make a better mistress of Ravensmere than I do a master. You shall be the queen regnant. I will be your prime minister. I place and leave all authority in your hands, and I promise you most faithfully that I will never interfere; you shall pull down and build up, you shall do just as you will, I will never interfere."

She was so overjoyed with his promises, with the change in his manner, with the earnestness on his face, that she forgot all about her restraint and indifference, and she kissed the hand that held her own. She saw her husband's face flush crimson, and she drew back suddenly.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I am very sorry. I did not think of what I was doing, I was so overjoyed."

He took no notice of the involuntary caress, nor of the apology, though both had struck him.

"I am glad you are pleased, Hildred," he said. "In placing my interests in your hands I feel that I have done to-day the wisest action of my life. To-morrow we will send for Blantyre, and you shall confront him."

She left him then, pleased, happy, confused, with an overwhelming sense of the responsibilities she had assumed, and with something, she could hardly tell what, stirring in her heart, while Lord Caraven looked in amazement at the hand she had kissed. He wondered if he should ever understand her; and he began dimly to perceive that in the money-lender's daughter he had found a noble, high-souled, glorious woman.

Then he smiled to himself, thinking that in these strange days it was impossible to understand anything, and that it was within the bounds of possibility that Hildred inherited her father's talents for business.

"And an excellent thing it will be for me," he said, "if she has."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

The visitors at Ravensmere became dimly aware that some more important business than usual was on hand. The earl was seen with a pre-occupied face. He had been heard to refuse Lord Damer's challenge to a billiard match. He had distinctly stated that he should not join in the hunt that Colonel Hungerford had arranged. What was the matter? Lady Caraven was, as usual, bright, beautiful, and graceful; but those who knew her best saw that she was engrossed by some thought.

The earl rang for his footman.

"When Mr. Blantyre comes, show him into my study," he said; and then he went over to his wife. "You do not feel nervous at the task you have undertaken?" he questioned.

"No," she replied calmly, "but I fancy that Mr. Blantyre will feel nervous before we have done with him."

The earl smiled. If this trusted servant of his had deceived him, the sooner he was unmasked and punished the better.

"I think," said Lady Caraven, "it would be quite as well if we looked over that balance sheet before Mr. Blantyre comes—it will shorten the interview."

He acquiesced at once, and followed his wife to the study. The aspect of that room was somewhat changed. The photographs, the love-tokens that had displeased Lady Caraven, the portraits of popular actresses and of well known *danceuses*, had all disappeared; the room looked more like a study, for the tables were covered with books and papers.

If the young countess felt any surprise at its changed aspect she did not evince it, though she felt the compliment. She proved herself a wise woman by saying little; if she had uttered but one word too much she might have imperilled all her hardily won influence.

Gravely, proudly, without a word, she went to the table and took her seat. Her husband stood at some distance from her. Silently she bent her head over the papers.

"You have seldom, I suppose, looked over one of these balance sheets?" she said to the earl.

"No," he replied, "I do not remember that I have ever examined one."

"Then I will look over them," she said quietly. Before long she added, "Will you look at this, Lord Caraven? All this is quite wrong—several entries are incorrect, and the reckoning is falsified."

The earl was slightly embarrassed.

"I do not think, to tell you the truth, Hildred, that I am very clever at accounts," he stammered.

"But surely you can see whether this is correct? Believe me, a child could see it."

"Then I am not so wise even as a child," he said ruefully; but, leaning over her shoulder, he tried to understand what she said.

It was indeed easy enough—the whole sheet, as she pointed out, had been got up to meet the eye.

"And you have never noticed this?" said the countess.

"No, indeed," he replied—"I have never even thought of it."

"Then you have been a very easy master to please," she remarked. "I need hardly say, Lord Caraven, that the man who falsifies his accounts is a rogue. You know it."

"I know that much. I am afraid to think whether all the balance sheets he has prepared since he has been my agent have been like this."

"You have never looked into one, I imagine."

"No—never."

They were interrupted by the entrance of the agent himself—the man whom from his face Lady Caraven suspected from the first of being dishonest.

John Blantyre was a tall, gentlemanly looking man of specious manner and good address. A rogue from liking as much as anything else, he would not have cared to be honest if he could. He had contrived to ingratiate himself into the favor of Lord Caraven from the conviction that he could do as he liked with the easy, indolent, pleasure-loving nobleman. He had done so. He had pandered to all the young earl's weaknesses; to the cry of "Money, money," he had responded by wringing more and more from the tenants, by raising rents, refusing repairs, by all the mean and underhand tricks that he could play. He answered the earl's purposes well, because he could from some source or other always find him money. The young nobleman was too careless, too indolent to stop to think that while he was thus impoverishing the estate the unjust steward was enriching himself. Balance sheets were brought to him that he never even glanced at; bankers' books, bills, receipts, were passed over in similar fashion. He never troubled to look at any of them. The result was irretrievable confusion. John Blantyre had laid aside a fair fortune for himself.

"Let the worst come," he said to himself; "if I am caught there will be only a few years' imprisonment; then I can go abroad and enjoy my savings."

Yet he relied implicitly upon his good fortune that he should not be caught.

He entered the room smiling, with his usual bland, obsequious manner. His face changed when he saw the Countess of Caraven looking over his balance sheets. The earl pointed to a chair; the detected thief sat down.

The young countess' eyes were raised to the bland face of the agent. They seemed to burn him. The earl left the discussion to her, as he had said he would. Words could not have expressed the proud cold contempt of her face as she spoke to him.

"You are well aware, Mr. Blantyre, that this balance sheet is worth nothing? The accounts are all falsified."

"I am not aware of anything of the kind, your ladyship. There may be a few mistakes—it was hurriedly made out. May I ask permission to—"

"You may ask nothing, sir," she replied curtly. "Tell Lord Caraven if it be correct that you have taken a bribe from some one who wants Bromhill Farm—a bribe to turn out the old tenants and bring in a new one."

"Lord Caraven knows that he—"

But the countess interrupted him.

"Did you take the bribe? 'Yes' or 'No'?"

"Yes," he replied sullenly.

"Mr. Blantyre," said the young countess, "you are a detected thief. You have robbed your employer, you have falsified your accounts, you have ground down the poor, you have oppressed the helpless, you have made my husband's name hated and loathed, you have betrayed your trust, you have drawn down upon your own head the curses of those people whose ill luck has brought into contact with you."

"Stay, my lady. You accuse me, and give me no chance to defend myself."

The earl was watching his wife intently. He saw the color rising in her face, he saw the light in her eyes, he heard the passion, the scorn of wrong-doing that trembled in her voice.

"She is equal to it," he thought; "there is no need for me to interfere."

"You cannot defend yourself," she replied. "I hold innumerable proofs of what I assert."

John Blantyre cowered before the bright indignation of the fearless eyes and turning to the earl, said—

"My lord, I have been a faithful servant of yours; have you nothing to say for me?"

"Upon my word, Blantyre, I believe you have been a most consummate rogue," answered the earl. "I have placed all my authority in the hands of Lady Caraven. She is to do as she will."

The bland smile on the agent's face changed to an ugly sneer. The young countess rose from her seat, and, extending her arm, pointed with her finger to the door.

"I shall waste no words with you, sir," she said. "Go. We might prosecute you, we might force you to give up your ill-gotten gains, we might expose you to the contempt of the world—but you are not worth it. I let you go, and the punishment of your conduct will be that everyone will know that you have been dismissed characterless. Not one word!"

He made as though he would speak. She still kept her hand stretched to the door; her eyes overmastered him. He turned to quit the room.

When he reached the door, rage overcame prudence. He looked back at the noble figure of the young wife.

"I thank you, Lady Caraven," he said. "I owe this to you."

She made no sign that she heard him.

"To you," he continued with a sneer; "and we all know that you are here only on sufferance. Take care that your own turn does not come."

There was no answer. Not even a quiver of the white eyelids showed that she heard. His rage increased.

"Good day, Countess of Caraven," he said. "You have called me a thief; you have, after a fashion, ruined me. I will be revenged—I swear it! Even should years pass before I can carry out my purpose, I will be revenged." And with those words he quitted the study.

Lord Caraven made a hasty step across the room to punish John Blantyre's insolence, but his wife touched him gently.

"You would not surely," she said, "soil your hands with him?"

"I'll kill him if he insults you!" he exclaimed.

"He will not have the chance of insulting me again, Lord Caraven; now we will forget him. The unjust man shall pass away, and his place shall know him no more; we have finished with John Blantyre—now for happier times. If the poor people on the Ravensmere estate knew what has happened, they would set the bells ringing for joy."

He watched her as she went with her free, graceful, proud step, and flung the window wide open.

"We will have some fresh air," she said. "I can never bear the atmosphere in which a bad man has breathed."

"You would not be a good prison matron," he remarked, laughingly.

"No, I hate wickedness. I have a constitutional dislike to it; and I love goodness with all my heart."

"Then to win the love of your heart one must be good?" questioned the earl.

"Not only good, but noble," she replied; and then their *le-ta-let* was interrupted. Lord Damers wanted the earl.

Long after he had left the room she stood wondering if John Blantyre would keep his oath, and, if he did, what manner of vengeance he would take. Not even a gleam of the terrible reality came to her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Before many days had elapsed it became apparent that a new reign had begun at Ravensmere. Sir Raoul was charmed and delighted, he never wearied of praising Lady Caraven, and telling her what a noble work she was doing; he did his best to help her. A wonderful change was coming over the earl. Not that he was beginning even in the least to love his wife—that idea had not yet occurred to him; but he was beginning to treat her with great respect, to recognize the fact that she was a high-souled woman. It was of her mind he thought; her personal charms, great as they were, had not as yet impressed him. He had started with the conviction that his wife was a dark-eyed unformed school girl, and he had not as yet made the discovery that she was a beautiful woman; but her mind impressed him—her calm patience, her lofty standard of thought and action, her purity, her intense desire to do her duty, had all surprised and then pleased him. He wondered that he had been blind to these qualities for so long, but he consoled himself by thinking that they were only just developed, and perhaps never—such was the observant power of the man—would have been developed but for the circumstances in which she was placed. He never dreamed of loving her—he had started with the idea that he did not love her and never should. He was a man slow to change his ideas.

But, although the idea of love had not occurred to him, their relations toward each other were fast changing. The beautiful gifted wife was fast taking her place in every respect and in every way, except in her husband's heart. Her patience and good sense never failed her; little failures did not daunt her. Her courage seemed invincible; if she ever felt discouraged, she never showed it; her influence over the earl increased every day; yet there were relapses into the old faults. There were mornings when, after having played cards half the night, he would sleep away the lovely fresh sunlit hours, and come down at noon with just sufficient grace to feel ashamed of himself. Then it was that her calm noble patience was shown to perfection. She did not reproach him as other women would have done, she did not utter little sarcasms and talk "at" him, as is the fashion with some of the best wives; there was a high-mindedness about her that was irresistible. It was the same with his other evil habits. If the old fascination came over him, and he spent a day and a night at the billiard table to the utter neglect of all other duties, she was patience itself. She avoided that worst of all faults that even good wives have—lecturing. The earl knew that, although he might fail, might break down in his resolutions, there was a kind, firm hand to help him to rise again. In some kind of fashion they were like two friends; like husband and wife they certainly were not.

Lady Caraven lost no time when her husband had once given her permission to act. He affected to laugh and feel amused at her zeal and her enthusiasm—in reality it shamed him. He asked her what her first reform was to be; and she told him all the laborers' cottages were to be pulled down, and fresh houses built for them—houses where the first laws of health could be regarded. She wanted good fresh air, dry walls, pure water, plenty of room. She did not rest until the workmen were busy in removing what she called the "fever-acres."

She was to have her own way, yet she showed the sweetest submission to her husband. When the architect and builder waited upon her with plans for the model cottages, she took them at once to him. He looked up laughingly.

"You pay me a compliment, Hildred," he said; "but it is your affair entirely, not mine."

"I shall find no pleasure in it unless I have your approval," she replied.

"I am your head steward, not your guide. Look over these with me."

(To be continued.)

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Specification, form of tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after Monday the 20th inst.  
Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.  
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.  
This Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.  
By order, **A. GOHELL,** Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 16th June, 1887.

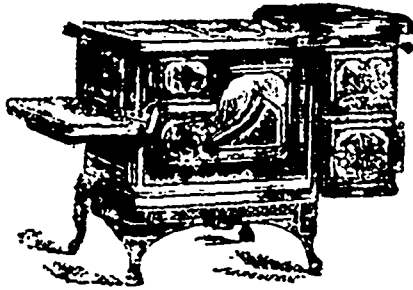
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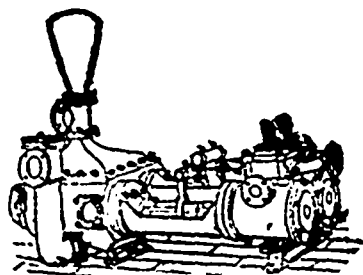
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OILS.—In calling attention to our

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We beg to say that we carry the largest and best assorted Stock in the Province; and if parties requiring Lubricants will inform us of the kind of work it is to do, we will send an Oil, and GUARANTEE it satisfactory or no sale.

Remember, we have no fancy profits.

Our Motto—Quick Sales ON COMMISSION.

## 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.

"STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT."—There is little new to report in mining, and an almost unnatural calm has followed the adoption of the protective duties on iron. While the Ontario iron men are pushing operations and preparing to erect large smelting works, constructed to use anthracite coal for fuel, our iron men appear to be doing nothing. Fortunately for us, we already have the Londonderry iron works, but we should expect to see arrangements made to largely increase the output of the mines and works. Mr. Fraser, of Pictou County, formerly associated with Miner Brown, has for years been indefatigable in his efforts to have smelting works erected on the immense iron deposits of East River, Pictou County. Mr. Bartlett, C. E., of Montreal, who has published a most comprehensive work on the iron industries, and the advisability of properly protecting them, has licenses to search covering the best of the iron deposits at East River, and the Redpaths, of Montreal, and other wealthy Montreal merchants are supposed to be his backers. It is also rumored that Mr. Fraser is interested with Mr. Bartlett. As Mr. Bartlett was very influential in bringing about the new iron duties, efforts in which he was ably assisted by Mr. Charles Tupper, the pushing M. P. for Pictou County, it is hardly possible that he does not intend to reap the fruits of his industry, and for that reason we expect that plans are now being prepared for large works at East River and that a branch railroad will soon be constructed connecting the iron fields with the Pictou Branch. Mr. Benjamin Falding, of New York, who is a mining engineer of great experience, is connected with a syndicate of wealthy New York men who some years ago purchased an iron mine in Pictou County, and as he visited the province soon after the iron duties were mooted it is probable that he had in view the opening of the mine in case the duties were finally imposed. In Cape Breton Mr. Greening has some valuable iron, coal and copper properties, and if current reports are to be relied upon, he has succeeded in placing them in a position for active development. So while there is an apparent calm in iron mining the indications are that the coming season will prove active enough before its close. It is strange that people will not be taught by experience, but that such is the case is abundantly proven by the foolish attitudes of proprietors of iron mines. Properties that the owners would have parted with (before the duties were imposed) for a mere song, are now held at such high figures that no buyers can be found. The moment that the iron duties were probable, speculators boarded as many properties as they could, and now expect to sell at exorbitant prices. They will certainly fail and the mines will eventually be thrown on their owner's hands. It takes money to make a mine, and capitalists will not pay large sums for undeveloped properties. The most accessible properties are now held by capitalists or their agents, and it is folly for holders of isolated mines to expect that large prices are to be realized. In the past these foolish owners have driven capital away from the country, and it is time that they came to their senses, else the present opportunity will also be lost. We have seen by the disastrous results to our sugar refineries and cotton factory, the danger of being lost in the field. Is similar failure to be recorded against our iron industries?

GOLD MINING.—Some new discoveries of gold mining properties have been recorded during the past week, but the news is meagre and we trust that our correspondents will wake up and send us a full budget in time for our next issue. The property at Mooselands is owned by Mr. Stenshorn, not Stenshow, as reported in our last issue.

We gladly insert a letter from A. C. Ross, manager of the Carleton gold mine, contradicting the report in our last issue that work had been suspended for want of funds. Mr. Ross has had large experience in the management of gold and coal mines, and the works could not be in charge of a more competent business man and miner. The report as to the mine being in difficulties was not furnished maliciously, but by a well-wisher of the mine who was sorry to hear that such a promising property was in difficulties, and Mr. Ross' letter will be as welcome to him as it certainly is to us.

CARLETON GOLD MINES.

Editor Critic.—DEAR SIR—I notice in the last issue of your paper, under the head of mining, an item stating that the death of Captain Hale had paralyzed operations here and that our property was reported in difficulties owing to want of funds to carry out the work of development. I beg leave to inform you that the above is a base fabrication in every particular. Although we regret the sad death of Captain Hale, our mine is being systematically developed under my management, and never looked better than it does at the present time, and the gentlemen associated with me in the ownership of the property have ample means, and what is better, are not afraid to spend them judiciously. I am satisfied there is not a gold mine in Nova Scotia on a better basis financially, or in better shape both as to deck arrangements, steam hoisting and pumping gear, shafts, etc., and underground work. The main shaft is now about 140 feet deep, and the lead is looking better than it did near the surface and has increased from 4 inches in thickness to an average of 9 inches—in some places rolling up to 16 inches. We have from 70 to 80 tons of ore on deck and have just completed an 8-stamp mill, which we expect to keep jumping day and night. We have built the mill foundation and put in shafting, etc., a sufficient length, so that we can add two more batteries when required. We keep employed about 30 men, and could use a number more if we had them; the

MINING.—Continued,

does not look as if we were short of funds, but being somewhat out of the way have some difficulty in getting a sufficient number of experienced miners; and such reports as that which appeared in your paper are not likely to send many miners seeking employment this way—but the reverse.

The parties that gave you the report concerning our mine, did so to injure us. I have no doubt it emanated from some miners who have lately been discharged for good reasons.

In justice to us I trust you will contradict the report in the next issue of your paper, using any or all of the facts contained in this communication as you think best.

For confirmation as to our financial standing and our mining development, I would refer you to Mr. Charles Annand, who has visited our mines several times lately. I could also refer you to several mining men who have been through our works and have pronounced them as systematically developed and as promising as any mining camp in the province.

I am sorry to have to write to you at such length on this matter, but do so, not for the purposes of boasting our property (because it is not in the market), or my own management, or the standing of my associates, but simply for the object of refuting that injurious report.

Yours truly, A. C. Ross,  
Manager Carleton Gold Mines.

RENFREW.—Mr. Haywood is pegging away at his mine, and is now reaping the reward of his systematic work. Not a better managed mine is to be found in the Province. Mr. Fiske is rapidly getting his mine in shape, and already has some fine quartz ready for the mill.

GOLD.—It is understood that the Hall Owen areas (so called) at Whiteburn, Queens, have been sold for \$25,000—of which \$10,000 has been paid down. The Ernest Hunt areas at Malaga Barrens have been bonded for thirty days for \$4,000. There is also some activity in Vogler's Cove stock, and there have been several sales of interests therein, at fair rates.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

COAL IN HANTS.—It is reported that some very fine samples of coal have been discovered at the Gore in this county and have been sent abroad for inspection. It is a fact borne out by the records that just fifty years ago a Mr. Baldwin, a mining engineer, was sent out from England with a staff of men to investigate the coal fields of Nova Scotia. He was favorably impressed with Hants County and spent considerable time near the Gore, and made extensive plans and reports, and sailed for England with them, but the vessel was lost and the matter was dropped.—*Windsor Tribune*.

The coal beds of China are five times as large as those of Europe, while gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, iron, marble and petroleum are found in the greatest abundance. Owing to the prejudice of the people the mines have never been worked to any extent, it being the popular belief in China that if these mines are opened thousands of demons and spirits imprisoned in the earth would come forth and fill the country with war and suffering.

THE RUBY MINES OF BURMAH.—The Indian government have not yet decided in what manner the ruby mines in Burmah shall be worked. The government will either appoint an agent who will work the mines in their interest or lease them. The methods hitherto pursued have been of the most primitive kind, and it remains to be seen whether Western modes and mechanism will prove better adapted to the work.

DIVIDENDS PAID BY UNITED STATES MINING COMPANIES DURING JUNE AND FROM JANUARY 1st, 1887.

Name of Company.	Paid in June	Since Jan. 1	Name of Company.	Paid in June.	Since Jan. 1.
Adams, Colo.	.....	\$15,000	Mammoth, Utah	.....	\$ 10,000
Aurora, Mich.	.....	40,000	Mary Murphy, Col.	.....	52,500
Adams, Mich.	.....	40,000	Montana Limited, Mont.	.....	294,000
Bellevue, Idaho, Idaho	.....	37,500	Moulton, Mont.	.....	70,000
Big Bend, Hydraulic, Dak.	.....	6,000	Mount Pleasant, Cal.	.....	45,000
Calumet & Hecla, Mich.	.....	500,000	Ontario, Utah	.....	\$75,000
Central, Mich.	.....	40,000	Original, Mont.	.....	7,000
Cons. Cal. & Nev.	.....	108,000	Paradise Valley, Nev.	.....	10,000
Colorado Central, Col.	.....	41,250	Parrot, Mont.	.....	18,000
Daly, Utah	.....	150,000	Plymouth, Cons. Cal.	.....	25,000
Herber Blue Gravel, Colo.	.....	20,000	Quicksilver, Cal.	.....	53,750
Elkhor, Mont.	.....	5,000	Quincy, Mich.	.....	160,000
Garfield, Nev.	.....	12,500	Richmond, Col. Nev.	.....	67,500
Granite Mountain, Mont.	.....	200,000	Russell, Cal.	.....	5,000
Homestake, Dak.	.....	591,000	Silver King, Ariz.	.....	25,000
Honorine Utah	.....	12,500	Small Hopes, Colo.	.....	50,000
Idaho New Mex.	.....	25,000	St. Joseph's Lead, Mo.	.....	30,000
Iron Silver, Colo.	.....	100,000	Viola, Limited, Idaho	.....	37,500
Jumbo, Colo.	.....	10,000	Yankee Girl, Col.	.....	75,000
Lady Franklin, N. Mex.	.....	50,000			
Leadville Cont., Colo.	.....	20,000			
			Total	741,500	4,829,000

PTILOLITE—A new mineral, which is called ptilolite, has been found in conglomerate beds of Green and Table Mountains, Jefferson County. The formation is of the tertiary age. The mineral is found in cavities in which there is a thin coating of pale-bluish chalcedony, upon which the mineral is deposited in delicate tufts and spongy masses composed of short, hair-like needles, loosely grouped together. These needles, when examined under the microscope, are found to be colorless, transparent prisms. Heated before the blowpipe, a tuft of the mineral shrinks considerably and fuses to clear glass. The substance belongs among the alumin-silicates, of which no previously described hydrate contains so high a percentage of silica. The name of ptilolite is given to the new mineral in reference to the light, downy character of its aggregates.

MACDONALD & CO.  
BRASS FOUNDERS,  
STEAM & HOT WATER ENGINEERS,  
—MANUFACTURERS OF—  
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.  
PUMPING AND HOISTING MACHINERY, &c., &c.

EAGLE FOUNDRY,  
GEO. BRUSH, Proprietor.  
14 to 34 KING AND QUEEN STREETS, MONTREAL,  
MAKER OF  
Steam Engines and Boilers, Saw Mill & Mining Machinery  
ELEVATORS and HOISTS,

—SOLE MAKER OF—  
BLAKE 'CHALLENGE' STONE BREAKER

NOTICE  
—TO—  
GOLD MINERS  
—AND—  
RAILROAD CONTRACTORS.

We can supply you with RED, WHITE and BLACK DYNAMITE, POWDER, FUSE, DETONATORS, PICKS, SHOVELS, STEEL, etc., etc.

AT BOTTOM PRICES!  
W. B. REYNOLDS & CO.  
AGENTS FOR MINING SUPPLIES.

MANGANESE MINES  
AT AUCTION.

To be sold at Public Auction on the premises at Walton Hants County, Nova Scotia, on July 14, 1887, at 1 o'clock, p.m., the valuable Manganese Mines, owned by the late Robert J. Stephens. The lot of land contains about ninety acres, more or less. The said Mines have been prospected, and several tons of Ore of superior quality have been taken out. Terms cash. For further particulars apply to the executors.

WILLIAM STEPHENS, } Exors.  
JOSEPH W. STEPHENS, }

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes, all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

F. W. CHRISTIE,  
Member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

Gold Mining Properties Examined, Reported on, and Titles Searched. Information for Investors in Nova Scotia Gold Mines. Estimates obtained for Air Drills and Air Compressors for Mines and Quarries, and Steam Drills for Railroad Contracts. Reference Commissioner of Mines for Nova Scotia. Address Letter or Telegram, BEDFORD STATION, HALIFAX CO., NOVA SCOTIA.

HEADQUARTERS  
—FOR—  
GOLD MINING SUPPLIES.

H. H. FULLER & CO.  
45 to 49 Upper Water Street,  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
METALS, MILL, MINING,  
—AND—  
FISHING SUPPLIES  
—AND—  
GENERAL HARDWARE.

Wiswell Crushing Mills!

The British American Manufacturing, Mining and Milling Co.

Are prepared to furnish the above MILLS at short notice and on reasonable terms.

One of the above Mills has been some months in operation on the mining property owned by Messrs. Hale and Ross, at Carleton, in this County, and is giving the most satisfactory results. Comparative tests made with this mill and the Stamp Mill at Kempsville has proved that with refractory ore, such as abounds in the County, the *Wiswell Mill* will save one-third more gold than the Stamp Mill. It will perform the work of a 15 stamp mill, and do it better.

For testimonials intending purchasers are referred to The Manager of The Essex Gold Mining Co., Tangier, N. S.

J. E. GAMMON,  
Manager.  
Address, P. O. Box 113, Yarmouth, N. S.

Mine, Mill & Factory Managers

Whether in Halifax or in the Country,  
Your attention is respectfully called to the fact that

AARON SINFIELD,  
Mason and Builder,

has had over thirty years experience in and has made a special study of, all kinds of Furnace Work, so as to reduce to a minimum the expenditure of coal and time, and to make the process of "firing up" as expeditious as possible. "Expert" advice given, and all kinds of Jobbing promptly executed in a thorough, mechanical style at lowest possible rates.  
Address—7 GOTTINGEN ST., CITY

City Foundry & Machine Works.

W. & A. MOIR,  
MECHANICAL ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS  
Corner Hurd's Lane and Barrington St.

Manufacturers of Mill and Mining Machinery, Marine and Stationary Engines, Shafting, Pulleys and Hangers. Repair work promptly attended to. ON HAND—Several New and Second-hand Engines.

Don't worry if you are out of employment. Write to Mr. Kowun, 41 Wellington Street East, Toronto. Send stamps for reply.

MONTREAL, 172 DALHOUSIE ST.  
BALTIMORE, 220 SOUTH HOWARD ST.  
TORONTO, 237 to 271 KING ST.  
WINNIPEG, 11 McWILLIAM ST. E.

Maritime Lead & Saw Works.

JAMES ROBERTSON,  
Iron, Steel and General Metal Merchant and Manufacturer,  
Robertson's New Building, Cor. Mill and Union Streets,  
Works and Iron Yard—Cor. Sheffield and Charlotte Streets,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

## PETER THE GREAT.

The soldiers of Peter the Great, the Czar of Muscovy, were no sooner masters of the town of Narva, than they fell to plundering and committing the most enormous barbarities. The Czar ran from place to place, to put a stop to the disorder and massacre. He turned upon his own victorious, but ungovernable, troops, and threatened them with instant death if they did not immediately desist from rapine and slaughter, and allow quarter to their vanquished foes. He actually killed with his own hands several Muscovites who did not obey his orders.

ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM.—A resident in the country writing to a friend in the city says, I would advise you to use Puttner's Emulsion. I have tried it in my family with most beneficial results.

ROYAL EXILE.—When Stanislaus, King of Poland, was driven from his dominions by Charles XII. of Sweden, he took refuge in Paris, where he was supported at the expense of the court of France. Some person complained to the Duke of Orleans, the Regent, of the great sum of money which this exiled monarch's support cost, and wished that he should be desired to leave France. "Sir," replied the duke, nobly, "France has been, and I trust it ever will be, the refuge of unfortunate princes; and I shall most certainly not permit it to be violated, when so excellent a prince as the King of Poland comes to claim it."

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

BOLD APPEAL.—A poor old woman had often in vain attempted to obtain the ear of Philip of Macedon, to certain wrongs of which she complained. The king at last abruptly told her, he "was not at leisure to hear her." "No!" exclaimed she; "then you are not at leisure to be king." Philip was confounded; he pondered a moment in silence over her words; then desired her to proceed with her case; and ever after made it a rule to listen attentively to the applications of all who addressed him.

Try one bottle Simson's concentrated Extract Jamaica Ginger, it is far better in a family than brandy, and its use more effectual.

DR. WATTS.—It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threat into execution, the child burst out into tears, and on his knees said,

"Pray, father, do some pity take  
And I will no more verses make."

Is your system run down from over work. Puttner's Emulsion is the best renovator for an impaired constitution. Price, large bottles, 50 cents.

REMORSE.—A few years ago an elephant at Dekan, from some motive of revenge, killed his *cornack*, or conductor. The man's wife, who beheld the dreadful scene, took her two children, and threw them at the feet of the enraged animal, saying, "Since you have slain my husband, take my life also, as well as that of my children." The elephant instantly stopped, relented, and, as if stung with remorse, took up the eldest boy with his trunk, placed him on its neck, adopted him for his *cornack*, and would never afterwards allow any other person to mount it.

For weak and inflamed eyes use Simson's Golden Eye Water. It will allay the inflammation and give ease in a short time.

VETERAN CORPS.—During the American war, eighty old German soldiers, who after having long served under different monarchs in Europe, had retired to America, and converted their swords into ploughshares, voluntarily formed themselves into a company, and distinguished themselves in various actions in the cause of independence. The captain was nearly one hundred years old, had been in the army forty years, and present in seventeen battles. The drummer was ninety-four, and the youngest man in the corps on the verge of seventy. Instead of a cockade, each man wore a piece of black crape, as a mark of sorrow for being obliged, at so advanced a period of life, to bear arms. "But," said the veterans, "we should be deficient in gratitude, if we did not act in defence of a country which has afforded us a generous asylum, and protected us from tyranny and oppression." Such a band of soldiers never before perhaps appeared on a field of battle.

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

Puttner Emulsion Co.:

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

I am yours, respectfully,

J. F. BINK, M.D.

MIDNIGHT.—When the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien was awakened in his cell at Valenciennes, to be led to the place of execution, he asked the officer who brought the order, "What do you want?" The officer made no answer. "What o'clock is it?" "Midnight," answered the officer with a faltering voice. "Midnight!" exclaimed the prince; "Oh, I know what brings you here; this hour is fatal to me—it was at midnight that I was taken from my house at Ettenheim—at midnight the dungeon at Strasburgh was opened for me—at midnight again I was taken out to be brought here—it is now midnight, and I have lived long enough to know how to die."

If the nerve of the tooth can be got at no one need suffer for one minute with 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.

A DOUGLASS.—A captain of the name of Douglass, who commanded the Royal Oak, when the Dutch sailed up the Modway, had received orders to defend his ship to the last extremity, but not to retire; and therefore when his ship was set on fire, he chose rather to perish in her than quit his station, exclaiming heroically, "A Douglass was never known to quit his post without orders!"

Puttner's Emulsion increases the weight.

A RAGGED REGIMENT.—In 1690, the French attacked and defeated the Prince of Waldeck at Fleurus. During this action, a lieutenant-colonel of a French regiment, whose name well merited preservation, was on the point of charging. Not knowing how to animate his men, who were very discontented with having commenced the campaign without being clothed, he said to them, "My friends, I congratulate you that you have the good fortune to be in the presence of a regiment newly clothed. Charge them vigorously and we will clothe ourselves." This pleasantry so inspirited the soldiers, that they rushed on the regiment, destroyed it, and completely dressed themselves on the field of battle.

HALIFAX, NOV. 2, 1884.

Puttner Emulsion Co.:

DEAR SIRS,—Having used your Emulsion for about two months, I wish to say that I believe it has not only built up my system, but has been the means of allaying the disease—a wasting one—which I am suffering with. My appetite has also very much improved since I commenced its use.

EDWARD MELVIN.

COOLNESS.—At the battle of Minden, a Corps of French grenadiers, commanded by M. N. Perer, were exposed to a battery that carried off whole files at once. N. Perer wishing them not to fall back, rode slowly in front of the line with his snuff box in his hand, and said, "Well, my boys, what's the matter? Eh, cannon! Well, it kills you, it kills you, that's all, my boys; march on, and never mind it."

Simson's Liniment may be relied on to do as we recommend.

FAMILY SCENE.—In September, 1789, a little boy, about five years old, the son of a man named Freemantle, in St. Thomas' Churchyard, Salisbury, being at play by the dam of the town mill, fell into the water; his sister, a child of nine years of age, with an affection that would have done honor to riper years, instantly plunged in to his assistance. They both sank, and in sight of their mother! The poor woman, distracted with horror at the prospect of instant death to her children, braved the flood to save them. She rose with one under each arm, and by her cries happily brought her husband, who instantly swam to their assistance, and brought them all three safe ashore.

ST. THOMAS, QUEBEC, Feb. 28, 1887.

This is to certify that I have been troubled with numbness in my feet, followed by rheumatic pains shooting through my ankles and toes during cold weather, for the last three years. Other remedies failing to remove I gave Simson's Liniment a trial, and I can unhesitatingly say the effect has been like magic. The pain has entirely disappeared, and though for the last week the weather has been 12 below zero, there is no appearance of the return of my annoyance. My wife finds Simson's Liniment the best preparation in the market for corns.

Yours truly,

LOUIS LANGLOIS.

REVENGEFUL SWALLOW.—A gentleman of Brenchley having shot a sea swallow which was skimming in the air, accompanied by her mate, the enraged partner immediately flew at the fowler, and, as if to revenge the loss it had sustained, struck him in the face with its wing, and continued flying around him with every appearance of determined anger. For several weeks after the fatal shot, the bird continued to annoy the gentleman whenever it met with him, except on Sundays, when it did not recognize him, in consequence of his change of dress.

Abbott's Aperient Pills made by us will be found to be the best remedy for Billiousness, Costiveness, Headache, etc. They are very searching, but mild. They do not gripe, they contain no mercury or other mineral, and being sugar-coated, they are easily taken.

## HOME AND FARM.

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

We have received the *American Agriculturist* (751 Broadway, N. Y.) for July—a very high-class periodical, excellent in matter, printing and arrangement, and with numerous well executed illustrations and diagrams.

We suppose the following, which we extract from an American exchange, will hardly appeal to the senseless brute who overloads a horse and then thrashes him till, perhaps by a supernatural effort, the unhappy beast succeeds in starting. This kind of idocy is incapable even of thinking how much value and stamina is taken out of a horse by savage treatment, and how much its life is probably shortened by it. It never seems to occur to one of these lazy savages to lighten a load or ask a passer-by to put his hand to a wheel. Two or three months ago one of these fiends struck a horse on the head so violently that the poor animal fell stunned. This occurred about a mile this side of Moir's Mills; the name of the man is known, and had we witnessed the outrage ourselves we should have put the case in Mr. Naylor's hands. Such a miscreant is a disgrace to the respectable name of farmer. This is the sound advice given by the *National Live Stock Journal*:—

**How HORSES ARE SPOILED.**—When we have succeeded in inspiring the horse with entire confidence in himself and in his master also, there is but little likelihood, unless he is a very nervous or a very perverse horse, that he will become troublesome through any vicious act, or want of honesty. "Balking," that one vice that pretty nearly takes all the value out of some horses, is undoubtedly always, or very nearly always, chargeable to indiscreet management on the part of those who have had the breaking, training, and after management at work. Thus, if a horse is overloaded while yet young, stops to rest without being told to do so, and finding the rest agreeable, and the starting—being weary—disagreeable, it is not to be wondered at that he forms the habit of stopping, and thenceforward becomes a "balker." If, when this first inclination to stop and hesitate is observed the temptation be taken away by getting onto an easier piece of road, lightening the load or giving the horse rest, and feed if needed, afterward avoiding a similar occasion for stopping, the danger of having a confirmed balky horse may be averted. But when under these circumstances the horse is hit with the whip and sharply reprimanded, then look out for a retaliatory effort. The horse assumes that you are his enemy, and from that moment he places himself in an antagonistic position, looking upon his master as an enemy.

The question is often asked whether a confirmed balker can be cured. This admits of a double answer—yes or no. If the horse is in good hands, managed by some person who has firmness and judgment, he can sometimes be cured by driving a stake and hitching him at the spot where he stops, until he is glad to move along to where his rations are. Horses have been cured by, as the saying is, "taking them at their word," and if they want to back, then keep them at backing, giving the animal to understand that that is just what you want him to do. You can, in half an hour convince him that backing is a very much harder motion than going forward.

Mr. Justice Weatherbe has been describing, for the information of people in England, the apple industry of Nova Scotia, and the region in which it flourishes, a strip two or two and a half miles on each side of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, eighty miles in length. It is estimated that this region produced last year 300,000 barrels, worth say \$600,000. The net cash yield of an acre is said to be at least \$150. The learned Judge added interest to his subject by dwelling on the historical character of the industry, a report made to the authorities in France two hundred years ago, having spoken of the fruit belt as "a little Normandy." As the markets are extending the patriotic action of the Judge will, no doubt, be of value to the Province.

Allusion was made in one of our paragraphs in last week's issue to "hay-caps." We observe that these are manufactured by the U. S. Waterproofing Fibre Company, 56 South St., N. Y.

Keeping food before fowls continually removes all inducements for them to scratch. They should be so fed as to be compelled to work.

For spraying apple trees for the Codling Moth, the proportion should be one pound of Paris green or London purple to two barrels or one hundred gallons of water.

**DRINKS FOR THE HAY FIELDS.**—Oh, the long, hot days in the hay field! And how thirsty the tired workers get! Too often the whiskey and hard cider jugs are the accompaniments in this work, and much cold water is unhealthful for over-heated men. So the good housewife should see that hard working haymakers are supplied with wholesome palatable drink.

I have just learned to make a very pleasant, mild, home-made beer, which is very suitable for a summer drink. As it sours quickly it should be kept in a cool place.

Two quarts of barley parched to a very dark brown; two quarts of corn browned to the same color; two quarts of nice, dry hops; one cup of ground ginger, or mashed ginger root can be used. Boil all together in a large-sized kettle until the strength is extracted. From one to two hours of

hard boiling will be required. Then pour the contents of the kettle into a sack and drain it into an earthen jar. Squeeze the sack as when making jelly. While this work is in operation, have four quarts of nice, fresh bran soaking. Put this into the sack and strain the water into the jar. Add brown sugar or molasses until it is slightly sweetened. When almost cool, add two dry yeast cakes, or one cup of liquid yeast. Stir it thoroughly, put it in a cool place, and in twenty-four hours it will be ready for use. If a tonic is needed for debility, add to the above ingredients, while boiling, sarsaparilla root, dandelion root and wild cherry bark.

Koumiss is another pleasant drink I have learned to make. Fill a two quart fruit can with new milk. Add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a cake of yeast. Seal the can air-tight and shake it well. Let it stand in a temperature of 70 degrees for ten hours, shaking it thoroughly every hour. It should then be placed on ice or in a pail of cold water for two or three hours, when it will be ready for use. The koumiss will effervesce, and the fact that I made gave such alarming signs of its eagerness to get out before it had been cooled, that I removed the cover. A delicious curd will rise to the top, which can be skimmed off. If the drink is too sharp, put sugar into the glass.

Lemonade is the standard summer drink. The natural acid of the fruit makes it so wholesome that it should be used freely as a field beverage. A good supply of lemons should be constantly on hand in the farm house during haying and harvesting.

Another very good summer drink is made by simply putting into the water sufficient essence of ginger and sugar to make it palatable.

It is the hard-working farm laborers who feed the world. It is by their hard strokes and the sweat of their brows that humanity thrives, and their comfort during the intense heat of summer should be a matter of consequence.

I once knew a farmer who, after melons ripened, kept a constant supply in the cellar, and several times a day during the warm weather his workers were refreshed with a nice melon.—NETTIE BURNS, in the *American Cultivator and Country Gentleman*.

These agreeable compounds sound very nice, but perhaps the most readily available drink, the cheapest, and which contains a nourishing as well as a thirst-quenching property, is oatmeal stirred into a bucket of water. This simple drink is much used for stokers and firemen on board steamers, and is found invaluable.—ED. CRITIC.

## OUR COSY CORNER.

The *Delineator* for July is as usual full of charming descriptions of dainty toilets. We give our readers the benefit of the following notes from its columns:

There is a positive revival of Irish poplin this season, and if one happens to have Irish point lace to wear with it all the better. In black and dark colors it possesses wearing qualities that amply compensate for the needful outlay of money, while in evening tints and white its elegance requires its purchaser. Since the popularity of loopings has begun to wane poplin will doubtless have a prosperous run.

Peach-blossom poplin, ornamented with sprays of white lilac, furnishes an elegant toilette to be worn by a maid of honor at a grand wedding.

White silk and worsted *guimpes* are worn with bodices of camel's-hair, poplin, etc., in dark green, nut brown and all the chamois tints.

Persian and Roman stripes are seen in many fashionable fabrics, including cottons. When employed for entire skirts these colors are usually arranged vertically, but for the lower parts of skirts they are horizontal. Such skirts may be of light material, and the waist, polonaise or drapery of a dark fabric.

Chartreuse-green China crape is liked for combining—but in moderate quantity—with cream-white cashmere, woollen *crêpe*, Surah, poplin or faille Française.

Many ultra fashionable people express a preference for linen lawn handkerchiefs to match the color or the accessories of their light summer and evening toilettes.

Soft and broad sashes will continue to be favored as draperies through this season. *Crêpes*, Bengalines, silk *clamines*, Surahs and other soft fabrics in their full widths, with frayed and also with unornamented ends, will be a leading style. Tulles—embroidered, tufted or plain—will be worn as sashes or scarfs with dancing costumes.

Skirtings in Roman stripes are fashionable for young women. The waist may be in plaited, plain, Spencer or blouse bodice fashion, and of a single color if desired.

Fichus and detachable vests or, as they are sometimes called, bust plastrons will be universally worn as transformations, for they evolve a holiday dress out of a practical everyday gown.

Gold and silver braids are popular decorations, and most ladies apply them with their own fingers.

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

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