

not mind confessing to you, my dear, that I did pound my fingers sometimes, but Grace uses a hammer as if she came of a race of carpenters. I have made up my mind that Floie shall be taught to use the commonest tools just as well as her brother does. Why indeed should the average woman be so helpless? But to come back to the attic. Grace foraged about and collected a lot of tennis and fishing nets that had been laid aside as useless. These were washed and dried, and some were stretched over yellow caubric about the lower portion of the walls for a dado, and secured by the big gilt tacks, while the others were draped over the ceiling from the four corners of the room to the centre. The effect is odd and artistic. The heading for the dado is a solid row of tacks. The floor was poor, so it is covered with straw matting in plain straw color to within a foot of the wall on all sides. This border of bare floor is painted the tint of the paper on the walls. The furniture was rescued from odd corners, and to begin with was a common bodstead with turned rungs in the footboard and headboard—you recognize the style—a plain table, two or three chairs, and an old-fashioned washstand. All of these the genius of the attic had sandpapered after they were scraped free from paint and varnish; then they were given a couple of coats of creamy white paint, and there we had copies of the fashionable white art furniture that I had wanted so much, but never dreamed of possessing. The bedstead, I should have said, was cut down several inches. A dainty white valance adds not a little to its attractiveness. The top of the table is painted in yellow and white squares to serve as a chess board when kindred spirits are hobnobbing in the privacy of their own apartments. The toilet table, draped with white and a suggestion of yellow, is a *fac simile* to all outward appearances of one to be seen in one of the grand shops, and which costs as many dollars as mine did cents. That mine started in life as a plebeian packing case, to which later on was attached (through the medium of common screws and wooden supports) Grandmother Sturgis' old gilt framed mirror is surely nothing to its discredit.

And so the furnishing of the room progressed. The curtains hang on slender brass rods that cost but a few cents. The material was old scrim that had seen its best days as I thought long ago. But Grace dipped it in yellow diamond dye, and twisted it, and wound it over a fishing pole to dry. Now it is the prettiest, crinkley stuff that you can imagine. For the chairs we made round cushions, one for the seat, and one for each back, and covered them with yellow felt, fastening them as upholsterers do, here and there with tiny yellow covered buttons that one can cover for herself, or have done for ten cents a dozen.

Can you fancy a lovely Whistler yellow and white chamber costing less than the price of some paint, some paper and tacks, and a bit of felt? There was not an hour's labor hired, remember, and the artistic furniture was simply the product of some ugly old pieces and a clever girl's skill. If you are pining to profit by Grace's example, let me quote her maxim to you. Home furnishing and decoration, she says, depend far less upon money than upon cultivating one's artistic perceptions, and then setting them to work to make every penny spent and every minute invested bear sixty fold.

I have left myself no time to tell you about summer millinery this time. In a word only, then, got anything but a black hat trimmed with colored flowers. That combination confronts one at every turn, and is altogether too common to be individual.

Boston.

Yours devotedly,

DINAH STURGIS.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

OUR PEOPLE ABROAD.

Among the prominent residents of the large cities in the United States are many of Nova Scotia's sons and daughters. In Boston alone there are several thousand Nova Scotians, and THE CRITIC has secured brief sketches of some of the number who are well known there in business and professional circles. We rejoice in the good fortune that attends our brothers and sisters abroad, both for their own sakes and for the credit that is reflected upon the mother country, yet it must be regretfully admitted that their adopted land gains at our expense.

P. MORTON DEWOLF.

Who has not heard of the Archway Bookstore? Its name and fame have long gone abroad, and one is indeed a stranger in Boston to whom the familiar Archway is not a landmark. For the benefit of those who may never have chance to see this unique spot, be it said it is near the historic Old South Meeting House, on Washington Street, Boston, and it is one division of a large book-selling and publishing business owned by DeWolf, Fiske & Co.

The senior partner in the firm, and the subject of this brief sketch, P. Morton DeWolf, Esq., was born and educated in Windsor, N. S. In 1870, when he was about 19 years old, Mr. DeWolf, with all a young man's ambition to try his fortune elsewhere, quitted Halifax, where he had been a clerk in a store, and went to Boston. There he entered the employ of D. Lothrop & Co., the well-known publishing house. He remained with them for ten years, and then, taking as a partner Mr. C. F. Fiske, who had been a fellow clerk at Lothrop's, Mr. DeWolf began doing business on his own account. The newly formed firm bought out the Archway bookstore, then doing a business of about sixty thousand dollars annually. Fortune has indeed smiled upon Mr. DeWolf's enterprise. At the present time, nine years later, the firm is doing a business of three hundred thousand dollars per year. The famous Archway is still a feature of the business. This archway is the front part of the street floor of a large building minus a front wall, and so is wholly open to the street. It is filled with books of all kinds at wonderful "bargain" prices. Here are to be found five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five and fifty cent counters, and so on upwards. Well bound and well printed

editions of the standard poets and prose writers are sold here at 27 cents per volume, and other works in proportion. In addition to this place of miraculously cheap books, so invitingly open to every passer-by that he can but stop to see, and to see is to buy, there are large rear and adjoining connecting stores where books of all kinds and conditions, and at all prices, up to the very highest, are for sale.

Mr. DeWolf, the proprietor of this large and growing business, in personal appearance is a tall, stout gentleman of fair complexion, with a genial smile and a leisurely manner that go to prove that American rush and worry have not robbed life of its sunshine for him. Mr. DeWolf's family consists of his wife and two children, a son and a daughter. The family residence is in Melrose, a pleasant Boston suburb about six miles from the city.

In politics, Mr. DeWolf sides with the Democratic party in the United States, believing that it best represents the people and their interests. In a pleasant chat with the writer recently, Mr. DeWolf expressed a belief that the best interests of Nova Scotia would be furthered by a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States. He is not sanguine, however, of this being brought about on account of the opposition of the big manufacturers in the Upper Provinces to being brought into direct competition with similar American industries. Mr. DeWolf believes, as every impartial observer must, in the fine natural resources of his native land, and that its future lies in their development.

At frequent intervals since his first leave taking Mr. DeWolf has visited Nova Scotia, and, until within a very short time, his mother has been living to welcome him back to his early home.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The following extract from the *Boston Advertiser*, should be encouraging to Canadian preparers of lard, who, as we believe, eschew the adulterations charged against the American article.

The announcement that the Mexican Government has taken steps to interdict the importation of American lard on the ground that it has been officially pronounced detrimental to health comes immediately in the wake of a similar announcement as to the intent of the Canadian Parliament, and on the eve of the new French customs regulations, by which, after May 1st, the duty will be increased on lard that contains cottonseed oil, France refusing to take anything but the pure refined lard. Such legislation proposed by foreign governments and cabled to every civilized country, advertising the pork packers of this country indiscriminately as perpetrators of fraud, casts into ill repute a great staple of our export trade and seriously reflects upon the commercial integrity of the United States.—*Boston Advertiser*.

Mr. James A. Bennett, plaster manufacturer of Windsor, is, we learn, putting up plant for calcining plaster. We believe Mr. Bennett's will be the only establishment in Nova Scotia engaged in this branch of business.

Mr. Broussard of the British American Hotel, Upper Water St., has been recently entirely renovating and refitting his premises. The office has been enlarged, the house is lighted with the electric light, and everything made nice. Mr. Broussard's enterprise deserves every success.

Mr. W. C. Hatfield, proprietor of the Wood working Factory (formerly known as the Board-landing Factory) at Parrsboro, has at large expense repaired and refitted his premises in accordance with the demands of an increasing business. Mr. Hatfield manufactures flooring, sheathing, clapboards, mouldings of all kinds, fence pickets, doors, sashes, stair posts, balusters, etc., and employs a number of hands.

THE NOVA SCOTIA STEEL COMPANY.—Mr. J. H. Bartlett, M. E., of Montreal, the well-known iron and steel expert, sends to the *Cleveland Iron Trade Review* the following description of what he terms "The most successful steel works in Canada."

"New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, ranks among the most enterprising and progressive towns in the Maritime Provinces. It is situated at the head of navigation on the East River, which flows into Pictou Harbor. The famous Pictou coal mines are in the immediate vicinity, with all of which New Glasgow is connected by rail.

The Nova Scotia Steel Works, which were established in 1882, have invested in them a paid up capital of \$280,000, two-thirds of which is owned in Halifax, Pictou, Montreal, and other places, Sir D. A. Smith being one of the Montreal shareholders. The works occupy about ten acres of land, the main building, 410 feet by 130 feet, covering over 50,000 feet. Extensions are being made to the buildings, which will cover 25,000 feet additional. Nearly two miles of railway track are in operation in and about the works, and this will be largely increased by sidings now being laid.

The product of the works consists largely of steel for agricultural implements, together with the usual sizes of merchant steel, in rounds, flats, and squares, with angles and special sections. A large quantity of spring steel is also made. Rivet steel, of specially low carbon, is also manufactured, besides tramway and pit rails, nail and plow plate, and large quantities of 'sections.' In 1884 the shipments from the establishment were only 2,270 tons; in 1887 they amounted to about 6,000 tons; and when the plant now being put in is completed the works will have a capacity of 12,000 tons, and no difficulty is anticipated in disposing of the increased production. At the present time there are 225 men on the pay list, and the monthly pay is about \$8,000. The number of men will be increased to 300 when the additions to the works are completed. The company is paying dividends, both on its original and preferential stock."