

**CONFEDERATION
LIFE
ASSOCIATION.**

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
J. K. MACDONALD, Manager-Director.

January 1, 1890

Assets,	\$2,894,502.41
Liabilities,	2,664,253.75
Surplus,	\$230,248.66

1889.

New Assurance,	\$2,369,500
Total	17,711,404
Premium Income,	561,293
Total	721,973

RESULTS OF BUSINESS OF 1889.

Increase in Assurance,	\$948,467
Assets	311,140
Premiums,	51,190
Surplus	51,664

Surplus Earned - \$115,689

RATES LOW.

PROFITS UNEQUALLED.

F. W. GREEN.

Manager for Maritime Provinces.
166 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX.

JOHN PATTERSON,
Manufacturer of Steam Boilers,
For Marine and Land Purposes.
Iron Ships Repaired.
SHIP TANKS, GRINDERS, SUCK PUMPS and all
KINDS SHEET IRON WORK.
ESTIMATES given on application.
488 UPPER WATER STREET, Halifax, N. S.

**NATIONAL
COLONIZATION
LOTTERY.**

Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labelle
Established in 1841, under the Act of Quebec,
32 Vict., Chap. 36 for the Benefit of
the Diocesan Societies of Colo-
nization of the Province
of Quebec.

CLASS D.

The 34th Monthly Drawing will take place
On WEDNESDAY, May 21st, 1890.
At 2 o'clock, p.m.

PRIZES VALUE \$50,000.

Capital Prize—1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 Real Estate worth	2,000	2,000
1 Real Estate worth	1,500	1,500
4 Real Estates worth	500	2,000
10 Real Estates worth	500	5,000
30 Furniture Sets worth	200	6,000
60 Furniture Sets worth	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches worth	50	10,000
1000 Silver Watches worth	10	10,000
1000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000

2307 Prizes worth \$50,000.00

TICKETS \$1.00.

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a
commission of 10 per cent.
Winners' names not published unless specially
authorized.

DRAWINGS ON THE THIRD WEDNESDAY
OF EVERY MONTH

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Secretary.
Offices—19 St. James St., MONTREAL, Ca.



Wm. Bannister,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
136-Granville Street-136

HALIFAX, N. S.

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THE MARITIME PROVINCES

TO
All Upper Canada Points,
Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago,

AND
The West, South-West and North-West.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

IS THE
OLD & RELIABLE ROUTE,

And Patrons can always rely on an efficient
service and Low Rates.

OVER 3,000 MILES OPERATED IN CANADA

Pullman and Parlor, Dining and Sleeping Cars
on all Express Trains, and Coaches Lighted
by Electricity and Heated with Steam.

CHOICE OF ROUTES TO THE NORTH-WEST
AND ALL PACIFIC COAST POINTS.

For Through Tickets apply to
R. F. ARMISTRONG, Gen. Agent,
131 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S.
Or any I. C. Railway Agent.

Best Route to Boston.

CANADA ATLANTIC LINE.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

Quickest & Most Direct Route. Low Fares.

The Magnificent Clyde Built Steel S.S.

"HALIFAX,"

Is the Largest, Safest, and Best Furnished
and Most Comfortable Passenger Steamship
ever placed on the route between Canada and
the United States

Sails from Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every
Wednesday Morning at 10 O'clock and Lewis'
Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at 12 O'clock.

Passengers by Tuesday evening trains can
go on board on arrival without extra charge.

Through Tickets to New York and all
ports West.

Baggage checked through from all stations.

Through Tickets For Sale by all Agents
Intercolonial Railway.

CHIPMAN BROTHERS,
General Agents, Halifax.

THE NEW DOCTOR.

JANUARY 1st, 18—.

DEAR CHARLEY,—Laid up with a sprained ankle, and must turn over
my patients to your tender mercies. Enclose list with names, addresses,
course of treatment, etc., for your edification.

GODFREY HERMAN.

This was the note that Dr. Charles Stevenson stood perusing with a
downcast face and clouded brow on New Year's morning not many years
ago.

The gentleman in question was just twenty-five, handsome and talented,
possessed of a modest income independent of his practice; was a favorite in
society and had a good list of lady friends upon whom he might call on New
Year's Day.

"Confound it all!" he muttered. "Why couldn't Godfrey wait until
to-morrow to sprain his ankle? And what a list! Rheumatism, pneumonia—
hem! hem! here is one that sounds interesting: Miss Graham,—
street, lung fever. Dear me, what a detailed description of treatment and
symptoms! Decidedly Godfrey is interested in Miss Graham's lung fever.
Well, I suppose I must go, and cut down my visits to a few this evening."

In every youthful heart, though the tender love that makes a life may
not yet have come, there is ever one face, one voice, upon which the fancy
lingers, as a little brighter, a little sweeter than other faces or voices can
ever be. To Charles Stevenson this face and voice was the memory of
Maude Middleton, a blonde beauty, and only child of one of the leading
lawyers of the city. As yet love had not come to either heart, yet it is
certain the lovely blonde accepted the attentions of the handsome young
doctor willingly, and gave him sweet smiles in return.

The ripple of her golden hair, the sparkle of her blue eyes were the
magnets that hurried the doctor in his round of professional calls till he
stood at the door of his last patient, Miss Graham, who had lung fever.

Into a darkened room, where poverty had set her ugly seal, yet where
some of those heart-rending relics of better days lingered yet, the doctor was
ushered in by an elderly woman, a gentlewoman in the true English sense of
the word, who bore the traces of sorrow upon her sad face, and looked with
pitiful anxiety for his directions.

A few professional inquiries followed and the doctor approached the bed.
A face, thin, yet exquisitely delicate in every outline and feature, fever-
flushed, with large black eyes, unnaturally brilliant, met his gaze.

While he felt the rapid pulse at the delicate wrist, bent low to listen to
the murmurs of the delirious fancy, a knock at the door summoned the
mother away.

It was impossible in the deep stillness of the room to avoid hearing the
conversation between the new comer and Mrs. Graham.

"You have an answer to my note?" the lady said eagerly.

"No, ma'am. Miss Middleton was dressing for callers, and couldn't be
bothered."

"She sent me some money, Joe, just a shilling or two?"

"No, ma'am. You must wait till next month."

"Well, Joe, you can do no more."

"But ain't I to go for the medicines and the wine?"

"No—there, never mind."

It was a whole tragedy to Charley Stevenson's kind heart. Was the
mother seeking charity? or did the blonde beauty, who haunted all his
dreams, owe her rightful payment? Either way his idol was dimmed by
the words of the errand-boy. A bright thought flashed over Charley
Stevenson's mind.

"Mrs. Graham," he said, turning his eyes delicately from the tearful
face, "your daughter needs a medicine I do not like to trust druggists to
prepare from a written prescription. I will return in an hour and administer
the first dose myself."

Whether she understood the delicate kindness or not, Mrs. Graham's
eyes sufficiently thanked the young physician, who hurried away, soon re-
turning with the medicines and wines, cleverly disguised by a prescription
label plastered over the original one.

More than three hours slipped away while the doctor watched the patient,
studying the effect of his medicines, and finally being rewarded by seeing
her fall into a quiet slumber. It was quite too late when he reached home
again to make any calls; and as he sat over his cheery grate he dreamed,
not of Maude's golden curls, but of the pale, sweet face of Miss Graham.

In his morning travels a natty little phaeton passed him, paused till he
came up, and Maude Middleton, leaning forward, held out her hand to the
young physician.

"You don't deserve to be spoken to," she said, with her great blue eyes
merrily cordial, "for you should have followed your bouquet yesterday."

"I was only too sorry I could not," was the reply. "One of my friends
sprained his ankle, and kindly turned over his patients to me."

"Doleful!" with a shrug. "Sickness is a horrid bore. I am out now
hunting up a substitute for my dressmaker, who sends me word she has lung
fever. I dare say it is only a cold; but in the meantime I must find some
one else. Shocking, ain't it? Do come to see us soon."

And, after a few more parting words, Maude carried her golden curls from
Charley's vision.

It was with a new interest he found his way towards evening to Daisy
Graham's sick-room, and when her eyes met his, full of gratitude, and a
whisper thanked him, he wondered how he had ever seen any beauty in the
fair face of Maude Middleton.

But that young lady did not propose to lose her admirer so easily. Old Mrs.