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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.

A man named Graham is reported to have gone through the whirlpool rapids of the Niagara River a few days ago in a barrel-shaped boat, and has come through unhurt. He proposes to go through again. It is surely time that some steps were taken to procure legislation against this foolish and wicked mania, which really amounts to little less than suicide with only the addition of notoriety.

The Anti-Jesuit Act agitation has degenerated into an engine of political party warfare, which is probably the only feature which keeps the mischievous agitation alive. If this is to be repeated, as all such endeavors for making political capital are, it is on the other hand fortunate that the principle of provincial autonomy would be seriously interfered with by any success (which is, however, quite unlikely) that might attend the movement. This feature, fortunately, renders it a very difficult question to make much out of it.

It does not seem at all improbable that the spark which may set Europe ablaze may be struck in Armenia. The Sublime Porte shows but little inclination to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin for the better government of that country, and Christian Armenians have been subjected to outrages at the hands of the Kurds. If this state of things is allowed to continue, through the tardiness of the other powers to insist on the Turkish Government fulfilling its engagements, it is more than probable that Russia will intervene, and she would, we imagine, find justification in the Treaty for so doing.

A Bill has been introduced into the Imperial Parliament for the removal of the civil disabilities of women. The Bill of course owes its inception to the recent judgment which voided the election of Miss Cobden to the London County Council, on the ground that women were not eligible. There can be no doubt that the Bill is a proper and necessary measure. No great proportion of women perhaps are either capable or desirous of filling such public positions, but there are some who are eminently fit, and when these are willing and are sustained by popular vote, it must be felt that the general advance in the status of the sex demands the removal of a disability for which there is no logical reason.

In an interesting article on "Canadian English" the *Week* remarks, apropos of Cape Breton, "another expression often heard here among housewives is apt to strike a stranger oddly. Bread, when heavy, is said to be 'sad.' This is an interesting idiom inasmuch as it is early English." This, no doubt, explains the curious old-fashioned term "sad-iron" applied to the common laundry iron, which may sometimes even yet be seen in trade quotations, and which is evidently a name implying weight.

Our wrong-headed and impulsive contemporary, the *Bridgewater Enterprise*, has apparently not yet recovered from its attack of lunacy, as it is out again in its issue of the 21st with a tirade which is altogether too inconsequent and ridiculous to inflict upon our readers. We need only remark that the "editor of THE CRITIC" is not at all "terribly excited," but somewhat astonished and a little ashamed that any newspaper should so discredit the Press of Nova Scotia. For the rest, if not excited, we are decidedly amused.

Some comment, pro and con, has appeared in the daily press about the Halifax police. From what has transpired it would appear that conduct and discipline in the force are not quite all that might be desired. Another thing is certainly observable. To those who know the drill, discipline, uniform and general get-up of the Police of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and London, our city guardians, with their nondescript uniforms and undrilled gait, do not present quite the neatness and smartness of appearance we would like to see.

Just as the value of the C. P. R. was to be measured by American abuse of it, so is that of the Anglo-Canadian fast Atlantic service and the China-Japan mail contract to be measured by the objurgations of lines likely to be interfered with. Says the *Quebec Morning Chronicle* in its general news:—"The Peninsular and Oriental Company declare that the attempt to establish a 20-knot service on the Canadian route must result in financial disaster. The Canadian Pacific people reply to-day that they have no intention of being left behind, but look forward to a friendly competition with the Suez route, and hope together to establish a splendid round-the-world route under the British flag. Sir George Baden-Powell also writes that trade in and around the Pacific has so increased as to create a positive need for an alternative route. The contract seems to meet almost universal approval." So, through good report and evil report, Canada advances steadily and irresistibly.

The great strike in London, which began with the dock-laborers, but has since extended to the operatives of almost every department of business and supply, is really a serious matter. Wednesday's advices add to the list coal-porters and mail cartmen, and several other occupations of vital importance to the course of business. The inhabitants of smaller towns can scarcely realize what it is to paralyze the supplies of such a city as London, but this is, in effect, what is being done. So general is the movement that premeditation might be suspected, but it is more probably imitation and the perception of an opportunity to make the power of the laboring classes felt. In this, if it be their object, they will no doubt achieve a signal success, and the experience of a great power will not be without its effect in the future. The dock companies seem to have set the ball rolling by their refusal to entertain arbitration. At the time of our going to press the situation seems really alarming. Every trade is paralyzed, and the four millions of people which London contains will, if the strike continue, be reduced to a condition of desperation. Some means of conciliation will, however, probably be arrived at before matters come to the worst.

The physicians of the Birmingham Lunatic Asylum appear to have discovered "a new use for rabbits." They have turned a number of these animals into the fields adjoining the institution, in order to "amuse the inmates and direct their minds." However amusing these wild rabbits may prove to the patients in the Asylum at the present moment, the experiment is likely to prove anything but amusing as time goes on to those employed about the grounds of the institution, as these creatures multiply and increase at a most formidable rate, and ere long the surrounding fields will become a mere rabbit warren, gardens will disappear, for they devour every green leaf they can find. In Australia, where some foolish person imported and turned loose a quantity of rabbits, they have over run or under run miles and miles of the country, the inhabitants being at their wit's end to circumvent their devastations, and up to last accounts all efforts have proved futile. All sorts of things have been tried—ratcatchers, ferrets, Pasteur inoculation for chicken cholera, hundreds of miles of wire fencing, and lastly, cats. There appears to be more hope of success in the cat attack than in any other of the schemes in the much-desired war of extermination.

The jealousy of city against city is not, it would seem, confined to the Maritime Provinces. The *Toronto Globe* having given a kindly recommendation to the people of Toronto to attend the Hamilton Carnival meets with but a surly acknowledgment from the *Hamilton Times*. Inter-civic jealousy and the rude and vulgar expression of it are a discredit to Canadian intelligence and good feeling, to say nothing of patriotism. All Canada ought to be able to rejoice ungrudgingly at the success and prosperity of any part of her wide Dominion.

A humorous claim has been attributed to the United States Assistant Secretary of the State that they have a right to the seals in the open seas because they have been bred in their waters. A writer in the *Christian Union* (an American paper) very aptly institutes as a parallel that "the same principle would establish a claim of the Northern States to authority over the robins when they go South in the fall," but a more distinctly international claim lies open to Canada. There are lots of robins which breed in the Dominion and they all go South in the fall.

It has long been supposed that the highest mountain on the face of the globe was Mount Everest in the Himalayas, the height of which above the ocean level is 29,000 feet. If more recent observation be correctly reported the distinction belongs to a peak in the Island of Papua or New Guinea. This monster is said to have been discovered by Capt. A. J. Lawson, of London, in 1881. According to him the new claimant for the mountain championship is 32,763 feet in height, being 3,781 feet higher than Mount Everest. The new giant has been named Mount Hercules.

We again raise our voice in warning to the Dominion Government on the Mormon movement into our N. W. Territories. Let the Government be fully prepared, and not have to deal eventually with an accomplished fact, always more difficult to deal with than if combatted in its inception. The foul idea of polygamy is the essence of the faith, if such it may be called, of these social miscreants. If there is the slightest winking at it the Mormon settlement in the N. W. will rapidly increase by immigration from Utah. Let the federal Government use a wise and comprehensive foresight.

The Canadian Pacific has taken the right course to rehabilitate itself in the good graces of the people of Manitoba by proposing to undertake the construction of certain branch lines of railway. The fertile and beautiful Souris District is, it is said, one of the first which will be benefitted by this decision. The railway hunger of the Pacific Province has been phenomenal, and it is astonishing how much facility of traffic has been accomplished under its urgency. The results will probably demonstrate the expediency of building railways to promote settlement rather than waiting for the demands of settlement to build railways.

"A recent cartoon in a New York paper," says the *Kentville New Star*, "hits off the present situation very well. John Bull is represented with a number of bags of gold hanging from his belt as approaching Uncle Sam with the remark—'It's a lot of trouble to buy you up piece-meal; what will you take for your whole blooming country, anyway?' Canadians cannot but wish that the British investor, in his own interest as well as in ours, would utilize more of his wealth than he now does in building up the great mining and other industries of which this country is capable, and which would afford him a safe and paying investment." The *New Star's* moral to the fable is aptly hit. We commend it to all Canadians.

The *London Times* has the following apt remarks on the Behring Sea seizures. They seem to sum up the case with considerable penetration:—"There is a curious want of seriousness about the Behring Sea seizures. It appears they are intended to frighten away Victorian sealers by sham formalities of capture, and not to exact the usual penalties. America appears to think this course will appease the Alaska company and please the Irish electors, yet not provoke British reprisals. But she has no right to play a game of 'bounce' with the weapons of illegal capture and search. Unless England takes some active step America will be perfectly content with an interchange of views till doomsday. Americans will not find us unreasonable on the score of preserving seals from extinction. If they persist in refusing to discuss any settlement our only course is to take vigorous steps to see that our rights are respected."

If, a few years ago, Canada was found incapable of sustaining a first-class magazine, it will probably not be long before such a publication might be again adventured upon with every prospect of success. In a recent article on "Intellectual Development" the *Toronto Empire* has the following entirely justifiable remarks:—"The last two decades have seen the pulse of literary activity stirring in Canada with no uncertain effect. A Canadian has taken the prize of a Russian Czar for the best work on cavalry, another has written a standard work on British Parliamentary System, still another has distinguished himself as a constitutional writer, a French-Canadian has been crowned laureate by the Academy of France, while poets too numerous to mention have dwelt upon the beauties of Canadian scenery, and sung of the deeds of Canadian history. Eloquent and interesting works have been written upon the Scotchmen and Irishmen in Canada, and now a gifted writer is engaged upon a history of our country as a whole. In science, in belles-lettres, in history, in drama, in poetry, and in all the departments of literary growth the progress during the last few years has been marked, and we are justified in believing that the development of Canadian literature will continue in its prosperous course until this branch of the great tree of British thought will have added to its parent's laurels a not unworthy chaplet of renown."

Substantially the *New York Herald* is in accord with the *London Times* in its opinion on the Behring Sea seizures—the policy in regard to which it does not hesitate to stigmatise as "buffoonery." This is what the *Herald* says:—"If the United States has a good title to Behring Sea it should send cruisers enough there to protect our rights in a businesslike manner becoming the dignity of the nation. Every sealer caught violating our rights should be brought into an American port as a prize. If it has no such title it should say so and stop harassing foreign vessels in those waters. Such burlesque business as seizing a vessel and then putting a prize crew of one seaman aboard that she may skip away to her own port should be stopped. It is simply buffoonery well calculated to do mischief and bring the authority of the United States into contempt."

We have had something to say now and then about the check-rein abomination, especially that which is made fast to the top of the head—the worst and cruellest form of it. We are glad to see that attention is now called by *Public Opinion* to "blinkers." We are wonderfully afraid of trusting to nature, and reasonable methods deduced from observation of it. No one rides a horse with blinkers, and it would be infinitely better if we drove them without those unnatural incumbrances. The eyes of the horse are quite unlike our own, they are prominent and placed on the sides of the head. The blinker has the effect of heating them and hindering the free passage of air over them. It causes the eyes to be always directed forward, and thus produces a most injurious strain on the delicate muscles. We know how painful a sensation is felt when we are obliged to strain our eyes either backward or upward for any length of time, and the horse suffers no less inconvenience when it is forced to keep its eyes continually strained forward. The closer the blinker—sometimes confided by a cross strap—the worse the effect. Between dark stables and blinkers it is a marvel that nine horses out of ten do not go blind.

We are sorry to learn of a proposal to shorten cricket by making an innings end when five men are out. It is to be hoped it will not be entertained. We do not want to see cricket Yankeeified. It is remarked by the *Toronto Globe* that for amateur cricket "has some advantages over both lacrosse and baseball. The very slowness and leisureliness which Americans deride make it suitable for men whose muscles and wind are not in condition for violent exercise, and especially for men of somewhat advanced years. The Englishman plays cricket when he is fifty years of age, while a man over thirty is rarely seen on the diamond or the lacrosse field." This idea does not appeal to us; there is some amount of truth in it, but the call on the strength, wind, and especially the staying qualities, of a successful bat, who may have to make, say a hundred runs on his account, besides those he may have to traverse on his partner's, the continuous exertion required of bowlers and long stops, and the all round vigilance of fielders which can never relax, are not quite of the sort "suitable for men whose muscles and wind are not in condition for violent exercise." We trust our over-suggestive friends will leave cricket alone to its own merits, such as they are, and to its respectability.

The *Boston Musical Herald* has the following interesting remarks on "the golden harp":—"The harp is by common consent supposed to be the musical instrument of the angels, and many a clerical metaphor has been made regarding 'the celestial harps,' 'the golden harps,' etc., etc. The metaphor is probably taken by very few as a fixed truth, but is nevertheless to the musician an interesting and also a reverential one. At the time that the Scriptures were written the harp was the finest instrument possessed by man, and in ascribing it to the angels an effort was made to represent the music of Heaven by the noblest tones of earth. Were we to imagine celestial music to-day it would be the roll of heavenly orchestras, and some of the old Italian painters scarcely made a musical error in depicting their angels as playing on violins. The violin is the noblest earthly instrument, and is far beyond the harp in its representation of bliss. Meanwhile Schumann and Beethoven (in 'Faust') have used the harp to picture celestial joys, while Wagner has used violins in a soft tremolo in highest positions, combined with sweet tones of wood wind. Nevertheless association of ideas is much in music, and the harp must always call up the idea of heaven in the minds of many."

The Paris Medical Congress of 1888 appointed a Commission to study the best means of avoiding the contagion of tuberculosis—consumption. The report shows that one-third of the mortality in France is caused by tuberculosis, and says if mortality from tuberculosis is so great, it is because pulmonary phthisis is not the only manifestation of tuberculosis, as the public generally imagine. Tuberculosis is a virulent, contagious, and transmittable disease, caused by a microbe which penetrates into the system by the digestive organs with food, by the respiratory organs with the air, by the skin and mucous membrane after abrasions, punctures, wounds, and various ulcerations. Sundry maladies, such as measles, small-pox, chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, &c., predispose a person to contract the disease. It adds that the microbe of tuberculosis may be met with in the milk, muscles, and blood of animals used for food, such as oxen, cows, and especially rabbits and fowls. Raw meat and underdone meat should be prohibited, as the germ may be in the blood. For the same reason, milk should only be drunk after being boiled. It is to be feared we are getting to know altogether too much. Instead of "Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die" science seems to be fast inculcating a more modern axiom which might well run thus—"Eat nothing, drink nothing, and hug your hypochondria closer and closer, and to-morrow you will die in due course, and be well out of a world hyper-science has made too wearisome to live in."

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

BUT YET A WOMAN.

She wore a mannish little coat
With knowing little pockets;
She's cast aside her necklaces,
Her bangles and her lockets;
Her dickey, collar and cravat
Exactly imitate her brother's;
Her round at aw hat is so like his
You can't tell one from 'tother's;
She ventures on a little slang
'That sounds quite brusque and mannish,
But show her once a mouse or worm
And all disguises vanish!

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British Minister at Washington, is said to be an accomplished swordsman. He is in a place where skill in fencing is valuable.

Happy Father—"Joe, old boy, give me suitable names for my twin babies." Joe—"Are they boys or girls?" "Girls." "How will Kate and Duplicate do?"—*Time*.

Penelope Peachblow—It is evident that woman over there paints. Bishop Gullem—She is my sister. Penelope Peachblow—I was going to say it is evident she paints from the interest she takes in that young artist.

A mummy was recently discovered in Egypt, and is supposed to be that of Potiphar's wife. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that the mummy's hand grasps a piece of linen, on which is marked, "Joseph Bar Jacob 2."

"What is the matter with your eye?" exclaimed Brown, as Fogg made his appearance with his optic in mourning. "Only a mare clausum," replied Fogg, with assumed indifference. "A mare clausum?" "Yes, a closed see, you know."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—Gentle shopherd—"No, zur, us doan't 'ave many strangers round 'ere! W'en I see you a stannin' down i' the barley there I sez to myself, 'Woy, Muster Wuzzel, 'o bin puttin' up another flog craw'" (scarecrow.)

Houlihan—"Phwat's the matter, Teddy—surely you're not going' back to Oireland?" Rourke—"Bedad, Oi am! I though this was a free country, but the descindants av thim bloody English seem to have as much to say here as anyone else!

"Faix," said the Irishman, who, like the true representative of his race, had a dash of poetry in his composition, "Oi don't blame the sun for lingering afther the hot day is over as he does in summer time. Sure he wants to enjoy the cool of the evening."

"What a wonderful painter Rubens was?" remarked Merritt at the art gallery. "Yes," assented Cora; "It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke." "Why," spoke up little Johnnie, in disgust, "my school teacher can do that."

The ceaseless brutality of the Italians to birds is incessant, writes Ouida, and is the more striking as contrasted with the loveliness and innocence of their victims. Italians everywhere prosecute birds with a rancor which seems incredible. Their utter ignorance of the agricultural utility of many species makes them see in every winged creature an enemy and a proper prey. Neither the song of the nightingale nor the plumage of the oriole protects them from slaughter. There are fairs at which the only articles for sale are poor blinded chaffinches. The rarest birds are sold for the roasting-spit in all the markets. The children of the aristocracy are allowed to regard it as their choicest sport to crush the heads of the birds caught alive in the decoy nets, and are not ashamed to go out with a cage of blinded finches to entrap starlings, blackcaps, larks, pee-wits and all the numerous feathered tribes which flock to Italy to meet a sad and unmerited fate.

"That's what I call pordigious ignorance," said Mrs. Slick, as two American visitors closed her front door behind them. "Why it's astoundin', so it is, to hear them people talk, and they from the States which boasts of its free education and such like. Why them folks had as much notion of this Province as they might of had of Nova Zember. They said they just come down to see the natives as had blue noses and were half Esquimo. I was mad, I was, and give 'em a piece of my mind that sort of took 'em aback. Says I, it's blue noses you're arter, why them people as came down from Boston and thereabouts alookin' arter the lands left by the French as were sent flying about their business fur adisturbin' of the peace, and if these folks had blue noses they inherited them from their New England forefathers, and as to the people as is half Esquimo, why I reckon the larnin' you get in your schools must be mighty artificial like or you would have known that Nova Scotia folk are the purest blooded people on this continent and no half breeds neither. I reckon that Uncle Sam's histories and geographies are a long way out, and the sooner they are revisioned the sooner will his folks know that Nova Scotia is three times as big as Massachusetts, and that its natural wealth is a sight bigger than all New England. I was mad, I was, and I give it to 'em straight just what I thought about ignorance."

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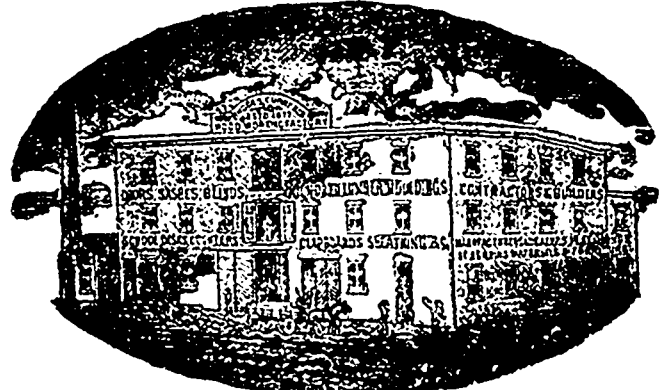
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

The Department of Fisheries propose taking steps to prevent the killing of salmon and other fish by means of dynamite.

Sir John will unveil the statue of Col. Williams at Port Hope on September 14th, after which he is expected to return to the capital.

Drought has so diminished the supply of water at London, Ont., that the Commissioners decided to cut off the supply to the suburb of London South.

The Winnipeg voters' list, just completed, contain 9,651 names, an increase of 542 over last year. The number will be largely increased by the Court of Revision.

The Halifax Street Car Company are reported to be taking into consideration the running of their cars by electricity next spring. We trust this intention will be carried out.

William Lawson (of Lawson, Harrington & Co.) has been appointed consul of the Argentine Confederation in Halifax. There has hitherto been no consulate of the confederation at this city.

The Canadian Pacific Telegraph company claim to have made connection with the Mackay-Bennett cables at Can-o and will shortly undertake to send cable messages direct to Europe via Canso.

We are in receipt of the third number of the Maritime Agriculturist (Sackville, N. B., semi-monthly, \$1.00 per annum in advance), and have pleasure in again recommending it to our agriculturists.

Our thanks are due to the Committee of the Maritime Exhibition, Moncton, for a complimentary card. The Exhibition will be held from the 17th to 20th of September, and it is scarcely necessary to add that we wish it every success.

Alderman Hesslein, who has recently returned from a visit to England, reports that the Military authorities in London are quite disposed to meet the wishes of the Municipality of Halifax with regard to certain street extensions through Imperial property.

The 78th Hants and Colchester Batt. have succeeded in capturing the Laurie Silver Bugle and a goodly number of other prizes at the annual prize meeting of the Provincial Rifle Association at Bedford range. Our Shubenacadie friends have taken a good share of the prizes.

There are many throughout Canada who will regret the death from paralysis which occurred recently at Gaspé, while salmon fishing, of Col. John Walker, formerly commanding the 7th Fusiliers, of London, Ont. The late Col. Walker was a gentleman of the kindest heart and most genial character and manners.

Stellarton has for some time past felt itself somewhat aggrieved, because, although it is a junction of trains, and of some importance on the line of railway, yet the stopping-place for refreshments was New Glasgow, some three miles further on. An enterprising individual has, however, erected a small building close to the station platform, where the inner man can be refreshed, and it is to be hoped that a liberal patronage will repay her exertions.

Mr. Jones, who was elected Mayor of Parrsboro on the 21st inst., gave a grand collation to the people of that place on Wednesday, the 28th. He invited the clergy of all denominations, all the electors, all the ladies, all the citizens, and all the boys, so under this arrangement no one could feel out in the cold. The tables were set on the green near the rink, and after all had partaken of the good things so liberally provided they adjourned to the rink, where speech-making was indulged in for some time.

A despatch from Victoria, B.C. says: "The schooner *Sapphire*, whose owner is the American vice-consul here, arrived here with 1,600 skins, Capt. Cox remarks as follows: 'On July 27, while sailing in Behring's sea, she sighted the *Rush*, which made a hot pursuit. The chase lasted five hours. Then the *Rush* gave it up. We had 1,300 skins at the time.' There is great jubilation here over the escape of this valuable cargo. The *Sapphire* spoke several schooners. All reported being boarded by the *Rush*, examined casually, and let go again."

Mr. William Sharp, the well-known English poet, essayist and critic, spent Wednesday and Thursday last at Stellarton, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hensley, of Mount Rundell. Nature has been more than ordinarily kind to the poet, having given him, in addition to mental qualities of no usual order, a magnificent and powerful physique. Mr. Sharp expects to spend several weeks in Nova Scotia, and then proceed to the Upper Provinces; he has two objects in view in this visit to Canada—to recruit after a severe attack of fever, and to make himself acquainted with all phases of literary life in the daughter country.

The "Lending Library" of Halifax, conducted by Miss Laleah Fairbanks, has become a regular institution. Miss Fairbanks makes a point of securing all the latest novels and books of interest, besides keeping up a supply of standard works. The Library is open from ten to one in the morning, and from two to five o'clock in the afternoon. The summer visitors at the hotels secured plenty of reading matter at reasonable rates. City subscribers pay one dollar per annum, and from two to five cents for each book. Miss Fairbanks has lately added a new magazine to her stock, *The Home Maker*, a very superior monthly journal. Fashion Magazines of all kinds are to be seen, besides *Harper*, *Century* and *Lippincott's Popular Monthlies*.

The City Council had some important business and suggestions before them at their meeting on Wednesday. The Imperial War Office authorities have signified their disposition to meet the wishes of the City in regard to street extension through portions of their property, and measures will doubtless be taken to carry it into effect. Attention was strongly drawn to the Salvation Army nuisance, whose proceedings last Sunday evening seriously disturbed other worshippers; and the expediency of laying before the citizens the want of a proper market place was affirmed.

Slowly the great falls of Niagara river are changing in shape, through the eating away of the shale rock which underlies the hard rock that forms the bed of the rapids. It is almost a misnomer now to speak of the Canadian portion of the great cataract as the "Horseshoe Falls" and within a week this designation has become more misplaced in consequence of the fall of a large section of the bed rock in the very centre of the falls. So much rock fell that an eddy below the fall near the Canadian side of the river has been narrowed more than half, and the little steamer *Maid of the Mist* has less difficulty than before in running into the curve of the falls.

Bridgewater is to have a mass meeting of the county on the 7th September to consider the sawdust question in reference to the LaHave River. The questions to be discussed are:—First—Does the sawdust which escapes from the mills into the streams injure the fish and navigation? Second—If so, is such injury sufficient to warrant the non-exemption of the river from the operations of the statute in such connection, and thereby seriously retard the great lumbering industry of this county. Third—Is there any special reason for the exemption of the LaHave, whilst on other streams the statute is a dead letter? Such a discussion seems to be very desirable, as no one at present appears to be qualified to pronounce definitely, still less authoritatively, on the matter.

The Journal of Proceedings and the Constitution and Bye-Laws of the Maritime Press Association have just been published in neat pamphlet form from the Press of the Moncton *Transcript*. Although scarcely a year old the Association is in a most flourishing condition, having on its rolls sixty-two members. All editors, proprietors, business managers and members of the regular salaried editorial or reportorial staffs of all newspapers or periodicals published in the Lower Provinces are eligible to membership, and those who have not yet joined should lose no time in sending in their names to the Recording Secretary, Mr. J. T. Hawke, of Moncton, together with the initiation fee of one dollar. This entitles them to receive their card of membership, and to all the privileges of the Association in regard to reduced travelling fares. Immediate action should be taken, as the Association this year meets at New Glasgow on the 11th September, immediately after the arrival of the morning train. The following day, the members start on an excursion to the Bras d'Or Lakes, where Captain Burchell has kindly placed his steamers at their disposal free of charge, while the rate on the Intercolonial is only one cent per mile. This gives an unrivalled opportunity of visiting all places of interest on the famous Bras d'Or, and assures a glorious time, as the inhabitants of all places to be touched at are making preparations to extend a cordial reception to the excursionists.

Forty-eight Arabs, of both sexes, arrived at New York last week by the steamer *Vendram*. Six were allowed to land, as they had funds, but the rest were detained.

The Acting Secretary of State said that no communication from Minister Lincoln upon the subject of Behring Sea seizures had been received at the Department up to the 24th inst.

Georgia has found an antiseptic for the Mormon influence. It is in the application of a blacksnake whip or a buggy trace to the long-haired saints who are seeking proselytes.

It is reported that the population of Vermont is diminishing to such an extent that an effort is being made to induce a large immigration of Swedes and settle them on vacant farms.

The simultaneous execution of four murderers at New York last week was a sickening scene of callousness and blasphemy on the part of two of the criminals, and of bungling on the part of the officials.

The Treasury Department has informed an Ogdensburg, New York, man that there is no provision of law for the re-importation (without payment of duty) from Canada of a horse, previously imported with payment of duty and exported for racing purposes.

The steamship *City of Paris* arrived on Wednesday morning, breaking the record again, beating her own best time from Queenstown by three hours, 49 mins. Actual time from Queenstown to Sandy Hook lightship, 5 days, 19 hours, 18 mins; distance, 2,788 miles.

Forest fires, which have been raging all over Montana for three weeks, and have destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of lumber, have reached most alarming proportions on the ranges of Chateau county, which heretofore have escaped, and on which cattle men were depending to keep their stock this winter. Thousands of cattle are burning.

A special to the *Sun* from Port-au Prince says Legitime has abdicated and embarked on a French gunboat. A temporary government has been formed. The northern or Hippolyte's army was to enter Port-au-Prince last Friday. Peace probable. The United States steamer *Kearsage* has moved nearer the city. Admiral Gherardi is master of the situation.

At a mass meeting held in the Town Hall, Elgin, Ill., Congressmen Lawler, of Chicago, pictured the distress at Spring Valley, (Scott's mines,) where 2,800 miners were locked out and left two months without food but a trifle of flour and meal. The strike was against wages at 71 cents a day, the militia were called out to make 2,400 hungry men starve peaceably.

Five Spring Valley women, with infants in their arms, came to Galesboro, Ill., last week, to beg provisions and clothing for the families of miners there. A committee of citizens will canvas the place for them. They represent the families of Spring Valley strikers, are very destitute, and say the women have gone out in companies to the leading cities of the state to beg for their children.

Some United States vessel owners demur to the fee of 50 cents charged for each entry inwards and clearance outwards at Canadian ports, and, alleging discrimination, are appealing to Washington with a view to having their case represented to Ottawa. There is really no discrimination, British coasting vessels being subject to the same charges, while the United States does not grant coasting privileges to Canadian bottoms.

Acting Secretary Walker has received the following cablegram from Rear Admiral Gherardi, commanding the naval force on the North Atlantic station. "Legitimate accepted terms offered and embarked on board a French corvette. It is not known where he will go. Hippolyte's forces occupied the town on Friday morning. I have notified diplomatic corps that I will do all I can to prevent riot. French and English captains will act under my orders. It is very important that the new Minister should be sent immediately."

The complaints of ill-treatment and swindling upon the part of United States consular officers in the Maritime Provinces, practiced upon American sailors who have been unfortunate enough to apply to them for aid or advice, have been continually received at the State Department for some time; but it has been only recently that the authorities took any action in the matter, the result being the catching of Consul Alfred W. Hart, of Canso, N. S., in a scrape that may interfere materially with his future liberty. Numerous complaints against this man led recently to Inspector Coogan, of the secret service, being sent to investigate, resulting in the discovery of a wholesale system of robbing American sailors and defrauding the Government on bills contracted to supply shipwrecked crews.

The agitation against tithes, and in favor of disestablishment in Wales, seems to be gaining strength.

The death was recently recorded of M. Damala, husband of Sara Bernhardt, from cerebral congestion.

Labouchere, the famous London editor, contemplates visiting the United States as soon as Parliament adjourns.

A severe earthquake shock was felt throughout Greece on Monday. Serious damage was done in several towns.

The Swedish composer, Ivar Hallstrom, has just completed an opera, "Neaga," the libretto of which is by Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.

It is again announced that the Pope is making preparations to leave Rome. It is understood that a residence on the Balearic Islands has been offered to him by Spain.

According to the most reliable estimates, the population of London is now 4,250,000. Of this number 900,000, or more than one-fifth, are in receipt of some form of pauper relief.

Prof. Thompson, the inventor of electric welding, has perfected a process by which the rails of street or steam railways may be welded together by electricity, after being placed in position.

Lady Landsdowne, wife of the Governor-General of India, is working energetically to carry out the philanthropic scheme proposed by Lady Dufferin for supplying medical aid to the women in India.

Thirty four thousand men will take part in the autumn manoeuvres of the French Army, which will be held in the Eastern Provinces. Officers from the armies of all nations are expected to be present.

Jerusalem seems now to be a rapidly growing city. This is due to the great number of Jews who are flocking there yearly. They now number 30,000 more than the Moslem and Christian populations combined.

A despatch from Athens says that the negotiations between Chakir Pasha, Governor, and the Cretan commission have been ruptured. *Polingenesia* regards the peaceful solution of the question doubtful.

Doctor Charles Theodor, Duke of Bavaria, the philanthropic physician, recently celebrated at Tegereese, in Bavaria, his removal of the thousandth cataract from the eyes of his poor patients. It was made the occasion of a great ovation.

The *Irish Catholic* publishes a list of subscribers to the land corporation guarantee company, the counter-movement to the Irish League. The subscriptions amount to £115,473. The list includes all the landlords and agents prominent in the land struggle.

Mrs. Maybrick, the Liverpool murderess, has had her sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, but as the doubt was only as to the quantity of poison administered, the Home Secretary holds out no hope of further mitigation. It is doubtful if she is in a condition to live for any length of time.

In accordance with custom, the *Court Journal* of London, which announced the completion of Queen Victoria's 70th year, gave the ages of her royal contemporaries as follows. King of the Netherlands, 72; King of Denmark, 71; King of Wurtemberg, 66; Emperor of Brazil, 63; King of Saxony, 61; King of Sweden and Norway, 60; Emperor of Austria, 58; King of the Belgians, 54; King of Portugal, 50; King of Roumania, 50; Sultan of Turkey, 46; King of Italy, 45; Emperor of Russia, 44; King of the Hellenes, 43; King of Bavaria, 41; King of Siam, 33; German Emperor, 30; Emperor of China, 17; King of Servia, 12; and the King of Spain, 3.

Railway constructors in Japan have to meet an unusual number of difficulties owing to the physical geography of the country. One line of 205 miles in length involves the construction of ten tunnels, 16,000 feet long, and the bridging of eleven rivers. One of the latter has a velocity in time of flood of twenty-seven feet per second, and in another the brick piers have to be sunk to a depth of eighty feet. A range of mountains is crossed at a height of 1,468 feet. Part of another line ascends to a height of 3,144 feet, and during five months of the year work is rendered impossible by the snow.

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250 cases Holland, Plymouth, and London "Old Tom" GIN.
75 cases choice Old Jamaica RUM.
120 dozen very old Rye and Bourbon WHISKEY.
200 fine old Port, Sherry and Marsala WINES—choice brands and vintage.
230 cases Hennessy's fine old BRANDIES.
500 dozen, pints and quarts, Bass's and Younger's finest PALE ALE.
250 dozen, pints and quarts, Guinness's STOUT.
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ROBERT R. J. EMMERSON
Sackville, N. S., Aug., 1889

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IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss,
Such love of the birds, in the solitude,
Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods,
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny snowdrops broods,
With care that for ages has never ceased.
If He care for this, will He not for thee
Thee, wherever thou art to stay?
Child of an infinite Father, see;
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

Margaret K. Sangster.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARLY.

Dear Cousin Carly,—Gouffe, the French cook, says for frying, the light colored drippings of roast beef, and the fat taken from broth after being clarified, are best. Next to these in value is beef suet chopped fine, and melted down over a slow fire until the pan is visible through the fat. To clarify drippings, put a few slices of raw potatoes at a time in a little of the fat over a slow fire. The impurities collect on the potatoes, and are then easily removed. Repeat until the fat is clear.

To cook green corn so that it is at its best, strip off the outer husks, turn the inner ones carefully back, remove all the silk, put the inner husks in place again about the ear, fasten with a stitch or two of coarse thread, and boil for thirty minutes in well-salted water that is boiling when the corn is put in the pot. Cut the stalks off close to the cob, wrap each ear (stripped of its husks,) in a napkin, and serve.

Fashion's forerunners say velvet, plain and rich, is to be in high favor soon.

You wish the witches would fly away with the broken bread that accumulates in spite of your efforts? Then you can never have tried any of the delicious modes of using up these inevitable odd bits that 'Beauty' writes about in the London Queen, and she says the difficulty in their house is not how to dispose of spare bread, but to ensure a sufficient supply without waste. Try this:

Soak some stale bread (a good plateful) in boiling water till soft, but not pappy. Then strain off the water, and replace it by half a pint of cold milk, sweetened to taste. Add two eggs, (the whites and yolks beaten separately, the former till pretty stiff, the latter till quite light,) a grate of lemon peel, and four dozen to six dozen dried cherries or sultanas. Pour into a well-buttered mould, and steam steadily for two and a half hours, and serve with sweet sauce flavored with lemon, colored with a drop or two of saffron or carmine, and sprinkled with desiccated cocoanut.

Boiled bread-crumbs are lighter than freshly grated bread, so put your broken pieces, crumbs made in cutting bread, etc., in the oven until crisp. Then pound and sift them. They are nice for a variety of puddings, and are invaluable for fried fish, cutlets, croquettes, and scalloped meat and fish.

Bread fritters you will find a nice dish for breakfast or lunch. Boil half a pint of milk till reduced one half, with a little salt, sugar to taste, a tiny piece of lemon peel, finely shredded, and half a teaspoonful of orange flower water, though this last is not essential. Cut rounds of bread with a cutter half an inch thick, and an inch and a half to two inches in diameter. Soak in the mixture till the bread has absorbed what it will. Drain, flour lightly, and fry in boiling lard.

The secret of frying is in having the lard boiling, and in having enough of it in the dish to float whatever is being cooked. The boiling liquid sears the outside of the food, and the fat does not penetrate it. The mode of cooking, incorrectly called frying, where a pan is merely greased with fat, is an abomination to a delicate palate. It is wasteful, unwholesome and unpalatable. The substance cooked is so long in the process, it is made tough and leathery. The upper surface cools off while the lower is sizzling and blistering, and when the food is turned, the fat enters the pores of the meat, fish croquettes or whatever—cooled to receive it,—and the result is a most unhygienic dish to set before a king or a plain citizen.

A level head and a loyal heart are so hampered by a dyspeptic stomach, it is worth while to count cooking—cooking that is worthy the name, that is—an accomplishment. The average housewife is pretty apt to confound economy with going without. Now, economy means merely thrifty management. Very many recipes vouched for as wholesome, and warranted to give an agreeable variety to the table, call oftentimes for a little of one thing or another that is not included in the list of the commonest ingredients. It is worth while for the housekeeper to provide herself with these—luxuries, if you will call them so. Their first cost is not great, a little of each goes a long way, and in the long run they are most economical investments, since by their aid commonplace foods are dressed up in inviting forms, and no drop or crumb goes to waste. A good French cook will ask for forty things that an American (meaning every nationality that goes to make up the American, so called) cook does not know the use of, but what with her faculty of making the most of everything,—waste being an unknown term

in the French vocabulary,—the bills from the grocers and the other shops are a pretty penny smaller from week to week than many an "American" cook's bills for an inferior table. Perhaps as a people we are too slow-witted and not dolt-fingered enough even to wholly acquire the French knack of turning out toothsome *entrées* from odds and ends, and a dash of seasoning, and so on, but it is a step in the direction of more refined and more wholesome living when we begin to appreciate the importance of well-cooked, well-served food in generous variety.

Yours devotedly,
DINAH STURGIS.

Boston.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER FROM INDIA.

DEAR CRITIC,—There is quite a small society here, and our passion is horse-racing. We are nothing if not horsey. We have Gymkhanas every week, and this week two days—sky racing. All the tents overlook the central plain, which contains the race course, polo, cricket and tennis grounds. One's servants enjoy this life immensely. Their life pursues its even tenor in a perfect climate, where food is cheap and work very easy. They smoke the *hookah* from morning till night, and are happy.

I ran short of cheroots a few days back, and started a *hookah*, but it was very nasty. It is necessary to inhale each breath deeply to make the thing draw, so I discarded it after several attempts, much to the astonishment of my faithful bearer, who regards his *hookah* as one of the joys of existence.

Has any news reached you of the so-called treasonable letters written by the Maharajah of Kashmir? They made a great stir in India a few weeks ago, and the resident was summoned to Calcutta to receive instructions from Lord Lansdowne. These letters were supposed to have been written by H. R. II. the Maharajah, and were sent secretly to the Resident, and if authentic were certainly dangerous and inflammatory. The result of the enquiry was that the Government of Kashmir was taken out of the Maharajah's hands, and is vested in those of a council presided over by the Resident. Surely this seems the first step towards annexation. Srinagar will be a very good and extremely pleasant station for troops whenever they come here. May I be there to see!

Kashmir, though a Mussulmann country, is governed by Hindus. The cow is therefore sacred. Beef in any form is not to be had for money. I am in constant fear that "Bobby" and "Tim" will commit themselves, for calves by hundreds play about in every grassy space. Herds of cattle graze on many hills. Milk is therefore cheap, 30 seers or about 8 gallons for a rupee, barley is 55 seers the rupee, about 110 lbs. Mutton 15 seers, and other food in proportion. This is a land of plenty. A visitor a few years ago had two terriers who worried a calf. To save their lives he had to apply for a pass, and have them conducted out of State territory by a Sepoy escort, otherwise they would certainly have been killed. The man himself was advised to leave—and I believe he did.

First leave, I'm sorry to say, will soon be over, and I am beginning to look forward with some regret to hot plains, punkahs, sleepless nights, and generally loss of health and strength.

My next letter will, I fear, be written in no very cheerful vein.

Salaam, dear CRITIC, and good-bye for the present. The *Pachtu* salutation strikes me as appropriate,—"*Mucht waroge*," (may you never grow weary.)

Kashmir, 1st July, 1889.

GOLD LINES.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The following interesting remarks are from a very live paper, the *Orillia* (Ont.) *Daily News*, and are an earnest of the increased attention drawn to the Maritime Provinces by the recent carnivals:—

"Since my return I have been frequently questioned in reference to the resources of the Provinces, and as the matter has been but incidentally touched upon in the preceding, will devote a few paragraphs solely to the subject.

There is no reason why New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island should not be first-rate agricultural countries. True about one-third of the land is rocky and useless except for pasture, but the remaining two-thirds is of excellent soil, fertile and easily worked. There are no rolling stones of any account, no formidable pine stumps, the soil is generally of a clayey nature, and the only real disadvantage, agriculturally speaking, is the difficulty of raising wheat. This is occasionally done, but as a rule it falls a prey to rust, the dampness of the climate being adverse to this particular crop. But apart from that disadvantage, there is no reason why the Maritime Provinces should not support ten times their present population if the land was thoroughly cultivated. All varieties of fruit except peaches may be grown there, and an immense trade might be profitably carried on in cattle shipping, if a better class of stock was generally kept. The only really poor districts are near the U. S. boundary of New Brunswick, along the sea coast, and the coal and gold mining districts of Nova Scotia.

I was a little surprised to find gold mining carried on to such a large and profitable extent. The output of gold in Nova Scotia for the month of June was \$30,000 worth. This is about the average. Lately, some new mines were discovered, which will largely increase this output. Mr. Bowes, of the *Morning Chronicle*, assured me that this late find was a far larger matter than the alleged late discovery of new fields in California, yet not one hundredth part as much fuss was made over it. The companies owning the gold mines do not believe in unduly booming an enterprise, and stock brings its normal figure, but inflation is religiously avoided.

Coal mining is certainly an important and growing industry, and the

protection afforded it by the Government is warranted by the circumstances of the case. Probably in the future, when the industry becomes better developed, it will be advisable to drop the duty, but there is no need for haste.

The iron works at Londonderry, N. S., have scarcely been a success, although the Government assists the enterprise in various ways. It is claimed, however, that the present year will give a better result, and the experiment should not be abandoned without a trial extending over several years. It is quite possible that this industry may become an important one in the near future.

Fishing, ship-building and rope-making are important industries kept up by the Marine trade. Sugar refining,—largely pursued in Halifax and Moncton,—was a great success until last year, when by some inexorable freak of commerce, all the profit was taken out of the business, and now some are shut down, and none are making money with any great degree of rapidity.

There are several cotton factories in the Maritime Provinces, but even protected as they are, they find competition with the New England firms and existence difficult. Lumbering flourishes in New Brunswick, as also does lime burning. Other industries are freestone and granite works, extensive rolling mills, woodenware factories, woollen mills, etc., etc. All things considered, the down-easters are 'no small potatoes,' and I was not the only member of our party who was surprised to see such an extensive trade carried on. Confederation in reference to the Maritime Provinces has its disadvantages, but they are few in comparison to the benefits. In fact, let the grumblers say what they will, it was the one way of salvation!"

The Milton Manufacturing Co. are excavating for their factory near the Cotton Duck mill, and have finished the underpinning. They have contracted with the Burrell-Johnson Iron Co. for a 100 horse-power engine and steel boiler. They will be prepared about the 1st of November to manufacture doors, sashes, furniture and all kinds of building materials. The capital of the company is \$20,000, divided into shares of \$100 each, a large portion of which has already been subscribed. Mr. Chas. I. Kent will have charge of the factory.—*Yarmouth Herald*.

OXFORD.—In a lengthy sketch of Oxford the *New Glasgow Enterprise* says:—"There is a steady boom in the place. At the present time there are about thirty new buildings going up, aggregating about \$20,000. There is the right spirit animating the people of this place, one that has succeeded in building it up, and one that will eventually make it great, and that is:—All the people believe in the place, they invest their earnings in the industries of the town and so help to build it up. The people are not satisfied with the present manufactures, they want more, and already they are talking of a factory for the manufacture of farming utensils. They have not much money to put into it, as their capital is nearly all invested in some of the present industries of the town, but they offer a good bonus and inducements to any company who will undertake the manufacture."

NEW INDUSTRY.—A company has been formed to take the moss from a bog at Musquash, N. B., and ship for commercial purposes. There is a depth of 11 feet of moss. It is more absorbent than sponge, and makes good mattresses. It is intended, after thoroughly drying it, to press it in bales for shipment.—*Amherst Record*.

The *Amherst Record* remarks:—"Carloads of Chicago dressed beef pass through here to Halifax in refrigerator cars. This beef, after paying \$1 duty and about 75c. freight per 100 lbs., evidently pays a profit to the shippers, and being of better quality than most of our own, commands a ready market. The fact is, our stockraisers must soon be forced to admit the truth of the contentions we have long put forward—that to compete successfully they must use the best beef breeds and those maturing early. It is evident that in the matter of beef the value of the United States market of sixty millions is rather mythical."

A contemporary asks, what is a man worth? For example, a bookkeeper receiving \$2,000 a year. In a purely financial view it requires \$50,000 bearing 4 per cent interest to yield \$2,000 a year. If a man is worth the price he commands—and men who receive salaries are more apt to be undervalued—the bookkeeper is equal, financially, to the capitalist who has \$50,000 which he loans out at 4 per cent, and lives on his income. But some men get much larger salaries. Let the man who receives only a thousand dollars a year pause to consider, before moaning over his hard lot, that he commands an income of \$20,000, or perchance \$25,000. If he persists in considering his situation unfortunate let him ask if he would choose to be placed in the condition of some acquaintance whom he may know, and who, having \$25,000 at command, is deficient of ability to secure or fill a lucrative position and one commanding honor and respect. Is it not probable that the annoyances over a safe and prudent investment for the capital, with the chances of loss fully equal such as are ordinarily encountered by those in responsible positions?—*Montreal Trade Review*.

Referring to the recent postal contracts awarded by the Imperial and Dominion Governments, the *Boston Journal* says:—"Thus the Canadians will have their 'independent, through-to-Australia, Japan, China, &c.' route complete at least a year before the American flag makes its reappearance on the ocean at the masthead of the first of Mr. Austin Corbin's ocean mastodons. In a year's time the circuit will be complete, if the Peninsula and Oriental Company's Yokohama and Victoria scheme is perfected, as announced some time since. The British Government's prime interest in the success of the new route is evident from the enormous subsidies which she so readily accords to the two new steamship lines completing it."

CITY CHIMES.

Garden parties and dinner parties still continue to attract the three hundred. How about mushroom suppers? Not too many people, you understand, and plenty of mushrooms, stewed kidneys and toast. The men are decidedly in favor of these impromptu suppers, especially when the lady has superintended the preparation. At a Dinah Sturgis, she believes in looking after things herself, and mushrooms, like other dainties, can never be left to prentice hands.

The "At Home" given by His Lordship Bishop Courtney and Mrs. Courtney at their residence was a most enjoyable gathering, the affability of the host and hostess being most marked, and adding not a little to the enjoyment of the many guests.

There is some talk of a new school being established in Halifax for the purpose of teaching the art of reading and elocution. It is certainly much needed, nine persons out of ten read badly, either too fast or too slow, too high or too low, putting the emphasis in the wrong place, omitting to mark the punctuations, etc., etc. Nothing is more pleasant than to listen to a good reader with an agreeable, well-modulated voice. We hope the promoters of the scheme will meet with such encouragement that they will establish a school in Halifax.

A charming dance was given by the officers of H.M.S. *Canada* on Wednesday evening. The rooms were elegantly decorated with the flags of all nations. The band of the West Riding Regiment played some excellent dance music. Many handsome toilets were noticed, more especially those of Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. J. Morrow, Mrs. Tobin, Miss Seawell, Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Dily and Miss Slayter. Sir John Ross and Prince Dhuleep were among the Military present.

After an exciting and interesting race in the beautiful weather on Monday, the *Esme* succeeded in capturing the Lorne Cup, *Wenonah* second, *St. Kilda* and *Lenore* third and fourth. The *Esme* is owned by Mr. Rudolf of Lunenburg.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE AIR.

The marvellous powers by which birds can guide themselves from the Pole to the Mediterranean, from the White Nile to the Thuringian forests, are the most inscrutable and profoundly interesting of all natural wonders. The scalpel and the crucible of the vivisectionist and the chemist cannot penetrate its secrets, and the evolutionist may fit his pet theories as he will to its mysteries; he will fail to explain it. Tourgenioff, in "The Quail," sets the problem before us, but can give no solution, the small body of the quail, her courage for her brood, her little beating heart, her affection, her innocence, her full, sweet, happy life, harming nothing under the grasses and the dark leaves, and all its loveliness looked on merely as an aim for a gun, as a toothsome morsel for an epicure. Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it! The cruel and senseless waste of love and pain! Desdemona's death was not one-half so painful as the death of the birds with every day that dawns. Tourgenioff, a child even when he saw the quail, never forgot her. If such lessons could be oftener given to boyhood, perhaps hearts less noble than Tourgenioff's might be moved, and the minds less lofty than his be touched to some compassion and to comprehension.

I would have Tourgenioff's "Quail" and Dostoiéfsky's poem of "The Eagle" printed and given to every lad who can understand beauty of thought and style. The eagle had been captured in the snare and brought to a prison in Siberia; the prisoners keep it and see in its intense misery the reflection and expression of their own. The spring comes—the late, harsh, Siberian spring. Some among them wish to give it freedom, others demur. Why should a bird be set free when their own lives must drag on under chains until death brings insensibility and a mockery of release? The debate is long, and for a while the more selfish prevail. They suffer; let the eagle suffer with them. But at last the nobler and more generous among them have their way. The eagle is unchained. For a few moments, bewildered and incredulous, he cannot realize his liberty, then slowly he rises and spreads his mighty wings and sails above the parapet of the bastion and passes away, soaring higher and higher in the misty air until he is lost from sight against the clouds. The men to whom freedom can never come watch him with aching eyes—giving to him that which death alone can give to them.

All the highest parts of genius—its sympathy, its tenderness, its comprehension, its passion of pity and of freedom—are embodied in these two bird stories of the two great Russian writers; and whoever could read either without emotion would indeed be cursed with that *recherché de cœur* which modern education has done so much to create. Tourgenioff and Dostoiéfsky would feel the heart beats of that murdered quail, the overwhelming misery of the imprisoned eagle, because they were men of that evident genius which is universal comprehension, but some echo of this comprehension, some fibres of it, may be aroused in all who study and love nature—not with the cold inquisitiveness of so-called naturalists, but with the warmth of sympathy and the reverence of pantheism. It is not the naturalist, capable of killing every rare specimen that he spies by mere or brute, who loves birds, but the poet who listens to the sad evening cry of the agate, like Shelley, or who translates the thrush's strong March lyric into human verse, like Austin, or who can chant the glorious rapture of the seagull's flight, like Swinburne, who loves both birds and nature. To be awakened in the soft gray of earliest dawn by the *laus Deo* of the merle, and Hail to thee, O day! of the nightingale, thrilling, shouting, echoing through the leaves beneath our chamber windows, is one of the sweetest and the purest joys of life.—*Ouida, in the Cosmopolitan.*

COMMERCIAL.

The trade situation has developed but little of a new or interesting character. A fairly active and steady tone has prevailed in all the leading departments. Distributions have been of satisfactory volume, though no special activity has been shown. The customary complaints over slow money are made, but nothing serious can be noted. The agricultural situation is excellent and it seems likely that payments this fall will be well met.

Bradstreet's report of the week's failures:—

	Week		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date			
	Aug. 23, 1889	Prev. 1889	1888	1887	1886	1889	1888	1887	1886
United States.....	218	177	157	137	150	7427	6585	6269	6678
Canada.....	13	24	24	23	26	1055	1131	818	792

The following are the Assignments and Business Changes in this Province during the past week:—Wm. Graves, grocer, Halifax, assigned; Geo. E. Davis, (estate of) hotel, Amherst, succeeded by W. J. Ganong; W. B. Gourley & Co., dry goods, Truro, sold out to A. T. Dalrymple; Chas. Teasdale, livery, Truro, stock advertised for sale by auction; Jas. A. Freeman, general store, Kempt, assigned; G. W. Silvor, dry goods, Lunenburg, assigned; Batten & Skinner, general store, Waterville, dissolved, partner-commenced individual business; Winthrop Sargent, general store, Barrington, assigned; Hancock Bros., oils and soap, Halifax, dissolved, E. H. Hancock retires, business continued by J. A. Hancock.

Dry Goods.—In wholesale circles the past week has been a quiet one and even among our retail stores it has been rather dull—anything but brisk. In woollen fabrics an advance of 5 per cent. is reported in some lines, and, owing to the continued high price of the raw material, it is claimed that further advances will be imperatively necessary. Cotton goods are steady at former rates. It is stated that the shipments of Canadian cotton goods to China have resulted very unsatisfactorily. This is only what might have been expected, when we consider that they had to compete with English goods, which can and do beat us in our own markets in spite of the duty. Remittances are not up to expectations. News of the results of the fall auction sales of fancy dry goods and millinery, which commenced at Montreal on Tuesday last, is looked for with interest by dealers here, as the prices obtained will, to some extent, determine figures for the fall trade throughout Canada.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—There has been a good steady trade in all lines of iron and hardware goods, but, in view of the comparatively high cost of heavy goods, purchasers have avoided ordering for future delivery to a considerable extent, although, as the cables are strong and freights seem likely to advance, it is doubtful whether any better terms will be obtained this season. Makers of pig iron have advanced their prices, and warrants are cabled at 47s. Antimony is advancing. Copper has ruled stiffer, and tin steady. London cables tin firm at £90, and Chili bars weak at £42 5s. To close cash buyers pig lead in the old country markets is 3d. lower. The Western Pennsylvania iron trade is gaining in strength, and some manufacturers predict a speedy advance. Already iron has sold a little higher on account of coke. A large amount of business is there in sight and the market is strong for all furnace and mill products.

BREADSTUFFS.—The tone of the flour market has been weak, with a decided tendency to lower quotations. There has been no improvement in regard to business, on account of the continued slow demand, and few sales have been accomplished outside of some small lots on local account. Beerbohm's cable reports:—"Cargoes off coast, wheat steady, corn nil; spot wheat hardening, corn slow, English country markets firm; wheat in Paris, 39s. 9d., French country markets firmer." In Chicago the feeling has been unsettled, and prices were irregular. The market was quiet, and trading inactive. New York reports the market weaker and slightly declining. At Toledo wheat was weaker, and fell off ½c. to ¾c. Oats were unchanged.

PROVISIONS.—The only feature to note in the local provision market was a weakness in pork, which has made a further decline, owing to weak western markets. The demand has been slow and confined to small lots. Business was quiet, and only a few sales were effected. Offerings of Provincial pork have been very light so far, but an increased volume of receipts from Prince Edward Island may be expected very shortly. In the Liverpool provision market lard and bacon were stronger, and each moved up 3d. Pork and tallow were unchanged. In Chicago the market has been fairly active with a large volume of trading. Prices have remained without material change.

BUTTER.—The market remains very quiet without any appreciable change in prices. The Montreal *Trade Bulletin* reports that "in creamery butter a lot of 100 tubs of American, all the way from Texas, is being offered here at 16c. in bond, the quality of which is highly spoken of by those who have bored it. Although not equal to Canadian creamery, its body being less waxy, it is said to be ahead of Eastern Townships." It seems that U. S. dairy butter from Chicago and Boston is taking the place of the product of our Western Provinces in the Newfoundland and the English markets, because it is more carefully made and better put up, and more promptly marketed than the Canadian article. If our producers allow these valuable markets to slip from them they will have only themselves to thank, for they have been amply warned. It is far easier to hold a market by honest dealing than to regain one lost by chicanery.

CHEESE is in a rather curious position. Advices from England and the United States show that buyers are not at all anxious to purchase, and prices there do not advance. Still Canadian holders do not abate their figures, and continue to talk very confidently as to the prospects for the future. While cheese will "keep" better than butter will, and may even improve with

ago, we cannot see that there is any probability of a return to the abnormally high figures prevalent in 1888-9. Cables quote cheese 15s. to 17s. lower than last year at this time, and it may be considered as highly improbable that this margin will be made up this season.

SUGAR.—There has been a steadier tone to the market under the recent decline, and the opinion gains ground that prices have touched bottom for the present. In New York there has been a stronger feeling, and prices there have improved somewhat; but latest cable advices on the raw article have been weak and quote prompt beet lower with the market dull. The prospects are, however, that if the markets for refined firm up the demand for raw will improve, which will no doubt check any further decline. The demand for refined sugar has been a little more active.

MOLASSES.—The tone of the molasses market has been weak, which is said to be due to larger arrivals at Quebec and Montreal than was anticipated by holders. In consequence prices in those cities have broken from the top, and those who were holding most stiffly would, doubtless, accept a shading from their expectations. A London cable says:—"Cane rapidly declining."

TEA.—The situation of the Japan tea market at present is very strong, owing to strong advices from abroad and the small stocks held in Canada. The prospects are that there will be an advance in the near future. Dealers who hold stock have already raised limits somewhat over last week. The demand during the past week has been good and the market has ruled active and strong with a larger volume of business.

FRUIT.—Latest advices from abroad on currants say:—"The crop, though reported short in quantity, will be good in quality and, owing to the virtual loss of the French market as a customer for currants, prices are expected to be very moderate."

FISH OILS.—Our Montreal correspondent writes:—"In consequence of the bad fisheries in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia much higher prices are looked for in cod oil. Newfoundland is quoted firm at 39c. to 40c., and Halifax at 36c. to 37c. Cod liver oil is firmer at 65c. to 70c. In steam refined seal oil the market is very firm with sales at 46c., and holders now ask 47½c. The outlook is for higher prices all round and a regular boom is in the not far distant future."

FISH.—No change has developed in the local fish market since our last report. Receipts continue to be much below the average, and shore reports both east and west show that but little can be expected to come to market from the catch so far. Late reports are that codfish along the eastern shore take bait more freely when the weather permits the fishermen to go out. Herring have also made their appearance in small bodies on the shore, and some have been taken. Reports from the Labrador coast are conflicting. Bay fishermen are arriving home with very good fares. Two cargoes of codfish from St. Pierre have arrived and have been warehoused. Only a few barrels of mackerel have been received during the week. They sold readily at \$13 for No. 3, and \$16 for rimmed large 3's. There is nothing to report in re scale fish. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, August 27. "Here Cape Breton herrings are quoted at \$5.50 to \$5.75. Owing to the short catch of codfish it is thought that prices will rule much higher." Boston, August 27.—"Mackerel still continue firm, and prices have advanced about \$1 per bbl. Sales of Island unculled have been made at \$19 to \$20, and good lots are wanted. Nova Scotias sell readily at \$16 for medium and large plain. Reports from the fleet continue favorable, but the receipts are light. The high prices obtained for shore has caused the increased demand for Islands and Nova Scotias. About 1500 bbls. of Irish mackerel are expected next week, which may change the situation. Codfish are firmer—\$4.50 for large dry Bank. Salmon are in fair supply. Herring are enquired for. A few choice sold this week at \$7, but this price will not stand." Gloucester, Mass., August 27.—"The fish receipts at this port the past week have been very light for the season. Trade is good, with an advance in prices of codfish. We quote New Georges codfish at \$4.75 to \$4.87 per qtl. for large, and small at \$3.75. Bank \$3.75 for large and \$3 for small; large hand-line do. \$4. Shore \$4.62 and \$3.25 for large and small. Old Bank \$3.50. Now dry Bank \$4.50. Cured Cusk at \$2.50 per qtl.; hake \$2; haddock \$2.25; heavy salted pollock \$2 to \$2.12, and English cured do. \$2.75 per qtl. Labrador herring \$6 bbl; medium split \$6; Newfoundland do. \$5; Nova Scotia do. \$7; Eastport \$3; split Shore \$4.75; pickled codfish \$6; haddock \$5; halibut heads \$3.50; sounds \$10; tongues and sounds \$9; tongues \$7; alewives \$5; trout \$15." Havana, Aug 17.—"The receipts of English dry fish since our last report have been 837 drums cod, 400 do. haddock, and 584 do. hake. The sales foot up 1200 drums, leaving a stock of about 1350 drums—say 750 drums cod and 300 drums each of haddock and hake. Codfish opened with a good demand, and an unsuccessful effort was made to advance the price to \$6, but it could not be pushed over \$5.75, at which it continued steady throughout the week. News has just been received of very low sales at St. Jago, and we presume this will have a bad effect here. Haddock have sold at \$5.25 for good, and hake at \$5. But at the close there is a disposition on the part of buyers to push down prices, and we think they will succeed, especially if there are more receipts next week. The weather is excessively hot, which not only affects actual consumption, but makes buyers very cautious of what class of fish they purchase." Havana, August 27 (per cable via New York).—"Codfish \$5.25, haddock \$4.75; hake \$4.50. All very dull." Demorara, August 2.—"Arrivals have again been very full in the face of an apparently very small consumption. We quote best Halifax cod in lots \$19 to \$20; Newfoundland \$18 to \$14, and inferior at auction \$11. Boxes, after selling at \$6, have dropped to about \$4. Haddock \$16 to \$17. Hake \$15 to \$14. Herring are in very large stock at \$2 to \$3 as to quality."

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.

SUGARS.		
Cut Leaf.....		3/4
Granulated.....	8 1/2 to 9	8 1/2
Circle A.....		8 1/2
White Extra C.....		8
Extra Yellow C.....	7 1/4 to 7 1/2	7 1/2
Yellow C.....	7 1/4 to 7 1/2	7 1/2
TEA.		
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19	
Fair.....	20 to 23	
Good.....	25 to 29	
Choice.....	31 to 33	
Extra Choice.....	35 to 38	
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39	
MOLASSES.		
Barbados.....		48
Demerara.....	42 to 45	
Diamond N.....	48 to 50	
Porto Rico.....	43 to 45	
Clenfuegos.....		41
Trinidad.....	42 to 43	
Antigua.....	12 to 13	
Tobacco, Black.....	38 to 44	
Bright.....	42 to 48	
BISCUITS.		
Pilot Bread.....	3.25	
Boston and Thin Family.....	7	
Soda.....	7	
do. in lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7 1/2	
Fancy.....	8 to 15	

BREADSTUFFS.

Stocks comparatively light. Markets firm. To-day's quotations, round lots, could be cut a little.

FLOUR	
High Grade Patents.....	5.30 to 5.50
Good 90 per cent Patents.....	5.10 to 5.25
Straight Grade.....	5.00 to 5.10
Superior Extras.....	4.90 to 5.00
Good Seconds.....	4.22 to 4.40
Graham Flour.....	5.40
American Supr. Extras, in bond.....	4.15 to 4.25
American 80 per cent, in bond.....	4.65 to 4.85
American Patents.....	5.15
OATMEAL.	
Rolled.....	4.20 to 4.30
Cornmeal, duty paid.....	4.25 to 4.35
Cornmeal, in bond, Boston.....	2.70 to 2.80
Rolled Wheat.....	2.15 to 2.20
Wheat Bran, per ton.....	5.20
Wheat Bran, per ton.....	16.00 to 16.25
Shorts.....	13.00 to 20.00
Middlings.....	20.00 to 22.00
Cracked Corn, including bags.....	25.00
Ground Oil Cake, per ton.....	35.00
Moulce.....	25.00
Split Peas.....	3.75 to 4.00
White Beans, per bushel.....	1.95 to 2.00
Pot Barley, per barrel.....	4.85
Canadian Oats, choice quality.....	43 to 45
P. E. I. Oats.....	40 to 41
Hay per ton.....	12.00 to 12.50

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

J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Head of Central Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	10.50 to 11.00
Am. Plate.....	11.25 to 11.75
Ex. Plate.....	12.00 to 12.50
Pork, Mess, American.....	15.10 to 15.50
American, clear.....	16.50 to 17.00
P. E. I. Mess.....	16.00 to 16.50
P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	14.50 to 15.00
Prime Mess.....	13.00 to 13.50
Lard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island.....	11 to 12
American.....	12 to 13
Cases.....	13.50 to 14.00
Hams, P. E. I., green.....	8 to 9
Duty on Am. Pork and Beef \$2.70 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.....	20.00
No. 1.....	19.00
2 large.....	16.00
2.....	none
3 large.....	11.00
3.....	11.00
HERRING.	
No. 1 Shore, July.....	4.00 to 4.50
No. 1 August, Round.....	3.50 to 3.75
September.....	3.50 to 3.75
Labrador, in cargo lots, per bl.....	4.00 to 4.50
Bay of Islands, Split.....	2.00
Round.....	1.75
ALRWIVES, per bbl.....	5.00
CODFISH.	
Hard Shore.....	3.25 to 3.50
Bank.....	2.50 to 2.75
Bay.....	2.50 to 2.75
SALMON, No. 1.....	15.50 to 16.00
HADDOCK, per qtl.....	2.00
H/KE.....	2.00
CUSK.....	1.50
POLLOCK.....	1.50
H/KE SOUNDS, per lb.....	30
COD OIL A.....	26 to 30

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

POULTRY.

Turkeys, per pound.....	15 to 16
Geese, each.....	none
Ducks, per pair.....	70 to 80
Chickens, ".....	50 to 70

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

Steers best quality, per 100 lbs. alive.....	4.25 to 4.50
Oxen.....	3.50 to
Fat Steers, Heifers, light weights.....	3.00 to
Wethers, best quality, per 100 lbs.....	4.00 to 4.50
Lambs, ".....	3.50 to 4.00

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

LOBSTERS.

Per case 4 doz. 1 lb cans.	
Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing) 5.25 to 6.00	
Tall Cans.....	4.80 to 5.00
Flat.....	6.20 to 6.40
Newfoundland Flat Cans.....	6.35 to 6.60

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Apples, No. 1, pe bbl.....	2.25 to 3.00
Oranges, Jamaica, per bbl., repacked.....	5.50
Lemons, per case.....	6.00
Cocoanuts, per 100.....	3.50 to 4.00
Onions, New American.....	2.25 per lb.
Dates, boxes, new.....	5 1/2 to 6
Raisins, Valencia, new.....	7 to 7 1/2
Figs, Elme, 5 lb boxes per lb.....	11
small boxes.....	13
Prunes, Stewing, boxes and bags, new.....	5 1/2 to 6
Bananas, per bunch.....	1.75 to 2.50

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	25
in Small Tubs.....	18 to 20
Good, in large tubs.....	16 to 18
Store packed & over salted.....	14
Canadian Township.....	18
Western.....	17
Cheese, Canadian.....	10 1/2

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 16
Salted Hides, No 1.....	5
Ox Hides, over 60 lbs., No 1.....	5 1/2
under 60 lbs., No 1.....	5
over 60 lbs., No 2.....	4 1/2
under 60 lbs., No 2.....	4
Cow Hides, No 1.....	5
No 3 Hides, each.....	3
Calf Skins.....	25
Deacons, each.....	10 to 15
Lambskins.....	15 to 20
Tallow.....	3

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

LUMBER.

Pine, clear, No. 1, per m.....	25.00 to 28.00
Merchantable, do do.....	14.00 to 17.00
No 2, do.....	10.00 to 12.00
Small, per m.....	8.00 to 13.00
Spruce, demension, good, per m.....	9.50 to 10.00
Merchantable, do do.....	8.00 to 9.00
Small, do.....	6.50 to 7.00
Hemlock, merchantable.....	7.00
Shingles, No 1, sawed, pine.....	3.00 to 3.50
No 2, do do.....	1.60 to 1.20
spruce, No 1.....	1.70 to 1.35
Laths, per m.....	2.00
Hard wood, per cord.....	4.00 to 4.25
Soft wood.....	2.25 to 2.50

ROSE RAYMER

"I'm awfully sorry, my darling!" and the young squire of Morewood drew his betrothed closer to him, and kissed away the tears that were filling her eyes. "It's happened most unfortunately; but you do not blame me, do you?"

"Blame you?" echoed Celia Anstey, promptly "Oh, no, no. How could I be so unjust? Of course it cannot be helped; only—only—"

He finished the sentence for her.

"Only it's very provoking that just as I have induced you to come here, to be introduced to my mother and sister, and make acquaintance with your home that is to be, I should be called away. I had planned a score of delightful walks and drives, and now they must all be postponed. Not," he added, "but what I hope to return to you in two or three days at farthest."

"Three days!" and Celia looked aghast.

She was a timid, nervous little creature; and though her reception at Morewood Hall had been a flattering one, she had not overcome her dread of the stately Lady Mary, her lover's mother, and the pale, melancholy young widow, Lady Mary's only daughter, who had not yet recovered from the shock of suddenly losing her husband and two children, stricken down with Indian fever.

To be left alone with these sad, silent women, or to wander *solus* about the great rooms of a mansion so large that she lost herself if she ventured to stir without Hartley's guidance, would be a trying ordeal, and Celia summoned up courage to protest against it.

"It's no use pretending to deny that I shall feel horribly forlorn without you. Indeed, I had better go back to my aunt's. I think I should prefer it."

"But, my love," the squire remonstrated, "there is my mother to be considered. She would be very much hurt, as well as surprised, if you were to run away from her like a frightened child from an ogress.

"No, I am quite sure you meant nothing unkind to her," he added, as Celia gave him a deprecating look. "And you will stay if only to oblige me. Think how much we have to settle before I call on the workmen who are to renovate the wing of the house that is to be yours. I mean to make my home worthy of my fair young bride, and shall want your opinion on five hundred and fifty matters connected with our alterations and improvements.

"Remember too," for Celia still looked unconvinced, "remember that although I am compelled to put in an appearance at the law courts by eleven of the clock to-morrow morning, there is nothing to keep me in town as soon as the case has been heard."

"And will it be heard directly?"

"I hope so." But the young man was forced to admit the unpleasant possibility of its being crowded out by more important ones, which would result in his detention for another day, or even more.

"It is very tiresome," sighed Celia, who felt that she could have borne the separation far better anywhere than at the Hall.

"Very," Hartley More assented. "Because a litigious fellow chooses to pick a quarrel with our local authorities over some question of right of way, I am subpoenaed to give evidence, and dragged from my home against my will! Pity me, my Celia, and don't—pray don't—make my vexation greater by running away from us!"

"Thus adjured, how could she refuse to stay quietly with Lady Mary till he could return? For her consent she was thanked, and praised, and caressed, the ardent lover forming all sorts of plans to make the time of his absence pass quickly.

"My mother shall take you into Birmingham to-morrow to select some new furniture for the room that is to be your boudoir; and lest I should not arrive till late, you shall invite the rector's daughters to fulfil their promise, and teach you to play lawn-tennis. On Thursday, if all goes well, I shall myself escort you to our local flower show, to rival the roses with these blushing cheeks. Should I be detained—which the gods forbid!—still go my dearest. I shall not be missed if my Celia lends them the light of her presence."

Then another thought crossed Hartley's mind. These arrangements, at which Celia pouted, asking how she could enjoy any other society while deprived of his, provided certainly for the afternoons and evenings of each, succeeding day; but during the long mornings which Lady Mary invariably spent with her daughter, who did not rise till noon, how would the lonely guest amuse herself?

But this question she scouted as unnecessary.

"Do not talk as if I had no resources of my own!" she cried, shaking her finger at him. "Have I not my pencil and color-box? And did I not pledge myself before I left home that I would carry back with me to my dear old aunts at least one faithful picture of Morewood Hall? I must keep that promise, and I have already seen half-a-dozen exquisite little bits of scenery on which I long to try my hand.

"While you are beside me," she added, softly, "my happiness makes me idle; but when you are gone, the hope of giving pleasure to you as well as my aunts shall make me busy. Who knows but that I may astonish you, monsieur, with the amount of work I shall get through while you are in London?"

Now Celia was a born artist, and Hartley More was proud of her talents.

He applauded the idea, and suggested as one of the subjects for her sketches a charming lakelet at no great distance from the house.

Celia smiled acquiescence.

"If I can do it justice I will, and I have also a great desire to sketch in water-colors that picturesque cottage we passed while driving yesterday. There was a delightful old woman in the porch knitting! Will she consent to sit to me, I wonder?"

Hartley More's face clouded a little, and there was some constraint in his tones as he expressed a fear that Granny Werner's cottage was at an inconvenient distance.

"You think so?" queried Celia, who did not feel disposed to relinquish her intention. "And yet I am a very good walker, as you are aware."

"I should prefer to see what you can make of that clump of beeches," said Hartley, ignoring this remark. "And there is the church; you could not have a better subject for your pencil than its old Norman tower. But I hope to return to you before you have spoiled your first sheet of paper."

However, this hope was doomed to be frustrated.

The case in which Hartley More's evidence was required lingered on in spite of his impatience, and he was detained in London for five of the longest, most tedious days he had ever endured.

While he was fuming and fretting in the chilly halls and corridors of the law-courts, with no other consolation than writing budgets to his betrothed, or selecting jewelry and books for her, Celia herself was striving to keep dullness at bay by hard work.

Lady Mary pronounced her a sweet little thing because she came to the breakfast-table punctually, answered cheerfully the few languid remarks made during the meal, and then went away till the luncheon bell rang, giving her hostess no further trouble.

"It was so nice," her ladyship said, "to have someone in the house who did not want amusing!" If she had been inclined to marvel at Hartley's choice, seeing that Celia was an orphan who had been reared by a couple of commonplace maiden aunts in straitened circumstances, she certainly could not regret it; the dear child was so amiable, so capable, and would take so much trouble off her hands, that she was delighted with her!

As a rule Celia was not as unhappy as she had expected to be. Hartley's letters were all that the most exacting maiden could desire, there was much to see and admire in the old Hall, and the housekeeper was eager to display its treasures to her future mistress; and last but not least, she was bent on producing some sketches that would satisfy the most severe critic to whom she had ever submitted them, Hartley More himself.

"I am not satisfied with this!" she exclaimed, pushing from her a view of the lakelet, on which she had spent much pains. "I am sure I could do better with that delicious old tumble-down cottage and its old woman. Tell me, Mrs. Smith, how far is it to Granny Werner's?"

The housekeeper hesitated and looked dubious.

"There is a near cut across the park and out at the west lodge, but I wouldn't go there if I were you, miss. Granny's a queer body sometimes, and—"

"And what? Pray finish what you were saying! Is she reputed a witch?"

"That's just it, mem." Mrs. Smith responded. "Not that I take any account of such silly superstitions, but the old woman is odd, there's no denying it. And her place is dreadfully out of repair. If you've a fancy for drawing houses—there's the bailiff's close handy, spick-and-span new, and would make a pretty picture I've no doubt."

Celia smiled, promised to go and look at the bailiff's cottage, as Mrs. Smith advised; then tucking her sketch-book under her arm, did as wilful woman generally does—set all objections at naught and struck into the path that led across Morewood Park to the west lodge and Granny Werner's dilapidated dwelling.

It was a charming walk, and two or three ideas for landscapes were dashed into the young lady's book, to be elaborated at some future time. One of the rosy children of the lodge-keeper willingly acted as her guide to Granny Werner's, and Granny herself, sitting just within her cottage door, smiled a welcome as soon as she caught sight of her visitor.

She was not alone. A girl about eighteen, who had one of the prettiest yet most melancholy faces Celia had ever seen, was sitting at Granny's feet, resting her head against the knees of the aged woman, whose wrinkled hand was smoothing her soft fair hair.

But this young creature, after one startled glance at Miss Anstey, sprang away, to be seen no more, though once or twice during Celia's stay at the cottage she fancied she could hear the sound of stifled sobbing.

Granny Werner was very deaf, so it was rather a difficult task to make her understand the nature of her visitor's errand; but when she had been made to comprehend it, she was much flattered and laughed feebly.

"Dearie me, I never thought I'd be axed to put myself in a picture. What'll I look like? Maybe I shan't live to see, for it mun be slow work to make them niggling little marks and dots on a bit o' paper. It's unaccountable to me how you do's it. Yes, I'll sit for ye, missie, but how if I goes to sleep? I can't do without my naps, and a many of them, for I'm in my eightieth year, that I be."

When reassured on this point, she permitted Celia to pose her, and watched with much amusement the fair artist's proceedings.

"I hope I have not frightened your granddaughter away," Miss Anstey observed, when her model began to show signs of fatigue.

"Eh? I've no granddaughter. 'Twas only Rose Raymer; she were always fond o' me, poor soul!" the old woman answered sleepily; rousing up, however, to mumble thanks for the half-crown Celia put in her hand, with the promise of another on the morrow, when she proposed repeating her visit.

Aware that she would not be able to secure many sittings, Celia rose early the following morning, and worked hard at her sketch till the bell in the turret above the porch summoned her to the breakfast-table.

She had to take that meal alone, Lady Mary's maid appearing with an apology.

Her mistress had spent the greater part of the night in attendance upon her daughter, who had been seized with one of the nervous attacks to which she was unfortunately subject.

Celia expressed the proper amount of regret, but in her heart she was not sorry to be spared the necessity of sitting stiffly upright and saying "yes" and "no" to Lady Mary's few remarks. Left alone, she was free to lounge over her coffee, reading Hartley's letter, or pressing it to her lips, or lingering with tender smiles and blushes over some passionate expression of vexation that the affairs of other men should keep him away from her.

But the weather forecasts presaged a change. She must make the most of this sunny morning if she would finish her sketch of granny Werner; and away she went in haste, to find, as before, Rose Raymer in the cottage with the old woman.

Again the girl fled at her approach, but not quickly enough to prevent Celia descrying that her pale, sad, but very beautiful face, was bathed in tears.

She was evidently in great trouble. Might it not be possible to befriend her? Hartley More was rich and generous, and though this cottage was not on his estate, his betrothed felt certain that he would readily listen to her entreaties and assist its inmates.

As soon, therefore, as an opportunity presented, she laid down her brushes, and leaning over the old woman, asked her the cause of Rose Raymer's distress.

Granny was more deaf than usual this morning, and it was some time before she could be made to understand the drift of these questions. When she did, she began to eye the young lady suspiciously.

"Who be you that asks me about Rose's trouble? Be you that proud sister of his that bid me mind" (remember) "who she was, and that I was little better than a pauper?"

"My name is Anstey," Celia told her, "and I am staying at Morewood Hall."

"Then you're in a bad place, and along wi' a bad lot!" was the astounding response. "Don't tell me that because the squire's a gentleman and Rose only a poor man's lass, he ain't bound by the promises he's made her! She's a good girl, and a modest one, and he's no right to break her heart that he may marry some one else!"

"Hartley More has not done this!" cried Celia, indignantly. "He is incapable of such baseness!"

"But he has done it," retorted the old woman, striking the ground with her crutch-stick. "Every one in and about the place knows how he has come, night after night, courting Rose Raymer, and promising to make her his wedded wife. The more shame to him for deserting her as soon as another as was prettier and better off came in his way."

Celia clasped her hands across her brow, bewildered and horrified. Could there be any truth in this story? Was it his dread lest it should reach her ears that made Hartley object to her visiting the cottage? Was it this same reason that prompted the housekeeper to throw obstacles in the way?

Again she bent over the old woman, who was was crossly muttering to herself.

"Is this true that you are telling me?—true that Hartley More has led Rose Raymer to believe that she should be his wife?"

"True as gospel!" replied the old woman emphatically; and Celia waited to hear no more.

Haunted, goaded by the woeful looks of the unhappy girl, whose history she had just heard, she fled the cottage.

But where should she go? Not back to the Hall. Never more would she cross its threshold. To her aunt's? Ah, what a tale to pour into their ears! Hartley false—false!—a traitor! a deceiver!

She shrieked; for here he came, his eyes sparkling with joy, his arms extended to clasp her, his loved voice breathing her name.

What followed Celia never could remember distinctly. She knew she wildly repulsed him, taxed him with his cruelty to Rose, and tried to snatch off her engagement-ring as she bade him farewell for ever.

There was a blank, and then she found herself on a couch in the library at the Hall, with Lady Mary beside her.

"Lie still, my love," said her ladyship, tenderly. "Hartley, who brought you here, tells me granny Werner has shocked you with one of her gossiping revelations, and forgotten to warn you that this sad story happened fifty years ago. The heroine of it drowned herself in her despair. I am sorry to say that the hero of it was my Hartley's grandfather."

"But I saw Rose Raymer at the cottage!"

Lady Mary smiled. "Yes, there are half a-dozen families of Raymers in this neighborhood, and Rose is a favorite name with them. The girl you saw used to be one of my housemaids, and left to be married, but so irritated her intended with her coquetry, that he enlisted, and has just gone with his regiment to Bombay. Now he is lost to her she is broken-hearted, and as Granny's mind is weakened by age, she confuses this Rose with the one who used to be her schoolfellow and friend. And now I suppose I may admit Hartley, who is pacing the hall almost distracted at the length of your swoon, and the terrible charges you have brought against him."

So saying, Lady Mary discreetly retired, and the next moment Celia—all her faith in him restored—was weeping joyful tears on her lover's breast.

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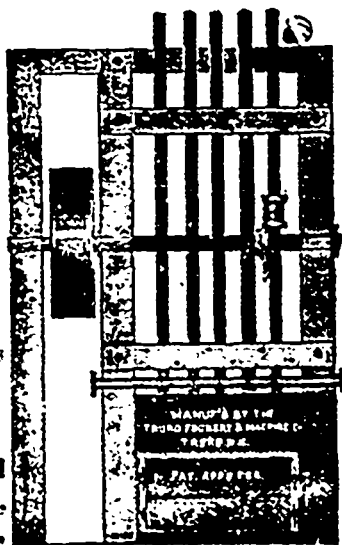
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MINING.

From Our New York Special Correspondent.—That the Eastern holders of California mining stocks... a body of importance to those who control the active stocks dealt in on the San Francisco Stock Exchange is proved by the announcement that these companies are to have transfer offices in New York. This is a long step in the right direction, and meets with the approval of all those anxious to see the mining business placed on a better basis. Heretofore the California companies have almost ignored the interest of Eastern holders of their stocks, and have subjected them to many inconveniences by delays in transfer of stocks, and general lack of information as to the conditions of the properties. Finding now that they must change their tactics, or lose the trade, they are about opening their transfer offices here. At present all certificates of stock dealt in on the San Francisco Exchange not having a transfer office in New York must stand in the name of a trustee to be current—or what is called in Wall St. parlance "a good delivery"—in the New York market. These trustees are accepted representatives of the different California Banks and Wells Fargo & Co. at their New York agencies, where assessments are collected and dividends paid. The opening of transfer offices here will change this mode of doing business; holders of stock will then be enabled to have the certificates stand in their own names, collect dividends, pay assessments and have the voting power of the stock they hold.

I see the New York papers in publishing the returns for July of the Nova Scotia mines as reported at the Mines Office give credit to THE CRITIC for the information, that is as it should be. P.

GOLD IN THE COXHEATH COPPER ORES—*First Avenue Hotel, London, Eng., Aug. 10, 1889.*—To THE CRITIC.—Being here temporarily in the interest of the Eastern Development Company, Ltd., I thought your readers would like to be informed on some matters of importance in the development of the Coxheath Mine that have been carried to practical tests on this side of the ocean.

Several months ago the company shipped six tons of low grade ore (three tons from each shaft) to Germany, to ascertain if the low grade ores would concentrate up to a percentage that would pay to smelt at the present low price of copper. It is only recently that final reports have been rendered to Messrs. Richardson & Co., of Swansea, our agents in this Country, of which the following are some of the details:

The three tons from No. 1 shaft averaged 3.4% per cent. copper; after concentration at the works of Messrs. Humboldt & Co., at Kalk, the product averaged over 12 per cent copper. The ore from No. 2 shaft averaged 2.7% per cent. of copper, and concentrated up to 9½ per cent. copper: this settles satisfactorily the value of the low grade ores at Coxheath, and will decide the management in regard to adding concentration works to their plans for smelting works. A most interesting and valuable development has been added in the assaying of the several samples of concentrates obtained, showing a gold element in the ore to an extent that has not heretofore been realized, although silver has always been known to be present to a considerable degree.

An average of all the concentrates from No. 1 shaft shows silver 2.1% oz. per ton, and gold 1.6% oz. per ton, or over 3 dwts. A like average sample of the concentrates from No. 2 shaft gives silver 4.2% oz. per ton, and gold 3.5% oz. per ton, or over 6 dwts. An analysis of higher grade ore shows—copper 8.2% per cent., iron 12.8% per cent., sulphur 13.1% per cent., siliceous matter 61.6% per cent.; silver 2 oz. and 5 dwts. per ton, and gold 10 dwts. per ton. The ores coming from two shafts, over one thousand feet apart, show the elements of the precious metals to be wide spread in the mine.

To realize the value of the gold element alone, it is to be considered that in smelting the ores all the gold will be saved in the copper matte, and as it will take say five tons of 10 per cent. concentrates to make a ton of 33 per cent. to 35 per cent. matte, we shall have from 12 to 24 dwt. of gold in the matte, and much more in matte from higher grade ores; this will be an extra value without any increase of costs in production that may easily double the value of the ores. Swansea refiners will allow a large percentage of the value of the gold in such copper mattes as we shall produce, as it costs them but little to extract it while treating the mattes for the copper. Among other increasing demands here for copper products is one for "Sulphate of Copper" for agricultural purposes, and in that particular process copper ores and mattes containing gold and silver will be particularly sought for, as the process is very favorable for saving the precious metals without extra cost.

The copper market here is becoming firmer as consumption increases, and since the recent tumble caused by failure of the "Copper Syndicate" it has advanced from £37 per ton to £43 per ton. Our Coxheath estimates are still based on the very conservative basis of £40 per ton.

Yours truly,

ISAAC P. GRAGG,
General Manager E. D. Co., Ltd.

MONTAGUE DISTRICT—*Editor Critic.*—Montague is still booming. On the 16th August Mr. McQuarrie, the well known and capable manager of the *Annand Mine*, better known as the *New Albion*, brought into Halifax the finest and richest lot of gold quartz (value at from \$4000 to \$5000) that has ever been taken out of this very rich mine. The mine is owned by Chas. Annand, a gentleman who certainly deserves success, as he is one of the few capitalists who is willing to invest large sums in developing and making known the great wealth of our gold mines. Work is now being done in sinking No. 1 shaft and the ore gives every indication of being rich in gold; in fact the indications point to the certainty that a few days more work will develop one of the richest pay streaks ever discovered in Nova Scotia.

The *Rose Mine* is in full blast, some 24 men being at work. The water in the main shaft is getting well down and in the meantime the mine is being developed east and west. They have already taken out sufficient "pay ore" to keep the crusher running steadily and have also reached bed rock in the Eastern or Nigger Shaft, where they have struck gold in paying quantities. Messrs. Skerry, Simmons, McAdams & Co. are still operating on the Kayo Mine with good prospects and have also leased the Centre Sutherland property and have taken some rich quartz out of the Skerry lead.

Messrs Lawlor and Leadly have leased the Eastern Sutherland property and have just opened a fine lead south of the *New Albion Mine*. The indications are that their energy and enterprise are to be well rewarded.

Messrs. O'Toole, Webby and Chetwynd have purchased the Tobin property and have opened a shaft on the Rose lead just east of the *Rose Mine* line which shows gold well. TRAVELLER.

CARIBOO DISTRICT.—Mr. Van Meter and others have purchased from the Heatherington estate the balance of areas held in this district with the accompanying real estate, some 300 acres of wood lands.

The *Lake Lode*, *Cariboo*, *Wright* and other properties are all doing well, and are keeping up the high reputation of the district as a gold producer.

OLDHAM DISTRICT.—Reports from this district state that Mr. Reeves has struck it rich. There are also rumors of a rich find at *Renfrew*.

LAKE CATCHA.—John Anderson is doing a large amount of prospecting and has opened a number of leads on his acres with good prospects of developing a fine mine. The *Oxford Company* are also doing considerable prospecting.

BEAVER DAM.—We are informed that this property is now being worked by the proposed purchasers.

KILLAG.—A large amount of work has lately been done on the *Stuart* property, which has proved a difficult one to prospect. A shaft has been sunk at considerable expense, part of the way through quicksand, and the bed rock has now been reached. Some of our most experienced and successful gold miners are engaged in this work, and it is almost a certainty that they will eventually find the lead that rich boulders indicate must be on the property.

The managers of the *Londonderry Iron* company are rushing the different departments to their utmost, new men are arriving almost daily and every one is jubilant over the good time. The west mine is turning out large quantities of excellent ore, some of which yields ninety per cent. of iron.—*Enterprise*.

Mr. E. C. Charters, of *Sussex*, the well known and deservedly popular mining expert and railway contractor, has a most interesting article in the *British American Citizen*, of Boston, on the gold mines of Nova Scotia, in which he describes at length the noted *Touquoy Mine* of *Moose River*.

WAVERLEY.—Mr. G. L. Gowland, manager of the *Palgrave Gold Mining Company* at *Waverley*, is evidently very popular with the residents. The 23rd of August was his birthday, and a picnic was given at *Grand Lake* to celebrate that event, one of the features of the occasion being a birthday cake, presented by a committee of young ladies. A miner's lot is not necessarily an unhappy one.

The following are the complete official gold returns so far received at the mines office for the month of July:

District	Mill	Qtz. crushed	Ozs. Gold.
Salmon River	Dufferin	800	157
S. Uniacke	Withrow	35	96 1/2
Whiteburn	The McGuire	27	93 1/2
do	Whiteburn G. M. Co.	153 1/2	148
Stormont	Rockland Mill	269	161
Brookfield	Philadelphia G. M. Co.	101	125
Renfrew	Empress	181	57 1/2
do	Free Claim	20 1/2	35 1/2
Moose Head	S. Sichel	65	17 1/2
Gold River	Neptune G. M. Co.	384	112
Malaga	Malaga G. M. Co. April	211	214 1/2
do	" " " May	236	264 1/2
do	" " " June	144	267 1/2

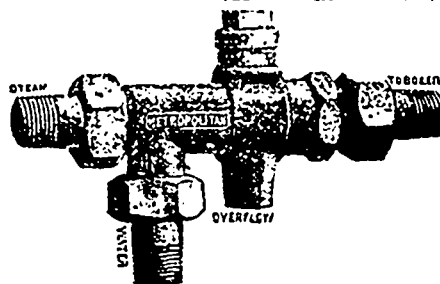
Memo. showing tons of quartz crushed and yield of gold in the districts named for six months ended June 30th, 1889, as per returns to Department of Mines:—

District	Tons Qtz. Crushed.	Yield Gold. Ozs. Dwts.
Sherbrooke	1,013	158 15
Salmon River	3,224	1,090 10
Oldham	843	1,925 19
Moose River	3,493	987 10
Uniacke	797	626 4
Lake Catcha	395	265 7
Whiteburn	666	1,090 10
15 Mile Stream	474	229 5
Stormont	1,530	965 7
Tangier	104	45 2
Brookfield	820	1,217 12

Kempt	141	119 10
Renfrew	598	479 7
Millisigate	32	41 18
Wine Harbor	226	119 11
Central Rawdon	590	1,528 ..
Montague	275	586 16
Malaga	2,269	1,831 16
Moose Head	179	59 8
Ecum Secum	383	255 4

Total 18,052 13,623 11
 13,623 1/4 ounces valued at the low rate of \$18 per oz would realize the neat sum of \$245,223 3/4, the Departments share of which for Royalty would be \$190,110 1/4.

W. H. BROWNE,
 Accountant Department Public Works and Mines.
 Halifax, Aug. 27, 1889.
 The highest average gold yield was returned from the *Kayo Mill* in May, 155 1/2 ozs. from 1 ton quartz.



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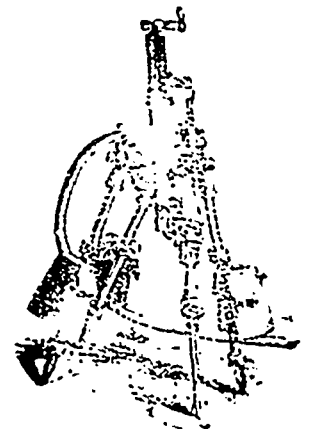
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THE SILVER LINING.

Of course, when father died, Elaine and I had to leave the house, and that was one of the bitterest troubles in our lives. We did so love the dear old place. But it had to be, for poor papa's successor was already appointed.

It's a truth that troubles never come singly. Here we had just lost the dearest of parents, we had to leave our home, and we knew not what to do, or where to go.

One thing, or rather two, alone were certain, that we must go, and also work for our own living, for when all the little outstanding debts were paid, the doctor for papa, and the last sad ceremonies, we had but twenty pounds in all the world.

People who knew nothing about it said it was a shame of papa; by which they meant—for he was the most generous of men—that charity should begin at home; but papa never could understand.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was his motto, and he never could keep his hand out of his pocket on hearing of a case of real distress.

Thus, for the living was but a small one, nothing was ever saved out of his income.

If anyone blamed him, we, his daughters, did not. Heaven bless him; but one did blame him cruelly, the only relation we had in the world, his half brother, Ambrose Warne, a retired merchant, and wealthy, but miserly, crabbed of disposition. He quarrelled with papa for his "extravagant benevolence," and when, during dear mamma's last illness, papa being in great straits, applied to him for help, he refused downright, throwing, as the saying is, his "foolish charity" in his teeth.

When papa died, of course we told uncle Ambrose, who, in a brief, business-like letter, offered us assistance, as, of course, using his own words, "our father's charity and benevolence had left his children beggars."

Elaine and I at once decided we would accept nothing from him, and, in a short, coldly civil reply, told him so, saying plainly we could not be beholden to one who had refused our dear father help in his greatest need. We quite approved of all papa had done, and were ready and willing to work for our living as he had.

There was our trouble—the trouble of thousands at the present day. We were ready and willing; but where should we find the work?

Like those thousands, we decided that our best chance was in London; so one day, after visiting every corner of the manse, and of the dear old garden, shadowed by the elms where the rooks built, and going through the trial of parting with papa's poor parishioners—Elaine and I, with very red eyes behind our crape veils, started for London, where we had arranged to take lodgings with an old servant who had married well, gone to the metropolis, and in her widowhood increased a small annuity by letting lodgings.

The good old soul, who never forgot we were the vicar's daughters, had the warmest welcome ready for us, therefore we did not find our new life so uncomfortable as we imagined we should at first.

There was a bright fire to cheer us, and a high tea, with some delicious cakes, just as Susan, or Mrs. Biggins now, recollected we used to have at the manse.

"Have you any other lodgers, Mrs. Biggins?" asked Elaine, as we took tea.

"Well, miss, I won't deceive you, I have," said our landlady. "I didn't mention it, because really he is that quiet, and keeps to himself, that I fancied he didn't much count. I hope you don't object?"

"Object?" I smiled. "What right should we have to do that, Mrs. Biggins? We begin to know the value of money I assure you. What is the gentleman?"

"An artist, miss. Whether much of a one I can't say, though some of the things he does do look sweet, and he's poor enough, I'm sure, to be a genius."

"Poor," said my sister, whose sympathies I saw at once were aroused.

"Poor, miss, very," proceeded Mrs. Biggins, who had been always given to loquacity, which had made papa remark that he was a brave man who married her. "He's a nice-looking young fellow, and, though his clothes is a bit worn, always looks the gentleman; but I suspect that good dinners is a rarity, I do—sometimes dinners at all."

"Oh!" cried Elaine, "that's dreadful."

"It is, miss. But he is, or tries to look so cheerful, and laughs at his poverty, and says that when his pictures sell, as they will one day—that's what he declares—he'll pay back all my kindness. He is a nice young man, that he is."

"What is his name?" asked Elaine, interested.

"Gerald Warne."

"Warne! Why, that's our name!"

"Yes, miss; it's funny isn't it,

"There is one comfort; he is no relation," said I, "for we are in the happy state of having none. Have you told him about us?"

"Well, no, miss; only so far as that I had two young ladies, gentlefolks, coming, for you see I wasn't aware just what you would care for me to say."

"We are very much obliged to you. If you please we should like you to say nothing of our past, or who we are, Mrs. Biggins, for Elaine and I have determined to forget all about our once having been 'gentlefolks.' If we are so, people will discover it without our telling them; and, knowing how difficult it is to get work, we have adopted for our motto 'No honest employment is derogatory.' So we are simply two young women who have to make our own living."

I need scarcely say that Mrs. Biggins' account of Gerald Warne had

aroused our interest, especially Elaine's. She was just nineteen, slight, graceful of figure, a blonde with pretty delicate features, a wild-rose complexion, and sunny hair that curled naturally over her head. I was four years her senior, taller and darker; some called me, for my style, handsomer, but that I don't believe, at least Elaine's was the most taking face.

We talked a great deal about our future plans that evening, and a great deal too about our fellow-lodger.

Elaine was always coming back to the subject "him." She wondered what his pictures were like; whether he really was a genius. Then she imagined his bravely working on when he had not sufficient to eat. In fact, she speedily made Gerald Warne out to be an artistic Chatterton.

"If we get on, Lil," she exclaimed, "we must ask him to tea. We can't well send him up a dish of oysters."

"No indeed, at their present price," I replied, "but you see, Elly, we have first to get on. His case may soon be our case, and in one thing be careful; knowing what pity is akin to, don't fall in love with him."

"I!" cried Elaine; disdainfully. "Let me return the warning. Hark!" as a latchkey turned in the lock, "there he is!"

Some one entered and went upstairs.

"Lil, he might almost be a ghost, for the sound he makes. It does not speak well for the soles of his boots," remarked Elaine.

The next day we had too much of our own affairs to occupy us to think of Gerald Warne. There were agencies to visit, and advertisements to peruse, a week of which heartbreaking work passed fruitlessly. During this we had seen Gerald Warne once as he passed our window. As to being a gentleman there was as little doubt as that he was handsome and intellectual-looking, also that his clothes were shabby at the seams; unfortunately there was no doubt about the latter, nor that his face was haggard, making appear large and more brilliant a pair of dark, handsome eyes.

Before the next week was over Elaine and I had both been successful. She had obtained an engagement in an art dealer's, and I found some pupils for German, French, music, and drawing.

Our spirits were wonderfully gladdened at having occupation. Indeed, we had been very fortunate, and felt gratefully happy. As to Elaine, she speedily, I found, began to revert to Gerald Warne.

"We certainly," she said, "must begin to think of those teas."

I own I commenced to feel nervous about her. She was always getting information respecting him from the landlady, and it was never cheering information.

Once Mrs. Biggins told, with tears in her eyes, of a great disappointment he had had in selling a picture.

"For the first time he looked quite broke," she said, "and owned he wanted the money badly."

"Why doesn't he teach, or draw, or paint sketches that may sell?" said I.

"He tries, miss, lots of times. He'd do anything, as 'pot-boilers,' I think he calls it; but luck's against him."

I noticed Elaine very thoughtful after that, and depressed.

"I fancy we had best move from here," I thought.

But, two evenings later, Elaine came in radiant. The cold, frosty air, or her joy, had made her colour dazzling.

"I've got some work for Gerald Warne to do," she exclaimed. "Something that, at least, will provide him with dinners."

It appeared that the art-dealer required an artist to undertake some artwork which needed both skill and taste.

"I spoke of Mr. Warne," exclaimed Elaine; "and Mr. Morrison says he may call."

So a little note was sent up, carefully worded, that it should offend no Chattertonian (false) pride, to Gerald Warne's studio the following morning. The same evening our fellow-lodger stood for the first time in our parlour—stood, those wonderfully brilliant eyes brighter with emotion, his figure all of a tremble, his tones unsteady, as he said:

"I have come to thank you; to say how gratefully I am; yet can find no words appropriate to express how deeply I feel your kindness."

Then to my surprise, Elaine, quite sagely, as if years his senior, stepped forward, and taking his hand, replied:

"Then please do not try. We quite understand. Are we not fellow-lodgers? If in that case we cannot help one another, who will help us? Mr. Morrison told me had engaged you, that he thought you very clever, and hoped his work would lead to better things. I was so pleased."

She looked so pretty as she spoke! I shall never forget the expression in Gerald Warne's face as he gazed at her's.

I have heard of a person's "soul going out" to another. Then I saw it. He bent down, and pressed her hand to his lips.

"Heaven bless you!" he said, earnestly, with a sob in his voice.

I knew from that moment that it was a case between them, which nothing in this world could alter.

After this Gerald Warne was very often in our parlour indeed; not only that, but sometimes his leaving the art-dealer's, by a strange coincidence would be at the same hour as Elaine's, and they would walk home together.

I was troubled at first; but the more I saw of Gerald Warne, the more I recognized he was a gentleman by birth and nature.

Besides, what right had I to endeavour to check the love growing so evidently stronger between them? Might it not prove a good thing for Elaine? Had she not seemed, indeed, as he said, to have brought him that aid which was to lead to fortune?

Mr. Morrison had been more than satisfied with his work, and already had introduced him to one or two who had purchased his pictures.

It was while our acquaintanceship was very young, that, as we three sat talking together, Gerald Warne said:

"What a strange place is this world, of which people think so little! Things occur in it that make one lean towards fatalism. Take, for instance, both our lives. How I was striving, almost despairing here, when all the while fate was bringing towards me one who was to banish despair for ever before hope."

"It is very strange, considering that your name was Warno," laughed Elaine. "A reason that, had you been related to a certain Ambrose Warno, would have made us rather your enemies than friends."

"Why?"

He smiled.

"Because he is our uncle; and a cruel, selfish miser."

"Indeed!"

Thinking, as matters stood, he might know our history, I told him. When I ended, Gerald said, laughing:

"I look like the relation or friend of a wealthy man, do I not?" and he glanced at his shabby attire.

So the days went by, happy days too. Winter came, by which time Gerald and Elaine were engaged.

It was one evening after this that I sat waiting for her return. The tea was ready, but I never began until she came. The weather had set in with exceeding severity. There had been a heavy snowfall, a partial thaw, then frost, rendering the streets like glass.

That made me nervous when Elaine's usual hour passed, and she did not appear. A dozen times in twenty minutes I looked at the clock, and walked from the table to the window.

The darkness was coming on rapidly. Few people passed; those who did walked wearily. One or two fell, but there was no sign of Elaine. Half an hour later! This had never occurred before. The state of the weather made me anxious. At last I went up to Gerald's room to tell him.

"Your sister not returned!" he exclaimed, springing up.

"No; she has never been out so late, and the streets are like glass." I said, "It makes me nervous."

"Do not be that; I'll soon see," he replied. "I'll go to Mr. Morrison's."

Already he had taken his hat; now, as anxious as I, he ran downstairs and from the house, when I returned to my window to watch. Suddenly I cried, starting to my feet, and clasping my hands.

"Oh, it's true! There has been an accident!"

A brougham had driven up and stopped at the door. A moment I had seen Elaine's white face inside, then an old gentleman got out and knocked. I flew to the door and opened it.

"Oh, what has happened?" I cried.

"There—there," said the old gentleman, harshly, "don't go making a fuss! Your sister didn't, and she had more cause—you're Miss Warno, I suppose? Well, your sister slipped down and sprained her ankle; there were a lot of roughs about, so I just asked her name, where she lived, and brought her home. Now, if you are as sensible a young woman as she appears to be, you'll just come and assist her into the house."

I followed him at once to the brougham, and together we helped Elaine, who declared it was nothing but a sprain, into our room, and made her lie on the couch.

Then we thanked the stranger, who had so well played the Samaritan.

"No thanks—no thanks," he interrupted. "She was not quite a stranger to me. I've seen her often—wet or shine going to her work. You call it work, eh, or are you too proud?"

"Too proud to call things by their right names!" I smiled. "No indeed. We are only proud of having honest work to do."

"I like that," he said, looking into my face. "If all people were of your sort the world would get on better. I'm sorry I didn't know you before. I shall know you better now. I shall call again."

He took his hat, looked around the room, protruded and pursed up his lips, then said abruptly:

"I may as well tell you the truth at once. I've been watching you. I liked that independent letter you wrote. I like you—I'm your uncle Ambrose Warno."

"Uncle Ambrose!" we cried, in amazement.

"Yes; I'm going to adopt both of you," curtly. "I've a son I've turned out of doors because he is idiot enough to prefer art to commerce—starvation to a good joint."

At this instant Gerald entered breathlessly.

"Miss Warno, I can find no trace of Elaine," he began; then he started back, exclaiming, "Good Heavens! Father!"

"What—you here—you scamp!" ejaculated the old man.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Elaine, reaching his hand and clasping it, "is he your son? then if you forgive us you must forgive him. One day, believe me, he will make us all proud of the name we bear."

"Will he!" cried uncle Ambrose. "When he does that, I'll forgive him."

"Then, father," said Gerald, extending his hand, "I ask neither money nor help. Only let it be a friendly truce until that happy time arrives."

Uncle Ambrose hesitated, but finally took his son's hand.

And what was the result? This: The next year all London was speaking of Gerald's picture hung in one of the Academies. A month later he went to study at Rome, taking his wife with him, while I was uncle Ambrose's housekeeper, until—until—well, somebody else wanted me to be his.

So, to our dark cloud you see, uncle Ambrose, after all, was—THE SILVER LINING.

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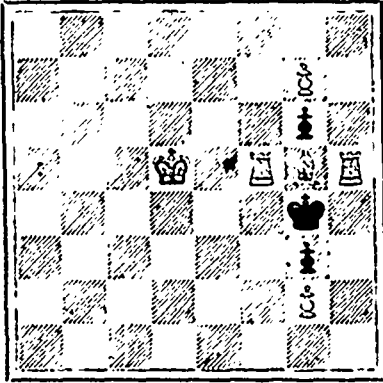
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CHESS.

The proprietors of THE CRITIC offer two prizes—to consist of books on Chess—to those subscribers who shall send in the greatest number of correct solutions during the current year. No entrance fee required.

Solution to problem No. 93, Q to R sq. Solved by Mrs. H. Moseley and C. W. Lundy.

PROBLEM No. 95. BLACK 3 pieces.



WHITE 6 pieces.

White to play and mate in 2 moves

GAME—No. 76.

A skirmish and siege at the International Tournament at Breslau. (Scotch Gambit.)

Table with 2 columns: WHITE and BLACK. Moves listed for both sides including P to K4, Kt to KB3, P to Q4, B to B4, Castles, P to B3, Q to K2, P to KR3, P to Q3, P takes P, B to B4, P to Q3, P takes P, Q to K2, P to KR3, Q to Q sq, P to B3.

The correct move is B to KKt5. The capture of the Pawn has rarely been ventured upon, as losing valuable time.

7 Q to Kt3 Q to K2 8 Kt takes P P to KR3 If Kt to B3, B to KKt5, followed directly by Kt to Q5. 9 Kt to Q5 Q to Q sq 10 Q to B3!

This fine move forms the initiative of a very powerful attack.

11 P to QKt4! Kt to B3 12 P to QR4 P to QR4 13 P to Kt5 Kt to K4

If Kt to QKt sq, 14 Kt takes B, P takes Kt. 15 P to K5, etc. 14 KKt takes Kt P takes Kt 15 Q takes P ch B to K3

Here K to Bsq also loses by 16 Kt takes B, 17 B to R3 ch, and 18 R to Q sq. 16 B to R3 Q to Q2 17 QR to Q sq Q to B sq 18 Q takes Kt!!

A charming finish, and one which must have caused some amusement among the other players. Resigns.

The only move. If P takes Q, Kt mates.—Baltimore Sunday News.

DRAUGHTS—CHECKERS

All Checker communications and exchanges should be addressed to W. Forsyth, 36 Grafton Street, Halifax.

The proprietors of THE CRITIC offer two prizes—to consist of books on Checkers—to those subscribers who shall send in the greatest number of correct solutions during the current year. No entrance fee required.

A number of checkerists have been consulting respecting arranging for a match-meeting between players from various parts of this Province. The negotiations so far are only pre-

liminary, but there are hopes that an interesting tournament will be arranged. The plan proposed is to have about four good players from each locality that enters a team compete. It will likely be four or five weeks before the play will commence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. O. FORBES, Shubenacadie.—Your letter received. Some of our best players are just now out of town. Will consult with them on their return and let you know how they feel.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM 129.—Position:—Black man 1, kings 14, 15; white man 9, kings 5, 7; black to move and win. Table with 2 columns: Black and White moves and outcomes.

GAME XXVI.

Being the 23rd game in the late Reed-Barker contest.

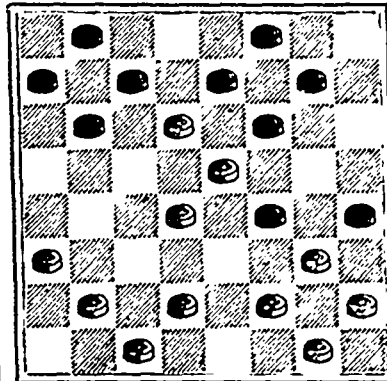
Table with 2 columns: Black, Mr. Reed and White Mr. Barker. Moves listed for both sides including 11-15, 23-16, 28-24, 13-9, 22-18, 10-19, 18-15, 23-18, 15-22, 24-15, 13-17, 28-24, 25-18, a-2-7, 15-10, 26-31, 8-11, 16-12, 17-22, 24-20, 24-19, 14-18, 8-11, 31-26, 11-16, 28-24, 22-26, 20-16, 28-24, 8-11, 31-22, 26-23, 9-13, 15-8, 24-31, 16-11, 29-25, 7-10, 11-16, 23-19, 16-20, 22-15, 20-24, 10-7, 26-22, 10-28, 22-17, 3-10, 5-9, 8-4, 31-27, 9-6, 30-26, 28-32, 23-18, 19-23, 10-14, 26-23, 14-23, 6-2, 18-15, b-9-14, 17-13, 10-15, 7-10, 25-22, 9-14, 11-7, 32-28, 6-9, 16-19, 14-17, 4-8, 4-8, 23-26, black, 19-16, 32-28, 19-28, (Reed), 12-19, 22-18, 27-23, won.

(a) We do not think there is any more chance for white to draw. This move is original with ex champion A. J. Heffner of Boston.

(b) Barker certainly defended this with marked ability, but Reed was careful and did not let down in his play.

PROBLEM No. 131.

Selected. Black men 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 19, 20.



White men 10, 15, 18, 21, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 32.

White to play and win. This is an end game that we think only advanced students will be able to solve.

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