PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

THE SIGNAL

AND WORKMAN'S ADVOCATE.

VOLUME 1. TRURO AND ACADIA MINES, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890. NUMBER 5.

Ho, Ye Thirsty Ones

GO TO

E. Morrison's

FOR YOUR

COOL REFRESHING DRINKS,

NO. 4 QUTRAM ST.,

Ice Cream, Fruit and Confectionery, of the Finest Quality.

Fruit Syrups, Ice Cream, etc., supplied for Tea Meetings, etc., on Short Notice

Live To Eat!

And to do so, you must first eat to live. And to make a suitable, the proper method to adopt is to call upon

A. J. STEELE,

three doors north of the Waverly House, Main St., who can supply Travellers with CHOICE MEALS LUNCHES OR LODGINGS.

Permanent weekly Boarders can be supplied with First-Class Accomodation.

A. J. STEELE,
Proprietor.

Londonderry Mines, Aug., 23rd, '90.

The Largest, The Best, The Cheapest

SEWING MACHINE HOUSE IN TOWN

Colchester Block, 50 Inglis Street Truro.

The NEW WILLIAMS is constructed upon well established mechanical principles. Likewise contains many new and original devices all of which are covered by patents which prevent them from being used on any other machine. It works with less wearing centres and from a perfect and adjustable centres it is Noiseless, Simple, Rapid and gears and parts last a lifetime to wear.

☞ Machines sold on Easy Terms and Old machines REPAIRED and taken in exchange. Needles and Oil of the best quality.

Orders left at our Office for STAMPING and PAINTING will have Mrs. Norris's best attention.

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NORRIS & CURRIE

ur Sept. 25, 1889.

ATTENTION!

MEN'S AND YOUTH'S

Ready-Made Clothing

I am now offering at my store, Inglis Street, a well selected stock of Men's and Youths' Clothing at prices that will surprise you. Please call and examine my new selection. Many goods are marked in plain figures. I sell at one price.

JAS. KELSO.

Truro, May 24, '90. 2

5C. SMOKE 5C.

"Small Queen"

The Best 5c. Cigar in Canada.

Guaranteed all Havana Filler or money refunded.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS,

J. E. Biglow & Co

Havelock St., Truro, N. S.

To whom orders from Truro and vicinity should be addressed to insure a prompt delivery and a saving in freight.

5c. SMOKE 5c.

Truro, May 3 '90. 6 mos.

A Lullaby.

BY J. ATLADYNE.

Baby, darling, hush a bye!
Wherefore do awake and cry?
Bats are whirling to and fro,
Why are those cats yelling so?
Rats in plaster come and go.
Bid them be no good reason why
You should make your wail on high—
Baby, baby! Hush a bye!

Tommy, Tommy, lullaby!
Close now, shut your eyes and try.
Yes, of course, papa will wait;
Really, though, it's growing late.
"Tick-a-tick" says it; half past eight.
Want a drink? You can't be dry!
I'm so nervous I shall fly!
See here, Thomas! Hush a bye!

Now, my son, lie down—be quiet!
Wonder if it is his diet?
I have other things to do;
I can't sit here soothing you;
And, besides, I'm tired, too.
For the last time, will you try it?
If I'd a gag I would apply it.
Thomas Jackson! Stop this riot.

Go it, howling! Crying's cheap;
Make it loud, and long, and deep.
Lie right there and make a noise;
I'm can't stay with screaming boys;
No! you shan't have any toys.
It would make an angel weep.
When you're tired, count the sheep!
Good night, sweet owl, hope you'll sleep!

[Exit Realist.]

—Munsey's Weekly.

The Prince Imperial of Japan.

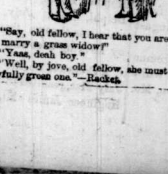
Compared to his imperial father, even at the present day, Prince Haru is much more emancipated, and none of the old traditions seem to have any weight in regulating his conduct. There was no precedent to follow in the education of a Japanese prince in the modern way, and Prince Haru has made many laws for himself. He is a wonderfully bright and precocious little fellow, and his small, twinkling black eyes are full of mischief and see everything. He is hardly taller than an American boy of 6 years of age, but he has at times the dignity, the pride of birth and consciousness of station and power of a man of 60. His eyes are not slant-ing, nor, indeed, does one often see in a Japanese face the wonderfully oblique eyes beloved of the caricaturists. The peculiarity in the expression of their eyes is given by the eyelid being fastened in either corner, as if a few stitches had been taken there. This makes it impossible for them to lift the eyelids as high as we do, and gives the narrower slits, through which they gaze, the peculiar Oriental look.

One often sees Japanese with as round, wide open eyes as those of our race, and it gives an especial beauty to their countenances. Prince Haru has the exquisitely smooth, fine yellow skin that is one of the points of greatest beauty in Japanese children, and a bright color sometimes shows in the pale yellow of his little cheeks. He has the rank of a colonel in the Japanese army, and wears his military uniform and his cap with the gold star all the time, his clothes being dark blue cloth in winter and white duck in summer. He is fond of riding, and, when mounted, the miniature colonel trots along at a fine gait, giving and returning the military salute as he passes an officer or a sentry like a young martinet.—St. Nicholas.

The Watch of Three Dials.

John W. Davis, an Alabama watchmaker, has applied for protection at the patent office for a watch with three distinct movements and dials. This novel device is designed for the use of railroad engineers and conductors. Three separate sets of machinery are to be inclosed in one case, with one face upon which three dials will appear. The probable importance and value of the thing can be best indicated by the relation of an actual occurrence. On the Memphis and Charleston railroad a few years ago two trains collided, killing two men and burning up a large quantity of oil and other valuable freights. The cause was that an extra coil of the hair spring of the watch of one of the conductors became entangled with the regulator, causing the crippled timepiece to run so much faster than usual as to gain twenty minutes in one hour. The bearer of the watch in consequence increased the speed of his train, and so unexpectedly met a train at an unusual place. Davis' project is to furnish three watches in one case regulated to run together, so that if one should suddenly become disordered the other two would almost infallibly point out the error.—Texas Siftings.

His Grass Widow.



"Say, old fellow, I hear that you are going to marry a grass widow!"

"Yaas, deah boy."

"Well, by jove, old fellow, she must be an awfully green one."—Hackett.

HERE AND THERE.

AN ODD COLUMN OF INTEREST TO EVERYBODY.

Junkmen and the Horseshoe Fancy—Armour's Heir—Wealthy but Still Unhappy—The Petticoat Lobby.

Horseshoes for Luck.

"Never take the horseshoe from the door" is the advice given in a recently popular song, which precept is followed by the injunction that while there the bit of iron will surely bring good luck. But this is not the rule, there are certainly many thousands of people who today, while perhaps not superstitious in other things, are either believers in the adage, or else, for the sake of effect, in ornamentation employ the horseshoe as an emblem of good luck by giving it a prominent place in household decoration. The great fad is to pick up a horseshoe in the street, and he who is thus "fortunate" is supposed, according to superstition, to secure extraordinary luck as long as the shoe remains in his possession. But all are not thus favored, and in order to secure a shoe a visit to the blacksmith or junkman is found to be necessary, making it especially profitable to the latter. A visit paid to a junk-shop at the West End a few days ago showed to what an extent this craze has reached. Among the odds and ends there classified were quadrilled some hundreds of horseshoes in various conditions.

In reply as to the final disposition of the shoes the junkman said: "I am not in the habit of selling them to blacksmiths or farriers, for the reason that I can make more profit in selling them to private parties for the purposes of ornaments. In that pile there are may shoes almost new. They are brought to me by boys who pick them up in the street, by my collectors and others. I sort them over and get, on an average, 10 cents apiece for them, according to the fancy of the buyer and the condition of the shoe. Who buys them? Why, from the number of people who have patronized me I should say almost everybody. One man to whom I sold a shoe keeps it in his money drawer, and says that it has made his business good, but I guess that his own strict habits have had something to do with it. It is funny how superstition will take hold of people. Rich as well as poor are believers in the horseshoe in its place over the door, handsomely gilded or otherwise ornamented, while a vile old one hung in a barn will find the shoe over the door, but in the same condition as when purchased. Another thing about the horseshoe, according to the tradition, the shoe must be hung with the open side up, so that luck will fall into it from above and find a safe resting place. Should the shoe be hung open side down it will not catch luck as it falls. So goes, my particular luck in the possession of so many being the handsome profit which derive. I know of a former old maid who had waited long and patiently for a husband put up to a certain point, without success. She bought a shoe one day, hung it over her door and to-day is a wife. Have a shoe? said the junkman as the writer turned to go. "Thanks," was the reply, "I have two hung up at home."

Unhappy with Her $35,000,000.

Mrs. Hetty Green paced up and down the corridor in front of Judge Horton's court this morning and poured the story of her great hardships into the ears of the reporters. For a woman worth $35,000,000 Mrs. Green has a hard time.

"I am brought into court every day," she said, "and I have no peace for men who are suing me for no reason in the world but because I have a little bit of property."

The unfortunate and miserable lady was provoked to disclose her misfortunes by the smooth move George W. Miller made to deal Mr. Miller had the hardihood to file a bill against her to redeem some land in section 9 of Cicero, which was sold under foreclosure Mrs. Green and her financial, agent, Peyton R. Chandler, claimed that she had settled with Miller in full, and that his suit was nothing but an attempt to extort money from her. Two weeks ago, when the suit came up before Judge Horton, Miller won the decision but on an affidavit by Chandler that the delay was designed to force Mrs. Green to a settlement, the Court set the trial for to-morrow.

Miller came into court this morning and filed a petition for a change of venue from Judge Horton. Judge Horton granted the motion. Mrs. Green's face fell at this decision. She stood up beside her lawyer and did as much work as he did. The transfer gives Miller the delay he vainly asked for two weeks ago, as Judge Tuley is out of town and will not hold court until April 21.—Chicago Mail.

The Petticoat Lobby.

The "petticoat lobby" of the Capitol has been says been exaggerated. Some lobbying does here by women, but not for professional women lobbyists they are scarcer than hen teeth. You meet numerous women with claims in the Capitol corridors, and there are a couple of old ladies who have been here a generation awaiting the settlement of a cotton claim. The claim is probably a just or but Congress does not get at it, and they will be in their graves before it is settled. The faces were fresh when they came here. They are wrinkled now and there are crows' feet at their eyes. They bring their knitting with them and sit together in the galleries waiting and watching, and watching and waiting season in and session out. A new lobbyist this season is a red-headed woman with blue eyes and a rakish straw hat. She seems to be wary, and imagines that it is her mission to catch Sliott. She addresses Congressmen wherever she meets them and they usually treat her well.

The Heir to Armour's Millions.

The name of Armour is as familiar to the general public as any in the country, and business carries its due weight of importance, so that it will be readily comprehended that the younger crop of Armours have fairly opulent prospects. Just now John Ogden Armour stands forth in the light of an eligible, and therefore interesting, heir to the name and fortune. He is about twenty-six years old and goodlooking, a club man, always carefully dressed, and is rated at over a million of his own, to say nothing of the fact that he has an active and industrious parent who has evinced a knack and liking for piling up small fortunes at a clip.—Chicago News.

THE SENTIER SEX.

Mrs. Langtry owns 189 acres of land in Utah.

Miss Laura Jean Libbey, the story writer, receives $100 a week from a New York paper.

Mrs. Margaret Arnold, who claims to be 112 years old, is believed to be the oldest woman in Ohio.

Secretary Blaine's daughters are excellent home-keepers and perhaps the most skilled needlewomen in Washington.

Mme. Bonaparte Ratazzi, the grandaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, is now 70 years of age, but is still a woman of fascinating presence and great charm of manner.

Clara Barton, the famous philanthropist, is a good shot with either rifle or shotgun. She has been seen to bring down two prairie chickens from the first flush of the covey.

It has been stated that Miss Amelia B. Edwards was the first woman to receive the title of LL. D. She received it about four years ago. But Maria Mitchell was made an LL. D. in 1853, and Mrs. C. W. Dall in 1877.

Lydia Bacon, of Sudbury, Mass., who was just been cut off in the prime of her 105th year, attributed her longevity to hard work, plenty of exercise, plain living and reading enough to keep the mind in pace with the body's vigor.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELS.

Gold skates studded with precious stones make seasonable queen chain charms.

A small brilliant held between the claws of an oxidized silver crab forms a new scarf holder.

A lawn tennis racquet with accompanying balls, represented in gold, are now made into cuff links.

A plain buckle of diamonds, the cross-piece being composed of rubies, forms the decoration of a very attractive gold bracelet.

A novelty in moonstone ornaments is a queen chain pendant, ball shaped which consists entirely of small balls of this now popular stone.

Three moonstone heads surrounded by distinctive gold balls and representing a three leaf clover, the stalk forming the frame, is a nice pin of handsome appearance.

A new whim in the prevailing taste for odd jewelry is shown in a bracelet of small polished gold squares, half of which are of white gold with a small diamond mounted in the center.—Jewelers Weekly.

Sardou says that in future he will never invite a journalist to his rehearsal. He adds: "If I have done so until to-present it was in a spirit of toleration. The journalists have wished to transform my tolerance into their right. They have not been respectful with me and hereafter I shall ignore them. My only guests will be talented critics, who I shall choose among my friends."

Tippoo Tib's real name is Hamid Bin Mohammed, his nom de guerre being a phonetic effort on the part of the natives. Tippoo has a pleasing way of going round in the early morning surprising peaceful villages where ivory is reported to be stored and pegging away with his rifles. The natives used to say that the sound of his gun was like "Tip, tip, tip," hence they called him "Tip Tip," which Europeans rendered into the now famous Tippoo Tib.

The Health of the Mind.

There is a mutual relation between the mind and the body in regard to the health of each which is most close and important. We know that the state of the body affects the state of the mind, we know that the state of the mind affects the state of the body. These are facts of every day knowledge; we feel within us the two distinct natures, warring with each other, or in accord with each other, or helping each other, and, as it were, reasoning with each other, although it is only the mind which, recognizing itself as well as its body, really reasons. We feel and are strangely conscious of all this, but what we do not feel and do not appreciate, what we have yet to learn to appreciate, is the independency of the two empires of mind and body, as well as the dependency of the one on the other. We are conscious that the food of the body influences the health of the mind, as when we say of some unsuitable or indigestible thing, "It has made me dull of mind, it has made me sad, it has made me irritable, or has in some other way affected my equanimity."

But we do not recognize with like readiness and in the same way the effect of the foods of the mind on the mind and its health, nor is this remarkable, for the body feeds perceptibly, and by one stomach alone, while the mind feeds imperceptibly, by five stomachs, by every sense, which is to it a veritable stomach from and by which it receives its aliment, be that good or bad, and from and by which it is renewed and from day to day sustained. These foods of the mind entering the mental organization, the camera nervosa, largely, if not altogether, model that organism into set form, according to its quality for molding. They are so like the touch of the sculptor on the clay that to a large extent all men and women born shape their mental aspirations according as they are led to give it form and shape. I could not if I should search for years find a better simile. Common foods and drinks must be healthy in order that the material of the body may be good, and the impressions which enter the body by the senses, the foods and drinks of the mind, must also be healthy in order that the mind may be good. Granting, therefore, that the subject matter is good and the molding or modeling good, all will be good.—Longman's Magazine.

At Garrison's Station.

One day last week a pretty sight was seen on the mall of Commonwealth avenue by those who chanced to be passing. It was a dull sort of a day—between rain and clear—and the sound of childish laughter was very attractive. Following the sound a pretty scene was spied. A group of children was near the statue in question. Two pretty, bright haired little girls had climbed up on the pedestal and thence into Garrison's lap. One of them was sitting on his knee, and the other was climbing higher still. When she was safely fixed where she would reach his head, the one on his knee passed up her hat, and it was duly placed on the dignified head, with the cheerful remark of "there you are, grandpa."

It was a pretty bit of sport, and though the face had an odd look under the cap of finery which adorned it, I could not help feeling that Garrison, could he have chosen, would have asked nothing better than to be placed in memory here, where pretty children laugh and learn to spell out his name and question about him and play their little pranks as if he were a well beloved playfellow—this man of infinite courage, whose gentle nature became fearlessness itself for a cause so weak to avow it as in infancy was to extracize one's self.—Boston Home Journal.

International Retorts.

An old letter before me contains the following retort of an American, which is worthy of Lincoln's famous reply to the boast that the sun never sets on the British soil, "Yes gaines," he said, "God won't trust an Englishman in the dark." Two Englishmen were disputing about the moon, one insisting it was an inhabited element, the other contending with him, a Yankee standing by attended to their discourse and replied with confidence: "It is not."

One of the gentlemen, being a little displeased at the interference, with a look of disdain, said: "How do you know, sir?" "How do I know, sir?" repeated the American, "because, if it had been, the British would have had the folly and presumption to have laid siege to it long before now." The Frenchman's explanation of what became of old moons, in answer to the inquiry of a friend, always appeared ingenious. His companion said he could not scream for the fact that he had never heard of old moons. "Why, you ignoramus! Don't you know that the good Lord cuts them up and makes stars out of them?"—America.

Couldn't Hold It.

Little Three-year old (who has put her hand out of the window while it was snowing)—Oh, mamma, mamma, I ketched a snow-ball.

Mamma—Where is it, darling?

Little Three-year-old (looking at her hand blankly)—It runned away.—West Shore.

Farmer Oatcake in summer: "Come boys, get up. Its 4 o'clock, and there's a big day's work ahead of us." Farmer Oatcake in winter: "Come, boys, get up. Its 6 o'clock, and there ain't a darned thing to do to-day."