

FIRE INSURANCE.**THE EASTERN ASSURANCE CO.
OF CANADA.****AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.
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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. 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 & Newton's ARTISTS' MATERIALS****Chromos, 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 1864, 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 1D.

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 COBBLER OF CORDOVA.**

Beneath the convent crowned hills of Cordova, within the shadow of sanctity, the little cottage of Andreas, the cobbler, peeped from the luxuriant vines that almost concealed it.

The cobbler's suits were comfortable, the dense shade and coolness inviting. While his nimble fingers deftly placed the well waxed stitches, his tongue was not idle. Many a choice morsel of gossip found its way to the noisy retreat, to undergo a sort of fermentation, which created a thousand and little tongues that would again produce a thousand more, for old Andreas was not exempt from a failing that is as old as the human race.

A small circle sat idly watching the busy fingers and listening to the no less busy tongue, as it retailed the gossip that was focused like the sun's rays, to burn the ears of those who were passing under the merciless lash.

In addition to the repairing that was always neatly and promptly done, he retailed wine of his own vintage. The thrifty earnings were husbanded with care. It was little to him who drank or how quickly the brauns were emptied of the wit that the wine always spilled.

"Bona! Bona! Some wine for the gen lemon."

A sweet echo of his voice floated through the half open door:

"Yes, in one moment."

Several moments elapsed, when the door opened wide. All rose to their feet, and it was astonishing how quickly the suspiciously aged joints of these old soldiers in the wars of Venus straightened with wonderful suppleness, as they removed their sombreros, while they sipped the wine and drank to the brightest eyes in Spain, not forgetting, of course, to place upon the waiter the price of each glass.

The vision of loveliness disappeared, only to be recalled as the glasses were emptied. There was a sweet innocence that surrounded Bona; perhaps her proud little heart was the monitor to make her manner reserved. It was not every youth that was favored with a smile, though many a jealous lover nervously toyed with the handle of his bright bladed stiletto, as he shot beams of hate from jet black eyes upon some more fortunate rival.

She went singing along through the world, with youth's golden dreams building fanciful air castles, that would tumble with their own weight, only to become the foundations for more splendid structures.

The moon smiled upon the ruined city of Cordova. In the shadow of the vine covered piazza, of which we have been speaking, the sweet notes of a guitar, mingled with the dancing shadows of eve, as they peeped upon Alefeo, who pleaded through the divinity of music for a little place in her heart.

He sighed, and glanced downwards, while he softly played exquisite minor chords, that swept tremblingly from his masterly touch.

"Bona, you are cruel, or have no heart, for I have been sighing my very soul away in songs that must speak to you of my love; but paste, you only smile one of your happy smiles that you give so freely to all. They are bright as the sun, but like it, only to bless the earth."

"Alefeo, why should you speak of love? you have nothing but the magnificent ruins of a castle and an illustrious name, this will never feed or clothe us."

"The old man has plenty, he has not been mending soles for nothing."

"Fie! upon you, Alefeo, you will positively make me dislike you. Why should you wish to live upon an old man's hard earnings? You cannot see, but the blood flushes my face, I am pained."

Alefeo's brow was dark with anger, as he flung the guitar to one side.

"Stay! Alefeo, do not be angry, when you can prove to me that you can support a wife, I will gladly marry you."

"Bona, of what use is the musty leathern bag? the old man will soon die, and it will be all yours anyway."

"I will never consent."

"I will do something, anything, for I am mad, do not detain me, let me go, I say."

"Alefeo, come back to me." She sank beside the vacant seat, and stared sadly upon the shimmering moon beams as they fell upon the chair, where his pleading face haunted her. She thought of the happy days when they played together on the Sierra Mountains, and all the love of her heart melted in tears as she sadly picked up the instrument that belonged to him, and retired to kneel before the little crucifix, that she might pray to the Virgin of her sweetest blessings.

The sleep of innocence settled with a softer sorrow upon the beautiful face that was turned to the moonlight, which streamed through the half open window.

When the lovers separated, a figure stole from the shadow of the fountain.

"Peste! I thought as much. Alefeo has won her heart, by all the saints I swear he shall not have her. The fool will wander back when his hot blood cools. I will play the game out; he shall return no more."

He drew a black velvet domino from his pocket, turned his coat, unbuckled his spurs, and crept towards the vine covered cottage of Bona's. The window was up. With deliberate caution he climbed through, and noiselessly made his way to the old-fashioned closet, where the cobbler's hoarded wealth was hidden.

The heavy bag was lifted from its place. When he reached the window he halted for a moment, then with a feeling of reverence he stood over the sleeping girl, made the sign of a cross, and with a kiss that was as soft as the whisperings of a zephyr disappeared in the shadows.

When he reached the fountain he adjusted his dress, mounted his steed, and rode slowly over the bridge that spanned the Guadalquivir, turned down the bank and rode for some miles, reined to the left to follow a path that led to a single light which glimmered through the foliage.