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THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The successor to Katkoff, the leader of the Pauslavist party, is Mr. Pobedounczew. Now we are sorry that plain Katkoff is dead.

Connani is the name of the latest South American Republic. The sympathies of its seven hundred inhabitants are decidedly French, and it is probably only a matter of time before it becomes a portion of French Guiana. Its area is about one fourth greater than that of Nova Scotia.

St. John says that next year the Prohibition vote will be a million. Henry George says the Labor vote will be a million. The American party says it will have a million votes. If a few more parties put on these million airs we wish to know where the Democratic and Republican vote is coming from.

Mr. Smeaton, director of agriculture of the northwest provinces of India, has issued a note on competition between India and American wheat. He says that India possesses means to compel America to withdraw her hostile tariff and open her markets to British industry, but is burdened by higher railway freight charges, excessive handling and apparent (though not really) inferior quality. He advises London merchants to use their influence with the railways.

Miss Kate Field is the first person who ever delivered a public lecture in Alaska. The subject of her discourse was entitled "An Evening with Dickens," a most inappropriate title, as the lecture began at 11.30 a.m. It took place in a dance house in Juneau, a mining camp and the largest town of the province. Miss Field had a large and attentive audience. Her only remuneration was a vote of thanks, a dinner at the hotel and a subscription to the *Free Press*, the only paper in Alaska.

The United States has, for a little more than a decade past, been celebrating centennials, first there was the centennial of the declaration of independence, then the centennial of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, then the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, and now patriotic Americans are called upon to celebrate the centennial of the adoption by the state delegates of the federal constitution. The Conference met in May, and, after electing Washington as President and drawing up a constitution, adjourned on September 17th, seventeen eighty-seven (1787). That constitution has now stood the strain of one hundred years, and, with the exception of a few minor amendments, is pretty much the same as that adopted a century ago. It is the Magna Charta of the American people.

Commercial Union is an euphonious term, but its euphony is no test of its practicability. We have talked this question over with party men on both sides, and we find but few who do not recognize the existence of insuperable obstacles to a fiscal union, such as a union commercially involves. Commercial union boiled down to reciprocity is what our people really want, and this is well known to our party leaders.

The Manitoba Government has evinced much determination to have the construction of the Red River valley railway pushed on energetically, but it is difficult to see how it is to overcome some of the drawbacks to success. One of these is the lack of money, which we all know pretty well bars railway construction; and a second is an injunction issued by the Minister of Justice, forbidding the laying of rails on twelve lots owned by the Dominion Government. If Premier Norquay overcomes these obstacles we had better get him to undertake the contract of building the missing link between Annapolis and Digby.

Sir Charles Tupper is to spend a few days with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, at Birmingham, for the purpose of giving the latter gentleman a few pointers as to fishery matters. Sir Charles will probably not be slow in impressing upon Mr. Chamberlain's mind that fair play is all that we desire, but that a sacrifice of our fishery interests to the United States would lead to serious results. There is no use mincing matters, if Great Britain cannot maintain our interest, we had better annex, or be annexed to the United States, and thus forever terminate the dispute. We are loyal to the mother country, but she must likewise be loyal to her colonies.

Varied are the theories advanced as to the failure of the revised version of the New Testament. Scholars and theologians have admitted its translative to be more correct, while literateurs have admired the style in which it was presented, but its failure is nevertheless beyond doubt. To our mind, its lack of success lies in not adhering to the old method of versification, which makes the Bible so familiar to our readers, so easy for reference and so admirable for quotation. The old version had won its way to the people's hearts, and could not be supplanted by a version, which, while it offered manifest improvements, upset all our pre-conceived subdivisions of chapters into verses.

The veteran George Muller, founder of the well-known Bristol orphanages, has made a preaching tour round the world. The actual distance covered was 37,000 miles, but of far more interest is the character of the message he has delivered in so many various countries. He went first to the United States, where he had intended spending the winter in preaching. Yielding to a pressing invitation from Australia, he went by way of San Francisco to Australia and New Zealand, thence to the Straits of Malacca, Japan, and China, and returned through Europe. Although eighty-two years of age, he is still strong and hale. He was heartily welcomed home by the 2,000 children whom he has gathered about him.

The plan of making Paris a seaport is believed to have much to do with the action of the French Parliament in appropriating \$25,000,000 to be expended in improving the Seine at its mouth. For many years it has been the desire of France to deepen the Seine from its mouth to Paris, so as to admit ships of the deepest draught of water to the very walls of the great capital, and thereby practically make it a seaport. It was brought up for discussion several times before the Deputies, but the idea was dropped because of the immense expenditure such a plan entailed. It had not been revived until this appropriation was made, when the French papers looked upon it as being one of a series of installments which would be made from time to time, and thereby render the plan feasible, while not overburdening the people. The engineers calculated that it would cost at least \$100,000,000.

The press of the Province is ably seconding our efforts to arouse an interest in the erection of a memorial to the late Hon. Joseph Howe, and we sincerely thank our brother journalists for their cordial support. The arrangements are not yet sufficiently far advanced to commence an active canvass for subscriptions, but they are progressing favorably, and when the names of those who are inaugurating the movement towards a memorial are announced, the public will take them to be a guarantee of success. In referring to the memorial, the *Digby Courier* says:—"The Halifax CRITIC has taken in hand to procure subscriptions to the amount of ten thousand dollars, for the erection of a bronze statue of the late Hon. Joseph Howe. We believe that amount will be raised without much difficulty, and that every Nova Scotian, whatever his politics may be, will heartily wish the movement success. About \$600 have already been subscribed. Some step of this kind should have been taken long ago. The name of Joseph Howe has been a household word throughout Nova Scotia. He was a man of whom we are all proud, and his eloquence, his labors, and the benefits he conferred upon his native Province are certainly worthy of some lasting memorial. Subscriptions towards the 'Howe Memorial Fund' may be forwarded to the editor of THE CRITIC, and will be promptly acknowledged."

HERE AND THERE.

For the time being, affairs in Europe appear less warlike than has been the case for many months past, but it is very generally conceded by those best competent to give an opinion that the present quietness is but the lull or calm which precedes the storm, and that before long active hostilities will be commenced.

Taking a bird's-eye view of the European nationalities, we note that Norway and Sweden, being practically isolated from the rest of the continent, are enjoying undisturbed peace, and are not burdened with the cost of maintaining large fleets and armies. We also observe that Spain and Portugal, being comparatively poor, and being constantly menaced by internal dissensions, take little interest in European matters.

Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Denmark are but petty independent states, in which local matters and the desire for national preservation occupy the public attention. The field in which difficulties may arise is thus narrowed down to Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey, and the Balkan Provinces.

The first named of these is still busily engaged in solidifying under one government the several states of the peninsula, and is not likely to be drawn into any immediate war. It must, however, be prepared for emergencies, and hence its expenditures upon the army and navy are out of all proportion to the wealth of the country, greatly retarding the construction of the public works, which are either under way or contemplated.

France and Germany are armed to the teeth, and only await a reasonable excuse for engaging in a second terrible struggle.

Austria, which has long hungered for the possession of a seaport upon the Aegean Sea, is rapidly increasing the strength of her battalions and providing her armies with the most improved rifles. She will bide her time and, when the crash does come, will doubtless come out victorious.

Russia and Turkey look with jealous eyes upon the little state of Bulgaria, the former, because it threatens to block her way to the Golden-Horn; the latter, because an independent Bulgaria would soon absorb the largest portion of Turkey in Europe.

Whether France or Russia will be the first to break the peace of Europe is a mooted question, but that the first move will be made by one of these powers, is considered as almost certain.

INTER-OCEANIC CANALS.

The project of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a canal across central America or the Isthmus of Panama, has long been mooted, and yet at the present moment it seems as far from being successfully accomplished as ever. The Panama Canal Company has evidently reached a crisis in its affairs, which cannot be successfully surmounted, and if a crash is to come, it will produce wide-spread ruin throughout France, and doubtless have a disturbing effect on the finances of the world. Should the canal prove a failure, there cannot be even the miserable consolation of the smallest asset to realize on and divide among the sufferers. M. de Lesseps is responsible for the whole project—the financial scheme as well as the engineering plans and prospectus. His great name and previous success stifled all criticism or doubt in the minds of Frenchmen as to success.

The power of compound interest is well known when not met by adequate profits. M. de Lesseps' system leaves compound interest far behind in the way of rolling up indebtedness. He estimated the cost of the canal on the completion of navigation at \$120,000,000. The bonds have a par value of \$200. They are selling now for \$88. This is a discount of 56 per cent. These bonds are to be redeemed at par. Each year there is a drawing by lot, and the first 6000 shares drawn are paid in full, that is, each year \$1,200,000 is paid off at par by the proceeds of fresh loans sold at a ruinous discount. The interest on the debt goes on at the same time, and is paid out of the loans, so that the total debt of the company is now put down at \$420,000,000, the cash obtained from which has been \$200,000,000 in round numbers. A fresh loan of \$40,000,000 has lately been put on the market, and sells very slowly at the rate given above, and the proceeds of the loan are required for interest and management of the debt, and none of it can be spared for construction. The difficulty of raising more money now with only one-third of the work done, can be seen by the offer of 10 per cent. interest on \$50,000,000 for a loan of \$40,000,000, with no takers on these terms. And yet this evidence of distress does not wholly prevent the purchase of shares. The heavy discount of 56 per cent., and the chance of getting par at the next drawing, constitute the bait. But it is acknowledged by Count de Lesseps that it will take five or six years to finish the canal with a full supply of money, so that shareholders have before them a total cost of about \$1,000,000,000.

This is indeed a very gloomy prospect for the holders of Panama Canal shares; and the end of raising money must be very near at 56 per cent. discount, with interest accumulating and being capitalized. These figures are from French sources, and are not to be disputed as coming from parties hostile to the canal. They prove the situation to be most appalling, and it now seems hardly possible that the work will ever be completed. M. de Lesseps has assumed all the responsibility, and, if he succeeds in completing the canal, will have accomplished the most wonderful work ever before attempted, but we fear that his success in building the Suez Canal, in the face of predicted failure, has made him over-confident, and that in the Panama Canal he has undertaken a task which even his great genius cannot accomplish.

Opposition will now be encountered from the Nicaragua Canal project, work on which will be commenced in December. Mr. A. G. Menocol, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Navy, has spent the greater portion

of the past fifteen years in Nicaragua surveying the route of the proposed canal, and has obtained liberal concessions from the Government of Nicaragua. He is connected with a canal company composed entirely of Americans, and they have already deposited \$100,000 with the Government of Nicaragua as a guarantee that the work will be pushed at once. Mr. Menocol estimates that the preparatory work will take probably one or two years; that at the outside calculation the canal can be in working order within six years from the completion of that work, and its cost will have been from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000, certainly not more than that amount. The canal itself will be about forty miles long, although the distance across the country from ocean to ocean is 170 miles. The rest of the distance will be traversed by lake, river, and an artificial lake formed in the valley of the San Francisco River. The canal will be about 120 feet wide at the bottom, varying in width at the surface according to the character of the country, but generally about 288 feet. Its depth at no place will be less than twenty-eight feet, so it will float comfortably any vessel with the exception of the *Great Eastern*.

M. de Lesseps' difficulties will not be lessened by the opening of the works on the Nicaragua Canal, and further opposition will be encountered from the Ship Railway, which has again come to the front. The new company has been organized as "The Eads Ship Railway Company," but will shortly change the name, organizing as "The Atlantic and Pacific Ship Transit Company." A very strong company has been formed, and Capt. Eads' pet project of a ship railway at Tehautepec may yet solve the problem of interoceanic communication, and give a death blow to both its rivals, the Panama and Nicaragua Canals. If the Panama Canal Company should fail, the ruin would be so widespread that canals would be shunned by investors, and the Nicaragua scheme would find very few capitalists willing to invest.

Looking at the question from every stand point, the prospects of the Panama Canal Company are gloomy in the extreme. The only hope for it to-day lies in the fact that so much money has already been invested that it must be completed at any cost. So disastrous would the failure prove in France that the French Government may be compelled to come to the rescue, and in that case alone need we expect to see the Panama Canal completed.

LOOSE WRITING.

A continual necessity for rapidity of production may condone some amount of loose writing, but, when every excuse on this score has been allowed, the conviction still remains that the daily press is responsible for not a little habitual debasement of style and language.

A frequent vulgarism, given way to, it is to be supposed, by way of brevity, is the omission of the word "on" before the day of the week on which any incident is described as having occurred, or being about to occur. It is not long since we encountered a paragraph recording the poisoning of some person or persons by some article of food. We do not remember what the article was, but we will say "bad fish." The account actually read in this fashion: "Bad fish poisoned Tuesday afternoon such and such persons." There was not even a comma between "fish," (or whatever it was), and the day of the week. How can the saving of the labor of writing the little word "on" compensate for the clipping vulgarity imparted to a sentence by its omission? Or is the omission due to habitual looseness or carelessness of speech, or to inherent taste for what is vulgar and "slangy," rather than what is correct and precise, and consequently refined? We would fain suppose the former. It is not difficult to conceive the idea of an afternoon, or a whole day, being (metaphorically) poisoned to some one by some untoward event, by the presence of the disliked or by the absence of the loved; but that an afternoon should be poisoned by bad fish—and that is how the sentence read at the first glance—does strike one as being a little out of the common.

We will undertake to promise any one who will watch for this frequent vulgarism, reading offhand without a second thought whenever it appears, the amusement, now and then, of a ridiculous and incongruous idea. We trust we shall not be thought to presume to pose as models because we now and then deprecate the general tendency to slipshod writing. We are doubtless often enough guilty of solecisms, which probably any one who should take the trouble might readily point out; but we do not quite "let ourselves go," at least we try to keep a rein on our loose propensities. Let us therefore fortify our position by a reference to a very good authority who has carefully studied the subject, and written a very sound and reliable work thereon, distinguished by keen and accurate perception, and unquestionable good taste. Says Professor Mathews, of Chicago:

"Nicety in the use of particles is one of the most decisive marks of skill and scholarship in a writer; and the accuracy, beauty, and force of many a fine passage in English literature depend largely on the use of the pronouns, prepositions and articles. How emphatic and touching does the following enumeration become through the repetition of one petty word:—*By* thine agony and bloody sweat; *by* thy cross and passion; *by* thy precious death and burial; *by* thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and *by* the coming of the Holy Ghost."

"It is a fact well-known to lawyers," continues the professor, "that the omission or misplacement of a monosyllable in a legal document has rendered many a man bankrupt. Some years ago a law suit arose in England on the meaning of two phrases in a nobleman's will. In the one he gave his property 'to my brother and to his children in succession'; in the other, 'to my brother and his children in succession.' This diversity gave rise to quite different interpretations."

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

The editor of a French journal, in discussing an alliance between his country and Russia, said: "For more than fifty years the burning of Moscow caused a coldness on the part of Russia towards France." The freezing of Napoleon's retreating army gave rise to heated expressions, we suppose.—*Texas Siftings.*

Two Scotch fishwives in London were talking about the jubilee the other day. "Eh, wumman," said one to the other, "can ye tell me what a jubilee is, for I hear a' the folk spakin' about it?" "Ou, ay," replied the other, "I can tell ye that; ye see when a man and a wumman has been marrit for five-and-twenty year, that's a sillor waddin'; and when they've been marrit for fifty year, that's a gouden waddin'; but when the man's deed, that's a jubilee!"

We already get oil and gas from the earth, and now an Oregonian has tapped the old thing for electricity, and by punching the ground with a wire, gets a current that makes the electric light look sick.

A JUDICIAL OPINION.—Lord Norbury, when once charging a jury in a breach of promise case, noticed that the letters of the futhless defendant had been so long in the plaintiff's pockets, or so often shown to her sympathizing friends, that they were greatly frayed at the folds, and almost in tatters. "Gentlemen," said Lord Norbury, carefully holding up one of the epistles to the gaze of the jury, "it's easy to see that these are love-letters, because they are so exceedingly tender."

"It ain't ev'ry body I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending his first night in B——, at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on: "My first husband died in that bed with his head on them very pillars, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that very chair there in the corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still."

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the winder. Poor pa! He was a Speeritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again after he died; and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in Speeritualism, and I'd hate to think that."

"My son by my first man fell deerd of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skelotons in that closet that belonged to him; and half-a-dozen skulls in that lower drawer."

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."—*Puck.*

A clergyman, being much pressed by a lady acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text.—"And there shall be abundance of peace while the moon endureth."

A clothing dealer makes the astonishing announcement in a placard that "all wool pants." This is one of those physical phenomena which have hitherto escaped our eagle eye.

Horne Tooke, being asked by George III. whether he played at cards replied: "No your Majesty; the fact is, I cannot tell a king from a knave";

A vice that few pursue—Adviso.

"I want you to paint my picture," said a wealthy lady to an artist in Paris.

"I shall be delighted."

"I don't care about the price."

"Thank you."

"When do you want to begin?"

"I will be ready a week from to-day."

"Very well. Good morning."

A week afterward the artist waited on his patient. At the hour appointed, a maid appeared with a huge box.

"What is this?"

"Madamo's costume."

"Oh!"

It struck him as curious, for the maid departed without another word. He shrugged his shoulders and waited. Those American people were so queer. But he supposed the lady would appear and put on the dress there. She did not come. Two or three days passed and no message. Suddenly the lady bounced into the studio.

"Well, how is the picture progressing?"

"Madame! you have given me no sittings. I have not been able to begin."

"Begin! Why, didn't you get the dress I sent you?"

"Yes, I have a box of Madamo's here."

"Well—"

"But I can't make a picture—"

"Dear me! I thought you could fill in the head any time. That dress cost \$5,000 and I want it painted. The likeness doesn't matter."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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37. Anne. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne."
38. The Laurel Bush. A Novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.
39. Robinson Crusoe. A thrilling narrative by Daniel De Foe, describing the adventures of a castaway in the South Pacific Ocean.
40. How to Make Poultry Pay. A practical and instructive series of articles by Mr. P. H. Jacobs, Poultry Editor of "The Farm and Garden," Phila., illustrated.
41. Parlor Magic and Chemical Experiments, a book which tells how to perform hundreds of amusing tricks in magic and instructive experiments with simple agents.
42. Gems of the Poets, containing charming selections from Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, Byron, Shelley, Moore, Bryant, and many others.
43. Building Plans for Practical, Low-cost Houses, a full description and plans of Eight modern houses, ranging in price from \$500 to \$1500. Illustrated.
44. Anecdotes of Public Men—Washington, Franklin, Webster, Clay, Tilden, Lincoln, Scott, Grant, Garfield, Gladstone, Butler, Hancock, Lee, and all the leading men of the century.
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A. M. FRASER,
MANAGER OF THE CRITIC, HALIFAX, N. S.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Subscribers remitting money, either direct to the office, or through Agents, will find a receipt for the amount inclosed 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.

Hamm, in his boat race with O'Connor, at Toronto, could not even save his bacon, O'Connor crossing the line twenty boat lengths ahead of his opponent.

The Law School has again re-opened, and the young students, including three from the Pacific Coast, are again reading up Blackstone. The school has temporary quarters in the Medical College.

General Sir Fred. Middleton reviewed the Halifax Militia upon the Common on Wednesday afternoon. The General is much more popular with the men than was his predecessor in office.

Blueberries are scarce, and consequently the bears are unusually troublesome for the season. Mr. Charles Best, of Prospect, has lost four fine sheep, and similar reports come from other sections.

The first Indian Prince who ever journeyed around the earth, is Thakore Salih, who has been at the celebration of the Queen's jubilee in England, and is at present visiting Lord Lansdowne in Quebec. He returns to India via San Francisco.

New Brunswick has a monopoly of the blueberry crop this year. Ten thousand dollars worth of this fruit has been sent to the United States, and still New Brunswickers have not to deny themselves the luxury of an occasional blueberry pudding.

The nine rusty swords found on the site of Latour fort at St. John, will be objects of interest to those familiar with the history of that celebrated structure. Perhaps these swords were once in the hands of the men whom Madame Latour so gallantly commanded.

The members of the Librarians' Association, which visited Halifax during the early part of the week thoroughly enjoyed their trip down the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, their visit to Prince Edward Island, and their subsequent short stay in this city. The Association numbers among its members some bright literary lights.

Mr. Hall, lately second officer of the cruiser *Vigilant*, claims that his dismissal was, under the circumstances, unjustifiable. He asserts that he was drugged while off duty, and that he was the victim of those who wished to bring discredit upon the service. The Department of Marine and Fisheries will have his case thoroughly investigated.

Fifteen hundred dollars in prizes will be awarded at the Cape Breton Exhibition, which is to open at Mabou on October fourth. Mabou is one of the most productive agricultural districts in the Island of Cape Breton, it being by no means a rare thing to grow four tons of hay to the acre. This is seldom beaten even in the rich dyked marshes bordering the basin of Minas.

It is only now that we are beginning to gain a knowledge of the disasters which were caused by the terrible gale of Aug. 26th. Every vessel that arrives from the Banks continues to bring in fresh tidings of damage, wrecks and loss of life. When the season's schedule is made up, it will probably be found that Aug. twenty sixth may be reckoned as a Black Friday among fishermen.

Although it was at one time announced that the British Government had consented to subsidize the C. P. R. Company for carrying mails to and from the East, the report was at once contradicted, and it was thought that the subsidy would not be obtained. Late advices, however, indicate that the Company will be given an annual subsidy of two hundred and twenty five thousand dollars.

A Cape Breton exchange is authority for the statement that Mrs. John Brown, of Sydney Mines, has picked this season from one bush twenty-four quarts of gooseberries, and that Mr. Charles Archibald has picked from a single bush no less than thirty three quarts of the same fruit. We should like to have sampled these gooseberries, so as to be able to testify that their quality equalled their quantity.

Mr. Daniel MacDonald, of Little Bras d'Or, C. B., who, it will be remembered, was one of the Canadian Voyageurs, and who gallantly stuck by his Colonel when he lay dying of small-pox in a London hospital, has recently married Miss Isabella Ferguson, of Jersey, England, who nursed him when subsequently attacked by the same loathsome disease. Mr. MacDonald, in losing his friend, gained a life-partner. This is a romance in real life.

On Saturday evening last two engines on the Cumberland railway approaching each other tender foremost collided with a terrible crash, completely telescoping the tenders and making match wood of the cabs. One fireman was killed, and the other had his leg broken. Otherwise no one was seriously injured. The accident is attributed to the driver of one of the engines having forgotten his orders. This is a poor excuse to offer for the loss of a life.

An effort is now being made by the Halifax Agricultural Society to secure for Halifax the grants for the Dominion and Provincial Exhibitions of eighteen hundred and eighty-eight. These held conjointly under one management would enable the management to offer splendid inducements in the form of prizes. Our City Fathers should lose no time in seconding the efforts of the Society, so that Halifax may secure the Exhibition in the year of the three eights.

The Halifax Presbyterian Ladies College and the Conservatory of Music opened yesterday with a large attendance.

Yarmouth is taking the lead again, some of her citizens having subscribed the necessary capital to put up a commodious summer hotel, which they propose to have in readiness by next summer.

A young New Brunswicker, named Walter Charles Murray, has won the Gilchrist Scholarship. This will enable Mr. Murray, who is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, to take a splendid post-graduate course in Britain.

A sad accident somewhat marred the festivities at Truro on Tuesday evening. John Gaston, of Upper Musquodoboit, while stepping off the Quebec Express tripped and fell backwards, and three wheels passed over his right leg. He died on Wednesday morning.

Montreal has suffered of late from fire, but her most serious loss was sustained this week, when a solid block or square of buildings, valued at three hundred thousand dollars, was completely burned to the ground. Twenty-seven families have been rendered homeless, and three hundred workmen thrown out of employment, but the most severe loss is that of the owners, Henry Porter & Co, who lose their tannery, shoe factory and tenement houses, upon which no insurance had been effected.

The friends and relatives of Deacon Joshua Chadsey were much shocked last week on learning that one of Lockeport's most respected citizens had, during a temporary fit of insanity, put an end to his life by hanging himself. Such occurrences are perhaps unavoidable, but it is to be regretted that people do not regard insanity as a disease, and consent to its being properly treated as such. Many of those who are incurably insane might have been saved from death in life, had they come under treatment during the earlier stages of the disease.

It is stated that the chief cause of the difficulties arising between the Mounted Police and Indians of the Northwest Territory is caused by the inefficiency of the men who officer the present force. If it be true that police officers owe their positions to political preferment rather than to merit or competency, it is small wonder that they are not able to deal with the Indians intelligently. Long service in the force should have its weight, and the positions should be filled by men of sufficient ability and experience to discharge the duties without this constant friction.

The Montreal City Council recently opened a number of tenders for supplying the city with anthracite coal. The tenders were identical, being at the rate of six dollars and seventy cents per ton. The Council determined to ask for new tenders, and received one from a dealer outside of the ring at four dollars and fifty cents per ton. The aldermen are now asking each other who pockets all the bundle upon coal, and how it is that one dealer can sell anthracite at a profit of thirty per cent less than general dealers. If the experience of individuals in Montreal is like to that of the City Council, fuel will be cheap in Mount Royal this winter.

The "Flower Queen," which was rendered at Orpheus Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings by a chorus of about forty voices, attracted unusually large audiences for the season. The stage was spruced up in fine style, and, when the performers took their places upon it, presented a scene of great attractiveness. Among the choruses, numbers seven and twenty were particularly well rendered. The soloists, who represented different flowers, all sang sweetly, but a special word of praise is due to the Crocus, Tulip, Touch me not, and Rose, the latter singing with pleasing grace. The Recluse, who by the way appeared to have a monopoly of the fair society of the flowers, displayed great taste and good judgment in selecting as the flower queen the beautiful Rose, which, aside from its sweetness and grace, found other means to fascinate the audience.

Truro celebrated Her Majesty's Jubilee and her own Natal Day night royally. As early as 6 a.m. the whole town was aroused by the blowing of steam whistles of every conceivable sort. At 10 a.m. the school children marched to Victoria Square, and with appropriate ceremonies the square was dedicated to Her Majesty. Special trains, express waggons, hay waggons, and buggies combined to fill the town with visitors, and by noon, the hour at which the grand procession started, the streets were packed so densely that it was difficult to elbow one's way along. All Truro's trades, manufactories, and business establishments were represented, and the procession was one of the most creditable ever attempted in the Province. In the afternoon, the Highland games at the Exhibition building were well contested, the participants being spurred on by an enthusiastic crowd. The price of admittance to the driving park—50 cts.—deterred many from witnessing what proved to be a series of most exciting trotting matches. Little betting was indulged in on the ground (though pools were openly sold the evening before) and there was an absence of jockeying which rendered the races doubly interesting. Everyone seemed pleased with Gipseys' honest trotting, and Winan's and Slipp's good driving. The Tennis match between Windsor and Truro proved rather a fizzle, the Truroians not being able to hold their own against the Windsorians. In the evening, the town was most beautifully illuminated, and the torchlight procession of the firemen was much admired. Everyone in Truro had evidently determined to do their best, and the private residences, stores, hotels, and station, vied with each other in making the most creditable display. The whole programme was wound up by a promenade concert and dance at the Exhibition building. Truro was packed, literally packed with an enthusiastic crowd, which was made up of all ranks, ages and sexes, the number of beautiful girls and women being far above the usual average in such assemblies. Numerous tea-meetings and booths provided meals for the hungry throng, and were liberally patronized. They know how to run a celebration in Truro, and how to run it well.

The United States is to have a military demonstration at Philadelphia in honor of the centennial of the adoption of its Constitution. The regular army, navy and State contingents will number ninety thousand.

At the Big Stone Gap, in the mountains which separate Virginia from Kentucky, eight distinct lines of railways are now centering. There is not yet a house within several miles of the district, but town lots are booming.

The negroes at South Carolina are bordering upon starvation. Owing to the floods the rice crop is almost a failure, and unless food is procured from elsewhere, the negroes will suffer untold hardships during the next four months.

Appropos of rumored large investments in enterprises on Chinese soil, C. B. Adams will describe in the October *American Magazine* some of the scenery and people of that far distant land, as they appear to the diplomatic circles resident at Peking.

The finances of the Mexican Government seem to be in good hands at this time. An increase for the current fiscal year in both customs and internal revenue is confidently expected. The Government is pursuing steadily a policy of retrenchment, and expects to meet all demands promptly.

The *American Magazine*, which now takes a front rank among first-class periodicals, contains an article from the pen of Arthur Howard Noll, descriptive of his ascent of Mount Popocatepetl. This Mexican giant has usually been regarded as inaccessible, and hence Mr. Noll's experiences will be read with keen interest.

Master-Workman Powderly will submit to a general Assembly of the Knights of Labor, resolutions favoring government ownership of all telegraph and railway lines, and the establishment of postal savings banks. If the Assembly endorse these, bills embodying these resolutions will be introduced at the next session of Congress.

Henry Biggard, of the barque *Mary Fraser*, which recently arrived at New York, has been arrested for stabbing Mr Hatch, the first mate. Biggard had been thrown to the deck by Hatch for not having secured the anchor chain to the bits as the officer desired, and, finding that Hatch was choking him, he used his knife twice before the crew separated the combatants. Hatch's wounds will not prove fatal.

The fever hospitals in London are filled with patients, and so far, eleven hundred and twenty cases of scarlet fever have been reported.

It is reported that a British vessel, name unknown, foundered during a recent storm in the British Channel. The crew of the French smack who witnessed the disaster, say that at least fifty persons went down with the vessel.

Prince Ferdinand's position in Bulgaria is far from secure. Russia positively declines to recognize him as the lawful ruler of the country. Germany refuses to interfere, and unless Austria will agree to support him, Prince Ferdinand will abdicate.

Sarah Bernhardt has lost her voice, and it is feared that her vocal organs have sustained permanent injury. As she has an engagement in Paris this winter, it is feared by her manager that it will be impossible to put the new play "Deborah" upon the boards this autumn.

Naples, Sept. 12.—Three soldiers at Trapani were sent to perform disinfecting duty, and were assailed by a mob who tried to force them to swallow the carbolic acid which they had been sprinkling about the streets and houses. One of the soldiers imbibed the liquid and soon after died. The other two refused to drink the acid and were killed.

Oude, a Province in British India, has been ravaged by cholera for many months past, and the inhabitants have been stricken down by thousands. One report places the deaths from cholera during the end of May at thirty-one thousand. Oude is a Province but little larger than Nova Scotia, but its population is at least eighteen times as large as ours, being eleven millions.

There was an exciting scene in the British House of Commons during the debate upon the Mitchellstown tragedy. Messrs. Graham and Harrington were suspended by the Speaker for using unparliamentary language and refusing to retract. They withdrew, followed by the cheers of the Parnellites. The Irish situation is critical, and both the supporters and opponents of Home Rule realize that the present position of affairs cannot long be maintained.

An enquiry by the Japanese authorities with respect to the shelling of a cliff in the island of Ireshima by the U. S. warship *Omaha*, has brought out the fact that at the time of the practice several boat-loads of natives were between the ships and the shore, and that the shells which passed over the cliff fell in the valley behind it, in a little fishing village. Fortunately, few of these exploded, but those that did destroyed much property, in addition to killing several people. The Japanese Government demands a indemnity, which the United States will probably have to pay. The chances of promotion of the captain of the *Omaha* may now be discounted.

A great sensation has been created by the occurrences which took place at Mitchellstown in Ireland, the end of last week. Labouchere, Dillon and others, were addressing a concourse of about seven thousand people, when the police attempted to force a passage through the crowd for a government reporter. This the people resented, and, turning upon the officers, vigorously stoned them. The police retreated, but afterwards rallying they fired into the mass of human beings, killing two and injuring several others. By what right the police attempted to force their way through the crowd, or by what right they subsequently fired upon it, is as inexplicable as is that of the crowd to stone them.



OXFORD AND NEW GLASGOW RAILWAY.

See MINOR ROAD TO PICTON TOWN, BRANCH OF I. C. R.

TENDER FOR THE WORKS OF CONSTRUCTION.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, the 10th day of October, 1887, for certain works of construction. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway, at River John, Pictou Co., N. S., on and after the 1st day of October, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application. No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Department of Railway and Canal,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1887.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SAULT SAINTE MARIE CANAL.

CONTRACTORS intending to tender for works of construction of the Canal proposed to be formed on the east side of the Saint Mary's River, are hereby informed that Tenders will be received about 10 A.M. next, and that the most favorable time to examine the locality will be between the present time and the early part of November next.

When plans, specifications and other documents are prepared due notice will be given. Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them and be furnished with blank forms of tender, etc.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railway and Canal,
Ottawa, 21st August, 1887.

Western Counties Railway.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after MONDAY 16th May, 1887, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:
LEAVE YARMOUTH, daily at 7.15 a.m. Arrive at Digby, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday at 10.45 a.m. Wednesday and Saturday at 10.15 a.m.
LEAVE DIGBY, daily at 8.00 p.m. Arrive at Yarmouth Monday Tuesday Thursday, and Friday, 6.30 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday, 6.00 p.m.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. Connections at Digby daily with steamer to and from Annapolis, Halifax and Stations on the N. & A. Railway, with Steamer "Secret" from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and for St. John every Monday, Thursday and Saturday, with steamer "New Brunswick" for Boston every Tuesday.

At Yarmouth, with Steamer "Yarmouth" for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evening, and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted), to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, W. L. G. and the principal Stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGHELL,
General Superintendent.

Yarmouth, N. S.

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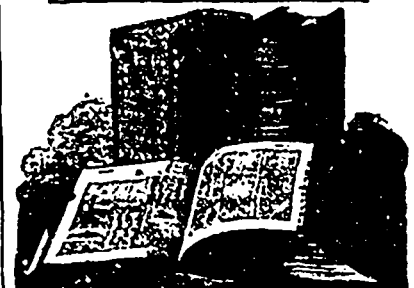
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RELIGIOUS.

BAPTIST.

The Baptists of Moser's River are about to erect a church at that place.

The Surroy Tabernacle of London, the centre of the Strict Baptist denomination, has just settled a pastor, after having been vacant since 1872.

In Jamaica there are 146 Baptist churches, with a membership of 31,776; 1,910 Sunday school teachers; and 21,403 scholars.

Rev. F. M. Ellis, of Baltimore, formerly of the Tremont Temple, Boston, and one of the ablest Divines in the United States, has been spending the summer at Chester. He arrived in this city last week, and on Sunday morning last preached in the North Baptist church, and in the evening in the First Baptist church. The sermons delivered by him were remarkably able and instructive, and were much enjoyed by the large audiences in attendance. He left Halifax for Baltimore on Monday.

METHODIST.

The large audience which attended at Charles Street church on Monday evening last were delighted with the rendering of the Cantata "Under the Palms," by a choir composed of eighty voices. The church was beautifully decorated on the occasion.

To the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain the last year was not a successful one. According to the statistics handed in, the total membership is 413,384, being a net decrease of 86 from the number reported the previous year.

Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist church, has arranged for seventeen new mission stations in Liberia.

The "Mission Band" commenced work at Dartmouth last Sunday, with the Rev. Dr. Savage, the leader of the movement, in charge. The services held by them at Spring Hill are reported to have been very successful. Services under their auspices will be held next week in Halifax.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Next Sunday, the First Presbyterian church of Truro, which has been undergoing repairs, will be reopened.

Rev. Mr. Cairns is about to receive a call from the Scotsburn Presbyterian church.

The Scots Church, Melbourne, Australia, intend to present a call to the Rev. Mr. Barclay, of St. Paul's church, Montreal.

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York, contributed last year for Home Missions \$36,279; and for Foreign Missions \$29,425. This is largely in excess of the contributions of any other church in America.

The Parrsboro Presbyterian church has extended a call to Rev. E. M. Dill, who finished his theological course at the last session of Pine Hill college.

The Presbyterian church (North) of the United States, which has increased its contributions for missions of late years at a wonderful rate, purposes to raise this year \$1,000,000 for Foreign Missions alone.

The women of the Presbyterian church in the United States have contributed to its scheme during the past sixteen years \$2,150,000, representing the entire support of more than two hundred female missionaries, two hundred native Bible readers, and more than one hundred and fifty schools.

CATHOLIC.

A P. E. Island correspondent writes:—"The schools, convents and colleges have re-opened, but are generally not well attended till next month. In another letter I shall dwell at length upon our school system. The teachers this year seem healthy and well prepared for what is certainly a hard year's labor. The N. Dame convent opened with fifteen or twenty boarders and a large number of day scholars. The number is quite inadequate to the advantages offered our Island maidens. St. Joseph's convent already counts a large number of attendants. This institution has done a great deal of good in our midst, and is always well patronized. The tuition fee is very small, and no boarders are entertained in this large convent school. The Superior of the N. Dame convent is Rev. Mother St. Cornelia, and the St. Joseph's, conducted also by the Nuns of N. Dame, is directed by Rev. Mother St. Angelina. The Prefect of Studies in the Notre Dame convent is the Rev. Sister St. Agnes of Rome, the niece of Archbishop O'Brien, and St. Joseph's convent's Prefect is Rev. Sister St. Daniel, whose brother is the beloved pastor of East Point. A thorough common-school training is given in both convents, enhanced by a happy commingling of what our present school system rejects as unnecessary, religious education. Girls of different religious persuasion from the Rev. Ladies are allowed to attend their respective church services on Sundays, and are in no way interfered with as regards their religious tenets. St. Dunstan's college opened with 25 boarders and a small number of daily non boarders. Others are expected and daily request admittance. St. Dunstan's affords a good commercial training and thorough classical course. The natural sciences receive special attention. Music and drawing are taught in the college and in the convents. The college numbers among its clubs and societies a French Academy, an English Debating Club, and Athletic Clubs of different kinds. The President is the Rev. Charles McDonald, and the Studies are superintended by the Rev. Jno. A. McDonald.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE TRYST.

Where the darkling shadows fall,
Athwart the rapid stream;
High o'er-head the tree-tops catch
The sun's declining beam.
Where the tortured rapids writhe
Their vexed souls thro' the rocks,
Carrying with them grass and leaves,
And dandelion clocks;
'Neath a beech tree's spreading shade
Stands a rustic seat,
There in happier times my love
And I did often meet.
There we two did plight our faith
In vows so strong and true;
Now here alone I stand to-day,
My love, oh! where are you?
Where in all the great wide world
Roams my love to-day?
'Could I but see thee once again,
Ah, 'tis for this I pray,
And every eve at set of sun
I come to the trysting-place;
And my longing ever stronger grows
To gaze upon thy face.
But ever do I sadly turn
Heart broken from the spot;
For there can be no happiness
For me where thou art not.

August, 1887.

FRANK.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

TWO TRAMPS ABROAD.

(Continued.)

Our next objective point is Maunch Chunk, and after a delightful ride of a little more than two hours, over the L. V. Railroad, the train sweeps round a sharp curve (the base of a cone-shaped mountain) and comes to a stop; the brakeman calls out Maunch Chunk, and we are in the "Switzerland of America." From the station platform our eyes are greeted on every side by precipitous mountains, while at our side the turbulent little Lehigh River goes rushing and tearing along unceasingly, over rocks and dams, in its tireless efforts to reach the sea, while the town

"Nestled amongst the Great Bear Mountains"

is across the river from us. Our first impression is that "its not much of a town, anyway," but in this we are deceived, as subsequent investigation proved. It was the lower part of the town only that we had seen, as the larger portion lay hidden on each side of a gorge in the mountain, the houses nestling at the foot, and the homes of about six thousand of the population were hidden from our view.

After breakfast at the "American Hotel," we started for the Summit Hill depot to have a ride over the famous "Switch Back" railway. A walk up one of the many steep hills, of which there is such a supply on hand, brings us there, and boarding a nice open-air car, which already contains a number of expectant passengers, "all aboard" is called, the brakes unloosed, and we are away. The car runs by gravity to the foot of Mt. Pizgah plane, about a half-mile distant. This plane is 2,332 ft. in length, with an elevation of 664 ft., being a rise of about one foot in three. There are two tracks, on each of which runs a safety car, so which is attached two heavy Swedish iron bands. These bands are fastened to drums in the engine house at the head of the plane, the motive power being two stationary engines.

The safety car drawn from a pit, now comes up behind us; the signal is given to the engineer, and we start heavenward, feet first. We have a seat in the very rear of the car, and when about half way up the steep incline, like Lot's wife, look back, and laughingly tell each other what we would or would not do, in case the iron bands should break, the engine give out, or some other terrible unforeseen accident happen. The brakeman, surmising, perhaps, that underneath all this mirth there lies a dread fear at our hearts assures us that there is no danger, and that "should any accident occur, no danger need be apprehended, as the safety car has attached to it an iron arm, which extends from its side over a ratchet rail between the two tracks, and should the bands break, or any accident happen the machinery, the least backward movement causes the arm to drop into the notches of the safety rail, holding the car stationary." Up, up we go, until we reach the summit of Mt. Pizgah, nine hundred feet above our starting point, and fifteen hundred feet above tide water; run through the engine house and on to a trestle spanning a wild ravine, where the car is given a rest, and an opportunity afforded the passengers to "drink in the beauties of the scene." He would be a stoic indeed that was not enraptured with the glorious landscape here presented to his visage. To the right can be seen Glen Onoko (of which we will speak later) and to the left the Lehigh Water Gap, through which the river forces itself, and still beyond can be seen Schooley's Mountain, near Hackettstown, N. J., about sixty-five miles away. Sufficient time having been allowed to view the sublime and picturesque panorama of mountains upon mountains rising above valleys, ravines, and the town of Maunch Chunk far below us, the brakes are again sprung, and we run by gravity a distance of nearly seven miles, the fall of the grade being forty-seven feet to the mile, to the foot of Mt. Jefferson. This plane is slightly over two thousand feet in length, and we ascend it by the same method as is employed at Mt. Pizgah. Reaching the summit we have another run of about a mile to the village of Summit Hill. A stop is made here of half-an-hour or so, and we start out to "paint the town red." We have hardly more than landed until we are besieged by a lot of urchins, of all sizes, colors, creeds, and nationalities, who are anxious to "take you to the burning mine, sir."

They follow us up so closely and persistently that to get clear of them we enter a store and ask for a cigar, and while there find out the history of the town and the "burning mine." It was here that Anthracite coal was first discovered, and the fire has been burning in the mine since 1832. The effects of the fire and accompanying heat are quite visible, the surface being scathed and scorched, and the rocks baked. Supposing, or rather trusting, that our would-be guides had given us up, we ventured forth again. False hope. No sooner had we reached the sidewalk than they commenced to file out from the side of the building which they had been supporting during our stay within its walls, and we are approached, first by one of the largest, and finally by the entire crowd, this time offering "diamonds from the burning mine, two for five cents."

The way back is by a different route, and if we thought the ride up was grand, magnificent, what can be said of the return trip, over the nine miles of descending grade to the starting point. We cannot do better than here quote a celebrated writer who took this ride. "A single turn of the brakes, and off we start, faster and faster, down through long stretches of shaded roadway, around wondrous curves, along giddy cliffs, under shadows of great ivy-grown crags, and still down, down, down, at a dizzy speed, and as if borne on the wings of the wind; there, like a toy village before and below us, we once more descry Maunch Chunk, with its familiar church spire, so indelibly impressed upon all who have visited the town. How fast we seem to be approaching it, for almost ere we know it, our fleet charger has drawn rein, and we are safe and sound, but breathless with delight and excitement, at the platform from which we started."

Riding around the mountain with locomotive speed, the numerous landscapes stretching about on every side, changing as rapidly and charmingly as the views in the kaleidoscope, keep the tourist wrapt in a continual state of enthusiastic admiration; the cool, bracing atmosphere, the novelty of whirling along the road at so great an elevation, without any apparent motive power, the valley lying so far below, the various ranges of hills and mountains, with their trees and vegetation in an endless variety of colors—all are calculated to make the beholder think himself in some enchanted fairyland.

Our time being limited, it was our intention to spend only a couple of hours here; but we are so charmed with what we have seen that it is now our greatest desire to stay here forever. We cannot do that, however, but decide to remain as long as possible; and the first thing we do, after reaching the town again, is to go to the railway station and enquire the hour at which the last train in the evening leaves there, and decide to remain till that time. We fill in the time between that and dinner hour by visiting the bazaar, etc., and after dinner go over to

GLEN ONOKO.

This beautiful spot, which is another of Nature's handiwork, which she has so bountifully, and it seems impartially, bestowed upon the neighborhood, is about two miles above Maunch Chunk, and extends from the bottom to the summit of Broad Mountain, a height of about one thousand feet. There are numerous cascades and waterfalls, the highest being seventy-five feet, all named in a way expressive of their beauties, such as "Hidden Sweet," "Crystal," "Lovers Bath," "Home of the Mist," "Onoko Falls," and the "Pulpit Rocks." The railway station, which is at the foot or entrance to the Glen, is of rustic construction, and presents an odd, as well as pleasing appearance. The narrow path leading up this romantic, sublime and picturesque Glen, takes us over rustic bridges and up steps, from one point of view to another, while rustic benches are placed at intervals along the way for the tourist to rest himself, or to sit and listen to the roaring water as it rushes down the mountain side, over rocks, seething and foaming as if impatient at the delay, or under huge windfalls which in some cases form natural bridges, or watch it as it comes over the falls breaking into spray. And we are mistaken if more than one young man has not, while sitting on one of these benches, laid his heart at the feet of some fair maiden, travelling down the mountain pathway with him, and asked her to join him in the journey down Life's pathway. We are not sentimental, but if we wished to be so, we would go to Glen Onoko.

Returning to the hotel, from our long and tiresome tramp, we rest awhile, and securing a carriage drive around the surrounding country until we have barely time to catch the train, and we feel that

"Too short and fleet the day went by,
Where Nature's hidden beauties lie
A memory folded in the heart."

Standing on the rear platform of the hind car of the train, we take a last look at Maunch Chunk as the mountains close in around it, and bidding farewell to its many beauties, take our seats in the car, and make ourselves comfortable for the ride to New York, which we reach late at night. We want to be off at five the following morning, and it seems that we have not more than got to sleep before we are again aroused. Still rubbing our eyes, we go down stairs, and on enquiring for the dining room, are informed that we cannot get breakfast at that hour, so have to leave hungry. Once seated in the car, Ned drops off to sleep again, and is "blissfully unconscious," whether he is hungry or not. Not so me. I commence a perusal of the morning papers, and am conscious of everything that transpires until Bridgeport is passed. After that, all is a blank until we arrive at New Haven. I've been to sleep, a thing that so seldom occurs when travelling in such a time, that I naturally ask myself the cause, and am almost at a loss to account for it, until suddenly remembering that I had been reading a New York *Tribune* editorial, everything is explained. As "a miller will sleep when the mill is running, and wake the moment it stops," so I roused from my slumbers when the motion of the car had ceased, and looking through the window saw the name of the station, and over one of the many doors leading into the building the words "Dining Saloon." Without waking

my companion I got out to secure a lunch for ourselves, and stopping up to the counter asked a young lady in waiting to wrap up some sandwiches. She did as requested, and feeling that the days of famine had passed, I was happy, and stepped on board the car again. A moment later I had aroused Ned, and a look of joy overspread his countenance when he learned the contents of the package I was holding before his gaze. His joy was soon turned to sadness. I had heard and read a great deal about the railroad sandwich, and thought it a much abused article. I have changed my views on the subject, and at present cannot think of a name strong enough to denounce it by, that is, not strictly orthodox. This particular sandwich may not have known that I was the champion of its race, but that matters not, I will not have anything more to do with a railway sandwich. It was my first and last experience. After opening the package, we each took one therefrom and eyed it tenderly for a moment, when we commenced an onslaught. But there is something wrong, our teeth make no impression on them, and we wonder at it. Recollections of what we have heard and read surge through our minds, and we commence to fear that 'tis only too true. We again attack them, but with the same result, then commences a tug-of-war in which our opponents come off victorious. We tugged and pulled and twisted, but without effect, until finding it was of no use, we gave it up, and hurled them from the window of the now rapidly running car, almost breaking down a stone wall with which they came in contact.

We arrived in Boston in time to connect with the steamer *Yarmouth*, and were delighted to find her such a fine vessel, more than fulfilling our expectations. The trip from Boston to Yarmouth was made in about sixteen hours, and at the latter place close connection was made with the W. C. Railway, and the journey to Annapolis commenced. This railway has, we think, one of the best roadbeds in the country, and as a result, the trains run very smoothly, which would still be the case if the speed were increased, which it might be without being reckless. At Annapolis we are greeted by familiar faces, and feel quite at home. Here we take the W. & A. Railway for Halifax, where we finally arrive, although we had grave doubts of getting through within a couple of days. If it is the idea of the management to allow passengers an opportunity of having a good view of the beautiful Annapolis Valley, and later on to see Grand Pré and the world-renowned Blomidon, so that the scene will be impressed upon their memories forever, then they are succeeding admirably; but on the other hand, if this is their idea of rapid transit, the sooner they learn that it is not, the better it will be for the travelling public, for it is nothing less than a "screaming farce" to call a train an express that goes at such a slow rate, and without regard to delays.

Our journeyings are over for this year. Where and how to spend our vacation has been settled, and we trust that the rather lengthy description of what we have seen will not tire your readers more than visiting the scenes here portrayed tired us.

RAMBLER.

MUSICAL ECHOES.

It is reported on the authority of a London newspaper man who is close to the D'Oyley Carte management that Gilbert and Sullivan's next opera will be on an American subject, with special reference to the Wild West craze which Buffalo Bill has made fashionable in England. With good and bad Indians, scouts and cowboys, Gilbert can make an exceedingly funny libretto, and Sullivan can write characteristic music. It is also probable that it will be produced in New York at the Casino on the same night of its first production at the Savoy Theatre in London.

Another Recital by Master Josef Hofmann, at Prince's Hall, was crowded to the doors. The programme was a severe one, beginning with Beethoven's Concert in C major, and followed by smaller works of Rameau, Chopin, Liszt and the young composer himself. It was a hard and exhausting task, which the lad accomplished with the utmost nerve and determination, but he looked overwrought at the end. To my idea his genius is being destroyed by such a strain. I hear Master Josef is to have a good long holiday on the continent, and is to return to London in the fall. Of all the competitors among managers Mr. Henry Abbey has carried away the prize, and will exhibit the young prodigy in America during a concert tour.—*London Letter of American Musician*.

BOULANGER'S MARCH.—The *Herald* of Thursday last surprised its readers by the publication of the words and music of "En Revenant de la Revue," known as Gen'l. Boulanger's march, which is now all the rage in Paris, sung in all the cafe concerts, and even in the public streets. As soon as he saw it, M. J. Salomons, the enterprising business man of Cappa's 7th Regiment Band, sat down and arranged the march for full military band, which he did within an hour, and it was played the same afternoon by the full band at Brighton Beach. It made such a fine hit that it was repeated on Saturday, and will be played again on Sunday.—*Musical Courier*.

Worship of the Divine and music have gone hand in hand through the ages, and the harmony of sounds has helped to develop and maintain religion more than anything else in the world. The importance and intimate connection of music and worship is but half understood in our time; here and there a clergyman or minister makes spasmodic efforts to raise music to its proper dignified place in religious service, but very seldom does he succeed in thoroughly making it a principal feature of worship. Only the Catholic church has really made music part of its supreme adoration, and music has done more than anything else to strengthen and perpetuate the power, which the Catholic church has had over its votaries.—*American Musician*.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

WHITE SLAVES.

Mr. Editor,—Since the payment of the expenses incurred by Mr. T. H. Adams and myself in the Government investigation of our charges against the farming-out of the Digby County paupers, in which payment we were assisted by generous friends, Mr. Adams, by successfully defending himself in a case of defamation brought against him in the Supreme Court in the name of John Handspiker, and by preparing still further to defend himself against an appeal of said case, commenced by Handspiker's legal advisers, has incurred a still further cost of \$350, as Handspiker escaped paying Mr. Adams' costs by a timely securing of the costs of his own side of the case.

As Mr. Adams is a poor man, I felt sure that a generous public would not suffer him thus to be injured for his manly and utterly disinterested efforts to liberate our down-trodden poor from their helpless condition of slavery and degradation, I issued a circular for the purpose of raising a defence fund by which his expenses might be liquidated. Up to the present date the following subscriptions have been sent to me and paid over to Mr. Adams. For these I return my most sincere thanks, whilst asking for further assistance, in order that as soon as possible the balance may be sent to me, which, so soon as received, I will promptly and thankfully acknowledge through the public press, with a notice that the subscription is closed.

Thus far, the generous contributors will have the satisfaction of knowing that our labors have borne good fruit, for although this county has not yet seen its way to the change of the present cruel and immoral system for that of the Home and Farm for paupers, several other counties have done so since our agitation of the subject drew public attention to the matter. The good heaven is working not only in Nova Scotia, but also in New Brunswick, and we trust the time is rapidly approaching when the poor will rejoice in their jubiles.

Mr. Adams and myself have not passed unscathed through the fire, but our discoveries of still further evils at first unknown to us, with the assurance from many friends that those evils must be put down, are to us a great satisfaction. The public press has been a most powerful assistance in our work, as we are sure it will continue to be until the evil is abolished. The following is our present list of subscriptions, showing the balance still needed. On this list will be noticed many highly influential names:—John Doull, \$10.00; Miss Strickland, (Eng.) 10.00; Collected by John Doull, 9.00; His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, 5.00; Rev. E. G. B. Nichols, 5.00; Miss E. Franco, (Eng.) 2.44; Rev. John Ellis, (India) 2.37; Rev. J. M. Davenport, 3.70; Rev. F. R. Murray, John Pugh, H. C. Tully, \$2.00 each; W. H. Wiswell, 1.40; Thomas Brown, 1.10; Frank Crozier, James Harris, Mr. Annand, (Annapolis) W. C. Silver, Rev. J. A. Kaulback, Rev. Canon Brigstocke, W. C. Ambrose, B. Lester Peters, Dr. Cowie, Edwin Kaulback, H. W. Hoyle, John P. Mott, W. J. Stairs, E. P. Archbold, J. C. Mackintosh, Alex. Stephens, Thos. A. Brown, Alpin Grant, J. R. Lithgow, Rev. J. McLellan, George A. Schofield, Dr. Moody, Mrs. J. H. Jones, Dr. Tronaman, Rev. P. H. Brown, A lady (by P. H. Brown) Rev. J. Lowrie, (Barbadoes) Professor Lawson, H. Pryor, J. Lyle, S. M. Brookfield, John Overy, Michael Dwyer, J. W. Fuller, M. Power, Miss F. H. Binney, Jas. Morrow, W. L. Lowell & Co., C. D. Tucker, T. W. Johns, Dr. Willotte, Miss Sterne, 1.00 each; Mr. Hallet, (Truro) 70c.; William Hill, 70c.; Rev. L. N. Bliss, 60c.; Rev. V. E. Harris, 52c., J. F. Avory, 48c.

JOHN AMBROSE, Rector of Digby, N. S.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

What is it that everybody is rushing after? Simply a condition of mind called happiness. Although the idea which this word conveys, and the ground which it covers in each one's thought, is never the same, either in outline or contents, yet the word itself, in popular apprehension, stands for the *sammum bonum*, the great good of life. Each heart seems to regard happiness as its natural and inalienable birthright,—what it was made for, and what properly and rightfully belongs to it,—hence no means are left untried to secure its own. The ways of seeking are as varied and diverse as are the different personalities engaged in the search; but each imagination "stands on tiptoe on the misty mountain tops," watching and waiting for the first symptoms of its approach. You could not blast a human life so effectively as to shut out from it forever all possibilities of happiness. Real desperation begins when only the dim outlines of such a prospect appear on the horizon of thought. And, as this condition of mind is largely dependent on outward circumstances, people will rise early and sit up late, eat the bread of anxiety and care, stop at no exertion, obstacle or sacrifice, rush hither and thither in hot haste, climb over each other in eagerness, enter into all sorts of schemes, devices and plans, tear up and down the great highways of human endeavor, go crazy from disappointment or overwork, get drunk, swear, lie, cheat, rob, fight, and even commit murder, all to bring about a state of things which will produce happiness! Verily, this world is a strange compound, and human life is made up of startling incongruities.

IN SEARCH OF RHYMES.—Mr. W. S. Gilbert, co-laborer of Sir Arthur Sullivan, has found the long-desired rhyme for "silver" in "chilver," a word used in British sales of farm stock to denote a species of sheep. He does not reveal the rhyme which he has discovered for "month," but says it is not Thackeray's "onety onth." "When I am on the subject of rhymes," he adds, "I should like to suggest that any inventor who is in need of a name for his invention, would confer a boon on all rhymesters, and at the same time insure himself many gratuitous advertisements, if he

were to select a word that rhymes to one of the many words in common use that have very few rhymes or none at all. Any invention called, for instance, a Lorraine, would surely be referred to whenever a poet wished to rhyme to 'orange.' A few more words rhyming to 'love' are greatly wanted. All who have dabbled in amatory verse must have felt this necessity. 'Rovongo' and 'avongo' have no rhyme but 'pango' and 'Stonhango.' 'coif' has no rhyme at all. 'Starvo' has no rhyme, except (Oh irony!) 'carvo.' 'Scarf' has no rhyme, though I fully expect to be told that 'laugh' and 'naif' and 'calf' are admissible—which they certainly are not. 'Scalp' has no rhyme but 'Alp.' 'Falso' has no rhyme—'valso' is near it, but the French accent disqualifies it. 'Waltz' is also near it, but the 't' spoils it. 'Babo' has no rhyme but 'astrolabo'—certain proper names excepted. 'Gambogo' has no rhyme but 'rougo.' 'Tubo' would be rhymeless save for 'cubo' and 'ju-jubo.' 'Fuguo' has no rhyme at all. 'Gulf' rhymes with no English word; we have to fall back on 'Cardinal Pandulph' and 'Ulf,' the minstrel. 'Azmath' has only 'doth.' 'Culm' and 'cusp' have no English rhymes."

COMMERCIAL.

The general condition of business is unchanged, and the trade movement has continued fairly active. As the season advances, the markets assume a more active appearance, and the early promise of a full autumn trade is amply sustained by transpiring transactions.

The Halifax Gas Company has declared a dividend of four per cent on its half-year's transactions. This looks like a "jolt" to the city for daring to reject its proposition to illuminate the streets. It is probable that the H. G. Co. has forgotten, as the City Fathers evidently have, that all profits over a percentage, defined in their charter, accrue to the city. The Gas Company has hitherto dodged this responsibility by "watering" its stock. Is it possible that it intends to deal honestly by its *clientelle*, and to pay to the city the surplus profits that it makes?

"When the Devil was sick the Devil a monk would be.
When the Devil got well the Devil a monk was he."

Well, perhaps there are worse and more "grinding monopolies" than the Gas Company, but Halifax has, fortunately, had no experience of such. The specimen before it fills the bill, and the citizens ache for no more experience than that they now enjoy (!)

The following are the assignments and business changes in this Province during the past week:—Lauchlan McDougall, general store, Ingonish, assigned to Angus McDougall; Vaux & Collishaw, grocers, New Glasgow, dissolved, John Vaux continues and liquidates; Ruggles & Chisholm, tailors, Halifax dissolved, St. Clair Ruggles continues under own name; Mackenzie & Co., general store, Sydney, dissolved, John A. Mackenzie continues under own name; Gresham & Burgess, drugs, North Sydney, dissolved, Robt. Gresham continues under own name.

Dry Goods.—In wholesale dry goods a fair seasonable business has transpired during the past week; but it is expected to rulo quiet for the rest of this month, after which travellers will commence their regular sortings-up, which will last till about the 15th of October. In many parts of the country fall stocks are reported to be unbroken. Remittances so far are as fair as could be expected.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The iron and hardware trade has continued to be fairly active and steady. In all the leading lines there has been a fair movement at steady prices, there being nothing of special interest in the situation. Warrants have declined to 42s. Finished iron has been in good request. Tinplates have ruled steady, and Canada plates firm. Tin, copper, and lead have undergone no change, but a fair amount of trade has been done in them at steady prices. London cables are:—"Tin, spot, £102 5s.; G. O. B. Chili bars £40; soft English lead £12 5s.; do. Spanish do. £12; best selected copper £45 5s.

BREADSTUFFS.—The flour market is more active and decidedly firm. In fact strong bakers' and Hungarian patents have advanced somewhat in consequence of the scarcity of old hard wheat flour, and bakers realising that new wheat flour will not suit them, are laying in stocks. We note that Mr. Harris, the well-known English statistician, estimates that there will be a surplus of 52,000,000 bushels in the world's wheat supply for the crop year of 1887-8. If this is an approximate estimate, it is difficult to understand why farmers are holding their wheat for much higher prices. In spite of the "bear" notions held on the other side of the Atlantic, there is, nevertheless, a growing feeling on this side that prices will be higher, and that wheat is, at present rates, good property to own. This feeling is also shared by representatives of Chicago and New York houses now in England, who have a chance of guessing the situation for themselves, being right in the heart of the "bear" element. It is, however, rather puzzling to account for the fact that, in the face of the ruinous declines in rail and ocean freights, the demand for wheat has not improved in proportion, although values have kept almost stationary on this side. The comparative absence of demand from the United Kingdom, under the late apparently favorable conditions for buying, can only be explained by the amplitude of supplies both on spot and in prospective. The potato crop is undoubtedly a short one on both sides of the Atlantic, and this fact must make itself felt to a considerable extent in the breadstuffs markets. It is estimated by reliable authorities in England that the shortage in the potato yield will be 25 per cent of an average in the United Kingdom, 20 per cent in France, and 10 to 15 per cent in Germany, while the United States and Canadian crops will be below the average, especially in the West. It is claimed that the shortage in the world's potato crop will be equal to an enormous equivalent in breadstuffs. Ohio must have an important bearing on the wheat and flour trade later on.

The Montreal Trade Bulletin says:—A feature in the trade just now is the large quantities of American flour which are going direct from the mills at St. Louis, Mo., comprising spring extra, fancy extra, and superior, and are selling in large lots at c. i. f. prices in St. John's, N. F., at 20c. per bbl. less than Ontario flour could be offered at. This is one of the peculiar changes that have come over the Newfoundland flour trade, which was formerly supplied exclusively from Montreal. Old wheat flour in this market is very scarce, and is said to be almost as difficult to obtain from the mills in Ontario. The reason assigned for this is, that old wheat is in very limited supply, and millers have to pay from 81c. to 83c. at the mill for it. Regarding the new crop, farmers refuse to market it at present low prices, and, besides, they cannot spare the time to make deliveries. There is no activity in this market, as it is claimed there is not the stock available to cause an active movement. As soon as harvest operations are over, farmers may make deliveries of their new wheat, and give a chance for millers to grind; but until then we may look in vain for an ample supply of spot stuff in this city."

BUTTER.—The butter market has been quiet and steady, but there is, if anything, more enquiry, which has resulted in some business being done at steady prices. English figures are just now relatively so low as to prevent any business being done in shipping butter from this side. Their prices will have to improve or ours to recede, before much can be done in this line.

CHEESE.—The cheese market is quiet and unchanged, with only a moderate trade. The situation appears to be controlled by strong Liverpool, London and Bristol parties, who own the great bulk of contracted goods in Canada, and it is believed that these parties will be able to control the market for some time. Under these circumstances the market here will naturally assume more or less of a nominal character.

PROVISIONS.—The market has a firm tone, owing to the small stocks held here. The demand for lard has been good at steady prices. In Liverpool provisions are cabled unchanged, pork at 72s. 6d., lard at 33s. 9d., bacon at 42s. 6d. to 43s., and tallow at 22s. 9d. In Chicago provisions are higher, January pork having risen to \$12.82½, and October, November and December lard to \$6.57½. Meats were firmer and advanced 10c. The hog market is strong, having advanced 5c. to 10c.

APPLES.—There can be no doubt but that the apple yield will be less than the average nearly everywhere. Regarding the American crop, Messrs. Hancock & Griffiths, of Philadelphia, write us as follows:—"In many fruit-growing sections, the apple crop will be almost a failure, and nowhere is there a fair prospect of an average crop. In New England, where earlier reports were most promising, we now hear of marked declines in the prospects, and, though present indications are more favorable there than anywhere else, the crop can average only medium. A few localities in N. Y. and the New England States promise good quality fruit, but the general tenor is to the contrary. Present approximate averages of the principal states are:—N. Y., R. I., Conn., Mass., 86; Mo., Vt., Mich., 74; Pa., N. J., Va., Kas., Mo., Wis., Minn., 53; Ohio, Ill., 30. Taken as a whole, the prospect is for a crop below medium quality and one of the shortest on record."

DRIED FRUITS.—Late cables from Denia quote Valencias at 17s., which is a decline of 7s. from the opening. New fruit has arrived in New York, and the SS. Scotland is now due from London at Montreal with a cargo of new fruit, when the Canadian prices will probably be fixed.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.—Refined sugar has been active and strong, a heavy business having been transacted. Granulated has advanced slightly in large lots. Yellows have also made a heavy advance, and are very firmly held. Another sharp advance has taken place in London and New York, and the market there have been excited. Business in molasses has been quiet, but the market has ruled strong, Barbadoes being steady at about 36c., and Trinidad at 32c. to 32½c.

FISH.—There is nothing new to note in the local fish market, which continues to be nearly bare. In Montreal dry cod continues to meet with good enquiry, and further sales have transpired at \$1 per quintal. Green cod is steady at \$3.75 to \$4. Cape Breton herrings are there quoted at \$5.25, and Labrador are offered at \$5 to arrive. Several lots are reported to be on the way. West Indian markets are reported to continue dull and unchanged. Prices there are generally below cost of production, and no business can profitably be done with those islands at present. Our Gloucester advices are to Monday last and stand as follows:—"We notice sales of Bay mackerel at \$13.25 to \$14 cut of pickle, choice Shores at \$19, sea packed; packed Shores and Block Islands at \$10 for 3s, \$14.50 for 2s, \$18 for 1s, and \$28 for extras. The tone of the codfish market is firm and encouraging. Sales of Grand Bank from the vessel have been made this week at \$2.70 for trawl fish, and \$2.75 for hand line; small, \$1.50. We quote Georges Codfish at \$4.87½ and \$3.62 per qtl. for large and small; Bank \$3.50 to \$3.62 for large, and \$3.37½ for small; Flemish Cap, \$4; Shores, \$4.37½, and \$3 for large and small. Cusk, \$3.25; pollock, \$1.87½; slack-salted do. \$2.50; haddock, \$2.50, and hake 82. Boneless and prepared fish, 3½ to 5 cts. per lb. for hake, haddock and cusk, and 5 to 6½ cts. for codfish, as to style and quality. Smoked halibut, 6 to 9 cts. per lb.; smoked salmon, 15 cts per lb.; haddock, 6 cts. per lb. Medium herring, 19 cts. per box; tucks, 16 cts.; lengthwise, 14 cts.; No. 1s 13 cts. Smoked mackerel, 11 cts. per lb. Canned do., fresh, \$1.50 per doz.; canned trout, \$1.50; fresh halibut, \$1.25; salmon, \$1.75; lobsters, \$1.75; clams, \$1.75. Newfoundland herring, \$4.00 per barrel. Nova Scotia large split, \$5; medium, \$4; Labrador, \$5.50; trout, \$14.50 per barrel; pickled codfish, \$5; haddock, \$4; halibut heads, \$3.25; tongues, \$3; sounds, \$11.50; tongues and sounds, \$8; alewives, \$3.25; California salmon, \$15; Halifax do., \$17. Clambait, \$5 to \$5.50; slivers, \$7.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

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

GROCERIES.

SUGAR.	
Cut Leaf.....	8
Granulated.....	7 to 7½
Circle A.....	6½
White Extra.....	6½
Extra Yellow C.....	5½ to 6
Yellow C.....	5½ to 5¾
TEA.	
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19
" Fair.....	20 to 23
" Good.....	25 to 28
" Choice.....	31 to 33
" Extra Choice.....	35 to 36
Oolong—Choice.....	37 to 39
MOLASSES.	
Barbadoes.....	30
Demerara.....	30 to 34
Diamond N.....	34 to 40
Porto Rico.....	30
Cienfuegos.....	37
Trinidad.....	28 to 29
Antigua.....	27 to 28
Tobacco—Black.....	37 to 44
" Bright.....	42 to 55
DISCOUNTS.	
Pilot Bread.....	2.60 to 2.90
Boston and Thin Family.....	8¼ to 8
Soda.....	5½ to 5¾
do. in lib. boxes, 50 to case.....	7½
Fancy.....	8 to 15

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

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

FLOUR.	
Graham.....	4.10 to 4.65
Patent high grades.....	4.00 to 5.00
" mediums.....	4.50 to 4.85
Superior Extra.....	4.70 to 4.40
Lower grades.....	3.80 to 3.90
Oatmeal, Standard.....	4.40 to 4.50
" Granulated.....	4.60 to 4.65
Corn Meal—Halifax ground.....	2.85 to 2.90
" —Imported.....	2.00
Bran per ton—Wheat.....	19.00
" —Corn.....	17.00
Shorts.....	21.00 to 22.00
Midglings.....	21.00 to 24.00
Cracked Corn.....	27.00 to 28.00
" Oats.....	25.00 to 28.00
" Barley.....	nominal
Feed Flour.....	2.90 to 3.00
Oats per bushel of 34 lbs.....	44 to 48
Barley " of 48 ".....	55 to 60
" of 60 ".....	1.50 to 1.10
White Beans, per bushel.....	1.85 to 1.35
Pot Barley, per barrel.....	4.85 to 4.75
Corn " of 56 lbs.....	65 to 70
Hay per ton.....	14.00 to 15.50
Straw ".....	10.00 to 12.00

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

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	10.50 to 11.00
" Am. Plate.....	11.00 to 11.50
" Ex. Plate.....	12.00 to 12.50
Pork, Mess, American.....	17.50 to 18.00
" American, clear.....	19.00 to 20.00
" P. E. I. Mess.....	16.50 to 17.00
" P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	none
" Prime Mess.....	13.00 to 13.50
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.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

MACKEREL—	
Extra.....	none
No. 1.....	"
" 2 large.....	"
" 3 large.....	8.50
" 3.....	8.00
HERRING.	
No. 1 Shore, July.....	4.25
No. 1, August.....	none
" September.....	none
Round Shore.....	none
Labrador, in cargo lots, per bl.....	4.00
Bay of Islands, from store.....	2.75
ALEWIVES, per bbl.....	4.75 to 5.00
CODFISH.	
Hard Shore.....	3.25 to 3.50
New Bank.....	3.00 to 3.25
Bay.....	none
SALMON, No. 1.....	14.00
HADDOCK, per qtl.....	2.00 to 2.25
HAKE.....	2.25
CUSK.....	1.75
POLLOCK.....	1.75
HAKE SOUNDS, per lb.....	10 to 35c.
COD OIL A.....	22 to 25

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

LOBSTERS.

Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing).	
Tall Cans.....	1.60 to 5.00
Flat.....	8.75 to 6.25
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.....	4.00 to 17.00
" No 2 do.....	10.00 to 12.00
" Small, per m.....	8.00 to 14.00
Spuce, dimension good, per m.....	9.50 to 17.00
" Merchantable, do do.....	8.00 to 5.00
" 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.

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	22 to 25
" in Small Tubs.....	24 to 24
" Good, in large tubs.....	18 to 20
" Store Packed & overvalued new.....	12 to 15
Canadian Creamery, new.....	24 to 26
" Township.....	20 to 22
" Western.....	17 to 18
Cheese, Canadian.....	12½

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

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Wool—clean washed, per pound.....	15 to 22
" unwashed.....	12 to 15
Salted Hides, No 1.....	7
Ox Hides, over 60 lbs., No 1.....	7½
" under 60 lbs., No 1.....	6¼
" over 60 lbs., No 2.....	6½
" under 60 lbs., No 2.....	6
Cow Hides, No 1.....	6½
No 2 Hides.....	5
Calf Skins.....	7 to 8
" Deacons, each.....	25
Lambskins.....	10 to 35

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

APPLES.	
No. 1 Varieties, new, per bbl.....	2.25 to 2.75
Pears, Bartlett, per bbl.....	6.50 to 7.00
Oranges, per bbl, Jamaica (new).....	8.00
Lemons, per case.....	4.50 to 5.00
Liananas, per bunch.....	3.00 to 4.00
Cocoanuts, per 100.....	5.00
Onions, American, per lb.....	3 to 3½
Dates, boxes, new, scarce.....	7½
Raisins, Val.....	6 to 7
Figs, Elmer, 5 lb. boxes, per lb.....	11
Prunes, Stewing, boxes.....	none

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

POULTRY.

Turkeys, per pound.....	12 to 15
Geese, each.....	10 to 20
Ducks, per pair.....	60 to 75
Chickens.....	30 to 60

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

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

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

SADDLE AND SABRE.

I

NORTH LEACH.

Nestling at the foot of one of the long undulations of the Lincolnshire Wolds stood a large, many gabled, irregular house, a house wont to puzzle the traveller as to what manner of man might be its owner. It was too big for a farmhouse, nor did it look in the least like a rectory; moreover, nothing stood near it but some three or four laborers' cottages. As you looked closer you became conscious that the central portion was most substantially built, and evidently of older date than the wings, which had apparently been added to it later. One peculiarity about it, rather striking in a house of this size, was that it was thatched, neatly and very trimly thatched, no doubt, but still that was a roof you would have hardly expected to find on a house of this class. North Leach, as the place was called, had been the home of the Devereuxs for certainly something like four centuries. There they had farmed some four hundred acres of their own so successfully that they had now for many years rented an adjoining farm of some seven or eight hundred acres, a property of the great territorial magnate of that part of Lincolnshire. This was farming on a large scale; but, although the times were not so prosperous for agriculturists as during the days of the tremendous struggle with Napoleon, still things were very flourishing. The farmers, albeit the Corn Laws had been repealed, made money hand over hand, and lived royally. Old Tom Devereux kept so many horses of one kind and another at North Leach, that gossip had it that Mrs. Devereux was always asked whether she would have four greys, browns, chestnuts, or what not for Doncaster races, a festival which the Devereuxs had attended with the utmost regularity for many years.

The present generation of the family had been brought up in very different fashion from their predecessors. Both sons had been to Cambridge, while Lettice Devereux had acquired everything that masters and a fashionable school could teach her. As for riding, there never was a Devereux that could not ride. Both the men and women of the family were thoroughly at home in the saddle, and well-known as amongst the best and boldest riders with the Brocklesby. In front of the house, indeed running round three sides of it, and just beyond the gardens and shrubberies which immediately surrounded it, was what was called "The Paddock," a large grass field of about fifty acres, virgin turf which had never known the ploughshare. Along one side of it were various artificial fences, such as are used for schooling purposes; for the making of hunters was always being pursued at North Leach with great assiduity. Neither Tom Devereux nor his sons could be correctly designated horse-dealers, but when you have such a quantity of horses as were required for the work of a farm, to say nothing of a long string of hunters and carriage horses, it stands to reason that there must necessarily be a good deal of buying and selling connected with the establishment. Further, there were a few brood mares at North Leach, and, consequently, a certain amount of young stock, some of which usually had to be disposed of. There was one thing certain at the big farm, they could utilize horseflesh in a great number of ways, and if a horse gave no promise of making a hunter, there were many other paths in life to which he could be introduced.

Inside, the house was, as might be expected, a roomy, comfortable old building, which had been most judiciously modernized. In the central, or original house, so to speak, the rooms were low, with black oak panelling, and floors to match; but in the wings the rooms were far more lofty, and a very pleasant drawing-room in the one wing was balanced by an equally comfortable billiard room on the other side of the hall.

At the time my story opens, John Devereux, the eldest son, had left the University some two years, and had steadily settled down as his father's partner: not but what old Tom Devereux was a hale, hearty man of his years yet; but men do not, as a rule, ride quite so hard to hounds at sixty as they do in their days of their hot youth. We all learn to take our pleasures more soberly, and it is well for us, too, if we can take our work somewhat more leisurely. The overlooking of two such farms as North Leach and the adjacent one held upon lease, involves a considerable amount of hard work, and Tom Devereux was well pleased when his son settled down to follow steadily in his foot-steps. There had been times when he had somewhat doubted the wisdom of having allowed his sons to go to the University—at all events, the eldest: he had been afraid it might unsettle him, and give him a distaste for the calling of a yeoman farmer; and then the old man had thought solemnly of what was to become of the land if there was no one to take his place when he was gone. He was fond of the old acres that had come down to him through so many generations of Devereuxs. He had made his money out of the land, and respected it accordingly. Moreover, he was as honestly proud and fond of the old home of his family as any noble in the land could be of the stately mansion transmitted to him through a long line of ancestors.

A grey November day is closing in as Lettice Devereux enters the drawing-room, and promptly rings for tea. She is soon seated in a comfortable armchair in front of the glowing fire, in lazy enjoyment of that luxury. A sharp gallop with the hounds that morning has induced a pleasant languor, which, now that she has changed her dress, she feels justified in indulging in. She is already half asleep, when the door opens abruptly, and her brother in well-splashed boots and well-stained pink enters the room.

"Hallo, Lettice," he exclaimed, "what became of you? You didn't come to grief of any kind with the young one, did you? But I missed you just after that rattling burst we had in the morning; and though we were

lucky enough to find an afternoon fox, who gave us a very decent run, I never caught sight of your habit again."

"No, John," replied the girl laughing, "and I will tell you why. That four-year old has the makings of as good a hunter as we have got in the stable. He carried me beautifully, and made never a mistake at his fences all the morning. But when we trotted off to look for that second fox, he began to blunder a good deal. And the reason was obvious, the horse was tired; quite reason enough for taking him home. We all know nothing breaks the heart of a young one so much as asking him to go on when he is tired."

"Ah! you really think well of the young one then, do you?" said John Devereux with evident interest, as he sipped his tea.

"I do," replied Lettice, "and what is more, I have an idea that he has a great turn of speed. I think it would be quite worth your while at the end of the hunting season to try him. I think you will, and that he is rather above hunter class."

"We shall see," replied John. "Anyhow, your schooling will be a great way towards the completion of his education. Have you heard from Charlie, and when is he coming down?"

"Next week. Do you know anything of this Mr. Furzedon that he is bringing with him?"

"No. You see although Charlie and I certainly just were together at Cambridge, I was a good bit before his time. I was leaving just as he came up, and during the term we were there together, our sets were very different. As for this fellow, Furzedon, I never heard of him, but he is evidently a great pal of Charlie's at all events he can ride a bit, and therefore we shall have no trouble about making him happy here, as long as the horses hold out; and if he wants a breather after partridges, goodness knows we've plenty of them, although it takes hard walking to pick up a few brace now."

"I've no doubt we can make it pleasant enough for Mr. Furzedon," rejoined Lettice. "I am bound to say that most of the friends you and Charlie ask here generally seem excessively pleased with the amusements we provide for them, and I have very little doubt Mr. Furzedon will fall into grooves quite as naturally as the rest of them."

"Well, now I'm off," rejoined John Devereux, "to exchange my dirty boots, &c., for more civilised garments." And so saying, he left his sister to enjoy her second cup of tea, and indulge in dreamy reflection.

Miss Devereux was so far very well satisfied with her lot in life. A high-spirited girl of twenty, disposed to make the best of everything, she found her home life very enjoyable. There was always plenty to amuse her about the farm, and, although North Leach was rather an isolated residence, yet people in those parts had generally full stables, and made little of distances; and thought nothing of a ten or twelve mile drive to a county ball, or other revel. Balls, it is true, were not very numerous; but the Lettice, though she could throw her heart and soul into a dance, was by no means hungry for such entertainments. As for the winter time, the prevalent feeling in those parts was, as Whycy Melville puts it, that "the business of life was to hunt every day," and Lettice dearly loved a good gallop. As she sat lazily there in front of the fire, she was speculating a good deal on the return of her favorite brother. She was very fond of John, but his quiet, sedate manner did not accord with her own worth-while nature like Charlie's. John was some six or seven years older than herself, but might have been, from the grave, serious way in which he took both his work and his pleasure, a score of years her senior. It was difficult to get John up to great enthusiasm about anything; his cool head never seemed to lose its balance for one moment; such high spirits as at times possessed herself and Charlie never ran away with John. She did not trouble herself very much about this Mr. Furzedon, although her brother had been very full of him during the last few months. Truth to tell, she was thinking more about how well her horse had carried her than anything else.

Seated in the sitting-room of a quiet lodging in Duke Street, smoking a short pipe, was a fair-haired blue-eyed young fellow, gazing into the fire and evidently deeply absorbed in thought. Thoughts not of the pleasant apparently to judge from the knit brows, and somewhat serious aspect of the young man.

"What an ass I have been," muttered Charlie Devereux as he puffed savagely at his pipe. "I wish to Heaven I'd never let Furzedon persuade me to go to Newmarket. I have had a bet before, of course, but I never went regularly in for it till this time, and three such meetings as I've had are enough to break any one; indeed, if it hadn't been for Furzedon's bet I should have been unable to settle. Bad form, too, borrowing money from a pal, and as to paying him, there's only one thing for it. I must sell the hunters. It is rough, but as he is coming down to North Leach to see with me, I suppose he'll let me have two or three months of them before the sacrifice. However, even then, if I'm bid a good price I shall have to take it. I wonder whether they have anything at home they will let me have the riding of."

None knew better than Charlie that the big London dealers always had their eye upon North Leach. Many a letter did Tom Devereux get in the course of the season to know whether he had a hunter or two that he was disposed to part with. The dealers knew very well that when a horse at North Leach was guaranteed a made hunter they could perfectly rely on it was so. And for an animal of that description a London dealer was invariably has a market. There are plenty of his wealthy customers who will always sooner trust to his judgment than their own, and have no objection to pay the extra price.

"Well," thought Charlie with all the elasticity of youth, "it is very jolly to have a real good gossip with Lettice, and to have a good time with the Brocklesby. I never think hunting so good anywhere as it

my 'ain coun-tree.'" Here his reflections were interrupted by a sharp knock at the door, and the appearance of a tall dark young man with a florid countenance, and slightly Semitic nose.

"What, Charlie, all in the downs!" he said, "what nonsense! It is no use being down in your luck because you've had a facer, besides, it's all squared up now. Let's dine together, have a bottle of champagne, and then go off to the theatre. I've got all my business done in London, and am good now to go down to North Leach with you whenever you like; and, what's more, we ought not to lose such beautifully open weather as this."

So the two dined at Linmer's, and the bottle of champagne, as was only natural, expanded into two, and then they adjourned to the Strand Theatre, and were convulsed with laughter at one of the burlesques which characterised those palmy days of the Strand. I am writing of a good many years ago, and, in pursuit of that very questionable experience, the seeing of life, it was then deemed incumbent on the young men of the day to drop into two or three of the Haymarket supper houses before returning home. Inferior alcohol, and the most dubious of company, was all the entertainment that these places afforded, but then it was the proper thing to do, and in our younger days there are very few of us who do not deem that sufficient reason for the committal of any absurdity.

Furzedon and Charlie Devereux, of course, thought it necessary to have a lobster or some oysters at one of these houses, and as they sallied out after having the supper, a dilapidated man suddenly exclaimed: "Ah, Furzedon—I beg pardon, Mr. Furzedon—you're good I'm sure to stand a sovereign to an old pal who is down in his luck."

Furzedon's eyes gleamed dangerously in the gaslight for a moment as he retorted in stern measured tones, "I don't know who you are, but I do know that you'll get never a sixpence from me to-night."

"D'ye hear him, mates?" replied the dilapidated one, addressing some three or four similar birds of ill-omen, who were hanging about the entrance of the house in question. "Pretty conduct this to expect from a fellow who was your intimate friend, and for whom you did some tolerably dirty work no very short time ago."

"Shame, shame," cried the ragged chorus, "why don't you stand to the gentleman now he is down in his luck?" Keenly alive, these supporters of the sturdy mendicant, to the probability of "glasses round" should he succeed in extorting that sovereign from the "swell."

"Close up, Charlie," said Furzedon in a low voice. "These curs are going to rush us, and see what they can make of turning our pockets. Just follow my lead. As soon as that scoundrel comes up with his whining petition again, I shall let him have it hot. Hit out at once all you know, and we shall be through them, and into a hamson in less than two minutes. In the meantime do as I do." And Mr. Furzedon rapidly buttoned his overcoat up tightly. Another moment, and the suppliant for relief advanced with an impudent leer, and said, "Come, Mr. Furzedon, we don't part like this. I'm not going to want a sovereign while your pockets are well lined."

"Ah! you think so," replied Furzedon, with a low laugh. "I told you you should get nothing from me to-night. I lied; you shall," and taking a step forward, Furzedon let go his left straight and true from the shoulder, and stretched the luckless mendicant well-nigh senseless on the pavement. There was a rapid rush of his companions, but the quick, straight, determined hitting of Furzedon and Charlie speedily dissipated that attempt at plunder, and in another minute the pair were driving rapidly home to their lodgings in Duke Street.

Nothing perhaps in the episode of a mere night row in the Haymarket to influence the destiny of anybody connected with this history, and yet it is these very small events that so often bear curiously upon our lives. Had Furzedon given the unfortunate outcast of the Haymarket a sovereign, instead of a blow, it would probably have made a considerable difference in the course of his life.

II.

MAJOR BRADDOCK'S DINNER.

The strangers' room at the Thermopolium was very full, and there was much talk and laughter going on at the various little tables as the wine passed merrily round them; but, perhaps, from none did the laughter ripple more freely than from a round table in the middle of the room, around which half-a-dozen men were gathered, the guests of jolly Major Braddock. The Major was in his element, he was never more happy than when giving a little dinner; he flattered himself that he knew how to do it, and, what was more to the point, he did. Looking at his rubicund face and portly figure, it was difficult now to imagine the Major a smart officer of Hussars, and yet, ten years before, when he finally doffed the pelisse, he was as good-looking a dragoon as ever wore sabretsche.

But a man who is naturally a *bon vivant*, who allows free license in the matter of good living, and who is not given in any way to field sports, rapidly puts on weight after he has turned thirty. The Major was comfortably off, and when he sold out subsided at once into a man about town. The giving and partaking of little dinners entered prominently into the scheme of his life, and it was now well known that an invitation from Bob Braddock was not a thing to be lightly declined. nor, on the other hand, was he a man to whom an invitation was to be lightly issued. It was understood through Clubland that Bob Braddock's verdict on a dinner was impeachable, and there were some one or two of these monarchal institutions which he specially tabooed, saying that it was a positive insult to ask anything but a raw boy to partake of food within their gates while they kept such an atrocious cook.

(To be continued.)

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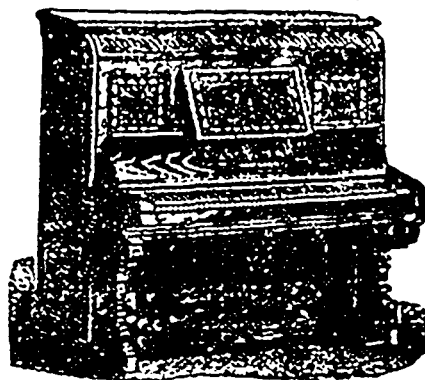
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MINING.

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

CARIBOO DISTRICT.—Sheriff Archibald owns a valuable block of areas in this district, and the probabilities are that they will be fully developed this season.

The Lako Lode Company have a very valuable property, and are pushing operations quietly and successfully.

At Moose River crushing has been resumed, the recent rains having furnished the water mill with sufficient power, and the dead lock caused by the drought is now at an end.

The Mount Uniacke mines seem to have a valid grievance against the Post Office Department. There are some 200 people at the mines, which number is likely to be largely increased, and yet the mail is only delivered tri-weekly. The present carrier gets \$60.00 a year for the service, and will carry daily for \$100.00. If the matter is referred to our energetic Inspector, C. J. McDonald, he will doubtless see that the grievance is removed.

The Hon. Mr. Church, the Commissioner of Public Works and Mines, is "the right man in the right place." He is rapidly introducing reforms into the department, and is not above consulting those directly interested as to the best measures to be introduced. A great improvement in the Mines Office is already noticeable, but when it comes to reforming some of the employees, it will be found hard to make "the leopard change its spots"

Mr. Gilpin has a happy way of putting things. In his introduction to the "Mines and Minerals of Nova Scotia," he thus defines this Province's position in the Union:—"In this Union the position to be assumed by Nova Scotia is apparently that of the workshop in which our own and imported raw materials may be elaborated for the agricultural lands of the West, which will send us food in return for the products of our labor." This is the whole case in a nut shell.

Mr. H. Sawyer, a leading merchant of Boston, has been spending some months visiting the gold mines of this Province. He has invested considerably in our mines, and has been successful in his ventures. A prudent, far-seeing business man, Mr. Sawyer is not likely to become enthusiastic without good reason; and when we say that Mr. Sawyer is really enthusiastic over our gold mines, it speaks volumes for their immense value. He has no patience with that part of our Mining Act which allows spectators to hold large tracts of valuable mineral lands without working them, and thinks the Mining Act should be amended in this particular. He predicts a great future for the mines of Nova Scotia, and is doing his share towards that end. He is interested in the Lako Lode mine at Cariboo, managed by Mr. Wadsworth, (who was Governor Washburn's right hand man,) and reports that the property has proved much more valuable than was expected. Messrs. Stuart & Gladwin sold this property to the Lako Lode Company, and it must be gratifying to them to find that it has turned out so well. Mr. Sawyer has been called to Boston on important business, but will probably pay the Province a visit next month.

BRIDGEWATER.—Messrs. Ramey, Mulock & Co., who have two properties containing one hundred acres, on which they have been working for some months past, have opened up two large gold-bearing leads, measuring 3½ feet and 2½ feet respectively. At least three other leads not yet developed run across the property. These properties situated as they are, right beside a main highway, only two and a-half miles from Bridgewater, and with large waterpower not half a mile distant, are evidently very valuable.

MOOSELANDS, TANGIER, GOLD DISTRICT.—Editor of the Critic.—So—As I have not noticed anything in THE CRITIC about Mooseland mining camp for a long time, I thought it would do no harm to let you know all I could find out about the place. Mr. Stomshorn is not here at present, but his gang of 9 men are hard at work, under as able a prospector as you can find in the country, viz., Mr. John Murphy, of Tangier. The reason they are so quiet must be because they have adopted some of the nature of those little animals, the moles. They have to work very much like them, burrowing away just over the bedrock, with 50 feet of surface over them. This is about the hardest place to prospect I ever saw, and a good man would not have attempted it, but Mr. Stomshorn has any amount of pluck and says that he knows what he is about and won't give up until he strikes it rich. Four shafts have been sunk on the seven foot lead, and they are now prospecting for three leads north of it, which promise to prove rich when found, and that they will be soon found is now almost a certainty. About 500 claims have been taken up, and all of the owners are evidently waiting for Mr. S. to clear the road, so that they may have a soft job. Perhaps not a liberal, but a wise plan. We all wish Mr. Stomshorn to be liberally rewarded for his perseverance. **MUSQUODONUIT.**

We hear it rumored that the coal property adjoining the Great Mining Association, formerly owned by the Toronto Company, has been sold to a local syndicate. Parties from Philadelphia have been on the look out for the property, but are evidently too late.

MINING.—Continued.

GOLD MINERS' ASSOCIATION.—A preliminary meeting, for the purpose of organizing the above association, will be held at THE CRITIC OFFICE, 161 Hollis Street, on Wednesday, November 9th, at 2 p.m. A full attendance of mining men is particularly requested.

Professor of Mineralogy Zealant, of Vanderbilt University, recently visited Louisburg ruins, Cape Breton. He says the Island is destined to become one of the greatest iron-smelting centres in the world.

CARLETON AND KEMPT GOLD DISTRICTS.—*Editor of the Critic.*—Sir.—I have waited long and patiently to see some jottings in your columns from this region, but as nothing has lately appeared, I have concluded to send all the information at my command. From reports in THE CRITIC I should judge that the mines in other counties are more systematically managed and developed than are our mines here. I do not read of the lead, but the leads on such a company's property—and I imagine the wily miners with pick and shovel pushing on for dear life in order to tap still another. Here is wisdom, and I sincerely hope that our Yarmouth mining men will speedily put in practice the advice of sensible men, and that is, to open up as many leads as possible. For my own part, I am tired of seeing about 50 men keeping up a sort of war dance over one lead, while there are others equally good and perhaps better near by. But I do not wish to give a lecture on mining, and so will confine myself to a description of the work now being here, as "Snooks" has evidently left us "alone in our glory."

The Carleton Company's mine is being vigorously worked, and the main shaft has reached a depth of one hundred and fifty feet. From 24 to 30 men are constantly employed, and the lead shows no signs of "paying out," still producing above the average.

Mr. J. Morrison has done some heavy tunneling on his property, just west of Carleton mine, and has cut several leads that promise to prove valuable.

Messrs. Miller, Crosby & Co. have opened up a promising belt on their claims, about 700 feet north of the Carleton mine, and expect to make a sale, their motto seeming to be "quick sales and small profits."

Nothing noteworthy has happened on the Ryerson property, but indications point to the fact that a rich strike may be made any day.

The owners of the Crosby-Fraser mine are doing nothing at present, but it is their intention to begin prospecting shortly.

A J. & D. Fraser have taken up a large block on the Tusket Road in Pleasant Valley, which is one mine more to be added to the many.

The Cowan Company have resumed work on the "Swamp Lead," which bids fair to become one of the best leads in this part of the country. The mining is in charge of J. Pushie, an expert from Antigonish.

The Kempt Mining Co. have stopped the expensive luxury of cross-tunneling, are going into actual mining, and intend building a crusher.

There is some talk of Mr. Roz's leasing or selling his valuable mine to an enterprising American.

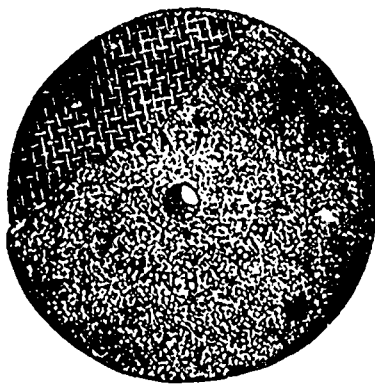
I almost forgot to mention the 13 foot lead on the Ryerson property. A test of two tons gave about \$6.00 per ton, and if size and quality continue, we will not for awhile yet be able to cry "ICHABOD."

We gather the following items in regard to Ontario mines from the *Canadian Mining Review* :—

Our Sudbury correspondent sends us the following particulars of recent operations at the mines of the Canadian Copper Company :—At the Copper Cliff mine there have been put in two 50 horse-power boilers, made by John Daly Engine Co., Toronto, which furnish steam for a small double hoisting engine, built by Webster, Camp & Lane Manufacturing Company, of Akron, Ohio, and one three drill air compressor, made by Ingersoll Rock Drill Company, of Montreal. A ten horse-power portable engine drives a Beckett & McDonald rock breaker, which has a capacity of crushing eighty to one hundred tons of ore per day. After passing through the crusher the ore and waste rock are separated. A two compartment shaft, with shaft house and rock house, are being built, the former nearly completed. At the Stobie mine the earth and detached waste rock are being stripped from the surface, thus exposing the ore. A vertical shaft is being sunk to strike the vein at about 450 feet from the base of the hill, which has now reached a depth of 72 feet. At this mine a three drill compressor and one crusher are in operation, together with a small hoisting engine at the shaft. The company have secured the services of Dr. George Stewart, a late graduate of the Toronto School of Medicine, as physician and surgeon for the miners and their families. On Tuesday, the 2nd instant, the Hon. Alex. McKay, Mayor of Hamilton, Ont., with the party of about twenty aldermen of that thriving city, made a brief visit to the Stobie mine.

The *Nipissing Times* will shortly contain a series of articles on Mineralogy and Prospecting from the pen of a distinguished mineralogist. The object in view is to enable its readers to discover for themselves the various economic minerals which are said to exist in abundance in the Mattawa district.

The prospect at the Queen Gold and Silver Mining Company's location is good, and all the developments only give more certain evidences of the value of the location. Mr. Kimbill has made a big cut 20x20 feet on the junction of the two veins, and here he intends to sink the shaft. From the shaft they will be able to drift four ways.



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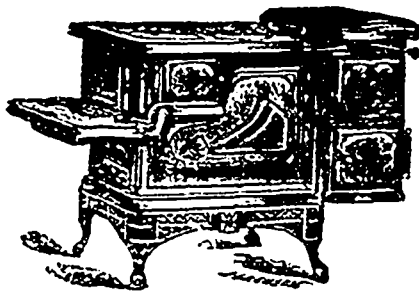
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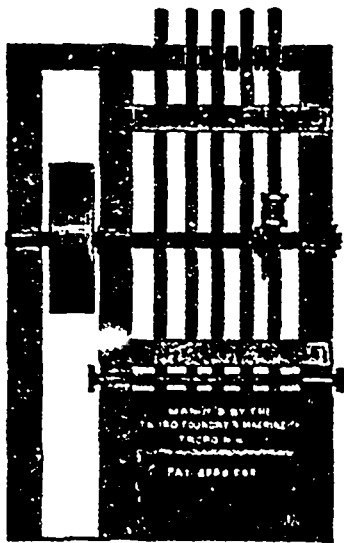
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HOME AND FARM.

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

PACKING BUTTER.—As usually practised, packing butter is a very simple process, and receives very little attention. This is one reason why so much poor butter is found on the market. The butter soon spoils because of careless packing and storing, and gets in bad condition before it reaches the consumer. A little attention and the exercise of a little common sense would obviate all this.

The packing should be carefully done. The butter does not want to be pounded into the package, but firmly pressed into it. Use a packer, and, putting into the tub butter enough for a layer, begin in the center and work toward the sides, so as to force out all the air and leave no air-holes. This will leave the last pressing to be done around the edges where any remaining air may be expelled. But if the sides were first pressed down solid, large puffs of air might be left in the middle, the air remaining to act chemically upon the butter and deteriorate its quality. The object in packing should be two-fold—to expel all the air, and finally to exclude all air. If both objects are effectually accomplished, the butter will keep a long time without any very considerable change.

Closing the package should be neatly and carefully done. The Welsh and oak tubs should be filled to within half an inch or so of the top. A piece of new clean muslin should be cut so as to fit into the top of the tub, and nicely tucked down all around the edges, and then the remaining space be filled up with fine dairy salt. Some wet the salt, so as to partially dissolve it and form an air-tight paste over the butter. The practice of some is to fill the tub level full, fit on the piece of muslin, sprinkle over it the thinnest possible film of salt, and then fasten on the cover. In leveling the top, the butter should never be rubbed, but pressed. A good way is to fill the tub a little more than full; then with a small, hard and strong thread, cut off the projecting portions of butter even with the top of the tub. This leaves no glossy appearance to the surface of the butter. This method is applicable to either large or small packages. Salt enough should be sprinkled over the top of the muslin to supply what salt the muslin and the cover may, by becoming moist, absorb from the butter, making the top white and tasteless, were the salt not supplied as above suggested.—*T. D. Curtis in Prairie Farmer.*

It is only by comparison of one system and another, and by experiment, if the reading and intelligent farmer so elect, that improvement in methods is brought about. The following mode of haying, contributed to the *New England Farmer*, may not be in accordance with every practical man's system, but may, all the same, be worth notice:—

MY WAY OF HAYING.—Hay is one of the most, if not the most important, crop in New England. The value of the crop to the consumer depends largely upon the time when it is cut, and the method of curing it. The best time to cut it is when it is in blossom. To cure, mow in the morning as soon as the dew is off. Rake in the afternoon if fairly wilted, put in cock and trim up as though you expected a storm; let it stand at least two days (three are better), and put in the barn. Don't touch it until you are ready to take it in. Possibly it may be necessary to turn the cocks over the day you put it in to dry the moisture that may have gathered at the bottom of the cock. Hay cured in that way will retain all the juices and will look nearly as green as before it was cut. When hay has been in cock one night and fairly settled, no rain will penetrate so far but the next day's sun will dry all out. FARMER.

When horses have been idle some time, as they too often are on some farms, it requires careful feeding to get them in condition for working. It is not uncommon to grain heavily, thus overloading stomachs weakened by poor or insufficient food, and making a bad matter worse. A horse is not fitted, but rather unfitted for work, by being fed a peck of oats just before. This is a task for his stomach which requires most of his strength. If driven or worked hard besides, the horse will be thrown into diarrhoea, getting rid of the load on the stomach not only without receiving any strength from it, but making it a source of positive weakness.

Wherever young turnips are sown the ground should be kept loose by frequent stirring with the hoe. This not only keeps down weeds, but destroys the fly that eats the tender leaves. It is the dust that fills its breathing holes and thus suffocates it. In a wet time, when there is no dust, lime, gypsum, or wood ashes, answer the same purpose.

Nova Scotia, it seems, is not the only country in which what might be good butter is spoiled by carelessness. Lord Wharfedale and Lonsborough are endeavoring to improve the dairy farming in Yorkshire, and they have arranged for the delivery of a series of practical lectures on the subject to their tenants. The Yorkshire butter has deteriorated so much of late that immense quantities of foreign butter, principally Danish, are now sold in the country.—*Toronto Weekly Mail.*

An extraordinary feature of this season's drought is that it extended even to the British Isles, where, according to the *Spectator*, the light rains of June 3 were followed by a month of unbroken absence of rainfall. The British Isles, lying in the track of the Gulf Stream, are usually subject to warm showers all the year round, and a day scarcely ever passes without

rain in some part of them. The present season, therefore, is a most exceptional one.

The keeping and propagation of myriads of mongrel curs has long been a matter of surprise to those who may happen to have thought about it. Not only are nine-tenths of the dogs we see about almost or quite useless, but their numbers tend to make the lives of thousands of them a miserable slow starvation. It would be true mercy to destroy almost all pups as soon as born, unless they are of good breeds, having some distinctive traits of special usefulness. For the farmer there is little doubt that the Scotch collie is one of the most useful dogs he can possess. Concerning him we extract the following from the *New England Farmer*:—

"The employment of the sagacious Scotch collie has largely increased in the United States during the past few years. It is as a sheep dog that the collie is best known in this country, but he is equally valuable as a careful watcher over herds of cattle. With the growing demand for this sheep and cattle dog it is well to make mention of the fact that collies vary in disposition and good qualities as well as in color; hence in making a selection it is wise to procure as perfect a specimen as possible. At an early age a well-bred collie displays striking intelligence, and with proper training soon becomes proficient in the art of 'gathering' and 'dispersing' herds and flocks."

DO COWS NEED EXERCISE?—This much-mooted question is of quite recent origin. It is natural to suppose that all animal life needs exercise in order to retain all its functions in healthy activity. But what kind of exercise? Not very much locomotion is needed in secreting milk. Even general health is maintained with quite moderate exercise. Do not cows get considerable exercise in stepping around, getting up and down, reaching for food, and kicking themselves when so confined as to be permitted to do so? In Holland cows are confined in a hot stable at the beginning of winter, and are not let out until settled warm weather. This at first seemed incredible; yet all witnesses testify to the healthy condition of the Holland cows. Gradually, during the last few years, American dairymen have more closely confined their cows and kept them warmer than ever before, not only keeping them in warm stables, but resorting to artificial heat and giving them warm water to drink. Thus far, all testify to the beneficial results arising from these practices.

It is not the nature of a cow to exercise herself much. She prefers in the open field to quietly crop the grass until her stomach is full, and then lie down in the shade and peacefully chew her cud with a dreamy expression of the eye that denotes rest and enjoyment. She does not run and cavort like the horse. This is not her mission.—*Nat. Live Stock Weekly.*

We are not prepared to give a sound opinion as to how much exercise is good for a cow, but it is certain that, if the above is at all erroneous, a very large proportion of Nova Scotia cows get all the exercise they can possibly need by being made to pick up their living on the road-sides all the summer, and lest, we suppose, they should lay on flesh to a degree calculated to interfere with their activity, are more than half starved during the winter.—*ED. CRITIC.*

OUR COSY CORNER.

A potticoat of dove-gray watered silk, with a polonaise or basque and drapery of cashmere, crape cloth, summer camel's hair or basketine the same shade, makes a handsome costume for wear at day weddings, luncheons and garden parties. The style is known as *La Demure*. The *chapeau* is of dove-gray straw and trimmed with a bunch of flowers.

Some of the new beaded fringes are so deep and heavy that as they swing upon the front of a skirt they remind one of Japanese beaded and cane-strung portieres. People who select such costly appliances—they cannot be called ornaments—probably forgot that Ruskin, who is an apostle of good taste, insists that in utility only is there true beauty.

Fancy little pin-cushions and needle-cases combined are made in the shape of a tiny fan. Cut from card-board three circular pieces two inches in diameter, with a piece one inch and a quarter long, and three eighths of an inch wide, projecting from one side for the handle. Cover two of the card-boards with blue velvet for the outsides, and line one of them with silk of the same color as the velvet; also cover one side of the third piece of card-board with the same silk, and placing a layer of cotton smoothly between, blindstitch this piece firmly to the one covered only with velvet. Cut from white cashmere two smaller circular pieces to hold the needles, button-hole the edge of each piece with blue silk and fasten them on the inside of one of the covers. Sew the circular part of the covers together three-eighths of an inch, at a point just opposite the handle, to serve as a hinge, and tie around the handles when closed a tiny ribbon bow.

GEMS.—*First*, secure a hot oven. *Second*, put the gem pan on the stove where it will become hot. *Third*, take one quart sifted flour, loosely measured; put into it three teaspoonfuls Horsford's baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls fine sugar; mix them thoroughly and set together in a suitable mixing pan or bowl. Slowly pour into this flour, while stirring it briskly with a spoon, a scant pint of milk; mix, and put the batter in the hot and well-buttered gem pan until two-thirds full; with knife and with it smooth the batter in the pan; bake fifteen minutes.

A CARD

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

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

RETALIATION.

A wild stork was brought by a farmer in the neighborhood of Hamburg, into his poultry yard, to be the companion of a tame one, which he had long kept there; but the tame stork disliking a rival, fell upon the poor stranger, and beat him so unmercifully that he was compelled to take wing, and with some difficulty escaped. About four months afterwards, however, he returned to the poultry yard, recovered of his wounds, and attended by three other storks, who no sooner alighted, than they altogether fell upon the tame stork and killed him.

GOOD TEETH.—The first work in the process of digestion is done by the teeth, therefore, the importance of preserving them to old age cannot be estimated. It could be done in many instances where decay is allowed to taint the breath poison the contents of the stomach and carry disease into the body. Besides all this, decayed teeth may destroy the tones of a melodious voice, and still worse, make an otherwise attractive face ugly. A plain woman with a sweet expression and good teeth possesses charms unattainable by those who, for fear of a small outlay, neglect the use of Fiske's Lavodent, a delightful and fragrant mouth wash and tooth preserver. Prepared by Brown, Bros. & Co.

ASSISTING THE AGED.—M. de Bousauche, captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, mentions that a horse belonging to his company, being from age unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left who sat with him. These two horses, drawing the hay out of the rack, chewed it, and then put it before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat.

When you ask for Simson's Liniment, see that you get it; don't be put off with any other.

CALCULATING CROW.—A Scotch newspaper of the year 1816, states that a carrion crow, perceiving a brood of fourteen chickens, under the care of the parent-hen, on a lawn, picked up one, but on a young lady opening the window and giving an alarm, the robber dropped his prey. In the course of the day, however, the plunderer returned, accompanied by thirteen other crows, when every one seized his bird, and carried off the whole brood at once.

Brown's Flavouring Essences are often imitated, because of their superiority.

WAGER QUEERLY LOST.—In the year 1765, one Carr, a waterman, having laid a wager that he and his dog would both leap from the centre arch of Westminster bridge, and land at Lambeth within a minute of each other, he jumped off first, and the dog immediately followed; but not being in the secret, and fearing his master should be drowned, he laid hold of him by the neck and dragged him on shore, to the no small diversion of the spectators.

As a Family Medicine nothing can excel Abbott's Aperient Pills for habitual costiveness, sick headache, biliousness, &c., one or two taken at night or in the morning will be a perfect cure. They contain no calomel or other mineral substance, and will have no griping effect. They can be taken by the youngest child or most delicate female without any bad effects.

LONG SUIT.—The longest suit on record in England, is one which existed between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, and the heirs of a Lord Berkeley, respecting some property in the county of Gloucester, not far from Wotton-under-edge. It began at the end of the reign of Edward the Fourth, and was depending until the beginning of that of James the First, when it was finally compounded, being a period of not less than one hundred and twenty years.

For cleansing the scalp of dandruff, nothing can excel Simson's Liniment. As a hair invigorator it has few equals.

FIT PUNISHMENT.—An officer of rank in the army of Louis the Twelfth, of France, having ill-treated a peasant, the monarch made him live for a few days upon wine and meat. The officer tired of this very heating diet, requested permission to have some bread allowed him. The king sent for him, and said, "How could you be so foolish as to ill treat those persons who put bread into your mouth?"

From the Agent of Crown Lands, Montgomery, Que.

This is to certify that I have used Simson's Liniment as a hair invigorator, and its effect is wonderful for the growth of the hair and cleansing of the scalp, and will in mostly every case prevent the hair from falling out. For sore throat Simson's Liniment applied with rubbing has given my family entire satisfaction.
E. RENAULT.

GENEROUS REVENGE.—A young man, desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it along with him to the Seine. He hired a boat, and rowing into the stream, threw the animal in. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat, but his master, whose intention was to drown him, constantly pushed him back with the oar. In doing this, he himself fell into the water, and would certainly have been drowned had not the dog, as soon as he saw his master struggling in the stream, suffered the boat to float away, and held him above water till assistance arrived, and his life was saved.



ADMIRAL KING.—In the engagement between Sir Edward Hughes and M. de Suffrein in 1781, the *Exeter* was almost reduced to a complete wreck, having at times from three to five ships upon her, Commodore King, who commanded her, displayed the most unshaken fortitude and presence of mind. Toward the close of the action, as two of the enemy's ships were bearing down to attack the *Exeter*, already a wreck, the master asked the commodore what he should do with the ship? To which he bravely replied, "there is nothing to be done but to fight till she sinks."

"The Baroncyher," Dumfrie, N. B., Feb. 23, 1837.

Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., Halifax, N. S.

While in the woods lumbering one of my horses accidentally cut himself, at the same time spraining his leg. The sprain was so painful that it was impossible for him to rest his foot on the ground. A few applications of Simson's Liniment reduced the sprain so that the horse does not limp while travelling—and a small quantity of the same cleansed the cut of humor and proud flesh, and it is now healing rapidly.
ROBERT PICKARD.

SCOTCH PIRATE.—A Scotch corsair, of the name of Le Breton, having been attacked by some English vessels in 1512, defended himself with extraordinary courage; but being at last mortally wounded, and no longer able to contend with the enemy, he bade one of his men bring him his hautboy, or flute, on which he played for their encouragement, as long as his breath would permit him.

"THE HIGHEST SATISFACTION."—Putner Emulsion Co.—Gentlemen,—I have largely used Putner's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil ever since its first introduction, and have found it to be readily taken by patients, especially by children, pleasant, and followed by no nausea, applicable to lung and scrofulous diseases; also of the nervous system and digestive organs. I am pleased with the results, and it is giving the highest satisfaction.
L. R. MONSE, M. D.

Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co., Oct. 30, 1886.

D'ELBEE.—When the Vendéen General, M. d'Elbee, was taken prisoner by the republicans, he was at death's door from his wounds. They entered his chamber, saying, "So this is d'Elbee!" "Yes," replied he, "you see your greatest enemy, and had I strength to fight, you should not have taken Noirmoutier; or at least you should have purchased it dearly." They kept him five days, and loaded him with insults; but he submitted to their examinations with great moderation, until at length exhausted by suffering, he said "Gentlemen, it is time to conclude, let me die." As he was unable to stand, they placed this brave and virtuous general in an arm chair, where he was shot.

St. Thomas Village, Quebec, Feb. 28, 1887.

During the month of January last, I contracted a severe cold, which settled in my face, and for two days I suffered excruciating agony from neuralgia. I expected to be laid up for at least a week, and would have, but for the use of Simson's Liniment, with which I bathed the seat of pain, aided by inhaling the Liniment, in 15 minutes it entirely disappeared. There is nothing I can say in its praise that can express the appreciation I feel, and would not be without it for treble its cost. Yours gratefully,
MRS. ELIZABETH PAQUETTE.

MARSHAL NEY.—On the memorable retreat from Portugal, Marshal Ney commanded the rear guard, and had to maintain several conflicts with the English troops. On retreating through Pombal, the moment the English entered the town the bells were ordered to be rung, and every kind of rejoicing to be made, even, it is said, to the burning of Ney and Massena in effigy. Ney being made acquainted with the fact, instantly turned round and drove the British out at the point of the bayonet, and set fire to the town. He then wrote a letter to Lord Wellington, stating that he was sorry to have been compelled to such a measure; but he felt it necessary to prove to his lordship, that it was hunger, and that only, that obliged the French to retreat out of Portugal.

We will teach our children to say:

"A blessing on Mr. Simson," for this Tolu and Ainsed always cures that tickling sensation in one's throat; the result of wet feet and exposure.



This excellent preparation has been used more extensively than ever this summer in cases of Diarrhoea, Debility, Physical Exhaustion, and Prostration, caused by the excessive heat. It has proved itself to be the most suitable and most nourishing diet that can be taken by convalescents, or by those who are suffering from the above complaints.

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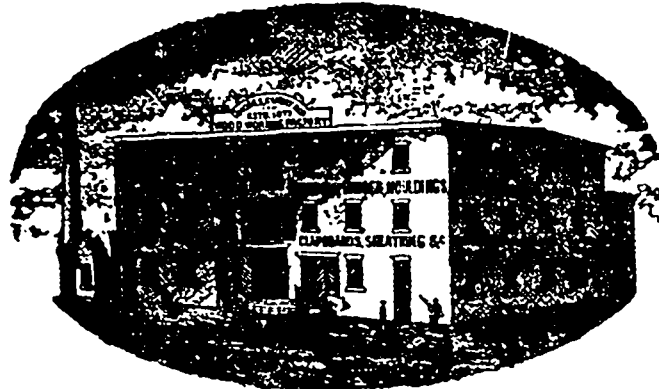


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