

**FIRE INSURANCE.**

**THE EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.**  
 AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.  
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 60 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S.

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The above Company is now ready for business, 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, } PIC.

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**

**THE Acadia Drug Store**

ALWAYS LEADS  
 IN THE  
 Amount, Variety and Beauty  
 OF

**CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.**

This year our goods are nicer, and the prices lower than ever before.

**Hattie & Mylius.**

**XMAS.**

CALL AT 163 BARRINGTON ST.

AND SEE OUR STOCK OF

**Gold, Silver & 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, 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 & Newton's ARTISTS' MATERIALS**

**Chronios, Engravings,**

**Oil Paintings, &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 1884, under the Act of Quebec.  
 32 Vict. Chap. 36 for the Benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization 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.....	300	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.

Sale room—128, 130 and 132 Argyle Street  
 HALIFAX, N. S.

**THE TELEPHONE GIRL.**

"Well," said Mr. Roland Wayne, when he came to his office after several days' illness with neuralgia, which affected him whenever the east wind blew, "you got some one for the telephone—did you, Burns?"

"Yes, sir," the clerk replied, "the young lady has been here since Tuesday."

"Young lady!" exclaimed Mr. Wayne, testily. "Why did you get a woman? A broker's office is no place for a woman."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns, with obvious embarrassment and apprehensive glance toward a light oak partition, behind which the new operator sat in concealment, "you didn't say anything about that—only that Mr. Richards had his hands full with the wires, and that there'd have to be some one to take charge of the telephone, so I—"

"That is just like you, Burns," said Mr. Wayne, stamping back into his private office. "Anyone else would have known better."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns, defensively, as he followed him back, "I didn't think it would make much difference. The young lady is very capable, and she seems to want the place so badly. She is very poor, sir, and supports her mother. I know something about her, you see."

"Oh! Some flame of yours, I suppose, Burns? Very nice arrangement for you, no doubt."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Burns in an offended manner. "I am a married man."

"By jove! so you are!" said Roland Wayne, with a laugh. "I had forgotten that. Though," he added, humorously, "that doesn't always make a difference. Well, try her anyhow. Where's the mail, please?"

"I tell you what, Burns," one of the other clerks observed, when that individual finally emerged from Mr. Wayne's office, "the boss is in a fly humor, isn't he?"

"He's all right!" Burns answered, warmly. "He has given me a ticket to Atlantic City and two days off."

The clerk whistled.

"Why I thought he was going to take your head off."

"You don't know him. I am sure it is no shame to a man whose nerves are always twinging with neuralgia if he loses his temper now and then."

Roland, meanwhile, had taken up his pen, and was writing a lengthy account of Brisket's new deal in P. Y. & M.

"If the cat jumps this way," he said in conclusion, "the bears have got him sure. Danbury is on our side. He has given Brisket the cold shoulder, and, if I'm not mistaken, somebody will get woefully left. I don't intend that it shall be I. If everything goes as I think it will, I shall pocket about two hundred thousand dollars, and then I am going to get out of the brokerage business. It doesn't suit me, and my health is so poor that I must get away somewhere or I shall go to pieces."

"I beg pardon, sir," said a soft, tremulous voice at his elbow. "I am Miss Archer, Mr. Wayne."

Roland dropped his pen, and rose politely as he saw a slight, graceful figure in black standing before him.

"Be seated, Miss Archer," he said, with a smile which no man could have withheld when he saw the fairness of her young face; and that shy, sweet flush on her cheeks. "What can I do for you?"

"I am the telephone operator," she began, rapidly, and with a nervousness she could not conceal. "I—I could not help hearing what you said to Mr. Burns a little while ago, and—and I came to say that if you are not satisfied to have me stay in the office you need only say so."

"Not satisfied!" Roland echoed, in manifest confusion. "Well, really, you know, I have not given you a trial; and as to what I said a little while ago, I am sorry, Miss Archer. I am afraid you will have to set it down to neuralgia. I am quite willing to have you stay, if you will."

"You are very kind," she said, lacing and unlacing her fingers in some confusion. "I should like to stay—indeed it is very important that I should have this position, or something else. But if what you say is true—if a broker's office is no place for a woman—I—think I would rather not stay."

How Roland Wayne abused himself when he thought of his careless words, and then marked how her lips quivered, how her eyelids drooped to keep back the unshed tears.

"I think I spoke too hastily, Miss Archer," he said. "A lady's place is where she makes it. We are not a lot of savages," he added, with a warm smile. "If you remain here, I think I can insure you courteous and considerate treatment on the part of everyone in this office. If such is not accorded you, you have only to inform me, and I will know the reason why."

"You are very kind," said Miss Archer, with a bright, fleeting smile. "I should like to stay. I really cannot afford to resign my position."

"Then stay, by all means," said Roland.

And to the edification of his clerks, he got up and opened the door for her when she went out.

After that, he often caught himself listening to the soft yet distinct voice in another room holding conversation over the 'phone.

When he was at home with one of his attacks of neuralgia, and had to communicate to the office by wire, he often remarked how well he could hear Miss Archer's voice, when all the other ebbed away into a babel of sounds.

"Burns did a fine thing when he got that girl into the office," he mused, one day, when he was kept a prisoner very inopportunistically. "I don't know what we'd do without her—now especially. It's bad enough as it is. I couldn't have had this attack at a worse time—but I guess everything is all right. Danbury is good for any amount this side of a million. By Jove,