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HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 4, 1891.

{ VOL. 8
No. 49 }

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THE CRITIC,

Published every Friday, at 161 Hollis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia

BY
CRITIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Edited by C. F. FRASER.

Subscription \$1.50 per annum in advance. Single copies 5 cents
* SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE. *

Remittances should be made to A. M. FRASER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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 Charlottetown *Guardian* looking into the matter of Maritime Union wrote to the Premiers of the three provinces asking for their views on the subject. Premier Fielding says he may be counted upon as a supporter of Maritime Union, provided that a fair scheme be devised, and that the fullest opportunity be given to the people of each province to consider and pass judgment upon it. Premier Peters of P. E. Island recognizes the importance of the subject, but thinks that at the present time it can scarcely be said to be before the people; and Premier Blair of New Brunswick is not favorable to the idea, and would from New Brunswick's standpoint oppose it strongly. It does not look favorable just now for the consummation of this desirable union, but the time must come sooner or later that these provinces shall be under one government.

The Indian Government proposes to build a railway into and through the far-famed valley of Kashmir, at a cost somewhere between ten and fifteen million dollars. The difficulties of this undertaking are enormous, but the opening of the beautiful valley to the influences of civilization and British rule will probably pay both the government of India and the Maharajah of Kashmir, who jointly guarantee the expenditure. The new railway will be constructed along the valley of the Jhelum, one of the five rivers from which the great British Indian province of the Punjab takes its name, and will be about two hundred and ten miles in length. This move appears to be indicative of the increase of British control and the defence of the northwest frontiers against Russian invasions. British statesmen have their eyes about them, and the recent visit of the Viceroy to Kashmir has been productive of better relations with the Maharajah, who has been behaving so well under the direction of the native council, assisted by the advice of the President, that much of his power has been restored to him. It will be remembered that the Maharajah was deposed in 1889 on account of continued misgovernment.

Ever since Columbus made his famous voyage, and discovered this vast continent on which we live, emigration from the older countries to the New World has gone on increasing, and so much has this tendency grown that it has already become a subject of legislation in the United States in order that some check may be put upon all sorts and conditions of men seeking homes within its borders. It appears also that the countries of Europe have cause to look into the subject of emigration, and to this end an

International Emigration Conference was arranged and opened at Paris on November 25th under the presidency of M. Jules Simon, the distinguished French statesman. All the European countries in which emigration has become a pressing question have sent delegates, except Russia and Britain. The latter, however, has a representative present to watch the proceedings, but not to take part in them. Of course the question in European countries turns upon the loss of people valuable to the nations to which they belong, and not, as in the United States, upon the influx of undesirables. The United States is represented at the Conference by Mr. Frederick Brackett, special foreign agent of the Treasury Department, who was authorized by his government to attend but not to take part in the proceedings. The attendance at the Conference has not been large, but as the members will have made an inspection of the vessels engaged in carrying emigrants from the port of Havre, they will likely do not a little good by seeing that the accommodation is adequate.

In this favored land of ours we have enjoyed comparative immunity from loathsome diseases such as leprosy, and the few cases that have occurred have been rigidly looked after by the Government. The story of the two Chinese lepers who arrived at Vancouver from the United States a few weeks ago, and who wandered about without any restraint for a time, until they were obliged to take shelter in the hut in which they had been imprisoned, has awakened no little interest in the subject of leprosy. Fortunately the difficulty over the disposal of these two afflicted Celestials has been disposed of, and they have been sent to D'Arcy Island, near Victoria, where five Chinese lepers have been located for some months past, being provided for at the expense of the Victoria Corporation, and the two additional cases will be a charge upon Vancouver for the present at any rate. The larger issue involved in the matter is concerning the right of the United States to make Canada a dumping ground for persons so diseased. Owing to the alarming increase of leprosy in the Republic of Columbia of late years it is probable that both the United States and Canada will have to pay a good deal of attention to the matter in the near future. It is authoritatively stated that every department in Columbia is more or less effected with the leprous taint, and a celebrated physician of Bogota, editor of the *Medical Review* of that city, demonstrated in a recent article that fully one-tenth of the inhabitants of Sander and Byaco are infected with leprosy. This means that in that part of Columbia there are 100,000 lepers. This state of affairs is a menace to the American Continent, and the Health Department of the United States will before long have to consider the matter seriously, and devise means whereby the safety of the people may be secured. The Canadian Health Department will, if the United States avoids making trouble by showing its lepers over the border, cordially support any action that may be taken.

The sub-committee of the committee appointed by the Merchants Tax Reform Association is to be congratulated upon the report submitted on Monday last at a general meeting of the Association. The report bears evidence of diligent investigation and intelligent consideration, and is a credit to Messrs. W. J. Stewart, Geoffrey Morrow and Arthur P. Silver. It not only emphasizes the evils and unfairness of the present method of taxing personal property, but it goes a step farther by suggesting a radical but effective remedy for these evils, a remedy which appeals to the judgment of every fair minded man as at once being just to the importer and manufacturer, fair to the commission merchant, agent and professional man, and equitable to all classes of citizens. Under the existing law the merchant is taxed upon his goods in store irrespective of whether he has the maximum or minimum quantity generally carried by him. Taxation may thus deal lightly with one importer while it bears heavily upon another. This is equally true of manufacturers, who may at a certain season of the year carry twice as much manufactured stock as at another, and yet the taxation is made upon the stock in hand irrespective of any other consideration. The prosperity of the city is in a large measure dependent upon the success of our merchants and manufacturers, and any policy which places them at a disadvantage in the business competition of the Dominion is short-sighted in the extreme. The committee has prepared a draft act in which briefly stated it is proposed to tax real property at one and a half per cent. In lieu of the tax upon personal property a business tax is to be exacted, which practically may be regarded as a license fee levied upon all individuals, firms and incorporated companies doing business in the city. A specific tax is also to be levied upon insurance companies, brokers, telephone electric, gas and street railway companies, and the banks are to be assessed in proportion to their paid-up capital. Speaking generally we heartily endorse the report of the committee, and we trust when the matter comes up for discussion in the City Council our civic representatives may give to the question the serious consideration which it deserves.

We are almost inclined to think with a recent writer that literature is a disease which affects a large number of people. The *Quarterly Review* says that eight hundred novels a year are published in England! Of these very few survive more than a few months, and it is doubtful if there is any good reason for their production.

By the courtesy of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, Washington, D. C., we have been put in possession of the three parts of the Sixth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor for the United States—a work consisting of an immense amount of statistical matter relating to the cost of production of iron, steel, coke and limestone, divided into three sections, cost of production, wages, and the efficiency of labor in the industries named, and the cost of living of families whose heads are employed in the industries named. The Seventh Report of the Department will deal in a similar manner with textile and glass industries.

It is so unusual for any person or corporation to pay out more money than the law requires of them to settle their just debts, that the action of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, in voluntarily paying its share of the city taxes, amounting to about \$1,100 a year, notwithstanding its legal exemption, appears somewhat remarkable. The subject of the exemption of church property from taxation has been discussed before in these columns, and we will not re-open the question again at this time, but we would like to draw attention to this action on the part of the Toronto church mentioned above. It appears to us that there is a great deal to be said in support of it.

The British South African Colonies have, during the past two decades, rapidly grown in number, extent and importance, and considering their climate and great resources, it needs no prophet to foretell the success of a great African Empire in which British civilization and British laws shall be paramount. A leading figure in South African politics is the Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes, and to his energy and foresight is due the credit of much that has been accomplished by the British in South Africa. Already the whistle of the steam locomotive is heard at a distance of 1300 miles from Cape Town, and despite the Boors and the Portuguese, British Rule is gradually being extended northward. Zambesi is the latest territory acquired, and it is under the control of a British African Company. Its soil is fertile, its climate salubrious, and its immense resources, especially in gold, known to be of great value. Canada, Australia and South Africa are wonderful instances of the rapid growth of greater Britain.

All lovers of their fellow-men and those who firmly desire to see our race emancipated from the curse which follows the excessive use of alcoholic beverages are now watching with keen interest the work going on in Dr. Keeley's sanitarium at Dwight, Ill. Dr. Keeley claims that he has discovered a complete cure for dipsomania, and certainly the testimonials he has received would indicate that his treatment has proved successful. Dr. Keeley regards dipsomania as a disease, and in his treatment of it he claims to counteract the effect of alcoholic poisoning and drive out of the system all desire for strong drink. Six hundred patients are now receiving the regular treatment in the Dwight Sanitarium, and as fast as those who are pronounced cured leave the establishment, others take their place. For the sake of the sufferers we sincerely hope that the discovery is genuine, but there are many who discredit it and regard the doctor as a quack, and his cure as sublime quackery. However, the weight of testimony is so far in favor of Dr. Keeley's cure, and in common with our readers we shall watch with interest the outcome of the experiment.

We shall soon have to get a new calendar. There is only one leaf left on ours, and we fancy many of our readers will find theirs in the same denuded condition—that is if they have been making use of them. This falling of the leaves reminds us that the year is growing old, that Father Christmas will shortly make his annual visit, bringing joy to the hearts of the little ones, that winter is here, and that we are having the shortest, darkest days of the year. In looking over the list of remarkable events, etc., in December, we find that a number of celebrated people can claim it as their birth month. The Princess of Wales was born on the 1st, 1844; Thomas Carlyle, on the 4th, 1795; General Sir Redvers Buller, V. C., on the 7th, 1839; Gen. Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, on the 10th, 1825; Ven. Archdeacon Denison, on the 11th, 1805; the 25th is kept as the birthday of the Saviour of mankind, the greatest festival of the Christian year; and on the 29th, 1809, William E. Gladstone was born. Among those who have died we find the names of Prince Albert and Princess Alice, Isaac Walton, the "Gentle Angler," and others of less note. November days can scarcely have been said to be dark and drear this year, for some of the weather has been perfectly lovely, but it cannot be expected to continue so this month. At any rate we have the prospect of brighter, longer days in the new year, which we hope will come in as merrily as this one did, so long ago it seems now. In connection with birthday months we remember that the gem for December is the beautiful blue turquoise, of which the poet—what poet we cannot tell, says:—

"If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless whatever you do."

Here is a hint for those who wish to give suitable and acceptable gifts to friends born in bleak December.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.
K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.

From a note in a recent issue of the *Militia Gazette* we should judge that a severe blow has been struck at the whole volunteer system in Canada by the action of the department in discouraging volunteering by Civil Servants. At the annual inspection of the Governor-General's Foot Guards at Ottawa, on November 7th, the parade was only half the strength of the regiment, the cause being that those who failed to turn out were unable to get leave of absence for the afternoon from their employers, who alleged that they could not afford to have their business interrupted any more than the Government could. General Herbert expressed his disappointment, and asked for a special report on the causes of the poor turn out. The danger is that this feeling against letting employees off for Militia duties—the result of departmental interference with the enlistment of Civil Servants—will spread to all parts of the Dominion, which would be much to be regretted. Our Militia is not perfect, but it is a great pity that its development should be retarded by an unwise policy on the part of the Government. In order that public opinion may be heard on the subject, it is believed that a resolution is to be submitted to Parliament next session, either in the form of an additional clause in the promised Militia Act Amendment Bill, or of an independent motion.

Newfoundland is carrying on a very offensive policy towards a large portion of the people of the Maritime Provinces. The tax she imposed last year upon bait to our fishermen, while allowing fishermen from the United States to obtain it upon easy terms, was most unfair, and now she refuses to let our fishermen have it at all. This has aroused our fishermen to send a request to Ottawa that duties be imposed upon Newfoundland fish imported into the Dominion, but for good reasons this will not likely be done. The matter is to be brought before the Imperial Government, and it will then be decided what power Newfoundland has, if any, to enforce the Bait Act against the British Colonies. The fact that a large proportion of Newfoundland's catch is taken in Canadian waters should predispose the Newfoundland authorities to be friendly, but they must needs feel aggrieved, forsooth, and officially announce, that on account of Canada's opposition to their proposed convention with the United States, and the persistence of Canadian fishermen in supplying French fishermen with bait at St. Pierre, compels them in self-protection to continue the restrictions upon the sale of herring to Canadians! This bait business promises to become lively ere long, and we hope that the Government will do its best for our hardy fishermen who brave the dangers of this method of earning a living. It is not an easy life at best, but when so many obstacles are put in the way it becomes hard indeed for fishermen to obtain the means of subsistence.

The death of the Earl of Lytton, British Ambassador to Paris, which occurred last week, removes from the ranks of diplomacy, literature and statesmanship, one who held a high place in these walks of life. As a poet, under the name of Owen Meredith, the Earl of Lytton is known wherever the English language is spoken, more especially by that magnificent woman's poem "Lucile," which is so beautifully summed up in the following words:—

"The mission of woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman: permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's register'd curse
The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile."

Being written by a man, we do not find this championship of the sex tiresome, as it must be confessed the aggressive femininity of some female writers proves to be. The production of *Lucile*, before the author was thirty years of age, convinced the reading public that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's son possessed no small share of the genius of his father, and the poem, which is full of quotable gems, at once took a high place in English letters. He was the author of other works, both in prose and poetry, but no one of them is so much appreciated as "Lucile." He early turned his attention to diplomacy, and studied foreign languages with a view to diplomatic service, which he first entered at the age of eighteen as an Attaché at Washington, D. C., in 1848. He figured afterwards in every European capital of any importance, and it was while fulfilling his duties as Minister at Lisbon in 1876 that Mr. Disraeli informed him by telegraph that he had been appointed Viceroy of India—the highest office in the gift of the Crown. The important events of his administration include the Afghan war and the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India on January 1st, 1877. The spectacle of the ceremonial on the plains of Delhi, when surrounded by all the Princes of India, the important proclamation was made by the Viceroy, was the most gorgeous ever witnessed in the far east. In 1873 he had succeeded to the title of his father as second Baron Lytton, and in 1880 he was raised, for distinguished services, to the dignity of an Earldom, being created Earl of Lytton, of Lytton, in the County of Derby, and Viscount Knebworth, of Knebworth, in the County of Herts. It was while he was in India that an unsuccessful attempt upon his life was made. In April, 1880, Lord Lytton resigned the Viceroyship and returned to England, and took his seat in the House of Lords. In 1887 he became Ambassador to Paris, in succession to Lord Lyons, a post he held until his death last week. Lord Lytton was honored by nearly all the Universities conferring their most prized distinctions upon him, and the Queen made him a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, and a Knight of the Indian Empire. He married Edith, daughter of Hon. Edward Villiers, and will be succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount Knebworth.

K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age.
K. D. C. The Dyspeptic's Hope.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

MODESTY.

One deeply solemn thought
Haunts me by night and day,
Changing all joy to naught,
Driving all bliss away;
It is the thought of death
That thus I ponder on;
'Tis pity for the poor, poor world,
When I am dead and gone.

For I sometime must go
And leave the world forlorn—
Since I must bring such woe
Why was I ever born?
Dear human race, my grief
Is not for me, but you:
When I am dead and laid at rest,
What will the poor world do?

Will this dark planet still,
As now, go whirling round
Its path of good and ill
When I am in the ground?
And will the glorious sun
Continue to appear,
And will the stars come out each night
When I'm no longer here?

Then ask me not to smile!
What comfort can I find
Tormented all the while
By grief for all mankind?
Oh, millions now unborn!
My absence ye must rue,
Without one spark of comfort, save
To know I grieved for you!

—(George Horton, in Chicago Herald.)

"How do you like my new ball dress, John?" asked the young wife.
"Oh, you look beautiful," replied the young husband; "but you are wrong in asking how you look in it." "Why?" "Because you are head and shoulders out of it."

SHOULD NOT COMPLAIN.—"Say," said a man to the butcher of whom he purchased his daily supply of meat, "that last piece of steak I bought of you must have been from a steer old enough to vote."

"Was it tough?" enquired the man of meat.
"Tough! Well, I should say it was. I could hardly cut it."
"Oh, is that all? Well, you ought to have heard another man kicking a day or two ago. He bought a piece that he said was so tough he couldn't get his fork in the gravy."

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

"HE KNEW HOW IT WAS HIMSELF."—Father—"Johnny, there's a button off your coat. Go up stairs and sew it on."

Little Johnny (in surprise)—"Mother will sew it on."
Father—"I know she will, but I want you to learn to sew on buttons yourself."

Johnny (amazed)—"Why?"
Father (solemnly)—"Some day, Johnny, when you grow up you won't have any mother—nothing but a wife."

A FREE TRANSLATION.—Many years ago a large stone was dug up near a church in Ireland, which bore the following inscription:

I Sabilli Hoeres ago
Fortibus e; in: Aro
Nosces Mari the be trux
Votis innem * * * pes and dux.

Some wit who saw the stone observed that though not versed in antiquarian lore, he could give a translation. In sound it is ridiculously like the latin words:

"I say, Billy, here's a go;
Forty buses in a row,
No, says Mary, they be trucks,
What is in 'em?
Pease and ducks!"

Sir Thomas Esmonde, is the only one of the Irish national party possessing a title. He invited none of his colleagues to his wedding. He married the daughter of The O'Donovan of Tralee, a gentleman of good property. The prefix "The" is a usual one with a few of the old Irish families, such as The O'Donoghue of the Glens, The O'Connor Don, etc. It is a very distinctive title, but the late O'Gorman Mahon, M. P., did not believe in its frequency, nor in the right of ordinary people to use it, for once when some one was called by it in the House of Commons, he arose from his place and informed the astonished wisdom of England, in parliament assembled, that there were only three entitled to call themselves by it, viz: The Pope, the Devil, and the O'Gorman Mahon!

Charming people, these exceptional people. Here's a medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for instance, and it's cured hundreds, thousands that're known, thousands that're unknown; and yet yours is an exceptional case! Do you think that that bit of human nature which you call "I" is different from the other parcels of human nature? "But you don't know my case." Good friend, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the causes are the same—impure blood—and that's why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-nine out of every hundred. You may be the exception. And you may not. But would you rather be the exception, or would you rather be well? If you're the exception it costs you nothing, you get your money back—but suppose it cures you. Let the "Golden Medical Discovery" take the risk.

EXCELLENCE.



RHEUMATISM.—Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W. C., London Eng. states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvellous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Tarric Island, Ont., March 4, 1899, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A. Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica, used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

STRAIN.—Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."



IT HAS NO EQUAL.

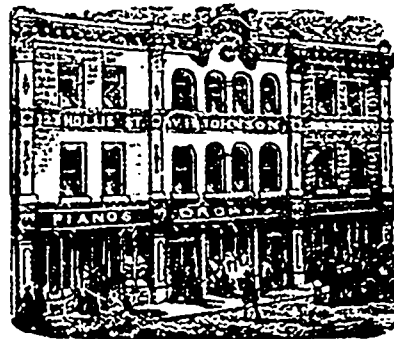
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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. Millie Fraser.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* for November 27th is out.

Sir Richard Cartwright has obtained control of the *Montreal Herald*.

The Middleton waterworks have been put in operation. A public opening was held on Tuesday.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of St. Mark's church was celebrated on Sunday.

The British Government has not given its assent to the Canadian Load Line Act of last session.

The St. John Board of Trade has been discussing the winter port question and passing resolutions thereon.

Mr. Michael Donovan, editor of the *Antigonish Casket*, was married on November 26th to Miss Mary Dunphy.

Prof. Schurman, Dean of the School of Philosophy at Cornell University, has joined the Baptist Church at Ithaca.

William Stephens, father of Lord Mount Stephen, died on Nov. 29th, aged 91 years. He was a carpenter by trade.

Eight notices of application for divorce at the coming session have been given already; but some will not be proceeded with.

The hearing of the Halifax election case will take place on the 21st. An exceedingly large number of subpoenas have been issued.

A Yarmouth man named Wetmore was robbed of \$190 in a house in Sheffield Street, St. John, last Friday night. He claims that he was drugged.

Wild cat hunting is becoming fashionable among sportsmen. Lieut. McGowan and a party of officers bagged a big one last Saturday on Guysboro Road.

Mr. William Notman, the renowned photographer, died at Montreal on Wednesday of last week. He was in his sixty-sixth year, and, it is said, leaves an immense fortune.

Mr. Bowers, M. P. for Digby, admitted irregularity by an agent, and was unseated on December 1st. He will be unanimously nominated to contest the constituency again.

A great scare was created on the Dominion Government experimental farm, at Ottawa, by the discovery that two cows were afflicted with tuberculosis. The animals were at once slaughtered.

The late Minister of Public Works, Sir Hector Langevin, has applied to the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons for the seat on the front Opposition row hitherto occupied by Mr. Ouimet.

The semi-annual meeting of the Wanderers A. A. Club was held on Friday evening last. A pleasant feature of the meeting was the presentation of a gold watch to Geo. H. Bowen, the Wanderers' sprinter.

Richard White, of the *Gazette*, and J. P. Whelan, contractor of Montreal, were arrested last week on charges connected with articles published in Tory papers, which originated with Whelan. Bail was given.

Sir Edwin Arnold has been giving readings from his own poetry in Toronto to large audiences. He is not only a poet, but is an editorial writer of brilliant ability and conducts one of London's large papers.

The ice bridge has commenced to form on the river St. Lawrence and the Richelieu river is frozen over from St. Hilaire to St. Ours. If the present cold dip continues, it will not be long before crossing will be practicable.

The Nova Scotia Central Railway was disposed of at Sheriff's sale on Monday of last week, and was purchased by James D. Eisenbauer and F. B. Wade, of Lunenburg, for \$545,000. The latter has for some time been receiver of the road.

Some of the public spirited citizens of Middleton are talking of constructing a large three storied building to accommodate a bank, post office and stores on the first floor, a spacious public hall on the second floor and a music hall on the third.

The owners of the steamer *Fastnet*, which sunk the *Heather Belle* off Charlottetown a short time ago, want \$10,000 damages for injury to the *Fastnet*. The Island Steam Navigation Company, which owns the *Heather Belle*, is suing the owners of the *Fastnet*.

Arthur Purdy of Truro, a fireman on an I. C. R. locomotive, fell off the engine while on an embankment near Shubenacadie on Monday, and fell the whole distance of the height of the dump—30 feet—to the road below, receiving a severe shaking up and bruising.

The annual meeting of the Dartmouth Agricultural Society was held in the town hall, Dartmouth, on Thursday evening of last week. The affairs of the Society were shown to be in a satisfactory condition. G. J. Troop was re-elected president, and most of the other officers were also re-elected for the year.

The Malto Peptonized Porter Co., limited, Truro, N. S., is sending out two large pictures of Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Premier of Canada, and Hon. Wilfred Laurier, leader of the opposition, as a medium for advertising their new medicine, which is highly spoken of. If the local leaders had been portrayed the initials M. P. P. would have better corresponded.

The finance department has issued advertisements for tenders for a fast mail service between Canada and Europe. The conditions are generally

those attached to the last call for tenders. Tenders will be received until January 11th. In the meanwhile no arrangement with any line of steamers is in force, and the mails are sent via American ports and are paid for at regulation poundage rates.

A new game called "Editors' delight" is played in this wise:—Take an ordinary sheet of writing paper, fold carefully, and enclose a bank note, sufficiently large to pay up all arrears and one year in advance. What adds immensely to the game is to send along the name of a new subscriber accompanied by the cash. Keep an eye on the editor and if a smile adorns his face the trick works like a charm. Now is the time to play this trick.—*Ex.*

On Tuesday evening a discussion as to the providing of a new cemetery took place before the City Council Committee on the matter. The Catholics it appears, are not reconciled to the idea of having their part of the cemetery under City control, and it is going to be rather a difficult matter to decide what shall be done about it. Our opinion is that if Protestants entrust the care of their dead to the City, Catholics should do so likewise. There should be no making fish of one and flesh of another in this matter. All should be treated alike irrespective of creed.

A despatch to the *Toronto Mail* says that the Canada Pacific Railway company has determined on having a line of steamers on the Atlantic ocean, as it has already one on the Pacific, thus completing the circuit from England to Hong Kong, and intends submitting to the Dominion government a proposal for the establishment of a service of fast Atlantic steamships from Quebec, to Plymouth, Eng., and Cherbourg in France. The despatch further says it is understood it is through the Canada Pacific company that negotiations between the Allan steamship company and the naval construction and armaments company for the building of fast Atlantic steamships to meet the government's demand came to nothing.

The 7th of June next is the date on which the republican convention will nominate a presidential candidate.

Mrs. F. A. Warner, *St. Nicholas*, Florida, writes to us that she will be pleased to send packages of Florida moss to anyone who will forward 16 cents a pound for postage. It is used for decorative purposes.

"Mark Twain" is again on the move, and his letters under the title, "The Tramp Abroad Again," are appearing in the great *Illustrated News*, the first one coming out last week. He wrote on Aix-les-bains, the paradise of rheumatics, but it was not excruciatingly funny, but unless he has lost his old time humor, we will be sure to get something good as the articles continue. 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year, New World Building, City Hall Park, New York.

At a conference in New York of representatives of Irish-Americans from various states in the union, resolutions were adopted warning the people of Ireland that they can receive no support from this country until they call a halt in the war of factions and re-unite their forces, and declaring that the confidence of the great mass of the Irish citizens of the United States can be restored only by a union basis upon clearly defined, moderate and reasonable expression of Ireland's demand for home rule and a policy of independence of all English parties.

Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, is to go into the editorial harness again. With January 1st he will become a salaried editor on the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and will conduct a regular department in each issue of that periodical. The *Journal* has a strong and attractive prospectus for 1892. Mrs. Gladstone is to write a series of practical articles for mothers on "Hints from a Mother's Life." Mamie Dickens, the eldest daughter of Charles Dickens, is to write eight reminiscence papers on "My Father as I Recall Him." Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will continue to tell of "Mr. Beecher as I knew Him." Mrs. McKee, President Harrison's daughter, is to write on the training of children. Palmer Cox's "Brownies" will appear all the year. Sarah Orne Jewett's next novel will be printed, while Chauncy M. Depew, Mr. Wanamaker, Mrs. ex Secretary Whitney, and a score of other "diners-out," will tell whether or not the use of wine is decreasing at fashionable dinners.

The useful applications of science are especially prominent in *The Popular Science Monthly* for December. First comes a copiously illustrated paper, by Edwin A. Barber, on "The Rise of the Pottery Industry," in the series on American industries. Mr. P. D. Ross contributes a description of the "Type-casting Machines" just coming into use, which bid fair to revolutionize the printing trade. Rev. J. W. Quinby gives a striking exhortation to "Breathe Pure Air." The last of Prof. Frederick Starr's illustrated dress articles, dealing with "Religious Dress," is published this month. In "The Lost Volcanoes of Connecticut," Prof. W. M. Davis gives the evidence of former fiery outbreaks that he has found between Hartford and New Haven, with drawings showing the nature of the disturbances that they caused. J. B. Mann has a sensible article on "Silk Dresses and Eight Hours' Work" that the champions of workingmen should ponder over. The paper on "Dust," by J. G. McPherson, shows how much is brought out by study of an insignificant subject. The Portrait and Sketch represent the Russian "Mendeleef," a chemist whose name is one of those most widely known at the present day. The editorials deal with the decline of popular heroes, political justice and modern charities. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number, \$5 a year.

Mr. Edmund Yates, the novelist, and editor of the *World*, is very ill.

Prince George of Wales is considered to be out of danger and is improving in health.

It is rumored that Lord Dufferin will succeed the late Lord Lytton as British Ambassador to France.

It is stated that France has secured from Turkey a naval station in the Persian Gulf. This may be only an unfounded rumor.

The obsequies of the late Lord Lytton were held with much ceremony at Paris on Nov. 28th, after which the body was conveyed to England.

A curious story that the Vatican had an emissary, a Jesuit priest, in the household of Lord Salisbury, was recently published, but there is no truth in it.

Bismarck says he has no hankering after official life, his health being too poor to warrant him assuming the fatigue consequent upon constant attendance in the Reichstag.

Despatches received from South Africa tell of rich finds made by the gold miners in that country. The reefs in the alluvial gold belt vary from 20 to 30 miles in width.

A despatch from Rio de Janeiro says that several states have deposed their governors since the abdication of Marshal Da Fonseca. At Bahia the deposition of the governor occasioned a slight conflict. Marshal Da Fonseca retires to Paqueta Island, in the bay of Rio de Janeiro.

The will of the late Hon. William Henry Smith, Lord of the Admiralty and Tory leader in the House of Commons, has been probated. It presented the astonishing fact that there are millions in the sale of books and newspapers. From a little bookstore in the Strand Mr. Smith's business was extended until he controlled the sale of nearly all newspapers and periodicals in the United Kingdom. He became a great man, and now leaves behind him the net fortune of \$20,000,000.

Edmund Yates in his cablegram from London to the *Tribune* says: "I have reason to believe that Lord Stanley of Preston intends to resign his appointment as governor general of Canada next spring, but it is not true that he is to follow the steps of Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne, and proceed from Ottawa to Calcutta. It is certain, in spite of a quasi-official contradiction, that Lord Lansdowne will return home next year, so that both India and Canada will be for the second time at Lord Salisbury's disposal."

The insanity of the present Monarch of Bavaria, the mad King Otto, appears to have taken the form of an illusion that he is a stork. In one of the magnificent apartments devoted to his use at the Palace of Furstenried he has laboriously constructed a gigantic nest, every stick and straw of which he has conveyed to the spot in his mouth. In that nest he squats almost the entire day with feathers stuck in his long, thick hair and beard, while he chatters in imitation of the "clapping" of a stork whenever anyone approaches. Occasionally, too, he stands on one leg, gazing vacantly straight before him, while at other times he stalks gravely about just in the same manner that he has seen the long-beaked, long-legged birds do.



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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.

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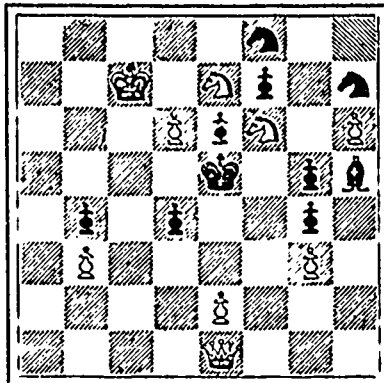
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CHESSE.

PROBLEM No. 94.

By J. OEHOUST, Finland.

Best two-mover in the Tournoy of the *Sidskript for Schack*.
Black 10 pieces.



White 9 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME No. 95.

A FINE PRIZE GAME.

The following remarkable game was played not long ago in the masters' competition of the British Chess Club: *Scotch Gambit*.

Herr Walbrodd. Herr Caro.
White. Black.

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 1 P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2 Kt to K B3 | Kt to Q B3 |
| 3 P to Q4 | P tks P |
| 4 B to B4 (a) | B to B4 |
| 5 Castles | P to Q3 |
| 6 P to B3 | B to K Kt5 |
| 7 Q to Kt3 | Q to Q2 (b) |
| 8 B tks P ch | Q tks B |
| 9 Q tks P | K to Q2 |
| 10 Q tks R | B tks Kt |
| 11 P tks B | Q tks B P |
| 12 Kt to Q2 | Q to R6 |
| 13 Q to K B8 | Kt to B3 (c) |
| 14 Q tks R | Kt to K Kt5 |
| 15 Q tks P ch | Kt to K2 |
| 16 Kt to B3 (d) | Q tks Kt |
| 17 Q to Kt5 | P tks P |
| 18 Q to B4 (e) | P tks P |
| 19 Q tks Q | P tks R Queen |
| 20 Q tks Kt ch | K to K1 |
| 21 B to K3 | Q to K4 |
| 22 B tks B | Q tks B |
| 23 R to Kt1 | K to B2 |
| 24 Q to B4 ch | K to Kt2 |
| 25 K to Q B1 | Q to Q R4 |
| 26 P to K R4 | Kt to Kt3 |
| 27 Q to Kt5 (f) | Q tks Q |
| 28 P tks Q | Black resigns. |

NOTES.

(a) A form of the Scotch game nowadays seldom played by experts in important matches. The complications which arise therefrom should result in favor of the defence.

(b) 7...B tks Kt; 8...B tks P ch, K B1; 9...B tks Kt, R tks B; 10...P tks B, Kt K4, gives black the best of the position. Black, however, made the move in the text as an experiment, and to test the soundness of the novel variation which follows.

(c) Bold, and not sound. But the attack had to be kept up at any cost.

(d) Necessary, as black threatened mate in two moves.

(e) Although this loses the exchange it is the simplest mode of extricating himself from all difficulties, and remaining with a good position and sufficient material to insure victory.

(f) Forcing an exchange of queens, or else winning the Knight by P to R5. White has conducted this difficult game with skill and excellent judgment.—*The Week*.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 92, Kt K B5; No. 93, Q Q5. Solved by C. W. L. We are glad to note that C. W. L. is back again, and hope to be favored with his uniformly correct solutions.



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999 " " 5.....	4,995 00

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PHILOMEL.

Lo, as a minstrel at the court of Love,
 The nightingale, who knows his mate is nigh,
 Thrills into rapture; and the stars above
 Look down, affrighted, as they would reply.
 There is contagion, and I know not why,
 In all this clamor, all this fierce delight,
 As if the sunset, when the day did swoon,
 Had drawn some wild confession from the moon.
 Have wrongs been done? Have crimes enacted been
 To shame the weird retirement of the night?
 O clamorous bird! O sad, sweet nightingale!
 Withhold thy voice and blame not beauty's queen.
 She may be pure, though dumb; and she is pale,
 And wears a radiance on her brow serene.

—Eric Mackay.

THE SONNET.

Pure form, that like some chalice of old time
 Contain't the liquid of the poet's thought
 Within thy curving hollow, gem-enwrought
 With interwoven traceries of rhyme.
 While o'er thy brim the bubbling fancies climb,
 What thing am I, that undimmed have sought
 To pour my verse with trembling hand untaught
 Into a shape so small yet so sublime?
 Because perfection haunts the hearts of men,
 Because thy sacred chalice gathered up
 The wine of Petrarch, Shakespeare, Shelley—then
 Receive these tears of failure as they drop
 (Sole vintage of my life) since I am fain
 To pour them in a consecrated cup.

—Edith Wharton, in the Century

ON GOING THROUGH THE MILL.

Great Jove, as he ladles out blessings and woes to the supplicants around his portals, from the two urns which stand on either side of the door, must find a vast and grim amusement in seeing how the recipients take their various lots.

There would be the sad face of him who, from the vessel of wrath, is served with sorrow upon sorrow in goodly measure, even to running over.

Then the joy of him who sips sweetness from a brimful cup—a cup, alas! too quickly drained, and all too soon replenished with the bitter; then the wry face of him to whom is meted out a generous, wholesome mixture of sweet and acid—but who with ill-gratitude tastes in it the sour only, with never a feeling of thankfulness for the fluid which should compensate!

We are assured by an established authority that if prosperity was the blessing of the Old Testament, so none the less is adversity the blessing of the New. And this is, indeed, a hard saying for most of us.

A little reflection, however, brings it home to one and all that there is nothing which so forms the character of a man for good or evil as this ordeal of going through the Mill Adverse.

It may exalt him, or it may debase him, and mar every trace of the divinity that was within him; but one thing is certain—it can never leave him as it finds him.

Alas, that unto mortals it is not permitted to gain their experience without the attendant penalties.

We look everywhere around us and see the same impotent wrath, in this place and in that, against an evil fate.

The philosophers of the nineteenth century are few indeed, yet none the less are they appreciated where they are met.

It is an awful process, this grinding in the World's Mill; it is only the pure, sweet, wholesome grain which comes out fit for anything.

One section of the vast Mill is Poverty. From it emerge the broken-hearted and the pallid-wretched ones, for whom life holds but little gladness—the strong man daunted, who entered the door of tribulation so prepared to overcome; the woman who can never feel the spirit of eager hopefulness again.

"What can be worse than poverty?" was superciliously asked by a well-off woman of a poor relative. If not wealthy, she had at least had never known what it was to actually need a ten-pound note and have it not. It seemed to her there could be no sorrow like unto that which entailed being poor.

The answer came short and sweet from a woman whose soft, grey eyes had doubtless often been filled with tears—who had known grief in its direst form, and poverty in its darkest agony, that of being "genteel" poor. She herself looked far less able to cope with the press of the multitude and to stand the brunt of the awful rush through Poverty Mill than her questioner; but she had learned a truth which had never reached the other, and she smiled up at her bravely—"Yes, Jeanne, there is one thing worse—and that is shame."

Ah, she had learned her lesson well; had passed through the terror a little wearied, but still hopeful. If we lose hope, then indeed are we bereft.

—Wilton Wolrige, in Belgravia, London, October.

AN AUTUMN GIRL.

I am a locket.
 I hang about Julie's neck by a bit of narrow ribbon.
 The two men before the fire have both seen me before.
 Jack is thinking of the blaze of the August sun that day on the sands when he helped her to cut his photograph to fit my circle. He is thinking that he has neglected her lately. Poor Julie! Yet in the bottom of his heart he loves her still.

He does not know that Tom, who is looking at me now, has a fresher

memory. For his is of September. It was a foggy evening, and in coming down the mountain path they walked closely side by side—he and Julie, and he gave her his picture that night when they parted. And as soon as she had looked her door she put it in her locket. She used Jack's to measure with in cutting the card.

"If you will excuse me I'll call papa. I think some man in the library is waiting to see him on business." And Julie smiles brightly as she leaves the room.

As she does so I fall tinkling to the floor at the feet of the two men.

It is very careless of me.

Two heads collide.

"I beg your pardon, Tom."

"Not at all, Jack."

"I will keep the locket till she returns."

"Thanks! But I confess to a personal interest in that locket."

"You? When it holds my portrait!" (smiling.)

"Your portrait!" (smiling also.) "Hardly."

"You insinuate—"

"That it holds my own."

A moment's pause. Both hiss:

"Prove it!"

My lid flies open.

A sigh—two sighs.

"He wanted to 'see papa,' Jack."

"Yes, Tom—and 'on business!'"

The face is that of the man in the library.

They are not in it.—*Truth.*

WOMAN AND HER BAGGAGE.

If it ever goes astray it is usually some man's fault.

"Ladies is more cautious," said the colored porter, as he sat on the arm of the seat in the Pullman car, failing to console the man whose baggage had been left behind, says the *Boston Transcript*. "You gemmen don't like to ask too many questions, so you jes' swap checks and don't bother, and then you ketch yerselves a thousand miles off 'thout a change to put on. Ladies is more cautious, 'specially when they's travelling alone. They don't make nothing of staying right by a baggage man till they get asked off all the questions they've got on their minds, and they examine their checks and hang 'round to see if they've got 'em on straight and all to correspond.

"When I find a lady fussing about her lost baggage, sir, on any of my runs, I always find a lady who trusted to a man to look after her baggage for her, and he didn't do it. Case not long ago, sir. Lady asked me when we got started to take her checks and see to it that they was changed. Poor thing had expressman's checks. She cried about an hour. It was the gentleman she was engaged to be married to who undertook to change 'em for her, and somehow he got 'em wrong. She said: 'Oh, I thought I could trust him! Oh-h! Ooo-oo!' like that, and then she'd cry again quiet. I telegraphed back for her and she got her trunks in time.

"I kept count after that for twenty runs, sir, and there was twelve times there was ladies had baggage left behind, and every time but one it was because they'd trusted to their men folks about the checking. Ladies is always more cautious themselves. They always feel better to know it's along on the same train."

"Yes, of course," meekly said the man who had left his baggage behind.

"But how do the men ever check their own baggage right, if they are so neglectful of the trunks of the women of their families?" asked a gentle-looking woman who seemed to pity the man the porter was making life miserable for.

"They do get it right sometimes—but ladies is more cautious," said the porter as he got down from the arm of the car seat to go and answer the bell which was ringing from one of the aft staterooms.

"BISH" ON BIRDS.

"Bish" says that "birds having long legs have to have a long neck."

"How's that, Bish?"

"Why, you see, if they didn't have a long neck they couldn't drink without sitting down."

"Well, Bish, some birds have long necks and short legs. How is that?"

"You'll find these things are all calculated out. These birds having long necks have use for them. You are thinking about the swan. Well, he likes a bit now and then from the bottom of the water, and his long neck is to enable him to satisfy his taste; besides, long necked birds feed on food of a poor quality, so that to get any enjoyment out of eating they have to have a long neck to enable them to taste it long enough to make it enjoyable."

"How about snipes?"

"Snipes! Well, some of them haven't a very long neck, to be sure, but they have what amounts to the same thing—a long bill—and they are rigged so that they can tip up to make up for the rest. Now," said Bish, full of the long-necked idea, "the ostrich has the longest legs of any bird I know. Look at his neck! It easily reaches to the ground. Doesn't this prove my position? And his legs are strong enough to hold up an elephant. Speaking of the elephant," continued Bish, "he isn't a long-necked bird—I mean animal. He hasn't any neck at all, and he is so heavy that he can't sit down every time he wants a drink or a mouthful of hay. See how these things are calculated out for him. Could anything be handier than his trunk?"

"How about snakes, Bish?"

"All neck. They can reach anywhere for food or drink. Returning to birds," said Bish, "did it ever occur to you that birds that roost can't fall over backward?"

"No, indeed. How do you explain that?"

"Well, you see, their claws reach around the perch, so that when they begin to lean over backward their claws tighten like a pair of pipe-tongs. I tell you," said Bish, "these things are all calculated out."

DO YOU THINK

That politeness requires a man to smile at the actions or words of an acquaintance or friend, when he would reprove his sister for them?

That people who write matter for publication on two sides of the paper should be forgiven?

That you have the least idea of the possibilities of a Priscilla shopping-bag until you have had it fully filled?

That you can keep your hands smooth with cold weather and city water against you? I don't, but here is a most excellent recipe which I can recommend. Our nice little chaperone sent me a pot of it, and then was good enough to give me the formula of the pleasantest lotion I ever used. It is not greasy, and it dries almost immediately.

$\frac{1}{2}$ gill German cologne.

1 pint rain water.

$\frac{1}{2}$ gill alcohol.

$\frac{1}{2}$ gill glycerine.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gum tragacanth.

Have the druggist put all except the gum into a bottle. Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the rain water, add the gum and let stand half a day. Then mix all the ingredients and bottle for use.

BOOK GOSSIP.

The dainty volume, bound in white linen with gold lettering and design, containing poems by W. E. H. Lecky, the historian, is one that attracts first by its appearance, second by the name on the cover, and last by its contents. Not that the latter are to be despised. Far from it, but a curiosity attaches to a book of this sort which must needs be satisfied as quickly as possible. It is naturally rather a surprise to find Mr. Lecky entering the poetical arena, but his is not by any means the first case of a man's forsaking for a time, for relaxation or pleasure, the chosen field of his life's work, and doing something out of the ordinary. Poets have at times painted pictures, and there is no reason why historians should not write poetry if they can do it as well, for instance, as Lord Macaulay did, or as Mr. Lecky has done in this attractive little volume. These poems will never entitle the author to much fame; they are but an offshoot of his genius, and were it not that they are his, would not likely attract a very large share of the world's attention. The purity of tone, elegance of form and soundness of sense characterizing these verses will gratify every lover of sound literature, and since they are the work of a man who has largely influenced public opinion in Great Britain by his other and more important writings, every one will wish to see them. Mr. Lecky is an Irishman of culture and refinement, and he was a great friend of Carlyle. We have not space for long quotations, but as a specimen poem we select the following, which will convey a fair idea of the general character of the book:—

FAME, LOVE AND YOUTH.

Look down, look down from your glittering heights,
And tell us, ye sons of glory,
The joys and the pangs of your eagle flights,
The triumph that crowned the story—

The rapture that thrilled when the goal was won,
The goal of a life's desire.
And a voice replied from the setting sun—
Nay, the dearest and best lies nigher.

How oft in such hours our fond thoughts stray
To the dream of two idle lovers;
To the young wife's kiss; to the child at play,
Or the grave which the long grass covers;

And little we'd reck of power and gold,
And of all life's vain endeavor,
If the heart could glow as it glowed of old,
And if youth could abide for ever.

The poems are dedicated to his wife, and are copyrighted and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. A more dainty Christmas gift than this could scarcely be imagined.

The last number of the Great Writer Series is a life of Miguel de Cervantes, by Henry Edward Watts. It is re-written and arranged from material collected for a larger edition of the life of Cervantes, by the same writer, and presents in compact form and agreeable narrative the main facts of the life of the author of *Don Quixote*. It is unnecessary to go into detail of the work, but we can promise our readers that they will find the life of the great Spanish author very interesting, and they will more deeply appreciate the greatest of his works after having a knowledge of the times in which he lived and the trials to which he was subjected. There is a complete index and bibliography at the end of the book. This useful series has had a valuable addition in the work before us, which is, we believe, the thirty-sixth volume. The series is edited by Prof. Eric S. Robinson, M. A., and is published by Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, Pasternoster Row, London.

COMMERCIAL.

We have, at last, the pleasure of noting a more reasonable state of the weather. A "cold snap," which has been looked-for and expected for several weeks, has come, and business in all lines has been thereby stimulated. Of course the effect is more immediately felt in winter clothing and other dry goods, but its influence is evident in nearly every branch of trade.

In June last, at the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal, Mr. E. S. Clouston, its general manager, said in referring in his report to the necessity of greater economy on the part of traders and the pressing need of curtailing credit:—"There are too many in business with insufficient capital, and their credit is honeycombed by too much and too long credit." This utterance has the weight of an axiom, and has the same force now that it had when it was penned. We question if there ever was a time in the commercial history of Canada when the necessity for reducing credit was more pressing than it is at the present moment. Credit has been very lavishly scattered during the past two months throughout this and the sister provinces on the strength of an abundant harvest, and one fact has not, apparently, received due attention, and that is that more than the extra crops of this last season are required to liquidate the accumulated arrears arising from the poor yields of the previous three years. Therefore it is not at all surprising that complaints are rife about remittances. Storekeepers, fishermen and farmers, have been compelled to settle old claims, and in consequence, the new credits extended by wholesale houses within the past two or three months have, in many instances, been applied to wiping out of other and of older claims. It is understood that a large portion of the proceeds of the farmers' marketings have thus been devoted to the liquidation of over due bills for agricultural implements, etc., which had become of so pressing a character that a further postponement of their settlement was impossible. A large number of country storekeepers, therefore, who confidently expected to have made remittances to our wholesale houses long before this, have been unable to do so owing to slow collections, notwithstanding the fact that a more considerable proportion of the produce of the Province has already passed out of farmers' hands than many people have the slightest idea of. Certain city merchants have repeatedly asked how it is that remittances come in so slowly from the country in view of the fact that farmers are receiving fairly good values for their produce. The only answer is that farmers are paying off old indebtedness to country storekeepers. The money will, however, doubtless come in later on, although it would have been better for some if they had paid more attention to the advice of leading financiers and of THE CRITIC, by curtailing, rather than increasing their lines of credit. It is unquestionable that many weak houses were led by the deceptive cry of "a good time is coming," which set in immediately after the harvest, to extend their credits beyond the bounds of prudence in many instances. For these reasons the words of Mr. Clouston should be borne constantly in mind—"there are too many in business with insufficient capital, whose stability is honeycombed by too much and too long credit."

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW OF HENRY CLEWS & Co., NEW YORK, November 28, 1891.—"The past week has shown some improvement in the tone of business at the Stock Exchange and some recovery in prices. The change has been in a large measure due to a relief from the extreme tension lately existing in the European markets. The late depression abroad, while due to real and serious causes, has no doubt been aggravated by speculative influences, and those influences have been exerted to close upon the verge of producing widespread panic. The European 'bears,' however, appear to have known exactly how far they could go without provoking general disaster, and just when a crash was feared have become buyers, with the effect of a general recovery of confidence.

During the week, Russia has closed her ports against the export of wheat; which, added to her previous stoppage of exports of oats, must have the effect of largely increasing the shipments of those cereals from our own ports. The large shipments of grain are adding remarkably to the volume of our exports. For the three months ending with October 31st, the total exports of merchandize exceed those for the same period of 1890 by 34 millions, while the imports for the same months fall 15 millions below those of last year. The trade balance in our favor, for the three months, is 64 millions compared with only 15 millions in 1890. This balance, however, has been set off by simultaneous gold imports amounting to 25 millions, which left an outstanding balance in our favor of 39 millions at the end of October. As that balance has since been increased, the inference is obvious as to the prospects of continued imports of gold. Under the gloomy conditions recently existing abroad, it was not unlikely that this balance might be liquidated to some extent by the return of our securities; but the more hopeful symptoms in both the finances and the politics of Europe above referred to favor liquidation in gold rather than securities.

This remarkable concurrence of events of a pacific tendency puts, for the time being at least, a widely different aspect upon foreign affairs from that which lately excited an almost hopeless apprehension on the European markets. From quarters responsible for all that apprehension, there comes an open expression of desire for a revision of relations in the interest of peace. It is true, it may prove obstacles stand between the desire and the achievement; but so much as has transpired in these initiary efforts warrants a more hopeful attitude in the financial markets of Europe and America.

At home current influences are favorable to the Stock Market. The condition of the bank reserves is conducive to continued ease in money. The trade of the country at large is beginning to show a more distinct response to the stimulus coming from our abundant harvest. The earnings of the railroads are still gaining upon those of last year, and that upon the net as well as the gross business. These several factors are producing a firmer

feeling among holders of stocks; and as the market is largely oversold, the purchases of the 'bears' to cover short contracts are likely to have a favorable effect on prices at an early day. Under these circumstances it would seem safe to buy good stocks on the reactions for early favorable developments."

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

	Week Prev.		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date			
	Nov. 27.	1891	1890	1889	1888	1891	1890	1889	1888
United States	242	303	233	205	204	10934	9180	10372	9166
Canada	37	47	36	36	34	1671	1489	1482	1566

DRY GOODS.—The demand for seasonable woollen goods for sorting requirements continues to be fair, but business, though somewhat improving, is by no means active. Some complaints are made of cutting in prices of flannel underwear. The cut is said to be as much as 10 to 15 per cent. Travellers are meeting with poor success in placing their spring orders, and if it were not for the sorting business they would not be paying expenses. It is said that a New York firm is in negotiation with manufacturers in Quebec and Ontario for a large quantity of grey cottons for export to China. Blankets are also wanted for the same market, and it is expected that a considerable deal will be effected. The prices of both grey and white cottons are firm, and an advance in some lines appears imminent. Complaints of slow remittances are reiterated.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—Business in both bar and pig iron is unimportant, and the market rules quiet with prices nominally unchanged. Sheets, hoops and bands are without feature, the movement in them being extremely limited. Tin plates, terne plates and Canada plates are dull and easy, and buyers have not operated on them at all during the fall. Copper rules quiet and easy with nothing to note that demonstrates a fair market quotation. Tin and lead and galvanized and zinc sheets are without feature and unchanged as to values.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local flour market is quiet with a small business doing, but only in a jobbing way. Prices show practically no actual change, but the tendency is decidedly unsettled. The demand for corn and oat meals is light, but quotations are unchanged. In England wheat is quiet and corn nil. The United States grain markets generally are quiet and evidence no particular change just now. The enormous quantities now rushing in at all the principal grain centres prevent any advance in prices, despite a largely increased demand from Europe.

PROVISIONS.—There is a fair demand for Western short cuts, which are firm. Smoked meats are quiet and unchanged. There is nothing new to note in either the British or American provision markets.

EGGS.—Receipts of eggs continue light, and the market rules steady under a fair demand. Choice, fresh eggs are worth here 21c. to 22c. A London letter says:—"There have again been smaller arrivals of eggs into London this week, and prices have undergone an appreciation of from 3d. to 6d. per long hundred, quotations being: French, 7s. 6d. to 11s.; Hungarian and Austrian, 7s. 6d. to 9s. 3d. Russians are coming sparingly to this market, their favorite point of importation being Hull, where they are selling in quantity. The trade for Canadians does not seem to catch on in London as it has done in Liverpool, for whereas, with quotations for Irish passing 10s. 6d., Canadians have there realized up to 8s. 9d per 120, and are the most eagerly inquired after of any eggs in the market, here the few eggs that arrive from the Dominion are only placed with difficulty. The prejudice in the retail trade is almost ridiculous. Canadian eggs this week have been sold at 9s. per ten dozen, but the satisfaction this excellent price might cause is somewhat damped by the fact that the progress they wish to make is chilled by the conservatism of buyers. However, Canadians have made their own name here, and they are a fixture on our markets for the future; but it will be well for shippers if they will take the advice I have tendered them from the inception of this trade—that success can only wait upon extreme carefulness. Well-packed, fresh stock is bound to go; stale and ill-boxed are as sure to be a drag."

BUTTER.—There has been no change in butter in this market. Really choice butter, fresh from the country, in small packages, is eagerly sought for at 17c. to 19c. per lb. at wholesale. A London correspondent writes:—"There has been a rather improved demand for butter following on the decline in prices last week, and Danish has experienced another drop, being quoted down to 132s. The quotation committee are not beat yet, however, and next week's arrivals are set down as to go at rates up to 136s. This little game will soon be put a stop to now, and it will not be very long before Danish comes down to within measurable distance of 120s., and nearer its proper position by shillings than it is now. If not, there will be few sales, especially if the Antipodean produce due next week should be all that is said of it. Normandy and Brittany are up to 2s. to 3s., and fresh rolls are 1s. more per dozen lbs. The run is on American, which goes off freely at full prices."

CHEESE.—There is nothing new to note about cheese in this market. The demand is light and the supply is just about equal to requirements. In England cheese is very quiet. American and Canadian have changed position but slightly since last week; medium grades have met, no doubt, a better inquiry, but the general run of prices is unchanged, though a lot of unenviable stuff has been got rid of which clears the way for better things. There is plenty to be had below 50s., but the demand is far from weak up to the full limit of 55s.

APPLES.—The local market is well but not overabundantly supplied with this fruit, which sells at \$1.50 to \$3 as to selection and packing. We regret to notice that some old-time favorites, such as Bishop pippins, etc., are rapidly approaching extinction. The Bishops are one of our best-flavored apples, but their texture is so delicate that they do not bear transportation well. Consequently they are in disfavor among shippers, and farmers are gradually grafting them out, substituting gravensteins, russets,

etc., for them. The shipping of apples from the Upper Provinces direct to Great Britain is now practically over for the season, and henceforward Maritime Provinces apples will have their innings. In London an excellent demand for Canadian apples still exists, and realizations are very satisfactory. Not many Canadians have arrived there, but those that have come have shown splendid condition and have fetched good prices. Very few winter have yet come to hand. About 1,114 barrels ex *Brasilia* have sold during week at Monument Buildings, the prices ranging up to 19s. 6d. for Spitz, and 21s. for Baldwins, good prices being realized for the Snows, Greenings and Swaars, and Russets fetched up to 18s. 6d., Fameuse 18s. 6d., and Kings 17s. per bbl. Liverpool has been flooded, but seems equal to all emergencies, and but a slight fall has taken place. Things will go rough with those shippers whose consignments are all out of order, as buyers will have the pick with the immense supplies on the road. Prices in Liverpool have been up to 20s. for Canadians, down to 8s. for New York Greenings. The landings up to last Saturday were 213,021 bbls. from America and Canada, against about 62,000 to the same period in the season last year.

GREEN FRUIT.—There is an ordinary jobbing movement in green fruit with nothing particular to note. Florida oranges, malaga lemons, new crop Messina lemons, Almeria grapes, pineapples and cranberries, are the leading varieties offered, and they are meeting with a steady demand.

DRIED FRUIT.—The market for dried fruit has been quiet since our last, and the only feature is an easy feeling in raisins. This is owing to the fact that some lots are being forced for sale in New York, which has depressed that market, and has affected our spot one to a certain extent. In fact, for the small business that is doing, prices are easier. Currants continue firm under strong advices from Patras, while stocks here are unusually small and are decreasing from day to day.

SUGAR.—Refined sugar continues firm with an upward tendency, and although no actual advance in prices has been established, a stop has been put to cutting. Primary markets are all strong for raw, cable advices reporting both cane and beet up to 1½d. in London. Advices from New York state:—"With spot accumulations small and generally well in hand and nothing of importance at present pressing to arrive, holders of raw sugars labor under no inconvenience, and the majority at least feel justified in a display of strength and confidence upon that basis alone, especially after the encouragement received through recent purchases of local custom."

MOLASSES.—The local market is very quiet but firm, and the holders of the small quantities that are at hand here evince no anxiety to do business at the non-current rates.

TEA.—The demand for teas has been very irregular during the past week, some dealers reporting the enquiry nil, while others say that they have done a fair business, which they assert is a decided improvement upon that of the previous week. Japan teas are in steady enquiry, but blacks are neglected. Greens are unchanged.

COFFEE.—There has been some movement in Rio coffee, while Maracaibo, Java and Mocha have met a fair enquiry. The New York *Commercial Bulletin* has the following:—"Contradictory statements of more or less pronounced character indicate an unsettled state of feeling among operators in Brazil grades, and now and then it becomes a little difficult to reconcile some of the reports made. In general, however, there seems to be a disposition to accept the theory that buoyant factors have possibly exhausted themselves for the time being, and, while it may be difficult for buyers to obtain any important reaction, the chances are against a further enhancement of cost unless new and pronounced features are developed. The country is credited with a sufficient supply of coffee to place it in an easy position and thought likely to confine further orders to a simple matter of assortment. The somewhat pacific character of news from Brazil to-day, or at least that construction of it, led some of the trade to feel more hopeful, but the general movement was not very extensive, and there was particular complaint about dragging, jobbing business, owing to difficulty in communicating by telegraph."

FISH.—There is nothing new to report regarding fish in this market. Receipts are gradually dwindling down, and stocks in hand are lower than they have been for many years at this season. A sluggish export business is doing, but there is really no life and probably a very narrow margin of profit in the trade. What is sent away goes chiefly by steamers, and our once large fleet of "fish-boxes" is now almost literally a thing of the past. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, Dec. 2—"There is no particular change to mention in fish, but the firm feeling is well sustained. Herring are still in light supply, and cod rule firm and unchanged at former prices. Fresh cod and haddock have been in good demand and have sold at 3c. to 4c. per lb. as to quantity. Supplies have also shown an increase in volume. A few frozen salmon have arrived from New Brunswick, sales of which have taken place at 15c. per lb. A demand has been experienced for Yarmouth bloaters, which have sold at \$1.25 to \$2 per hundred, and St. John bloaters have been placed at \$1.25. Sales of good to choice Malpeque oysters have been made at \$4 to \$4.50 per barrel. Common are quoted at \$2.50 to \$3.50." Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 2—"The past week has been marked by continued large receipts of mixed fish for curing, which under ordinary circumstances would be marketed fresh in Boston, but at present prices paid by curers even such trips prove paying ones. In a single day (Tuesday) the receipts of this character exceeded a million pounds. The mackerel season is over, and the Grand Bank fleet nearly all in, so that in other departments the receipts have been light, with a good trade for Thanksgiving week. Prices for prime codfish continue to rise, and are said to be higher than even during the war, figuring on a gold basis, and other fish participate in the rise. Last fare sales of large mackerel out of pickle \$25, and \$20 per bbl. Spurling bait \$2.50 per bbl. Fare sales of Georges cod \$5 and \$3.75; Bank do. \$4.75 and \$3.70. Outside fare sales of Bank cod \$4.90 and \$3.75. Fare sale of fresh mixed fish \$1.75 for

cod, \$1.30 for hake, 90 cts. for pollock, \$2.25 for haddock and \$3.50 for cod. Last fare sales of Bank halibut 16½c. and 13½c. per lb. for white and gray. The jobbers are noting a good trade in mackerel and are quoting at: Small 3's \$8.50 and \$9; medium 3's \$10.50 and \$11; large 3's \$14; medium 2's \$13 and \$14; large 2's \$17 and \$18; bay 1's \$21; shore 1's \$24; extra shore 1's \$26; extra bloaters \$30. New Georges codfish at \$7.25 per qtl. for large, and small at \$5.50; Bank \$5.75 to \$6.25 for large and \$4.25 for small; Shore \$6.75, and \$4.62 for large and small; dry Bank \$7, medium \$5.13; cured cusk at \$5 per qtl.; hake \$3; haddock \$3.75; heavy salted pollock \$3; English-cured do. \$3.25 per qtl.; Labrador herring \$6.50 per bbl.; Newfoundland do. \$7; Nova Scotia do. \$7; Eastport \$3.50; split Shore \$4; round do. \$4.50; round Eastport \$4; pickled codfish \$5; haddock \$3.50; halibut heads \$3.50; sounds \$12; tongues and sounds \$11; tongues \$10; alewives \$3.50; trout \$14; California salmon \$14; Halifax do. \$23; Newfoundland do. \$16." Port of Spain, Trinidad, Nov. 14—"Although we have had no direct arrivals during the fortnight, there is no material improvement in the position of our market, the demand being still quite light. Two days ago we offered the cargo of Lockeport fish per *Knight Templar* from Martinique without eliciting a single bid, and the vessel is coming down chancing the market. A hundred tierces prime new large Newfoundland fish from Barbados is fetching \$26, the quality being appreciated. There is very little good fish at market, and if the demand would only improve values would soon recover. Large mackerel and good round and split herring are saleable to a moderate extent at our quotations, and salmon, we think, would sell at \$10 per barrel."

JOHN McLEOD, Merchant, Charlottetown, P. E. I., writes—"I have been using K. D. C. about ten days, and in that time have gained five pounds. I can safely recommend it to a young suffering from indigestion."

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES.

Our Price Lists are corrected for us each week by reliable merchants.

GROCERIES.		BREADSTUFFS	
SUGARS.		So far as wheat and flour are concerned, dragging their weary length of dullness along, there is no vitality whatever in the trade. The volume of trade is large enough but there is no possible profit in it.	
Cut Leaf.....	5 3/4	WHEAT.	Manitoba Highest Grade Patents 5.75 to 6.00
Granulated.....	4 1/2	High Grade Patents.....	5.20
Circle A.....	4 1/2	Good 90 per cent. Patents.....	5.08
White Extra C.....	4 1/2	Straight Grade.....	4.90
Standard.....	3 1/2 to 3 3/4	Good Seconds.....	4.50
Extra Yellow C.....	3 1/2	Graham Flour.....	5.18
Yellow C.....	3 1/4	Oatmeal.....	4.45
TEA.		" Rolled.....	4.60
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19	Kiln Dried Cornmeal.....	3.40
" Fair.....	20 to 23	" In Bond.....	3.10
" Good.....	25 to 29	Rolled Wheat.....	5.55
" Choice.....	31 to 33	Wheat Bran, per ton.....	19.50
" Extra Choice.....	35 to 36	Middlings.....	23.50
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39	Shorts.....	22.50
MOLASSES.		Cracked Corn " including bags.....	35.00
Barbados.....	35	Ground O. Cake, per ton.....	36.00 to 38.00
Demerara.....	35 to 38	Moulce.....	24.00 to 28.50
Diamond N.....	48	Split Peas.....	4.10
Porto Rico.....	31 to 35	White Beans, per bushel.....	1.50 to 1.55
Cienfuegos.....	none	Pot Bawley, per barrel.....	3.90 to 4.00
Trinidad.....	32 1/2 to 38	Canadian Oats, choice quality in w.....	43 to 45
Antigua.....	31 to 34	P. E. Island Oats.....	41 to 43
Tobacco, Black.....	45 to 47	Hay, per ton.....	12.00 to 13.00
" Bright.....	47 to 65	J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Head of	Central Wharf, Halifax, N. S.
BISCUITS.		PROVISIONS.	
Pilot bread.....	3.00	Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	11.50 to 15.00
Boston and Thin Family.....	6 1/2	" Am. Plate.....	15.00 to 18.00
Soda.....	6 1/2	" Ex. Plate.....	15.00 to 18.00
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7 1/2	Pork, Mess, American.....	15.00 to 18.50
Fancy.....	8 to 15	" American, clear.....	15.00 to 19.00
HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.		" P. E. I. Mess.....	15.00 to 18.50
Apples, per bbl., N. S.....	2.00 to 3.00	" P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	14.00 to 14.50
Oranges, Jamaica, bills.....	7.00 to 7.50	" Prime Mess.....	11.50 to 12.50
Lemons, per case.....	5.50	Lard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island.....	12
Cocoanuts, new per 100.....	4.50 to 5.00	" American.....	10 to 11
Onions Am. per lb.....	2 to 2.50	Hams, P. E. I., green.....	10 to 11
" Canadian.....	2 to 2.50	Prices are for wholesale lots only, and are liable to change daily.	
Dates boxes, new.....	5 1/2 to 6	BUTTER AND CHEESE	
Raisins, Valencia, new.....	6 1/2 to 7	Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	25
Figs, Eleme, 5 lb boxes per lb., new.....	10 to 11	" " in Small Tubs.....	22
" small boxes.....	9 to 10	" Good, in large tubs, new.....	17 to 18
Prunes, Stewing, boxes.....	7	" Store Packed & oversalted.....	10
Bananas.....	1.50 to 2.00	Canadian Township, new.....	20 to 22
Cranberries, per bbl.....	7.00	" Western.....	18
C. H. Harvey, 12 & 10 Sackville St.		" " old.....	11
		" Antigonish.....	1 1/2
		SALT.	
FISH.		Factory Filled.....	\$1.70
EX VESSEL.		Fine Liverpool, bag, from store.....	60
EX STORE.		Liverpool, 3 hhd.....	1.25
MACKEREL.		" Adoat.....	none
Extras.....	20.00	Cadie.....	3.75
No 1.....	18.00	Turks Island.....	1.50
" 2 Large.....	16.00	Lisbon.....	1.40
" 2.....	12.00	Coarse W. I.....	none
" 3 Large, Reamed.....	8.50	Trapani.....	\$1.40
" 3, Reamed.....	6.75	" Adoat.....	none
" 3 Large, Plain.....	5.00		
" 3 Plain.....	5.50		
Small.....	4.75		
HERRING.			
No. 1 C. B. July.....	5.00		
" 1 Fair Split.....	3.50		
" 1 Fall Round.....	3.00		
" 1 Labrador.....	6.50		
" 1 Georges Bay.....	2.20		
" 1 Bay of Islands.....	3.00		
ALWIVES, No. 1.....	4.25		
SALMON.			
No. 1, 3 bbl.....	14.00		
No. 2, 3 bbl.....	12.00		
" 3.....	10.00		
Small.....	13.00		
CODFISH.			
Hard C. B.....	4.25		
Western Shore.....	3.75		
Bank.....	4.50		
Bay.....	4.00		
Newfoundland.....	3.70		
Haddock.....	3.25		
Bank & Western.....	3.25		
Hake.....	2.60		
Pollock.....	2.00		
Yaws Sounds, per lb.....	1 1/2		
Cod Oil, 1 gal.....	29		

A DETECTIVE SUCCESS.

(Continued)

As she pressed a blotting-pad on the receipt she had signed, I caught sight of some marks made by previous writing. I could just decipher "St. J—P—k"—St. James' Park, beyond all doubt. Perhaps she had some correspondent in that neighborhood, and a regular detective might—I could not finish this reflection to my liking, for what a regular, or other, detective could make of it I had not the least idea.

Well, I left the house, feeling meaner and more contemptible than I had ever felt before, and with the knowledge that now the most disagreeable part of my duty was to commence. I must watch and spy, and lurk like some dangerous reptile, to entrap that sad, careworn Mrs. Fyles. So I loitered for some hours about the adjacent thoroughfares, read the paper in a coffee-house, which was so near the end of a bye-street as to command a view of the merchant's residence, and at last I saw the lady come out alone. I, of course, followed, dawdling slowly when immediately behind her, and hurrying when she turned a corner and I lost sight of her.

At last I saw her enter a large drapery establishment, by no means a pleasant matter, for she was as likely to be in there a couple of hours as ten minutes. After I had sauntered to and fro awhile, I ventured to turn an adjoining corner, as I was afraid of attracting observation, but was dismayed to find that the shop extended right through the block of houses, and opened into another large thoroughfare, so that there was every possibility of the lady having already left without my seeing her. This proved to be the case, for, after waiting a good while longer, and carefully reconnoitring the shop from both ends, I could see nothing of her, and was forced to admit that this, my first experiment, was a failure.

"As I have no doubt all the rest will be," I muttered as I turned from the spot.

Nevertheless, I determined to go through the form of doing something for my pay, and so, from the "clue" on the blotting-pad, I resolved to try the neighborhood of St. James' Park. What I was to do when I got there, or what quarter I was to explore, I felt I must leave to chance, but thither I went. I found nothing better to do there than to sit and look at the ducks, with the children and nursemaids feeding them, and to wonder how the myriads of heroes of detective fame, of whom I had so often read, would have proceeded in such a case. I stared closely at everyone who went by, but as Mrs. Fyles was not among the number, I gained nothing in this, and being at last thoroughly tired of the pursuit, I left, marvelling how on earth I was to bring my proceedings to a close, or, indeed, how I was to do anything worthy of the description of "proceeding" at all.

Gloomily meditating thus, I was moving slowly from the enclosure, when I was startled by a voice exclaiming:

"What! Jones, old fellow! Is it really you?"

The speaker was Frank Eastone, and I was glad enough to see him as a relief to my uncheering reflections. I told him that I had been sitting by the water a long time, and found it very dull.

"Sitting by the water!" he echoed. "How came we—I—not to see you then? I have been walking by the side of the lake for the last hour."

It turned out, on comparing notes, that I had chosen a spot not included in his patrol. He laughed in his usual style at this for a moment, but then became unusually silent.

"I say, Jones," he began abruptly after this pause; "I am inclined to think it would have been a good job if I had seen you. I want a friend—most people do, but most people have someone they call a friend; I have not one in the world, and I have no doubt it serves me right. I have a great mind to tell you why I want one, for I have seen quite enough of you to know you are to be trusted."

"I would try to show myself worthy of that opinion in case of need, but I am not desirous of intruding upon anyone's secret." I thought as I added this, that my most recent experience had been in the way of having the secrets of other persons thrust upon me.

"You are the last person in the world to do that," returned Eastone. "I will think it over, and if I appeal to you for your advice I know I shall have it."

There was not much more said on the subject, and I reached home with the disheartening conviction that I had utterly failed in my first day of detective experience, and with the conviction also, which was far more unpleasant, that I was likely to repeat the failure.

CHAPTER II.

On the next morning I could think of no better plan than the again watching Mr. Fyles' house, at what I supposed would be his wife's usual time of going out; but on this second day I did not see her at all. I loitered for some hours close by, and as I could not be in the coffee-house all the time without exciting suspicion, or so I thought, I was obliged to crawl about the streets, and a heavy shower of rain coming on, I got wet, and felt that I should have a bad cold in consequence; which in no way alleviated my disappointment.

On the following day I had scarcely arrived at my post when a brougham drove up to the door of Mr. Fyles' residence, Mrs. Fyles got in, and was driven off so quickly as to prevent my keeping it in sight, or jumping up behind until I could meet and hire a cab to follow it, which was my first impulse. I hung about the neighborhood after my usual fashion, until, just as I was about to leave, the carriage returned, Mrs. Fyles alighted, alone, and the coachman drove round to the stables.

So there was another day gone, only a sample of what those yet to come could be, and I speculated, as I went to my lodgings, as to the amount of

watching and lurking which might fairly be expected of me in regard to the ten pounds. I was already more than satisfied with the experience I had had, but of course Mr. Fyles would be likely to form a different estimate.

Eastone was not at home on this night, but in a note left with the landlady he asked me to meet him on the next evening about six o'clock, near one of the entrances to Kensington Gardens. To comply with this request might perhaps interfere with my other pursuit, but so far as I could see it would be of no great consequence if it did so, and I wrote a line or two signifying my compliance. I was not likely to see him in the morning, as I was now always out before the poor fellow rose, and so it was on this occasion.

Again I was at my coffee-shop, where by this time I was pretty well known, and where, I was glad to find, I was looked upon as a clerk out of work, who came there to see the advertisements, and to write his letters. I had written one or two while waiting there, and this, I suppose, gave rise to the idea.

To my surprise, while sitting there on this day, my admiring friend, the messenger from Mr. Fyles' office came in to get a lunch; he having, as he explained, lost his dinner-hour by being sent on an errand to this side of London. He asked me if I should be at the office that afternoon, but I returned a negative, and then remembering my position, I assumed the wisest, most solemn air I could command, and with a smile and shake of the head to correspond, said:

"No, no; I have other fish to fry. I shall be at the Anglesea Gate in Kensington Gardens at the time your office closes."

It could do no harm to tell him this, and it sounded, I fancied, so businesslike.

"Well, that is a rum thing!" exclaimed the man. "I had a glass at The Petersham Arms, over at the corner there, with Bill Jemmett—Mr. Fyles' coachman, as, of course, you know."

I had presence of mind enough to shake my head and smile again:

"Ab, I know it is of no use trying to draw you out," said the messenger; "I could soon see that. Well, Bill said he was going to drive to Kensington Gardens, and should take the Anglesea Gate. I suppose you are not going for a ride with him. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed at what he evidently considered his witicism. I laughed too, but the coincidence was certainly an odd one. With this my friend, the messenger, left. I was glad he did not stay longer, for somehow I felt more ashamed of myself when he was so unmistakably contemplating me with an admiration which was almost reverence, if not awe, than at any other time.

Mrs. Fyles did not come out of the house all day. The carriage certainly drove up, but instead of the merchant's wife, two ladies, who were guests in the house, as I knew from my watching, got in and were driven off. As Bill Jemmett, to quote my admiring friend, the messenger, was, of course, the coachman, I easily decided that this was the Kensington Gardens trip he had spoken about.

It was past the time at which Mrs. Fyles usually left home. I was sick and tired of my espial, so I left, and determined to walk over to my rendezvous at Anglesea Gate as a cheerful exercise and change after such a day as I had spent. It was no great distance, only two or three miles, but as I had plenty of time I took more than an hour in my saunter, and was there quite early enough.

So was Frank; I had scarcely been there a minute when he appeared at the gate and beckoned to me.

"Thank you, old fellow, for being so punctual," he said. "I am about to confide a great deal in you; but I know you are to be trusted."

I did not know how he could tell this, and was not altogether sure he was right; but this was not the time for reflection or discussion on such points, so I followed him. As I entered the gardens I heard the sound of wheels behind me, and glancing round saw that a cab had stopped close to the gate, but this was constantly happening, so I did not give it a second thought.

We turned into a side path, and just where a few trees and some tall evergreens lent a retired character to the spot, I saw a lady.

"This is Mr. Jones, my only friend," began Frank, "who has kindly——"

The lady looked up, smiled and bowed.

"We are very much obliged to your friend," she said; "and I thank him for his kindness to you. It is impossible that it could have been so, and yet I have a strange feeling of having seen and spoken to you, Mr. Jones, and that quite recently."

Had she? I did not wonder at it. So had I. Why, this was Mrs. Fyles herself, and beyond that, I now saw of whom her smile had reminded me, for, as the pair stood side by side, the selfsame smile, a very pleasant one, was on each face.

I felt utterly staggered by the turn events were taking, and wondered what I was likely to be called upon to do in order to show my friendship. Whatever it might be, I thought, even at the moment, I could hardly expect it to fit in very well with a proper zeal in an employer's service.

"You know, Jones," continued Eastone, "that I have spoken of going abroad again."

"But he must not, Mr. Jones," interposed the lady. "I cannot part with him any more. Use your influence with him; tell him his health——"

"You are a dear, good, anxious thing!" exclaimed Frank, throwing his arm caressingly on the lady's shoulder; the latter only smiled, and in no way objected to this proceeding. "Now, as you are about a great deal," he resumed, "we think——"

"I have seen enough!" cried a harsh voice. "At last, madam, I have trapped your accomplice and yourself, thanks to the wonderful skill of Mr. Jones. I thank you, Jones, and shall not forget you."

The speaker was Mr. Fyles, who was even harsher and more bellowing in his utterances than usual.

"Your present behavior is what I have been used to, sir, and probably have deserved," said Enstone. "I scorn to ask for anything different."

"You scorn!" interrupted the merchant; "and pray who are you—but never mind that, I shall know all about you soon enough."

"What! is it possible that a few years and some trouble have so changed me?" began Enstone.

"Eh? What?" exclaimed the merchant, and I saw him turn terribly pale and his voice faltered as he gazed at the speaker, while the latter, to my surprise, was supporting Mrs. Fyles, whose head had dropped upon his shoulder. "Who—who are you, then?"

"I see you know me now," replied the young man; "you know me for your only son, and so cannot be surprised at his meeting and soothing the fondest, the most forgiving mother in the world."

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" exclaimed Mrs. Fyles, addressing her husband, whose christian name, then, was the same as that of his son—of my friend Enstone. "I am sorry you should have done this; I was in hope that I might provide for our poor boy without awakening any angry feelings, or recalling the cruel past. He is in a decline; you surely can see that."

"Who—who said I should be angry?" cried the merchant; "nobody had any right to think so. Others may be sorry for their faults as well as others"—this was not particularly clear, but it was understood—"and how was I to know that this hollow-eyed, wasted creature was—was my son Frank?"

"If you have really forgiven me, sir," began the young fellow, "I am unspeakably thankful, for I have been sincerely penitent for many a day. I have suffered much, and but that I felt I could not die without seeing my poor mother, I would never have returned to England. I have but a very short space of life before me—"

"Nonsense! I will not hear you say so!" exclaimed Fyles, and two great tears were really trickling down his cheeks. "I will spend ten thousand pounds but what you shall be strong again! I forgive you, my poor boy, and I hope that you will banish all ill-feeling towards me; for, although I have never spoken of it until this moment, yet I have known for years that I was more in the wrong than you were. Caroline, I beg your pardon, and am grateful to you for bringing my poor outcast boy home again."

Here was an unsuspected—I may say, a romantic turn. The situation was so awkward and painful, even to me, that I felt a diversion must in some way be effected, so proposed that we should leave the Gardens.

"Quite right, Mr. Jones. I have a cab outside," said the merchant, "I drove up just as you went in at the gate."

We found the vehicle, which was a four-wheeler.

"Better for keeping yourself unseen," whispered Fyles to me, with a wink, which I suppose he considered the correct thing when speaking to a detective.

I rode outside with the driver, and was half amused, yet as certainly touched by sympathy, to see how the merchant held his son's arm, and insisted on thus supporting him. I noticed also when they got out how Mr. Fyles—the senior of that name—alighted first, and tenderly helped the young man down, and how his, the senior's, eyes were suspiciously bright and moist. He looked cheerful and happy, nevertheless.

He wrung my hand at parting, a mark of friendship he had not previously bestowed upon me, and promised to "look round" shortly.

"You will not find me forgetful of your wonderful skill, Mr. Jones," he continued, "which has done, I trust, a good turn for me immeasurably exceeding all I dreamt of or expected. It has relieved me of a gnawing, secret sorrow which I have carried with me for years, although no man has suspected, or perhaps given me credit for being able to feel— But no more in this strain. I will call upon you soon."

I should very much like to tell all the interviews we held in connection with the winding up of this business; but it would be too tedious a task to attempt this in full. Frank Enstone—as I used to call him—came the next night to "take his traps away," as he said. He explained that Mrs. Fyles had wished to arrange with someone about his going away, although she would not hear of his leaving England, and this person was to be the medium of communication with him.

"But that is all over now," he continued; "yet we are indebted to you all the same, while the governor declares you have not your equal in the world. But, I say, how close you kept yourself. I had no idea you were a detective, and such a detective! I never heard the governor praise anyone before; he was always, as long as I can remember, harsh and severe. But there, I was a fool and anything but a good fellow. I used to think if he had been different I should have been better; but of late I have come to change this reflection, and to say that if I had been different he would have been better. As for my mother, why, like all other mothers, she would never believe any harm of me. I know I cannot be with them long, but my last days will be brightened by the clearing away of those clouds."

He said a great deal more, but this was the substance of his speech, and when on the next morning Mr. Fyles, senior, called, he was more communicative—even gushing—than his son.

"Name your price, my dear sir," he said, "or tell me in what way I can assist you. My firm has some little interest with one whose influence would tell at Scotland Yard; and though I know you are not at present a member of the police force, yet—"

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, interrupting him, "I never was, and I do not wish to be, in the police. I want a situation as a clerk. I can furnish references; and if you think I have rendered you any service—but, for the life of me, I cannot see how I have done so—"

(To be continued.)

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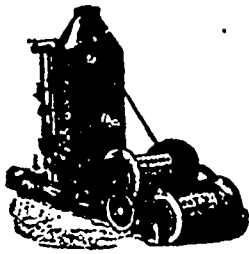
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MINING.

There is a notable difference of opinion amongst our gold miners as to the best method of working the gold-bearing veins of the Province in order to make a profit. Many practical miners who have made a study of the districts in which they operate, and who have made and are making money where companies with large capitals have failed, are disposed to scoff at company management and to hold in contempt the systematic mining introduced by scientific mining engineers. These men superintend their own work, and follow a gold streak with an unerring instinct. The moment they get through it or meet with any serious mining difficulties they cease work and sink to strike the lead at a new point from the surface. They seldom attempt deep mining, their operations being confined to depths of one or two hundred feet, and the numerous pits and trenches that disfigure our mining districts are their work. Their surface plants and machinery are simple and inexpensive but amply sufficient for their purpose, and the clean ups of their five or ten stamp batteries generally yield gold enough to pay a handsome profit on their labor and the small capital invested. In many instances they send their quartz to be crushed at some neighboring crusher, and wait until they have won enough gold to pay the cost of a mill before putting one up on their own account. The mine thus pays from the start, but the operations are always on a small scale, and in the proper sense of the word should hardly be spoken of as mining. There is much to admire in these practical miners. They are industrious, persevering and most ingenious in overcoming difficulties with the crude implements at their disposal. Their efforts and their successes have served to keep up the interest in gold mining which more than once has nearly died out through the disastrous results of company management.

But if they are correct, gold mining in this Province is destined to hold a most unimportant place amongst our industries, and the least said about it the better.

They have formed their opinions, however, upon very unreliable data, and from the light now being thrown on the subject by the very successful operations of gold mining companies in all parts of the Province, it is clearly demonstrated that there is money and big money in gold mining on a large scale, provided it is coupled with wise honest management.

The disgraceful failures that have in the past brought gold mining into disrepute can in all cases be traced to the management, and in no case has the mine been the cause. Properties have been bought at high figures, stocked away above their value, and the working capital mainly expended on expensive surface plants and machinery. Managers generally seem to have been selected, not for their practical and theoretical ability, but because of their relationship to some prominent shareholder. We have seen mines given over to the management of men who had been unsuccessful merchants—sporting men who passed their time fishing and shooting—and jolly good fellows who were favorites at the clubs and hotels, and whose money flowed like water. The mine was a secondary consideration and what wonder that gold was stolen, that money was squandered in unprofitable work, and that the end was disaster.

Fortunately the times have changed, and with the advent of good managers, the great improvements made in mining and milling machinery, and with wise economy, it is now being demonstrated that the gold mines of this Province are as profitable as any in the world; that capital judiciously used in the introduction of the most approved methods of mining and milling ores will in the end produce good dividends. Mr. Hardman has proved this at Oldham, Mr. Fraser at 15 Mile Stream, Mr. Stuart and the Archibalds at Salmon River, Mr. Annand and Mr. McQuarrie at Montague, Mr. Touquoy at Moose River and many others.

In the above cases there still remains the unknown quantity of what the leads will yield in depth, as all are comparatively shallow mines, the deepest scarcely five hundred feet, and the average under two hundred and fifty.

It would now appear that the capital to work our gold mines on a large scale and to great depths is about forthcoming. If it falls into the right hands we are convinced it will produce startling results, and that the present total annual yield of gold, some twenty thousand ounces—an amount so insignificant as to lose Nova Scotia any distinct mention in the estimate of the world's gold producing countries—will be enormously increased.

If we are wrong in our opinion, and results should prove that our gold veins are only profitable when worked on a small scale, then the quicker the truth is proved the better, and the only way to do this is by actual work. All the signs, however, point to an opposite result.

While such remote countries as Chili and Peru are appointing commissioners to take charge of their mineral exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago, and have secured space in the mineral exhibit building, we hear of no steps being taken by our local authorities either as to appointing a commission or securing space. When it is remembered what an important source of revenue our minerals are to the Province it is hard to understand such apathy. The display in a good position of specimens of our minerals at Chicago would undoubtedly prove highly beneficial, but if we wait until all the best space has been taken and send an incomplete and unattractive collection more harm than good will result. When will we have a government wise enough to comprehend the immense value of our mineral resources and liberal enough to foster them by substantial aid? Never we fear while such important matters as the distribution of the road grants and the appointment of justices of peace receive so much attention. The mining policy—if there is a thought given to it—seems to be, take all you can get from the miners and give as little as possible in return.

The present Government have done much more than their predecessors for the miners, it is true, but it is only a drop in the bucket as to what they should do. Let there be no further delay in collecting a mineral exhibit for and securing space at Chicago.

WHITEBURN.—Very rich ore was taken out this week from the leads on the Whiteburn Mining Co's. property.

The West mine tributors are likely to have a good return this month when they clean up.

Mr. Conant, who is at work east of the Royal mine, is feeling much pleased at the sights the men are taking out of his mine.

The crushing mill of the Whiteburn Co., which has been under repairs for some time, started again on Thursday.

WEST CALEDONIA.—At West Caledonia, Messrs. Willis and Dolliver, with a crew of men, are now energetically prospecting a number of areas on their property. They have erected a house and stable, and made sufficient repairs on the road leading from Bernard McGinty's into the mine to make it passable. So far they have sunk a number of shafts along the property line at different points, and are now cutting across the property. The surface varies from nine to fifteen feet, which, together with the water, makes progress difficult. The prospects look encouraging, and they are in great hopes of striking it rich before very long. The district bears a good name, and some very rich boulders have been found there, and if the company have sand enough to hang it out, no doubt a bonanza awaits them in the near future.

A brick of gold weighing 185 ounces was the result of the cleaning up of the Molega gold mining company for October.

The Boston gold mining company, of Molega, deposited a 200 ounce brick of gold on Nov. 24th with the Halifax Banking Co. at Bridgewater, the result of last month's work.

MOLEGA ITEMS.—We are pleased to state that the famous Malaga Mine, under the able management of Mr. Alfred Wade, gave a fine return this month, and promises to pan out in the coming month equal if not better than in her booming days.

The Boston M'g Co. cleaned up this week, satisfactory to all concerned. This company are erecting an air compressor which they intend having in working order within a few days.

Work on the Fiska Block, under the management of Mr. Chas. K. McLeod, is progressing favorably. This mine has a good showing of the precious metal, and the owners contemplate pushing their developments this winter. We do not hesitate to say that we believe they have a bonanza.

The Parker & Douglas mine has closed down for the winter. President Parker has returned to his home in Philadelphia. Mr. Parker will be much missed by not only his social friends, but also amongst those who have ever been ready to help him build up his native county, Queens. May success attend him in his future undertakings.

Mr. Roderick McLeod, general manager of the P. & D. Co., and who has a large interest in the North Brookfield mine, intends visiting abroad this winter.

Messrs. John Taul and Chas. McClair have commenced prospecting on the McLeod lead situated on the Western end of the P. & D. They mean business, having erected an engine to do their pumping. They will give it a thorough test. Just here we would suggest the subject of leasing idle ground to the miner who has pluck to develop his mine before placing it on the market for sale.—*Gold Hunter.*

OUR MINES.—Taking the run of Nova Scotia newspapers, there appears to be more written of the gold mines of the Province, by those who in one way or another take an interest in them, than of the coal and iron mines, by those who consider the last to be the back-bone of the country's resources. Reasoning from analogy and bearing in mind that history repeats itself, coal and iron seem to promise the most prosperity. A writer, a few years since, compared the state of Ireland and Scotland up to a certain time in their history, and said, in substance, that both countries prospered about alike, until their respective populations had grown to such numbers as farm products and other natural sources of food supply of each country could maintain. When the populations exceeded those limits, a time of want and discontent followed, which was partly relieved by emigration, but still prevailed so much in Ireland as to make it a proverbially unhappy country.

After trying for a time to make "ends meet," Scotland began to make use of its coal and iron, opening up new employments for the people and starting on a course of increasing prosperity. For a long time the paths, as it were, of the two countries have been in widely different directions, and they have occupied different international plans; the one helpful and hopeful, the other despondent and troublesome, kept in such a condition, as he thought, by its limited advantages. Enticing as gold mining is, it goes without saying that the business lacks the stability of some other industries. The deposits are apt to play, "Now you see me and now you don't," and are not to be depended upon like the coal and iron beds which lie to the north and east, convenient to railway and shipping. In those northern counties, in all natural probability, are all the elements of natural wealth which made Scotland prosperous; here lies the great and handy motive power, and to that it is reasonable to conclude, must inevitably come the work of a large area of North American country. There was a time, by the way of illustration, when the gothic farms, (as Bill Nye calls them,) of the hilly regions of New England and Canada fed its inhabitants, but cheap transportation made profitable wheat cultivation, especially, a financial impossibility. In spite of the efforts of state and provincial governments, of the endeavors of business men to stem the tide of emigration, and of the influences of home ties, the great change of population from east to west took place, and along the line of great natural and commercial laws. No

one can escape the evidences that, through railways, telegraphs and telephones, trade and commerce are fast becoming an open book. One person knows about as much as another, margins are being reduced, and profits rest on nicely adjusted balances, and a small thing turns the scale. Coal is fast becoming the leader among the raw material kings, and will soon be of too much importance to be moved. Just as wheat, in a figure, found its way out west, and struck its roots down to congenial food in prairie soil, so many lines of manufacturing work may be expected to come to the coal fields and strike their roots deep to reach the motive power. The northern coal fields may be expected to divide the intervening country with the western fields and the change of base seems to be an inevitable event of the future. In contrasting the shady progress of towns in coal mining districts with other towns which have been built up by the more changeful business of shipbuilding, or of lumbering, such reflections as these noted are apt to come unbidden, but are sure to be found crystalized in the current and hopeful talk of the first mentioned places.—*Truro Daily News.*

There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice,
At Montreal a Bridge of Size;
But Puttnor's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health
Which all sick men should prize.

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Toronto.

Policies issued upon approved
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EDWINA GREY,
— SUPPORTED BY —
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ZERA SEMON
— WITH HIS —
WONDERFUL MAGIC SHOW AND NOVELTY COMPANY.

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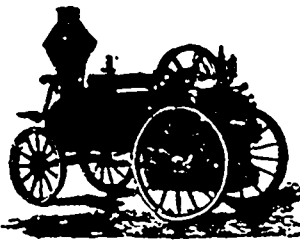
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For Catalogue C and prices.

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

Within the last few months I have pur-
chased promiscuously, at RETAIL GROC-
ERY STORES in this City, packages of

WOODILL'S

GERMAN BAKING POWDER,

and have subjected same to Chemical Analy-
ses. The samples were found to consist of
Fresh, Wholesome Materials, properly pro-
portioned. 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.

A COLLIERY TO TALK ABOUT.

From the Journal and News.

Full fifty fathoms deep. Yes, and five hundred fathoms to that and then one is not to the bottom. The actual depth of the slope of the Drummond Colliery is 623½ fathoms or 3,742 feet. It is not every man, or every miner either, who has descended that depth into the bowels of the earth. The writer had such an experience on Wednesday of last week. True he did not accomplish the full depth of the slope. There was a halt made at 3,717 feet. On reaching that depth one of the four comprising the party, Mr. John Johnston, said, "I don't suppose you want to go further; down there is the sumpt." I had no desire for the glory of being able to say I had touched the bottom wall, to swim through water of doubtful analysis, so concluded to be content. There were four comprising the party. Mr. Dr. Hayman, the cautious Underground Manager; Mr. John Johnston, Overman, an intelligent practical man recently promoted; Mr. Madden, Deputy Inspector, and the writer. Underground we were joined by Mr. Quigley, day Overman. We started from the bank head shortly after 2 o'clock. The object of the journey was to afford an opportunity to a representative of the Journal and News to inspect the colliery, so that the readers of the paper might hear something of how work is prosecuted in the colliery which is claimed, with much truth, to be the backbone of Westville; while Westville is claimed to be the backbone of Pictou Co.

We have double gauze safety lamps, the kind now generally in use in Westville, the light in which instantly goes out when coming in contact with gas sufficient to explode. All ready, and we glided down the first three thousand feet smoothly, the remaining seven hundred odd feet with a jerky movement. There is not sufficient avoiddupois in the crowd to keep a sufficient strain on the long wire rope. At 3,100 feet down we called at a way station, the lowest lift but one, in order to exchange courtesies; and in a minute after we reach the bottom. The descent occupied fully five minutes. This rate is slow compared with the rate the coal is hoisted, but in lowering or raising men slow speed is deemed prudent.

First, the main new level, driving easterly, was travelled. It is a level and not a serpentine walk as some levels are. It is as straight as a die, or in plain terms as straight as one could wish, going to show that the management and workmen were not neglectful to take frequent "sights." The men working in the level saluted us in a curious fashion: "Hulloa. Have you come down to see the Chinamen." It seems that sometime ago the levels were taken at a lower rate than previous levels, and for working at a less rate the men were dubbed Chinese. The coal in the level on account of the pressure is friable. It is fine coal to work. The "holing" is done on the top, a little at a time, and then what is under the holing, called the fall, comes easily away. The men work in shifts of eight hours and make \$2.40, which is considered fair pay. The coal in this and the level on the south side is of excellent appearance. It is nearly all clean coal. Small bands of stone are met with occasionally, but there is no regular stone veins. In this and in other collieries in Pictou the coal keeps improving the deeper the mining. The mine bord or air level was also being driven. The levels are worked though the pit may be idle as on this day. This to keep the work well ahead and provide places for the body of men, and indicates farsighted management. Crossing to the south level we found other men who said they had "cues" though short cropped, but seemingly they did not worry over the name given them. The levels on either side are "in" some three hundred feet, and are going forward about ten feet per day, so that by the time other places above have been wonned of their coal there will be sufficient new places ready.

We now retrace our steps to the south level above in order to see for ourselves the boasted system of haulage by tail rope. In a word it is a beautiful system, and I should say in the long run a thoroughly economical system. To give a short explanation. Here first is an engine, double drummed, made at the colliery, and fed from the top. On one drum is a rope three thousand feet long, double the length of the level, and another one 1500 feet long. The long rope on leaving the drum is carried over pulleys to the end of the level and then back again to the place of start. It is here attached to the empty boxes—of course to the forward end, while the end of the 1500 foot rope is attached to the hind end of the empties. The empties are hauled to the face, the 1500 foot rope having been dragged in with them. There is a piece of spare rope at each station used for the purpose of overcoming short distance between empty and full rakes. The 1500 foot rope is then attached to the full boxes, hauling them to the bottom, twenty-two boxes at a time. There is exchange of courtesies between the two ropes. The long rope used for empties hauls in the rope used for the full boxes, and the full boxes' rope hauls out the empties' rope. Everything goes like clockwork, and the officials declare they would not revert to the mule and boy system under any consideration. Mr. Hayman said he would not part with it for fifty horses. John went better by two hundred horses. But really is there much advantage over the old system? Unquestionably. The rope does the work of seven horses and seven boys, and is therefore most economical, as the original cost cannot be great. One engineman and a train conductor are all the force requires. Then it is a humane system. Horses are not maltreated or worked, literally, to death. And then the boys. Some may think the displacement of the labor of boys in mines by machinery is a calamity. Others do not think so. There are those, and the writer among the number, who would like to see as few boys in pits as possible. To work in a mine may not be injurious to a boy's health, but it is not the best place for him morally or intellectually. Do all the objections to boys in mines not apply to other works? No. If work-

shops were three thousand to five thousand feet long by as many feet broad with boys here and there under no constant supervision of older heads; they might apply. But boys in mines have necessarily very much latitude.
(To be continued.)

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.

The word "DYSPEPTICURE" is a Registered Trade Mark in Canada and the United States.

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Prepared by
Charles K. Short,
Pharmacist,
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"Dyspepticure" Differs wholly from all other remedies and is a discovery in the treatment of all Stomach troubles, by its soothing and healing action on the irritated coatings of that Great Nerve Centre—the Stomach; it positively cures not only Indigestion but the severest forms of Chronic Dyspepsia.

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Sample Size, 35c. Large Bottles (much cheaper), \$1.00.

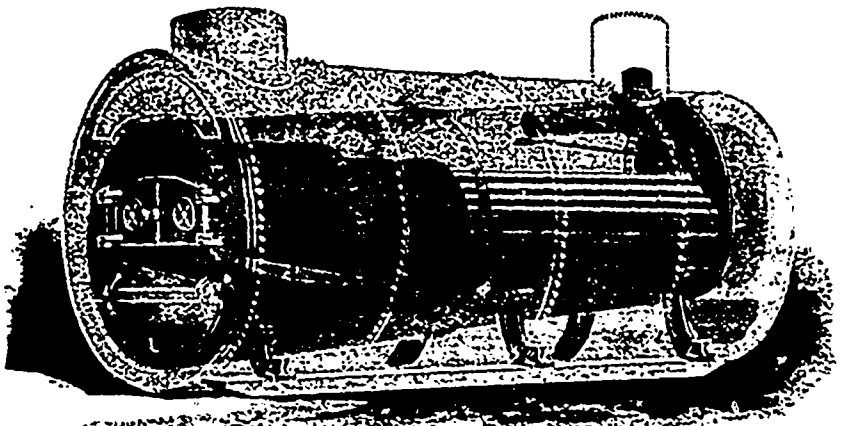
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Prepared by CHARLES K. SHORT, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B.

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DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

All communications to this department should be addressed directly to the Checker Editor, W. Forsyth 36 Grafton Street.

We have been favored by the authors, Messrs. John T. Denvir and Percy M. Bradt, with an elegantly printed and bound copy of a new book just issued by them on the "Second Double Corner." It contains over five-hundred variations and the information given in it is quite exhaustive as regards this opening, which owes its present comparative prominence to Mr. Freeman, who has worked it up with much success. It may be obtained by addressing John Denvir, 621 West 15th street, Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 250.—The position was: black men 4, 5, 13, 14, 15, kings 16, 29; white men 9, 11, 12, 22, 23, 30, king 27; white to play and win.

27	32	30	25	3	7	16	19
16	7	5	14	17	22	white	
23	19	32	28	12	8	wins.	
15	24	29	22	4	11		
22	18	28	3	7	16		
14	23	13	17	22	26		

GAME 128—"Dyke."

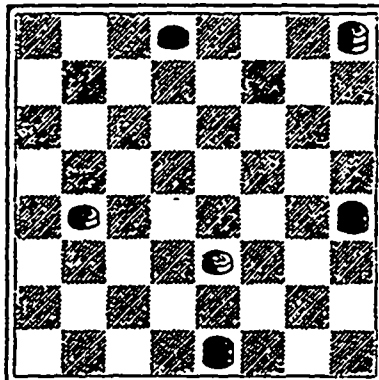
Played recently between two Scotch amateurs. This game has already been contributed in the competition for the prizes offered by the Liverpool, G. B. Mercury, the terms and conditions of which we published in these columns a few weeks since. The problem (252) which follows is an example of style of problem; that may be expected to be sent in at that competition.

11	15	7	10	6	15	19	24
22	17	24	15	21	17	28	19
9	14	10	19	3	7	15	24
17	13	32	27	17	14	9	6
15	19	6	10	1	6	10	15
24	15	22	17	29	25	14	9
10	19	4	8	8	11	5	21
23	16	27	24	25	22	30	26
12	19	2	6	6	10	21	30
25	22	24	15	22	17	6	2
8	12	10	19	11	16	30	23
27	24	17	10	13	9	2	11

and white wins.
a—Simple, though decisive. In actual play the stroke passed unobserved. A contributor to the Mercury drew attention to the stroke after the game had been drawn.

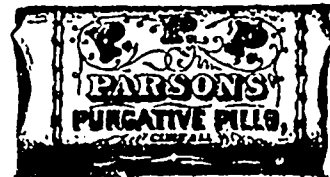
PROBLEM 252.

By James Ferris, Champion of Scotland.
Black man 2, kings 20, 31.



White men 17, 23, king 4.
Black to move and win.
We regard this problem as a beauty and invite the special attention of all checkerists to it and ask them to send solution.

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"Best Liver Pill Made."

They positively cure SICK HEADACHE and BILIOUSNESS, all Liver and Bowel Complaints. In Glass Vials. Thirty in a bottle, one a dose. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Sold every where, or sent by mail for \$3 cts. In stamps: five bottles \$1.00. Full particulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Union House St., Boston, Mass.

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TEAS and COFFEE, best value in the city CHEESE, English and Canadian Stillton. FLOUR, best Pastry and Superior. OATMEAL and CORNMEAL. BUTTER and LARD (in 10, 5 and 3 lb tins). MOLASSES, Diamond N., Golden Syrup. PICKLES, Assorted; Larenby and Cross and Blackwell. SAUCES, Worcester, Harvey, Nabob, etc. JAMS and JELLIES, Cross & Blackwell, Keller and Morton. FRENCH PEAS, MUSHROOMS, CAPERS, etc. TRUFFLES, CAPERS and OLIVES. SOUPS, in tins. Hackle's American CANNED and POTTED MEATS. CONDENSED MILK, Swiss and Truro. BISCUIT, English, American & Canadian. BENT'S WATER CRACKERS and WAFERS. RAISINS, CURRANTS, FIGS, DATES, ORANGES. TOBACCO and CIGARS, Havana.

JAS. SCOTT & CO.

CITY CRIMES.

The establishment of a Boys' Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is a capital idea, and will surely confer a lasting benefit on the youths who take advantage of the new organization. A reading room is to be opened for the boys' special use, and the members will here have the benefit of thoroughly good literature, an advantage not to be lightly considered. The gymnasium also will be an attractive feature, and Mr. G. H. Close, the new gymnasium instructor, will interest himself in the work of the Branch Association. The Y. M. C. A. is in a flourishing state, and will, we feel sure, progress rapidly.

The Organ Recital and Sacred Concert to be given this evening at St. Paul's Church gives promise of a delightful evening. Miss Madeline Homer's name appears on the programme several times, and this fact alone ensures the entertainment a large audience. The anthems by the full choir are also an attraction, and the success of the Recital is undoubted.

The first lecture of the Church of England Institute winter course was delivered last evening in the Institute Hall, by Professor Charles McDonald, of Dalhousie College. The bright (no pun intended) and interesting subject, "The Man in the Moon Interviewed," was ably treated in this popular lecturer's well-known style, and the genial Professor was attentively listened to by a large and intellectual audience. The Institute's Entertainment Committee offer a decidedly attractive programme for their winter course, and we trust this energetic Association may meet with the success it richly merits.

The football match played under Association Rules last Saturday afternoon between the Wanderers and the Garrison, on the grounds of the former, was a very good one, but the weather prevented those interested from turning out in full force, and those who braved the elements decided that they preferred Rugby rules. After a close struggle the Military team succeeded in gaining a goal, and when time was called the red and blacks had only a round nothing to their credit. The season for this fascinating game is about exhausted, which we think is wisely so, as many of the brave players are also pretty well exhausted, and business and study should certainly have a little attention. The decision of the Maritime Football Union with reference to the Thanksgiving Day game, in favor of Dalhousie, has revived much discussion on the subject, but even the enthusiasts are willing to say nothing, and Dalhousie holds the trophy.

It is only once or twice in a long while that we Halifaxians have an opportunity to see first-class dramatic performances, but when they do occur there is evident appreciation of them. It is with pleasure that we hear that Miss Elsie Anderson deWolfe, who is playing in "Thermidor," may possibly come to Halifax before the run is over. We hope this rumor may crystallize into fact some time soon, for "Thermidor" is an assured success, and has recently made a great hit in Montreal.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers, who are to appear in the Academy of Music on the 10th and 11th, will most likely give all who go to hear them a musical treat. The present Company is somewhat different from those bearing the same name that have before visited our city. All the colored ladies and gentlemen are accomplished musicians and sing without any accompaniment in chorus work. The sweetness and perfect blending of their voices is most enthusiastically spoken of in the press notices of their performances elsewhere, and we anticipate a feast of melody when they sing in the Academy. The Sailors' Home is the object for which the concerts are to be given, and it is to be hoped that the house will be well filled on both evenings, so that that useful institution may reap a rich harvest.

The committee of ladies and gentlemen who manage the weekly concerts and sociables at the Sailors' Home are meeting with a great deal of success in their efforts. Our merchant marine sailors are perhaps not quite so interesting as the jolly blue-jackets who enliven the port all summer, but they have quite as much, if not more, claim on our sympathies, and the work should not be allowed to flag when the men-o'-war's men depart. The ladies and gentlemen sing for the sailors, and the sailors in return when asked sing for the ladies and gentlemen, thus making the evenings mutually agreeable and profitable. The Sailors' Home is an institution deserving of all encouragement and assistance.

The all-absorbing topic of conversation among the ladies of the Church of England and their friends is the bazaar to be held in the Institute building on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week in aid of the mission church to be established on the western side of the Northwest Arm. Rev. W. B. King, of St. Luke's Cathedral, is the chief promoter, and with his energetic band of assistants is sparing no effort to make the venture a success in every sense of the word. The whole of the spacious Institute building is to be devoted to the fair, and upstairs and down will be found abundance of useful and fancy articles suitable for all. Many new features are to be introduced, and the list of attractions is long and varied, far too long for us to give even a faint outline in this column. Suffice it to say that the general interest taken in this bazaar, the auspicious season, and the worthy object, together with the enterprise and zeal of the workers and managers, allow no room for a doubt of bountiful success rewarding the efforts that are being put forth.

The regular monthly concert at the School for the Blind on Wednesday afternoon was fairly well attended and furnished a pleasing entertainment. The pupils are so eager to please and so happy in their work that it does one

good to pay them a visit at any time. The band of the School, under the instruction of the bandmaster Mr. A. M. Chisholm, is improving rapidly, and has now reached a high standard of excellence. The boys are interested in their musical studies and give indications of careful training and diligent practice. On Wednesday afternoon they rendered some good selections. A visit to the Institution cannot fail to interest, and friends are always welcomed heartily by pupils and teachers.

The North British Society is to be congratulated on the success of the conversations given by them in Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening in celebration of St. Andrew's day. The Hall was prettily and suitably decorated, and the entertainment furnished proved very enjoyable. The guests were received by the genial President, Mr. Donald Archibald, and Mrs. Archibald, assisted by Mrs. Alexander McKay. The programme consisted of Scottish songs, addresses by the President and Dr. Burns, and readings by the new elocutionist, Mrs. MacRoberts. Miss Homer's selections were very much enjoyed, and the favorite sweet singer of Scottish melodies, Mr. Crawford, more than charmed his audience. It takes one of Scotland's own to do justice to her melodies, and Mr. Crawford's reputation among true music-lovers leaves nothing to be desired. After refreshments had been served and the veteran Jock Patterson had favored the company with some dulcet strains from the bagpipes, the Leicestershire band, which had been playing at intervals during the evening, furnished the young people with some delightful dance music, of which many took advantage. "Jock" also gave an exhibition of dancing, but the guests seemed to prefer the waltz to the reel. The familiar strains of Auld Lang Syne followed by the national anthem brought the evening all too quickly to a close, and the members and their guests dispersed.

St. Andrew's Day was also celebrated by a service held in St. George's Church on Monday evening, when the Rector, Rev. Canon Partridge, delivered an appropriate sermon, taking for his subject "Spiritual Force." The congregation was large and the service proved very interesting. There are three chapters of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the city, and a fourth is ere long to be established in St. Paul's Church.

The popularity of the Lyceum entertainments appears to be on the steady increase, and the public, instead of growing weary of the magical, mysterious performances, evidently thirst for more. Every evening since Zera Semon's opening the old Lyceum has been packed to the doors, and each entertainment fully comes up to and even exceeds the highest expectations. The great juggler, Nelson, is a perfect wonder and is assuredly an expert in his profession. His feats are marvels of dexterity, and the nightly exhibitions of his skill form not a little attraction for the multitude. H. Price Webber's Boston Comedy Company has been playing all this week and will remain until Tuesday next. The star of the Company is Miss Elwina Grey, who has become a great favorite with the frequenters of this wonderful show. Professor Zera Semon knows how to please the public and gives fully all he advertises, if not more, and his efforts are abundantly rewarded in Halifax, as indeed they are everywhere.

The "cold snap" predicted by our faithful weather prophet arrived punctually on Sunday morning, and we have had fine bracing typical December days this week. The small boys were in their glory on Monday and Tuesday, as Stanford's and the egg pond furnished excellent opportunities for the first skating of the season. Fortunately, there were no serious accidents, and only two or three venturesome youths took chilly baths, thus slightly dampening their ardor. While the mercury was down it seemed easier to realize that Christmas is near, and by the way there are some very pretty holiday goods on exhibition, one Hollis Street drug store especially showing a splendid assortment. The numerous dainty and valuable articles that our jewellers are displaying in their windows prove highly attractive to the fair ones who cast longing glances as they pass along. Wait girls, there is a good time coming, and it is not far off now. The little ones are building castles now, and as Santa Claus rarely disappoints his devoted admirers their anticipations will probably be realized. There are many among the poor who find Christmas the saddest day of the year, for 'tis hard to only hear of cheer and goodwill. Let those more fortunate ones who are making preparations for pleasant gatherings and merry festivities remember these cheerless homes, and increase their own happiness by proving that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

What a rage there has been for the chrysanthemum this season. The beautiful blossoms have been in great demand for decorations of all kinds, and the florists of the city have done well to grow in great profusion this popular plant. We recently noticed a lampshade of cream silk with a lovely bunch of pale yellow chrysanthemums made of tissue paper ornamenting one side, and thought it a very pretty idea for a dainty gift; and the artificial flowers are quite easily made. This hardy winter rose seems to increase in popularity each year, and well it may, for with its bright flowers it is an ornament to any room and brightens up a dark corner wonderfully. Plenty of water is all it asks of those who would grow it successfully.

Miss Kathleen M. Magee is a reader to whom it is very pleasant to listen, and therefore our readers will be glad to hear that she intends giving an entertainment in Orphous Hall on Wednesday, the 16th inst. Miss Magee has achieved a reputation as an elocutionist, not only in our own Province, but elsewhere, and is a favorite in all the places where she has appeared. She is a Nova Scotian, and should receive the encouragement due from her own people. Some of the leading musicians of Halifax will assist Miss Magee at her entertainment, and a pleasant evening is confidently predicted.