

**FIRE INSURANCE.****THE EASTERN ASSURANCE CO.  
OF CANADA.**

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

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The above Company is now ready for busi-  
ness, and will be pleased to receive proposals  
for Insurance against loss or damage by  
FIRE and LIGHTNING on all classes of  
property at equitable rates.

D. C. EDWARDS,  
Secretary.

Halifax, N. S., September 20th, 1890.

**Iron, Iron, Iron.**

SUMMERLEE,  
MIDDLESBORO, }  
LONDONDERRY, } PIG.

English Best Refined Bars,

English Refined Bars.

Londonderry Best Refined Bars,

Londonderry Refined Bars.

ACADIA BOLT,

ST. JOHN BOLT.

Sheet and Hoop Iron,

Angle and Bridge Iron.

FOR SALE BY

**Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow**

LONDON DRUG STORE,

147 Hollis Street,

**J. GODFREY SMITH,**

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

Proprietor. Agent for

Laurance's Axis-Cut Pebble Spectacles and  
Eye Glasses.

In Stock, the great cure of Neuralgia  
"Eau Anti-Neuralgique." Chronic cases yield  
to its curative effects.  
Also, in Stock, a line of FANCY GOODS.  
Dressing Cases, Toilet Sets, in Plush, Lea-  
ther, &c.

**MAYFLOWER.****SHATFORD BROS.**

Are Agents of the popular grade of OIL. Address

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**XMAS**

CALL AT 163 BARRINGTON ST.

AND SEE OUR STOCK OF

Gold, Silver &amp; Plated-Ware,

A full line of all classes of these goods.  
Cheapest in the market. The best place in  
town for securing Xmas Presents.

New William's. 1 New Home and White

**SEWING MACHINES.**

All first-class machines, now selling at very  
low rates. This is the season to buy.

**ROBT. WALLACE.****Xmas Cards.**

BOOKLETS OF AMERICAN AND  
CANADIAN SCENERY,

Leaflets, Art Novelties

AND

Xmas Card & Porcelain Views  
of Halifax.

NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

Winsor &amp; Newton's ARTISTS' MATERIALS

Chromos, Engravings,

Oil Paintings, &amp;c., in great variety

PICTURE FRAMING.

**REARDON'S.**

40 to 44 Barrington St.

**NATIONAL  
COLONIZATION  
LOTTERY.**

Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labelle  
Established in 1881, 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 30th Monthly Drawing will take place  
On WEDNESDAY, Jan. 15th, 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.....	1,000	1,000
4 Real Estates worth.....	500	2,000
10 Real Estates worth.....	200	3,000
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

**MOIR, SON & CO.****MAMMOTH WORKS**

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bread,

Biscuit,

Confectionery,

Fruit Syrups, etc., etc.

Salesroom—128, 130 and 132 Argyle Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

**TAKING BOARDERS.**

"It was a scandal," the neighbors said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders after all she had been through and heaven knows that boarders didn't help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by and at large. Wasn't her uncle Eben, over at Dover, well to do, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who were never worth a row of pins to Delia; and there was her great uncle John's widow larking on the continent, gambling at Baden-Baden and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms for no disease under the sun but old age."

To be sure she had never seen her great aunt since she was a child, when her Uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit, with French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her little namesake. Since then her Uncle John's widow had been a sort of gilded creation, always young and always beautiful; for though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the sea for the last fifteen years, she had never seen or heard anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive she seemed to have made no difference in Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long illness Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poor house, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bed-ridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders:

"Good board in the country by the riverside at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries and new milk. One mile from station. Address

DELIA ROGERSON Croftsborough, Maine."

"Cheap enough," commented an elderly lady who happened upon it. "Delia Rogerson. An old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I have a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like it there'll be no harm done."

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady with a false front of hair, brown, wrinkled skin, faded eyes, black alpaca gown and hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess, lighted a wood fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the faded old roses wreathing them.

"Wonderful kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her whisp of gray hair and confided her false front to a box. "Wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week! She's new to the trade. She's new to the trade. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty stricken old creature."

But, in spite of her worldly wisdom, Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention and to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Miss Gresome complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson was responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were a new acquaintance; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with berries and milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself that there should be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission.

"What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everybody and everything had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare say?"

"Yes, a long, long time ago."

"Tell me about him—it."

"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave mother and father, you know (they were both feeble), and he couldn't stay here. That was all."

"And you—you—"

"Now all men besides are to me like shadows."

"And have you never heard of him since?"

"Yes, he wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me than to marry. I was a mill stone about his neck. I didn't answer his last letter."

"But suppose he should return some day; would you marry him?"

"I dare say," laughed Delia gently, as if the idea was familiar, "let the neighbors laugh over so wisely. I've thought of it sometimes sitting alone, when the world was barren and commonplace. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry to flavor everyday thinking and doing. I'm afraid you will think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement."

"No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched; but the soul is the heir of eternal youth—is as beautiful at four score as at 'sweet one and twenty.' You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you'd rather not."

"His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Capt. Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word about how he looks and what he is doing; though I never ask, and Stephen never asks for me that I can hear."

Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with copying for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge