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# THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

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HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 27, 1891.

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## THE CRITIC,

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The editor of THE CRITIC is responsible for the views expressed in Editorial Notes and Articles, and for such only; but the editor is not to be understood as endorsing the sentiments expressed in the articles contributed to this journal. Our readers are capable of approving or disapproving of any part of an article or contents of the paper; and after exercising due care as to what is to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following unique advertisement recently appeared in an English paper:—"A young professional man and his fiancée devoid of means—desire to communicate with a lady or gentleman with capital who would adopt them and enable them to marry and start in practice." Who will say that there was not an opportunity for the exercise of philanthropy by some old money-bags!

Mr. Goldwin Smith made what he announced is to be his last political utterance before the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto on the evening of Nov. 9th. His subject was "Jingoism," and the following is the origin the learned Professor ascribes to the term. "Jingoism, I suppose, is a word now naturalized in our language. It is the only word we have corresponding to the French 'Chauvinism.' It seems that Chauvinism is derived from the name of Colonel Chauvin, a fire-eating patriot in a French comedy. Jingoism is derived, as you know, from the words of the stave sung in the London music halls when Great Britain was quarrelling with Russia:

'We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,  
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too.'

which, when Lord Beaconsfield brought the Sepoys to Malta, was parodied thus:

'We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,  
We'll stay at home at ease ourselves and send the mild Hindoo.'

That is just what the warriors of the music hall do. Glorious with the excitement of the beer and fiddling, they send other men by their votes to the field of slaughter, and again swell with pride as they read the tale of carnage in the newspaper. Yet if they could once see the wreck of a battlefield or the contents of a field hospital the spectacle might counteract the effects of the beer and fiddles." We are far from being in accord with Prof. Smith's notions regarding Canada, but his scholarly attainments and admirable literary style render what he utters of interest to many. His address was directed against Canadian Jingoism or hatred of the United States, which, to put it on the lowest ground, will not pay, because our geographical position is irrevocably fixed, no matter what our political destiny may be. In fact the whole tenor of his remarks was that annexation to the United States is desirable. These sentiments do not go down with loyal Canadians, despite the delightful English in which they were couched, and to hear our institutions and our Mother Country attacked is never pleasant to those who take a natural pride in them. Professor Goldwin Smith in abandoning the roll of public lecturer on political subjects is doing the country more benefit than even his most polished utterances have done.

With regard to Professor Smith's lecture, we think *Grip's* representation of specimens of the "Jingo" microbe greatly, magnified, is very funny. Professor Smith stands on the platform before an audience, pointing out what he doubtless considers to be dangerous specimens of the microbe, and says:—"These little critters, when they get into the blood of a community, cause an irritation that may be attended by serious results. Canada is suffering from them at the present time, and it seems to be the duty of every good citizen to do all he can to overcome them. For this purpose there is nothing more effective than the Koch Lymph of Ridicule," etc., etc. This is, of course, according to Goldwin Smith's ideas.

For the information of such of our readers as have sporting tastes, we give the following account of Viscount Jocelyn's ride to Windsor, which we think will be found more correct than that given in a recent lecture before the Historical Society. The facts are according to contemporaneous accounts of the wonderful feat.—Robert, Viscount Jocelyn, was a Second-Lieutenant in the First Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, then stationed at Halifax, and like most of the officers of that period, was a manly, dashing fellow, a mere lad of eighteen, but as fine a horseman as ever threw leg over a saddle. A notice dated at Halifax, 23rd October, 1834, announced that the young Viscount had undertaken a match against time for seventy-five guineas, and on or before Thursday, October 30th, 1834, would ride from Halifax to Windsor and back, in seven hours, on two horses, and it was further arranged (a bye bet) that he should walk eight miles, both feats to be accomplished within ten hours. Lieut. R. H. FitzHerbert and Capt. J. Alex. Henderson, both of the Rifles, were umpires; and Hon. C. Norton, referee and time-keeper. The conditions were unfavorable, for he had to obtain his horses for the purpose and ride them without preliminary training; and besides, for nearly three days previous to the match, rain had fallen continuously and the Windsor Road, at best but of a very poor condition in those days, was in an exceedingly bad state. His Lordship rode fourteen stone, and was tall but not heavily built. The horses he chose for his purpose were *Naughty Tommy* and *Swap*. On the morning of October 30th, a fine mild autumn day, the last allowed him, Jocelyn easily accomplished seven miles on foot in an hour and thirty-two minutes; then, having mounted *Naughty Tommy*, at the word "off," given at a quarter-to-nine o'clock in the forenoon, he started from the north corner of the Pavilion Barracks, at the gate post, at the entrance of the road leading to the old military hospital. He proceeded along the road across the Common and at last turned in at Mrs. Pence's inn—about twenty five miles from Halifax—at the end of an hour and thirty-seven minutes. It was here that he had arranged to change horses, and where *Swap* had been previously sent to await him. Jocelyn remained three minutes while he washed his mouth with a little brandy and water, and then throwing himself on *Swap*, who was to bear the most arduous part of the undertaking, he set out at a slapping pace for Windsor. Lieut. FitzHerbert, one of the umpires, with relays of horses, accompanied him to Mrs. Wilcox's inn, which was the turning point at Windsor. Here FitzHerbert was relieved by a Mr. Mellish, doubtless Lieut. W. L. Mellish of the Rifles, with fresh horses. Jocelyn had well known the stuff that *Swap* was made of, and the horse accomplished his portion of the work (forty miles) in three hours and three minutes. When once more at Pence's, his Lordship found that *Naughty Tommy* was not ready, and so he was forced to wait six minutes, during which he took a glass somewhat stiffer than the last. When his horse was ready he went on to Halifax. Between the old Rockingham Inn and Halifax (five and a half miles) it is said he had an hour and five minutes to spare, but towards the end the whip and Lathfords were freely used. His Lordship came in by the Kempt Road, and when seen on what is now Cunard Street, near the corner of that street and Kempt Road, he was on foot leading his horse. The winning-post was reached at nineteen minutes to four o'clock in the afternoon. The riding part of the match was thus won by four minutes, and the whole feat was accomplished in nine hours. But for the heaviness of the roads, the undertaking would have been comparatively easy. *Swap* of course deserves far more praise for his hardiness than *Naughty Tommy*. Viscount Jocelyn was the eldest son of Robert, 3rd Earl of Roden. He was born on February 20, 1816, and therefore was but eighteen years of age when he accomplished the extraordinary feat which has just been related. He purchased his rank of Cornet in May, 1833, and after leaving the Rifles was in the 15th Light Dragoons. He was at one time a member of parliament and also Sheriff of Louth County. In 1841 he married Lady Frances Elizabeth Cowper, and the fourth Earl of Roden was their son. Viscount Jocelyn would himself have succeeded to the title but that his death occurred in 1854, before that of his father.

There has been little in our Halifax papers of late but football and banquets. We have been enabled to see more than we wanted of the former, but the banquets have not come our way. Hon. Wilfred Laurier at Boston, and Hon. Mr. Haggart at Perth, Ont., appear to have been enjoying their repasts, while we must content ourselves with Lady Macbeth's maxim, "to feed were best at home."

On Thursday of last week the Conservatives of Perth, Ont., banquetted Hon. Mr. Haggart, Postmaster-General. Nine Cabinet Ministers were present, and there was the usual amount of speechifying done. The chief point of interest in our opinion was the denial by Mr. Haggart of the charges made against his character, especially the one connecting him with a young lady employed in his department. To all the charges he gave distinct denials, and in conclusion said that during the twenty years he had represented his constituency in Parliament he had not by any act that he knew of been guilty of any dishonorable deed which would reflect in any way upon his constituents.

The London *Spectator* has been quite worked up over the necessity for finding a new meat, it apparently having become weary of beef, mutton and pork. It has to admit that not a very large number of new meats are offering just now, and finds the field practically limited to the antelopes of South Africa, the flesh of which is said to be particularly toothsome. The *Spectator* points to America as a terrible example of having wasted the resources of nature in allowing the bison to perish, and advocates the careful preservation and taming of the African antelopes for food. These animals were within the memory of men now living a thousand times as numerous as they are to-day, and if the effort to domesticate them is to be made, no delay should take place.

A new drink is, in the opinion of James Payn, more to be desiderated than a new meat, however desirable the latter may be. Some harmless and withal attractive beverage appears to be wanted for the non-alcoholic drinkers, who complain that the ordinary "temperance drinks" are very flat, stale and unprofitable. The drinkers of beer and wine complaisantly consume the liquors which they claim the gods have provided, but the teetotalers are totally without an honestly drinkable fluid except water. Mr. Payn suggests that in these days of offering prizes, it would not be a bad idea for those admirable people (the teetotalers) to offer a reward for a new discovery in the drinking line. It might benefit the temperance cause immensely.

We wonder if the *Spectator* would continue to ask for a new meat if it could hear of the young woman in Shelbyville, Ind., who has been living entirely on dog flesh for the past two months, in hopes of curing consumption by this singular diet. The young woman is said to be gaining health and strength, and her example has had such an effect on other consumptives that there is quite a rise in the market for puppies. For our part we fancy we would almost rather have consumption.

One of our most valuable exchanges, *The Literary Digest*, entered upon its fourth volume on November 7th. Why we mention it particularly is that it fairly represents all phases of opinion, and does not confine itself to the United States of America and their, or its, interests. Valuable articles from foreign reviews are translated especially for the *Digest*, enabling it to represent the views of prominent writers of all nationalities. The treatment of Canadian topics is always fair in the limited field at its disposal, for we have no reviews worthy the name, and the daily and weekly press alone is available to select articles from. No other weekly quite comes up to the *Literary Digest* in the respects we have enumerated; it needs only to be known to be appreciated.

Last week's cable reports told of the serious illness of Prince George of Wales, the fine young sailor who is so well known and liked in Halifax. The disease from which he is suffering, according to the London *Lancet*, is typhoid fever, not enteric fever, as was at first stated. We are happy to learn that the Prince's case is not now alarming, but the weakening character of the fever afflicting him has been strongly manifested. It is to be hoped, and we are sure all Halifaxians who have come in contact with the genial, unaffected, manly fellow, will wish that the messages flashed under the ocean may bring news of returning strength to the royal sufferer at Marlborough House. The Princess of Wales, who has been visiting in Denmark and Russia, has cut short her stay and returned to London on account of anxiety for her son.

A newspaper's right of free criticism appears to be in danger. The *Daily Telegraph*, London, was recently sued for libel by Signor Ciampi, a professional opera singer, who received as damages one farthing. The offending journal said of the opera performer, that "although he could no longer be considered a singer," he acted his part well. The jury found for the plaintiff, but the Judge who tried the case said that for his part he would most undoubtedly have given a verdict for the defendant—an opinion unexceptionable from a newspaper's point of view. The practical outcome of the jury's verdict is that if a newspaper says a performer is incompetent, it does so at the peril of costs and damages. Nevertheless the critic's duty is to deal fairly between the player and the public, and if the former's vanity is so great that he is the only one who cannot see the justice of adverse criticism he must learn to curb his self-conceit.

Western ideas of the conditions of women in Turkey are not much in accordance with the facts, as Osman Bey points out in the *Cosmopolitan*. We often have occasion to find fault with people at a distance for misrepresenting or misunderstanding our affairs, therefore we should take the greater care to be sure of our ground when we discuss others. The article from the *Cosmopolitan* will be found in our contributed column.

There is nothing like personal observation to enable a writer to give strong local color to his work. In Mr. Hall Caine's fine novel, "The Scapegoat," recently published, we saw Morocco, and now that the author is going to travel in Russia we may look for a true picture of life on the steppes in his contemplated novel, "The Prophet." The Jews and their tribulations are, we believe, to form the keynote of this book, which it is small wonder, is eagerly looked for by the Hebrews since they saw the condition of the Jews in Morocco as portrayed by Mr. Caine.

Much disappointment is felt by the upper middle class Englishmen of education who were anxious to see Greek at Cambridge made optional, at the heavy vote recorded by the Senate of the University against even inquiry into the advisability of the matter. It is rightly considered by a large portion of the British people that thousands of middle class young men are kept out of the enjoyment of an University education by the retention of two dead languages as compulsory subjects, and that the time has arrived for the old obstruction to yield. The endowments of the University, amounting to \$3,250,000 per annum, were intended for the benefit of such youth rather than for the sons of the wealthy, but few young men of the class indicated can waste their time by acquiring what would prove of little or no future use to them. By making Greek optional a great advance would be secured, and it appears to be a very pig-headed thing for the Senate to refuse to look at the question on all sides.

We are utterly weary of pointing out errors in the writings of people who attempt to describe Halifax and its surroundings, no matter how unfitted they may be for such a special undertaking. It seems that almost everyone who has learnt the art of making an ink-footed pen dance on paper, and who visits our land, must immediately send an account of the trip to some newspaper, where it is not likely to be much criticised, because frequently hidden from the eyes of those whose land is more or less misdescribed. It is not everyone who is capable of correctly observing even the prominent features of a place in a limited time, and it takes one with a special genius for detail to do justice in a descriptive article to such a place as Halifax. Our readers are aware that we have encountered not a little annoying misrepresentation of late, and despite the ungraciousness of the task, we have done our little best to counteract it. We trust that we may not again be called upon to repeat the wearisome work for a long time.

Just at this season, when the cold weather reminds us that the double windows must go up soon, and that weather strips would render the doors less draughty, it is well to remember that man is an air-breathing animal, and that even if frost be in that indispensable element, we will suffer if we deprive ourselves of a due quantity of it. Ventilation is quite as important in the winter as in the summer, and especially in houses heated with steam and hot water it should be most carefully attended to. The air of a room where the windows are never opened becomes almost poisonous, and exerts a very depressing and weakening influence on those who breathe it. The lack of fresh air during the winter is often the cause of the "run down" condition experienced in the spring, and those who want to try and get through the season with a minimum of sickness had better let in plenty of fresh air, seeing, of course, that rooms are well warmed after the ventilation is accomplished, so that colds will not be contracted by the occupants.

The changes that have taken place as a result of the resignation by Dr. David Allison of the office of Superintendent of Education of this Province effect quite a number of our educationists. Mr. A. H. MacKay has been promoted to the important post vacated by Dr. Allison, and there is not a manner of doubt that he will prove an able incumbent. The Principalship of the Halifax Academy was rendered vacant by this move, and it is understood that Mr. Howard Murray, who has been nominated, will receive the appointment—if he has not already done so before this appears. All along the line these promotions open new opportunities for teachers to take an upward step in their profession; the Government wisely seeing fit to appoint one from the teaching ranks to the highest office in its gift. It has been frequently said that the teaching profession is too often taken up as a temporary thing, and that men rarely continue in it and make it an object in life. As is the case with other occupations, there are some high offices connected with the work of education, and we think that whenever possible such positions should be bestowed upon those who are familiar with the machinery of education from beginning to end, and thus supply the needed stimulant to young teachers, who, when they realize that there is not only room, but a fair chance, at the top, will put forth their very best energies. We notice that Mr. A. H. MacKay, the new Superintendent, who for four years has been the Nova Scotia editor of the *Educational Review*, published at St. John, N. B., has resigned that post, in order that the *Review* may be, as in the past, quite independent of Governmental control. The editorial pen for this Province has been taken up by Mr. MacKay, Supervisor of Schools for Halifax, who is well known to the teachers of the Maritime Provinces, and who will doubtless do his part towards maintaining the high standing of the *Educational Review*.

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CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

SHE SHOOK HER CURLS.

I sat beside her on the beach,  
And as I saw the fancy cloaks  
Upon her hose, I asked her why it was  
That stockings cost much more than socks.

She shook her curls at me and said;  
"No doubt you think you're very 'spry,'  
But the reason socks come lower is—  
Because they don't come near so high."

A Light Breakfast.—Weary Watkins—Hello, comrade! Had anything for breakfast? Hungry Higgins—Yes; an appetite.

A BASE INSINUATION.—Foreman (to editor)—You'd better look out! Old Jones is red hot.

Editor (calmly)—When did he die?

UNDECOVERED.—Farmer Closefist—I see you advertise nickel watches. Are they worth much? Jeweller—I can sell you one of the best for \$100. Farmer Closefist (restoring a five-cent piece to his pocket)—Great Scott!

"I don't think I care for an engagement ring right off, George."

"I insist that you shall wear one. Just look at last year, you didn't have anything on your finger, and I couldn't get near you for the other men!"

HER MISTAKE.—"I have been requested to lay the corner-stone of the new chicken-house," said the hen, proudly.

"Pshaw!" replied the rooster; "what do you take yourself for—a Plymouth Rock?"

IN OLD AGE.

How gracefully the year grows old!  
See, she has doffed and laid away  
Her draperies of red and gold  
To don the garb of brown and gray.

And yet, like some superb old dame,  
The year sweeps on; and ermine rare  
Fringes her sad-toned robes, and gems,  
Like diamonds, deck her snow-white hair.

—Virginia B. Harrison.

A BOY'S CHANCES SPOILED.—Farmer's Boy—Father, why cannot I rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why cannot I some day become Secretary of Agriculture?

Old Farmer—Too late, too late, my son; you know too much about farmin'!

There is a story that some children had a discussion concerning the services in one of our fashionable temples. One youngster, who had reached the mature age of seven, said, "I'd just like to know what preaching is for." "Oh, don't you know?" enquired his five year-old sister; "It's to give the singers a rest, of course."

MISANTHROPIC.—Jones—I take no more pleasure in life. The world is full of thieves and rascals. I don't really believe there is an honest man left in the world.

Smith—Cheer up. When a man acknowledges his own frailties he has already taken a step in the direction of reform.

At the Ladies' New York Club.—Mrs. A.—Here comes the man who has caused me more hours of misery and unhappiness than any other living being. I grow faint at the very sight of him. Mrs. B. (scenting a confidence)—Do not agitate yourself, my love. Take my salts. (After a long look.) What eyes! Who is he? Mrs. A.—My dentist.

NOT EXACTLY WHAT SHE MEANT.—The idioms of the English language add not a little to its beauty and usefulness, but they are sometimes capable of an interpretation quite different from the one intended.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.

"O!" exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light. Do tell me where you got the recipe?"

"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."

PERILS OF NEW FASHIONS.—Little Son—"Pa, you'd better not disturb ma."

Pa—"Why not?"

"She's in an awful temper."

"What about?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your ma?"

"Up stairs in the room."

"How does she act?"

"Oh, awful. 'She's ravin' 'round, turning over chairs and moving furniture, and banging things about awful, and she keeps saying, 'Boshrow it,' 'Consume it,' and 'Electrocute it,' in the awfulest maddest voice I ever heard, only it ain't loud."

"Poor dear! She must have lost her collar button again."

"How delicious is the winning  
Of a kiss, at love's beginning,"—

sings the poet, and his sentiment is true with one possible exception. If either party has the catarrh, even love's kiss loses its sweetness. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a sure cure for this repulsive and distressing affliction. By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases. \$500 reward offered for an incurable case.

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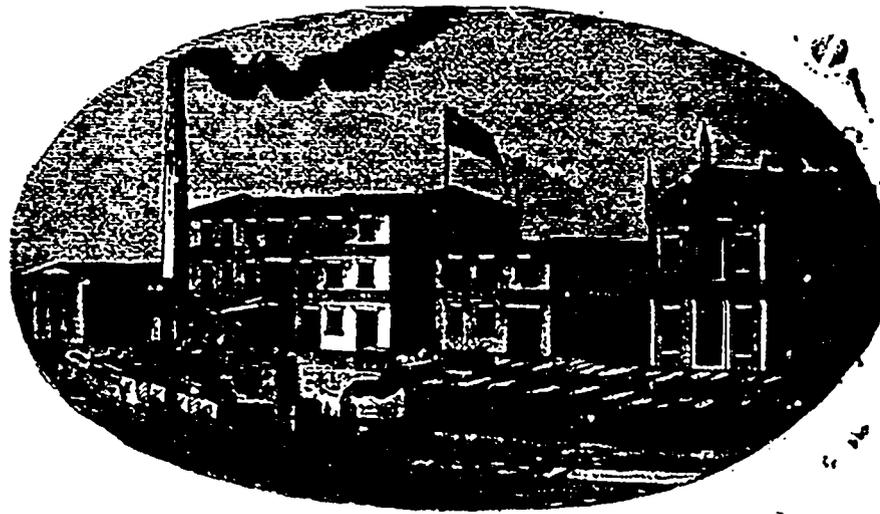
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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Subscribers remitting Money, either direct to the office, or through Agents, will find a receipt for the amount inclosed in their next paper. All remittances should be made payable to A. Mills Fraser.

The Montreal Herald, a leading liberal paper, is in financial difficulties. Changes in the official staff of the I. C. Railway appear to be imminent.

The Monetary Times is offering a vest pocket book slate to its subscribers for 1892.

An agency of the Commercial Bank of Windsor has been opened in Bridgetown, Annapolis.

John R. Arnoldi has been arrested at Ottawa on three charges of conspiracy, which are too lengthy to rehearse.

Rumors that Lord Stanley finds his post at Ottawa irksome, and intends resigning, have been afloat, but are discredited.

The steamer Ulunda, the pioneer boat of the new Halifax steamship line, sailed for London on Tuesday with a full cargo.

Canada for November fully sustains its character as a high class, national magazine. We only wish there was more of it.

Sir Alex. Campbell, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, has been stricken with paralysis. An administrator will have to be appointed.

St. John is not to have a re-enumeration of population on account of the expense. Toronto did not find its undertaking in this respect very ruinous.

A splendidly illustrated pamphlet has just been issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The magnificent scenery along the route is well portrayed and written up.

All Halifaxians are feeling indignant that we are not being treated properly in the matter of steamships this winter. But it seems to be of little use to talk.

Messrs. Pickford & Black, Halifax, have issued very neat and attractive advertising cards in connection with the various steamship lines of which they are managers.

Mr. Geoffrey Morrow was thrown from his horse during the cross country ride on Tuesday, sustaining serious injuries that will confine him to the house for several weeks.

The steamer Volunteer, employed by the government to run between this port and St. John's, Nfld., has been totally wrecked on the north coast of Newfoundland. The loss is between \$90,000 and \$100,000. It is presumed the crew were saved. The boat was comparatively new.

The proceedings of the Twenty-fourth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Maritime Provinces have just been published. The pamphlet numbers 114 pages, and is a repository of much useful information for those who take an interest in the Association.

The steamer Fastnet, which sunk the Heather Belle off Charlottetown, was seized at that place when she returned, at the instance of the Island Navigation Co., which claims \$16,000 damages for the loss of the Heather Belle. The necessary bonds were given and the steamer allowed to continue her services.

A conference was held on Wednesday between the representatives of the Master Painters' Association and the Journeyman Painters' Union with reference to the long-extended strike. No decision was arrived at, but it is probable another meeting will be held shortly, when an effort to arrange terms will be made.

A special meeting of the Atlantic Service Committee of the Board of Trade was held on Tuesday, when arrangements were made to enlist the co-operation of sister Boards of Trade and leading business men in all the towns of the Maritime Provinces without delay. It was also decided to hold a mass meeting in the Academy of Music.

Alexander McDonough has been sentenced to three years in Dorchester penitentiary for breaking into Mr. McKinlay's house and stealing money belonging to Kaye Street Church, and William McKenzie has to put in two years for stealing from Hart's shoe store. Let this be a warning to young men who have a propensity to help themselves to other people's goods.

The C. P. R. Military train which left Montreal on Saturday last for Vancouver, for the purpose of conveying troops across the continent, is fitted up most conveniently for the purpose. The principal novelty is the kitchen car. The exterior looks like an ordinary baggage car, having four sliding doors. In the centre of the car are two immense cooking stoves, each of which contains four ovens, and is heated by two fires. It will take five cooks to keep them supplied. All around the car hang the shining basins in which the food will be prepared. At one end is the store room and at the other a compartment for the attendants. The mess arrangements for the whole trip will depend upon the resources of this car. The men will be carried in the ordinary colonist sleeping cars. A handy little table has been fitted up to go in between the seats during meal times. The bedding supplied each man will consist of a good hair pillow, a mattress and a warm gray blanket rug. The train will leave Vancouver on its return trip on December 5th, having on board 250 men en route home. They are expected to arrive in Halifax on the 15th, embarking at once on a troopship for England. The train, it is expected, will then carry 400 men and 50 officers back to Vancouver, leaving Halifax about December 18th. The Company are doing their utmost to make the experiment a complete success.

There is one satisfactory feature about the Orpheus Club which has not been developed by its environment. The Club is distinctively progressive, and while it displays a conscious self satisfaction with what is, it nevertheless shows each year marks of improvement which are alike creditable to the organization and to the city. The first appearance of the Club, with the Ladies' Auxiliary, which took place on Thursday evening of last week, drew a very large audience. The ladies appeared in uniform dress with sashes varying in color according to the parts taken by the wearers, the sopranos wearing blue and the altos red colored ribbons. Barring the criss-cross effect produced by the wearing of the sashes over the wrong shoulder by several of the auxiliary, the ladies looked admirably, and we endorse the idea of a society-writer that collectively they are entitled to a more euphonious appellation than that of "the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Orpheus Club." The Orpheus Club orchestra, under the leadership of Herr Klingensfeld, formed a valuable addition to the organization, and as a consequence the shading in most of the choruses was far more delicate and artistic than it could have been with even a well played piano accompaniment. The Club's rendition of its several numbers was thoroughly enjoyable. The parts were, generally speaking, well balanced, and the sopranos fulfilled their allotted work with ease, there being a comparative absence of that intense physical effort which has too frequently been observed. As usual the Club sang one of its lullabies, this time an old favorite, "Sweet and Low," the precision and organ like effect of which was somewhat disturbed by the tenors coming in after time in such a way as to rudely awaken the "little one," the "pretty one," had it been asleep in the vicinity. The orchestra was certainly a success, but it is to be regretted that among the audience are to be found rustics who think it necessary to support Herr Klingensfeld's leadership by tapping the time upon the floor. The orchestra received a well deserved encore, and we sincerely hope that it may form the nucleus of an organization which in years to come will be delighting Halifax audiences with symphony concerts. Miss Homer's selections were ambitious, but that lady can evidently sing with charming ease in many languages. She is a decided success as a dramatic artist, and her graceful execution shows long training and careful culture. Miss Homer's voice, which is mezzo-soprano in quality, is fairly strong and is rich in tone throughout, especially in her lower notes, which are delightfully pure and full. In answer to an encore to her first number Miss Homer sang "Comin' Through the Rye," the sentiment of which, to a Saxon audience, was more easily comprehended than that conveyed in a foreign tongue. Miss Homer is a decided acquisition to musical circles in the city, and we hope that before the close of the season the music lovers in Halifax will have an opportunity of hearing the lady in opera.

W. J. Florence, the actor, died rather suddenly at Philadelphia on the 19th inst.

Mr. Owen E. Murphy is now in New York with his family, and intends remaining there until the clouds roll bye in Canada.

Almy, the New Hampshire murderer, has been found guilty, and was sentenced to be hanged on the first Tuesday of December.

The Christmas number of the Ladies' Home Journal is out. It will cheer the hearts of the women who are fortunate enough to subscribe to it. Twelve such Journals are given for one dollar a year by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia.

The Modern Cook Book, published by Mast. Crowell & Kirpatrick, Phila., has reached us. We took it home to our wife who says it is an excellent compilation. This book is given as a premium to subscribers to the Farm & Fireside and the Ladies' Home Companion, 50 cents each, or one dollar for the two for a year.

The New York Herald tells the following story:—Diphtheria has been epidemic at Chatham, N. J., for some time, and the general belief was that it was due to bad sanitary arrangements, but now there is a new theory. Many people believe that the disease was brought to Chatham by a lady who had been visiting friends in Brooklyn, and while there contracted diphtheria. When she came home she greeted her lady and infantile friends with affectionate kisses. Some of them began to complain of sore throats soon after, and later diphtheria set in.

Cape May, N. J., parents and school teachers have been shocked over a discovery just made. For some days the teachers have been mystified by the jingling of bells during recitation and study hours. The merry sounds seemed to come in the doors and windows and then fade away in the distance. The tintabulation was especially noticeable when the classes of girls were called upon to recite. Finally the discovery was made that some of the larger girls were wearing small bells from masquerade suits on their garters. The obnoxious bells were removed under pain of dismissal.

Discouraging crop reports are being received from the Presidency of Madrid.

Edward Bulwer Lytton, son of the great novelist, and British Ambassador to Paris, died there on Tuesday. He is well known in the literary world as Owen Meredith.

The managers and actors of various London theatres presented the Prince of Wales with a golden cigar box on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday in recognition of his patronage of the drama.

Sir James Ferguson, Postmaster-General, announces that in the future retired soldiers will have the preference for employment as postmen. This decision is intended to stimulate recruiting, and meets with the approval of the press of all parties. It will result in the employment of 16,000 men.

A great society event came off on Saturday, which was attended by the fashionable and elite of London and Great Britain. This was the marriage of Lady Sarah Isabel Augusta Spencer-Churchill, youngest sister of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Randolph Churchill, to Lieut. Gordon C. Wilson, son of Sir Samuel Wilson, M. P. for Portsmouth. The ceremony took place in St. George's Church, Hanover Square. The building was crowded to the doors with the wealth and fashion of England. Dresses which had been specially designed for this occasion could be described by no other word than gorgeous. The whole scene was one of splendor and magnificence seldom seen. Lieut. Wilson belongs to the Royal Horse Guards. The Prince of Wales was a conspicuous guest at the ceremony. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the forces, was also present at the marriage of his young subordinate. A large number of other military officers, resplendent in gorgeous uniforms, added to the brilliancy of the scene. A pretty feature of the service was the arrangement for making a pathway from the porch of St. George's and down the main aisle to the altar. The troop of the Horse Guards commanded by the bridegroom were drawn up in full uniform, with side-arms, in rows on each side, and through these rows of soldiers the bride and groom smilingly passed after the ceremony was completed. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A correspondent at Tien Tsien, China, telegraphs that news has arrived of a murderous raid in the north. Well armed bands have devastated a whole district, pillaged and burned the Belgian mission stations at Tayn and Sancti and massacred over one hundred converts to christianity. Troops have been despatched to the scene. The number of European victims is unknown.

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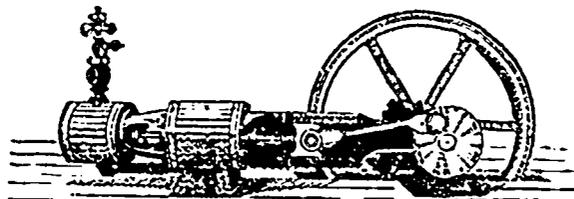
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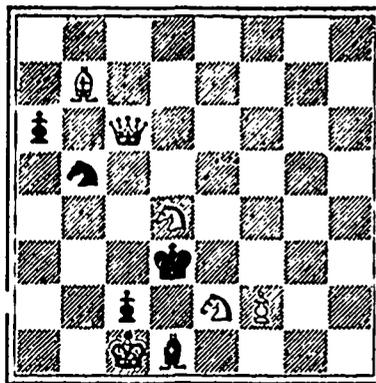
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**CHESS.**

**PROBLEM No. 93.**

By **W. GLEAVE.**  
From *The Week.*  
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**GAME No. 94.**

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE  
TOURNEY.

The first game won.  
*Evans Gambit.*

- |                                     |                                   |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| White.                              | Black.                            |
| J. W. Showalter,<br>Georgetown, Ky. | J. E. Barry,<br>Fredericton, N.B. |
| 1 P to K4                           | 1 P to K4:                        |
| 2 Kt to K B3                        | 2 Kt to Q B3                      |
| 3 B to B4                           | 3 B to B4                         |
| 4 P to Q Kt4                        | 4 B x Kt P.                       |
| 5 P to B3                           | 5 B to R4                         |
| 6 Castles                           | 6 Kt to B3                        |
| 7 P to Q4                           | 7 Castles                         |
| 8 Kt x P                            | 8 Kt x Kt                         |
| 9 P x Kt                            | 9 Kt x P                          |
| 10 Q to Q5                          | 10 B x P                          |
| 11 Kt x B                           | 11 Kt x Kt                        |
| 12 Q to B3                          | 12 Kt to R5                       |
| 13 Q to K Kt3                       | 13 K to R sq                      |
| 14 B to K Kt5                       | 14 Q to K sq                      |
| 15 B to B6 (a)                      | 15 P x B                          |
| 16 P x P                            | 16 K R to Kt sq                   |
| 17 Q R to K sq                      | 17 Q to Q sq (b)                  |
| 18 Q to R4                          | 18 Kt to B4 (c)                   |
| 19 B x P                            | 19 Kt to K3                       |
| 20 R to K3 (d)                      | 20 Q to B sq                      |
| 21 B x R                            | 21 Q x B                          |
| 22 P to B4                          | 22 P to Kt3                       |
| 23 P to B5                          | 23 P to Kt2 (e)                   |
| 24 R to K Kt3                       | 24 Q to B2                        |
| 25 P x Kt                           | 25 Q x R P (f)                    |

*Notes by Mr. Showalter.*

- (a) This variation of the Evans has been so thoroughly analyzed that it is well nigh impossible to find promising lines of play, for either attack or defence, not already laid down in the books. The most approved continuation at this point is 15 R to K sq. The move in the text is of an experimental nature, but the sacrifice, we think, is sound.
- (b) Of course, if R takes Q, White mates in five.
- (c) The only move, preventing B to Q3, which would have been fatal.
- (d) Threatening mate in two by Q takes P ch, etc. Obviously, too, 19 Kt to K3 was forced, as 20 R to K7 would have rendered the attack overwhelming.
- (e) If, instead, Kt to Kt4; White wins by 24; Q takes Kt, Q takes Q; 25 R to K8 ch, Q in, 26 P to B7. And if Kt to B sq: 24 Q to R6, B to Kt2; 25 R to K Kt3, Q to B2; 26 R to Kt7, Q to Q4; 27 R takes P ch and 28 Q mates.
- (f) And White mates in five moves, beginning 26 P to B7.—*Gazette.*

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### WINTER TREES.

Who finds the trees of winter bleak  
Has not the poet's sight,  
They bear gold sunrise fruit at dawn,  
And silver stars at night.

All day they prop the lowering clouds,  
No respite do they ask,  
And they slog in voices deep and wild,  
Like giants at a task.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts, in St. Nicholas.

### ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!  
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!  
I question much if any pain or ache  
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.  
Death chooses his own time; and that is worn,  
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,  
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,  
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life!  
Yet to our sense the bitter pages reveal  
That still, although trembling flesh be torn,  
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,  
And try to flee from the approaching ill,  
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray,  
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still—  
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,  
But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,  
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;  
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,  
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;  
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;  
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst,  
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,  
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst  
On soul and body, but we cannot die.  
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;  
Lo, all things can be borne.

### BOOK GOSSIP.

"One Reason Why," by Beatrice Whitby, has come out as No. 81 of Appleton's Town and Country Library. It is an interesting and well-written novel; a worthy successor of the authoress' other stories so universally popular and widely read. All who have read "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick" will eagerly welcome a new novel by the same hand.

No. 83 of the same admirable library contains "The Johnstown Stage," and other stories, by Robert Howe Fletcher. The story which lends its title to the volume is typical of the others, which are all exceedingly interesting. Quite a number of these collections of short stories have appeared of late, and nothing seems to take better with the reading public. In the volume at hand the scenes of the tales are laid chiefly in the West, and are not unlike, in some respects, the stories told by Bret Harte. They are not all western stories, however, but they are all bright and have plenty of spirit in them. D. Appleton & Co., New York; 50 cents.

Here is another of those delightful Canterbury Poets, which are just the right size for comfortable handling, and contain such admirable selections of verse. This one is "Women Poets" of the Victorian era, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mrs. William Sharp. All women who love poetry—and most women do—will want to have this book, because it represents the work done and being done by their sisters. The volume is dedicated by the editor to "Mona Caird, the most loyal and devoted advocate of the cause of woman." It contains, besides the introduction and notes, specimens from the poetical works of thirty-five women. There are some favorite writers unrepresented, but as the editor explains in her introduction why it is so, we acquiesce in her judgment. Among the poems which strike us as the finest are "Sudden Death," by May Probyn, "The Wife of Loki," by Lady Charlotte Elliot, and "Forbidden Love," by Violet Fane. The story of Loki and his devoted wife is probably familiar to our readers, but for fear some may have forgotten it we will jog their memories. Loki was condemned by the gods to be bound to a rock, above which a huge snake dropped venom on him without ceasing. His wife, to save him from this "liquid fire of hell," held a cup to receive the drops as they fell, and never left her post. The two concluding stanzas sufficiently explain the spirit of her work:—

"Sometimes the venom overfills  
The cup, and she must pour it forth,  
With Loki's curses then the hills  
Are rent from south to north.

But she in answer only sighs,  
And lays her lips upon his face,  
And, with love's anguish in her eyes,  
Resumes her constant place."

"Forbidden Love" must be our only other specimen, for space grows short:—

"Oh love! thou that shalt rest some  
'Neath thy wings, so white and warm,  
Wherefore on a bat-like wing  
All disguised didst thou come  
In so terrible a form?  
As a dark forbidden thing,  
As a demon of the air—  
As a sorrow and a sin,  
Wherefore camst thou thus to me,  
As a tempter and a snare?"

When the heart that beats within  
 This, my bosom, warm'd to thee,  
 Was it from a love of sinning,—  
 From a fatal love of wrong,  
 From a wish to shun the light?  
 Nay! I swear at the beginning  
 Hadst thou sung an angel's song,—  
 Had this wrong thing been the right,  
 Thou hadst seem'd as worth the winning,  
 And with will as firm and strong  
 I had lov'd with all my might."

The Canterbury Poets are published by Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, London.

Two books have come from Worthington Company, and are, as usual, turned out in the first rate shape that characterizes the publications in their "Rose" and "International" libraries. "The Bachelor of Salamanca," by A. R. LeSage, translated by James Townsend, with a generous number of photogravure illustrations, comes in the "Rose" series. This is one of the renowned series of LeSage's adventure romances, which is related in a masterful and most entertaining manner. The writer exhibits remarkable boldness, force and originality, while at the same time he charms by his surprising flights of imagination and his profound knowledge of Spanish life and character. Paper, 50 cents. The other book, 22 of the International series, is entitled "Light o' Love," by Clara Dargan Maclean. The scenes are laid in Charleston, South Carolina, in ante-bellum days, when its society was refined, cultured and hospitable. The story is full of brilliant local color, and abounds in dramatic situations. Its lofty ethical tone will make the book acceptable to those whose consciences disapprove the ordinary romantic novel. Paper, 75 cents. Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, N. Y.

The charming pictures of outdoor life in Canada presented in *Lady Dufferin's Journal* will be sure to interest many readers. Lady Dufferin gives an entertaining description of the various social and civic functions in which she took part with the Governor-General, and she also describes her salmon-fishing and camping trips. *Lady Dufferin's Journal* is published in specially designed binding by D. Appleton & Co.

The wonderful career of Charles Stewart Parnell in all its strange and fascinating varieties is told in a work now being issued by the Earle Publishing House of St. John, N. B. This book of 400 pages will contain a genuine steel plate engraving of Parnell as a frontispiece, also one of Hon. W. E. Gladstone, besides 100 other illustrations, many of them taken from photographs furnished by Mrs. Delia Tudor Stewart Parnell, who has assisted Robert McWade, the renowned editor, in writing the life of her son, and who receives a royalty on every copy sold. This book has been in course of preparation for years, and thousands will desire to read the biography of one of the greatest statesmen of the age. The publishers want active agents, to whom they will give liberal terms for taking orders. Retail price \$1.25. Outfit 36 cents. One canvasser booked 38 orders on Friday, Nov. 6th.

#### MODERN WOMEN OF TURKEY.

During my stay in America I was often overwhelmed with questions about the Orient and Turkish life in general. The intensity of the American's desire for information about our "land of the Crescent" was most flattering.

It should be borne in mind that Osmanlis (citizens of the Ottoman empire) are not necessarily Turks. An Ottoman-Armenian, for example, is far more different from a Turk than a British-Irishman from an Englishman. The Armenian is a Christian, while the Turk is a Mohammedan, yet both are Ottomans, and our Armenian fellow-citizens are just as thoroughly Oriental as we Moslems are. Their gentlemen wear the red fez and dress in the same style as we do.

The religion of Hazretti (Holy) Mohammed tolerates polygamy, while the Christian religion forbids it. Our great Prophet commanded all women of the Moslem faith to cover their faces with a veil except within the privacy of their home, while Christians have received no such command. These two radical differences between Islamism and Christianity are the causes of the vast dissimilarity in the social and home life of the two great classes of women in Turkey. Thus it is that Armenians can go far ahead of us in adopting European and American ideas and customs.

In years gone by Moslem women did not come up to the standard of education of their Christian sisters. But, thanks to our wise and noble Emperor, Turkish girls have now the same educational advantages as those enjoyed by Greeks and Armenians. Every village has its school for girls, every city its college for young women. Constantinople is to-day, through the care of His Imperial Majesty Abd-ul-Hamid II, as much an educational centre as any of the university cities of Europe. The accomplishments of Alsbeh Kaadin, Mistress Alsbeh, or Lady Nerineh, Nerineh Haanum, no longer consist merely in producing bright embroideries and playing the dulcimer. Nor is her educational training limited to sitting on a cushion and learning to read El Kur'an—the Bible of Islam.

The Turkish girl of the present generation is expected to know as much about mathematics, geography and the sciences as any average American girl; while in needlework and general housekeeping she certainly surpasses her American sisters. In families of the higher classes our *nasli haanums* can rival any young lady of the Faubourg Saint Germain, Belgravia or Fifth-Avenue.

American ladies have come to me in Constantinople with introductions from friends in America and urgent requests to be presented to the ladies of my father's harem. Their glimpses have proved a revelation to them, and produced feelings of mingled surprise and disappointment. They expected to enter a hall with no chairs or tables, but a profusion of rugs and cushions, a turbaned man sitting cross-legged in a corner smoking his

long pipe, while his numerous wives sang and danced for his enjoyment. Instead, they find a salon furnished entirely in European style, with costly Turkish rugs, fine pictures and bric-a-brac galore. Instead of a "crowd of women wearing baggy trousers and talking an outlandish tongue," they meet a charming lady (the only wife of their host) and her three daughters, all dressed in the latest styles of London, and all fluently speaking French as well as English. In fact, with the exception of the eastern luxury of their surroundings and the oriental warmth of their hospitality, everything is thoroughly European. This is the style of life to which women in Cairo and Constantinople, thanks to their higher education, are inevitably drifting.

The Turkish gentleman, if he desires, may marry only one wife, and within the sacred precincts of home his wife and daughters may dress in Worth gowns, give receptions to ladies (only ladies,) and ride and drive in their own private park, like any lady on Rotten Row. But when it comes to outside life, Islamism steps in, and Lady Jemileh, of Constantinople, has to halt, while the lady of Tokio goes away ahead of her. I was often asked in America how love and courtship could be possible in Turkey, when our dear girls had to cover their pretty faces before men and be always handicapped by the rules of *Namuehram*—rules by which the men are excluded from the society of women, unless they are near relatives. Of course, we do not have in Turkey the privilege of taking our sweetheart to the theatre and then to a *petit souper*, nor are we allowed to call and prolong our visit to a late hour, as I found to be the custom with some Americans. But in spite of veils we do see and fall in love, and notwithstanding rules we do court and wed our choice.

The ancient custom of *koja karis*—old women—coming together and fixing up matches for their children, without considering the desires of the bride and groom elect, is becoming obsolete. Polygamists have to provide a separate home for each wife, and what with education in the higher classes and financial stress in the lower classes, polygamy is at a decided discount, and is being rapidly abandoned, as is also the practice of keeping "household slaves."

The house of Moslem is always divided into two separate parts, the *haaremlik* and the *selamluk*. If the husband gives a dinner he can invite only gentlemen, and the guests can never intrude into the *haaremlik*. If the wife gives a reception no gentlemen are admitted to disturb the harmony. The husband may invite his Christian friends, with their wives and daughters, but his wife is not accorded the same privilege, and must be content to know about men by hearsay. For the same reason, in all mosques, theatres, horse-cars, ferries, etc., special places are provided for women.

When our giddy *kyuchuk haanums* start the fashion of wearing very thin veils, a decree from the chief of our Church advises that they be compelled to wear something more than cob-webs over their faces. The *yasmak*, or veil, will never be abandoned.—*Osman Bey, in Cosmopolitan, New York, October.*

#### INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Kerr Vegetable Evaporating Company, limited, took place at Kentville recently. Notwithstanding the heavy expenditure attending the preliminary year of a business, a margin of profit was shown, and general satisfaction prevailed. The former directors, B. Webster, T. P. Calkin, S. S. Strong, C. E. Borden and James Stewart, were re-elected.

J. W. Hunter, timber contractor, has just closed his contracts with the Springhill Mining Company for the season. For eleven years Mr. Hunter has been engaged in getting out booms and props for the mines. Last year he delivered 110,000 pieces, 90 carloads having been got out in one month. Sixty men and twenty horses are employed.

NEW INDUSTRY.—The *Acadian* says:—"Wolfville is likely to have a new industry. We understand that a laboratory is to be built at once for the preparation of a class of German-American remedies, approved by the best medical science of the day. The Skoda Discovery Company is the name of the corporation. It is composed of a number of American gentlemen, who are putting the same line of remedies on the market in the United States, and under a Dominion patent are about to start a Canadian branch of their business in this village. Mr. George W. Borden has been selected by them to superintend the erection of their laboratory, in accordance with plans and specifications placed in his hands. The indications are that there is push behind the concern, and that the success of the enterprise may reasonably be expected."

The Electric Light & Power Company of Truro have just put in a new and powerful Robert Armstrong engine. This engine, the work of Messrs. A. Robb & Sons, Amherst, was made under the direct supervision of Mr. Armstrong, steam engine expert from New York, who was engaged especially for this purpose. Designed especially for electric light work, and having been kept running constantly for 23 hours a day for some days, this engine has proved itself a most perfectly running piece of machinery.—*Truro News.*

The American Bobbin, Spool and Shuttle Company, of Boston, are about starting business on an extensive scale in New Brunswick. They have purchased large tracts of land on Sugary, back of Newcastle, and will operate a number of portable mills, cutting lumber into squares. Next spring they will build an extensive factory at Newcastle and also contemplate purchasing the Picadilly factory in Kings County. The Company is a large one, having 28 factories in the United States.

## COMMERCIAL.

The past week has not witnessed any special change to report in connection with general trade. While no particular activity has developed, no really unfavorable feature can be cited. Of course the unseasonably warm and wet weather has a tendency to depress business to some extent, and renders many of the roads throughout the country districts very difficult to traverse, especially by heavily loaded teams.

Stocks in heavy materials are in first-class shape, both in first and second hands, as the movement through the summer and fall has been of a conservative character, and the reserves are now about equal to the probable future wants between now and next spring, so that values all round have a steady tendency. Groceries have furnished a fair volume of business. Sugar and molasses have shown some more activity and life, and in other lines a healthy movement has progressed, but dried fruits have been quieter. This is not unnatural, for quite a hole was made in supplies a week or two ago by jobbers, and this has satisfied them for the time being.

Now that we are settling down to winter and are approaching the end of the business year, it may be well to glance over the business situation and see how we do stand. In doing so it must be recognised that trade in general is very quiet—in fact it is dull in some branches, and money is tight and hard to collect. As usual, the farmers are holding back the bulk of their produce, so that comparatively little of it has as yet been converted into money. In addition, as remarked above, the weather has been and still is unusually mild for the season, and this is very unfavorable to business. In short the "boom" in trade that was expected to result from the unprecedentedly large crops has yet to be realised. All this proves the necessity for pursuing a cautious policy, and that the uncertainty of the seasons, and consequently of the tendency of trade justifies and renders timely our advice in the direction of a conservative spirit. If the expectations of a large business should not be realised, merchants who bought freely in anticipation of a big trade will find themselves obliged to carry over a good deal of superfluous stock. If there had not been an abundant harvest this year undoubtedly a larger number of failures would have occurred, and it is evident that two or three quite as good harvests with as profitable prices as this year will be needed to ensure permanent prosperity to the masses throughout the Dominion. The present circumstances do not warrant expansion, but they should rather be an incentive to economy and prudent foresight. Keep down extravagance of every kind and hold firmly such advantages as a temporary improvement may give.

Bradstreet's report of the week's failures:—

	Week		Weeks corresponding to				Failures for the year to date			
	Nov. 20.	Prev. week.	1890	1889	1888	1891	1890	1889	1888	
United States	303	268	245	259	253	10692	8947	10107	8902	
Canada	47	30	38	34	14	1634	1463	1446	1532	

**DRY GOODS.**—The dry goods market is in fair shape, and while business is not active dealers generally are pretty busy. Though there is perhaps rather less call than is usual at this season for heavy underwear, hosiery, blankets and similar goods, still there is still a fair movement in them. Orders from travellers for goods for immediate use are hardly up to the average of other years, but they will doubtless improve as soon as the weather becomes cooler. Samples of spring goods are already in travellers' hands, but orders are only coming in slowly. Prices generally are very firm. It is rumored that the great cotton mill combine has swallowed up another large mill which has hitherto maintained a separate existence. If this proves to be the case prices of several lines of cottons, both colored and fancy, will be likely to stiffen. Remittances continue to be only fair.

**IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.**—Business in both bar and pig iron has been dull and limited during the week, for, although stocks are light, no speculative operations appear to be induced. Still all kinds of iron are steady, and there is no change in prices to note. There is no change in tin plates, the dull, quiet feeling being as prominent as ever. There is no demand for terne and Canada plates, and prices are merely what holders make them in the absence of business. Sheets, hoops and bands are without feature under a movement that is one in name only. Copper is as dull as ever, and there is no business doing on which to base a price, but it is very likely that concessions would result if an order was in view. Tin, lead, galvanized and zinc sheets are unchanged.

**BREADSTUFFS.**—In the local market a fair flour trade is doing, especially in prime grades of strong bakers'. Beerbohm's cable reports: wheat slow and easier, corn nil. Weather in England wet but mild. At Chicago continued lower cables and increased receipts of wheat at the various centres resulted in a weak market from start to finish. All through the U. S. North-West the means of transportation are totally inadequate to move the immense quantities of wheat that are demanding carriage, and the entire rolling-stock of the railways is fully and constantly occupied in forwarding wheat, to the derangement of the regular traffic of the roads, especially in the carrying of coal to points where it is needed. Corn was stronger in Chicago on continued small receipts. The shortages there are stated to be over a million of bushels, while the stock in store amounts to only two hundred and fifty thousand bushels. In New York wheat was weak and declined 1½c. to 2c., and the same may be said of the markets at St. Louis, Toledo, Duluth and Milwaukee.

**PROVISIONS.**—A fair jobbing trade is doing in pork. Canadian short cut is being offered more freely, the new pack beginning to arrive, and prices have a lower tendency. Lard and smoked meats are quiet and unchanged. In Liverpool no change worthy of note has occurred, and prices continue steady with a very quiet market. The Chicago provision market has been 10c. to 15c. lower, and the price of hogs receded 10c. The cattle market there was weak and the sheep market steady.

**BUTTER.**—In this market butter continues firm and somewhat scarce. Some small lots of Canadian in large packages were received from Canada this week and may be quoted from fair to good at 17c. to 19c. Nova Scotia butter is in very small supply, and fresh country butter sells at wholesale at 20c. to 22c. There have been a few arrivals in vessels of Cape Breton store-packed butter in small packages which sold at 15c. to 18c. In Montreal the butter market is steady and business is done at full figures, although shippers show some disinclination to give outside figures. Late-made creamery is quoted there at 24c. to 24½c., and fine creamery at 1c. lower. Finest townships 19c. to 20c. Finest Western 16c. to 17½c. A London correspondent writes:—"The Danish butter quotation committee have had to climb down, and after running up their consignments to ridiculous levels, so that the whole trade has been dead set against this article, the official quotation has dropped 3 kroner. The disorganization caused by the extreme demands for Danish has resulted in the transference of a good deal of business to Dutch and other good brands; and exports from France and America have realized decently. Slow sales this week have induced a slackening tendency, and in one or two instances a slight fall has taken place. There is, however, too little French to be had to allow of much of a drop, and Dutch has advanced 2 guilders in Holland. Extensive business has been passing in American and Canadian, some really splendid parcels of the latter showing recently, for which the quotation has reached 112s. per cwt. American generally is quoted 78s. to 86s. for ladies and 92s. to 103s. for creameries."

**CHEESE** continues firm in the Halifax market, which is quiet but steady with unchanged prices and very little demand. In Montreal cheese-holders are very firm and sanguine regarding the future—indeed they have fractionally advanced their figures under a more active enquiry by cable from England. Finest full makes are quoted in Montreal at 10½c. to 10¾c.; fine stock 10½c. to 10¾c.; medium grades 10c. to 10½c. English cables quote 53s. In London cheese still advances. A steady trade is in progress, and the English is rather slow, and prices do not move much, American and Canadian lead the way, and this week the finest grades have been asked some shillings more for. For September fancy pale or colored 55s. is asked, while full cream June Canadians sell freely at 52s., the range being between 50s. to 54s. for ordinary parcels.

**EGGS** are very scarce here, the supply being less than the actual demand, and a good, fresh article commands 22c. per dozen by the case. A London report says:—"Eggs are very quiet. Small arrivals have superinduced the putting up of prices, until for the finest goods they are a little beyond the ideas of buyers, and consumption being checked, sales have been made with difficulty, prices 7s. 6d. up to 12s. for extra selected French. In Liverpool, notwithstanding the increased supply, demand is quite equal to it, and prices remain close on the 9s. limit. Some should surely come forward to London now, where they are very much wanted to compete against the heavy-priced Continentals, and where they are bound to succeed, especially if the prejudice in favor of the Continental style of packing is conceded."

**APPLES.**—This fruit continues to be in fair receipt—quite equal to consumptive demands—in this market. Our orchardists this year are, as a rule, reserving the great bulk of their crop, believing that apples will bring higher prices as spring more nearly approaches than they command now. In London apples have been going off wonderfully well, and really splendid sales have been put through. 1205 barrels of Nova Scotian ex. the *Historian* realized under the hammer over a thousand pounds, being an average of 16s. 7d. per bbl. This must be satisfactory to shippers. Kings fetched best prices, being all in the vicinity of 20s., while one bbl. Blenheim fetched 30s., the range being down to 14s., with a few lots under. Some of this fruit was simply superb and unpacked in fine condition. In Liverpool large sales are being put through, 59,567 barrels finding purchasers last week there at from 12s. to 16s., a slight fall that is less than was expected. The *Montreal Trade Bulletin* summarises as follows:—"The total shipments of apples from this port during the present season up to Nov. 14th were 263,778 bbls., against 147,745 bbls. for the corresponding period last year, showing the large increase of 116,033 bbls. The exports to the same date from Halifax were 24,801 bbls., against 35,896 bbls. for the same period last year, showing a decrease of 11,094 bbls. The exports from New York and Boston for the present season to Nov. 14th were 353,104 bbls., against 52,494 bbls. for the corresponding period in 1890. The total shipments of the season from all Atlantic ports to Nov. 14th were 646,684 bbls., against 236,134 bbls. for the corresponding period last year, being an increase of 410,550 bbls. The shipments from this port during the present week are in round numbers about 51,000 bbls., of which about 30,000 bbls. are destined for Liverpool, 5,000 bbls. for London, 15,000 bbls. for Glasgow, and 1,400 bbls. for Bristol." The markets on the other side have stood up bravely under the heavy shipments that have poured in upon them during the past six or eight weeks from Canada and the United States. Immense profits are reported to have been made by some shippers this season already, and the season is by no means nearly over yet, so far at least as this Province is concerned, and the future has no discouraging feature. Choice fruit, good and honest packing and reasonable prices are the factors that have played an important part in working off the enormous supplies that have flooded the British markets. It has been truly said that if commodities are good and prices are reasonable it is almost an impossibility to give English consumers more than they can take. It has been proven in the case of Canadian apples this year, whose quality has been excellent and prices very reasonable. Messrs. Hamilton & Pritchard, writing from Liverpool on Nov. 7th, has the following to say upon the situation:—"We have again to record an excellent demand for all descriptions of apples. This week's arrivals amount to 47,351 barrels, the chief feature of which is the splendid condition in which Canadians have landed, and in many cases we were able to deliver the whole of our parcels without a single rejection."



# THE TOSS OF A BALL.

(Concluded.)

In the corridor they encountered Mr. Sweetapple searching for his daughter. Consigning Clemency to his care, Ralf pursued Algernon Duckett, whose motions suggested those of some hunted creature doubling to its form. Suddenly he shot ahead, and was lost to view. But, guided more by instinct than knowledge, Ralf, still following, found himself presently confronted by a strange, weird spectacle.

Before him was a wide, low room, round the roof of which long tongues of flames were licking. In one corner a red-hot furnace added to the heat and glare; and moving to and fro were men with scared faces and set teeth, endeavoring desperately to hide, or remove, a heterogeneous assemblage of implements and material.

In a glance Ralf took in its meaning. The blazing furnace; the heaped raw metal; the table strewn with odd tools, moulds and dies; yet, as he gazed, a strange pity filled his heart.

"Trapped, by Jove!" a voice at his elbow proclaimed triumphantly. "Exactly what I thought. Come on, my men, we have 'em at last!"

It was Deap, the overseer, transformed into an officer of police with his myrmidons at his back.

Ralf comprehended all. The dies; the metal, the lavish expenditure; the large bank deposit. And Algernon and Clemency were lovers!

He pushed the police official aside, dragged his rival, almost by main force, through the confusion of smoke and flame, and hurried him out into the night and falling rain.

"Go," he cried, pointing out into the shadows. "Escape while yet you may. Here," he tore a leaf from his pocket book, and hastily wrote thereon a few words, "go to this address—you will be safe there until I come Go!"

"My father," exclaimed the young man with a generosity that did him credit; "I cannot leave him to bear the blow alone."

"Your remaining can avail him nothing; he is already secured," Ralf said coldly. "He is old with his sins behind him. You may yet have time to redeem and to atone."

Why had he done it? He scarcely knew. For Clemency's sake? Did Clemency love this man? And, if so, how would she bear—how must he break to her the knowledge of his disgrace.

He went back wearily to where he had left her and her father, resigning the doomed west wing and its nest of coiners to their inevitable fate.

Already rumors had flown amongst the excited guests. Thunder still rumbled, rain fell, but less heavily, and most were now departing as might be. The fire in the west wing was almost extinguished—the place a ruin.

Ralf drew Clemency's hand again within his arm.

"Dear," he said simply, "we will go home—the feast is ended."

Then bending his head so low that none but herself could hear his words:

"But your lover is safe. Ah me, sweetheart—your lover!"

"Nay, I am well pleased he of whom you speak should escape; but, Ralf—my lover?"

Clemency's clear tones faltered and broke. The eyes she uplifted to Ralf's were humid with reproach.

Meeting their shy appeal, at last Ralf understood. Although the childish heart had vibrated on fancy's pivot, true as the needle it reverted to Love's pole.

THE END.

# A DETECTIVE SUCCESS.

CHAPTER I.

A few years ago I lost my situation as clerk and occasionally traveller in a large London house—from no fault of my own, as the firm failed; but it was a sad blow to me, as I had but few friends, none who could help me in getting employment, and, which was almost the most painful part of the catastrophe, I was about to be married. Now I felt obliged to postpone the event, although I had been looking forward to and hoping for it for the last eighteen months, and had been saving every possible sixpence with a view to starting a real home of my own. I believe—I am sure, indeed—that Bella would have married me, braving all risks of poverty and hardships, but I was not quite so selfish as to allow this. So she went on with her work—she was a board school teacher a few miles out of London—and I looked out for a situation.

I moved from my then lodgings, which were in an out-of-the-way quarter, and took a couple of rooms in a more central spot. These were good large rooms, and cheap, but one room would have been enough for me, had it not been for my having bought some little stock of furniture, which I was bound to store somewhere.

So I took this parlor floor, and then set to work to advertise, to answer advertisements, to call at counting-houses, to loiter about the city, and, in short, to live the life which has always been led by myriads of unlucky clerks and shopmen, and which must be, I should suppose, in actual misery, decidedly worse than penal servitude or slavery.

This had not lasted long, yet I had already experienced one or two sickening disappointments, had been just too late, and so forth, when, as I was seated, dejectedly enough, in my parlor one evening, a double knock was heard at the street door. This was followed by a strange voice asking for

"Mr. Jones," and then the little servant tapped at the door, saying, "A gentleman wants to see you, sir."

Of course I gave the usual reply, and in a moment had run over half-a-dozen possibilities connected with my recent pilgrimages, and had decided which was the most likely to furnish my present visitor; then he entered.

"Mr. Jones, I believe!" he said. I confirmed his conjecture, and invited him to be seated. "Your time is no doubt valuable, Mr. Jones," he began, "so I will speak plainly at once. I wish you to undertake a business which may be difficult, and which is so painful that it requires the utmost delicacy in its management. I need hardly say that I have the utmost confidence in you."

"I am much pleased, although I must own surprised, to hear you say so," I replied. It was a half-mumbled reply, for I was really taken aback by the tone of our conversation.

"Ah, that is the way with you all!" exclaimed my visitor, with a most familiar smile; "but when I tell you that Alderman Wallerson sent me to you, you will no longer be surprised. Am I right?"

"I am much obliged to that gentleman," I returned, "but I have not the honor of his acquaintance, so do not know—"

"Oh, come, come!" interrupted the stranger; "you do not mean to tell me that you never heard of the Alderman—who lives at Hampstead, you know?"

"I own I have heard of him," I commenced.

"Ah, that will do," again interrupted my visitor. "I suppose I must not expect more from a gentleman of your profession. Well, my name is Fyles—you know my place on Tower Hill, I daresay?"

"I do," I returned, getting more and more confused as the interview went on.

"No doubt you know everybody," continued the stranger, repeating his curious smile. "Well, Mr. Jones, I wish you—I can hardly, even now, make up my mind to tell you—I—I wish you to watch my wife."

"To watch your wife!" I exclaimed.

"I cannot wonder at your surprise," he went on. "We are no longer young people; the time of life at which you have been used to and expect such things is past with us; we are each nearer fifty than forty years of age. Yet I cannot resist my information, which in some respects I have tested, and so, as I always have been master in my own household, and as I will not endure any trickery, I am resolved to probe this matter to the bottom, come what may of it."

"But what am I to do?" I naturally asked. "I do not know Mrs. Fyles, and, besides—"

"I will take care that you see her," said my visitor. "You will come to my office to-morrow and say that you have applied for the position of temporary clerk, you could manage to do some straightforward, easy clerk's work if required, no doubt. But I will take care to arrange for your absence during the first week, at any rate."

"If I can do nothing else I can do clerk's work," I returned. "And if your friend, Alderman What's his name, knows me—"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Fyles impatiently; "he told me you were employed in a counting-house when he first knew you. Very well, you shall see Mrs. Fyles, and you must keep her in sight when she goes out. Ask for Mr. Stamps, to-morrow, he is my head clerk. I need not say how important silence is in such an affair, as you must know better than I do what is wanted. Here are ten pounds, you will not find me illiberal at the end of your work. Good evening."

And with this brief leave-taking he went out.

It would have seemed all a dream but that before my eyes, and within my touch, there lay on the table the ten glittering pieces of gold he had placed there, and these were a potent argument as to the reality of the interview! Who ever heard of the like? What could have made Mr. Fyles pick me out for such work, and still more wonderful, what could have induced his friend, the Alderman to recommend me? The more I thought about the matter the more puzzled I grew, and the more unpleasantly prominent grew the fact that I had not the least idea how I should go about the work to which I was in a manner pledged, and in trying to execute which I should be sure to display egregious incapacity.

I resolved to take a stroll in the cool evening air and think the matter over, but as I opened the door I met, just entering, the only one of my fellow lodgers—the house was a large one, and had a host of inmates—with whom I had made the slightest approach to intimacy. This was a young fellow out of a situation like myself, it appeared, but I doubted whether he would ever get, or, at any rate, hold another, for he looked like a man in the early stage of decline. He was a good-looking, gentlemanly young fellow, but too slight; his eyes were too bright, his voice too hollow, and there was a little, troublesome hacking cough which I was sorry to hear in so young a man.

"Mr. Jones! How fortunate!" he exclaimed. "You are the very person I was in search of. I have orders for the theatre, and I thought you might like to go with me. Can you come?"

This was just what I could have wished. It was not the way to get a long cool vein of reflection over my puzzle, but in reality I was glad to avoid thinking about it, so I immediately consented, and then as we usually asked of each other, I inquired if he had any luck during the day.

"No; that is to say, not of the right sort," he returned with a laugh, which was only his cough disguised; "yet I have heard something which makes me think I shall go abroad again."

"Again!" I echoed. "I did not know you had ever lived abroad."

"I thought everyone knew that," he said; "but my going and staying were nothing to boast of, so perhaps I did not tell you. How have you fared to-day?"

I actually opened my lips to tell him of my odd adventure, but as I did

so, recollected that this was hardly the way, I was sure, in which a detective should go to work, and changed my remark into something more harmless.

The young man—Frank Enstone was his name, by-the-bye—was in a queer mood, sometimes being quite slighty with excitement, then, ever and anon, as much depressed, while once or twice I fancied he was about to tell me something of importance; but nothing came of it, and we returned to our lodgings without further incident.

On the next morning, as arranged, I went to the office near Tower Hill. I felt terribly reluctant to do this, but I had weakly taken the merchant's money, and, for all I knew, I might be subject to some penalty if I did not go on with the business.

"Egad!" I muttered as this idea occurred to me; "and I shall probably be open to some penalty as an imposter, as a complete 'fraud,' if I do go on with it."

However, as I suppose was from the first certain to be the case, the question of keeping or returning the ten pounds decided my action, so I went on and enquired as boldly as I could for Mr. Stamps, the head clerk.

This gentleman was at that moment engaged, but the messenger said he had left word that if Mr. Jones called, he was to be shown into his private room, into which accordingly I was ushered.

He was as grave and decorous, almost solemn, indeed, as such officials usually are, at which I was in no degree surprised; but I was rather startled when, as we left the general office where the clerks sat, to see him turn round and wink at me with the expression of his face entirely altered by a knowing grin.

"I say! You are the new detective, aren't you?" he began. "Old Fyles—the governor, you know—is a hard fellow to satisfy. Do you think you can help him out of this fix?"

"Why, how did you—Who has—" I said, utterly flabbergasted by this address. But the messenger grinned knowingly again.

"Why, it is all over the office that the governor means to employ a detective to watch his wife; not that he is jealous of her, but he thinks she is robbing him. When old Stamps said a party of the name of Jones would call, and was to be shown into his private room"—we were in that sanctum by this time—"of course we all guessed who was coming. Besides, you have just the cut of a detective. I should like to hear some of your adventures. I have always been fond of reading detective stories."

This rather long speech had given me time to recover myself, so I returned with a smile as "knowing" as his own, and shook my head with a Lord Burleigh gravity.

"Just like 'em all!" exclaimed the man. There was a real admiration in his tone. "I might have guessed it was no use my trying to pump you. This is Mr. Jones, sir."

His sudden change of manner, and the opening of the door behind me, showed that the head clerk had entered. The messenger bowed and disappeared.

"Ahem! So you are Mr. Jones?" said Mr. Stamps. There was something in his tone much akin to the admiration which had pervaded the messenger's language. "Well, sir, if anyone can carry out the ideas of Mr. Fyles, you are the man."

How on earth he could know this, even if true, was a hopeless mystery to me, but I had already grown hypocrite enough to smile and shake my head again. Again was the manoeuvre successful, as an answering smile and shake of the head, each brimful of admiration, testified.

He gave me my instructions, which were, briefly, that I was to go with a packet of papers to Mr Fyles' private residence, take the signature of Mrs. Fyles for them, and by no means give them into anyone's hands but her own. Even if she were in the next room, I was to say I dare not part with them but to her in person.

The reason of this was evident; it would enable me to identify the lady, for whom, in my wrong-headed way, I began to feel a much stronger sympathy than I did for my employer; for him, indeed—from the same wrong-headedness, I suppose—I felt myself growing to entertain a loathing.

There was a good deal more said about my nominal duties at the office, but these were not to commence at all for a few days, and then would be little more than the signing my name in the attendance book.

Few persons have ever set out on any errand or begun any piece of business with greater reluctance, or a stronger sense of contempt for themselves, than I felt when I left the office with the packet of papers in my hand, but the dreadful ten pounds compelled me to go on.

Mr. Fyles lived in the north-western district, in a very imposing terrace, and on my enquiring for Mrs. Fyles, I found the lady was at home. I declared my business, and, as I expected, the servant brought a message to the effect that if I sent up the papers she would sign a receipt for them; but this, of course, was just what I could not do. As I was firm there was no choice left, and I was ushered into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Fyles came to me.

I apologized for the trouble I had given, but explained that my instructions were peremptory, as the papers were of great importance. She replied I was quite right in doing my duty, and assured me she did not consider I had troubled her in the least. Her voice was low, and I fancied sad, while there certainly was sadness in her eyes and in the expression of her mouth.

It was easy to see she was only middle-aged, and yet she gave me the impression of being prematurely old, or having gone through much trouble. I thanked her as she handed me the receipt; she smiled in return. Why, where had I met such a smile before? It was clearly impossible that I had ever seen the lady to note her smile, yet it was, in some way, unaccountably familiar to me.

(To be continued.)

**IMPERIAL**  
  
**CREAM TARTAR**  
**BAKING POWDER**  
**PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.**

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

**E. W. GILLET, Toronto, Ont.**

If you wish to advertise anything, anywhere, at any time, write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No 10 Spruce St., New York.

EVERYONE in need of information on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address, ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce St., New York.

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 India Ink,  
 Drawing Pencils, <sup>Various Degrees.</sup>  
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 Morning at 8 o'clock, & from  
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 Noon.

Passengers by Tuesday evenings train can go directly aboard the Steamer without extra charge. Through tickets for sale at all the principal stations on the I. C. R. in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. The "Halifax" carries Canadian and U. S. Mails. Through tickets to New York, &c.

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Goods called for and delivered free of extra charge. TELEPHONE 653.

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**IRON PIPES AND FITTINGS, &c.****WASH WITH****IDEAL SOAP.**

Wash everything. It cleans easily and thoroughly. Makes a complete job of anything it touches. It washes one thing as well as another, and does it WELL.

**Takes Little Labor and Time.****ASK**

Your Grocer for it. If he offers you a substitute, tell him you did not come to him for advice but for Ideal Soap. You'll get it if you ask for it that way. There's no substitute; you'll say so after using it.

**MINING.**

Being somewhat sceptical of the report that appeared in the *North Sydney Herald* to the effect that diamonds had been discovered by Mr. L. Boyd, M. E., in the Western Counties, we interviewed him on his return from Waverley, and find that he has been given several specimens of diamonds of the variety known as brown stone and carbonads, which were obtained from the Western Counties, where they are known to exist in large quantities. Diamonds of the first water have not yet been found here, but as the brown stone and carbonads are indications that they exist, Mr. Boyd's identification of the stone may lead to most important results. The variety named above are used with diamond drills, and are otherwise of economical value.

**STORMONT DISTRICT.**—The Stormont District is just now receiving much attention, and many areas are being taken up in the Mines Office. R. A. McNaughton has already secured between three hundred and four hundred areas, and A. B. Cox has lately applied for 74 areas. As will be seen by the official returns from the W. J. Veith Mill, 97 tons qtz. yielded 115½ ozs. This quartz was from the Copeland areas.

**WAGAMATOOK.**—Near Middle River in this district a large number of areas have been secured by Mr. Charles E. Starr, of Malden, Mass., who is represented by Mr. J. A. Pushie, mining expert. Mr. Pushie has been doing considerable prospecting, but the work is not sufficiently advanced for definite comment. Mr. Scranton has also secured areas.

The following are the official gold returns so far received at the Mines Office for the month of October.

District	Mill	Qtz. crushed.	Oz. gold.
Stormont.....	W. J. Veith .....	97	115½
Sherbrooke.....	Sundry.....	18	2½
Salmon River.....	Dufferin G. M. Co.....	600	159
Oldham .....	Concord.....	39	32½
†Waverley .....	Windsor Junction. ....	30	1½
Caribou, Moose River..	Moose River G. M. Co..	133½	27½
S. Uniscke .....	Withrow.....	70	58
15 Mile Stream .....	New Egerton.....	350	180
Leipsigate .....	Millisigate.....	1½	2
Montague.....	Annands.....	221	368
Malaga.....	Malaga G. M. Co.....	107½	175
do .....	Parker Douglas.....	72	229½
†Alluvial, etc.			

"NOVA SCOTIA COAL MINING INSTITUTE."—The above society held their first meeting of the winter session on Friday the 13th inst., at the offices of the Acadia Coal Co'y., Stellarton. There were some 22 members present, the greater part hailing from Westville. The President, H. S. Poole, Esq. read a most interesting paper on flameless explosives, and the able manner in which he discussed the matters convinced all that he was well posted on the subject. Afterwards a short discussion on the several merits of Roburite and so called Flameless Powder took place. Time, however, being short it was decided to continue the discussion at the next meeting to take place Saturday, the 12th of December, then also the subject of shot firing will be introduced. The Institute supplies a want long felt and enables managers, overmen and others interested in mining, to periodically meet together and exchange their practical ideas and experience. All wishful to become members are advised to communicate with the Secretary, Chas. Fergie, Esq., Westville, at once.—*Pictou Journal and News.*

An immense amount of work has been done by the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company during the summer, with a view of facilitating the successful operation of their mines and the speedy handling of the output. A number of new buildings of various kinds have been erected, new railway tracks have been laid down and vast quantities of machinery have been added to the plant of the company. The new Bank-head at No 2 Slope, one of the largest and best ever constructed, is about completed and is capable of raising eight boxes at once. In addition to the work above ground a very heavy outlay has been incurred in repairs and improvements in the mines. The expenditure of such a large sum of money in addition to the regular monthly payments for wages, etc., has had a very beneficial effect upon the business of the town.—*Cumberland Leader.*

**MOLEGA, QUEENS Co.**—The famed gold district of Molega in which the writer spent about 16 months is situated in the county of Queens, about 23 miles from Liverpool, about 20 miles from Bridgewater and about eight miles from Caledonia Corner, and is said to have a population of about 1000 souls, drawn thither within the last three years, and supported by gold mining almost exclusively, there being in the district in the summer of 1890 three fully equipped twenty-stamp mills, one ten stamp mill and another of ten stamps in course of erection, besides hoisting and pumping stations, etc.

The Parker-Douglas Co's mining and milling plant is the best and most extensive, there being three boilers which aggregate 150 horse power, and when in constant use consume 2,400 cords of wood annually, and in addition to their mill gearing, skips, hoists and pumps, they run a golden gate concentrator and a horse power duplex air compressor. These two latter machines were imported from the United States and erected by the Truro Foundry and Machine Company. The Boston Gold Mining Company's ten stamp mill was also designed and erected by this enterprising firm in the fall of 1890. This mill which is built in a most substantial manner throughout, was commenced in September and completed and run-

ning on the 20th December, all the machinery including engine and boiler being manufactured in Truro, transported to the site and erected within that time.

The Molega Mining Co's mill under the superintendence of Alfred Wade, is constantly at work, and the new management has been giving general satisfaction to the shareholders.

The Minneapolis mine has been idle about two years, owing to litigation among the owners.

The Caledonia Co's ten stamp mill was totally destroyed by fire in the latter part of 1890, and has not yet been rebuilt.

The village of Molega is pleasantly located between Lakes Molega and Ponhook, and has the appearance of a thriving bustling place, having a daily mail and supporting four general stores, which seem to be doing a good business. The roads which two years since were execrable, are now much improved, especially the one leading to Caledonia Corner, some parts of which are not excelled by any in the province; thanks to the liberal road policy of the present government.

About one and a half miles from the village the celebrated Wild Cat River flows from Lake Molega to Ponhook Lake. In the spring of 1890 the Parker-Douglas and other companies conceived the idea of utilizing the water of this stream to drive their extensive mining machinery, proposing to transmit the power to their works by wire ropes, and under the superintendence of D. McDonald, of the Truro Foundry & Machine Co., the route was surveyed, stations located, etc., the volume of water at the time being capable of furnishing 1800 horse power, but the scheme has not yet been carried into execution.—G. J. M. in *Truro Daily News*.

**UNLACK DISTRICT.**—The "West Lake" and "Queen" properties are both showing more gold, and the several owners are met with smiling countenances.

A new manager for the New Alpha Co. has arrived in camp, and it is expected soon to see this fine property turning out rich quartz again.

The manager of the Phoenix Co., Mr. Howe, was savagely attacked last week by two drunken miners, and was forced to shoot them both to save his life.

**ECONOMY OF AN ELECTRIC MINING PLANT.**—After briefly describing the Hercules mining machine, Mr. C. F. Scott, in a paper read before the Engineers' Society of Western Pennsylvania, draws a comparison between hand labor and machine labor for coal mining. In machine mining the stalls can be made much wider, because of the great rapidity of mining, so that the roof will stand a shorter time with fewer pillars. The immediate effect of the introduction of coal-cutting machinery is to reduce the cost of undercutting from 20d. to 5d. per ton of 1½ inch coal in the Pennsylvania district. Taking into account the other expenses, there is a saving of 25 per cent. Another advantage of machine mining is that perfect pillars are left and can be recovered, as there is no temptation to rot them. The reduction of the number of stalls for the same output, due to machinery, also causes a great saving in the timber, the number of roads and the tramways that have to be kept up. The saving of coal due to the introduction of machinery, is also very great; this arises from the small amount of slack and the larger coal produced by the smaller height and greater depth of undercutting, and also from the pillars not being crushed. An estimate is given of the saving in expense by using a plant of seven machines, run ten hours a day, and cutting 233 tons. The cost is £29 11s. 3d., made up as follows: Fuel, 9s. 7d.; wages, £2 10s.; deterioration of boiler, engine, electrical apparatus and wire, £1 6s; cost of repairs, £1 8d; cost of working £4 17s; loading and blasting, £19 8s. The indirect saving is estimated at £2 19s. The cost of hand mining is £38 6s. 8d. The saving by the use of machines is therefore considerable in all directions.

**EXTRACTS FROM THE SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF LABOR—UNITED STATES.**—Summary of cost of Bituminous Coal (run of mine) in five establishments in the Dominion of Canada.—This summary is drawn from the preceding sub-tables A to H, though the figures of cost are there omitted and the notation made "not reported" simply to prevent identification of individual establishments. The establishments covered are numbers 147 to 151, inclusive, being all the bituminous coal mines in the Dominion of Canada from which reports were obtained. As may be seen, the period covered in each case is the Calendar year of 1889. By run of mine is meant all the coal mined of whatever size.

Elements of cost.	Tons of 2,000 pounds	
	Cost of \$93,032.	Average cost of one.
Labor.....	\$751,730	£0.842
Officials and clerks.....	22,456	.025
Timber.....	24,506	.027
Other supplies and repairs.....	78,629	.088
Taxes (a).....	55,248	.062
Total.....	932,569	1.044

**SUMMARY OF COST OF THEORETICAL ELEMENTS IN THE ABOVE.**

Three establishments gave the amount paid for insurance; the aggregates of these make the sum credited to this item below. For two of the agents of the department failed to obtain a statement. Three establishments gave the amount paid for interest; the aggregate of these make the sum below. Two reported that there was no expenditure for interest. All five establishments reported that nothing was charged to depreciation, and that nothing was paid as royalty to the owners of the soil. The aggregates entered in

the first column below are, of course, apportioned in the second column among the whole five establishments.

Insurance.....	\$ 2,091	\$0.002
Interest.....	17,608	.020
Depreciation of value of plant.....	.....	.....
Royalty paid to owners of the soil.....	.....	.....
Total.....	19,699	.022

a Including royalty paid to the state.

Halo and Hearty.  
The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him all." The Canadian drinks Puttner's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.

I obtained a diploma at the HALIFAX BUSINESS COLLEGE during the winter of 1889, and feel amply repaid for the time and money spent there. I would recommend all who wish to acquire a knowledge of book-keeping to place themselves under Mr. Frazee's instruction. They will find him a very efficient and painstaking teacher, and the course of study such as will give them a thorough knowledge of the subject.

G. W. COLE,

*Bookkeeper at A. Robb & Sons, Amherst, N. S.*

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE TO

J. C. P. FRAZEE, Prin.

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MONDAY, Nov. 30, TUESDAY, Dec. 1,

## ZERA SEMON

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WONDERFUL MAGIC SHOW AND NOVELTY COMPANY.

EXTRAORDINARY ENGAGEMENT, commencing on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Dec. 2nd,

— OF THE FAVORITE ACTRESS —

## EDWINA GREY,

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When will be performed the new Realistic Drama, now being played at all the principal Theatres in America and England, written by PAUL MERRITT MERRITT and HENRY PETTIT, authors of the world, entitled,

## BRITISH BORN!

CHANGE OF PLAY NIGHTLY.

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Doors open 7 P. M. Sharp.

Curtain rises 8 P. M. Sharp.

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ROTARY SAW MILLS, suitable for all kinds of work in prices from \$140 to \$500.

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SEAM PAINT, a Perfect Substitute for Rosin. Also, Black and Bright Varnish, Roofing Pitch, Tar, &c. Quality guaranteed equal to anything manufactured.

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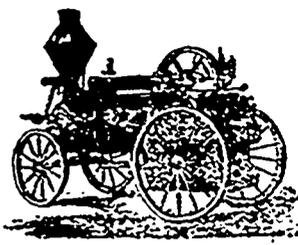
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OR WOOD WORKING MACHINERY,  
Write **GEO. H. EVANS,**  
62 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
For Catalogue C and vice.

Chemical Laboratory, Dalhousie College,  
Halifax, N. S., July 31st. 1891.

Within the last few months I have purchased promiscuously, at RETAIL GROCERY STORES in this City, packages of

## WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER,

and have subjected same to Chemical Analysis. The samples were found to consist of Fresh, Wholesome Materials, properly proportioned. This Baking Powder is well suited for family use, and has been employed, when required, in my own house for many years.

**GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., L. L. D.**  
Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland.

## MINING.

### THE PROSPECTOR.

Written for the Engineering and Mining Journal by Dan De Quille.  
(Concluded.)

The prospector of the arid zone is generally a man of middle age, with the constitution of the coyote. No roof except the "starry vault" covers his head of nights, and hunger has no terror for him. On a pinch he will eat anything that flies or crawls. He fears nothing but thirst, and against this he is always on his guard. When by some mischance thirst overtakes him he makes a better fight against it than would most men. He finds moisture in the fleshy leaves of the cactus, and unhesitatingly drinks the blood of any living thing he can capture. By means of a hollow reed he is able to suck water from wet sand, and using his coffee pot and gun barrel distils alkali water which it would be death to drink as found.

It is seldom that very old men venture out into the deserts and mountain wilds as prospectors; nor do many young men care to leave the society to be found in the towns and lead a solitary, roving life in the wilderness. The inveterate prospector belongs to a peculiar type of humanity closely related to the trapper and the bee-hunter. His thoughts by day and his dreams by night are of great and rich veins of the precious metals. He is a close student of nature and generally a good deal of a philosopher. Nothing escapes his eye in his march through the wilds. He not only sees every rock and pebble at his feet, but also notes every shade of color on the slopes of the far-away mountains. Every patch of color has a meaning for him. He knows the kind of soil—decomposed rock—that makes the particular shade he sees. He is also able through color and configuration to distinguish afar ranges in which water will be found.

The prospector is able to satisfactorily test all kinds of material for gold with pan and horn, but in order to test ores for silver he generally carries with him a small bottle of nitric acid, a Florence flask and a few test tubes, or if he understands the use of the blow pipe he depends upon that when he is in a region of smelting ores.

When rich float has been found and the prospector has camped on the trail of a vein, his partner, the donkey, has a good time. He grazes about the temporary home at his ease while his master is at work. When the lode for which search is being made is one of the kind designated as "blind" the prospector frequently finds it necessary to do a good deal of downright hard work. In following the trail of the vein up the slope of the hill or mountain he presently arrives at a point where the "float quartz" disappears. It is covered by soil and debris from a higher part of the mountain. It is then necessary to start a narrow trench and carry it up the slope. When the digging is first commenced the float which had disappeared from the surface will be found at a depth of a few inches beneath the soil. As the trench progresses the depth at which the fragments of float are found steadily increases. When they are found lying on the bedrock—face of the rock of which the mountain is composed—the prospector knows that his work is almost over, that he is close upon his vein.

The foregoing is a plain, unromantic view of the prospector and his work in the mountains. Much might truthfully be said of him as the *avant courer* of civilization, but in that light he has been so frequently painted by master hands that little room is left for new touches. He has also been depicted as a sort of cross between Sinbad the Sailor and Baron Munchausen, but in the solitary life he often leads for long periods of time, it would be nearer the mark to paint him as a Crusoe, his burro standing for his man Friday.

The prospector is entitled to figure as an Indian fighter more dangerous than most of those who pose in that role, though nearly all his fighting is after the Parthian manner—while in retreat. The stories of his Indian fights are almost invariably histories of masterly retreats—retreats deadly to his pursuers.

## NEWS FROM THE RANDT

Special Correspondent London Weekly Bulletin.

All this week we have been in the swim, and have been able, on our own account, to do some considerable business apart from foreign support. I think we might almost say it has been one of the best weeks we have had since the slump. Prices have been steadily advancing all the week, and that in spite of the cabled intelligence from London of a slump in America, and dullness in "Kaffirs." The fact is we are beginning to feel our own feet, and local confidence is so strong that we have been able to throw off, to some extent, our dependence on the London market. The dominating factor has undoubtedly been the expectation of a good output for August, which was officially declared yesterday at 65,601 oz. This is an increase of 6,534 oz. over the August output, which itself was 3,000 oz. more than that for July. Such solid progress as this is held to warrant the belief that the future prospects of the industry were never brighter or more fully resourced than at the present time. The number of sales on Thursday and Friday was 34, a higher figure than we have reached at any time since the slump. You will observe the remarkable total of the Robinson Company, viz., 8,245 oz. the largest monthly return made by any mine in South Africa. Over 1,000 oz. of this amount were the result of only 10 days run of the chlorination plant. As this subject is one of very general interest to all who hold shares in the Randt Companies, the *Star* has interviewed Mr. Butters, of the Robinson Company, and published the result. It appears that the chief difficulty to be overcome at first was the cost of coal and chemicals, but these have been so far obviated that the total cost per ton is not much more than the cost of the same operations in California. The excavations were made in May and the furnace began to work on 1st

September. The bricks for the furnace were manufactured on the spot, and the iron-work turned out at the Company's own forge. The concentrates are run from the vanner house by tram line on to the top of the furnace. They show between 15 and 90 per cent of pyrites. At present the percentage is rather low. The concentrates are dried on the top of the furnace, and then dumped in at the top end of a 60-foot hearth, growing gradually hotter towards one end. As the ore is worked forward and the heat increases, the antimony, arsenic and sulphur are gradually eliminated. The success of the experiment consists in the gradual and perfect elimination of these elements. Great care has to be taken not to dissipate the gold in fumes. As Mr. McArthur says, perfect roasting is the most difficult operation in the chlorination process. The ore when discharged from the furnace is tipped out on to the cooling floor. It is then loosely packed into leaching vats, so as to permit the chlorine gas to permeate throughout the whole mass. When full of this gas the tanks are plugged up and left to stand for half a day to three days. The affinity of chlorine for gold forms the compound chloride of gold. Leaching consists in the washing out of the dissolved gold, which runs out into precipitation tanks. When these are filled with gold-water sulphate of iron is added, and the gold is precipitated in the form of a brown powder. The precipitate requires from one to three days to settle. The water is drawn off from the top, and the gold precipitation vats are cleared out once or twice a month, and the gold precipitated is melted down into ordinary bar gold. The process in use at the Robinson Mine is that known as the Plattner process, and is in use in California. Mr. Butters says he has added nothing during his 10 years' experience to the chemistry of the process. Chlorination is a very complex operation, and needs the utmost care and intelligence, failure being the usual result of attempting to carry it on by mechanical rule of thumb. There are altogether three chlorination processes, the Newbery-Vautin, the Pollok, and the Plattner, the latter being the basis of the other two. At Mount Morgan, in Queensland, there is the largest chlorination process in the world, they use 40 lb. of sulphuric acid to produce chlorine gas for each ton of ore operated upon, whilst at the Robinson only 12½ lb. is required for the treatment of one ton. The cost of the sulphuric acid, which has to be imported, will put the Pollok and the Newbery-Vautin processes out of competition with the Plattner process. Mr. Butters, who has been in every gold-producing country in the world, except Australia, says he never saw a market before where people had to advertise their tailings and concentrates. Sharp competition among buyers has made this unnecessary. Here the market is stocked with these materials, and as there are no buyers, his opinion is that it is a place with a great future before it, and accordingly he has come to stay.

It is impossible to go through life without taking cold, but that is no reason a cough or cold should be neglected. A perfect remedy will be found in the popular medicine, Oxford Cough Syrup.

**DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS**

All communications to this department should be addressed *directly* to the Checker Editor, W. Forsyth 38 Grafton Street.

**JAMES BALLY**, Six Mile Brook, Pictou Co.—Please excuse delay in writing you. Will try to communicate with you soon.

**A. S. McKIE**, Sydney, C. B.—Why have we not heard from you of late? We are beginning to think you have forgotten us. Cannot you send something that will be of interest?

**NEWS.**

The next Barker-Reed match will probably take place in Providence, R. I., for \$500 a side.—*Providence Journal*.

Wyllie's total score at Newcastle was 250 wins, 1 loss and 17 draws. Since returning to England from Australia he has played 1,313 games. Of these he won 1,143, lost 10 and drew 160.

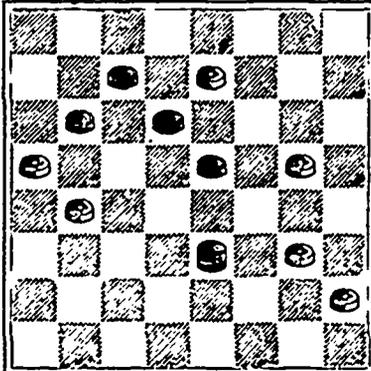
**SOLUTION.**

**PROBLEM 249.**—The position was:—black men 10, 11, 21; white men 18, 19, King 22; white to play and win. This remarkable little problem can only be won as follows:—

22	17	18	9	9	6	2	7
21	—25	25	—30	21	—17		
17	21	21	25	6	2	white	
10	—14	30	—21	17	—14,	wins.	

**PROBLEM 251.**

An end game from Denver's Barker-Reed match book.  
Black men—6, 9, 10, 15, king 23



White men—7, 13, 16, 17, 24, 28.  
Black (Barker) to play and draw. This end game was suggested by Freeman as a way in which Reed might have won the fifth game in the match, but Barker discovered a neat draw which we invite our readers to find.

**GAME 127.—"DUNDEE"**

This is the last game played in the recent Barker-Reed match. Reed had the blacks and, of course moved first.

12	—16	11	—15	12	—19	24	—31
24	20	20	11	17	13	22	17
8	—12	7	—16	5	—9	31	—22
28	24	24	20	30	26	25	4
a-9	—14	b-15	—19	4	—8	2	—7
b-22	17	20	11	27	23	23	19
3	—8	8	—15	1	—19	—24	Reed
c-26	22	23	16	31	27	resigned	

**VAR. I.**

8	—12	31	27	19	—24	22	17
23	16	1	—5	32	27	w. wins.	
12	—19	27	23	24	—31	(Barker)	

\* Barker is said to have had this "loaded" six months before the match, having won it off Freeman. It is stated to be the only game that Reed lost with any pleasure, Barker having gone away with the brilliant stroke after the match was virtually settled. The contestants immediately shook hands and the match ended.

Notes from Denver's match book.  
a-This move is taken to prevent the strong 23 18 move which Wyllie played against Bryden. Mr. F. Dunne, however, has shown it to be only a draw.

b-Both Bryden and Ferris adopted this move in their match.

c-Bryden played 25 22 against Ferris which resulted in a draw.

d Setting the trap.

e An absolute loss but the most natural move and one that reflects no discredit on either Reed or Freeman. 16—19 draws.

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## CITY CHIMES.

Criticism of the Orpheus Concert crowded over into News column, page 6.

We hear that the question of the trophy football match is to be finally decided to-day. Several members of the Maritime Provinces Football Union are to meet in the city and hold a solemn confab over this momentous question, and the result of their meditation is eagerly awaited by both Wanderers and Dalhousians. It is to be hoped the decision of these gentlemen will be satisfactory to both teams and that peace and goodwill may once more reign.

The President and Office Bearers of the North British Society have issued cards for a *Conversazione* to be held in Masonic Hall on Monday evening, to celebrate the festival of St. Andrew. Pleasant recollections of former receptions given by this Society warrant anticipations of a delightful evening to all who are honored with invitations.

Herr and Mrs. Klingensfeld have thrown open the doors of their pretty home on Smith Street yesterday and to day, and the public is cordially invited to inspect the display of fancy and useful articles which are being disposed of for the benefit of the poor of our city. Mrs. Klingensfeld and her willing assistants should certainly receive liberal patronage from the good people of Halifax, their object being a worthy one and their zeal in this noble cause unceasing. We hope to hear of a good return for the efforts of these charitable ladies.

The President and Officers of the Church of England Institute are to be congratulated on the success of the reception given to their friends last evening in the Institute Hall. The whole building was thrown open to the guests and a most enjoyable entertainment provided. The musical programme was first class in every respect and varied with short addresses from the President and others. This *At Home* is the first of the course of entertainments provided for the winter season and is an auspicious opening.

The recital at Ladies College last Friday evening drew a large audience and was pronounced by all a perfect success. The pupils did themselves and their teachers great credit and furnished an enjoyable entertainment for their numerous friends who were fortunate enough to be present. These pleasant evenings at our Young Ladies' Seminary are growing in popularity and are highly appreciated by those interested in the progress of the rising generation. The bright and interested faces of the maidens prove that the home life of the College is made attractive and that the efficient teachers are improving their opportunities of developing all that is best in the minds and characters of those entrusted to their care. The College has now a large number of day pupils who reside in the city and between forty and fifty boarders, while many more are expected after the beginning of the new year. The friends of the College will be glad to hear of its gratifying success.

Dr. Partridge's "Sunday afternoons with the People," during which the Reverend gentleman has delivered to large audiences a series of interesting lectures, closed on Sunday last with an organ recital in St. George's Church. Mrs. Hegarty, Messrs. Wilson and Foster and Professor Hutchins were the principal participants in the well arranged programme, which consisted of about twelve numbers, all of which were excellently rendered. The congregation was large and the service proved very enjoyable. Dr. Partridge's lectures have been well attended and his able discourses on popular topics highly appreciated by those who have assembled Sunday after Sunday and who will regret that the series has ended.

The long-talked-of *At Home* at Dalhousie at last materialized, although not as at first planned. After all thoughts of holding a large reception were abandoned, the lady students conceived the brilliant idea of giving a social entertainment on a smaller scale in honor of the noble fifteen who have won such laurels on the field of sport this season. Accordingly invitations were issued to a limited number of friends for Tuesday evening, and a thoroughly enjoyable *conversazione* was held in the spacious halls of Dalhousie. The committee of management spared no pains to make the event all that could be desired, and must indeed have felt highly gratified at the success of their efforts. The reception rooms, law library, etc. were very tastefully decorated, yellow and black bunting being draped on pillars and walls, while from gasaliers and other points of vantage gracefully swung the idolized footballs. Principal and Mrs. Forrest and Mrs. Weldon received the guests at the entrance to the Assembly Hall, and the rooms were soon filled with the students and their friends. All appeared to be in merry mood, and an utter lack of the restraint which is usually so evident at the beginning of these social functions was very noticeable. Conversation and laughter flowed freely, and the cheers for Dalhousie lustily given by the students after "goodnight ladies," had been sung were heartily echoed in the hearts of their guests. The literary and musical programme of the evening was well carried out. The opening address of welcome to their football teams delivered by Mr. A. K. McLean was briefly and happily responded to by Captains Bill and Johnson amid applause by the boys. Miss Hobrocker and Miss Copeland favored the company with vocal solos, the latter lady receiving an enthusiastic encore, and the evening passed only too quickly. The refreshments were served downstairs, and the excellent and dainty viands so bountifully provided were done ample justice to. The students of Dalhousie, especially the lady students, are to be congratulated.

The football game on the Royal Blue grounds last Saturday afternoon

between Acadia and Dalhousie was one of the best contested and most interesting matches that we have seen for a long time. Both teams were in good trim and went to work with a will, each member wearing a look of determination to do or die; and although there was no particularly brilliant individual plays the united efforts of both sides accomplished some fine work. The game was called for two o'clock, and promptly at that hour the boys were on the field, and a large crowd had assembled to witness the game. Several of Acadia's students had accompanied their team and were loud in their expressions of encouragement. The day was all that could be desired, but the results of a heavy frost on Friday night, followed by Saturday's bright sunshine, rendered the ground very soft and slippery. Dalhousie won the toss, and the war began. Play was fast and furious until the fight was interrupted by an accident to Starratt, Acadia's captain. Dr. Jacques was immediately on hand and pronounced the injuries not dangerous. Ferguson took Starratt's place and the game went on. When half time was called the game stood a draw, and the excitement and interest of both Dalhousians and Acadians present was intense. In the second half both teams lost a forward. J. D. Logan, the brave wrestler for Dalhousie's honor, was carried off the field apparently more dead than alive, but was heard a few minutes later assuring Prof. Forrest that he wasn't "gone" yet, and we are glad to learn that he is now rapidly recovering. A few minutes later Lombard, of Acadia, retired with his nose broken, and the game was finished with one man short on each side. The end of the battle came at last with score, Dalhousie 2, Acadia 0. The visitors played a fine game, and although victory was not for them this time, may feel proud of their work. They returned to their *alma mater* in the W. & A. train, after a pleasant though brief visit to our city, where the genial manly fellows have made many friends.

Only when Zera Semon, the marvellous wonder-worker, comes to town is the popularity of the old Lyceum Hall renewed, and the little street on which it is situated presents the same scene every evening of an eager, pushing crowd striving to obtain admission to the land of wonderment. Truly it is surprising the skill with which this magician performs his marvellous feats, completely defying the wisdom of the sceptical and entrancing and interesting all who attend his magical entertainments. The advertisements of Zera's novelties really give but a faint idea of the extent of his programme, which contains new features each evening. We notice that next week this wonderful show is to have an addition to its already lengthy list of attractions in the engagement of H. Price Webber's Boston Comedy Co., which opens on Wednesday evening, and will run for a week with a change of programme each evening. This Company is well known in every town of the Province, and will without doubt provide bountiful entertainment for lovers of fun, and who does not feel the better after a hearty laugh. Zera has made a good score in securing this popular combination, and if energetic enterprise, combined with an honest desire to give the public the worth of its money, can ensure a prosperous season, Professor Semon will never know the meaning of the word failure. Mrs. Zera Semon is not by any means the least important member of this novel Company which is attracting such crowds at each of its performances, for a more expert door-keeper could hardly be imagined. The dexterity with which this lady takes the admission tickets and delivers the prize coupons is hardly less wonderful than the feats of her husband. In the words of the irrepressible small boy, "she's a hustler." Mention must also be made of Zera's business manager, Mr. Ed. H. Barstead, who is well up in his profession and shows excellent business qualities, and inasmuch as he is a Halifax boy should receive his due share of credit from Halifaxians for the success with which his Company inevitably meets.

There was some little imp of mischief in the types last week surely that made what we certainly intended for 1888 appear in cold print as 1878 in the paragraph on the Dartmouth Fortnightly Club. If our readers will pardon such an error for this time we will try to avoid confusing our dates in future.

The first meeting of Dartmouth's new Fortnightly Club was held, as announced last week, at Mrs. Douglas Dixon's on Friday evening. About sixty or seventy people were present, and dancing was kept up with vigor in the spacious room set apart for the purpose until about half-past eleven o'clock, when the guests departed. It is a wise beginning to leave on Cinderella's time, and not to make these regular gatherings anything like formal parties, with late hours that interfere so much with the next day's work and well-being. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon are the best of entertainers and make their friends thoroughly enjoy an evening with them. The next meeting of the Club will be held on Thursday evening of next week at "Sunnyside," where Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ellis have so often filled their rooms with happy guests.

The Young Men's Society of Christ's Church, Dartmouth, announced an entertainment to be given in their town last evening. As this column closes up on Thursday we cannot speak further of it, but we know that with the talent comprised in the Society they should be able to please their audience.

We have had an unusually pleasant month of November this year, and even though December is close upon us we are still enjoying mild weather. Mist and mud rendered the first of this week very unpleasant, but the bright sunshine that followed has fully compensated for the misery endured by all pedestrians on those days. This beautiful autumn weather will make the winter less tedious, surely something to be devoutly thankful for.