

from the subject of their concentration to the regular and mysterious renewal of the third rug.

And so he kept on beating those three rugs and meditating until the morning wore to midday, and the Professor began to grow hungry; and when the yearnings of appetite actually brought his contemplation down to sublunary things, it occurred to him to look at the clothes-line, and there he counted no less than sixteen rugs, all beautifully beaten.

### WHY THEY NEVER MARRIED.

DIFFICULTIES WHICH A LOVER MET WITH IN HIS SWEETHEART'S HOME.

"I—I—wanted to ask why none of you girls ever get married," he stammered, as a preliminary to popping the question to one of the family of five daughters, according to the *Detroit Free Press*.

"Why, you see, its just this way," she said confidently. "When a young man comes to see one of us the others are so Osten up with curiosity that they make some excuse to rush in, and always at the wrong time."

She blushed prettily, and he braced up with a come-one come-all, this-rock-shall-fly-from-its-firm-base-as-soon-as-I air, and began again:

"Then I won't take any chances. The coast is clear just now, and I—"

"Ha! ha! ha! Sue's got a new beau!" rang out a loud voice.

He dropped her hand as if it had been a live coal and pushed his chair to the other side of the room before she could assure him that it was only a parrot.

It takes a man quite a while to recover from such a shock, but he moved his chair into line again and began tremblingly:

"Miss S-Sue, I want to ask you—"

"S-u-s-a-n! Is that coal fire smoking!"

It was her mother's voice this time, and there was another dissolving view of the lovers as they whisked far apart.

Being satisfied on the point of the fire, the mother withdrew from the head of the stairs, and the perspiring lover returned to the charge.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated. "I see why you girls don't get married! It's now or never—" as he heard the front door open—"Miss Sue, I want to ask you—"

"Good evening! Ha! ha! this is comfort," said the rubicund father of the family as he advanced to the fire; "don't go, Mr. Smith, I want to talk to you about my new deal in lumber. You needn't sit up, Sue, I'll turn off the gas all right."

With such obtuse heads to it, there never will be a wedding in that family—never!

### THE LADY AND THE GUARD.

She was plump and she was forty, but as a woman is never older than she feels, she was twenty. She wore widow's weeds with that jaunty air that says distinctly: "I sorrow, but I will soon be comforted."

With another woman she got on a Sixth avenue elevated train, bound down town, at Fourteenth street. She had a strident voice, and when she spoke to her companion she took every one in the car into her confidence.

"Yes, my dear, she said, "what you heard is true. I am about to be married again. Why not! I surely have been singularly fortunate and singularly happy until death stopped in. My first husband you know. My second was his peer in everything. My next will certainly be the—"

"Eighth!" bawled the guard, who, for a wonder, spoke distinctly.

A girl, who had been listening with her mouth wide open, burst out laughing. Several men hid their heads in their newspapers. The bereaved one glared at the all innocent guard, but when the train went on she did.

"My next will certainly be the equal of either of them in every manly and amiable quality. He has promised to take me to Europe after our marriage in December. What a contrast to last winter! Poor, poor James was dying then. I hate to recall it. It was an awful winter—"

"The next will be Bleecker!" yelled the guard, poking his head in the door.

And the guard doesn't know to this minute why she told him as she swept out at "Bleecker" that she would report him.—*New York World*.

### TREASURE TROVE OF OLD SILVER.

A discovery of buried treasure has just been made in a remarkable manner in the Parliament hill fields between Hampstead and Highgate. A boy named James Barrington Haynes, aged three years, the son of a railroad contractor living near Parliament hill, was amusing himself by digging with a wooden spade in the fields, when he discovered buried in the soil several articles of solid silver, manufactured, it is supposed, 200 or 300 years ago. The articles comprise two pilgrims' bottles, two candlesticks and a cup, and weigh together nearly sixty ounces. The articles are valued at about £100.—*London Times*.

### BOOK GOSSIP.

The series of articles on "The Development of American Industries since Columbus" will be resumed in *The Popular Science Monthly* for February, with an opening paper on "The Glass Industry" by Prof. C. Hanford Henderson, in which the history of glass-making during colonial times is traced.

Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, New York, announces for immediate publication as No. 32 in their International Library: "The Cipher Despatch," from the German of Robert Byr; translated by Elise L. Lathorp, with photogravures; 1 vol.; 12mo, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c. An intensely

interesting story of life in a German capital. The plot hinges upon a stolen secret despatch, and many complications arise before the actual thief is most unexpectedly discovered to the reader.

The January number of *Canada* contains a story by Prof. Robert; Nobilakin, an Indian legend; a Battle with an Indian Devil; poems by J. F. Herbin, A. A. Macdonald, Wm. Merlin, and the editor; a review of Fletcher's "Nestorius"; the "Editor's Talk"; "Home Topics," and other miscellaneous matter. Prizes to the amount of \$100 are offered for the best poems and prose articles appearing in *Canada* during the year. It is seldom we meet with a publication which we can recommend so heartily as this. At its low price, 50 cents a year, it ought to have a very wide circulation. A sample copy may be obtained at any time by sending a post card to the publisher, at Hampton, New Brunswick.

Lippincott's Magazine for February is out, and contains much of interest to magazine readers. The complete novel in this is, "The First Flight," by Julien Gordon. It deals satirically with the ambitions of a daughter of wealthy parents, not quite "to the manner born" socially, and is illustrated.

### INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

BRICKS.—The output of the Buckler Brick Company during the past season has been upwards of 3,000,000, most of which has been exported to the western part of the province, where the demand is large. The works of the Company have been kept running to their utmost capacity, and the results of the season have been highly satisfactory.

HOME MANUFACTURE.—The Robb Engineering Co. shipped on Tuesday an engine and boiler, and a rotary saw mill, to Captain John Wright, of Moncton.

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—Mr. N. McKeon, a Nova Scotian, who has spent some time in Lynn, Mass., has evidently decided that this fair Province of ours is more to be desired as a home than the "land of the free." Mr. McKeon has settled in the flourishing town of New Glasgow, and has begun the laying of the foundation of a large shingle factory, connected with which he intends to have a planer and a saw mill. It is expected that this factory will be in operation by the spring.

1892, "THE CREAM OF THE HAVANA CROP."

"La Cadena" and "La Flora" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Prejudiced smokers will not admit this to be the case. The connoisseur knows it. S. Davis & Sons, Montreal.



Mr. Harvey Reed  
Laceyville, O.

Catarrh, Heart Failure, Paralysis of the Throat

"I Thank God and Hood's Sarsaparilla for Perfect Health."

"Gentlemen: For the benefit of suffering humanity I wish to state a few facts: For several years I have suffered from catarrh and heart failure, getting so bad I could not work and could scarcely walk.

I had a very bad spell of paralysis of the throat some time ago. My throat seemed closed and I could not swallow. The doctors said it was caused by heart failure, and gave medicine which I took according to directions, but it did not seem to do me any good. My wife urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, telling me of Mr. Joseph C. Smith, who had been

At Death's Door

but was entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. After talking with Mr. Smith, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I felt very much better. I have continued taking it, and am now feeling excellent. I thank God, and

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
and my wife for my restoration to perfect health." HARVEY REED, Laceyville, O.

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or grip, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

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