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THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Charity appears to be the only common ground upon which all creeds and classes can stand side by side, and yet the race and religious differences which set nation against nation, class against class, and man against man, viewed in the broad light of Christianity, unaccountable.

The French press in Montreal is advocating the advisability of transferring from London to Paris, at the close of the London Exhibition, the exhibits of Canada. The idea is certainly a good one, and if carried out, it tends to increase our commercial intercourse with that country.

The bursting of the Collingwood's big 43 ton gun has created a stir in all quarters. From the investigation, we gather that a large proportion of heavy artillery used in the navies of Europe, is utterly unreliable, and that a return to longer, lighter, and stronger guns, will at once be made.

In ten short years the sugar trade of the world has been revolutionized. Long since, the yield of beet root sugar in Europe was but a few thousand tons. It now reaches 2,000,000 tons annually. Small wonder is it that our West Indian trade has been disturbed.

From all parts of the country come most gratifying reports as to the prospects of the crops. Notwithstanding the late frosts, the fruit has set well, and the outlook for a plentiful supply is good. Roots and garden vegetables are unusually forward, while the hay crop promises to be one of the largest we have had for many years.

Uncle Sam's household is beginning to feel cramped in its territorial domain. Some of its members now propose to levy a tax upon emigrants, in order to prevent Europeans from coming in and possessing the land. It is rather late to think about locking the door after the key has been thrown away the well.

In Canada we have no distinctive national game suitable for the summer season. Cricket, baseball, lawn tennis, and croquet, all have their devotees, but in the United States, base ball is the recognized game of the people. It is estimated that no less than 5,000,000 base balls have been manufactured in the United States for use during the present season. This gives one base ball to each eleven of the population, indicating the general popularity of the game.

The frugality and thriftiness of the French tradesmen and peasantry is proverbial, but the financiers of England and Germany must have been astonished to learn that offers were received for the late French loan of \$100,000,000, aggregating two billion dollars, \$20 to every \$1 asked for. When the peasantry of a country can do this, national stability is assured.

Those who derived pleasure from the perusal of Henry George's now famous book, "Progress and Poverty," will find his work on "Protection" an interesting reading. For those who only like to see in print that in which they concur, the volume is not in any way suited, as it raps the knuckles of both free traders and protectionists.

Newfoundland has excellent fisheries, but her agricultural resources are as yet undeveloped. Five hundred Newfoundlanders are about making a new home in the Pacific Province of the Dominion, and this fact has caused the government of the colony to turn its attention to the development of the internal resources of the Island.

Euthu-iastic aeronauts have never lost faith in the ultimate triumph of the balloon ship, but heretofore their gaseous craft have always been rudderless and entirely at the mercy of the uncertain wind. A German inventor has beaten the record, having invented a steerable balloon, which, being propelled through the air at a speed greater than that at which the wind blows, is guided as easily as a steamer or sailing vessel on the water. "Up in a balloon, boys," will, according to this, have some meaning in it.

With so many European nations on the brink of a great sleeping volcano, it is a relief to find that united Italy, under the wise and economical Depretis administration, is enjoying a season of peace and quietude unknown in the days when each petty Italian State sought to preserve its autonomy, without regard to the welfare of the country at large. With a strong federal government, an able executive, and a contented people, Italy is laying the foundations of a nationality which may yet astonish the world.

Not a bad story was recently told of a General in India, who, upon reviewing the troops, noticed a man in the ranks who wore a disreputable looking pair of trousers. Going up to the man, the General said—"My man, are those your best trousers?" "No sir" was the answer. "Why have you not them on?" "I only wear them on State occasions." "Well, sir," said the General, "if I consider it proper to wear my best breeches when I come to inspect this regiment, I think the men might at least wear theirs also."

In many counties, local issues will doubtless overshadow the great issue which is now before the electors. The fact that potatoes are selling at 15 cents per bushel is thought by some persons in King's County to be convincing proof that a change of Government is needed; while in Colchester County some electors hold their former representatives responsible for the hard times, and accordingly will not support the Tory ticket. The price of potatoes, hard times, and local issues, are of no concern to the man who has to earn his bread by his daily labor, than repeal, confederation or continentalism.

Says the London Times, still the leader of the press: "At the time of the first great Exhibition, five and thirty years ago, it could hardly have occurred to anyone that the British Empire itself would in the next generation, be capable of furnishing forth from its own resources an exhibition of the products of its Industry, Agriculture, and Fine Arts, by the side of which even the great Exhibition of 1851 would almost have paled its intellectual fires. But it is as the symbol of the moral unity of national sentiment which constitutes a world-wide Empire that the Exhibition appeals most strongly to every subject of the Queen."

In Southern climes, where women mature at an early age, marriages at 13 and 14 are very general, but in the more temperate latitudes, young ladies generally prefer to spend their teens as spinsters, leaving the wedding ring for more advanced years. During the past few decades, a marked change as to the age of matrimony has been noticeable in this Province, the shelving period having been pushed forward at least ten years. This is as it should be; it enables our young women to better qualify themselves for the duties of wives and mothers, so that when they assume these duties they are prepared to discharge them to better advantage.

The marked change which has taken place during the past few weeks in the temper and tone of the utterances of the American press with respect to our fisheries, proves that the current of public opinion is no longer directed by Senator Frye and his colleagues. American common-sense and love of fair play have intervened to prevent a few angry New Englanders from plunging the United States into a conflict, the consequences of which no man could foretell. Let Uncle Sam agree by treaty to admit our fish free of duty for all time, and we will haul up our cutters and allow the American fishermen to purchase all the bait they require.

A COURT OF RAILWAY COMMISSIONERS.

The many irregularities in the management of railway lines, and especially their unfair discrimination against certain places and certain commodities, are at last to become the subject of legislation in Britain and the United States. The public are only too painfully aware that a railway company enjoying a monopoly of traffic in any given direction, or a number of rival companies which form a "pool," can create serious fluctuations in the natural course of trade. Monopolies in transport have been hitherto an irremediable evil; but they affect the general prosperity too much to be allowed to continue.

The bill that is now before the British House of Commons proposes much more rigorous measures than the American bill. The former provides for the creation of a court composed of two practical business men and a judge of the High Court of Justice. This court of railway commissioners is to try all railway cases, and against its decisions there is no appeal except in matters of law. All railway rates are to be published, and freight is to be classified by parliament. Where a railway company is reasonably charged with unfair discrimination, the burden of dis-proof is thrown upon the company. The measure is an extreme one, such as extreme maladies demand. The American bill, on the other hand, is less likely to be effective. It provides for a railway commission, it is true; but that commission has only advisory powers, and in disputed questions recourse must be had to the ordinary courts of law. As in the case of the English bill, all rates of transport are to be published, and an effort is to be made to check unjust preferences; but no adequate machinery is provided for carrying out the views of the commissioners.

We in Canada are quite as much in need of such protection against railway oppression as are our brothers in Britain or our cousins in the United States. The merchants of Montreal and Halifax have, within the last few months, complained bitterly of a real or fancied discrimination against the trade of their respective cities. Many other places in the Dominion are similarly at the mercy of great railway lines, and have from time to time made similar complaints. A railway commission, after a full investigation of the facts, could either remedy such evils or prove that none existed. Indeed the Canadians have an additional use for a railway commission. Owing to the comparative scarcity of unemployed capital in Canada, railway companies often seek bonuses from the communities which they are expected to benefit. Then by some adroit manoeuvre on the part of the company, much of the supposed advantage is lost. A case in point occurred a few years ago in the construction of the Hamilton and North Western Railway, which was expected to lower the exorbitant rates of the Northern Railway. By holding out this inducement the emissaries of the new company obtained heavy bonuses from nearly every township through which the line was to run. No sooner was the road completed than the two companies amalgamated, forming the Northern and North Western Railway Company, and rates continued as before. The anger and disappointment of the cheated rate-payers was only equalled by their helplessness. A commission of business men could adjudicate on such cases of deception, as well as on those which would come before a court of commissioners in the United States or in England.

A BURIED AND FORGOTTEN CITY.

During the nineteenth century much interest has been taken in the excavations being made at Pompeii, and travellers visiting Italy have always made it a point to spend a few hours in the old narrow streets of the once forgotten city. A renewed interest in Pompeii was awakened in Halifax by the admirable lecture delivered by Archbishop O'Brien, in which his Grace ably pictured the appearance of the excavated portion of the city.

About the middle of the last century, when complaints were made of the inadequacy of the work of excavation at Pompeii, Winkelmann, who saw the slow methods of proceeding, wrote, "At this rate our descendants of the fourth generation will still have digging to do in the ruins." The work continued about as it had begun, and the prediction made was true enough, for to-day not a third of Pompeii has been unearthed, most of which has been performed during the past quarter of a century. In 1860 the Italian government went seriously to work. To-day Signor Fiorelli, who has charge of the excavations, for the amount of means at his command, calling into play the better methods of engineering, is accomplishing a most satisfactory work.

A good deal of light has been lately thrown on this old buried city by a French archaeologist, M. Monnier, whose aim it has been to give us as correct notions as possible as to what Pompeii was when a live and bustling Oscan city. Pompeii was not a large place, perhaps having at no time more than 30,000 people. It had a fair port, and was most likely a place of some commerce. The streets are alleys. The widest is not more than 21 feet, and there are many with sidewalks and all not over 6½ feet. No vestiges of stables are found in Pompeii. The general narrowness of the streets must have precluded chariots. Small shops must have faced the streets. Where the water supply came from has not yet been discovered, but in time this will certainly be made clear. Artistically the buildings teach us hardly anything in an æsthetic sense. There is an over-abundance of stucco.

In studying these mural decorations, or even the cooking utensils made in bronze, it should be remembered that Pompeii was a place of little importance, and must have followed the lead of Rome, imitating her ways, her artisans not being of the highest class; and appreciating this, then you are struck with the fact how clever were her designers and bronze-workers. Mural paintings were movable, and were attached to walls by means of clamps. They must have been held in high estimation, as are pictures

to-day. Not only the walls, but the doors show the fine artistic taste of that day. Many persons believe that the portion of the city still to be excavated contains the residences of the better classes, and should this prove true, it is probable that our ideas of the barbaric nature of Roman civilization will have to undergo a change.

POLITICIANS WITHOUT A POLICY.

The repeal agitators are destructionists. They have seized upon the present period of dull times as most opportune for their mid-summer crab policy. They talk loudly of the great interests of this Province, and speak of them as if they were quite conversant with their minutest details, fully understood the disadvantages under which they are now being carried on, and the sovereign remedial measures required to remove the same. These men are politicians, not statesmen. Had they been such they would not have endeavored to convince the farmer that the times of twenty years ago were preferable to those of to-day. Farmers know too well that farm produce brings better prices to-day than it brought before Confederation, and that the necessities and comforts of life are cheaper than then. They would not have endeavored to convince our miners, our fishermen, and lumberers, that 1866 was the cap year of our prosperity, and that since that time we had slowly but surely been sliding down the inclined plane of adversity, nor would they have attempted to persuade our manufacturers and commercial men that their interests would be best served by a return to the isolation of 1866. These politicians ask the electors of Nova Scotia to take a step, the consequences of which they themselves are unable to forecast. They give the electors no guarantee that in the event of their unpatriotic purpose being accomplished, they could secure a reciprocal treaty with the United States, nor can they give any assurance that repeal and isolation will secure to Nova Scotia an era of prosperity a whit better than that which we at present enjoy. The truth is, the repealor leaders are politicians, not statesmen, they are willing to sacrifice every interest in the Province, provided they again are permitted to enjoy the sweets of office. Patriotic electors must look to it that men of such a stamp are not again permitted to guide the destinies of a Province which must eventually become the Great Britain of the new world.

BETTER TERMS NOT WANTED.

Our political campaigners admit that in the present election they are utterly unable to forecast the result. This fact is significant, showing conclusively that whatever misconception or discontent may exist with respect to the financial terms of Confederation, there is no general inclination among the people to sever Nova Scotia from its sister provinces in the Dominion. Had such a feeling existed our legislators would have been deluged with petitions praying for an agitation in favor of repeal. No such petitions were received, and while the question was discussed in the House of Assembly the debate savored strongly of partyism, the true interests of the province being of a secondary consideration. No man in or out of the Legislature ever believed that repeal could be accomplished, but many thought that the agitation might have the effect of inducing the Dominion Government to grant better financial terms to Nova Scotia; but now that the *Morning Chronicle*, the organ of the Liberal party, has come squarely out and declared that we did not want better terms, patriots are called upon to lay "party" aside and use their best endeavor to defeat those who would place Nova Scotia in the unenviable position of an isolated province, cut off by hostile tariffs from trade intercourse with her sister provinces and the United States. If the government, now seeking the suffrages of electors, does not want better terms, it is not to be wondered at that its feeble attempts to secure a re-adjustment have proved futile. Had the outgoing government been sincere in its previous agitation, it would have taken effective means to convince the Dominion Parliament that it was in earnest in the matter; it would have rallied to its support the thousands of patriots of both parties who place "country" before "party," it would have made some slight endeavor to secure the co-operation of Nova Scotia's twenty representatives in the Canadian Parliament; in short, it would have left no stone unturned that would aid in securing the end aimed at. But instead of pursuing this course, the delegates of the local government went to Ottawa, not to present the claims of the Province, but to demand its rights; not to negotiate in a friendly spirit, but to threaten dire results should their requests not be complied with. They approached the government at Ottawa clad in repeal armor, inwardly praying that the better terms which they demanded would not be granted. Little wonder is it that their demands were unheeded, but now that the mask has been thrown off and the declaration as to the true inwardness of their object has been disclosed, the patriots of Nova Scotia will understand that the men who masked under better terms resolutions, were in fact out-and-out repealors. On Tuesday next Nova Scotia will have an opportunity of deciding whether or not the principles of such men are worthy of support.

In the Canadian section at the Colonial Exhibition, there are 1551 entries registered. Of these Ontario sends 607 exhibits, Quebec 330, Nova Scotia 220, British Columbia 130, New Brunswick 111, Prince Edward Island 87, North West Territory 48, Manitoba 20. It will be noticed that, considering her population and area, Nova Scotia's exhibits are numerically high, while those of Quebec are low. Only 89 of the exhibits of the latter Province are from French Canadians, the remainder being sent by the English-speaking minority. If the Montreal paper, *L'Etendard*, has good reason to rally its fellow Frenchmen on their lack of enterprise, we in Nova Scotia can with equal justice congratulate our fellow Nova Scotians.

Answer to Triangular Puzzle, published May 28:—

O
SS
T&T
REAR
ADANA
O RIT O
IN PRIS I
S WYHIV S
M ESMERIS M

TIP-BITS.

Edwin Arnold sent these lines to the Indian journals on quitting Bombay in March:—

AN ADIEU.

India, farewell! I shall not see again
Thy shining shores, thy people of the sun,
Gentle, soft-mannered, by a kind word won
To such quick kindness! o'er the Arab main
Our flying flag streams back; and backwards stream
My thoughts to those fair, open fields I love,
City and village, maiden, jungle, grove,
The temples and the rivers! Must it seem
Too great for one man's heart to say it holds
So many unknown Indian sisters dear,
So many unknown brothers! that it folds
Lakhs of true friends, in parting? Ah!—but there
Lingers my heart, leavo-taking; and it roves
From hut to hut, whispering: "He knows and loves"
Good-bye! Good-night! sweet may your slumbers be
Gunga! and Kasi! and Saraswati!"

Why is a balloon voyager greatly to be envied? Because he rises rapidly in the world, and has most excellent prospects.

In a letter from Sophia we find the following story:—Gadban Effendi, at some early period of his life was in delicate health, and his malady settling in his nose brought about the total loss of that feature. This misfortune was mitigated by the adoption of a paper substitute, which answers uncommonly well, and never turns blue on frosty mornings. But of course it is not a thing to take notice of or talk about. Yet, when Gadban Effendi was going to Stamboul, last January, with the Prince's message to the Sultan, a passport was given him by the Bulgarian Foreign office, which contained his *signalment*, of which one of the items was, "Nez Postiche." This brutal precision irritated Gadban very much. He demanded an audience of the Prince, and insisted that the passport clerk should be dismissed. Prince Alexander, with his wonted grace of manner, soothed the wounded spirit of the diplomatist, and on taking leave of him was so anxious to be polite, that, forgetting the peculiar disabilities under which Gadban Effendi labored, he presented him with a valuable silver snuff-box.

ANOTHER MATCH SPOILED.—They were looking over her family album, Birdie and her Harold, when they came to a portrait of an aged gentleman.
"Who is that old baboon?" asked Harold.
"Why," replied Birdie, shutting up the book angrily, "you don't think grandpa looks like a baboon, do you, Harold?"

What is the worst thing about riches? asked a Sunday school superintendent. And the new boy said "not having any."

Some people are willing to be good if they are paid for it. Others prefer to be good for nothing.

DRAMATIC INCIDENT.—The following conversation was overheard on the sidewalk on Union Square, near the Morton House:—

"Now that I have read you my play, what do you think of it?"
"It has only one fault, and that can be corrected very easily."
"What is that?"
"It will take about two hours to play it, will it not?"
"Yes, just about two hours."
"Well, in my opinion, that is a little too long. You must arrange it so that it will begin an hour later and close an hour earlier. Then it will be just about right."—*Texas Siftings.*

HE GOT THERE.—Tramp (at door)—"Madam, could you give me a little help? I'm one of the sufferers by the St. Cloud cyclone."

Lady—"Why, how can that be? The cyclone occurred only yesterday. You couldn't have got here by this time."
"Oh, yes, I could, ma'am. You see, I was blown about three quarters of the way by the cyclone."—*Chicago News.*

The Albany, N. Y. Methodist preachers, at a meeting, have adopted resolutions denouncing Sunday newspapers, and deciding by "all honorable and proper means to oppose them so far as we may prevent their circulation."

The pianomakers have struck for eight hours. Now if the piano-players would only follow suit!

A colored man went into a Galveston newspaper office and wanted to subscribe to the paper. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Jes as long as it is, boss; if it don't fit the shelves, I kin t'ar a piece off myself."

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50 lbs. Granulated and Loaf Sugar.
40 lbs. Porto Rico and Jamaica Sugar.
200 doz. Lazenby's and Cross & Blackwell's Pickles and Sauces
100 doz. Jams and Marmalade
50 doz. Potted Meats.
50 doz. Soups.
100 boxes Extra Butters.
75 lbs. English Biscuits.
50 lbs. Bent Crackers
5000 Havana Cigars.

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100 cases Old Scotch and Irish Whisky.
300 doz. Port and Sherry Wine
50 cases Champagne
300 cases Claret.
350 doz. English Ale and Porter.
25 cases Liqueurs.
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ETC. ETC. ETC.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Subscribers remitting Money, either direct to the Office, or through Agents, will find receipt in next paper.

For the 19th time, Mr. Keeley, the inventor of the supposed wonderful Keeley Motor, has demonstrated to the satisfaction of those present the importance of his discovery, but although his experiments created surprise, no one appears to be a whit the wiser as to whence the magic power he uses is drawn. In these days of wonders it would be presumptuous to question the ultimate success of the Keeley Motor, but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." It is time Mr. Keeley brought his invention to a head.

On Wednesday last, Yarmouth, which is one of the most enterprising towns in Eastern Canada, celebrated the 125th anniversary of its settlement. Upon each of these mile-stones the progress of Yarmouth is indolibly written.

Dr. Rand, who was for many years intimately connected with public education, both in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and who but recently resigned his professorship at Acadia College, has been appointed to the Principalship of the Baptist College, at Woodstock, Ontario. This College, through the princely gift of Senator McMaster of \$250,000, has a bright future before it.

The old College building at the University of Kings, Windsor, which is a well built, substantial structure, is now undergoing thorough repair, and will, at the College Encenia, Thursday, June 24th, present a creditable appearance. The professors' houses are being rebuilt in separate dwellings, prettily located in the rear of the college, near the college park.

Many leaders of fashion among the ladies of Paris have dispensed with head coverings in the street. Milliners and dealers in hats and bonnets are complaining of hard times.

The Shah of Persia is coquetting with the Russian bear. He desires to keep on friendly terms with the Monarch of the North, but fears that too close an intimacy may create unpleasant complications. The Czar has two objects in view, a Russian port upon the Persian Gulf, and entire Russian control of the Black Sea. Booshire and Constantinople should, in his judgment, be the out posts of the Russian Empire; but the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey prefer home rule.

When a ship loses its reckoning, and diverges from its course, the captain is held responsible; but who is responsible for the miscalculation of the big whale recently killed in the River St. Lawrence, 150 miles from its mouth.

The city fathers of Philadelphia have, for the past 14 years, been expending the loose change of the corporation upon a monster city hall, which will, before it is completed, cost \$12,000,000. Such an outlay appears to be out of proportion to the needs of a quiet going community like that of the Quaker city.

How many untaxed dogs are there in Halifax, and at what ratio are these increasing? Europe has 14,000,000 dogs, or 1 to each 25 of the population. At the same rate, there must be 1600 dogs in Halifax.

How many young ladies will envy Mrs. Cleveland? The President's bride received, in the form of wedding presents, gifts to the value of \$100,000. Never mind, there can only be one lady presiding in the White House.

New Yorkers are tired of the diminutive lobsters usually sold in that market. They have tasted the fine large ones brought from Nova Scotia, and now big Nova Scotian lobsters are in demand.

French Cambric Shirts are just the proper thing for this season of the year. Millican & Co. are prepared to supply their customers with well-fitting shirts at moderate rates.

The Mexican Congress, it is stated, is considering favorably a bill providing the penalty of death for all offences against railways and trains. Even the cutting of railway telegraph wires, tampering with switches, or the placing of the slightest obstruction on the track, will be visited with the death penalty.

There is tremendous excitement throughout Great Britain over the defeat of Gladstone's Irish Home Rule measure in the House of Commons, by a majority of 30. The grand old man may comfort himself with the knowledge, that although his bill is defeated, the principle which it embodies has been accepted by the British public. It is impossible at this date to say what the effect of this vote may be, but it is feared that serious disturbances in Ireland will follow.

A correspondent says.—"If not too late, I would like to suggest to the managers of the Halifax street railway the following circuit route in the south-end. From the Post Office south through Hollis to Morris, up Morris to Pleasant, down Pleasant to Inglis, up Inglis to Tower Road, along Tower Road to South, and thence through South Park, Spring Garden Road, Barrington, Sackville and Hollis streets to the Post Office. This circuit line would accommodate the great bulk of the population living south of the Citadel, and with cars running both ways would be extensively patronized."

Minard's Liniment has an excellent reputation in Nova Scotia, but the public should see to it that in purchasing what they suppose to be Minard's Liniment they are not fobbed off with other white liniments said to be "just as good."

A prize of fifty dollars is offered by the Alumni Association of Dalhousie College for the best Essay (provided it be of sufficient merit) on the History of Dalhousie. The competition is open to all persons, whether members of the University or not. The Essays may be of any length, but conciseness is recommended. Competitors are required, in making statements of fact, to cite authorities, but are advised not to make lengthy quotations. Essays must be in the hands of the Secretary of the Alumni Association (H. W. C. Boak, Esq., Halifax) on or before the 1st March, 1887. Each must be distinguished by a motto, and must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, endorsed with the motto of the essay, and containing inside the name of the author. The essay to which the prize is awarded will become the property of the Association.

The excellent article of Prof. Hind, on the "Rationale of Manuring and Pruning an Apple Orchard," will be concluded in the next number of THE CRITIC.

New Brunswick has got through the agony of her local elections, and in Nova Scotia the election fever is at its height; and Prince Edward Island, not to be outdone, proposes to have a local contest, the elections to take place on the 30th inst.

The first number of a bright and newsy paper comes to us from Barrington, N. S. The Cape Sable Advertiser is devoted to the "fishing and commercial interests of Western Nova Scotia."

The Messrs. Southworth, who represent D. Appleton & Co. of New York, are now in Halifax, and propose during the next few months visiting the chief centres of population throughout the Province. They are the sole agents for the splendid American Encyclopedia, which is only fully appreciated when an excellent work of reference is required.

Again there is peace in the land of the Olive. Little Greece was prepared to fight, was anxious to fight her big Turkish neighbor, but the big European powers would not hear of a conflict. They blockaded the Greek ports with their big iron-clads, and little Greece finding the outlook discouraging agreed for the time to bury the hatchet. The blockade has now been raised.

The Pope has been pleased to consecrate Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec a Cardinal, and it is generally admitted there was no more fitting person upon whom to bestow the dignity.

The political parties in Newfoundland are now based upon religious creeds. The Protestants have the majority in the House, the Opposition party being entirely composed of Roman Catholics. A few days since the government brought down a measure for the encouragement of agriculture in the Island, whereupon a member in the Opposition moved a vote of want of confidence in the ministry, which was seconded, when, to the surprise of all, the Opposition members, with the exception of the mover and seconder, rose and left the house, thus plainly indicating that they placed country before party. This courteous action on the part of the Roman Catholic members will do much towards healing the religious differences which now unhappily divide the Island.

Our Baddeck correspondent writes:—"The meeting of the delegates from the four counties of the Island, which was to have been held at Baddeck, on the 3rd, to take measures to secure the separation of Cape Breton from Nova Scotia, was indefinitely postponed for, we understand, two reasons—the death of one of the leaders of the agitation, and the Railroad policy of the Dominion Government, which is considered by the Island as general as being very satisfactory. Last Tuesday was a gala day for Baddeck, being the first day of the Supreme Court, and also nomination day. There are six gentlemen anxious to take charge of our affairs in the Local Legislature. Of course, each one is assured of success by his friends. We tender our sympathies to the four unfortunates who are sure to be disappointed. Our Dominion member, Hon. C. J. Campbell, has returned to our midst, and looks remarkably well after his winter's work. W. F. McCord, Esq., has also just returned from a week's visit to the North. He seems well satisfied with the progress of events in that portion of the country, and feels confident that his Liberal friends, J. A. Fraser and J. J. McCabe, will not be found on the list of unsuccessful candidates after the election."

Mr. W. H. Hart, whose office is at the corner of Bedford Row and Sackville street, Halifax, has just been appointed agent of the Anglo-American Marine Insurance Co. This company, which has its headquarters at Washington, D. C., was organized in 1884. It has a capital of \$1,000,000, 50 per cent of which is paid up. The record of the company is good.

The uses to which the Great Eastern has just been put are doubtless such as her designer and builder never dreamed of. She is engaged, as may be remembered, to fill out the remainder of her days at Gibraltar as a coal hulk, and meanwhile she has been sent from Milford Haven, where she has been for a dozen years, to Liverpool, in order to have her engines lifted out. Accordingly, an enterprising clothing establishment of the latter town has hired her during her stay. A circus is to be put into one of her big cable tanks, which is 75 feet in diameter; a menagerie in one of her saloons; stalls for wares on her decks; while the trail of the advertising poster will be all over the ship, and especially on her huge sides, divided and let out for the purpose. Certainly, the last stage in the career of the unfortunate monster, an humble but respectable coal cellar, will be less garish than its impending employment as a floating bill board.—N. Y. Sun.

RELIGIOUS.

METHODIST.

The Montreal Conference was opened at Quebec on the 26th ult. The Rev. R. Whiting was elected President for the ensuing year. The Nova Scotia and the New Brunswick and the P. E. Island Conferences meet on the 16th instant, the former at Amherst, and the latter at Sackville. The fact that the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada will meet in the autumn will, it is expected, invest the gatherings with more than usual importance.

The committee of Privileges of the Irish Methodist Church has adopted a petition to both Houses of Parliament against the Home Rule Bill.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The growth of the Presbyterian Church, west of the Mississippi, since the reunion in 1870, has been surprising. In that year, there were 36 ministers, and 79,667 members. At the present time, there are 1,123 ministers, and 130,188 members.

There has been a large increase in the membership of the Presbyterian Church at Glace Bay, C. B., 212 have entered into communion since the first of the year.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada is in session at Hamilton, Ont.

The committee on the Centennial of the Presbyterian Assembly, United States, have recommended that the one hundredth General Assembly be held in Philadelphia, in 1888, and that in connection with the centennial, \$5,000,000 be raised throughout the church for the advancement of its interests at home and abroad. The Assembly unanimously adopted the report. The amount collected for missionary and other schemes of the church last year, amounted to \$1,931,811.07.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The examination for degrees and prizes at King's College are now going on. A programme of the proceedings at the ensuing Eucenia is being circulated. The Metropolitan of Canada is to preach the University sermon. The Right Rev. Bishop Perry, of Iowa, U. S., the historian of the American Church, will be present and take part in the proceedings. The degree of D.C.L. will be conferred upon a distinguished literary man, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada; and a number of students will take their degrees in course. An excursion will be run from Halifax and intermediate Stations by the Church of England Institute, and an enjoyable day may be expected.

According to the last census of the population of the North-West, comprising the Embryo Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Assiniboia, the Church of England stands at the head of the list in numbers, the Roman Catholic Church following close behind.

The Centenary of the Colonial Episcopate is fast approaching in the tearing hundredth anniversary of the creation of the Bishopric of Nova Scotia. What are the Church-people of this province and city going to do to mark it?

CATHOLIC.

The May number of Merry England is devoted to "The Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Manning," by John Oldcastle, author of "The Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman," which lately appeared in the same magazine. It contains several portraits of the great ecclesiastic, as he appeared at different stages of life.

Queen Victoria has presented to the Pope a copy of a volume on the Works of Raphael, as represented by the examples in the Windsor Castle Library. The work was left unfinished by the Prince Consort, and has been completed by the Queen herself. Her Majesty has also sent a copy to the Vatican Library.

In honor of the approaching Sacred Jubilee of His Holiness, a committee has been appointed to promote an exhibition of Christian art, to be opened in the Vatican Palace in March, 1887.

Lord Charles Hamilton, a recent convert, brother of the Duke of Hamilton, died at Nice, Italy, a few days ago.

The Basilian Fathers in Toronto are enlarging the church and college. Rev. Father Quinan, of Arichat, was in the city last week.

His Grace the Archbishop has returned from a visit to Prince Edward Island.

BAPTIST.

Mr. D. I. Chubbuck, who conducted revival services in Halifax and other places in the Province about two years ago, has returned to Nova Scotia.

Rev. F. D. Davison has been called to the pastorate of Acadia Mines Baptist Church.

New York State has a population of 5,500,000. The Baptists here have 871 churches and 117,788 members. They paid last year for preaching among themselves \$676,884, and for benevolent purposes \$250,662.

The Senate of Acadia College, at its recent meeting, voted the following degrees:—On Prof. R. V. Jones, M.A., the degree of Ph. D.; on Judge Johnston the degree of D. C. L.; on the Revs. S. T. Rand and Joseph McLeod, the degree of D.D., and on Dr. Alfred C. Smith, of Newcastle, N. B., the degree of M.A.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

The following Price Lists have been corrected up to the time of going to press and are thoroughly reliable and accurate.

GROCERIES.

Table listing various grocery items such as Sugar (Cut Leaf, Granulated, Circle A, Extra C, Yellow C), Tea (Congou, Fair, Good, Choice, Extra Choice, Oolong-Choice), Molasses (Barbadoes, Demerara, Diamond N., Porto Rico), Soaps (Ivory bar, Canada, No 1 Family, Irapant, Toilet 15 to 60c), Candles (G and S, Paraffine), Biscuits (Pilot Bread, Boston and Thin Family, Soda, Do. in 1lb boxes, 50 to case, Fancy), Confectionery (Assorted in 30 lb Pails, Royal Mixture, Lozenges, 1 cent goods, Toys per hundred, Clear Candy Toys), Brooms (Starch, Blue and White, Lilly White), Prepared Corn, Butter (Canadian), Cheese (new), Eggs, Tobacco (Black, Bright), Blacking (per gross), Blacklead, Pearl Blue, and Mackinell (Extra, No. 1, No. 2 large, No. 3 large, Small).

The above quotations are corrected by Mackintosh & Co., Jericho Warehouse.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

Table listing fish and seafood items: Mackinell (Extra, No. 1, No. 2 large, No. 3 large, Small), Herring (No. 1 Shore, July, August and Sept., No. 1 Round Shore, No. 1, Labrador), Alewives, Some parcels of new coming in from the shore and selling at \$2.50 per qt., Codfish (Hard Shore to equal, Bank, Bay), Salmon (No. 1, No. 2, No. 3), Haddock, Hake, Cusk, Pollack, Fish Oils (Cod A, Dog A, Pale Seal), Hake Sounds (45 to 50c per lb).

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

LOBSTERS.

Table listing Lobsters: Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing), Tall Cans (5.00 to 5.50), Flat (6.00 to 6.50), Per case 4 doz. 1lb cans.

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer.

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Table listing various fruits: Apples (No 1, per bbl., 1.75 to 2.25; Oranges, per bbl. Jamaica (new), case, Valencia, 9.00 to 10.00; Lemons, per box, case, Palermo, 5.00 to 6.00; Cocoanuts, per 100, none; Onions, Bermuda, per lb., 4 1/2 to 5; Mediterranean, per lb., 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; Foxberries, per bbl., 3.00 to 3.75; Figs, 1lb box (fresh), 10 to 12c; Dates (layer (new), 7 to 8c; Bananas, 3.00 to 3.25).

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

BREADSTUFFS.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.

Our quotations below are our today's wholesale selling prices for cash within ten days after shipment.

Table listing breadstuffs and provisions: Flour (Graham, Patent high grades, medium, Superior, Lower grades, Oatmeal, Standard, Rolled Oats, Corn Meal—Halifax ground, Bran per ton—Wheat, Shorts, Middlings, Cracked Corn, Pea Meal per bbl, Feed Flour, Oats per bushel of 34 lbs, Barley, Peas, Corn, Hay per ton, Straw); and Provisions (Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid, Am. Plate, Ex. Plate, Pork, Mess, American, American, clear, P. E. I. Mess, P. E. I. Thin Mess, Prime Mess, Lard, Tubs and Pails, Cases, Hams, P. E. I., Duty on Am. Pork and Beef \$2.20 per bbl.).

A. GUNN & Co., 253 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various provisions: Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid, Am. Plate, Ex. Plate, Pork, Mess, American, American, clear, P. E. I. Mess, P. E. I. Thin Mess, Prime Mess, Lard, Tubs and Pails, Cases, Hams, P. E. I., Duty on Am. Pork and Beef \$2.20 per bbl. Prices are for wholesale lots only, and are liable to change daily.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Table listing wool and skins: Wool—clean washed, per pound, unwashed, Green Hides—Ox, inspected, No 1, Cow, Salted Hides—Ox in Lots, No 1, Cow, Calf Skin, Deacons, each, Wool Skins, Lambskins.

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

LUMBER.

Table listing various types of lumber: Pine, clear, No. 1, per m., Merchantable, do do, No 2 do, Small, per m., Spruce, dimension good, per m., Merchantable, do do, Hemlock, merchantable, Shingles, No 1, sawed, pine, No 2, do do, Spruce, No 1, Laths, per m., Hard wood, per cord, Soft wood.

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

POULTRY.

Table listing poultry: Fowls, per pair, Turkeys, per pound, Geese, each, Ducks, per pair.

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK.

Table listing live stock: Steers, best quality, per lb., Oxen, Fat Steers, Heifers, light weights, Wethers, best quality, per lb., Lambs, (70lbs. and upwards).

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE DOWN-EAST GIRL.

(OLD STYLE).

She was a merry down-east maid,
Her face was frecked with tan,
Her eyes were blue her cheeks were red,
She washed and baked and span;
She was a thorough country-bred,
Bouncing Liza Ann.

She wore no city fill nor cuff;
Her beau was her "young man";
Her gowns were all of home-made stuff—
Her mirror, a milk can;
It showed a jewel in the rough,
Rare Liza Ann.

She courted if a stranger passed,
And if he stopped, she ran;
Her schooling was of useful cast
She knew her frying pan;
In shoes her fashion was the last,
Lovely Liza Ann.

She was a merry down-east maid,
Her face was brown with tan,
Her eyes were blue her cheeks were red,
She washed and baked and span;
She was a thorough country-bred,
Was Liza Ann.

J. ROBERT HUTCHINSON.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Before I had the pleasure of reading Mr. F. R. Gibson's thoughtful article in your issue of 21st ultimo, I had myself some thought of trying to generalize a little on the Home Rule subject. Almost precisely contemporaneously with Mr. Gibson's article, appeared one in the *Week*, entitled "Tenton and Celt," which incidentally points out the remarkable fact that the discontented race in Canada has not only no grievance, but enjoys singular privileges, a lion's share of the loaves and fishes, and holds the balance of power to a remunerative extent unattained as yet even by the Home Rulers. My own ideas tended more in the direction of the possible effect on the British Empire of the concession of Home Rule to Ireland, and to endeavor to point out some stubborn facts, both on the side of those who hope and trust, and on the side of those who fear, which under various influences, are generally ignored by the Canadian Press; but "Race" aspirations, which have of late developed themselves—in view of the cosmopolitan tendencies of the age—in so remarkable a manner, are, unhappily, considering the truculence of their manifestations in some prominent instances, inseparable from any consideration of the subject. The rational lover of individual liberty, who, laying claim to freedom of thought, opinion, and action for himself, is precluded by his sense of justice from interference with his neighbor, may find it difficult to understand why races of differing temperaments should not, like individuals of differing temperaments in this age of the world, dwell side by side in peace and harmony; but the fact remains that the conscientiousness of the Race is not as the conscientiousness of the Individual. The individual Irishman, Scotchman, Frenchman, and Englishman, of different habits, of different tones of thought, of different creeds, may and do live together with mutual esteem and respect, oftentimes with strong mutual regard. With the Race it is unhappily otherwise. That forthcoming measures may assuage existing acerbities is the earnest hope of every sound heart and mind, but there are features in the situation which inspire fear as well as hopefulness.

The observer who endeavors to approach the subject in a spirit, so far as in him lies, of absolute equity, must, in the first place, concede that the wrongs of Ireland have been great and long continued. The Irish, though by no means an entirely Celtic race, are yet deeply imbued with its passionate impulsiveness. To that characteristic is added the strongest tenacity of historical wrongs, and deep-seated and long-enduring intuitions of vengeance. It cannot be denied that this latter, carried to extremes, is a blot on a national character otherwise conspicuous for many kindly and notable traits, and for remarkable purity of life in many essential respects.

But the seditious cultivation of the natural instinct of revenge blinds its victims to a sense of justice. Consequently, we find the great mass of Irish men visiting the sins of long past generations of Englishmen, who lived in times destitute of the ethical lights of to-day, with an indiscriminate hatred of the British empire. It is here that the Irish sense of justice fails, and it can scarcely be otherwise while the people receive their political teaching from demagogues who carefully keep out of sight all extenuation, and whose motives are not limited to pure patriotism, but who live and flourish by the inculcation of violence, sedition, and the insatiable nature of revenge which is exalted into a cardinal virtue. The late utterance of General Burke—that "a man who would hesitate to shoot a landlord is a coward," the Phoenix Park murders, the dynamite atrocities, the useless and cruel maiming of cattle, the cowardly murders of landlords and agents, the boycotting, the heartless treatment of women bereaved by assassination, may serve as instances of the growth of blind and savage hatred when Christian duty and morality are resolutely thrust aside.

Now, if all discrimination were not submerged by carefully nursed passion, the Irish people would be made aware that it is not the whole British people, or their representatives, who are chargeable with the determination to ignore the wrongs of Ireland. If the sins of a people are to be borne in mind, in order to stimulate an external and undying hatred, no more is to be said. But it would be almost as reasonable for Englishmen to perpetuate the old national hatred of the Spaniard or the Frenchman, and cherish it as a virtue, as it is for Irishmen to foster the sense of oppressions which two

generations of Englishmen and Scotchmen have sincerely desired to atone for. It is due to no apathy on the part of the true representatives of Britain that measures of justice to Ireland have been fatally delayed. The persistent neglect is chargeable entirely to a class, whose power for repression is now waning fast. That the Commons of England have long desired that justice should be done, will appear from the following extracts from an article in the *Westminster Review*, (October, 1884) for which I solicit space, if the subject be deemed worth pursuing:—

"But it is Ireland which, during the last fifty years, has been the principal victim of the crimes and follies of the House of Lords, and to the majority of that House the disturbances and convulsions of that country within that period of time are mainly due. So far back as 1839, O'Connell told the House of Commons: 'Though a majority in this House may be disposed to do us something like justice, all your efforts will be frustrated by the other branch of the Legislature,' who, in dealing with Ireland, 'treating everything of conciliation or justice with contumely and contempt.' The Irishman," said Macaulay, 'has been taught that from England nothing is to be got by reason, by onerous, by patient endurance, but everything by intimidation.'

"In no part of the United Kingdom was it more desirable and necessary to create Municipal Government than in Ireland. A Municipal Corporation Bill for Ireland on the model of the English measure, passed the House of Commons in 1835 and each following year only to be rejected by the Lords. At length, in 1840, they passed it, but then only 'in a mutilated form, with a higher franchise, differing from the franchise in England, so that the brand might still be left upon the country.' And with the result 'that nine-tenths of Irish borough householders outside Dublin remain to this day without that voice in the municipal government of their town which they enjoy as a matter of course when they migrate to an English or Scotch borough.' Macaulay was guilty of no exaggeration when, in his great speech on Ireland in 1841, he said, 'Every Bill passed by the advisers of the Crown for the benefit of Ireland was either rejected or mutilated.'

"We have no space available for the consideration of the catalogue of woes inflicted on Ireland by the Tory majority in the House of Lords. We must, however, refer to their treatment of one question, because it remains a question of practical politics.

"In 1843, what was known as the Devon Commission, was appointed to enquire into the Irish Land Question, and after two years' inquiry it reported strongly in favor of legislation to secure the tenant compensation for his improvements. What followed, Mr. Gladstone shall relate in his own words:—

"The question of Irish land was one on which an enlightened Conservative Government forty years ago perceived the necessity of making great changes, and it was hoped that, as a Conservative Government, it might perhaps persuade the majority of the House of Lords to listen to its voice. In the year 1845 Lord Derby, the father of the present Lord Derby, being then a member of the Government of Sir Robert Peel, introduced a most important Bill into the House of Lords, for the purpose of giving compensation to Irish tenants for their improvements. And it is perfectly possible that if at this early date that mild and moderate measure had been passed, we to this hour never should have heard a word of the land question in Ireland. But what happened? Although Lord Derby spoke on the part of a Conservative Government, proprietary influence and class influences in the House of Lords were too strong for him, and he was compelled, most reluctantly compelled, to withdraw his Bill. And this, although the Commission had reported 'that no single measure could be better calculated to allay discontent and to promote substantial improvements throughout the country.'

"Lord Aberdeen's Government, in 1853 and the following year, unsuccessfully attempted to induce the Lords to agree to a Tenant Compensation Bill for Ireland, to the principle of such a measure every leading statesman had given an avowed sanction, but a distinguished Conservative member, Sir J. Napier, regretfully admitted, 'It is notorious that the House of Lords will pass no measure, and that for a Government to propose it to them, or to pretend to support it, is an imposture and a sham.' It was not until twenty-five years had elapsed since the report of the Devon Commission that Mr. Gladstone, during his first administration, undertook to give legislative effect to its recommendation. 'The Irish Land Act of 1870' was mutilated by the Lords in committee. Mr. Gladstone felt that these so-called amendments would do, and were intended to do, more to mar than mend the measure, but he accepted most of them rather than sacrifice the Bill. Experience showed the whole tendency of the Lords' amendments was in the wrong direction.

"Their next action in the Irish Land Question Mr. Gladstone shall describe. 'In 1880 we passed through the House of Commons a Bill granting compensation for disturbances and convulsions of that country. The Bill was unfortunately lost in the House of Lords.' We quote with internal assent and consent the remarks of the author of 'Fifty years of the House of Lords.' 'To that vote can be traced the excessive exasperations of the tenants against their landlords, which enabled Mr. Parnell to make the Land League supreme in Ireland, and to intensify those feelings of national animosity which it has been the labour of generations to efface.'

"When, in 1845, Lord Derby abandoned his Irish Land Bill, Lord Brougham might have repeated to his peers the warning he gave them in the Reform debate of October, 1831. 'Hear the parable of the Sybil, for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral', and then, after applying the old legend to show that the consequence of rejecting the Reform Bill would be an increase in the popular demands, he concluded. 'What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, but do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which

you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did, who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

"Mr. Gladstone accurately describes the consequences of the rejection of the Bill of 1845.

"See the consequences that have flowed from that deplorable action. We are told that the influence of the House of Lords should be a corrective influence. Was that a corrective influence? Was that an influence for the purpose of moderating the action of a popular principle? No, it was a narrow view which declined and refused all just reforms, and the refusal of which, so far from leading to moderation, has led to the necessity for the adoption of vast changes in Ireland, which naturally are the causes of great complaint to the same class of persons who applauded the rejection of Lord Derby's efforts in 1845."

FRANC-THEUR.

(To be continued.)

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

NEWSY LETTER FOR THE LADIES.

Boston, Mass., June 5th, 1886.

Closed shutters, fans, and the thinnest of thin clothing, are the order of the day. With it all, there is a breeze, but it is suggestive of furnaces, volcanoes, anything that makes one long for "dear December."

Paterfamilias looks about him disconsolately, picturing the deserted home, the glittering from one fashionable resort to another—that soul-rending care of the maids—the baggage, whatnot, and all his cherished comforts banished. For the thousands of moderators means, endless discussions, as to "where shall we go," make the daily breakfast table a veritable Tower of Babel.

The theatres are—well, there is certainly more than standing room, notwithstanding the fact that various attractions are nightly put before the bonnets and toilettes.

Apropos, the former are marvels of taste and elegance, and trimmed in every conceivable style. The shapes are mostly the same as those worn last winter—small, with flat, high crowns; the trimming, which is of loops of picot-edged ribbon, or ribbon and flowers, arranged very high and narrow directly in front; the strings in many of them come from the middle of the crown on the outside, slope down, and meet under a small made-up bow at the left side of the chin. English turbans are worn more than anything else in hats, and these are trimmed very high, many in front, and the oddest and most stylish ones at the side. When the trimming is of ribbon loops, each loop is either twisted at the back, or else wired, in order to give it the stiff, upright arrangement necessary, and this keeps the ribbon in place.

There is among the new dress goods an endless variety of novelties: combinations are presented in odd shades and colors, generally light, prominent are the canvas goods, plain, or with satin, plush, or velvet stripes, in a thousand colors. Exquisite Pongees, figured, plain, or striped, make lovely summer costumes. Then there are foulards, India silks, and light-weight wool goods, which make up stylishly, quite inexpensive, and are models of comfort and service. Very large bustles are still worn, and the dress drawn back from the sides rather tightly, much of the old "pull-back" appearance being given thus. The waists are long, and the collar or band is worn very deep and high.

Gossip is busy over the marriage of the President and Miss Folsom, and many conjectures are exchanged in fashionable circles as to what effect it will have on Miss Van Vechten, who for many months was, by rumor, appointed to the position of "first lady of the land." That the latter is justly considered a great beauty, no one can deny who has ever seen her. I met her first at the time of the Presidential election, and was charmed as much by her sweetness and grace of manner as by her high bred air and beauty. She is tall and very graceful; has large lustrous dark eyes, a low forehead, and sweet expressive mouth, small white teeth, and a lovely complexion. Albanians, exclusive as they are, smiled at the attentions showered on her by the Cleveland family, in return for the courtesies of the Van Vechten mansion; and the general opinion was, that this fair daughter of a proud old Knickerbocker family would dispense gracefully and brilliantly the hospitality of the White House. But alas, for human hopes, the portly figure of our guide and ruler wandered far afield in search of "Love's young dream," and Miss Van Vechten doubtless finds balm in such glories as her presentation at a St. James drawing-room by the wife of the American Minister, and other flesh-pots to be attained only in London society.

BECCA SHARPE.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

REAL AND UNREAL.

"Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."—*Emerson*.

Idle fancies, those resolutely active sprites, in character differing widely from their fairer sisters, the "bud-blooms upon obedience," own each one of them an enchanted castle in which are retained all who have once bowed to their sway.

Reader, have you lingered a willing captive in one of these fairy dwellings? Have you, too, gazed through its walls of thinnest crystal upon the transfigured outside world? You know, then, how wonderful everything appeared through the delicate walls of mingled rose, azure and gold; how brilliant the sky overhead, how dazzling the hues of tree and grass and

flower—unnatural as a Rappacini's garden. The human beings, from the king on the throne, to the beggar in his rags, are marvellously transformed for us by our Circe. Some of the most favored of our fellow creatures she even admits into the very centre of our gay Fairy-land; and once there, they come under the full power of her glamor. They are gorgeously apparelled without and within. To us their faces are far more beautiful, their forms more stately than those of the people outside. Their thoughts are surely the thoughts of genius;—their words its fitting expression. Their sympathies are in fullest, subtlest accord with our own. Life is here a full, intoxicating cup which never palls upon our taste.

Is it a pity, do you think, that sooner or later, we must make our escape, if we are not ignominiously expelled from so charming an abode? Perhaps some *brun-quo* movement of ours, or more probably of one of our favored guests, it may even be the one we have most delighted to honor, has shattered the frail walls; and the light from without, the white light of Reality streams in; and we gaze in wonder upon the tinselly-glittering ruins around us. And—"Life is never the same again"—do you, the disenchanted, murmur sadly, as vainly you regret the fairy gold, the magic light of the realm destroyed?

You have still to learn how limited in the mouths of mortals is that very word, "never." What is it but the expression of a longer or shorter duration of a thought, a mood or a feeling?

Life never the same again? Why should we regret it so passionately when a better, a truer life, is yet in store for us? However painful the wrench of parting with them, we are stronger without our illusions to cope with God's real world, and to do our work therein.

Patience, faithless soul. Time's scythe has wounded us, but his hour-glass numbers each pang of suffering. Wait, and disdain not his marvellous herbs of healing. In spite of our disdainful unbelief, he will press them upon the wound; and surely, if slowly, must we, one and all, acknowledge their efficacy; and wonders are wrought or, what we in our ignorance of spiritual law, call wonders.

The real gains in interest as the phantoms of the unreal fade from our view into their native nothingness. Things as they are, people as they are, will be accepted by us; will claim and receive their due attention. We cannot *choose* good, unless we have discerned evil.

Better still, as our spiritual eyes grow to the Light of Truth, we shall discern more clearly the outlines, the slowly forming shapes of the possible, the ideal—the Kingdom of God within and without us. M. S. N.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE POET BURNS.

A pamphlet, on "Robert Burns," by Rev. R. Grant, a Nova Scotian clergyman, has just come to my hands. This neat little work is evidently an honest man's tribute to the worth of a poet whose character at least has not often been fairly represented. That the edition before me is the fourth, shows that Scotia's immortal bard, who so cordially sympathized with, and mocked not the "useful toil," nor (then seeming) "destiny obscure" of his countrymen, is well remembered and revered in New Scotland. Though not fulsome in panegyric, Mr. Grant is disposed to assign to Burns a high place among poets.

Some crude American scribe who passes in the *New York Critic* as a literarian, has been emptying over the memory of Burns "the phials of wrath," and of nonsense and error. He asserts—but proves not—that the Scottish poet is "harsh, uncouth, and obscure." *Harsh! uncouth!* Think of it! The silver-tongued master of the euphonic Lowland Scotch dialect—a form of English second only in the copiousness of its native music to the sweet-flowing Greek and the soft Italian—*harsh and uncouth!* If so, Calliope may be called brazen-voiced, and the notes of the spirit of music herself unpleasing and discordant. And *obscure!* Then sunshine is not bright, and the most limpid Helicon fount is muddy.

The assailant of the bard of Ayr would have the work of Burns published with a full commentary by some "critical modern writer." Let the proposer execute the plan—no one else will. Capital humor it would be:—deep calling unto deep—the non-obscure elucidated by the unintelligible. The Queen of Dulness herself would arise from the almost forgotten scenes of the Dunciad, and sit rejoicing upon a new throne. Any man that seeks fame or notoriety by discovering, or attempting to discover, harshness, uncouthness, and obscurity in the songs and poems of Burns, can only be likened to that illustrious philosopher who professed to extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

Probably, the English-speaking public have not been told more than once that a comparison of the genius or gifts of Burns with other poets of the seventeenth century would result to his disadvantage. They have heard the opposite opinion from such poets as Longfellow, Scott, and Wordsworth; from such critics as Macaulay, Bulwer-Lytton, and Carlyle. A comparison of the gifts of Burns with those of any other poet of the seventeenth century, is not feared, and never was, by the admirers of the former. To him, even Gray, with all his vast scholarship and luxuriant beauties of diction, is demonstrably inferior. Listening to an old nurse's tales of "giants, cat-traps, enchanted towers, and other trumpery"—earning his boyhood's daily bread "by the sweat of his brow" in the literal acceptance of the term—familiarizing himself with Nature, by making boyish pilgrimages on fine Sabbaths to the Leghwood—holding convivial meetings with smugglers on the coast of Kirkoswald—studying by fire-light or poor candle-light, the history of Scotland, and the half-dozen literary books, which, in his advanced

youth were the only ones he could buy or borrow—these were the academic training, distinction, and degrees, with the assistance of which Burns passed to the front rank of poets. Yet of him, Lytton says:—"If a judicious reader were to take the trouble of comparing some of the most familiar of his stanzas with the most elaborate lines of THE POLISHED POPE OR OF THE FASTIDIOUS GRAY, the merit of superiority would, in nine cases out of ten, be awarded to Burns." Drawing at once inspiration and art from the most familiar sources, his images are always correct, and his tone that of one of Nature's truest and sweetest singers. Some other poets are bold in their flights, but in their diction slovenly and faulty; others, again, are, in one sense, masters of language, yet cannot make it paint a picture; but in Burns, inferior as was his education, imperfect his knowledge of the square and measure of the architects of verse, the wording is ever accurate, the picture complete, because, faithful as he could be to Nature and Truth, he is uttering simply what he has closely observed, or expressing passionately what he has keenly felt; and real criticism "dies without a sign" upon his descriptions of Nature and his revelations of sentiment.

SANTON-RESARTUM, JR

[FOR THE CRITIC.]
RANDOM SHOTS.

Mr Addison F. Browne, writing in the *Week on Repose* in Nova Scotia, says: "The challenge of Mr Fielding was issued with such reckless brilliancy that the Conservative gentlemen were somewhat disconcerted." Undoubtedly if there was any "brilliancy" in the challenge it was that of recklessness, a recklessness which borders on criminality. It is the fitting consummation of the factious disloyalty which showed its mean and ugly countenance during the North-West troubles of last year, and vainly scowled at the patriotic militia of Halifax with malignant but futile grins. I trust no militiaman, officer or man, will forget the tone of the local government organs on that occasion, when he goes to the poles next Tuesday, but that every militiaman with a vote will contribute to the defeat, which I devoutly hope awaits the enemies of Nova Scotia on that day.

Apropos of the militia, would it not be a pleasant thing if the officers of the Halifax force were to start a club for militia officers, active and retired? I do not mean an institution on the scale of the Halifax Club, but a modest room or two where some of the best papers and periodicals might be kept, and perhaps facilities for a light luncheon. Such an institution, which need involve only a very moderate entrance fee and subscription, if its beginnings were strictly limited, would, it seems to me, be a great convenience as a place where a man might go in and rest himself and write a letter if he wished to do so, besides that it would bring militia officers together.

I have just received, by the courtesy of the Militia Department, General Middleton's Report on the North-West Insurrection. It is illustrated with several sketches made by Capt. Haig, R. E., who was assistant quarter-master General of the force, and by an excellent map showing the localities from which were drafted the various corps which took part in the expedition. It is altogether an extremely interesting Blue Book. The General's reports are clear and simple, and he is no niggard in his praise of the conduct of the troops. The severity of the service, endured with exemplary fortitude and cheerfulness by all hands, is abundantly evident, and it is a record of which the militia of Canada may well be proud. The losses in action total as follows:—

	Killed.	Wounded.
Duck Lake	12	12
Fish Creek.....	10	40
Batoche	8	46
Cut Knife Creek	8	17

If the deaths of the priests, of Col. Williams, and others are added, the number of loyal lives sacrificed to the vile ambition of Riel would probably amount to fifty.

But this is not all. The machinations of the scoundrel cost his misguided followers dearer than his foes. The General reports 11 killed, and 18 wounded rebels at Fish Creek; and it was reported to him, chiefly by priests, that 51 were killed and 173 wounded in the four days fighting at Batoche. Col. Otter mentions 8 Indians killed at Cut Knife Creek, and this, it was thought, does not even approximately represent their loss. General Strange also reports one or two Indians shot by the men of his column.

The Deputy Minister of Militia points with justifiable pride to the numerous offers of service sent to the department both by individuals, and by bodies of Canadians resident in the United States, who, though living in a foreign country, many of them for years, had not yet come to think of their compatriots as "foreigners," or to adopt the *facon de parler* of the Nova Scotia Secessionists.

The mystery of the ill-feeling between the General and Col. Irvine, is not made clear by the reports of either of those officers, though its existence is manifest. But the beginning of it seems to appear in General Middleton's complaint that exaggerated reports from the Police Commander at Battleford of the danger at that place led him to direct Col. Otter's column thither instead of to Clarke's Crossing, from whence he had intended Otter to move along the west bank of the South Saskatchewan, while he (the General) moved along the eastern side to attack Batoche. "Had I," says the General, "been able to carry out this movement, the taking of Batoche would have been much easier and effective; and I regret the more as I afterwards found out that this imminent and immediate danger of the situation at Battleford had been tremendously overstated."

The alleged error in judgment of the Commander of a detachment does not, however, explain the hitch with the Commissioner, Col. Irvine, who has since resigned.

The *Newcastle N. B. Union Advocate* says that the North-West medals are apparently but little valued by some of the volunteers of Montreal, thirteen having found their way to the pawnbroker's. A man who wears his medal ought to be dismissed from his corps.

FRANC-TURVEN

POLITICAL REVIEW OF THE WEEK

Tuesday, June 1.—After routine business Sir John referred to the charge made against him by Cameron (Huron) of being interested in trade limits, and denied the truth of the statement.

The house considered the amendments made by the Senate to the bill amending the act respecting fishing by foreign vessels.

On the second reading of the subsidies to railways bill, Mr. Kinnear spoke at length upon the Western Counties railway, explaining the position of the road. Vail and McDougall (Pictou) also spoke on the subject. The bill passed through several stages, and was read a third time.

White (Carleton) moved the second reading of the railway land subsidy bill, and stated that the total public lands promised in aid of railway amounted to nearly 35,000,000 acres. The bill, after considerable discussion, passed.

The land subsidies to railways bill was read a third time.

Wednesday, June 2.—The house went into committee on the resolution respecting bounty on pig iron manufactured in Canada, which, after some discussion, passed.

McLellan moved the house into committee of supply to consider the supplementary estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1887. The total amount is \$2,065,850, of which \$970,000 are chargeable to capital and \$1,095,850 to income. Among the amounts chargeable to capital are

Intercolonial Railway claims.....	\$ 20 000
Short Line Railway claims	25 000
Capo Breton Railway.....	500 000

Among the items chargeable to income are

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Lunenburg, Customs House, etc.....	4 000
Kentville, Customs House, etc.....	4 300
Dorchester Penitentiary.....	20 000
St. John, Post Office.....	1 400
Fredericton, Post Office.....	1 400
Woodstock, N. B. do.....	5 000
St. John, Customs House.....	4 850
Maritime Experimental Farm.....	30 000

MISCELLANEOUS EXPENDITURES.

Coast Telegraph System.....	4 300
Steam Communication between Montreal, Halifax, and Hamburg.....	24 000
For Protecting the Fisheries.....	50 000
For the encouragement of the production of Cod Liver Oil and Guano.....	4 000
In connection with Polariscopes.....	5 000

BREAKWATERS, PIERS, ETC.

Economy, Colchester.....	15 000
Canada Creek, Kings, (repairs).....	700
Arisaig, Bayfield, McNab's Cove.....	19 000
South Ingonish	2 000
Boulardardie.....	2 000
Cow Bay.....	9 600
Great Tancook.....	2 500
Indian Island.....	1 000
West Pubnico.....	1 000
Beaver Cove.....	1 000
Cap laRoude.....	5 000
Surotto.....	1 000
Petite Riviere.....	600
Sheet Harbor Wharf, Halifax County.....	5 000
Bay St. Lawrence, C. B.....	2 000
Great Village River.....	3 900
White Point, Queens.....	1 000
Fox Island, Lawrencetown, Halifax Co.....	2 500
Chipman's Brook, Kings.....	300
Digby (pier).....	1 250
Yarmouth	2 000
Margaretville, Annapolis.....	8 500
Harborville and Kingsport.....	4 500
Lismore, Pictou.....	2 500
Port Greville.....	6 000
Blue Rock.....	4 000
Broad Cove, C. B.....	000

Sir John stated that a commissioner will be appointed to look into the whole subject of the treatment of the Indians of the North-West during the year. He also stated that he had received a mass of documentary evidence in rebuttal of the charges made by Cameron (Huron) in respect to North-West matters. He would have the evidence as widely disseminated as the charges.

The Governor General then prorogued the house. The speech refers to the earnestness and assiduity with which the duties of the session have been performed. The grant of representation in the House of Commons to the North-West territories will, if sanctioned by the Imperial Parliament, give the people of that region an interest and voice in the affairs of Canada. His excellency also expresses pleasure at the measure of the establishment of an experimental farm with auxiliary stations for the provinces. Gratification is expressed on the completion of the C. P. railway, and on the repayment in money and land of the advances made in its aid from the public treasury. Reference is also made to the Cape Breton Railway, the franchise act, the consolidation of the statutes, the arrangement for the organization of a better and more economical system of parliamentary and departmental printing, and the amendment of the Dominion lands act.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

This letter is likely to be much more of a New York than a Boston one. When you are in Rome you should not only do as the Romans do, but you should also write about it. So having been in the great metropolis of this free and enlightened land of ours on the day when the great Memorial Day exercises were held, it is but natural that THE CRITIC correspondent should feel inclined to say a word or two about the event. It was certainly something well worth going to see, particularly that portion of it in which the tomb of the nation's departed hero, General Grant, formed the modern Mecca to which hundreds of thousands of people, representing all classes and all countries, came to offer that homage that is only accorded the truly great and noble among men. The impression one gained, to stand upon that lofty eminence by the banks of the beautiful Hudson, and gaze upon the magnificent spectacle presented by the mountain of beautiful floral emblems that marked the last resting place of the dead ex-president and general, and the vast assemblage of reverential men, and women, and children, that stood around and listened to the words of eulogy and patriotism pronounced by the distinguished speakers, was one not soon to be effaced. There were tributes there from the uttermost parts of the United States, and even from Canada, and it was truly not a scene where one could give voice to the sentiment that republics are ungrateful. It was a universal outpouring of love and gratitude on the part of a grateful people, and even if the event was soon forgotten by the most of them their manifestations were nevertheless sincere.

That was an eventful day for New York, for the living president of the country was also there, and of course his presence excited a great deal of interest. This interest was perhaps heightened by the fact that he was to enter matrimony two days from then, and that his affianced was also in town. It isn't every day that Brother Jonathan can let his admiring eyes rest upon a live president, much less one who is just about to be married, and so there was a unanimous desire to get as near the place where the chief executive was to appear as possible. This all-absorbing desire to gaze upon greatness is natural the world over. I have seen an eager crowd of Halifaxians strain their necks until they threatened to dislocate them in order to catch a glimpse of some noble scion of the famous Kellum family on the way to the local hall of justice under escort of a blue coated body guard specially deputed for that purpose. As I remarked, you can't see a king or a president every day, and so I suppose I may be excused if I stared a little hard and long at the august form of President Cleveland, as he stood on the grand stand in Madison Square and viewed the big Memorial Day procession. It may have been a flagrant breach of courtesy, but I must confess that he did not look to me very much like the president of fifty million great and glorious people. In fact he resembled rather a chairman of a Democratic ward committee. This was apparently due to several causes. In the first place he hadn't been shaved for a couple of days. Then he wore the same silk beaver that adorned his head when he was inaugurated, and it was nothing if not rusty. He was otherwise got up in a slipshod manner, and plainly showed that his leisure moments had not recently been many. He looked anything but a prospective bridegroom. There is only one striking thing about President Cleveland, and that is his immense breadth and size. He is not very intellectual looking, but he is eminently fat. However, he has not shown himself to be the worst of presidents, from a political point of view, and now that he is married he ought to make even a better one. There is an expectation that he will visit Boston this summer, and that ought to make him better still.

Coming back to the subject of Boston, I am reminded that there has been very little here by way of sensation recently. The strikes have all ended in the way I surmised they would in my last, and local tragedies have been as scarce as millionaires are in Chezzetcook. The circus hasn't arrived yet, and there is really nothing of any consequence stirring, except the people who are so fortunate as to have summer residences to go to. The newspaper men have not moved out to theirs yet.

The fishery tempest still remains in its little tea-pot, and the first gun of the great international conflict of arms has not yet been fired. It is still a contest of tongues and printer's ink, and is a case where the pen is a great deal mightier than the sword.

T. F. A.

Redhead is the suggestive name of an Iowa legislator who has introduced a bill providing that when a man applies for license to marry he shall satisfy the clerk of the court that he is able to support a wife and a reasonable number of children. If Mr. Redhead's purpose is to send his name bumping down the stairs of time, we congratulate him on the harmless manner he has chosen. It is a great improvement on the scheme of the ordinary crank, because it will hurt nobody.—*Chicago News.*

DELHI DURING THE MUTINY.

It is related of the printers employed in the Delhi newspaper office that, while carnage was going on all round them, they stuck to their work till the last, and sent forth the intelligence of their approaching death. With one exception, they all perished—the sole survivor owing his escape to a plentiful use of printing ink, with which he disguised his face, and to a passable knowledge of the native language. The great magazine at Delhi was in charge of Lieutenant Willoughby, who had with him two other lieutenants and six European soldiers. This handful of heroes defended their post for three or four hours, and then finding it no longer tenable, fired a train, and, with a roar heard twenty miles away, nearly one-half of the enormous structure was blown into the air. Only four of those brave fellows escaped, the others falling in the explosion. All day long the pursuit and slaughter of Europeans was continued, little children being butchered before their mother's eyes under circumstances of peculiar brutality. No help came from Meerut, although even at the close of the second day the forces remaining there still could have crushed the mutiny. On the 16th of May, six days after the outbreak, fifty Christian men, women, and children, who had been gathered into the fort by some of the less sanguinary of the mutineers, were mustered into the principal courtyard and murdered in cold blood. Their mangled bodies were then heaped on bullock-carts and thrown into the river—not a single European being left alive in Delhi. The Moghul Empire seemed in a fair way of restoration. How this was frustrated is a matter of history.—*Once a Month.*

COMMERCIAL.

FISH—We think that all of last season's catch of codfish have come to market, and have been placed at rates which appeared low to those that held them through the winter, but as low as the rates were we fear there will be a loss to the purchasers. Late advices from the Jamaica markets are not very flattering. Advices to 25th May state that no favorable change in the demoralized condition of the market has taken place. A large portion of receipts of dry fish has rapidly depreciated owing to severe rains, followed by intense heat, and to save loss is being parcelled out at from \$2.50 to \$2.75, and much of the pickled fish being inferior is being sold according to quality. It is impossible to force sales except at unprecedented sacrifices, and much in the future will depend on the keeping character of present holdings, which are large. The *Beta*, having been detained for the *Sardinian's* mail, will keep some fish out of the markets for a week, and will be a very great help toward working off the stocks, but at the best it is quite impossible that there can be any profits on the late shipments to Jamaica.

The Cuba market is in a very bad state, but that does not seem to deter shippers from shipping, almost every boat that sails takes forward large quantities of drums, which are certainly going to a losing market. There is no use in crowding an overstocked market, and more particularly a market that at this season of the year has its annual rainy season, and afterwards intense heat, two very bad things for dry fish.

In our own markets there is no old fish of any description selling. No quotations can be given for old mackerel or dry fish. New mackerel will now very soon be on the market. They are reported quite plenty on the western coast, and east as far as Chodabucto Bay.

The banking vessels are now arriving almost daily to some of the western ports with fair fares, we learn of the *Mary C.* having arrived at Liverpool after an absence of six weeks with a full fare of 1400 qtls. Alewives will be looked for in our markets in a very few days.

SALMON.—A good many fresh salmon offering in this market, prices 6 cents to 8 cents per pound. We think that during the past ten days some considerable have been taken.

Some small lots of new codfish have arrived from the shore, and have been placed at \$2.50 per qtl. to equal. The weather has been exceedingly favorable for making fish this season, and we may now look for daily arrivals of new codfish in this market, but in small quantities. From all we can learn codfish on the shore are quite plenty; we hope to find at the close of the season a very large shore fishery. We cannot yet hold out any inducement for high prices. We cannot see how it can be possible that prices will advance very much, the low prices in the West India markets help to keep the prices down in this market, and the markets in the West Indies are kept so full of stock that it is impossible that they can advance very much. There seems to be a very great change in the Cuba and Jamaica markets from what there was a few years ago, and this is brought about in a great measure from having direct steam communication with this port. Formerly business was done by sailing crafts. Now all the small dealers send forward their orders as they can count exactly on the time when the steamer should arrive, and besides there is no chance for speculation as when the business was done by sailing crafts. We hope that we may be wrong in anticipating low prices for this season's catch of fish, but we see from our way of looking at it very little prospect of high prices. We hope that we may be disappointed.

From all we can learn the United States fish markets are very low, scarcely any business doing, and now that the warm weather is about commencing it cannot be expected that business will revive very much. We notice that several of our banking vessels have sold their fares green in the Newfoundland markets.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

(Continued.)

"Once or twice—not more than that. I heard he was married; and I was sorry to hear it, knowing the kind of person he married. There was a great deal of good in him, poor lad; but he was as unstable as water—he never finished anything. There are upward of twenty pictures upstairs, not one of them finished. If they were any good I'd sell them to pay up his arrears of rent; but they're nothing but useless lumber."

"I wish you would let me see them, Mrs. Wauchope. I shouldn't mind taking some of them off your hands. And, if Mr. Baxter ever comes to claim them, you can refer him to me."

"You are welcome to see them, Miss Allie. The studio is just as he left it—I never even let the bedroom since. You see I had a regard for him, having known him so long; and I thought he would come back to me some day, till I heard he had married that girl."

After tea, Mrs. Wauchope takes me upstairs. If the studio had had an untidy look when I first saw it, it looks like nothing now but a gloomy attic full of lumber—the empty easel pushed into a corner, the unfinished canvasses covered with gray cobwebs, every chair and table covered inch-deep with dust.

"Here is the photograph," said Mrs. Wauchope, taking something from the table, and wiping it with her black apron. "A pretty face, isn't it? I've known a man to lose his life for a face that wasn't half as pretty as that."

"But what had her face to do with it?" I ask vaguely.

"Why, they say he was jealous, you know. She was a slight little thing, and some artist was painting her picture, and Mr. Gerard didn't like it. That was what they were quarreling about on the morning of the day it happened."

I stand in the light of Mrs. Wauchope's mold candle, looking at the photograph in my hand. It is a beautiful face—an exquisite face—soft and bright and innocent as a child's.

"I will keep this for the present, Mrs. Wauchope. May I?"

Mrs. Wauchope nods. Lily Baxter's photograph is in all the shop-windows; but she does not care to have it at all.

CHAPTER X.

Early the next morning I transgress all Aunt Rosa's rules of propriety by taking a cab and driving to my Cousin Ronald Scott's hotel. I find him finishing breakfast, half a dozen business letters scattered about the table.

"Ronald," I say, in my honest fearless way, "I have come to put a promise you made me to the test."

"I am glad to hear it, Rosalie," he answers, standing by the table. I have refused the chair he offered me, with the plea that my cab was waiting below.

"Do you remember the promise, cousin?"

"I have forgotten nothing," he says, smiling a little.

"I want you to manage an interview with that man—Gerard Baxter—who is in prison for murdering his wife."

Ronald Scott looks profoundly surprised.

"For me or for you?" he asks, his eyes on my white face.

"For me. You can be present, of course, I should wish you to be present. And it need not last more than five minutes, if so long."

Ronald Scott makes no answer whatever for a minute or two. He is standing by the table, one hand resting upon it, looking down at me as I look up at him.

"Do you think you can do this for me, Ronald?"

"I can try. Was he an acquaintance of yours?"

"He was a friend—was, and is."

"I should say 'was,'" Ronald observes, shrugging his shoulders.

"I say 'is,'" I repeat stubbornly. "Gerard Baxter is a friend of mine."

Ronald's dark brows meet in a rather heavy frown.

"May I ask how you made his acquaintance, Rosalie?"

"We lodged in the same house in London—the house in Carleton Street where I am staying now."

"But now—"

I cannot help laughing outright at the exceeding gravity of his face. I think of the bunch of violets; but I do not tell Ronald about them—it is so different relating a piece of thoughtless folly like that—it would seem so much more heinous an offense repeated under the cold unsympathetic eyes of my judicial cousin!

"I cannot think how you ever made his acquaintance, Rosalie. If you had been lodging in the same house for fifty years, you should have had no acquaintance with him."

Oh, he was quite respectable! I met him in other places—in society. The Rollestons knew him—he was at their house every day.

"As to his respectability," Ronald says coldly, "that must be a matter of opinion. Subsequent events have proved that he could not have been a very respectable acquaintance for you or any one else!"

"Oh, subsequent events?"

"But supposing there were no subsequent events. This Baxter was a poor artist—a Bohemian—not exactly the kind of friend Miss Scott's friends would have chosen for her—at least, I think not."

"We will not quarrel about that, Ronald, I dare say you are right; but

it is too late to bemoan my want of exclusiveness now. What I want you to do is to manage that I may see my friend—if it is only for one moment."

"For what?" he asks rather sharply.

"Merely to ask him a single question."

"He looks at me doubtfully. His face has grown pale under all its sunburn—as pale as my own."

"I will keep my promise, Rosalie. But it will be altogether in defiance of my better judgment."

"Then so much the more I thank you for keeping it. If it cost one nothing to keep a promise, there would not be occasion for much gratitude, would there?" He does not answer, standing before me, still leaning on the table, still studying my face. "Then, since that is settled, I shall wish you good-bye, Cousin Ronald."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to Carleton Street. I have written to Olive to come to see me."

"It was to—see this man that you came up to town?"

"Yes."

But what is he to you, Rosalie, that you should concern yourself in his affairs?"

"He is nothing to me."

"Then why mix yourself up in such a disgraceful business?"

"Because the man is innocent, and I must prove it."

"Prove it, my poor child! How could you prove it?"

"There must be some way to prove it—if the man is innocent."

I believe he thinks my mind has not quite recovered from the effects of the fever—he certainly looks at me as if he thought me slightly deranged.

"I have not studied the case. But my own impressions are that the man is guilty. If I can manage what you want me to do, where shall I meet you?"

"If you come to Carleton Street for me, I shall be ready to go with you."

"It will very likely be to-morrow."

"Then I shall remain at home all to-morrow. And, if you fail, you will let me know."

"I will let you know. I hope you are taking care of yourself, Cousin Rosalie. You look thoroughly worn out."

"Oh, I am very well—a little tired from the journey perhaps!"

I wrap my fur cloak about me, shivering, though it is August. Ronald walks down the hotel stairs with me across the hall, in a silence which I do not care to break. He puts me into the cab in the same almost stern silence. I do not glance back at him as the cab leaves the door, though he stands there bareheaded, looking after me. I am thinking of a man in prison—a man whom I seem to love the more the more the world hates him—the more he seems to have made shipwreck of his own most miserable life.

I have seen Gerard in prison. Ronald Scott managed it all for me—came with me himself to the prisoner's cell.

I have heard Gerard's story—I have asked the single question I wanted to ask; and the answer has confirmed my own belief—Gerard Baxter is innocent of the horrible crime imputed to him. I believe every word of the story he has told me, as firmly as I believe that I am a living woman. He knows no more of the manner in which his wretched wife met her death than I do, except that he had no hand or part in it.

My interview with him lasted half an hour. Ronald Scott stood leaning with folded arms under the barred window; Gerard walked up and down the cell restlessly, reminding me of some caged creature.

"When all his stretch of burning sand and sky,
Shrinks to a twilight den, which his despair
Can measure at a stride."

He and I met without a word, with white faces, with trembling outstretched hands—two miserable beings—so young, yet for whom all the happiness there might have been in the world seemed to have come to an end. What Ronald Scott thought of our meeting I know not—I had never given him a thought during the whole of the interview.

Gerard had told me his wretched story in very few words. What he would not say in self-defense to the magistrate he said to me—not that I might justify him before the world—he seemed to care very little about that—but that he might justify himself to me.

"She left the house on the twenty-second of July, and I have never seen her since, alive or dead," he said, pausing in his restless pacing up and down to confront me as I sat on the wretched pallet. "She ran away in a rage because I scolded her about something—and I never saw her again."

"Then why did you tell her mother what you did? Why did you invent those stories for the neighbors—about letters and messages?"

"They asked me, and I had to say something."

"But why not have told the truth?"

"I would rather have said I killed her than have told the truth."

"But why?" I asked, astonished. "If you knew nothing about her, why did you do what must turn to such terrible evidence against yourself?"

"I did not care about myself."

"But you did not benefit her."

He turned away from me, walking up and down the floor again, a deep red angry flush on his haggard face.

"She was such a fool, a poor senseless idiot; and I had driven her to it—or so I thought. I ought not to have tried to reason with her as I would with a responsible being. I ought to have shut her up and fed her with bread and water like an obstinate child."

Mrs. Wauchope's hint about jealousy came into my mind. He had

be jealous of somebody—some artist who had been painting his wife's beautiful face.

"It would have been better to have told the truth," I repeated. "Better to have said that she had gone—you know not where."

"But I did know, or I thought I knew. She had threatened more than once to go to—a friend she had in London. And I thought that she had carried out her threat—at last."

Ronald Scott had moved restlessly at this juncture but I had never glanced at him. I came here to hear Gerard Baxter's story, and I meant to hear it to the end.

"But it must have come out sooner or later—"

"Then I should have destroyed myself!" the lad said fiercely. "I often wonder now why I held my hand!"

I have wondered since how I had strength to carry out my own resolution; but my indomitable will, the obstinacy Aunt Rosa deplored so much in my character, and the resolution to save Gerard Baxter, if moral power could save him, carried me through.

"And you never saw her again, from that day to this?"

"Never again."

"Do you think," I asked vaguely, looking into his hollow eyes—"do you think she—put an end to herself?"

"I do not think it. She was not the kind of girl to do a thing like that!"

"Where is he—this man you call her friend?"

"I do not know. I have never uttered his name to any one—except to her. I know now that my suspicions of him were groundless—it was only the day that the police came for me that I met him, he asked why she had not come for any more sittings for the picture. He was an honest fellow though he paid her compliments sometimes—everybody did. And I did not care enough about her to be jealous, only I told her I would have no nonsense—I would kill her first!"

"She was not happy, Gerard?"

"Happy!" he repeated scornfully. "We are neither of us happy!"

"You must have broken her heart."

"Her heart! She had no heart—she was as thoughtless as a baby, and as ignorant. Her ignorance disgusted me a hundred times a day!"

"You should have had patience with her—she was so young!"

"I ought. It is that which is killing me now. Whatever she did I drove her to it; but I do not think she took away her own life. I think she must have slipped into the water—I don't know how it happened. I only know that, since she left the house on the twenty-second of July, I have never seen her, alive or dead."

This had been the substance of Gerard's story. And now, as I drive away from the prison, breathing more freely outside the shadow of those hopeless, stupendous iron gray walls, I say to Ronald Scott who is sitting opposite me, looking not at me, but out into the crowded street:

"What do you think now, Ronald?"

"Very much what I thought before," he answers, coldly enough.

"You do not believe his story?"

"His story seems plausible enough. If the girl's body had not been found, I might have felt inclined to believe it. But the finding of the body is a proof that she met with foul play; and that in conjunction with the false reports he gave of her—which he himself acknowledges were false—and his jealousy of the man whose name he would not give, seems to me most conclusive evidence of his guilt."

"But he was not jealous of her," I say, feverishly.

"I scarcely believe that. He must have cared for her to have married her. And she seems to have had a most beautiful face."

"How do you know?"

"Her photograph is in all the shop-windows."

Ronald Scott is not communicative. Anything I do gather from him is dealt out with a reticence which would have annoyed me if I had not been too much wrapped up in my own thoughts to resent it.

"Where are you going now?" he inquires presently. "Home?"

"No. I am going to 'interview' Mrs. White."

"Rosalie, let me advise you to do no such thing. You don't know what the woman is, or where she lives. Your uncle would be justly angry with me if I allowed you to go into such purlieus, among the very lowest dregs of society—"

"Uncle Tod need know nothing about it. And if you think your respectability in any wise compromised by being seen in such a locality, I will stop the cab, and allow you to stop out on to the pavement."

"If you go, I will certainly go to," he answers, with a vexed smile.

"At least, it is safe for you with me. But I must tell you plainly that I enter a very strong protest against the entire proceeding."

"Then let that quiet your conscience. I promise you not to stop longer than I can help in Taw Alley—I have no weakness myself for the kind of locality I presume it to be. But I want to see this Mrs. White, though I do not know that it will lead to any discovery which could benefit our cause."

Taw Alley is not so utterly wretched a place as I imagined. There is a piece of waste ground at the end of it, where children are playing and their clothes are hung out on lines to dry. It is merely a small, mean by-street, with small mean houses, not one of the dens of wretchedness I had pictured to myself.

We had left the cab at the entrance of the alley, and I ask the first woman I see standing in a doorway if she could direct me to the house of Mrs. White, the laundress.

(To be Continued.)

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

In a previous issue, we have said that "The Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, as represented by its principles and purposes, its beautiful and instructive Ritual, and its truly elevating degrees, is worthy of a great deal of praise."

As we write, the air is filled with fragrant odors and harmony of mingled songs of birds, music that the wind plays upon the thousand-stringed harps of the tree tops, and the deep bass of the water, as it recklessly rushes over the mill dam.

This window frames a picture of rural loveliness; a *chef d'œuvre* of the Divine Artist. Apple, plum, cherry, and pear trees, are loaded with blooms—each tree is a beautiful and fragrant bouquet. Fields and forest, with verdure clad, such as only June wears. The steep-wooded hill side carries the verdure up to the blue sky over which fleecy clouds sail.

Thought is charmed into reverie. The "inevitable column" is forgotten until a glance at the road, seen here and there through foliage, recalls thought and the pen by the prosaic recollection that presently along that road the mail courier will appear, and the column be unevolved.

But the harmony and the beauty will mingle with our thoughts, and the now rather confused recollections of what was to follow that first sentence. So we will let them mingle. We will be avenged on these distractions. We will seize from them illustrations that may not inaptly blend with our prosaic first thoughts, and point and adorn a moral.

Those blossom-laden trees are all beautiful alike, all alike fragrant, but yonder is one that bears luscious gravensteins, its neighbor is a cumberer of the ground, yielding only trash.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," not by beautiful and fragrant blossoms. And is our Order noble or "worthy of a great deal of praise," because of "beautiful and instructive Ritual," and its degrees, no matter how "elevating" in their tendency. What is the fruit like? Are we *exemplifying* our principles and the beautiful teachings of our Ritual? Are we really and practically elevated, made better and nobler men and women, by passing upwards, through the degrees of whose beauty and elevating tendency we boast?

At the very entrance of "our peaceful enclosures" we have presented as our passport "The signet of Nature's nobleman," on which is indelibly engraved—"AN HONEST MAN IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD." Which of us is worthy to receive this signet again with the benediction—"Thou hast been found worthy to wear it!"

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Would that we might quote (with slight paraphrase) as justly applicable to our Granges, the preceding lines of this verse of the grandest and sweetest poem Burns or any poet ever wrote!—

"From scenes like these new Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad!"

Have we been faithful to the solemn and binding obligations we have voluntarily taken upon us? Patrons, recall these obligations! Let us search and see whether we have been "true and faithful Patrons of Husbandry." "A good Patron places Faith in God, nurtures Hope, disposes Charity, and is noted for Fidelity." Are we "good Patrons?"

"Be faithful, O Patrons, thy promise observe!
May truth to each other our union preserve!
Keep each obligation a gem of thy soul,
Mid every temptation untarnished and whole."

"Let us not forget the precepts of our Order. Let us add dignity to labor, and in our dealings with our fellow-men be honest, be just, and fear not. We must avoid intemperance in eating and drinking, and in language. Also, in work and in recreation, and whatever we do, strive to do it well. Let us be quiet, peaceable citizens, feeding the hungry, helping the fatherless and the widows, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world."

Our degree work is, or is calculated to be, instructive and ennobling; to elevate us from being mere tillers of the soil, to plow, to prepare the land, to plant and to sow in faith and hope, and in knowledge, and to appreciate justly and truly our relations and our duties as husbandmen and matrons, to each other, the world, and the master, and to recognize His wisdom and power in all things. But, as on yonder hillside the verdure ascends until it seems to touch and mingle with the sky, yet is in reality no nearer that goal, so no *degree work* can do more than measurably elevate and instruct. It is when "the night of death is succeeded by the bright morning of the resurrection" that "light ineffable and full of glory will illumine our darkness," and we shall no longer "see as through a glass darkly," but shall "know even as also we are known."

Practically there is an impassable barrier between the ideal Patron and the nearest approach to that ideal it is possible to find—between the ideal grange and the granges as they are—the barrier of human nature. The veil of the flesh hides the seen and imperfect for the unseen perfection of the future.

What chivalry failed to do for its votaries, what religion has failed to

accomplish; our order and others of kindred aspirations must fail to effect. Are these orders and organizations necessary failures that set before their members a high and noble ideal of purity, faith, fraternity, charity, love, and the other unexemplified virtues?

Because the ideal may not be realized shall we not strive after it?

What discipline effects for the soldier, may it not measurably accomplish for us? Discipline does not make a brave man of a coward, but it compels him to face and become indifferent to danger. The slovenly and disorderly are by it compelled to be neat and orderly, and from practising learn to love order and neatness.

Discipline takes those who have been powerless units, and teaches them to march and to fight in solid victorious masses.

It is upon discipline that we must mainly depend for victory over selfishness and vice, and for the accomplishment of our worthy objects.

It is not the water that rushes over the mill dam that grinds the grain and saws the logs:

"Water that runs at its own will,
Was never known to turn a mill."

Patrons, our granges are opened in ample form "for promoting the welfare of our country and of mankind, and for advancing the interests, elevating the character, and increasing the influence of all Patrons of Husbandry by properly transacting our business, and by exemplifying our principles in Faith, in Hope, and in Charity, with Fidelity.

Let not these words fall on unheeding ears.

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Nous, soussignés, medecins attachés au Dispensaire d'Halifax, ayant eu souvent l'occasion de prescrire l'Emulsion d'Huile de foie de morue de Puttner, Hypophosphites, etc. sommes heureux de déclarer que nos sommes très satisfaits du resultat que nous avons obtenu ayant constaté que c'était non seulement un remède sûr et efficace, mais en outre, qu'on pouvait le prendre sans éprouver les effets désagréables qui accompagnent si souvent l'usage de l'Huile de foie de morue.

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MINING.

A MINING ASSOCIATION FOR NOVA SCOTIA.—Our mining men must not forget that in union is strength. They recognize that our mining laws are imperfect, and that so long as we depend for their amendment upon legislators unfamiliar with the needs of the mining fraternity, these laws will remain in their present unsatisfactory condition. Mine owners and prospectors ought therefore, one and all, to lend their aid in furthering the organization of a mining association. With such an association in active operation, the crudities and perplexities of our laws, which now annoy and hamper our miners, could readily be removed. All those favoring the formation of the association, should as soon as possible authorize W. L. Lowell & Co. to place their names upon the memorial now in their hands. This memorial briefly sets forth the need for such an association, and the advantages to be derived from its establishment.

WHO REPRESENTS THE MINERS?—The candidates for Parliamentary honors are now busily engaged in canvassing for the votes of electors on Tuesday next. When these gentlemen visit the mining camps, they should be prepared to state their views upon the great mining interests of this province, and miners should see to it that the candidates they support are men well able to deal liberally with this great natural industry.

WHITE ROCK MILLS.—Several of the Manganese Mines are reported as preparing for heavy work during the summer. The new mine recently opened up at White Rock Mills, on the Gaspereau River, Kings Co., is considered an excellent property, and the owners have decided to lay out a considerable sum in its development.

EXTRACTS FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE U. S. CONSUL AT OTTAWA, ON CANADIAN PHOSPHATE DEPOSITS.—"The following table will show the shipments from Canada for the past three years, of natural apatite.

Years.	Quantity. Ton gross.	Value.	Valued at Montreal, per ton.
1882	16,585	\$333,019	\$20.08
1883	19,466	421,962	21.67
1884	23,000	519,000	20.25

The shipments for 1885 are known to exceed 25,000 tons. Quality of the Deposit. Being a more concentrated phosphate than is known to exist in quantities in any other part of the world, it is greatly sought for to bring up the acid phosphate fertilizer to a higher percentage of phosphoric acid. Regarding the value of this Apatite as a fertilizer, a reliable authority states that Canadian phosphates contain 89.91 per cent. of tribasic phosphate of lime, according to a most authentic analysis. A comparative table of the analytical composition of phosphates recently published shows that with the exception of three limited deposits in the West Indies, and one in Spain, the Canadian apatite ranks the highest. Also recent foreign official reports show that in those parts of Europe where the sugar beet is extensively cultivated, France, Belgium and Denmark, notably in France, no fertilizer has been found to equal the mineral phosphates of Canada."

The New Ireland silver and copper mine will be in active operation next week. The steam pump was put in last Saturday. The crusher, smelter and engine are up, but a new engine will shortly be put in. About 50 hands will be kept steadily at work. A large boarding house is being put up for George McLane, and a blacksmith shop. Altogether the mine will make a genuine hum at New Ireland.—*Maple Leaf, Albert Co.*

UTAH—A strange metal, hitherto unclassified in mineralogy, has recently been discovered in the Bell Mine, Utah. Specimens have been sent to the Smithsonian Institute, where its nature has not yet been passed upon. Mr. Meyers says of the vein which contains the metal:—"It carries considerable gold in places, but the latter cannot be separated from the strange mineral by the ordinary process of working gold ores. The mineral when melted is as white as silver, but much harder. It takes about the same heat to melt it as required to melt silver, and weighs about the same, but it is as soft as galena before being subjected to heat."

In the United Kingdom (England) 159,351,418 tons of coal were produced in 1885, employing 520,632 colliers, giving an average of 306 tons to each collier."

FOSSIL HUMAN FOOTPRINTS.—Herr H. E. Low has obtained and forwarded to the Imperial Museum in Vienna, twelve large stone slabs, bearing the foot-prints discovered last year in the solid rock, in the quarry over Lake Managua, in the territory of Nicaragua. The interest was increased by the statement that these foot-prints had been overlain by eleven different layers of stone, extending to a depth of four meters, and indicating an antiquity for our race quite transcending all conjectures hitherto hazarded. They are about three quarters of a meter square. They can now be inspected by European geologists. The foot-prints are sunk into the stone to a depth of from eight to ten centimeters. The stone itself is a porous tufa, and the super-incumbent layers, which had been removed for building purposes, were all of a more or less solid volcanic conglomerate, and seem to be those of three distinct persons, one of whom was a child.

The San Ricardo, of Sonora, Mexico, have in sight \$1,000,000 in fine gold ore. There is on the dump at the mill \$30,000 worth of ore, and the mines are looking better every day. Their new mill is just about completed, and will be running very soon.—*Chicago Mining Review.*

EXPLOSIVES!

The Subscribers have just received a fresh importation of

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NOTICE.

A General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Halifax and Dartmouth Steam Ferry Company (Limited) will be held in Association Hall, city of Halifax, on Thursday, June the 17th next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of organizing the said company, passing bye-laws, electing directors and the transaction of other business in connection with the organization of said company.

By order of the Provisional Board of Directors,
J. C. MACKINTOSH,
Acting Secretary.

Halifax, N. S., May 31st, 1886.
N. B.—Only those who have paid the first call will be entitled to vote at the above meeting.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Port Greville Harbor," will be received at this Office until SATURDAY, the 26th day of June, 1886, inclusively, for the construction of works at PORT GREVILLE, Cumberland County, N. S., in accordance with plans and specification to be seen, on and after Saturday the 5th June, at the Office of the Department of Public Works, Custom House, Saint John N. B., and at the Office of the Halifax Banking Company, Parraboro', N. S., where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to FIVE PER CENT. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
A. GOBEIL, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 27th May, 1886.

MINING—Continued.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR OF MINES.

SYDNEY COAL FIELD.—This district occupies the eastern shore of Cape Breton County. Its land area is estimated at 200 square miles, and it now forms the rim of an extensive coal field extending under the Atlantic. Fortunately, experience has proved that nearly all the seams can be followed in their subaqueous extension. Estimates based on the system of enquiry adopted by the Royal Commission on the duration of the coal supply of Great Britain, put the amount of available coal in these submarine areas, after making proper deductions for waste, etc., at not less than 2,000,000,000 tone.

The following section, taken in the Lingau district, will serve to show the thickness and relative positions of the best known seams:—

Seam.	Strata and Coal.	
	ft.	in.
Seam A.....	3	...
".....	306	...
Carr.....	6	5
".....	190	...
Barnasois, or Hub.....	12	1
".....	379	3
Harbor, Victoria or Sydney.....	8	...
".....	235	...
Seam D.....	3	...
".....	78	...
North Head.....	4	...
".....	75	...
McAnley, Phelan, or Lingau.....	8	...
".....	95	...
Ross, or Emery.....	4	6
".....	340	...
Gardener.....	4	9

The coal field is remarkably free from disturbances, etc., and Professor Lesley, in a report, dwells strongly on this point.

Nearly all the seams lie at easy angles, yield little water, and owing to the generally firm character of the roof, they can be mined with unusual cheapness and safety. So strongly marked is the impermeable nature of the strata, that at a moderate depth the submarine workings are perfectly dry.

There are seams found underlying those given in the above section, and varying in thickness from two to eight feet, but in the presence of the seams cropping on the shore they have not hitherto attracted much attention.

The coals of this district are bituminous, and specially adapted for gas and coke making, and for steam purposes. The Sydney Mines coal is largely used in the Lower Provinces for domestic purposes. The gas values may be understood from the following test made of the Harbor seam coal:—

Gas, cubic feet per ton.....	10,000
Candle power.....	16
Coke, good, lbs.....	1,170

Official reports on this seam made to the Admiralty show that it contains 83.5 per centum of carbon and that it is practically equal to Welsh steam coal. Trials made on H. M. S. *Gannet* show that when mixed with twice its weight of the best Welsh coal, a saving of 12 per cent over the Welsh coal alone was obtained. Practical tests made some years ago for the United States Naval Department, showed a practical evaporative power of 7.9 lbs. for the Sydney seam. Similar tests and trials of the other seams show equally good results, and Sydney Harbor has become a well-known port of call for steamers requiring bunker coal. Newfoundland sealing steamers prefer Cape Breton coal to all other, owing to the rapidity with which it raises steam.

These coals have been largely used on Canadian railways, and are found to compare most favorably with the best imported coals, and in many cases are given the preference. As yet the slack coal has not been burned into coke, except in small amounts for the local foundries, but considerable quantities are shipped to the United States, where an economical fuel is made by mixing it with the dust of anthracite coal for use under ordinary steam boilers. The contemplated establishment of large iron and copper works on Sydney Harbor will afford a near market for both slack and coke.

The enormous amount of available coal contained in this district may be estimated from the Geological Survey Report, which states that the seams now opened contain, in the areas leased for the purpose of working them, over 212,000,000 tons. This estimate does not include the coal in the seams which are unopened in the land areas in operation, nor the values of the seams in the leases which are at present awaiting a favorable opportunity for development, which items would swell the coal supply of this district to figures representing many years output greatly exceeding any yet obtained.

In addition to the seams already recognized in the Sydney coal field as at present worked, there are, in the vicinity of Sydney, and in the Mira and Salmon River districts, extensive tracts of the upper part of the millstone grit in which are met coal seams, some of superior quality, which, although too small to be worked now in the presence of the large beds, must yield in the future an important supply of fuel.

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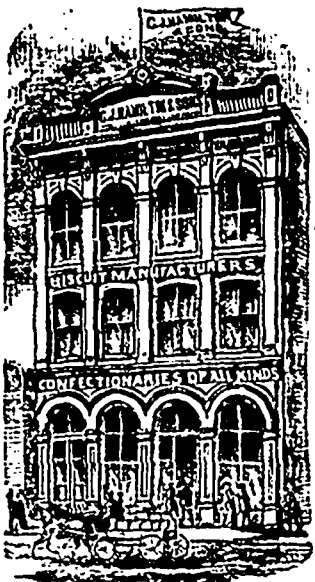
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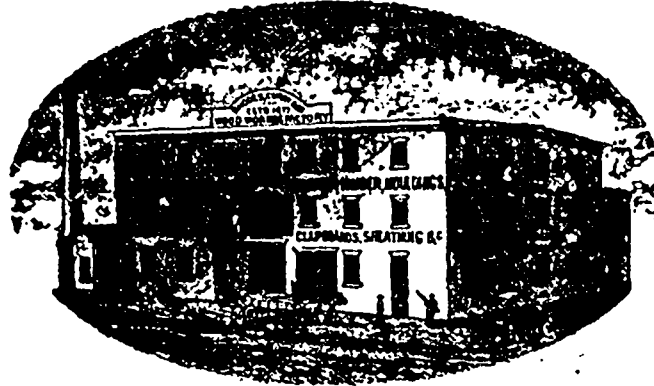
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