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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There seems to be a vast difference of opinion in regard to the true worth of the discoverer of America. In this year, when the four-hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus on our shores is being celebrated with many elaborate ceremonies, etc., and the nations of the world are uniting in the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, a few men have arisen in strong denunciation of the character of the man who is being held up in this nineteenth century as a hero of heroes. Dr. Parkhurst at Boston declared that his life was "one of fabrication and greed for gold."

A very sensible movement has been started in some of the public schools of Pennsylvania with the object of giving all school children an idea of their duties as citizens. All the young members of the patriotic league are imbued with the idea of their coming citizenship—a bright intelligent interest in civic matters is soon aroused which in course of time is bound to extend to State and national affairs. Best of all the work begins at home. The child is held responsible for a proper discharge of his duties as a pupil of the State, and is taught to look after and use his influence with children who are not taking advantage of the free schools of his district.

The simple dignified arrangements which were made for the removal of the body of the late Lord Tennyson from his home to his final resting place have satisfied even those who would have preferred a more imposing ceremony for the last rites of the famous singer. No flaunting of funeral finery was permitted, in fact not even a hearse was used when the body was taken from Halsemere to the railway station, yet everything was done decently and in order, with every respect and deference to the wish of the deceased, and after the solemn burial service at "Westminster Abbey," he who was not afraid to "cross the bar" was laid at rest most fittingly by the side of Robert Browning.

The Venezuelan revolution is at an end—for the present at least. The too-ambitious president was not content with the legal term of office, and in his endeavor to retain his position lost all. Crespo is now the people's favorite. At the head of the people's army he has assumed possession of the State capital, Caracas, and the future government of the State will be in great part according to his will and pleasure. Months ago Crespo could have quelled the revolution, but, like a born diplomat, he preferred to wait until the Palacio party should be so torn by dissensions that victory should be assured. This strange civil war being over, the Venezuelans are hoping for a more peaceful condition of public affairs.

Our Montreal friends, who have been so delighted at securing an electric street car service, are finding that their troubles are not over. Several telephone subscribers have made complaint to the effect that owing to the noise of the street service they are unable to hear through their telephones. As the streets of Montreal are too narrow to admit of double tracking there seems at present to be no means of remedying the trouble.

Sir Chas. Tupper is still combatting that firmly rooted belief that it is necessary for young would-be settlers to pay fees to some person or agency before making their homes in Canada. In every country there is a class of people who use their wits for dishonest purposes, and Canada alas is not without her share of these sharpers, who extort fees for correspondence and information which may readily be had for nothing. Numbers of young men come out ostensibly to "learn farming," for which purpose they pay large fees to well-to-do farmers. The lessons are seldom given, though in this case the farmer is not always at fault, as the young men are too frequently from the "no'er-do-wells" at home, and are more desirous of having a good time than of taking part in any serious occupation.

Among the breach of promise suits which now and then cause a ripple of amusement in our Canadian courts, an interesting case has been settled, in which the gentlemanly victim claimed to have been badly used. Notwithstanding the promise which his fickle lady-love had given him, and the flowers, grapes and original poetry which he lavished upon her, she decided abruptly that single blessedness was preferable to marriage with a man who at any moment might break into verse. The plaintiff estimated his feelings to be damaged to the extent of \$150.00 by the transaction, but the jury, who seem throughout the trial to have been most hilarious, decided in favor of the changeable maiden. Can it be that masculine affection is undervalued in our courts, or did the charms of the defendant entirely captivate the jury?

We have all at times, no doubt, been surprised at the ease with which people will give opinions on matters with which they are thoroughly unfamiliar. Travellers, especially, are guilty of this habit, greatly to the annoyance of more well-informed persons. Just now a New Yorker and his wife are emulating Columbus. They seem to have left Gotham with the distinct idea of discovering something, and they have been so far successful that they are now publishing a series of articles dealing with the northern shore of Lake Superior, entitled, "Darkest America." The natives of this fabulous district seem to be a curious uncivilized people, and blood-curdling adventures are met with each day. The lady claims that she is "the first white woman to set foot in these wild regions," and is seemingly ignorant of the fact that there are thousands upon thousands of settlers' wives and daughters not far removed from her summer resort. This sort of talk is ridiculous and hurtful to the extreme, and such arrant falsifying should be discouraged by all sensible people who have the welfare of their country at heart.

Since Henry Labouchere has been thoroughly convinced that his talents were not considered necessary in the cabinet of his country, he has begun to initiate the people of the United States into the political life of Great Britain. There is of course great ignorance of old world politics and of British politics in particular among the American people, and they are only too apt to accept as truth the statements which Labouchere is now making in the *North American Review*. They are for the most part cleverly incorrect, having just that dangerous admixture of truth which makes it so difficult to deal with. The facile writer finds fault with the past policy of his government. He attacks Lord Salisbury's policy in Egypt in the utterly untrue statement: "That the entire future of Egypt is subordinated to paying interest on a debt." He upholds the action of Russia when in 1878 the Czar's forces were sent to subjugate Bulgaria on the ground that Russia "wished to free the people from the intolerable oppression of the Turks"—which is certainly a new phase of Russian policy. But perhaps his crowning achievement is the effort to convince his readers that England wantonly destroyed the peace of Europe "by refusing to recognize Napoleon as Emperor of the French," when it is known to every reader of history that it was the refusal of England to recognize Napoleon as "Dictator of Europe" which led to the famous struggle. Labouchere compliments the Government of the United States in some rather uncalled for ways. The people for whom he is writing are by no means devoid of humor, and wholesale complimenting of two opposing political parties is not calculated to be widely beneficial. We cannot close this short criticism more impressively than by quoting a novel doctrine which the disappointed aspirant to political honors is promulgating: "Happy the nation that has no foreign policy," or when a foreign policy is an absolute necessity, "let the example of the United States be followed."

Mr. Gladstone has beyond question pledged himself to secure the disestablishment of the English Church in Wales. He has even promised to deal with the matter during the coming session of Parliament, greatly to the delight of his Welsh constituents. While no doubt the cry for disestablishment is in part called up by the hope of diverting the revenues of the Church to public purposes, yet in the main, considering that more than half of the population belong to dissenting churches, the plea is eminently a just one.

We are delighted to note the return of Mr. George K. Parkin to our Canadian shores. Mr. Parkin has been abroad for some years travelling in the interests of "Imperial Federation," on which he has lectured throughout Great Britain and Australia. Mr. Parkin is Canadian born and bred—a great enthusiast for the future of his country—and a most forcible speaker. The addresses which he is to give throughout the Dominion on his favorite topic—the advantage of Imperial Confederation to Canada—will doubtless arouse much interest in the subject.

A carnivorous plant has been recently discovered in Central America which is said to be unlike any known vegetable creature, and very similar to that very powerful fish, the octopus. The Nicaraguan natives have well-named this plant, so unfamiliar to European eyes, the Devil's Snare. The body of the plant is small and ball-shaped. Great fleshy, yet flexible, arms spread out from it in every direction. A dog recently trod on one of the arms which was trailing on the ground. In a trice the muscular vines arose and enveloped the dog so completely and tightly that his breath was nearly crushed out of him before his master could free him from his perilous situation by means of an axe. The natives state that many wild animals are trapped and the blood sucked entirely out of them by these ferocious plants.

The safety of the Jews during cholera panics has directed much attention to their mode of life, and it has been found that they are singularly free from many diseases which their Christian brethren endure. Consumption, for instance, is quite rare amongst the race, and many physicians are agreed that this immunity arises from the extreme care which the Jews exercise in selecting their meat supplies, no diseased or tainted meat ever being used by them. Scrupulous care is given to the preparation of food—in most families two sets of cooking vessels are kept quite distinct, the vessels in which meat is cooked never being used for the cooking of any foods in which butter or milk are used. This custom is of long standing and is based on the commandment in Exodus XXIII, 19—"Thou shalt not seethe a kid in its mother's milk."

Some interesting facts regarding the Foreign Colonies in our North-West have recently been published. There are several new and thriving settlements of Danes, Poles, Icelanders, Hungarians, Bohemians, Slavonians, Japs and Scandinavians, in Dakota. As the majority of these immigrants are from cold regions, their physical constitutions are adapted to the severity of our Northern climate, and with the exception perhaps of some Bohemians and Hungarians, they are a healthy body of settlers. Wherever the Danes have struck root they have made a specialty of dairy farming, while the Swedish people have at once devoted themselves to grain-raising. The Icelandic colony has suffered from the lack of a proper water supply, but the Territorial Government is making every effort to irrigate the arid land. On the whole, the future of our adopted brothers looks to be most prosperous.

Apropos of the latest idea of the Emperor William of Germany, our contemporary, the *Week*, very aptly quotes the Latin adage—"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." His Majesty, it seems, is fearful of the present freedom of the suffrage, and is desirous of restricting it. The opposition which his sweeping propositions have frequently aroused in the Reichstag and his general impatience of constitutional control have convinced him that it will be better for the nation to give him a more direct influence in preventing the elections and appointments of those who will not sympathise with his reformatory plans. The mere suggestion of the proposed change has fired the liberty-loving press of the fatherland. The *Volks Zeitung* declares that it will "mean revolution—real, living revolution." The blows which the Emperor has aimed at the social and even the religious life of his subjects have not cut so deeply as this incipient attack on the hereditary freedom of the people.

The reported mobbing of American Consul Smith at Three Rivers, Quebec, for his interference in civic affairs, has roused much public feeling. The statements of the Consul regarding the bad sewage and the unclean habits of the French Canadians of the district are perhaps true, but these are matters which do not come under his jurisdiction, and we take decided exception to his remark, that "cholera has been riding at anchor upon the Canadian sea-board." In truth there has not been a single case of cholera in Canadian waters, while there has been a great amount of it on the sea-board of the United States. As for the alleged mob, it seems to have been a pitiable imitation of the still more pitiable mob of Fire Island, and its action is much to be regretted. And by-the-bye, has it occurred to any of our citizens that within two years the same selfish spirit which has provoked the disturbances re cholera during the past summer was abroad in Halifax. It is passing strange to hear men who took an active part in the praiseworthy (save the mark) business of wrecking a diphtheria hospital, denouncing the action of both the American and Canadian mobs.

A factory at Lynn has asked for space at the World's Fair to show pneumatic dynamite guns and projectiles; one dynamite field gun to be shown on a wheeled carriage 15 by 6 feet over all; one coast defense pneumatic dynamite gun, stationary, mounted on carriage with turntable track, tube 8 inch bore, three feet long.

The troublesome copyright question is again to the fore. Of late many public men, both in Europe and America, have been writing political articles for the United States Press. The *North American Review* has been especially fortunate in securing papers from Gladstone and other public men, for whose productions large prices have been paid. A late article on "Home Rule," from the pen of the Grand Old Man, was looked at with envious eyes by the *London Times*, but as the *Review* would not consent to its republication no copy was printed. A New York daily paper has, however, openly pirated the paper, and an enormous number of copies of this cheaper paper have now been sold in consequence of the theft. The lawsuit on which the *Review* has entered for recovery for damages is extremely interesting to all proprietors of magazines vs. newspapers; and if the *Review* is upheld a thorough reform will have to be effected in the business management of many papers of the American Press.

The increasing use of initial letters or initial and final letters as abbreviations for proper names is becoming a decided nuisance. There is not a State in the neighbouring Republic that does not boast of some almost unintelligible abbreviation. Ga., for instance, does not at once suggest Georgia, nor does the enormity of Ks. call to mind the famous Western State. Mass. and Col. are fairly well in their way, but to a foreigner they must be as suggestive as Choctaw. On our own side of the border we are becoming careless of these abbreviations, and too often we address letters to D. C., forgetting that those hieroglyphics represent District of Columbia as well as Dominion of Canada, while those of us who go a step further and indite Dom. of Can. have a furtive feeling that we have been guilty of some disrespect to our noble country. N. B. and N. S. are doing constant work, and for Provincial letters these abbreviations answer well, but it is extremely doubtful if they are appreciated in the foreign offices through which they often travel. P. E. I. has a slightly humorous tinge, but the P. Q. of the glorious Province of Quebec is an insult which should not be permitted. As Canadians, we should be too proud of our Provinces and Towns to use any such ridiculous or doubtful shortenings of their proper names.

A very sad case has recently been settled in our Canadian courts, the particulars of which cannot fail to arouse much thoughtful comment. Frank Wilson, of Toronto, was accused of the murder of his wife and child, and although he is now formally declared to be innocent of that terrible crime, yet his character, and that of a young woman who has for some time been corresponding with him, is utterly destroyed. The young woman seems to have been guiltless of any actual intimacy with the prisoner—in fact she characterised the whole affair to the jury as a mere school-girl flirtation, yet she has been manifestly imprudent in her actions. Half crazed by novel-reading, this girl of seventeen years persuaded herself that she was possessed of a most lasting passion for a married man. She received from him many attentions, small presents, and finally engaged in the correspondence which at first seemed to implicate both in the crime of murder. A weak man and a silly girl—neither of them ill-meaning—yet they have succeeded in wrecking their future lives, and in causing about them a horrible story and memory which will pursue them to their lives end. We trust that the awful example which they have brought before the public may be the means of breaking off at least a few of those undesirable intimacies which are of no benefit to any of the parties concerned.

It is comforting to the needy author to note that Mr. Besant, the novelist, is shortly to publish a list of publishers, editors, etc., from whom the literary aspirant will be awarded a fair treatment. The magazines and weekly papers that are continually "mislaying MSS.," or deciding that payments had best be made by mailing a few copies of the issue in which the author's work appears, or by promising and omitting to pay for the article in question—all such papers will be black-balled from the best of reputable firms. Special attention has been drawn of late to the ill-treatment which is so often awarded authors by the breaking up of a bogus "International Society of Literature, Science and Art," the main office of which was in London, G. B. A half-dozen of rascals, one of them an English Baronet, combined their forces to form first an author's alliance, where MSS. were to be received, edited, and sent to magazines or papers where they would be acceptable. A "Painters' Alliance" was then formed, and a more imposing title was selected. Sketches, studies in oil and water-colors were sent in as readily by the devotees of the brush as stories, novels, and serious articles had been sent by the knights of the quill. A fee was charged for admission into the Society, and a small sum was paid for the examination of each MSS. or painting, and in the case of MSS. a promise was often given to print a small edition at a nominal charge of from £10 to £50. Not only were needy writers and artists caught by the tricky Alliance, who neither read, examined, or published any MSS. during its life-time of five years, but numberless illiterate people were among the dupes—laundresses and restaurant waiters being especially noted among the plaintiffs of the law suit recently brought against the Alliance. It is pleasing to hear that substantial punishments of imprisonment and hard labor have been awarded the perpetrators of the fraud.

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CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

CHANGE.

There's a little house by an orchard side
Where the spring wears pink and white;
There's a garden with pansies and London pride,
And a bush of lad's delight,
Through the sweetbriar hedge as the garden seen,
As trim as a garden can be;
And the grass in the orchard is much more green
Than most of the grass you see.

There used to be always a mother's smile,
And a father's face at the door,
When one clambered over the orchard stile,
So glad to be home once more.
But now I never go by that way,
For when I was there of late,
A stranger was cutting the orchard hay,
And a stranger leaned on the gate.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel.

The early saints were fond of fasting, but the modern fast men are far from being saints.

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respect, whether he chooses to be so or not.

English Tourist—"What makes you Americans talk with your noses?"
"What makes you Britishers talk with your don't-you-knowses?"

PUTTING IT DELICATELY.—"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted generous girl."

"I do, sir (with emotion), and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

"I say, my boy," said a gentleman to a youth whom he observed fishing away at a favorite stream, "that must be a fine stream for trout." "Faith and it must be that same, for I have been standing here this three hours and not one of 'em will stir out."

HE WAS OVER NICE.—Biggsby—Why did Teddy Chumley leave your club?

Quirk—It came to his ears that coarse salt was used in the cooking, and he couldn't eat the food.

"My friend," said the teetotaler, placing his hand on the tippler's arm, "beware of the enemy in that glass! Rum has levelled many a man much stronger than you." "All right," replied the depraved man, with a leer; "all right, but didn't the man get the rum down the first?"

THE SPINNER OF TO-DAY.—Old Mr. Fogey—Ah, you young women are not what you used to be! Where now can we see one of you with a spinning wheel?

Miss Modern—What's the matter with the girl bicyclist?

AN AMBITIOUS BOY.—"Willie," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?"

"I'd like" said the boy, putting down his yellow covered story of the plains, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name."

WON BY ONE.

I called young Cupid to my aid
And barbed his shafts with kisses;
But, strange to say, we won the maid
By naught but making Mrs.

AN APPROPRIATE PRAYER.—A reverend gentleman tells the story of a little boy: The boy was tired from a hard day's play, and when he retired he was too sleepy to say his goodnight prayer. His mother tried in vain to have him say it, and finally sent the father in. He found the boy just sinking into a tired sleep, and demanded that he should get up and say his prayer. The little fellow arose wearily, sank down upon his knees by the bedside and began: "O, dear Lord! please make papa say his prayers when he's as tired as I am. Amen."

A SURE SIGN.—Little Dick—"Papa, how does thunder sour milk?"

Papa—"It is not the thunder, but the electricity."

"How does electricity sour milk?"

"It works certain chemical changes in the constituents of the fluid, which result in the formation of an acid."

"Of course. But how?"

"I don't know."

"I thought you didn't, or you wouldn't 'a' used such big words."

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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. Milne Fraser.

The Pictou shoe factory has closed.

The *Blake* came out of the dry dock on Wednesday.

Scarlet fever is reported to be very prevalent in Annapolis.

Professor Semon is playing to full houses in Dartmouth this week.

The new court house at Bridgewater is rapidly nearing completion.

The Sailors' Home concert, held in the Academy last week, netted \$483.

The cable steamer *Mina* left on Tuesday to repair the cable at Scatterie.

New Brunswick is enduring the trials and turmoils of an election campaign.

Mrs. Weldon, wife of Professor Weldon, of Dalhousie College, died on Wednesday.

The junior class of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium give a gymnastic exhibition this evening.

The Dartmouth branch of the Union Bank was opened this week. Mr. Rupert Wright is in charge.

Policemen James Nickerson and Grady are to be dismissed from the city police force on charges of drunkenness.

Mr. and Mrs. Doering and Miss Buedinger left yesterday for Windsor and Yarmouth, where they are to give concerts.

The cheap excursion rates to Boston offered by the transportation companies are being largely taken advantage of.

The notorious Jane Doyle, or more properly Mrs. Chapman, is still in jail, the necessary bail not having been produced.

If you are at all curious to try something new, write Percy J. A. Lear, Atlantic Cigar Manufacturing Association, 221 Barrington St., Halifax, for particulars.

The will of the late Henry Pryor of this city was filed this week. The estate, valued at \$10,000, is left to testator's widow.

The anniversary of the discovery of our continent by Columbus was commemorated at St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday last.

Three new cases of small-pox are reported from Toronto. Drs. Barnard and Middleboro and a hospital nurse are the unfortunate victims.

Notice of appeal in the Caroline Lawson will case, on behalf of the Presbyterian church of Canada, was filed on Tuesday in the probate court.

The north end of Robie St. is to be widened to the same extent as the portion south of Jubilee Road. Laborers have commenced work thereon.

A young man named McDonald was severely scalded on Monday by the bursting of a valve in one of the engines at the Truro electric light station.

Catherine A. Gough, wife of Philip E. Gough, who is now "known to fame," is the sole member of a firm registered this week at the registrar's office under the name of Gough & Co.

G. W. Slipp, of Woodstock, N. B., accused of obtaining goods on false pretences, after or at time of assignment, has been committed for trial by the supreme court at St. Stephen.

We call the attention of our gentlemen readers to the advertisement in another column of the new stock of furnishings lately received at the well-known establishment of Freeman Elliott.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT CROP this year sold for more than fifty million dollars. If you want to know how it is raised, and at what profit, address California Bureau of Information, Box 1238, Boston, Mass.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

The Annapolis *Spectator* says during the last few weeks the Yarmouth train has been crowded with scores of families who are returning to their homes after trying their fortunes in the United States.

At a meeting of the Dartmouth School Board, held on Tuesday evening, it was resolved that their board co-operate with the Halifax School Board in sending an exhibit of school work to the World's Fair of 1893.

The opening exercises of the law school recently established in St. John, N. B., in connection with Kings College, Windsor, took place on the 8th inst. Since then several lectures have been given by members of the bar.

The military authorities have wisely decided not to bring troops from the West Indies to Halifax on account of the extreme difference in the climates. The soldiers will hereafter be sent from the West Indies to England.

The A. D. C. of the *Blake* are to give entertainments in St. Patrick's Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week, in aid of the Royal British Orphans' Home. The performances are to be under the direction of Lieut. Taylor.

The second football match of the league series was played on Wednesday afternoon, between the Wanderers and the military. The reds and blacks won by seven points to six. The third game comes off to-morrow with the Garrison and Dalhousians as competitors.

Charles Baxter, of Digby, who is fatally affected with cancer, has commenced an action for \$10,000 damages against a druggist in Lynn, Mass., for dispensing alcohol instead of witch hazel, which Mr. Baxter alleged, when applied, had a disastrous effect on his disease.

Why suffer from sore muscles? Johnson's Anodyne Liniment makes them very pliable.

As yet no site for the new cemetery has been decided upon.

The City Council has decided to make extensive improvements on English Street.

Rev. Dr. Grant announces an increased attendance at Queens College, Kingston.

An electric light is to be placed at the corner of Brunswick and Sackville Streets.

Mr. J. Tremaine Twining, a well-known citizen of Halifax, died on Wednesday night.

The officers of the Leicestershire gave a ball at the Wellington Barracks on Wednesday evening.

Mr. J. W. Brough has been drawing large audiences in Prince Edward Island this week.

Collections of Nova Scotia apples are being sent by the S. S. *Ulunda*, which sails to-morrow, to the exhibitions at Edinburgh and Dundee.

The quarterly meeting of the Halifax and Dartmouth local union of the Y. P. S. C. E. will be held in St. Matthew's church on Monday evening.

Paul Peel, the young Canadian artist who has achieved fame at home and abroad, died last week at his adopted home in Paris, France. He leaves a young wife and two children. His father is a marble dealer and, with part of his family, resides in London, Ontario. Paul Peel was but 32 years of age.

The firewards and commissioners met on Wednesday evening, and as the members were evenly divided on the subject of purchasing the Ronald engine, which was tested last week, the matter was referred to the Council, where the motion to purchase the engine was lost on a division of seven for and eight against.

A sensation was created in P. E. I. the first of the week, over the finding of Dr. and Mrs. Byrne dead in their room at Victoria. They were both addicted to drinking, and apparently had resolved that life was not worth living, and took the matter in their own hands. Dr. Byrne was a veterinary surgeon, well-known in Nova Scotia.

Ex-Ald. Thomas, of London, Ont., has in daily use a clock that was made by John Belling, Bodmyn, England, in 1761. The clock is now 131 years old and was brought to the country by Mr. Thomas's grandfather in 1831. There is no guess work connected with the date, the maker's name and the date being engraved on the clock.

Word has been received that the Leicestershire regiment is to leave this garrison in the early spring. The trooper *Tamar* is to leave England about the last of February for Halifax with the 26th Scottish Cameronian Rifles, who will be stationed here. This news will cause much weeping and wailing, but such is the life of the defenders of our country.

Eighty years Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has led. No better indorsement wanted by us.

This is to be an exciting day for the military. All the troops in the Garrison have been ordered out to defend the city against an attack by one or two of the warships now in port. The enemy will attempt to enter the city in the afternoon. One of the warships will come full speed up the harbor, the forts opening fire on her. This will be done for the purpose of testing the guns and the recent improvements made at York Redoubt and McNab's Island.

A new city is arising from the ruins of St. John's, Newfoundland. Several substantial stone and brick houses on Water Street are under way, and will be roofed in before the winter arrives. The energy displayed now is highly creditable. Employment is abundant and wages good. There is, too, the prospect of the fishing season closing favorably. The splendid weather has given facilities for catching and curing seldom enjoyed at this time of the year.

The November issue of *Canada* appears in a new form, and the price is reduced to 50 cents a year. A story by Prof. Roberts, The Hudson Bay Company, The Snowbird in Canada, with well chosen selections, and the departments, Canadiana, The Editor's Talk, Home Topics, Graver Thoughts, etc., make a very interesting number of this patriotic and excellent monthly. All who subscribe before New Year's Day will receive *Canada* a whole year for 25 cents in postage stamps. Address, Matthew R. Knight, Hampton, New Brunswick.

A sad accident occurred on Tuesday of this week at Springhill Mines. Three men were lowering timber with a rope down a steep incline in No. 1 slope. Richard Costigan stood at the bottom to detach the rope, when a prop slipped through the hands of the workmen and dashed down in the darkness, a distance of 100 feet, striking Costigan on the head with considerable force and inflicting injuries from which he died in a few hours. Costigan was a native of Carbonar, Nfld., where his parents reside. He was unmarried, and went to Springhill Mines about a year ago.

The Kentville *Star* says:—"Mr. Will Ryan showed us yesterday several peanut plants, to the roots of each of which were attached a dozen or so peanuts, some of which were full grown and ripe, but the majority were not matured. Mr. Ryan got the seed last winter, intending to plant them in the early spring as an experiment, but forgot to do so until a month after potatoes were planted. There can be no doubt but that, if planted a month earlier, the lot would have thoroughly ripened. Mr. Ryan's experimenting is the first we have heard of peanut culture in this part of the country, but we see no reason why it should be the last, and perhaps peanut raising will be added to Nova Scotia's agricultural industries. The plant looks something like a bean plant, but the nuts are formed at the roots in clusters like potatoes."

It is what Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does that tells the story of its merit and has given it the largest sale of any medicine.

The Hantsport correspondent of the *Chronicle*, in reporting the industries of the place, says the Hantsport Foundry Company "is building up a good business. It is a joint stock company organized three years ago from local capital to the amount of \$10,000, nearly all of which is paid up. Twelve hands are employed, and this year the output will be worth \$20,000. A large E. Leonard & Sons' boiler has just been added, and a new engine is shortly to be put in. The two principal lines of work followed have been general mill work and house furnaces. The secretary informed us that there are now fifty orders for furnaces to be filled. A third department is to be opened for the manufacture of church bells. This part of the work will be in charge of John McLeod, formerly of Lunenburg. This will be the only church bell foundry in the Dominion. I believe several orders are already received, including one for the new Catholic chapel at Kentville."

Mrs Harrison is still dangerously ill, and her death is daily expected. The Oddfellows of St. Louis have refused to take part in the Columbian parade to-day on the ground that they object to the display of the flags of foreign nations.

Detective Phair, who last week while in performance of his duty in Boston was shot, died on Wednesday from the effects of the wound. Detective Phair was well and favorable known in Canada.

A school teacher in Indiana has been found guilty of hanging a ten-year-old boy by the neck with a whip cord until his tongue lolled out. The school board has decided to dispense with the school master's services.

Anarchist Bergman, who is in the penitentiary at Lower Alleghany, Pa., for shooting Mr. Frick, of the Carnegie Steel Company, made an attempt to escape on Tuesday. One of the guards fired and shot him in the leg, after which he was captured.

The soft quill pen which Henry Ward Beecher used in his last literary work is utilized by Edward Bok in doing all his editorial work on *The Ladies Home Journal*, the pen having been presented to the young editor by Mrs. Beecher shortly after the great preacher's death.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Martin arrived in New York on Saturday last. Mr. Martin is one of the royal commissioners from Great Britain to the Columbian Exposition. Mrs. Martin, who is better known as Victoria Woodhull, has been nominated for the presidency of the United States by the national women's suffrage convention and will send her acceptance at once to Anna M. Parker, president of the nominating convention. Mrs. Martin thinks woman's vote the only great weapon of reform.

The Esquimaux village, which is being taken from Labrador to Chicago for exhibition at the Fair, stopped en route in Boston, and according to reports were charmed and in some cases alarmed by the sights and noises strange indeed to them. They expressed much astonishment at the theatre, to which they were invited by Messrs. Crabtree and Rice of the Park theatre to witness a presentation of "1492," and were loth to leave after the second act, when they were driven to the Fitchburg station and there embarked for Chicago, after a most exciting day.

October 20th, 21st and 22nd are the days fixed for the ceremonies of dedication of the buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Preparations of elaborate description have been made for the great event. By concerted action of citizens, the streets and buildings of the city, particularly in the business center and in the direction of the Exposition grounds, will be tastefully and profusely decorated. Several changes have recently been made in the programme of ceremonies first arranged, one of the more important being the elimination of the proposed water pageant, "The Procession of the Centuries," with its twenty-four symbolical floats."

A severe storm raged last week in northern England, Scotland and Wales. Tidings of many disasters and loss of life by shipwreck have been received, and much damage by floods is reported.

The Princess of Wales and her daughter, attired in deep mourning, attended a special Tennyson memorial service at Westminster Abbey on Sunday. Two of the hymns sung at Tennyson's funeral—his poems, "Crossing the Bar," and "Silent Voices"—were sung again at Sunday's service.

Despatches from Rome report that the recent heavy rains have caused such immense quantities of water to flow into Lake Como, that the lake has overflowed its banks, causing considerable damage. The lower part of the city of Como is inundated, and along the shores of the lake considerable damage has been done by the overflow.

The fact that the Prince of Wales absented himself from the funeral of Lord Tennyson, on Wednesday, in order that he might attend the Newmarket races, is provoking considerable comment. His action is especially dilated upon by certain Radical journals, which appear anxious to make a sensation similar to that occasioned by the baccarat scandal. They contend that his presence was necessary, not as an expression of his personal feeling, but as the next head of the nation taking part in a national event.

The matrimonial intentions of Prince George of Wales are still furnishing unlimited food for gossip for the society papers, which, at regular intervals and with a vast show of authority, announce that "we hear on unmistakable authority that the Duke of York's betrothal to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck (or to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, as may be) is soon to be announced." The choice is evidently between these two, but as to which is to be the future Queen of Great Britain and Ireland not even those on intimate terms with Prince George know.

The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a wholesome fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of—Puttner's Emulsion,

It seems necessary to constantly advise the public to be on their guard against substitutes and imitations of popular remedies. And yet, notwithstanding those repeated warnings, the business of selling substitutes and imitations flourishes to a greater or less extent in many parts of the country. There is no remedy in Canada to-day so widely advertised as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and none, judging from the very strong endorsements appearing from time to time, more worthy of public confidence. It is a remedy like this that the counterfeiters and imitators attack, in the hope of reaping a benefit from the extensive advertising of the genuine medicine. It may perhaps be well to caution our readers again, and remind them, that the substitute or imitation can never take the place of the original remedy and that the dealer who gives a customer something else than what is asked for, either representing it as the original, or as something "just as good," is guilty of an action very closely akin to fraud. We learn that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., with a view to protecting their interests and those of the public and honest dealers, contemplate securing the services of a clever detective whose business it will be to ferret out frauds of this kind and bring the perpetrators to justice.

THE MOUNT-ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore the Province of Quebec Lottery. Authorized by the Legislature.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892

2 and 16 November 7 and 21 December

Prizes Value \$13,185.
Capital Prize worth \$3,750.

List of Prizes

1 Prize worth	3,750 00	\$3,750 00
1 " "	1,250 00	1,250 00
1 " "	625 00	625 00
1 " "	312 50	312 50
2 Prizes "	125 00	250 00
5 " "	62 50	312 50
25 " "	12 50	312 50
100 " "	6 25	625 00
200 " "	3 75	750 00
500 " "	2 50	1,250 00
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
100 " "	6 25	625 00
100 " "	3 75	375 00
100 " "	2 50	250 00
999 " "	1 25	1,218 75
999 " "	1 25	1,218 75

3134 Prizes worth.....\$13,185

TICKETS, - - - - 25c.

Tickets can be obtained until five o'clock p. m., on the day before the Drawing. Orders received on the day of the drawing are applied to next drawing.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
81 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

CANADA

A Monthly Journal for Canadians, Young and Old, at Home and Abroad. FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

With the November Number CANADA appears in a new form and at a Reduced Price. It is the Cheapest, Brightest and Best Monthly Paper published in the Dominion.

In addition to Original and Selected Articles of great interest, it contains the following departments:—

Canadians, Home Topics, Graver Thoughts, The Editor's Talk, Literary and Personal Notes, Answers to Correspondents, Just For Fun, etc., etc.

25 Cents

will pay a whole year's subscription to CANADA, if remitted before January 1st, 1893.

Advertisers should secure space at once, as Advertisements will be limited to twelve columns. November edition, 2,160 Copies; December edition, 2,400.

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,
HAMPTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Says a London cable: The First Dragoon Guards, Col. Sayer, stationed at Shorncliffe, have suddenly been ordered to Windsor, to take the place of the First Life Guards at that station. The latter have been in turn sent to Shorncliffe. This action is unprecedented. The Life Guards have always been stationed in London and Windsor, and their transfer to the bleak cliff on the Kent coast is about as severe punishment as could be devised short of actual disgrace. The officers are the darlings of society, and they will be sadly lonesome at a camp distant from any large city, the nearest point of any size being the sleepy town of Hythe.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the Great German-American Remedy for Heart, Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Blood. Guaranteed contract with every bottle. Pay only for the good you receive. At all Druggists, \$1.00 per bottle, six bottles \$5.50. If you want to know about SKODA'S REMEDIES, send postal for "Morning Light."



Mrs. Capt. P. H. LANE.

"They thought I must die."
"THE STRONGEST STATEMENTS COULD NOT TELL HALF IT HAS DONE FOR ME."

Hereditary Liver Trouble, ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER,

Diagnosed by the best Physicians, CURED.

GENTS.—My father died of Consumption of the Liver, many in my family have died with the same disease, and a large part of the time for the past two years I have been very sick, no appetite, bowels alternating between Constipation and Diarrhoea. Pains all over my body, and severe pains all through my Liver. So nervous I could not sleep at night, and in fact was much emaciated and run down.

BETTER My Physician said I had Enlargement of the Liver.

The day before I commenced the use of SKODA'S REMEDIES, I had two different Physicians call upon me. People thought I must die. I had doctored so much and taken so many different kinds of patent medicines, without any benefit, that when SKODA'S DISCOVERY was brought to me, I threw away doctor's medicine, and began to use SKODA'S DISCOVERY.

Soon I commenced to gain; my appetite increased; from being weak and feeble I began to grow stronger; bowels as well as a natural condition; sweet and refreshing sleep came to me; and I began to increase rapidly in flesh.

I have now taken less than a full course (six bottles) of SKODA'S DISCOVERY, with SKODA'S LITTLE GOLD TABLETS, and today I am strong, am able to do my own work. In fact, am well and happy. The strongest statement I could make would not tell half your wonderful Remedies have done for me.

Respectfully yours,
ROCKLAND, ME. MRS. P. H. LANE.

THE ONLY MEDICINE SOLD WITH A GUARANTEED CONTRACT WITH EACH BOTTLE. TRY A COURSE (6 BOTTLES) AT OUR RISK. IF NOT BENEFITED RETURN BOTTLES AND GET YOUR MONEY. PAY ONLY FOR THE GOOD YOU RECEIVE.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N.S.

SKODA'S OINTMENT, the Great German Skin Cure, and finest Cosmetics made. Removes Blackheads, Pimples, etc., as if by magic. 3 oz. tubes in elegant cartons 50 cts.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.
 Within Two Minute Walk of Post Office.
DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor
 HALIFAX, N. S.
 101 ON PARLE FRANCOISE.



REGULATE THE
 STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS,
 AND
 PURIFY THE BLOOD.

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR

Indigestion, Bloating, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tablets contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Pleasant to take, safe, effective. Give immediate relief.

Sold by druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents. Address

THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.
 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Unger's Steam Laundry,
 62 & 64 GRANVILLE ST.

We have been in the Laundry Business over twenty years in New York and St John, and have always given satisfaction. All parties entrusting their work to our care will be sure to be satisfied.

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

MAX UNGAR,
 PROPRIETOR

The Highest Cash Prices paid for Empty Bottles.

FOYLE BREWERY,
P. & J. O'MULLIN,
 Brewers, Malsters & Bottlers.

Sole Manufacturers of

THE WELL KNOWN TEMPERANCE BEVERAGES,

Malt and Kraizer Beers.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Corner Granville & Saokville Sts.

NOVA SCOTIA
Steam Machine Paper Bag Manufactory.
 THE CHEAPEST in the MARKET.

—ALSO—
BOOK BINDING

In all its various branches,

G. & T. PHILLIPS.

Old Chum

(CUT PLUG.)

OLD CHUM
 (PLUG.)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

Ritchie & Co

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb Plug, 10c.
 1/2 lb Plug, 20c.

The excruciating pain of
TOOTHACHE STOPPED.
 Can be Instantly
 By applying a few drops of

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

One or two applications of SCOTT'S CURE will entirely cure those severe attacks of Neuralgia that give such intense pain.

Testimonials have been received from far and near to the effect that Scott's Cure for Rheumatism is the GREATEST DISCOVERY ever yet known for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps in the Limbs, Strains, Sprains, Bruises, Lame Back, Sore Throat and an Instant Cure for Toothache.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
 Wholesale - BROWN & WEBB, SIMON BROS., FORSYTH, SUTCLIFFE & CO.

THOMAS SLOVEN.
 THE GREAT LIFE SAVER AND SWIMMER.
 Is loud in his praise of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

He had such a severe attack of Rheumatism in his right arm that he could not raise it without excruciating pain. After applying half a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM he could swing his arm as freely as ever, and now he says Scott's Cure for Rheumatism is the greatest discovery of the age.

London Rubber Stamp Mfg Co.

Rubber and Metal Stamps,
 Notarial Seals,
 Heotograph Copying Pads,
 Stencil Cutters, &c.

223 HOLLIS ST., Halifax.

TENNYSON.

Dear friend and honored master, art thou dead,
 And shall I see no more thy revered face,
 Recall our older England's manly grace,
 Nor any more admire that noble head:
 That brow as broad as Shakespeare's, that grave eye,
 Now soft with mirth, now fired with fantasy
 Nor hear again that rugged, kindly speech,
 Lighten the darkling ways of thought and teach
 The right thou lovedst, nor break the eager air
 Of thy lone eye with thee, nor behold
 Thy bent, cloaked figure dark against the gold
 And purple of the dear secluded hill,
 Pace with uncertain footsteps day by day
 The much-loved round, nor in the failing light,
 Upon thy smooth lawn watch the summer night
 Steal o'er the ghostly plains, not mark the strain
 Of the blithe thrushes with thee, nor again,
 The enamored lonely nightingale complain?
 Thy years were come to harvest, home spent years
 Of reverence from without, of love within;
 A perfect life, health, riches, honors, fame,
 All these were thine. No prize was left to win.
 Scant sorrow, save that fine despondency
 Which fans the smouldering gout into flame,
 Only too brief experiences of tears,
 The dear friend lost in youth, the son in age,
 Bracing thy soul to bear what ever should be,
 Such lives fate grants not often nor for long,
 And rarest to the suffering ranks of song,
 Why should we mourn save pain,
 And friendship which shall never come again?
 Our race can never lose thee, whose fair page,
 Rich with the harvest of a soul inspired,
 So many a weakling life and heart has fired,
 Thou art not wholly gone, but liveth yet,
 Till our England's sons their tongues forget.
 Thy place is with the immortals. Who shall gauge
 Thy rank among the peers of world-wide song?
 Others, it may be, touched a note more strong,
 Scaled loftier heights, or glowed with fiercer rage;
 But who like thee could stay our modern doubt,
 Or soothe the sufferers with a tenderer heart,
 Or dress gay legions with each perfect grace,
 Or nerve life's world worn pilgrims for their part?
 Who since our English tongue first grew has stirred
 More souls to noble effort by his word,
 More reverent who of man, of God, of truth,
 More piteous of the sore tried strength of youth,
 Thy chaste white muse, loathing the pagan rout,
 Would drive with stripes the goatish satyr out,
 Thy love of righteousness preserve thee sure,
 Thy lucid genius scorned to lurk obscure.
 And all thy jewelled art and native grace
 Were consecrate to God and to the race.
 This day extinguishes a star as bright
 As shone upon our dying country.
 Hero as in that great England over sea
 Light after light goes out, yet not night;
 The peaceful moonbeams kissed him as he lay
 At midnight in the arms of love.
 Thou canst not wait the dawn of early day,
 Farewell, blessed soul, farewell, as if indeed
 Some care for things of earth may mount above,
 As is our hope, enthroned spirit plead,
 For this our England which thou lovedst so long,
 And crownedst with thy diadem of song.

October 6, 1892.

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE LUNENBURGER'S MISTAKE.

True or false, that amusing story of Uncle Dan'l and the Mississippi in Clemens and Warner's delightful *Golden Age*, has a parallel in a Nova Scotian tradition, concerning the truth of which, if we are to believe its possessors, there is no shadow or shade of doubt, being "real fact—every blessed bit of it."

It is not generally known nowadays that the first steamship which crossed the Atlantic—the *Savannah*, of American build, launched in 1817—was also the first to visit Halifax, after her return from Europe. Two fishermen, father and son, from the neighboring Dutch settlement of Lunenburg were plying their vocation on that memorable occasion. All that day had been calm, but luck poor; and nightfall found them with only half a "fars," drifting off the entrance to Halifax harbor, and the guiding light of Sambro twinkling in the distance like a star.

"Hans," said the father, "you 'member now vat I says. Ven you zeh von lighthouse dwinkle ash dat shost now, voy dot means heze; und heze means von fine ner, and py and by a leedle gloudy. Und in gloudy und galm vedder der viech pile like zbarks. Dis fare so leedle ve got now not vorth dskin' in, Hans; zeh ve stave out all night, und goes home in der mornin' mit her full to the kunnel, my zeh—vat you drinks?"

"All right, vader," said the obedient Hans, in ready acquiescence.

Hours went by. A brisk rally, in which the bites came so thick and fast that our fishers scarce had time to clear their hooks for the next cast, had passed, leaving their boat with room for but little more, and the Dutchers were dawdling over their cold lunch like men who know that they have plenty of time and want them to luxuriate, when suddenly appeared on the dusky horizon, as to the elixirseekers of Bulwer's "Strange Story," a vast and solitary eye of fire. Its rapidity of approach over the becalmed water excited the wonder, and then the fear of the observer. When at length the grimy, uncouth hull and *outrig*, the huge black funnels, disemboguing vast volumes of red illumined smoke, the fierce flash of molten slag and cinder pouring from beneath the sponsons into the hissing sea, coupled with the thunder of the paddles, the loud pant of escaping steam, and dismal clank of the engines burst upon eye and ear, their terror was complete. They fell upon their knees, but their frozen tongues refused to utter the confused appeal for mercy and protection that took part shape in their bewildered souls. And thus they remained until the awful apparition drew aboard, then passed astern without sign of notice, and with undiminished

PUTTNER'S
 IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.
EMULSION

speed closed rapidly in with the land. Then our fishers, hopeful of having escaped observation, recovered their suspended speech. Hans was first to break silence. With a long breath, he ejaculated rather than asked:—

"Mein Gott in Himmell, father. Vat ish dat?"

Slowly the answer came in bated breath—"Sh-h, ton't spoke zo loudt! Hans, my zohn, dat ish der tuyfel."

Hans cogitated. Presently the monster disappeared behind Sambro Head. Then Hans grew bolder, and skepticism began to rear its "brazen front" amid his thoughts.

"Fader! You dink zo dat dings was the tuyfel vor sure?"

"My zohn! Vat else coodt it pe?"

"Vell, fader, I links it might pe Oldt Bonyparty. He knows the plack art, you know, and b'raps he made the tuyfels make him dat concern to get off St. Helena mit, und now hees gomin' to kill der Englishmens, und plow up der citadel, purn der town, und zink der fessels."

Hardly were the words uttered than the awful shriek of the steamer's whistle raved among the hills, and tore the silence asunder. Down fell the Dutchmen—this time prone among their fish—but when the unearthly scream ceased, Hans cautiously raised his head. "Mein Gott!" he ejaculated, is "it gomin' pack for us?"

"Bray, my son, bray," responded the old man, "I cant. It ish ter tuyfel, poy—nopoddy but ter tuyfel can snore, und grunt, und fissel all in one breat' like ash dat!"

"Vell, I s'bose it must pe," conceded Hans, "cos I hear der peebles always say dat the tuyfel is comin' to Halifax. But I don't nefer hear some-poddy tell dat he vas goin' to bring all hell mit him pesides."—N. W. Beckwith in *Forest and Stream*.

BOOK GOSHIP.

It is hard to realize that preparations have been commenced for the celebration of the great festival of the year—Columbus, but so it is. The proprietors of the *Toronto Saturday Night* are preparing an especially fine holiday publication for 1892, upon which they are spending some twelve thousand dollars. The cover, which contains a picture in photolithograph in seven colors and as many half tones, is "Ye Gentleman and Dames of Olden Times." The pictorial supplement, which is larger than that of last year, is a reproduction of a picture owned by the proprietors of *Saturday Night*, entitled "Her Bright Smile Haun's Me Still." It is exceedingly lovely, and no one can pass it without turning to look again at the beautiful face and the look of farewell. The stories this year are by John Habberton, author of *Helen's Babies*; Octave Thanet, author of *Expiration*; George Parsons Lathrop, *Ida Burwash*, Edmund E. Sheppard. All these stories are magnificently illustrated by the best artists in New York and London. *The Newsdealer, Publisher and Stationer's Bulletin*, the Canadian correspondent of which has seen advance copies of all that is promised by *Saturday Night* this year, says that "It will doubtless be the most beautiful publication ever attempted in America, and compares more than favorably with *Figaro* and the most expensive Old Country Christmas numbers." It is something for Canadians to boast of, for while much of the work requiring the greatest possible artistic skill has to be done abroad, the enterprise is purely Canadian and will redound to the credit of Canada.

The *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* is more than holding its own in popularity, as the two last numbers for September and October testify. In the first a sketch was given of social life in Halifax, which was decidedly well illustrated by portraits of some of our gracious dames and charming demoiselles, while a bright variety of other articles held the attention of all readers. In the October number the pictures are especially good, and many will treasure the engraving of the handsome Premier of Nova Scotia. Two papers deal with interesting phases of Montreal life, one "The Old Government House," and the other the "Nurses' Life in the Montreal General Hospital." A fairly truthful tale of "Trout" is capitally told, while the humorous sketch of "An Evening at Progressive Euchre" will amuse many who have gone through the experience described. Some clever poems are given, and the various departments are as usual well conducted. Published by the *Sabisson Litho. & Pub. Co.*, Montreal.

The November number of the *Season*, one of the most popular fashion magazines published, is at hand. It will surely be an over fastidious lady who cannot find within its spacious covers desirable models for her winter garments, and for all ages and styles the book abounds with suitable designs. The colored plates are as usual excellent and show to advantage the effects of the costumes presented. The fancy work department is filled with new and pretty ideas that will at this season of the year be most acceptable to fair readers. The *Season* is for sale at all newsdealers, or may be obtained from the Canadian publishers, The *Toronto News Co.*, price 30 cen's.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Messrs. Moir, Son & Co. have removed to their fine new premises at the corner of Argyle and Duke streets. The building, which is of brick, contains five stories and has a frontage of 42 feet on Argyle St., by 130 feet deep, and covers 80 feet on Grafton St. The shop, which faces the City Hall, is large and commodious. It is beautifully finished in natural wood, with marble tiled floor and large plate glass front. The offices are finished in style similar to that of the shop. The flat on the street level is to be devoted to the use of the bread bakers, while on the flat above biscuits are to be manufactured. The machinery for baking is not yet put in nor the revolving ovens, with which this department is to be furnished, built. The third, fourth and fifth floors are fully equipped for the manufacture of all kinds of confectionery, which is now being made there in great variety. A

specialty will be made of superior brands of chocolate creams, and in high class confections the firm intend to surpass previous productions. The excellence of Moir's candy is well known. The paper box department is on the fourth floor facing on Argyle St. To the south of the main building on Grafton St. a three-story building is under construction, to be used as a boiler room and engine house. Messrs. Moir, Son & Co. expect to have all branches of their business in full running order in two or three months' time. The finish and equipment of the whole establishment will be very complete, and the many friends who deeply sympathized with this enterprising firm in the severe loss sustained by them in the late fire which destroyed their place of business, will wish them every success in their new premises.

The following clippings from Upper Province journals show that the Robb-Armstrong engines exhibited at Toronto and Montreal have attracted considerable attention.

"A group of interested visitors might always have been seen around the Robb-Armstrong engine, which came all the way from Amherst, N. S. It was a fine piece of workmanship, and the peculiarity of the bearing surfaces, the oiling devices, the governor and valve features, etc., etc., seemed to make a favorable impression."—*Monetary Times*.

"Among the many excellent exhibits in the machinery department, there is none that commands more attention than the "Robb-Armstrong" A and B new single valve automatic engines, the invention of the Robb Engineering Company, of Amherst, Nova Scotia. In general appearance they do not differ greatly from several popular high speed engines now in use, and no radical departure has been made in principles of construction, the aim being to combine as many as possible of these points which have proved best in practice with much improvements in details as have been suggested by observation and experience with these and other engines. In other words it is not an attempt to develop a new species, but to advance one step in the evolution of that already highly developed machine—the American high-speed engine. All parts of the Robb-Armstrong engines are made interchangeable to standard gauges and can be duplicated at any time, which does away with the necessity of long delays in case of any of the separate parts giving out. That the ingenuity displayed by this enterprising firm has met with its due reward, it needs only mention on our part to inform our readers that the authorities of McGill College, recognizing the great saving power and high practical improvements in this firm's economical engines, decided to order one of their class "A's," and, judging from its work in the mechanical building to the admiration of the thousands of visitors who wended their way through it this week, there is very little doubt they have been wise in their judgment, and the intricate mechanism of this perfect model of engineering science will prove a good instructor to the students. The various improvements of this delightfully silent working model of the engineer's craft were pointed out to the observers by Mr. D. W. Robb, president and consulting engineer of the company, Amherst, N. S."—*Toronto Empire*.

The Robb Engineering Co. has since sold one of their 60. h p. high speed engines to the Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

GLASS.—Glass, as far as research has been able to determine, was in use 2,000 years before the birth of Christ, and was even then not in its infancy. In the state collection at the British Museum there is the head of a lion molded in glass bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty.

EHT ROF KSA
"HALIGONIAN"
RAGI

Made at
221 Barrington St.



Mrs. William Lohr

Of Freeport, Ill., began to fail rapidly, lost all appetite and got into a serious condition from Dyspepsia. She could not eat vegetables or meat, and even toast distressed her. Had to give up housework. In a week after taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

She felt a little better. Could keep more food on her stomach and grew stronger. In 3 weeks, has a good appetite, gained 2 lbs., does her work easily, is now in perfect health.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

Fresh and Salted Beef, Vegetables, Mutton, Pork, Bread, &c.

J. A. LEAMAN & CO.

Wholesale & Retail Victuallers.

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

CANNED GOODS, BOLOGNAS, &c.

6 to 10 Bedford Row,

ESTABLISHED 1864

HALIFAX, N. S.

NEW GOODS.

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS.

SAND GRAINED DRAWING PAPER

WHEATMAN'S " "

CARTRIDGE " "

TRACING PAPER.

PROCESS PAPER.

TRACING LINEN.

DRAWING PENS

and a General Assortment of ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

137 Grandville Street.

COMMERCIAL.

The continued fine fall weather is having an excellent effect upon business in all lines. The fact that farmers are able to anticipate their spring work by getting well forward their ploughing makes the prospects for the future very satisfactory. On the whole the trade situation is very reassuring. The past two years have been years of plenty on the farm, enabling many farmers to lift a considerable portion of the financial burdens with which previous years of scant harvests had laden them. Of course nothing like the full benefit of the crops of 1892 has as yet been realised, but the prospective returns are so assured in their amplitude that a very strongly confident and secure feeling is the agreeable result. To summarise matters—farmers have done well this year, especially in butter and cheese, whatever the middlemen may have done. They have also had very successful results from their apples, as they have been able to contract the fruit at 50c. to 75c. more per barrel than they obtained last year. Good, remunerative prices are obtaining for potatoes, hay, eggs, etc. Altogether the farmer's position is far from being an undesirable one. Remittances in all lines are showing great improvement and are, at present, very satisfactory, and reports from almost all sections of the country are good. Wholesale merchants say that payments due on notes and accounts maturing during the fall were never met with more promptness; in fact in some branches of trade—particularly in dry goods and in boots and shoes—the percentage is higher. A closer scrutiny of accounts has probably had much to do in effecting this; but whatever influence this may have had in the premises it is undeniable that the pulse-beat of general trade is much more steady and healthy than it has been for several years.

A marked feature of the situation, however, is the steadily upward tendency in the prices of staple goods—with the single exception perhaps of iron. Even manufactured cotton goods hold—apparently at least—a strong position in the face of large stocks of the raw material. Sugars seem to be particularly well fortified. That the rigid quarantine regulations of Philadelphia and New York have materially supported the market for raws is indisputable. What the result may be when this support is withdrawn remains to be seen, for then values will be left more to the statistical position of the market. This is a point that the managers of sugar refineries and those inclined to speculate in sugars should consider before "plunging in."

The *Montreal Trade Bulletin* offers the following excellently sound advice under the caption "Holding for a Rise":—"The annual temptation of holding for higher prices is again attacking the farmers, and without any doubt a large number are sure to submit. And with equal certainty those who sell out as they have the goods, will be sure to come out best. Just at this period of the year, when prices of almost every line of goods are increasing, it is a great temptation to keep back until an extra price can be obtained. But although prices are sure to go higher, yet goods may be held too long, and holders may really lose money on their plan of business. Only a few days ago a produce dealer was speaking of a creamery that last fall held back for higher prices; he offered 24c. for their butter in October, but this was refused; and in the spring they gladly sold him the butter at 22c. This meant a loss of two cents a pound besides interest and storage. And yet it is not unlikely that the same creamery may be tempted again this year to try the same game. Of course there are occasions when a holding policy does really pay, but they are very rare. Besides a farmer is not a merchant and should not take such risks. He is a producer and should get rid of his production and get paid for it as quickly as possible. Such a course will be sure to pay better in the long run than an occasional extra profit and numerous extra losses by the policy of holding for a rise. Let the farmers and the factory men put their goods on the market in as fresh a condition as possible, and they will find a buyer. Then leave him to take his own course as to holding on, or selling out,—that is his business. If our farmers would only take this to heart and act on it, they would find it greatly to the advantage of their pockets."

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW OF HENRY CLEWS & Co, NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—"Business on the stock exchange was of course much interrupted by the Columbus celebration. Hence there was little opportunity for any real display of tendencies. The prevailing tone of the market was steadiness; and if there was no general movement for a rise, there was certainly no loss of confidence. The only feature of the week was the sharp advances in the Industrials, circumstances favoring manipulation in this quarter. The amount of securities of these concerns is relatively small; consequently they are easily controlled and worked up or down. Many of them, too, are practically monopolies, or so nearly so as to enable them to make large profits. Big dividends and comparative low prices are supposed to be an irresistible attraction to the average speculator and investor, and not a few of the original holders of industrials having stock for sale, appear to be taking advantage of such conditions to market surplus stock. Time, however, has yet to prove the stability of investments which are carrying such a copious amount of water, often earning profits so unusual that they may not be maintained, and many of them managed under such secretive methods as to impair instead of inviting confidence. The outlook is for considerable speculative activity, however, in this department of the exchange; and if such proves to be the case, quick, shrewd operators are likely to make profitable turns. As permanent investments, however, they are not quite yet entitled to the credit which they may deserve when managers take the public into closer confidence and adopt stricter financial methods.

As a class, no investments are now more worthy of attention than railroad stocks and bonds. In many important respects the railroad interests of the country are in sounder condition than ever before. While transportation and travel is unusually heavy, exceeding last year's extraordinary results, and likely to continue with the stimulus of the Chicago exposition in pros-

pect, rates are well maintained, and hostility between the great systems has been reduced to a minimum. The result is heavy gross earnings, enabling liberal expenditures for improvements, which ought soon to permit of great economy in operating expenses, and consequently better net results than heretofore.

Another important factor, from the purely railroad point of view, is the wholesome restraint of competition and the restricted building of new lines. The best authorities estimate that not more than 4,000 miles of new road will be constructed in 1892, which will be the smallest total of any year since 1885. Considering the rapid increase of population and traffic, it certainly looks as if railroad development was not keeping pace with the natural growth of the country.

Another important factor favoring the stock market is the sound condition of business. The volume of trade is large; failures are few; collections good; prices low; labor well employed; wages high; in short the masses are prosperous. In all the textile industries, for instance, trade has been particularly good, and many cotton, wool and silk mills have a larger number of advance orders on hand than ever before. A further illustration of activity in consumptive channels is the continued heavy imports; not only of dry goods, but of necessities and luxuries of all sorts; the increased revenue from which has proved a boon to our nearly depleted treasury."

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

	Week Previous		Weeks corresponding to	
	Oct. 14, 1892	1891	Oct. 14, 1890	1889
United States	191	198	177	205
Canada	36	36	50	41

Dry Goods.—The bright, seasonable weather and the increasing frostiness of the air continue to keep business brisk. Retailers, both in the city and the country, are busily at work in reducing their stocks and in sending in their orders to wholesalers for more. Reports from the country are very satisfactory and remittances are coming in well. Cable advices from Europe state that raw silk has advanced from 15 to 20 per cent. Of course a corresponding increase will follow in manufactured goods. Cotton goods are very firm at the advanced rates. Commercial travellers now out are sending in orders—mostly of a sorting up nature—quite freely.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour, locally, is fairly active but chiefly in a small way. Oatmeal is dull, but feed is firm. Oats are fairly active and steady. In Chicago the market has ruled rather dull and no material alteration in figures has occurred. H. Kains Jackson, reviewed the wheat question from an English farmer's standpoint, says:—"From the present outlook there is a very feeble chance of prices improving in the immediate future. Nevertheless, sellers at present rates are very cautious, and demand and value may easily revive moderately, should the advance of the season towards winter justify any such movement. Higher freights, higher insurance rates than at present accepted may favor at any time the general position." Since this was written, prices on the other side have moved up 6d. to 1s. per quarter; but shippers inform us that the advance in prices on the other side has not so far brought on the demand here. It would seem by this that British importers have decided to reduce their holdings before making farther purchases, which is a wise move, for had they gone on inflating spot supplies there would have been no end to the down trend of values. As it is, the downward inclination of values in England has been checked and a move in the opposite direction initiated. Prices have been thrust down to such an unusual depth that a very material advance can be made before they attain the average of the last few years. The sequel of the wheat market during the coming season will be an interesting study.

PROVISIONS.—A good steady jobbing movement is reported in provisions at unchanged prices. Local packers are beginning to receive their raw stocks more freely, and are now actively engaged in work preparatory to meeting the winter demands of their customers. In the American, Canadian and English markets, provisions have been steady but quiet, and prices are unchanged.

BUTTER.—Higher values prevailing have somewhat checked the local movement in butter. The consumptive demand is unquestionably improving, but holders' ideas are at present apart from those of users. Medium and lower grades are in larger receipt, especially store packed from Cape Breton, Antigonish, Pictou, Cumberland, etc., and a fair business is doing, though dealers claim that the demand is less relatively than in former seasons. A London, G. B., letter says:—"Buyers in the butter market are sick of paying the prices demanded of them lately, and are holding off, merely keeping their most pressing wants supplied. But supplies continue to come in diminished quantity, the much-loved Danish being in very poor show, so that stocks must soon be exhausted, when buyers will have to duck to the exigencies of the hour and pay still higher rates. This altitudinizing of prices has, undoubtedly, the effect of checking consumption, but it cannot kill it, so that unless we are flooded with parcels from the continent all of a sudden high quotations would seem to be inevitable until the advent of Antipodean produce in a little while yet."

CHEESE.—The local cheese market shows a somewhat improved tone, but the general tenor of cable advices do not encourage the expectations of any marked advance in figures. The make continues to be heavy, and most factories are anticipating an output till well on towards the end of the year. Present indications point to the probability of a large product at figures that will give a fair margin of profit. The United States production is certain to be a large one, and as it seeks a market at the same time that ours does, there seems little prospect of an upward movement, at least in the immediate future. A correspondent writing from London, G. B., says:—"Cheese is a satisfactory market. There is no undue haste, and yet no halting. Consumption goes on steadily, the small make of English is being gradually swallowed up at advancing prices, stocks of foreign are being slowly but surely drawn upon, and the inevitable uplifting of values is only a matter of

time. Agents here are well satisfied, and shippers should be so likewise. They are likely to have a better finish even than that last season, which is saying something, as the boxes of stock were picked before Canadian steamers landed the first loaders."

EGGS—The local demand for eggs continues quite good and appears to be increasing, but the supply is quite as large as the needs of the public, and prices remain unchanged. A report from London, G. B., is—"All through the country eggs are dear this week, owing to lessened supply. Prices have advanced to 9s. 6d. for best French, top price here, and corresponding enhancements at Liverpool and Glasgow. Canadians are selling well at the former port, though no great shakes as to prices; but, at the latter, excellent results are being attained, a clearance being effected at top rates passing 7s. per long hundred. The season is gaining its zenith for Dominion ovoids, and shipments should henceforth be heavy."

APPLES—Owing to the very unsatisfactory returns so far received from apples shipped this year to Great Britain, large quantities are being forced on this market and have been selling at very low rates. Carefully selected and packed apples are now worth only \$1.25 to \$1.75 per barrel, and these figures are likely to be further reduced before long. The Montreal Trade Bulletin reports as follows:—"Considerable excitement was manifested in the apple trade in this city on Tuesday last on receipt of advices regarding Monday's apple sales in Liverpool, when shippers realized that heavy losses had been sustained through the severe break in prices, good sound fall fruit selling down as low as 8s. per bbl., while inferior qualities did not realize freight and charges. A cable message was received from Liverpool which read as follows:—"Stop shipping fall apples, as they won't cover freight." These cablegrams following Monday's demoralized business created the greatest distrust as to the results of Wednesday's sales; to the surprise of the trade however they were not worse, but if anything a little better, culverts selling at 6s. to 10s.; colored stock 11s. to 15s. and fancy kings 21s. This is a better showing on good stock; but what our shippers fear is the percentage of poor fruit which will fetch very low figures. There are large quantities of winter apples offering here, one firm having 60,000 barrels offered from the West this week. It is thought that after the fall stock have been worked off on the other side, a much better market will follow for the winter fruit, which are now going forward in large quantities. It is to be hoped that the heavy losses sustained on fall stock will be made up by the better results of winter varieties. It is now pretty certain that the crop of apples in Canada this year is larger than that of 1891; but the quality is poorer, and herein lies the danger on the other side, for although England will take any amount of fine goods at reasonable prices, she may give the cold shoulder to indifferent qualities. The shipments last week were 54,469 bbls. from Montreal and from all Atlantic ports 86,521 bbls., making the total shipments from Montreal for the season 106,251 bbls. and from all Atlantic ports 273,684 bbls. against 185,105 bbls. for the corresponding period last year, showing the large increase of 88,579 bbls. The shipments this week will be again heavy, but a good portion of them will be winter stock. Sales in car lots have been made in this market at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.70 and \$1.75 for fall fruit as to quality, and car lots of winter varieties at \$2.25, a fancy car or two at \$2.50 with a weak feeling."

DRIED FRUIT—The local market for dried fruit remains unsettled, and will continue so in all probability till the arrival of the direct steamer Escalona, which is bringing about 20,000 boxes of raisins for this market and an equal quantity for Montreal. The present tendency is unquestionably in favor of higher figures, and we expect that the looked for goods will bring very stiff prices. The yield at producing centres is smaller than usual while the United States demand is very active.

SUGAR—Competition among the several Canadian refineries has caused a drop amounting to about 1/2c. in granulated and 1/2c. in yellow sugars. Our local refineries have made a heavy cut in prices in order to secure the western trade and this has forced those in the upper provinces to reduce their figures in the hope of holding that business. Of course the consumer or the middleman benefits by this little wrangle, but shareholders will be justified in wagging their heads and looking grave when they come to peruse the annual statements. The Trust in the States has dropped the price of granulated 3-16c., not only in Chicago but in New York, in order to keep out Canadian sugar, the price in New York being now 4 13-16c. The London market for raw remains quiet but steady, with best firsts quoted at 13s. 3d. for spot and this month and 13s. 4 1/2d. for November, Java being 15s. 9d., and fair refining 13s. 6d.

TEA AND COFFEE—The local tea market has developed considerable business, but in a very quiet way. Buyers hold aloof from paying the high figures that now rule, though they ought to be by this time convinced that no lower prices can reasonably be looked for this season, owing to the great strength of markets abroad. Cable advices from Shanghai state that tea leaves have advanced about 2c. per lb. and this is already reflected in the London and New York markets. Mail advices from London more than confirm the advance noted a couple of weeks ago in Ceylon, as these teas have jumped up 1 1/2d. for low grades and 2d. fine. Coffee is firm and in light supply, while prices have an upward tendency.

FISH—The market here remains very quiet and dull. Receipts and stocks on hand are small, but both are ample for all visible demands. The West Indian markets continue to be fully supplied by small lots constantly arriving at their various ports, so that they are indifferent, and only give prices so low as to leave no appreciable margin for profit and risk of handling. The seas are now too rough to allow a vigorous prosecution of the fishing trade, and the bold fisherman can only ply his vocation occasionally

as opportunity offers. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, Oct. 18.—"The fish market may be said to be in very good condition. The run of green cod has, so far, been light and stocks here are small. Herring are very scarce, there being practically no Labrador on the market. We quote green cod \$5 to \$5.25 per 200 lbs., dry cod \$4.75 to \$5.25; Labrador salmon \$14; N. S. and N. F. herring \$5.25; C. B. do \$5.75 to \$6; Portland haddies 7 1/2 to 8c.; Yarmouth bloaters \$1.25 per 60." Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 18.—"A large number of seiners have come home the past week, running short of provisions, etc., but having very small fares. Some of them fit away again, but others have to haul up from lack of crews. There is yet time for a considerable catch if the weather holds good, but no likelihood of sufficient receipts to affect prices unfavorably. The Grand-Bankers have mostly come home, and the season will close with small stocks in all departments and a firm market. We quote latest fare prices as follows:—Mackerel in fishermen's order at \$17 per bbl; last sides Bank halibut 13c. and 9c. per lb. for white and gray; Georges cod from vessel \$4.50 and \$4.62 for large, \$2.62 and \$2.75 for small; Bank \$4.13 and \$2.25; Rips \$4.10 and \$2.75; new Georges codfish at \$7.50 per qtl. for large, and small at \$5; Bank \$5.50 to \$6.50 for large and \$3.50 for small; Shore \$6.50 and \$4.50 for large and small; Rips \$6.25 and \$4.25; dry Bank \$6; medium \$3.50; cured cusk at \$5 per qtl.; hake \$2.50; haddock \$3; heavy salted pollock \$3; Newfoundland herring \$1 per bbl.; pkid. codfish \$4; haddock \$3.75; alewives \$3.50; Halifax salmon \$23; Newfoundland do. \$16."

"CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS"

"La Cadena" and "La Flora." Insist upon having these brands.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES.

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

GROCERIES.

SUGARS.	
Cut Leaf.....	5 1/2
Granulated.....	4 1/2 to 4 3/4
Circle A.....	4
White Extra C.....	3 1/2
Standard.....	3 1/4
Extra Yellow C.....	3 1/2
Yellow C.....	3 1/2
TEA.	
Congou Common.....	17 to 19
" Fair.....	20 to 23
" Good.....	25 to 29
" Choice.....	31 to 33
" Extra Choice.....	35 to 36
" Choice.....	37 to 39
Oolong.....	
" Choice.....	37 to 39
MOLASSES.	
Barbadoes.....	32
Demerara.....	35 to 38
Diamond N.....	47
Porto Rico.....	30 to 32
Cienfuegos.....	none
Trinidad.....	28
Antigua.....	28
Tobacco, Black.....	45 to 47
" Bright.....	47 to 65
BISCUITS.	
Pilot Bread.....	3.00
Boston and Thin Family.....	6 1/2
Soda.....	6 1/2
Do in lb. boxes, 20 to case.....	7 1/2
Fancy.....	8 to 15

BREADSTUFFS

We cannot add very much to our remarks of last week. The present is a waiting market. There is probably little business done other than immediate wants. As we remarked in our last, that in our opinion markets were at the bottom, we have seen nothing to change that. It may be possible here and there to pick up an odd car of flour below market rates. We make some changes in our quotations.

FLOUR.	
Manitoba Highest Grade Patents.....	5.00 to 5.10
High Grade Patents.....	4.15 to 4.25
Good 90 per cent. Patents.....	4.10 to 4.15
Straight Grade.....	3.90 to 4.00
Good Seconds.....	3.70 to 3.80
Graham Flour.....	3.90 to 4.00
Oatmeal.....	4.10 to 4.20
" Rolled.....	4.10 to 4.25
Kills Dried Cornmeal.....	2.85 to 2.95
" In Bods.....	2.85 to 2.95
" Rolled Wheat.....	4.00 to 4.25
Wheat Bran, per ton including bags.....	12.75 to 13.00
Middlings.....	17.75 to 20.00
Shorts.....	22.50 to 23.00
Cracked Corn.....	22.50 to 23.00
Ground O. J. Cake per ton.....	30.14 to 31.10
Moulce.....	22.00 to 24.00
Split Peas.....	6.10
White Beans, per bushel.....	1.25 to 1.45
Pot Barley, per barrel.....	3.90 to 4.30
Canadian Oats, choice quality.....	40 to 41
P. E. Island Oats.....	39 to 40
Hay.....	13.00 to 13.75

J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Head of Central Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Apples, per bbl., Gravenstein.....	2.10 to 3.00
" No. 1 Fall.....	2.00
Oranges, Jamaica, Brits., New.....	8.00
Lemons, per case.....	9.00
Cocosa s, new per 100.....	5.00
Onions, cribs.....	
" per lb., Canadian.....	2 to 2 1/2
Dates boxes, new.....	5 to 5 1/2
Raisins, Valencia, new.....	7 to 7 1/2
Figs, Mleme, 5 lb boxes per lb., new.....	10 to 11
" small boxes.....	9 to 10
Prunes Stewing, boxes.....	8
Bananas.....	1.00 to 2.50

C. H. Harvey, 13 & 10 Sackville St.

FISH.

	Ex Vessel.	Ex Store.
MACKEREL—		
Kittas.....	00.00	
No. 1.....	00.00	
" 2 large.....	00.00	
" 2.....	00.00	
" 3 large, Reamed.....	7.00	8.70
" 3, Reamed.....	6.50	7.50
" 3 large, Plain.....	6.25	7.00
" 3 Plain.....	6.00	6.20
Small.....	0.00	6.00
HERRING.		
No. 1 C. B. July.....	4.75	5.25
" 1 Fall Split.....	3.25	4.00
" 1 Fall Round.....	2.50	3.75
" 1 Labrador.....	6.00	8.10
" 2 Georges Bay.....	1.50	3.25
" 1 Bay of Islands.....	0.00	5.00
ALEWIVES, No 1.....	4.25	
SALMON.		
No. 1, 7/8 brl.....	00.00	12.00
No. 2, 7/8 brl.....	00.00	15.00
" 3.....	00.00	14.00
Small.....		
CODFISH.		
Hard C. B.....	3.50	5.50
Western Shore.....	3.15	5.00
Bank.....	0.00	4.70
Bay.....	0.00	4.00
Newfoundland.....	0.00	3.00
Haddock.....	2.25	3.75
Bank & Western.....	0.00	2.50
Hake.....	1.50	3.00
Pollock.....		3.00
Hake Sound, per lb.....	12 1/2	
Cod Oil per gal.....	22	

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	12.50 to 13.00
" Am. Plate.....	12.00 to 12.50
" Ex. Plate.....	12.50 to 14.00
Port, Mess, American.....	16.00 to 16.25
" American, clear.....	14.00 to 14.50
" P. E. I. Mess.....	14.00 to 14.50
" P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	14.00 to 14.50
" Prime Mess.....	11.50 to 12.50
Lard, Tub and Pails, P. E. Island.....	12
" American.....	10 to 11
Ham, P. E. I., green.....	9

Prices are for wholesale lots only, and are liable to change daily.

BUTTER AND CHEESE

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Pats.....	22
" in Small Tubs.....	22 to 24
" Good, in large tubs, new.....	23 to 25
" Store Packed & overhauled.....	16
Canadian Township, new.....	25
" Western.....	25
Cheese, Canadian.....	19
" Antigua.....	21

SALT.

Factory Filled.....	\$1.75
Fine Liverpool, bag, from store.....	60
Liverpool, Whhd.,.....	1.50
" Capis.....	3.00
" Terk Island.....	3.00
" Lisbon.....	2.50
" Costa W. I.....	3.00
" Tripas.....	1.75
"	3c

EVERY TESTIMONIAL.

In behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly true and will bear the closest investigation. No matter where it may be from, it is as reliable and worthy your confidence as if it came from your most respected neighbor. Have you ever tried this excellent medicine?

MATT.

A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

(Continued.)

"At the present moment I am encamped in a spot where, in all probability, I shall remain for days. I came upon it quite by accident about mid-day yesterday, when on my way to the market town of Pencross; or rather, when I imagined that I was going thither, while I had in reality, after hesitating at three cross-roads, taken the road which ended in exactly the opposite direction. The way was desolate and dreary beyond measure—stretches of morass and moorland on every side, occasionally rising into heathery knolls or hillocks, or strewn with huge pieces of stone like the moors of Cornwall. Presently the open moorland ended, and we entered a region of sandy hillocks, sparsely ornamented here and there with long, harsh grass. If one could imagine the waves of the ocean, at some moment of wild agitation, suddenly frozen to stillness, and retaining intact these tempestuous forms, it would give some idea of the hillocks I am describing. They rose on every side of the road, completely shutting out the view, and their pale, livid yellowness, scarcely relieved with a glimpse of greenness, was wearisome and lonely in the extreme. As we advanced among them the road we were pursuing grew worse and worse, till it became so choked and covered with drift and sand as to be scarcely recognizable, and I need hardly say that it was hard work for one horse to pull the caravan along; more than once, indeed, the wheels fairly stuck, and Tim and I had to pull with might and main to get them free.

"We had proceeded in this manner for some miles, and I was beginning to realize the fact that we were out of our reckoning, when, suddenly emerging from between two sand hills, I saw a wide stretch of green meadow land, and beyond it a glorified piece of water. The sun was shining brightly, the water sparkled like a mirror, calm as glass, and without a breath. As we approached a large heron rose from the spot on the waterside where he had been standing—

"Still as a stone, without a sound,
Above his dim blue shade—

and sailed leisurely away. Around the lake, which was about a mile in circumference, the road ran winding till it reached the further side, where more sand hills began; but between these hills I caught a sparkling glimpse of more water, and (guided to my conclusion by the red sail of a fishing smack just glimmering in the horizon line) I knew that further water was—the sea.

"The spot had all the attraction of complete desolation, combined with the charm which always, to my mind, pertains to lakes and lagoons. Eager as a boy or a loosened retriever I ran across the meadow and found the grass long and green, and sown with innumerable crowfoot flowers; underneath the green was sand again, but here it glimmered like gold dust. As I reached the sedges on the lake side a teal rose, in full summer plumage, wheeled swiftly round the lake, then returning splashed down boldly and swam within a stone's throw of the shore; when, peering through the rushes, I caught a glimpse of his mate, paddling anxiously along with eight little streaks of down behind her. Then, just outside the sedges, I saw the golden shield of water broken by the circles of rising trout. It was too much. I hastened back to the caravan and informed Tim that I had no intention of going any further—that day, at least.

"So here we have been since yesterday and, up to this, have not set eyes upon a single soul. Such peace and quietness is a foretaste of Paradise. As this is the most satisfactory day I have yet spent in my pilgrimage, although it bears, at the same time, a family likeness to the other days of the past fortnight, I purpose sitting down, verbatim, seriatim and chronologically, the manner in which I occupied myself from dawn to sunset.

"6 A. M.—Wake, and see that Tim has already disappeared and folded up his hammock. Observe the morning sun looking in with a fresh, cherry countenance at the window. Turn over again with a yawn, and go to sleep for another five minutes.

"7.15 A. M.—Wake again, and discover by looking at my watch that instead of five minutes, I have slept an hour and a quarter. Spring up at once and slip on shirt and trousers; then pass out, bare-footed, into the open air. No sign of Tim, but a fire is lighted close to the caravan, which shadows it from the rays of the morning sun. Stroll down to the lake and, throwing off what garments I wear, prepare for a bath. Cannot get out for a swim on account of the reeds. The bath over, return and finish my toilet in the caravan.

"8 A. M.—Tim has reappeared. He has been right down to the seashore, a walk of about two miles and a half. He informs me to my disgust that there is some sort of a human settlement there, and a life-boat station. He has brought back in his baglet specimens of the local products, a dozen new-laid eggs, some milk and a loaf of bread. The last, I observe, is in a fossil state. I ask who sold it to him. He answers, William Jones.

"9.30 A. M.—We breakfast speedily. Even the fossil loaf yields sustenance, after it is cut up and dissolved in hot tea. Between whiles Tim informs me that the settlement down yonder is, in his opinion, a poor sort of place. There are several white-washed cottages and a large, roofless house, for all the world like a church. Devil the cow or pig did he see at all, barring a few hens. Any boats? I ask. Yes, one with the bottom knocked out, belonging to William Jones.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Gettin'—I have used Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaint and can say there is no other remedy so good.

Mrs. JAMES DIXON, Lake Dora, Ont.

"Tim has got this name so pat that my curiosity begins to be aroused. 'Who the deuce is William Jones?' 'Sure, thin,' says Tim, 'he's the man that lives down beyant, by the sea.' I demand, somewhat irritably, if the place contains only one inhabitant. Divil another did Tim see, he explains—barrin' William Jones.

"9.30 A. M.—Start painting in the open air, under the shade of a large white cotton umbrella. Paint till 1 p. m.

"1 P. M.—Take a long walk among the sand hills, avoiding the settlement beyond the lake. Don't want to meet any of the aboriginals, more particularly William Jones. Walking here is like running up and down Atlantic billows, assuming said billows to be solid; now I am lost in the trough of the sand, now I re-emerge on the crest of the solid wave. Amusing, but fatiguing. Suddenly a hare starts from under my feet and goes leisurely away. I remember an old amusement of mine in the west of Ireland, and I track puss by her footprints—now clearly and beautifully printed in the soft sand of the hollows, now more faintly marked on the harder sides of the ridges. The sun blazes down, the refraction of the heat from the sand is overpowering, the air is quivering, sparkling and pulsating, as if full of innumerable sand crystals. A horrible croak from overhead startles me, and, looking up, I see an enormous raven, wheeling along in circles and searching the ground for mice or other prey.

"Looking at my watch, I find that I have been toiling in this sandy wilderness for quite two hours. Time to get back and dine. Climb the nearest hillock and look round to discover where I am. Can see nothing but the sandy billows on every side, and am entirely at a loss which way to go. At last, after half an hour's blind wandering, I stumble by accident on the road by the lakeside and see the caravan in the distance.

"4 P. M.—Dinner. Boiled potatoes, boiled eggs, fried bacon. Tim's cooking is primitive, but I could devour anything—even William Jones' fossil bread. I asked if any human being had visited the camp. 'Sorra one,' Tim says, looking rather disappointed. He has got to feel himself a public character and misses the homage of the vulgar.

"Paint again till 6 p. m.

"A beautiful sunset. The sand hills grow rosy in the light, the lake deepens from crimson to purple, the moon comes out like a silver sickle over the sandy sea. A thought seizes me as the shadows increase. Now is the time to entice the pink trout from their depths in the lake. I get out my fishing rod and line, and, stretching two or three flies which seem suitable, prepare for action. My rod is only a small, single-handed one, and is difficult to cast beyond the sedges, but the fish are rising thickly out in the tranquil pools, and, determined not to be beaten, I wade in to the knees. Half a dozen trout, each about the size of a small herring, reward my enterprise. When I have captured them, the moon is high up above the sand hills, and it is quite dark.

"Such is the chronicle of the past day. By the light of my lamp inside the caravan I have written it down. It has been all very tranquil and uneventful, but very delightful, and a day to be marked with a white stone, in one respect—that from dawn to sunset I have not set eyes on a human being, except my servant.

"Stop, though! I am wrong. Just as I was returning from my piscatorial excursion to the lake, I saw, passing along the road in the direction of the sea, a certain solitary horseman, who accosted me not too civilly on the road-side the night before last. He scowled at me in passing, and, of course, recognized me by the aid of the caravan. His name is Monk, of Monkshurst, and he seems to be pretty well monarch of all he surveys. I have an impression that Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst, and myself are destined to be better, or worse, acquainted."

CHAPTER III.

MATT MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

"Eureka! I have had an adventure at last; and yet, after all, what am I talking about! It is no adventure at all, but only a common-place incident. This is how it happened:

"I was seated this morning before my easel, out in the open air, painting busily, when I thought I heard a movement behind me.

"I should have premised, by the way, that Tim had gone off on another excursion into the Jones' territory, on the quest for more eggs and milk.

"I glanced over my shoulder, and saw, peering round the corner of my white sunshade, a pair of large, eager eyes—fixed, not upon me, but upon the canvass I was painting.

"Not in the least surprised, I thought to myself, 'At last! The caravan has exercised its spell upon the district, and the usual audience is beginning to gather.' So I went tranquilly on with my work, and paid no more attention.

"Presently, however, fatigued with my work, I indulged in a great yawn, and rose to stretch myself. I then perceived that my audience was more select than numerous, consisting of only one individual—a young person in a Welsh chimney-pot hat. Closer observance showed me that said hat was set on a head of closely-cropped, curly black hair, beneath which there shone a brown, boyish face freckled with sun and wind, a pair of bright black eyes and a laughing mouth, with two rows of the whitest of teeth. But the face, though boyish, did not belong to a boy. The young person was dressed in an old cotton gown, had a colored woollen shawl or scarf thrown over the shoulders, and wore thick woollen stockings and rough shoes, the latter many sizes too large. The gown was too short for the

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wearer, who had evidently outgrown it; it reached only just below the knee, and, when the young person moved, one caught a glimpse of something very much resembling a delapidated garter.

"The young person's smile was so bright and good humored that I found myself answering it with a friendly nod.

"How are you?" I said gallantly. "I hope you're quite well."

"She nodded in reply, and stooping down, plucked a long blade of grass, which she placed in her mouth and began to nibble—bashfully I thought.

"May I ask where you come from?" I said. "I mean, where do you live?"

"Without speaking, she stretched out her arm and pointed across the lake in the direction of the sea. I could not help noticing then, as an artist, that the sleeve of her gown was loose and torn, and that her arm was round and well formed, and her hand, though rough and sunburnt, quite genteelly small.

"If it is not inquisitive, may I ask your name?"

"Matt," was the reply.

"Is that all? What is your other name?"

"I've got no other name. I'm Matt, I am."

"Indeed! Do your parents live here?"

"Got no parents," was the reply.

"Your relations, then. You belong to some one, I suppose?"

"Yes," she answered, nibbling rapidly. "I belong to William Jones."

"Oh, to him," I said, feeling as familiar with the name as if I had known it all my life. "But he's not your father?"

"She shook her head emphatically.

"But of course he's a relation?"

"Another shake of the head.

"But you belong to him?" I said, considerably puzzled. "Where were you born?"

"I wasn't born at all," answered Matt. "I came ashore."

"This was what the immortal Dick Swiveller would have called a 'staggerer.' I looked at the girl again, inspecting her curiously from top to toe. Without taking her eyes from me, she stood on one leg bashfully and fidgeted with the other foot. She was certainly not bad looking, though evidently a very rough diamond. Even the extraordinary headgear became her well.

"I know what you are doing there," she cried suddenly, pointing to my easel. "You was painting!"

"The discovery was not a brilliant one, I took no trouble to confirm it; but Matt thereupon walked over to the canvas and, stooping down, examined it with undisguised curiosity. Presently she glanced again at me.

"I know what this is," she cried, pointing. "It's water. And that's the sky. And that's trees. And these here"—for a moment she seemed in doubt, but added hastily—"pig."

"Now, as the subject represented a flock of sheep huddling together close to a pond on a rainy common, this suggestion was not over complimentary to my artistic skill. I was on the point of correcting my astute critic, when she added after a moment's further inspection:

"No, they're sheep. Look ye now, I know! They're sheep."

"Pray don't touch the paint," I suggested, approaching her in some alarm. "It is wet and comes off."

"She drew back cautiously, and then as a preliminary to further conversation sat down on the grass, giving me further occasion to remark her length and shapeliness of limb. There was a free-and-easiness, not to say boldness, about her manner, tempered though it was with gusts of bashfulness, which began to amuse me.

"Can you paint faces?" she asked dubiously.

"I replied that I could even aspire to that accomplishment, by which I understood her to mean portrait-painting, if need were. She gave a quiet nod of satisfaction.

"There was a painter chap who came to Aberglyn last summer, and he painted William Jones."

"Indeed?" I said, with an assumption of friendly interest.

"Yes, I wanted him to paint me, but he wouldn't. He painted William Jones' father, though, along o' William Jones."

"This with an air of unmistakable disgust and recrimination. I looked at the girl more observantly. It had never occurred to me till that moment that she would make a capital picture—just the sort of study which would fetch a fair price in the market. I adopted her free-and-easy manner which was contagious, and sat down on the grass opposite to her.

"I tell you what it is Matt," I said, familiarly, "I'll paint you though the other painter chap won't."

"You will?" she cried, blushing with delight.

"Certainly; and a very nice portrait I think you'll make. Be good enough to take off your hat, that I may have a better look at you."

"She obeyed me at once, and threw the clumsy thing down on the grass beside her. Then I saw that her head was covered with short black curls, clinging round a bold white brow unfreckled by the sun. She glanced at me sidelong, laughing, and showing her white teeth. Whatever her age was, she was quite old enough to be a coquette.

"Promptly as possible I put the question: 'You have not told me how old you are.'

"Fifteen," she replied without hesitation.

"I should have taken you to be at least a year older."

(To be continued.)

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"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

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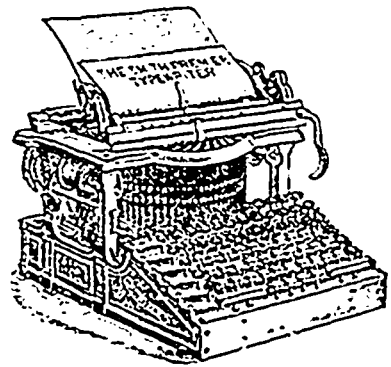
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DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

All communications to this department must be addressed directly to the Checker Editor, Mr. W. Forsyth, 36 Grafton St.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. MATTHEWS, St. John, N. B.—Your card is received with thanks. *Re Problem 425, Scottish American*, we have to say that there is no sound solution to it under the terms named. At least the Halifax players can find none. We give it a place in this column so that our readers may judge it for themselves. The other problem that you have submitted we utilise in this issue.

Problem 425, *Scottish American Journal*:—black men 1, 3, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16; white men 10, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28; white to play and win. As above stated we believe the terms cannot be sustained, but will be glad to hear from our readers on the subject.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 299.—The position was:—black men 2, 7, 13, 17, 25, Kings 20, 29; white men 14, 18, 23, 26, 28, King 5; white to play and win. The only solver has been Campbell of Halifax.

28	24	17-26	18	9	2-9
20-27	14	10	27-18	6	21
26	22	7-14	9	6	w. wins

GAME 188.—"Single Corner."

From *West Lothian Courier* of Oct. 1, 1892 (No. 1478) being a correction of Drummond's second (reprint).

11-15	10-17	1-6	7-10
22 18	22 13	30 25	22 17
15-22	15-22	6-10	11-15
25 18	26 17	25 21	6 2
8-11	9-14	10-15	19-23
29 25	17 10	19 10	1-32 28
4-8	6-15	7-14	23-27
24 20	27 24	13 9	2 6
10-15	8-12	3-7	14-18
25 22	31 26	9 6	28 24
12-16	2-7	16-19	18-23
21 17	24 19	23 16	6 2
7-10	15-24	12-19	a-27-32
17 14	28 19	26 22	drawn

a—In var. 67, same work, 15-18, 24 19 wins for white—this seems to draw at once.

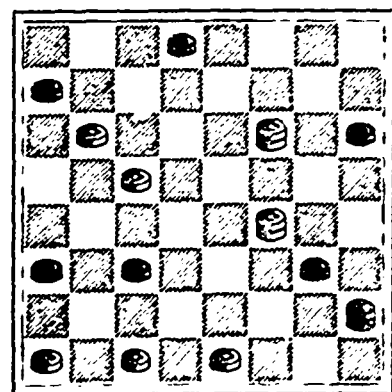
VAR 1.

But the white win might have been sustained here as follows:—Ch. Ed. Critic.

2 6	16 11	7 3	7 14
14-18	26-31	18-23	22-13
20 16	11 7	3 7	14 10
23-26	31-26	26-22	w. wins.

PROBLEM 301.

By Mr. John Gibbs, St. John, N. B. Black men 2, 5, 12, 21, 22, 24, king 28.



White men 9, 14, 29, 30, 31, kings 11, 19. Black to play and draw.

This is an interesting end game, and Mr. Gibbs deserves much credit for the brilliant stroke that relieves black from an apparently hopeless position.

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OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE NOVA SCOTIA GOLD MINES, L'D.—The first bar of smelted gold for October, i. e., produced since the monthly clean up on the 8th inst., amounts to 270 ounces, the yield of some 40 tons.

From all parts of the Province comes cheering news of the mining industry, which seems to be steadily advancing in all branches except coal, where there seems to be a falling off from the output of last year. In gold, iron and manganese there is increased business, and although the yield of gold is somewhat less than last year, the prospects are better, as a number of mines have changed hands, and will be extensively worked in the future.

Mr. John Sutcliffe, consulting engineer and contractor of Poughkeepsie, New York, so well known in this Province by his energetic and successful management of the Londonderry Iron Works when in his charge a few years ago, was in the city on Saturday on his way to the new iron works at Ferrona, where his skilled advice is required. Men of his ability and push are needed in Nova Scotia, and we should like to see him here in charge of large mining and smelting works.

CARIBOU.—The Dixon mine keeps up its regular yield, and the rich strike on the Truro Co.'s property continues to open up well.

At Moose River the Touquoy mine is worked as steadily as of yore, and the monthly crop of gold babies is produced with unfailing regularity. Mr. Andrew McGregor continues prospecting on the Montreal Co.'s property, of which he has charge.

The Mooselands Gold Mining Co., Ltd., are thriving, and have some fine specimens of quartz on exhibition in the window of M. S. Brown & Co.'s jewellery establishment on Granville street.

SHERBROOKE.—The work of fully developing the Alexandra property is now being pushed, and results are quite satisfactory to the purchasers of the areas.

CROW'S NEST.—It now seems probable that this mine will soon change hands.

SOUTH UNIACKE.—The Withrow mine has been closed for the present to settle some partnership matters. The Eastville mine continues its large yield.

LAKE CATCHA.—The Oxford mine is showing well and yielding regular returns.

At the head of Chezzetcook the prospecting done by W. B. Reynolds has resulted in the discovery of valuable gold-bearing leads.

KILLAG.—This mine has now been finely equipped with new machinery and stamp mill under the able supervision of Mr. Dean S. Turnbull, and we hope to see it again in the producing column.

LAWRENCETOWN.—Mr. J. Austin continues his work in this district, and has proved that the leads are gold-bearing, and of undoubted great value.

PLEASANT RIVER ITEMS.—We have it from good authority that the crushing mill on the Pleasant River gold mine will soon be in operation again. An American company of means has it in hand, and intend to push matters in that locality.

On Thursday of last week Mr. F. K. Ballou, of the Boston Gold Mining Co., Malaga, brought to town and deposited in the Halifax Banking Co's Agency here, a brick of gold weighing 103 ozs., the result of last month's crushing.—*Bridgewater Enterprise*.

E Churchill & Sons have been at work mining manganese at Walton, on the bank just opposite the village, for several years, and have taken out a considerable quantity. Last fall out of a 10 ft. shaft they took out 10 tons, valued at about \$1,000. They have now about 20 tons of ore in the mill to be cleaned up, the work being done by hand with hammers. Manganese is used for many purposes, but has not always been as valuable as it now is. Some 50 or 60 years ago, some of the then residents of Walton occasionally dug up manganese while spading in their gardens near the river, and about that period a couple of barrels of the dark looking stuff was sent to Boston in care of the captain of one of the schooners visiting the port, but no one in the "Hub" could tell anything about it, and the manganese was dumped into Boston harbor. How different the case now, when Walton and Tonnycapo manganese is being sought after in preference to that mined in any other country.—*Hants Journal*.

AN ELECTRIC AMALGAMATOR.—Mr. C. M. Otto, of the Royal Mint, Melbourne, has recently patented, after six years of experimental work, an amalgamating machine for saving fine gold, the great point in it being the practical application of an electric current to the mercury to keep it clean. The idea is not new, and we could name more than one engineer in Australia who has been working in the same direction, but, so far as we are aware, this is

the first machine submitted to public notice. It is to be seen at work at the Victorian Smelting Works, Footscray, Victoria, where stuff from the old dumps there is being reground in Chilian mills and put through. The apparatus consists of a round iron dish, from the centre of which a cone rises covered by two silvered copper plates. From their apex a funnel rises, its mouth fitted with a wire sieve, through which tailings are sluiced with water. Hung from the funnel framework are two concentric brass rings, in which carbon is fixed, the latter substance reaching within 1-16th of an inch the surface of a bath of mercury held by the iron dish first mentioned.

Electric wires are connected with the supports of the carbon rings, and with three platina points, which pass through the bottom of the dish, and touch the mercury. The circle is completed when the sluice water reaches the dish, and the mercury is so kept in a highly "live condition," its clear bright surface readily assimilating any particles of gold in the tailings which have not been taken up by the cone plates.

After passing through the funnel, over the cone plates and under the carbon rings, the tailings run readily away over the lip of the dish. The results, so far, are:

GOLD.
 One ton of refuse from roasted pyrites gave.....1dwt. 15gr.
 One ton of refuse from roasted pyrites gave..... 15gr.
 A half ton refuse from sand tailings gave..... 1dwt. 2gr.

On the basis of these figures the machine should certainly be a valuable addition to the ordinary mining plant, where its place would be at the end of the tables or boxes, and its working automatic.

To supply the current Mr. Otto uses a specially constructed dynamo by W. Canning & Co., Birmingham, whose Australian agent, Mr. W. Spencer Canning, is personally superintending the work at Footscray.—*Australian Mining Standard.*

The following are the official gold returns so far received at the mines office for the month of September:—

District.	Mill.	Tons Qtz. Crushed.	Oz. Gold.
Oldham.....	Concord, Carpenter et al	30	14½
Malaga.....	Boston Gold Mine Co'y.....	190	90¾
15 Mile Stream.....	New Egerton	260	116½
Sherbrooke.....	Miners' Alexandra.....	60 qtz., 16 slate	30½
Moose River.....	Moose River Co.....	87	12½
Malaga.....	Malaga Co	102	114
S. Uniacke.....	Eastville	20	160
Caribou.....	Dixon	75	122
Stormont.....	Antigonish Gold Mine Co'y	485	284¾
Ashdale.....	Free Claim	4	5

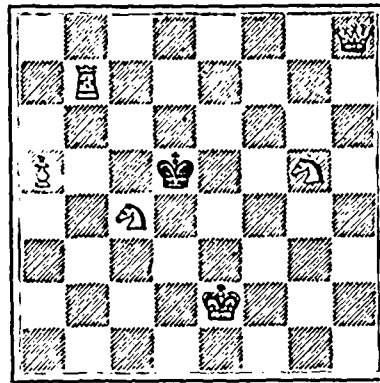
AUSTRALIAN DIAMOND MINING.—The district of Bingara, in New South Wales, promises to be as rich a field for diamond mining as Cape Colony, and it is only waiting for capital to build a railway and bring a supply of water to the scene. For a considerable period prospecting work has been carried on systematically by men familiar with the industry, and a phenomenal wash-up, averaging 300 carats to the load, was one of the results. The various prospectors have proved beyond a doubt that they are in possession of an unlimited supply of diamondiferous wash, averaging one carat to the load upward, with sufficient gold to pay all working expenses. In many instances rich patches of ground are met with, similar to the recent discovery. The diamonds are small and hard, but of fair market value, and the original difficulty in the cutting has been surmounted. The water difficulty once overcome, employment could be found for thousands. The Bingara formation consists of a conglomerate wash, bound together with a discolored clay, containing rolled pebbles of jasper, sandstone, slate, tourmaline, shale and other rocks, carrying with them gold and diamonds; and the sapphire, topaz, garnet, etc., of no particular value. While on the subject of Bingara mining, it may not be out of place to refer to the cinnabar mine, recently opened up in the neighborhood of the town. The field is at present neglected, waiting working capital to develop what may be honestly termed a most promising venture—the rich wash cinnabar from the adjoining alluvial hill giving throughout 75 to 80 per cent. of pure mercury. At the time of stoppage of work cinnabar-bearing ground had been traced for six miles along the range north and south.

An electric locomotive has made its appearance in England for mining work under ground. This motor is placed so as to be parallel to the rails, as the place was too small to place it across the frame with its shaft parallel to the axles. Three reductions of gearing are employed, one necessarily being through bevel gearing. The whole framework of the machine is hinged from the driving axle, which is made exceptionally strong for the purpose, the weight on the other wheels being taken through strong spiral springs on the top of gun metal axle brasses. The motor is series wound for a difference of potential of 200 volts, and develops 15 brake horse power at 1,000 revolutions per minute. The length of the road it is being tested on is 1,200 yards, and the current is being collected from two bare copper wires carried on insulators overhead. The electromotive force is reduced from 500 volts to 200 volts by means of a motor transformer placed at one end of the line. The installation is specially interesting from the fact that a copious natural supply of water on the side of a hill is utilized as a prime source of power to drive a large vortex turbine, the water being conveyed down the hill through 15 inch pipes. A building has been erected on the hillside of this wild looking country, in which the turbine drives an "Immisch" four-pole dynamo which develops 100 electric horse power at about 600 revolutions per minute. The dynamo is compound wound, with a working difference of potential of 600 volts, and supplies current also for motors driving pumping and winding plants, besides lighting the colliery, both above and below ground.—*The F. & M. Record.*

CHESS.

Solution to Problem 132: 1, Kt to Q4.

PROBLEM 134.
 Black 1 piece.



White 6 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Played in the Dresden tournament.

GIUOCO PIANO.

- | WHITE | BLACK |
|----------------|-------------|
| Makovez. | Porges. |
| 1 P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2 Kt to KB3 | Kt to QB3 |
| 3 B to B4 | B to B4 |
| 4 Castles | Kt to B3 |
| 5 P to Q3 | P to Q3 |
| 6 P to B3 | Castles |
| 7 B to K K:5 | B to Kt3 |
| 8 Kt to R3 | B to K3 |
| 9 B to Q K:5 | Kt to K2 |
| 10 B takes Kt | P takes B |
| 11 Kt to B2 | K to R |
| 12 Kt to R4 | R to K Kt |
| 13 Kt to K3 | Q to KB |
| 14 B to B4 | Q to R3 |
| 15 K Kt to B5? | Kt takes Kt |
| 16 Kt takes Kt | B takes Kt |
| 17 P takes B | Q to R6! |
- and White resigns, for if 18 B to Q5, or 18 P to Kt3, Black in both cases plays R takes P ch, and wins.

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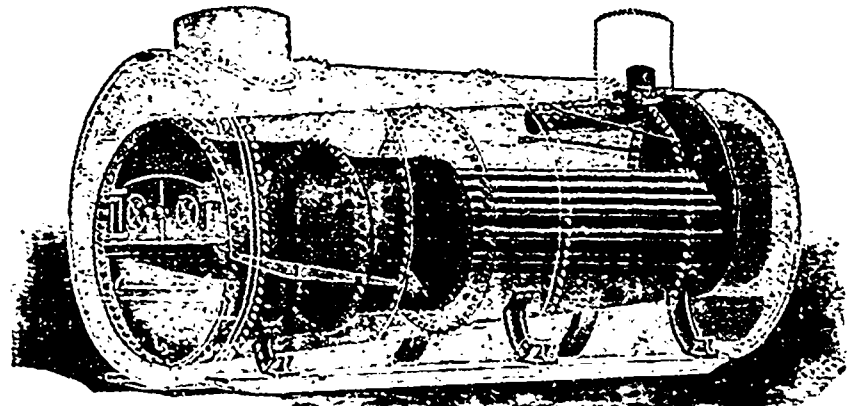
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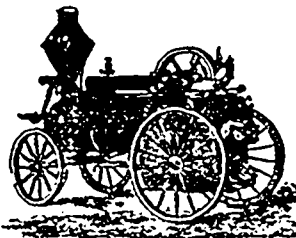
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MINING.

AN ANCIENT PLANCHA DE LA PLATA.

A prospector lately brought into Eureka Landing a "Plancha de la Plata," which he found in the hills northeast of Ehrenburg. It is oval in shape, about a foot wide and eighteen inches long and two inches thick in the thickest place. Its weight is over one hundred pounds. The Spanish name given is equivalent in English to silver bar. The prospector noticed a corner of the plancha sticking out of the dirt, and a little work soon unearthed the whole of it. It is undoubtedly many centuries old, as the Americans never had any smelting works in that country. The Aztec understood the art of smelting and also of separating silver and lead, such as this plancha is composed of. It was purchased by the Hodges Bros, who will probably sell it along with their ores. It is a pity the relic could not be saved, as it would be of great value to a historical collection.—*Yuma [Arizona] Times.*

The investigations formerly carried on by chemists with a view to extracting the precious metals from sea water have lately been revived by Herr Munster, a Scandinavian. In this pursuit, sea water was taken by him from Kristiania Fjord. 100 litres being evaporated to dryness, giving 1,830 grams of residuo. This was ground and divided into portions of 300 grams, each of which was mixed with 100 grams of litharge, 100 of pure potassium-sodium carbonate, and four of carbon from starch, and the silver and gold determined; the result being nineteen milligrams of silver and six of gold per ton of average sea water. Considering these extremely small amounts of the precious metals, Herr Munster is of the opinion that no method of precipitation in tanks can possibly be successful, believing, rather, that the precipitation must be effected by the sea itself, where the water is continuously renewed by a natural current, and he points out that the copper sheathing of vessels has long been known to precipitate silver under these circumstances.

METALLURGICAL SOLVENT PROCESSES.

Solvent processes for working gold ores, such as those of Plattner, Mears, Newberry & Vautin, Pollok, Rothwell, Thiess, MacArthur Forrest and others, depend for their success on certain methods of dissolving and obtaining the gold in solution and precipitating it from the solution. There are a number of chemical substances which dissolve gold, and there are others which convert it into a soluble salt.

The ordinary mechanical methods of collecting gold from sands, gravel or rock have been carried on for ages, changing slightly as to appliances, but all based on the same general principle. Early in this century the metallurgists began to search for other methods of treating complex gold ores, though with but little success. But about forty years ago, for the first time, it was proposed to treat these ores in a way similar to that carried on by natural forces, in dissolving and then depositing the gold.

There are many patents covering these solvent processes. A complete list of these is given in O'Driscoll's work on "Treatment of Gold Ores," and in that he says: "Very little of the researches of the past generation are generally known by the present; in fact, even those who are supposed to have this knowledge possess little information on the subject; this is the only inference which can be drawn from the records of the solvent processes patented during the past forty years."

The first one in this list compiled by O'Driscoll, is the patent of Prince Pierre Bagnat, in 1843, who appears to have been the first to have used cyanide of potassium as a process for dissolving gold. He refers to the older methods of Elkinton (London), who used a double cyanide of potassium and iron as a dissolving medium, and J. Cobi, who used ferrous cyanide for the same purpose. Among the last patents mentioned is that of MacArthur-Forrest, 1887. After looking over this long list of solvent processes, with their complicated patent claims, etc., the question is, how have they progressed, and where are they practically applied? Mr. O'Driscoll answers this by saying that out of the long list, only two methods are in use to-day. One of these is the Plattner chlorination process so fully described by Kustel, and the other the Newberry-Vautin. To this may be added the MacArthur-Forrest.

It seems strange, however, that if these cyanide and other solvent processes were so well-known for so long, that they were not in use. Few are mentioned in the standard works on metallurgy in any detail. Either most of them must have been failures or mere laboratory experiments.

In fact, very few, even of the accomplished metallurgists, knew much about the use of cyanide for treating gold ores in a process. They knew of it as a solvent for gold, and knew of zinc for use by photographers in throwing gold down. But as to using these things on a large scale for working ores, no one seems to have done it until within the past few years. Either the methods adopted failed, or the matter was neglected. At all events, it has remained for the MacArthur-Forrest people to bring the system to the front in a practical way.—*Mining and Scientific Press, July 2.*

WORSE AND WEAKER.

GENTLEMEN.—I suffered for three days very severely from summer complaint and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was almost unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after I had taken the first dose I found much relief and it did not fail to cure me. I do not intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it.

WM. T. GLYNN, Wilfred, Ont.

A SOLSVILLE MIRACLE.

ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH FOR A CANADIAN REMEDY.

An account of the Sufferings and Restoration of Philander Hyde—Helpless, Bed-Ridden and Longs for Death—His Recovery From This Pitiabie Condition—A Remarkable Narrative.

From the Syracuse Standard.

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the Standard the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the Albany Journal, the Detroit News, Albany Express and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were just as stated. That the term miraculous was justified will be admitted when it is remembered that in each of the cases referred to, the sufferer had been pronounced incurable by leading physicians, and at least one of the cases was treated by men whose reputation has placed them among the leaders of the world's medical ecientists but without avail, and the patient was sent to his home, with the verdict that there was no hope for him, and that only death could intervene to relieve his suffering. When some months later the restoration to health and strength of the former sufferer was announced, it is little wonder that the case created a profound sensation throughout the country. Recently the following letter, which indicated an equally remarkable cure, came under the notice of The Standard.

SOLSVILLE, N. Y., June 25, 1892.

* * * * * Five weeks ago father, (Philander Hyde), was very low and not expected to live but a short time. He was in such agony that we had to give him morphine to relieve the terrible pain from which he was suffering. The doctors had given him up. They said there was no help for him, and my dear father longed for death as being the only certain relief from his suffering. One day he saw in the Albany Journal an account of how a man by the name of Quant, living in Galway, Saratoga county, and who was afflicted like father with locomotor ataxia, had been very greatly benefitted and hoped for permanent cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On learning that these pills could be had of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, and that they were not expensive, my husband sent \$2.50 for six boxes of them. And what a blessing they have been! Father has taken but four boxes of the Pink Pills. He is no longer confined to his bed, but is able to get up without assistance and with the aid only of a cane to walk about the house and all around out of doors. He has a good hearty appetite, his food agrees with him, the pain in the back from which he suffered so long and so terribly has left him. He has no more creeping chills and he appears and says he feels like a new man. The doctors had pronounced his disease to be creeping paralysis, and said he could not be cured. How glad we are that we heard about these wonderful Pink Pills, and how thankful we are for what they have done for father. Indeed they have done wonders, yes,

even a miracle for him. Respectfully yours,

Mrs. WILLIAM JOHNSON.

The above letter indicated a cure so remarkable as to be worthy of the fullest investigation, and The Standard determined to place the facts, if correctly stated, before the public for the benefit of other sufferers, or if unfounded, to let the public know it. With this end in view a reporter was sent to Solsville with instructions to give the facts of the case as he found them. With these instructions he went to Solsville and on Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1892, called upon Philander Hyde, and learned from him and from his relatives and neighbors and friends the who's story of his sickness and his terrible suffering, of his having been given up by the doctors, and of his cure and rapid convalescence by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that Solsville is a post office village in Madison county, N. Y., about 30 miles from Utica, on the line of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad. It is the station at which to get off to go to Madison Lake, the charming and attractive objective point of a great many picnic and excursion parties. On reaching Solsville the reporter enquired of the station agent, who is also agent there of the National Express Company, if he knew a man by the name of Philander Hyde, and where he lived, and also if he knew a man by the name of William Johnson. "Yes," said he, "I am William Johnson, and Philander Hyde, who is my wife's father, lives with me in that white house over there on the side of the hill; that's him sitting on the piazza."

When told that your reporter's errand was to interview Mr. Hyde and to learn about his sickness and alleged cure, Mr. Johnson said: "That's all right; you go right over to the house and see Mr. Hyde and my wife. I will come over pretty soon, and we will be only too happy to tell you all about it."

"Will you walk in?" said Mrs. Johnson. "Those children (who are playing about the piazza) are my twins, and this is my father Philander Hyde."

Mr. Hyde walked into the sitting room, and taking a seat said he would willingly tell the story of his sickness and cure, and had no objection to its being published, as it might be the means of helping to relieve others whose sufferings were the same or similar to what his had been.

His story was as follows!

"My name is Philander Hyde. I am nearly 70 years old—will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison county, where all my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless, my son-in-law was kind enough to take me into his home, and from him and my daughter I have had the kindest care. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always prosperous and well and strong and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When the grip left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints, and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the bowels and stomach and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil.

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and strook up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my backbone. These spells, which occurred daily, would last from two to four hours, and were excruciatingly painful. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I became helpless, and life was such a burden that I prayed for death. Why, my dear sir, the pain I suffered was more to be dreaded than a thousand deaths.

"While in this condition I was treated by Dr. Green, of Poolville, and Dr. Nicholson, of Solsville, and Dr. Weed, of Utica. They did me no good. I soon became perfectly helpless and lost all power of motion even in my bed."

"On the 24th of February last," said Mrs. Johnson, "we had him brought to our home." He had to be carried all the way in a bed. He was so helpless and such a sufferer the doctors gave him up. They said he had locomotor ataxia and that he could not be cured. They stopped giving him medicine and said they could only relieve the pain, and for the purpose he took a pint of whiskey a day for three months and morphine in great quantities.

"It was while father was in this dreadful condition that we saw in the Albany Journal the story of the miraculous cure of a Mr. Quant in Galway, Saratoga county, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We hadn't much faith, but we felt that it was our duty to try them, and so we sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, and got six boxes of the pills. We read the directions carefully, and resolved to comply with them as fully as possible. We stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, cut off all stimulants, and gave him the Pink Pills and treatment according to directions in which each box is wrapped. The effect was wonderful and almost immediate. In ten days after father began taking the pills he could get out of bed and walked without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my back and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more chills, my digestion is good, and I have an excellent appetite," and then after a pause, "But, ah me, I am an old man; I have seen my best days and cannot hope to recover my old vigor as a younger man might, but I am so thankful to have the use of my limbs and to be relieved of those dreadful pains."

Mr. Hyde has continued to take the pills regularly since he began their use, and was on his tenth box at the time he told his story.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, other people in Solsville confirm the accounts of the sickness of Mr. Hyde and of his most remarkable recovery, and a number of others for various ailments, are using the Pink Pills. The mother of Abel Curtis is using them with satisfactory effects, for rheumatism, and Mrs. Lippitt, wife of ex-Senator Lippitt, is using the Pills with much benefit, for nervous debility.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood,

but a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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D. McLEOD, Prop.
KENTVILLE, N. S.

CITY CHIMES.

To say that everybody turned out to see the football match on Saturday afternoon would probably be considered an hyperbole, but it was just the expression that one naturally used in speaking of the crowd that assembled around the ropes. Parents and children, pastors and people, grownups and youngsters gathered together to witness this first game of the trophy series. Unfortunately there seems to exist still an unpleasant feeling of antagonism between the collegiates and the city boys, and as they met on the field on Saturday for the first time since the Thanksgiving Day game of last year, which is not likely to be soon forgotten, there was plainly expressed in the bearing of each team a firm resolve to win at all hazards, and right bravely each man worked to obtain victory. When the game was over, however, and the crowd wended its way from the scene of action, it was undecided who came off with honors, the referee having given a decision not in accordance with Rugby rules, in consequence of which Dalhousie entered a protest. Hence has ensued much discussion, and if the opening game of the trophy series of 1892 be taken as a criterion, a football match between the Wanderers and Dalhousians will become synonymous with a difference of opinion and unkind feeling. The trophy committee met yesterday to decide the matter, but at time of writing the decision has not been made public. Our contemporary the *Mail* suggests that there be an official declaration of the facts at the close of each match, which suggestion is, I think, worthy the consideration of the managing committee. This first game was an interesting exhibition of good play, but it is to be hoped that the few warriors in last week's contest, who in their excitement so far forgot themselves as to lose control of their temper, will bear in mind that a true gentleman is a gentleman at all times. It is not easy to retain respect for a man who acts like a passionate schoolboy. The enthusiasts on the subject of football now number several hundreds among our steady-going citizens.

The hunter now must bear his share of base insinuations against his veracity, and the bold fisherman may enjoy a rest. There seems to be little glory in bringing home a well-filled basket of game or piscatorial treasures, when the more abundant your success the greater the suspicion with which you are regarded by your fond family and friends, and the louder the whispers anent that unfortunate couple, Ananias and Sapphira. However, huntsmen are plentiful and enthusiastic, and apparently enjoy the sport immensely during this charming autumn weather.

The fishing season being now a thing of the past, restless human nature longs for some new employment for leisure hours, and the clear, bright days of October offer many advantages for the sportsman. Thus saith the poet—

This is the season of the year
When with his bag and gun
The hunter goes into the woods
To have a lot of fun.

He sees a partridge on a limb
And takes a careful aim.
He fires. The partridge whirls away
Unhurt—the same old game.

The Baker Comic Opera Company, which opened its engagement at the Academy of Music on Monday evening in "The Beggar Student," is, without doubt, one of the best all round vocal companies that has ever performed in Halifax. I have so far heard no unfavorable comments, and have listened to many expressions of satisfaction and delight from those who have been present at the operas put on this week. The acting and costuming are first-class, and while the company includes no brilliant stars its members one and all possess good cultivated voices. Mr. William Wolff has a very fine and falling bass voice, and enters fully into the spirit of the performance. Mr. Arnaud is the fortunate possessor of a clear well-trained tenor voice, which in this northern land of growling basses is a rarity that cannot fail to be appreciated. Miss Maude Dickeson's voice is a pretty sweet soprano, which with good execution and superb acting renders her a valuable addition to the company. Miss Irene Murphy deserves special mention, as does Mr. Arthur Wooley. Halifax theatre-goers and opera-lovers have now an excellent opportunity of showing their appreciation of first class performances. The Baker Opera Company would draw a crowd in any American city, and those who know how Halifax admission prices compare with those of New York and Boston will eagerly take advantage of the chances offered by this company. Our readers are well aware that THE CRITIC has always made it a point to bestow praise where praise is due, and to avoid scattering favors indiscriminately, but I have no hesitation whatever in heartily recommending the most critical to take in the operas that the Baker Company intend presenting at the Academy during the next few weeks. On Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week we are to have "Boccaccio," on Wednesday and Thursday "The Chimes of Normandy," and on Friday and Saturday evenings and at the Saturday matinee "The Grand Duchess" will be played. This programme is indeed a tempting one to those who are fond of bright and taking music.

It is very strange but nevertheless true that no matter what course one pursues he is sure to meet with opposites. It has long been proverbial that Halifax was a particularly slow city, and many of its worthy and, in their own opinions, patriotic citizens, when in conversation with outsiders, are wont to remark in most disparaging terms on the sleepiness and lack of go-aheaditiveness of the metropolis of Nova Scotia. Our sidewalks have for years furnished a fertile topic for grumblers, but this summer the hearts (and feet) of our citizens have been made glad by the improvements that are being made in the exchange of uneven and much worn pavements for the clean, smooth concrete. Barrington, Granville, George, Hollis and other of

our central streets can now boast of excellent pavements, and still the good work goes on; but that much and often unjustly abused body, the city council, is not yet pleasing everybody. A Halifax correspondent of the *Shelburne Budget*, after expressing in sarcastic phrases his opinion of our police committee, etc., proceeds thusly. "The council has got the concrete-mania, and instead of fixing the break neck sidewalks first have inaugurated the policy of ripping up the good brick and gravel sidewalks, replacing them with concrete, and letting the broken back pavement ones take care of themselves. Concrete is superior to any other substance which can be utilized for sidewalk building, but it is very expensive, and consequently it is an exhibition of either gross neglect or idiocy to replace good sidewalks with slightly better ones while the dangerous and unsafe ones remain untouched." Any Halifaxian who may have read the foregoing would surely wonder what the writer calls broken back pavements if the ones that have been ripped up were good. A thorough treatment for dyspepsia should be indulged in before this sadly unhappy inhabitant again allows himself to vent his unreasonable opinions in print. For my part I daily rejoice in the so-called "exhibition of either gross neglect or idiocy" and when necessity compels me to tread the "break-neck sidewalks," I do so feeling sure that it is only a matter of a few short years until all our principal streets will be a source of comfort and pride to pedestrians. So to the correspondent of the *Budget* I would say "meekly wait and murmur not," or at least keep your murmurs for your own particular cronies.

It is pleasing to note that the teachers of the public schools are uniting in an effort to effect a reform in the pupils' writing. The subject has been brought before the teachers' Association and there fully discussed as to the method of improvement, etc. It is high time something was done in this matter, and it is greatly to be desired that action be immediate. A large proportion of boys are forced by circumstances to leave school before entering a high grade, say at fourteen or fifteen years of age, perhaps even earlier; how many of these boys can write a firm legible hand? Many enter merchants' establishments as office boys and have little or no opportunity to improve their writing until they are given more responsible positions; then comes the rub, they cannot write neatly or legibly. Thus their opportunities to rise are wasted, and it is a source of annoyance to their employers and a serious drawback to the boys themselves. This ought not to be. Boys and girls who have been attending the public schools for six or seven years should be good writers, a credit to themselves and their teachers, and I feel sure that parents will gladly welcome the movement that is now being made to secure this desirable state of affairs. Strange to say some of the best educated men write an almost wholly illegible hand, and the old saying that a Philadelphia lawyer would be puzzled to decipher some writing may apply to the hieroglyphics of several learned professional men of Halifax. Let the boys and girls unite with their teachers in a resolution that the writing of the coming men and women of our city will be characteristic of the cultured minds and wisely trained characters that we expect as direct results of the school system upon which Halifaxians pride themselves, and of the instruction which our teachers are conscientiously imparting day by day. Unless the pupils themselves are anxious to improve it will be up hill work for the teachers to carry out their part of the work, but as any boy or girl who thinks of the matter at all cannot fail to see the advantage of making the most of the present opportunity, there will surely be satisfactory co-operation.

The Dœring concert on Thursday of next week promises to be most enjoyable. It is really given with the idea of better acquainting the public with Miss Baedinger, who has already won golden opinions. Her voice and execution have pleased all who have heard her, and those who have been fortunate enough to become personally acquainted with the talented stranger speak enthusiastically of her many charms. The programme of the coming concert is almost wholly made up of performances on the 'cello and piano by Herr and Frau Dœring and of selections by Fraulein Baedinger, and therefore cannot fail to contribute genuine pleasure to every true lover of music. The concert will be opened and closed by choruses by a number of the pupils of the Dœring-Brauer conservatory. Herr Dœring and his clever wife have proved to Halifaxians that they are thorough musicians, and in being instrumental in bringing to our city such a valuable acquisition to society as will be found in Fraulein Baedinger, merit the gratitude and encouragement of Halifaxians, young and old. The entertainment on the 27th is to be given in Orpheus Hall, and I would advise all who have not as yet allowed themselves the privilege of listening to the sweet voice of the new singer to avail themselves of this opportunity. CHIPS.

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE SCHOOL.

30 Salter Street, Halifax, N. S.

Term Commences September 2nd.

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