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A Maritime Provincial Journal.

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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.

They are making jokes on Canadian politics in the United States now, forgetful of the adage that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. The following found its way into an English paper: "He sees millions in it. American burglar.—'Got a good lay for the winter, Bill?' Second ditto.—'Best on the Continent, me boy.' First to.—'Wot er you gonto to do?' Second ditto.—'Go to Canada and go into politics.'" These two worthies should know that the Rogues March is being played for the benefit of dishonest Canadian politicians.

The United States and Chili may now make up their difference over the attack on October 17th on American sailors of the cruiser *Baltimore* in Valparaiso. Senor Montt, Chilian Minister to the United States, has laid before Secretary Blaine information received from Senor Penra, the Chilian Minister of Foreign affairs, with regard to the trouble, which explains how it was that it occurred, and states that four men, three Chilians and one American, have been indicted, and proposes that they be punished according to law. The mills of the Gods grind slowly, and diplomatic proceedings are long and tedious. It has taken three months to arrive at an explanation of the brawl that so discomfited the *Baltimore* men.

It is good news to hear that it is thought the epidemic of La Grippe is past its worst in Germany and other parts of Europe, but when we think of the number of those who are rendered *hors de combat* by its onslaughts in our city by the sea, we find it difficult to realize that others are not falling victims to so great an extent as recently. It is indeed a scourge we are afflicted with; hundreds of our citizens have been housed and laid up by it, and the worst of the disease is that people do not fully recover for a long time. Everyone who has been afflicted with it knows what torture it is, and those who have escaped feel thankful for their mercies. We trust that all suffering from La Grippe will recover soon, and that more seasonable weather may speedily prevail, when doubtless the atmosphere will be more healthful.

Mr. Mercier and his colleagues will have a hard time to pass the scrutiny of the new commission which is to make inquiry into the disposal of certain moneys. The new commission is composed of Judge Mathieu, Donald McMaster, Q. C., and D. Maason, who will be assisted by the following officers: Messrs. J. Belleau and George Stuart, Q. C.'s, with Edward Lolie, advocate, and Austin Mosher, of the *Toronto Empire*, secre-

tarics. The *Toronto Empire* makes the statement that Mercier's long series of corrupt acts will soon be clinched by the most compromising transaction ever proved against a Canadian politician. It says: "A letter will be produced in the hand-writing of a leading member of the Cabinet entreating a colleague to commit nothing short of a crime against the state, and the writer also requests his confrere to take care and destroy certain tell-tale documents in connection with the matter the Hon. gentleman was seeking to arrange. When a photograph of this letter is given to the people whom Count Mercier has so deceived, the *Empire* promises a howl of indignation from one end of Canada to the other, and universal consternation in the ranks of the Mercier party."

Mr. Geo. Johnson has issued bulletin No. 3 of the census of Canada, and as it deals with the population of the eastern Maritime Provinces we have given it special attention. Mr. Johnson delivers himself as follows: "The causes for this decrease in the average number in families are: 1st, the decay of early marriages, and 2nd, the increasing tendency to celibacy. The first cause is the effect of the increasing complex conditions of life; the second is due to the spread of education which enables females to become better wage-earners and, therefore, less interested in marriage." If Mr. Johnson had said the increased tendency to celibacy and the better education of women caused fewer families, it would be reasonable, but the average number in families can scarcely be affected by this cause, although it certainly is by the decay of early marriages. We think our astute statistician may be right in the latter, and if so the country is all the better for it. Our grandmothers frequently married at seventeen, and raised families of from ten to fifteen; now we rejoice to say our nation's womanhood is not so severely taxed, and even if our population does not increase as fast as it once did, every man in the country will be glad to know that there is compensation somewhere, and our women are able to enjoy their youth before they take up family duties. It is really a pity to see a man mistaking his vacation as Mr. Johnson is doing, and the country paying for it too. We have seldom seen a more ludicrous official publication than this bulletin number 3.

The message of President Harrison to Congress a few weeks since contained an announcement that raised our hopes as to the early reference of the Behring Sea dispute to arbitration almost to certainty, but it now appears that a serious hitch in the negotiations has occurred, and it looks as if the United States was trying to avoid a fair and equitable settlement of this issue in which Canada is so deeply interested. As is the way with our neighbors they lay the blame of the present difficulty on Lord Salisbury. The *Tribune*, chief organ of the administration, which made the statement as to the hitch, did not state what it was, but speaks in a spread-eagle, anti-British style of Lord Salisbury's request for some trifling alterations in the arrangements for a settlement. The news from England on the other hand is more cheering. Sir George Baden-Powell has started for Washington, and at a speech made before his departure stated that the two governments had agreed to a basis of arbitration on the seal question. It is sincerely to be hoped that all will come out right, for this question has been unsettled for so long, and there is a probability that if not settled before the next sealing season serious trouble may result. It would be a reflection on the civilization of the latter end of the nineteenth century should inglorious war be waged over the control of an open sea by two of the earth's greatest nations.

The epidemic of bomb throwing and similar dangerous actions which began some little time ago, has in a manner prepared us for the news that the police have discovered an organized gang of dynamiters, or a socialist or anarchist club, at Walsall near Birmingham, England, whose systematic industry is the manufacture of infernal machines. Four leaders of the conspirators have been arrested, and a number of documents showing the extent and objects of the association have been seized. The bombs were intended, not only for the purpose of extorting money from rich men, but several crowned heads of Europe were in danger had the conspirators gone undiscovered. Walsall has been the centre of the anarchist propaganda for years, and many lecturers have held forth socialist doctrines to the club. The actions of a solitary crank can be understood when he undertakes these methods of warfare, because we know his mind must be unhinged, but it is difficult to realize that an organized band of murderers, or intending murderers, can exist and calmly pursue their wicked ways. The police will have a difficult piece of work in dealing with these fiends whose names are as follows: Daeken, leader of the club; Victor Kailes, clerk; Frederick Charles, a moulder, and the wife of Kailes. It is reported the latter has turned Queen's evidence. It is to be hoped that some means will be employed to prevent their doing any mischief in future.

A considerable uprising has taken place in Morocco, and the war nervousness in Europe has not been at all allayed thereby. The Governor of Tangier is unable to afford protection to foreigners, and Britain, quick to recognise the danger to her subjects there, has sent two warships to warn the Governor that if he cannot protect British interests in Tangier British blue-jackets and marines will be landed for the purpose of doing so. France would in all probability make a rumpus were this done, for she views with jealousy all movements of Britain in Africa, but still it is not likely that Britain would allow her subjects to suffer to please France. The Arab Kabyles have several times risen and devastated extensive areas of the Sultan's territories, but the Governor of Tangier appears to be an incapable officer, and instead of hearing the grievances of the rebels and endeavoring to remedy them, he calmly lets things take their course. Matters are far from reassuring there at present.

Influenza, or La Grippe, has numbered many important people among its victims, and one of the latest to succumb has been the Khedive of Egypt, Tewfik Pasha, who died on the 7th inst. The successor to the throne is Abbas Pasha, son of the late Khedive, who is but eighteen years of age, but who will probably, despite France's protests, quietly ascend the throne without a regency. Young Abbas has been educated under English auspices, and is decidedly in favor of the British occupation continuing. France is making the best of the opportunity to urge the withdrawal of British troops, but it is scarcely probable that she will be able to carry out her views. It would be a calamity indeed were this to occur, for British influence in Egypt has done the country inestimable good. In fact Britain is the virtual ruler of Egypt, no matter what may be said of Turkish suzerainty or other influence. The death of Mohammed Tewfik will be a loss to his country, over which he has ruled beneficently, but the accession of Abbas to the throne will probably not be disadvantageous to Britain. The new Khedive is described as a young man of good sense and excellent parts. He was much distressed at the news of his father's death.

We at this distance have hardly realized the magnitude and awfulness of the late cataclysm in Japan, for the vividness of details are wanting which add so much to a horror at our own doors. The centre of the terrible earthquake, one of the greatest on record, was in the most densely inhabited portion of a thickly-populated country. The shocks were of maximum violence throughout an area of about five hundred square miles, while over double that extent they were very severe but less destructive. In the Nagoya-Gifu plain the effect was frightful. Three hundred thousand people are homeless, eight thousand have perished in various ways, and the list of wounded reaches ten thousand, many of whom will go to swell the long list of deaths. About a hundred thousand houses have been destroyed, while a quarter that number are more or less wrecked. Over a region of hundreds of square miles almost every iota of man's work has been reduced to ruins; railways are said to have been shaken into fantastic curves as a man may shake a few yards of rope; solid bridge-piers have snapped like pipe-stems and their girders been twisted in every way; embankments are demolished, endangering the country; rivers have been dammed and thrown out of their courses; wells and springs are obliterated; fissures extend in many directions; and in general the results of an industrious civilization have in a very short time been reduced to naught and the country's prospects blighted or almost totally destroyed. In the midst, however, of all this terrible misfortune the Japanese bear up bravely, and no doubt ere long they will recover as well as possible from the mishap, and seek to offset a calamity which has so suddenly and signally stopped the progress and general welfare of their once thriving and populous country.

Shall we ever hear the end of conjectures as to the transportation of microbes or germs of disease? Some now complain with good cause of the unhealthful condition of bank notes for small amounts. The five-pound Bank of England note is usually a clean, not unwholesome piece of paper, being but a short time in circulation and chiefly handled by cleanly people, but when we inspect the disgusting appearance of such bits of paper as some of our Canadian money-equivalents, which seem to be forever in circulation, we must say we have an aversion to many of their ingredients, and consider them to be excellent similies of the wear-and-tear and soiling of the mind which is the almost inevitable result of an ignoble struggle to fill a row of capacious money bags. Who would think of pocketing an ordinary piece of paper in the foul condition in which many of our one dollar notes are seen! The bit of bank paper has as likely as not been in the filthiest hovel in the country, in the midst of infectious diseases, perhaps stuffed in the shirt-bosom or pocket of the most uncleanly individual possible to imagine, and half an hour afterwards it may be in the possession of anyone of us, saturated as it is with many abominations. So it goes through its life, anywhere and everywhere, until it naturally falls to pieces or is destroyed, the latter end, because of its value, being an unusual finale to its chequered career. Viewed in this light such dirty scraps of paper cannot be conducive to the public health, and they may in many cases cause the spread of various contagious diseases. The whole fact of the matter is, that our bank-notes are far too long in circulation, and it is a practice which can only be condemned even by those who are not over fastidious or do not believe that germs can be so easily transported.

Mr. Andrew Lang is of an argumentative turn of mind, and although we may not agree with him, it is always interesting to hear what he has to say on any subject. Recently he took up the *Author's* contention in favor

of titles or other national distinctions for authors. Mr. Lang is on the other side, in company, be it known, with Thackeray. "Mayors," he says, "and brewers, and that kind of people are welcome to these distinctions. 'Sir Walter Scott,' however, sounded very antique and chivalrous. There was a coat of armor behind it, and everything handsome. But Sir Charles Dickens, Sir William Thackeray, Rudyard Kipling, K. C. S. I., Lord Stevenson of Apia, *istum teneatus amici!* These things are all matters of old custom." That is just it. The names we have learned to love or admire sound familiar to our welcoming ears, no matter what they have attached to them in the way of ornamentation, just as, to our way of thinking, such homely names as Nancy, Hannah, Lizzie, etc., are sweet enough when the bearers own our affection. It makes a vast difference when such is the case—but this is a digression. Mr. Lang says, "Praise we all like; praise and pudding in the form which the Americans, according to Mr. Stevenson, call 'boodle.' But titles we don't want; titles are exploded." This brings to mind the effort made to get the Government at Ottawa to give Mr. W. W. Campbell, author of many beautiful poems, an appointment in connection with the library, but which proved unsuccessful. We understand that the best that was done for Mr. Campbell was to give him a civil service appointment at a salary of \$500 a year, which seems a pitiable offer to a man of genius. We do not exactly advocate the rewarding of literary achievements as a general thing with government appointments, but there are certain encouragements that should be given our best specimens of manhood in order that it may not be said they have no honor in their own country. If governments, both federal and provincial, would recognize this fact and take pains to make it possible for our most gifted men to remain in and be a credit to their own country, rather than leave for fresh fields and pastures new, where they will be able to make the living practically denied at home, it would be a good thing for the country, the government and our talented men.

The word teacher implies that the person who bears it is at least possessed of ordinary common sense, as well as being qualified to impart certain branches of knowledge to those over whom they are placed, and we were of the opinion that the body of teachers employed in Halifax as a general thing were not lacking in this respect. On reading the report of the proceedings of the School Board on Thursday evening of last week, it somewhat surprised us to see that the Supervisor had considered it necessary to tell the teachers that they should always treat the children with humanity; a recommendation implying that they did not always do so. Complaints as to the doings of teachers not infrequently arise, and it is but natural that they should do so, for parents and teachers do not always agree in everything concerning the management and discipline of children. Sometimes the complaints are well founded and demand investigation. For instance, it has been the custom in some of the schools to keep the children out of the school house until the bell rings, a rule not even relaxed on wet days, and which appears very harsh. It is gratifying to see that the School Board has considered this subject, and passed a motion directing that the doors of all schools be thrown open to the pupils twenty minutes before the regular school hours. Another thing (which THE CRITIC suggested some months ago) was decided on. The teachers are to be instructed to look after their pupils every day during recess, instead of always allowing them to run wild, as is now the case. One would naturally suppose that the teachers would as a matter of course do this, but it appears such has not been the case. At any rate it is a good thing these two reforms are being made, for what parents could send their children with confidence to a school which they could not enter until the bell rang, and where they would have no supervision during recreation time—a time, by the way, that children should never be deprived of as a means of punishment or for any other reason, for it is of the greatest importance to their mental well-being.

Ladies are popularly supposed to have an innate dread of fire-arms, the "shoot-end" of a gun in particular being a terror to them. No doubt exists that a very large proportion of women are thus afflicted with absolute ignorance of the use and proper handling of fire-arms and consequent alarm about them, for which their male protectors are much to blame. Certain familiarity with such weapons would not result in reckless handling of the same by women, but would have the effect of removing groundless fears and inspiring confidence. It should be the pleasure and duty of every man who owns guns or revolvers to make their workings known to the women of his household, and the women should be glad to have the opportunity of adding to their accomplishments the ability to load and discharge a gun without endangering the lives of all in the community. Naturally, when first undertaking the task, a woman will sight her target, then shut her eyes and fire, but this plan is not usually successful, and if the shooting practice is kept up will so be superseded by a more rational method. Since fashion has set her seal on rifle shooting for ladies, the prospects are that our fair sisters will learn all they can about the art of being good shots. Not only has Halifax a ladies' rifle association (quiescent for the present until spring returns once more), but the brisk little town of Kentville, which always seeks to be more than abreast of the times, has a goodly company of shots which bears the name "Kentville Ladies' Rifle Association," and to prove the proficiency of some of the members we have only to say that one score of 98 out of 105 has been made, and others are near that figure. Such associations should receive encouragement, and the emulators of Miss Winnifred Leale, who it will be remembered made a splendid score at Bisley last year, should make great efforts to do themselves credit.

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CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

JANUARY.

Which of the merry months shall I praise?
Meadow birds, say!
Shall the April nights or the Autumn days
Have place in my lay?
"Oh, the sun of the summer is golden and strong,
And the flowers of the summer shine fairly and long—
Sing thou to the summer the first of thy song,
As we sing on the spring."
No! No!
Meadow birds, no!
Mine is the month that is born in the snow.
May hath the bud, and the bee, and the dove,
And the sky of the summer is bluest above;
But the year's first month, she bringeth my love—
And her bridal day!
Say, is it wrong
To keep crown and song
For the month that leadeth my lady along?

Too High.—Miss Warble—"What will you charge me for a gold breast-pin representing a musical staff with the treble sign and a single note?" Jeweller—"Ten dollars." Miss Warble—"Oh, dear! That's too high—I'm only a contralto."

The Proud Soprano.—Worshipper—"There was no soprano in the choir to-day. What was the matter?" Organist—"The soprano had a dream last night in which an angel told her the Lord wanted her to sing anthem No. 95 to-day." "Well!" "Well, the soprano got mad and said she wouldn't be bossed by anybody."

The Social Question.—The widely published statement that only servant girls wear high hats at the theatre has seriously disturbed both ladies and servants. For, if it is true, the ladies will have to discard high hats at the theatres, and of course the servants will also, as they can't afford to wear anything that will mark their social condition.

No Writers' Cramp.—Doctor—"From the condition of your hand and arm, I should say you were suffering from writers' cramp—too much exercise on one set of muscles."

Young Business Man—"But I never write, I employ a typewriter." "Um—engaged to her?" "Y-e-s."
"Do you—er—dictating with your other arm."

The Health Reform Dress. If that health reform dress is really constructed on hygienic principles it will be received with favor, if it is pretty, and from what has been ascertained regarding this costume there is no reason for believing that it is so very weirdly hideous. One or two of the designs look as though the gowns had been neatly fitted to a flour barrel or a hay mow, or a pump, but others are quite attractive. After all, there is something in this reform dress—viz, the girl. That is why the new costume will become popular, if it ever does.

A Pretty Tall Story.—A friend of mine happened to be with Marion Crawford recently in England, and during the conversation happened to tell a "club" story to the novelist.

"I would like to work that into a short story, if you don't mind," said the novelist.

My friend told Crawford that one of the objects of his visit was to secure, if possible, a short story from him.

"Very well," said the author. "You amuse yourself with my books, and I'll let you have the story. About 6,000 words, you said? All right."

And within two hours' time, to my friend's astonishment, Crawford handed him the manuscript of "as perfect a little gem of a story as you ever read." And Crawford had earned \$200 between breakfast and lunch."

He Did His Best.—Here is one of Stockton's best:—A Jew lawyer in New York was engaged to defend a man for murder, and after looking into the case concluded that the outlook was very gloomy for the prisoner; in fact, his conviction seemed certain.

When the jury was got together it was found that there were eleven Irishmen and one Polish Jew in the box.

The lawyer, feeling quite desperate, sought out the Polish Jew and said:

"I'll give you \$500 if you'll get that jury to bring in a verdict of manslaughter—understand, manslaughter."

The juror promised to do his best, and sure enough, after staying out some time, the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. The lawyer was overjoyed and almost embraced the Polish Jew when he asked for his money.

But the juror looked sorrowfully at the \$500 in his hand and said:

"I dinks you ought to make it a thousand."
"A thousand? And why?"
"Vel, yer see, I had an awful time getting der jury round. Dose 'leven Irish fellows wuz all fur acquittal."—Atlanta Journal.

There's a patient medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—its chance is with every one, its season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on *trial*. That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, *every cent of it*. That's what its makers call *taking the risk of their words*.

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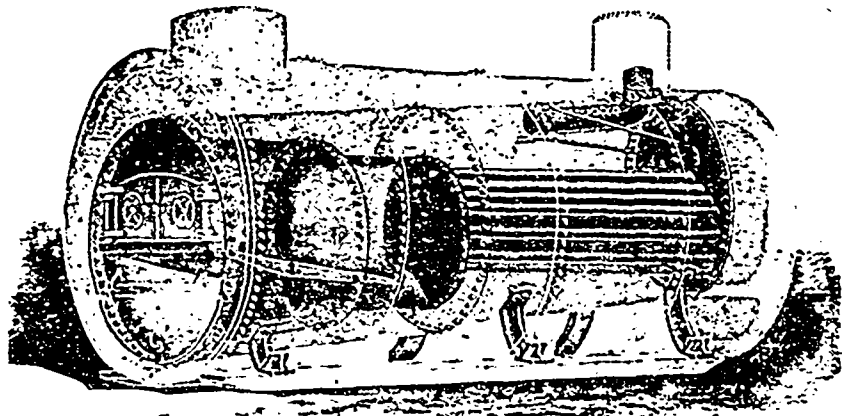
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Seven by-elections are to take place in Ontario on the 28th.

Leone C. Labelle, of Ottawa, has been arrested for the murder of his wife.

Mr. James Lovitt, mayor of Yarmouth, died at his residence on Tuesday.

True bills have been returned against Arnoldi, Talbot and Larose for defrauding the government.

Messrs. John Stairs & Co., hardware and commission merchants, have our thanks for a very useful calendar.

Canada's commissioner to the World's Fair at Chicago will be Prof. Saunders, of the central experimental farm.

The Grand Jury at Ottawa returned no bills in the cases of Michael Connolly and Patrick Larkin for conspiracy.

A disastrous freshet has occurred on the Miramichi. The ice went out with a rush, carrying the Red Branch Bridge away.

Mr. Robert McConnell, of Montreal, has come to Halifax for the purpose of being managing editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

A fine large calendar comes from the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada, whose agent in Halifax is Geo. W. Jones.

The Allan steamer *Parisian* which arrived at this port last Friday made the best passage on record—Merville to Halifax in seven days.

The Dartmouth Ropework have been sold to the Consumers' Cordage Company, of Montreal, and the price said to have been paid is \$315,000.

W. D. F. Smith, of the *Recorder's* reportorial staff, died last Saturday, after having been confined to his house for some months with consumption.

Sackville has a bigamy case. J. W. Clarke, well known along the border, married two women and both are alive, consequently he languishes in jail.

On Wednesday of last week the building occupied by Miss Burns, milliner, Mrs. Roddin, dressmaker, and F. Kaiser, furrier, was badly damaged by fire.

The by-election held in Richilieu on Monday resulted in the return of Bruneau, Liberal, over Morgan, Conservative, by a majority of about a hundred.

Mr. Ketchum, chief promoter of the Chignecto Ship Railway, has been unable to obtain any assistance from the government towards the completion of the project.

A cannon ball was picked up at Grand Pre the other day, a relic of the battle fought at that place between the French and English over a century ago.—*New Star*.

Canada's comic paper *Grip*, has entered upon its eighteenth volume, and announces the fact in its usual breezy way. It well deserves the success it has met with.

The Grand Jury at Ottawa on Friday last returned a true bill against Thos McGreevey and Nicholas K. Connolly. The case has been postponed, and the accused admitted to bail for \$10,000 each.

The annual meeting of the Halifax Dispensary was held on Monday, when the various reports were read and officers elected for the year. This deserving institution should receive better support.

The men who depend on cold weather for the prosperity of their business are in a warm place. The Dartmouth ice dealers are considering the question of getting ice sent over from New Brunswick.

Frederick Rinault, charged with wrecking the Dartmouth train, was under examination before Stipendiary Griffin on Tuesday. The prosecution is being conducted by Mr. Parker and the defence by H. Mellish.

The Legislature of the Northwest Territories on the 6th inst. passed the second reading of a bill providing for the introduction of a high license system, with particularly heavy penalties for the holders of licenses who break the law.

The People's Almanac for 1892, published by *The Gazette*, Montreal, has been laid on our desk. It contains much useful information besides lots of fun for the politically inclined. It is given as a supplement with *The Gazette*.

Charming calendars are those sent us by the Halifax Piano & Organ Company. One of them is issued by the above firm and the other by Messrs. Heintzman & Co., for whose excellent pianos the Halifax Piano & Organ Co. is agent.

A little girl, daughter of Edgar Hopson, of Lower Granville, met with a painful and disfiguring accident a few days ago. She was coasting and fell off the sled, striking her face against the sharp edge of a tin can, which cut her nose completely off.

Little Kate Raymond who was missing from her home in Digby has been found about twenty-five miles from there. She alleges that Mrs. Daggatt, mother of the man who assaulted her, lured her away so that she could not give evidence against Daggatt.

In the Northwest Legislature on the 7th, Premier Haultain explained the programme of the new executive committee or government of the Territories. He said with regard to the dual language question that members would be allowed to address the assembly in French, Hebrew or Greek, but the proceedings of the house would be printed in English only.



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DARTMOUTH.

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

If you purpose taking but one magazine this year, it should be CANADA, a year's subscription to which, the critics say, furnishes "the best dollar's worth of literary matter to be had in Canada." A popular combination is *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* and *Canada*, both of which we offer you for \$3.00, the price of the *Cosmopolitan* alone. Another popular combination is *Harper's Magazine* and *Canada*, both of which we offer you for \$4.00, the price of *Harper's* alone. The price of *Canada* is \$1.00 a year. Send for FREE sample copy, and get our clubbing list and large variety of premium offers. Remittances should be made by post office order or registered letter. Money order office, Woodstock. Matthew R. Knight, Benton, New Brunswick.

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Prices to Suit the Times: General Admission 25c. Reserved Seats 35c.

Grip has been spreading and increasing since our last issue. Yesterday it was estimated that there were from 500 to 600 cases within the limits of the town. Some of them were quite severe, but as yet none of them have proved fatal.—*Yarmouth Telegram*.

The Manufacturers' Life and Accident Assurance Co., J. B. Paton, Manager, Halifax, sends us a neat calendar, and we have also to acknowledge one from the Grand Trunk Railway Co. It has a map of the country, through which the line runs on the back of the calendar.

Canada, published monthly by Matthew R. Knight, has made its appearance enlarged to 24 quarto pages and cover. It enters upon its second volume with the finest number yet produced, full of Canadian spirit and just the thing for all our young people. \$1.00 a year. Matthew R. Knight, Benton, New Brunswick.

We like this:—"Typewriting.—The Surveyor General has a lady typewriter and stenographer in his office—Miss White of St. John—and he can now dictate his letters as rapidly as he can make a speech. It is a pity that all the lawyers would not either get typewriters or improve their chirography. Few persons except editors write legibly."

The burning to death in her residence at Amherst of Mrs. Campbell and her six-year-old child was a very sad event. The mother had made her escape from the burning building, but discovering that the child was still there, re-entered and lost her life in the heroic endeavor to rescue her little girl. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp.

Mr. Haggart has been made Minister of Railways and Canals, and Mr. Ouimet Minister of Public Works. It is also probable that Sir Adolph Caron will be Postmaster General, and Mr. Bywell, Minister of Militia, and J. C. Patterson, Minister of Customs. There cannot be said to be any great strength in this arrangement, and few people will take genuine satisfaction in it.

Hon. Frank Smith, acting Minister of Public Works, has granted an increase of pay of from 25 to 50 cents a day to several of the old time extra clerks. Recently a clerk receiving \$2 was absent from his post for three days through illness in his family, under the Order-in-Council pay for these three days was stopped, but Mr. Smith paid it out of his own pocket, as he had given the clerk leave.

Messrs. Hattie & Mylius, our enterprising Hollis street druggists, are advertising a new medicine under the title "Powell's Pimple Pills," which will no doubt be eagerly secured by those who suffer from such disorders of the skin as the name implies. If a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, we do not see why this medicine would not be quite as effective under a more pleasing appellation.

The by-elections this year are so numerous as to be almost like a general election. There are eight vacancies in Nova Scotia's representation in the House of Commons. In most of the constituencies the old candidates will stand for re-election. The Liberal convention was held in Halifax on Tuesday, when Messrs. Jones and Farrell were nominated, and last night the Liberal Conservatives nominated Messrs. Stairs and Kenny.

There appears to be cool feeling in the Northwest towards Hon. Mr. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior. Nicholas Flood Davin's paper, the *Regina Leader*, has made a three column charge against him in connection with the site of Regina, the capital of the Territories. Mr. Dewdney denies the charges explicitly. The name of Lady Macdonald has also been used in these charges by the *Toronto Globe*, which proceeding is deeply resented by that lady's friends.

We also are in it! Two weeks ago *St. John Progress* announced the following under the heading, "Is this cause and effect?" "The following free 'ad' appeared in *Progress* of December 19th: For sale—Words. For terms and other information apply to Geo. E. Foster, Minister of Finance." The only answer to date reads as follows:

Ottawa, Dec. 29th., 1891.

Proprietor *Progress*, St. John.

"You are hereby notified to discontinue sending your paper to the Department of Finance from Dec. 31, 1891." A similar message has been received in this office, and if *Progress* thinks it is not wanted because it mentioned Mr. Foster, we can but conclude that THE CRITIC is not desirable because we have omitted to refer to him. Such is life. Shake, *Progress*!

Two hundred men were killed by an explosion in a coal mine in Kansas on the 7th.

Since the editorial paragraph on the Behring Sea matter was written matters have taken a favorable turn, and the arrangements for arbitration are progressing favorably.

The *Chicago Graphic* recently published a profusely illustrated article on the St. Clair railway tunnel, "the link that binds two great nations." It is equally interesting to Canadians and our neighbours over the border.

The S. Brainard's Sons Company of Chicago have published the "World's Exposition March," by Geo. Maywood. It is a light sparkling little piece, presenting no great difficulties to the performer, and can be had for piano at 50 cents. Four hands 75 cts., orchestra 50 cts and brass band 50 cts. The same company also sends us a tuneful song and chorus, by J. C. Macy, entitled "'Tis no one but me, sweet Norah."

The Season for February just received, and has its usual complement of beautiful things. Plate 912 is devoted to misses and children, and comprises costumes for house and street wear. To those requiring them, *The Season* furnishes patterns of every garment illustrated. We know our lady readers will agree with us in saying, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

when they see the beautiful designs in art work displayed this month. All the newest work is represented in every conceivable kind and design, and is so carefully illustrated, and with separate diagrams of how or fancy stitches carefully described, as to make the work easy to copy. This work alone makes *The Season* invaluable as a home beautifier, giving, in itself, lessons of refinement and a love of home that will be carried in the hearts of our children, and produce good results after they have gone out into the world from our roof-tree. Single copies, 30 cents. Yearly subscriptions, \$3.50. International News Co., 83 & 85 Duane St., New York.

A heavy snow storm prevailed in Great Britain and Ireland last week.

It is now stated that an over-dose of morphine caused the death of the Khedive of Egypt. The doctors, native and European, are wrangling over the case.

In addition to the fund started by the Countess of Zetland to provide a suitable Irish wedding present for the Duke of Clarence and his bride, Lord O'Anmore had intended opening an Irish public fund to provide the Duke and the Princess a residence.

The London City Council had decided that the wedding gift to be presented by that body to the Duke of Clarence and his bride should be a diamond necklace valued at 1,600 guineas for the Princess and a magnificent silver dinner service valued at 900 guineas for the Duke.

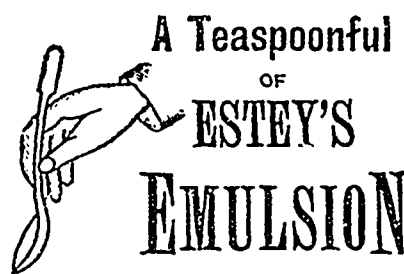
The production of "Henry VIII" in London surpassed all of Irving's previous efforts in gorgeous scenery and mountings, and as a spectacle of pageantry was pronounced the finest ever seen in London and destined for a long run. The Lyceum was packed with notable people who gave both the play and actors a warm reception.

A despatch from Tangier says the revolt of the peasantry in Tangier against the exactions of the Bashaw has assumed great proportions, threatening the lives and property of Europeans. Seventeen of the Khabyle districts, containing thousands of fighting men, have revolted. Two British warships have arrived and are prepared to land men at any moment.

The Indian Government has pardoned the leader and shortened the terms of a band of female convicts at the penal settlement at Port Blair, Andaman Islands, for heroic conduct on the 2nd of November last. The women on that day formed a human line from the beach out into the sea, and by almost superhuman efforts rescued six men from the steamer *Enterprise*, which had been wrecked in a cyclone. These six were the only members of the crew saved.

The news of the death of the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and heir presumptive to the throne of Britain, will be received with deep regret the world over. The sad event occurred on Thursday morning at nine o'clock, too late for us to give any particulars. Coming just at the time when the happiness of his life was presumably assured by his engagement to the Princess Mary the event has peculiar sadness, and all the subjects of Victoria will mourn over the sorrowful ending of the wedding preparations.

Labouchere, the editor of *Truth*, who poses as an authority on matters Canadian, matters Australian, and it matters not what, gives it as his opinion that the grotesque Dominion, as he styles Canada, had better set up housekeeping for itself or seek annexation with the United States, and this not because Canada or the Canadians would be benefited, but because it would bring to a close Britain's trans-Atlantic troubles. So far as Canadians are concerned they need no advice as to the carving out of their own destiny from a second rate politician of the Labouchere ilk, and to our mind it would better befit this pessimistic radical to devote his abilities to petty local affairs instead of endeavoring to deal wholesale with a question in which not only the pre-eminence of Britain but the integrity of the Empire is at stake.



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The day has gone by when you can get people to take the nauseous doses that used to be given. In taking Estey's Emulsion you don't taste the Cod Liver Oil in it. Still it is there, half of it being Cod Liver Oil, but the taste of the oil is gone; that is all, everything else remains, don't forget that.

For weak, puny children, it is invaluable, making them fat and rosy and strong. Ask your dealer, everyone sells it. 50c. a bottle, 4 bottles \$2.50. Take no substitute, it hasn't any.

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Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on Inter-
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 This boat was only launched last February, is
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1 Prize worth 15,000.....	\$15,000 00
1 " " 5,000.....	5,000 00
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5 " " 250.....	1,250 00
25 " " 50.....	1,250 00
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
200 " " 15.....	3,000 00
500 " " 10.....	5,000 00
APPROXIMATION PRIZES	
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
100 " " 15.....	1,500 00
100 " " 10.....	1,000 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00

3134 Prize worth.....\$52,740 00
S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
 81 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

[FOR THE CRITIC]

THE RIVER GHOST.

Once upon an evening lately,
 Walked a lady, tall and stately,
 Down the railroad towards Mt. Denson,
 As the shades of night drew near;
 Though she sometimes faltered slightly,
 In the gloom her eyes glanced brightly,
 As she stepped the "sleepers" lightly,
 Lightly as the "fallow deer."

White the mist lay on the river,
 And her heart began to quiver,
 As she saw it with a shiver.
 Taking shape grotesque and tall;
 Up it rose, with arms extended,
 Quick, her pace the lady mended,
 Till her strength at length expended,
 Left her tottering--made her fall.

Shrill the whistle's scream resounded,
 As the curve the Engine rounded,
 How the monster raved and bounded,
 Struggling fiercely to be free;
 She, with frenzied eye-balls starting,
 Saw the fiery monster darting,
 And with senses fast departing,
 Struggled up upon her knee.

Then the shade grotesque advancing,
 Seemed upon the "sleepers" dancing,
 And the monster's red eye glancing,
 Showed its form distinct and clear;
 With faint heart and breathing bated,
 Up the lady sprang and waited,
 Trembling as she hesitated,
 Mute with sudden, awful fear.

Leaped the horrid monster screaming,
 With its fiery red eye gleaming
 Like a demon's, on the searing
 Shade, that boldly braved its wrath;
 Through the night a cry resounded,
 As of beast by wolves surrounded,
 And away the monster bounded,
 Leaving something stretched on earth.

Then the lady, breathing lowly,
 Trembling wildly, creeping slowly,
 Came towards that thing unholy,
 Glancing fearfully around;
 As she neared it with a shiver,
 There, without a moan or quiver,
 Twixt the railroad and the river,
 Lay a cow upon the ground.

NEMO.

Hantsport, Dec. 8th, 1891.

BOOK GOSSIP.

"The Tragedy of Ida Noble," by W. Clark Russell, came out a short time ago in *Appleton's Town and Country Library* and is one of the most interesting that has appeared of late. Clark Russell's work is well known, and a new novel from his pen will be eagerly welcomed. "The Tragedy of Ida Noble" is a sea story, very original and absorbs attention from first to last. It is believed to be the first book by Clark Russell which has been copyrighted in America.

There are times when we sigh for universal knowledge, and when "letting on" that we know all about it is unsatisfactory and delusive. Such a time is the present. We have had a "Practical Hebrew Grammar" sent us for review, and notwithstanding the temptation to say that our Hebrew reviewer is away on his vacation, we have determined to "fess up" and acknowledge that we are possessed of an abundant supply of ignorance of the subject. This much we can say though, the book is most complete and is offered at what appears to be a remarkably low price for a volume of its kind. The author, Edwin Cone Bissell, professor in Hartford Theological Seminary, is not unknown to students of the bible, and we have no doubt this his latest effort, which is endorsed by many notable men, to assist in bible study will be received with interest. If any of our readers wish to obtain the grammar they can do so by sending \$1.75, and ten cents for postage to the publishers, Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn. We may mention that it has already been introduced as a text book in a number of institutions, and teachers desiring to introduce it for the first time can obtain a free copy.

A record of which Americans may well be proud is the "Recent Advances in the Pottery Industry, by Edwin Atlee Barber," which opens the January *Popular Science Monthly*. The account is made doubly interesting by its thirty-five handsome illustrations, representing artistic wares, tiles, and architectural pieces. Hon. David A. Wells contributes a second illustrated paper on "Remarkable Boulders," the largest weighing several thousand tons, which must have been brought to their present places by glacial action. The doctrine of the rise of man from the lower animals is strongly supported by an illustrated article on "Tail-like Formations in Men," based on the researches of several German anatomists. Amédée Guillemin discusses the ever-fascinating question of "Communication with the Planets." Hon. Carroll D. Wright discusses "Our Population and its Distribution," showing what part of the inhabitants of the United States live near the sea-level, and what on higher lands; what part in moist regions, and what in dry, etc. There is a short paper on "The Population of the Earth," and a sketch, with Portrait, of Prof. Elias Loomis, of Yale College. In the Editor's Table is an examination of "Evolution and its Assailants." The number is well illustrated, a marked advance being noticeable in this respect. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number, \$5 a year.

The *Century* for January will delight all lovers of good literature, while the artistic eye cannot fail to be charmed with the illustrations offered. Musicians who admire Gounod will find his auto-biographical sketch very interesting, especially that portion of it which treats of his student life in Rome. The ever-interesting subject of the modern Jew is well discussed, and articles of a similar nature are to be forthcoming. The "Discontent of the Farmer" shows careful work and the optimistic views held forth will be welcomed by Nova Scotian readers. Military affairs are well attended to by Capt. E. S. Godfrey and Gen. Jas. B. Fry. The fiction of the number is exceptionally good. The "Naulahka" is up to its past standard and Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Characteristics" teems with suggestions for hospital work. The shorter stories "Bentley's System" and "A Battle in Clackerdom" make pleasant evening reading. "Witchcraft" as treated by the able editor of *The Christian Advocate* is a most interesting article. The poetry includes five short "Interludes" by Mr. Aldrich and a great variety of lighter verse. The illustrations of many of the articles call for special praise, "Dolce Far Niente" and the "Old Master" series being notably well done. The "Topics of the Time" include seasonable articles on "Cheap Money," "Mississippi Crop Moving Currency" and "The Progressive Discovery of America." Altogether the winter number of the *Century* is one that should not be over-looked.

"Stephen Ellicott's Daughter," a novel by Mrs. J. H. Needell, author of "The Story of Philip Methuen," etc., forms the title of an interesting story of a young English Squire whose father robbed an elder brother and his heirs of their inheritance, Thorpe Brady Manor House. The young Squire, Lancelot, continues to hold the secret of the proper owner and marries a beautiful girl who loves and is loved by the defrauded cousin, Anthony, but who to please her old and devoted father lays aside her own longings and heart-burnings and makes a faithful and devoted wife to the weak and selfish Lancelot. Of course the story, after many windings, comes to a satisfactory end, but it is not fair to mar the reader's enjoyment by anticipating. The book is well written and cannot fail to interest. Published in *Town and Country Library*, No. 80. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B., have published a booklet under the title "A Song of the Years, and a Memory of Acadia," containing eight poems by Mr. H. L. Spencer. They are all very pretty and worth reading, and as a Canadian work should find a place in the collections of all patriotic people. The following specimen from the booklet will give a fair idea of Mr. Spencer's style and workmanship:

GREEN SLEEVES.

Green leaves will come again,
Green leaves will come again,
Though the yellow leaves are falling
And the year is on the wane;
But Green Sleeves with her tender eyes
I shall not see again.

I shall see the daisy nodding
To the breezes as they pass,
And the violata a-blowing
Where crispy grows the grass;
But Green Sleeves! I shall see her
No more, no more, Alas,

The birds that in the orchard
Were wont to build and sing,
Will come with the earliest whisper
Of the zephyrs of the spring;
But Green Sleeves! in the orchard
I shall not hear her sing,

I shall hear the pleasant murmur
Of the brook 'twixt banks of fern,
And the tinkle, tinkle of the bells
As home the cattle turn;
But Green Sleeves! Oh, Green Sleeves!
She never will return.

I shall never know a summer
Like the summers that are fled;
I shall never feel as once I felt
Since you to me are dead.
Green Sleeves! Oh, Green Sleeves!
For years my heart has bled.

Green Sleeves! Green Sleeves!
My life is full of pain,
And sometimes at a thought of you
My tears fall down like rain,
For Green Sleeves! Green Sleeves!
We shall not meet again.

The booklet is printed in quaint type and the pages have gilt lines around the poems. The price is 25 cts.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

SPRUCE GUM TRADE.—Mr. Robert J. Manning, of Parrsboro, N. S., has shipped over \$400 worth of spruce gum to Portland, Me., this season, and has a quantity still on hand. Mr. Manning shipped \$2,200 worth of gum last season, but does not expect to handle so large a quantity this winter, as the price is lower in the United States.—*Cumberland Leader*.

A Chatham paper says:—Surveyor Robert Loggie reports a single log cut by Foreman Haynes' men in a Snowball camp that is the biggest of which we have yet heard on the North Shore. It is sound, clean pine, and twenty-two feet long and of thirty-six inches diameter at the small end. It will, therefore, produce 1,386 feet of merchantable lumber.

It is gratifying to hear that the experiment of shipping live lobsters to England, recently made by Captain McGray, of Barrington, N. S., is likely to be the precursor of an extensive trade in the Crustaceans. The steamer by which they were shipped was eighteen days on the voyage, but more than half the armored passengers arrived alive, and it is thought that when a specially constructed steamer is used the results will be perfectly satisfactory. We explained a few weeks ago the plan by which Captain McGray expects to carry the lobsters alive to market in London, and we wish his enterprise every encouragement. If it should succeed to any great extent, canning will, of course, not be carried on as largely as now.

We are pleased to learn that efforts are being made by some of the leading men of Hantsport to build a dry dock, and that a stock company is to be formed if sufficient encouragement is given. We trust the movement will be successful from the very outset. Hantsport is a good location for such an enterprise. Very frequently vessels are taken there from various points for repairs on the beach, but with a dry dock business in this line would rapidly increase. Ship owners will do well to give this enterprise a helping hand, which we have no doubt whatever will prove a profitable one.—*Hants Journal*.

All hands are busily engaged at the Hat Factory. Truro hats are very popular with the trade, on account of their superiority, and find a market in every city from Halifax to Victoria, B. C. Good workmanship tells every time.—*Truro News*.

A YOUNG MAN'S DIARY

Monday—I was one year old this morning, and this evening we arrived back in town from Newquay, Cornwall, where we have been spending the holidays for the sake of my health, as papa has not scrupled to blurt out, once or twice, in my presence. There is a strain of coarseness in papa; or perhaps I should say—for the impression it leaves is primarily negative, as of something *manqué*—an incompleteness in the sensitive equipment. As yet it can hardly be said to embarrass me; though I foresee a time when I shall have to blush for it before strangers. But then he is so splendidly healthy. After all, it is good to be back in London. Newquay, with its obvious picturesqueness, its violent colouring, its sands, rocks, breakers, and by-laws regulating the costume of bathers—I was on the point of telling mamma that it suggested the Fine Art Society's rooms afflicted with a one-man scrofula, but remembered that I hadn't yet learned to talk. How far more subtle these gray and dun-coloured opacities, these tent cloths of fog pressed out into uncouth, dumbly pathetic shapes by the struggle for existence that seethes below it always—always! Decidedly I will begin to-morrow to practise walking. It seems a necessary step toward acquainting myself with the inner life of these tolling millions, which must be well worth knowing. Papa, on arriving at our door, plunged into an altercation with a cab tout. What a man! *C'est effrayant*; and yet sometimes I could almost envy his robust buoyancy. A Huntley and Palmer's nursery biscuit in a little hot water has quieted my nerves, which suffered cruelly during the scene. I believe I shall sleep to-night.

Tuesday.—The beginning of *Sturm und Drang*. I am learning to walk. Moreover, I have fancied in myself, during the day, a tendency to fall in love with my nurse. On the pretence that walking might give me bandy legs, she caught me up and pressed me to her bosom. We have no affinities; indeed beyond cleanliness and a certain unreasoning honesty, she can be said to possess no attributes at all. I am convinced that a serious affection for her would be nothing short of intellectual suicide; and yet for a while I abandon myself. By the time that nurse and I were seated together by the Round Pond, I was able to listen to her talk without a quiver of the eyelids. Poor soul! What malefic jest of fate led her to select the story of Georgie-Porgie!

"Georgie-Porgie, pudding and pie."

It was as irrelevant as life itself, and strangely real. "Pudding and pie." I struck the keynote of this simple narrative which, in a line or two, sums up the history of a man's conduct toward woman, and lays an unerring finger upon his motives.

"Kissed the girls and made them cry."

I knew the sequel; and saw my own path, too, mapped out before me. I must not fight against the instincts that run in my blood, as in every man's, but must regard her heart as no more than a curious toy, to be flung aside when broken. It will make a good novel some day. The poor child has no "followers." If she had, I, of all people, should know of it.

Wednesday.—I am much troubled by some reflections that have occurred to me on the subject of heredity. It terrifies me to think that I shall grow up like papa. Mamma, too, is hardly less a savage; she wore diamonds in her hair when she came up to the nursery, late last night, to look at me. She believed that I was asleep; but I wasn't, and I never in my life felt so sorry that I couldn't speak. The appalling barbarism of those ornaments! It is raining—the sky doing its best to resemble a Corot—and I am forced to stay indoors and play with my ark. Nurse's father called upon her during the morning. He is one of the submerged tenth, and extremely interesting; only I doubt if he will feel it acutely when I tell nurse that I am tired of her, and she carries home her broken heart to be healed. She is looking pale to-day; but this may be because I cried half the night and kept her awake. The fact is, I was cutting a tooth. I have given up trying to walk; learning somnambulism instead.

Thursday.—To-day I was spanked for the first time. When done crying, I mean to analyse my sensations at the time.

Arthur Quiller Couch, in the "Speaker."

COMMERCIAL.

So far as business is concerned the opening of the new year has developed no specially encouraging features. The continued absence of really wintry weather, and especially the entire failure of the usual snow to "materialise," enforcing a want of communication and distribution in the country, have combined to maintain and encourage the depression that has existed in many lines for the last two or three months.

Remittances have been slow and two or three failures or suspensions have added to the general uneasiness in business circles.

Still, there seems to be an abiding faith on the part of our business men in the future of trade. Last summer's produce is yet mainly in the province, and it is only a question of a very short time when it will be unlocked and seek a market. When our farmers, lumbermen and others who are engaged in industrial pursuits can realize on the results of their labor they must seek the vendors of other commodities and thus cause the circulation of money, which gives life to business of all kinds. Meanwhile all must persevere wait. The backwardness of returns, though it has its disadvantages, is serving one good purpose, and that is exposing the evils of the system of long credits which some of the trades still pursue.

One great difficulty that dealers—especially young ones—have to encounter is to determine what to buy. Goods must not be kept on the shelf for two or three years waiting for a purchaser. The turning over of stock ought to be ceaseless. Yet the question will always come up whether it is justifiable to "sacrifice" any particular line of goods to force their sale. Every merchant should try to obtain and to foster a certain *esprit de corps*, which will tend to prevent the trade from degenerating into paltry oppositionists. Nevertheless in many cases cutting of price must be resorted to for self-preservation and this should be done carefully and systematically. A dealer must not permit his stock either to accumulate or to depreciate in value. A man should know his stock and know when not to delay the sacrifice. The time to do this is not when business in any article is over, but just before the demand is about to slacken. The essence of the transaction is that a dealer's money must never be locked up in goods which are liable to depreciate in value.

The *Montreal Trade Bulletin* says:—"It is stated that a movement is on foot to form a combine of cigar manufacturers for the whole Dominion and some preliminary meetings have taken place. If the project goes through, factories will be established in Montreal, St. John, Toronto and Vancouver." It would be interesting to know whether the several factories now established in the above cities and that in Halifax are to be roped into this scheme and if so which of them are to be "suspended" or, in other words, "crushed out," or if the intention is to create new factories to rival those now in existence and, by the combination of capital, drive them to the wall.

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

Week Jan. 8.	Weeks corresponding to Jan. 8.		
	1891	1890	1889
United States 339	371	354	337
Canada 46	46	46	28

DRY GOODS.—The houses generally report fair orders so far as they have gone but, on the whole, business itself is of very small dimensions, as there has not yet been time to recover from the holiday quietness and the unseasonable weather which has prevailed has intensified the dullness. But the trade has lots of news in other directions, unfortunately in the way of business troubles in the upper provinces. Several prominent houses in the various branches of dry goods have been compelled to call their creditors together and a number of retailers there are also in difficulties. Owing to the extremely conservative policy pursued by our home houses during the past year we are happy to state that there are none that show any special symptoms of distress and that, though trade is dull and remittances far smaller than they should be, no disasters have or appear likely to occur.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—Pig iron rules quiet with little doing. Bar iron is unsettled. Makers held a meeting in Toronto a few days ago to endeavor to agree on a basis for prices, but if they reached a decision, which appears doubtful, it has not been made public. Tin, terns and Canada plates rule very quiet with no business doing. Copper and tin are quiet and dull and no transactions have taken place. The *New York Commercial Bulletin* says:—"The market for copper is very firm at last week's advance, sales aggregating on to 750,000 lbs. Lake Superior product having been made at 10c. to 11c., while the latter price was subsequently declined by agents of several producers. At the moment consumers are more conservative, however, the majority having secured supplies to meet near future wants. Casting brands are quoted at 10½c. to 10¾c. but the inside figures appear to be the highest on actual sales thus far. London prices have been higher by 10s., but lately declined to £46 12s. 6d. for merchant bars for prompt and £47 5s. for future delivery.

BREADSTUFFS.—There has been no change in the position of flour in the local market. Only a small movement confined to merely supplying the actual consumptive demand being in progress. Beerbohm's cable reports wheat firmer and corn a turn dearer. The Liverpool public cable says:—"Wheat firm; demand poor; holders offer sparingly; corn steady, but the demand has fallen off." The Chicago market has ruled very weak, largely owing to the publication of the final estimate of the Government's official statistician who gives the wheat crop at 612,000,000 measured bushels. The result has been a discouraged, heavy market. Corn followed wheat in heaviness and selling by discouraged bulls. Though the Government figures on this cereal and also on oats were about as expected and had but little effect, there was an increased demand for No. 3 by shippers and receipts are falling off. In New York wheat declined 2c. to 2¾c., and in St. Louis about 1½c. At Toledo, Duluth and Milwaukee wheat has been weak, though no actual decline is reported.

PROVISIONS.—The local demand for pork continues rather slow, but an improvement is looked for shortly. The holders are not very firm in their views and would, no doubt, do business below regular quotations. At Liverpool the provision market was quiet but steady and no important transactions are reported thence. In Chicago provisions were weak at the beginning of the week, but later on steadied up leaving prices unchanged. The Chicago hog market has been steady to strong. The cattle and sheep markets there were steady.

BUTTER.—Good and medium butters continue to be scarce, but this is offset by the fact that the demand appears to be considerably smaller than usual. Therefore the market is dull with but little movement at unchanged prices. In Montreal late quotations are: creamery 23c. to 24c.; eastern townships and Morrisburg 18c. to 20c., and western 14c. to 17c. A London report says:—"Butter is a dead market at present, though Friesland is the only brand showing a drop, the firm advices from the continent making agents cautious here, so that when business begins again higher prices may come, especially if the cold spell continues. Danish comes lightly, and the top level is again 144s., but buyers are not anxious thereof, and are turning their attention with increased eagerness to the New Zealand and Australian, which is all closed on arrival, several parcels being booked for delivery next week. In the North things are very quiet, receipts from Denmark being the only fresh stuff available is worth 142s. Canadian creamery in Glasgow is inquired for, and is quoted 108s. with little offering."

CHEESE.—In this market cheese continues as before. There is a fair, steady consumptive demand which is amply supplied but there is no overstocking, so that prices remain absolutely without change. In Montreal cheese continues to show the same firm feeling that has characterized it through the season and more enquiry is reported from the other side. Limite, however, still give some cause for complaint there, but business is being put through from day to day and holders are said to appear wholly at rest regarding the future. Quotations are 11 to 11½c. In London cheese has been slow on account of the holidays, but prices are maintained, and prospects seem clear for a further rise shortly. In Glasgow Canadian summers are well cleared, and September's are held for from 52s to 54s. The *New York Commercial Bulletin* has the following:—"The strength of tone is evidently unimpaired and it looks very much as though figures on stock would soon have to be marked up, in view of the cleaning out of the low-price lots and the dependence of buyers upon the stock of those who are standing on an extreme limit. Exporters as usual talk indifferently and tell about the absence of margins, with a probability of being unable to follow any advance, but they have already come up quite a fraction with their bids, and it is expected will do so again. There is also considerable hope of the home trade, now that first of the year has passed and custom knows about what it will want. Under-priced goods of desirable quality are becoming scarce, even at the advanced bids some buyers are willing to make. The exports for week will approximate 5,800 boxes."

EGGS.—The remarkably mild winter hitherto experienced has induced the hens to continue laying freely and, in consequence, this market is considerably overstocked with eggs. At the same time the demand appears to be smaller than usual. Prices are nominally unchanged, but for lots of any size it is probable that heavy shadings would readily be made. A London correspondent writes as follows:—"The egg trade, with the rest, has been quiet, but prices have undergone little change in London. French top price is 12s. 6d. per long hundred, 7s. 6d. bottom. In Liverpool prices have been affected by the recent heavy landings, which show no diminution such as speculators anticipated, after the close of navigation. Anticipating high prices they had bought largely, and last week's arrivals amounted to 4,200 cases from Canada, made the trade feel sick, with the result that rates have gone down fully 1s., though even so the returns should prove satisfactory. Many lots were left over at the close of the week, the only brand that had the good fortune to escape being the "Squirrel," which is in good demand in Liverpool, and which were all cleared in landing. The trade could hardly be going on better, all things considered. The arrivals of Canadian eggs in Liverpool this week have again been heavy, far too heavy after the large landing of the previous seven days, amounting to date to 1,270 cases, and this leaves a bad appearance at the close of the year. Mr. McQuinn writes me that there are heavy stocks lying in the warehouses at Liverpool, which must be moved quickly as eggs, Canadian especially, require to be quickly got rid of, as ten days in the hold of a vessel where no ventilation exists does not tend to increase the keeping capacity of an egg. The speculative jobbers who raided eggs recently have got nipped severely, as they counted on realising in the vicinity of 11s. to 12s. per long hundred, most of them having paid 9s. 6d. c.f. & i. for them. Although this means good business so far as these particular consignments are concerned to exporters, it is perhaps as well that they have dropped on their bargains, as the element of gambling, which is so pernicious and ineradicable a feature of all dealings in produce and grain here, is one which it is extremely undesirable to introduce into the egg business. This should be purely a consumptive trade, conducted on simple mercantile principles to the interest of exporter, receiver and purchaser, and speculation should be entirely excluded. It is thought by some dealers that there may in the near future be a disturbance in consequence of old stock being sold for fresh; and if this be so, holders will experience some difficulty in clearing. Some importers have cabled to shippers on your side to stay consigning for a bit, and advices as to consignments on the way are for lower figures. Prices in Liverpool have ranged from 8s. to 8s. 6d., and in Manchester, where a large number of the surplus are drafted, heavy placings have hauled down prices to 7s. 4d. to 7s. 8d. There are a lot of pickles on hand, and sellers are anxious to get rid of these before the fresh arrivals come on. A revival of business is expected early in the year, especially if Canadian shippers ease up, and it would be well for ex-

porters to be careful not to flood us, as the third week in January will see Irish fresh coming in, and buyers will turn to them. It is also to be remembered that Ireland is Canada's greatest rival in Liverpool, where heavy supplies are soon landed from the Emerald Isle. In the north with slower sales, holders have been rather inclined to press, becoming anxious about their stock, and easier prices are the natural consequence, though rates hold up in consequence of limited supplies. The fresh egg business being about over, I have been making inquiries as to what the trade here think about pickled stuff from the Dominion, and the general reply is that all good stuff from the Dominion, whether pickled or fresh, has a good chance, and that the trade is now on such a basis that it lies only with exporters to make it an over-expanding and profitable business. Messrs. Lawrie & Co., Glasgow, inform me that the Canadian egg business is going splendidly there. These eggs, both pickled and fresh, are coming freely into the market, where they have been firmly established during the past two months, meeting a ready sale where condition is good. They say they look for an expansion of this trade 'with satisfactory results for both shipper and consumer.'

APPLES.—The shipments of apples from this province to England continue to be in good volume, and returns so far are reported to have been quite satisfactory. The goods sent have been carefully picked and packed and arrived out in good order with very few exceptions. A report from London is as follows:—"Owing to the exceptional purchases of fruit incident to the Xmas season, apples have been in active request, and large sales have been effected, Canadians having undergone a change for the better of considerable value. For 1390 barrels Canadians ex Durham City sold by Kœling & Hunt on Tuesday there was an active competition, and good prices resulted. Nine barrels of J. P. G. Russetts fetched the splendid price of 32s. per barrel, while some Baldwins fetched 20s., Spitz, Spies and Wagners being disposed of at excellent rates. The lowest for recognized brands was in the region of 12s. 731 barrels Nova Scotian went barely so well, but still at remunerative prices, Ribston pippins topping 17s. 6d. and Kings 14s. 6d., Golden Russetts 13s. 6d. and Bowden Baldwins 12s. 6d. In Liverpool, trade has been active and an advance established. Arrivals there to 19th inst. 572,827 barrels against about 195,000 last year, of which the vast majority are Canadians, many parcels ex steamers from Boston and New York being Canadians.

DRIED FRUIT.—The market is dull even to slowness, but the general feeling is firm. Raisins, though low offers are spoken of, are not appreciably changed on spot. Currants have an easier tendency.

SUGAR.—Last Saturday our local refineries advanced prices 1/2c to 3/4c, and still further advances are spoken of as a necessity owing to the very firm attitude of the raw article. A cable from London says that—"The market for beet root is advancing steadily beyond reach owing to revival in speculation," and beet firsts are cabled at 14s 9d per cwt., spot, which is an advance of 6d, while futures are still dearer; beet firsts, for April, were cabled at 15s on Tuesday. Refined has also advanced in London. A telegram from New York says that large sales of Demarara afloat to Philadelphia, have been made at 3 1/2c, an advance of 1/2c from the price in the last few days. Granulated in New York has advanced 1/4c. The Montreal *Trade Bulletin* says:—"Our local market is still very dull, and merchants are only buying from hand to mouth; so far values here have not responded to the advance outside, partly owing to the dullness of business generally, but more largely to the amount of competition between the different refineries. It is, however, certain that prices here must advance as with present values of raw, refiners are selling below cost price, and if they had not all had large stocks of raw on hand they would have been driven to put prices up before now. The outlook just now is very strong, more especially as Licht has again reduced his estimate of the beet sugar crop by another 100,000 tons. Yellows of low grade here have been put up a sixteenth, but bright yellows and granulated are unchanged. We quote: Granulated 4 1/2c.; yellows, low grades, 3 7/16c to 3 1/2c.; bright yellow, 4 1/2c.; at the refineries."

TEA.—Opinions differ as to the tea market, some saying that a good deal more enquiry is evident, while others declare that the quiet feeling continues. For ourselves we incline to the latter view. The New York market for futures has advanced a little and the spot market there is a trifle firmer.

COFFEE.—The market is strong and advices from foreign markets are very firm with quite an apparent upward tendency. Local prices can hardly be said to have advanced, but are decidedly firm.

FISH.—We have nothing new to report regarding the local fish situation, which remains as dull as it is possible for it to be. There is absolutely no life at all manifested in this line. Some good catches of herring are reported from Newfoundland, but inasmuch as Canadians are not permitted to buy or to catch fish on those inhospitable shores, the fact does not interest us here, beyond the natural pleasure that is felt in knowing that others are doing well in their hazardous calling. Our outside advices are as follows:—**Montraal, Jan. 13.**—"The market for pickled fish has been very quiet during the past week, only a few casual sales of No. 1 green cod being reported at \$5.37 1/2 to \$5.50 per bbl., small lots being quoted at \$5.75. Large is scarce and quoted at \$6 to \$6.50. Dry cod quiet at \$5.25 to \$5.50. Newfoundland salmon is unchanged at \$19 to \$21 per tierce as to quality, and in bbls. at \$13.50 to \$14. Labrador herring have sold at \$5.75 for choice, and at \$5 to \$5.50 for shore herring. There has been a good demand for fresh cod and haddock, with business reported at 3c. to 4c. per lb. wholesale; lake trout is quiet at 6 1/2c. to 7c. The market for smoked fish remains about as last quoted. Yarmouth bloaters \$1.25 to \$2 per 100; St. John bloaters \$1.25; boneless cod, large boxes, 6c.; do. small boxes 7c. A few lots of frozen herring have been received from the Lower Provinces and sold at \$1.75 to \$2 per hundred." **Gloucester, Mass., Jan. 13.**—"The new year opens with a fair supply of frozen herring bait, and with improved weather active operations may be looked for. A good business is being done by the herring-

smokers, but business is slack in the skinning lofts and movements are only moderate. The commercial travellers are getting away, and with low stocks and a prosperous country a good spring trade is anticipated. Receipts very light the past week. We quote as follows: Frozen herring \$3.50 per cwt.; herring bait from cold storage, \$3.50 per cwt.; fare sales of Georges cod \$5 and \$3.75; fare sale of fresh mixed fish at \$1.60 for cusk, \$1.20 for hake, \$1 for pollock, and \$2.75 for cod; boat cod and haddock \$4; last fare sale of Bank halibut 17 1/2 and 14 1/2c. per lb. for white and gray; salt spurling bait for haddock fishermen \$2.50 per bbl.; salt herring \$3 per bbl. in bulk. Mackerel, jacking: Small 3's \$8.50 and \$9; medium 3's \$10.50 and \$11; large 3's \$14; medium 2's \$13 and \$14; large 2's \$17 and \$18; bay 1's \$21; shore 1's \$24; extra shore 1's \$26; extra bloaters \$30. We quote New Georges codfish at \$7.50 per qtl. for large, and small at \$5.50; Bank \$6.75 to \$7.25 for large, and \$4.50 to \$5 for small; Shore \$7.25 and \$5.25 for large and small; dry Bank \$7.25, medium \$5.50. We quote cured cusk at \$5.50 per qtl; hake \$3; haddock \$4.13 to \$4.50; heavy salted pollock \$3, and English-cured do. \$3.75 per qtl. Labrador herring \$6 per bbl.; Newfoundland do. \$7; Nova Scotia do. \$7; Eastport \$3.50; split Shore \$4, round do. \$4.50; round Eastport \$4; pickled codfish \$5; haddock \$3.50; halibut head \$3.50; sounds \$13; tongues and sounds \$12, tongues \$11; alewives \$3.50; trout \$14; Halifax salmon \$23; Newfoundland do. \$16."

TESTIMONY OF WM. CUMMINGS, Esq., senior partner of the firm of Wm. Cummings & Sons, Wholesale dry goods merchants, Truro, Nova Scotia. It is with pleasure that I give you the following testimonial of the wonderful cure that has been effected in me by the use of K. D. C. Three months ago my life was a burden to me. My food would not digest. I had a sour stomach and heavy headache. I was prevailed upon by my wife to try K. D. C. After taking it a short time I found myself growing much better. To day dyspepsia is all gone and I cannot describe the change any better than by saying that there has been a new creation in my digestive organs. Four packages made an efficient cure.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES.

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

GROCERIES.

SUGARS.	
Cut Leaf.....	5 1/2
Granulated.....	4 1/2 to 4 3/4
Circle A.....	4 1/2
White Extra C.....	4 1/2
Standard.....	3 1/2 to 3 3/4
Extra Yellow C.....	3 1/2
Yellow C.....	3 1/2
TEA.	
Congou, Common.....	17 to 18
" Fair.....	20 to 23
" Good.....	25 to 29
" Choice.....	31 to 35
" Extra Choice.....	35 to 36
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39
MOLASSES.	
Barbadoes.....	35
Demerara.....	35 to 38
Diamond N.....	48
Porto Rico.....	34 to 35
Cienfuegos.....	none
Trinidad.....	32 1/2 to 33
Antigua.....	33 to 34
Tobacco, Black.....	45 to 47
" Bright.....	47 to 55
BISCUITS.	
Pilot Bread.....	3.00
Boston and Thin Family.....	6 1/2
Soda.....	6 1/2
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7 1/2
Fancy.....	8 to 15

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Apples, per bbl., N. S.....	2.00 to 3.00
Oranges, Jamaica, brls.....	7.00 to 7.50
Lemons, per case.....	5.00
Cocoanuts, new per 100.....	5.00
Onions Am. per lb.....	2 to 2.50
" Canadian.....	2 to 2.50
Dates boxes, new.....	5 1/2 to 6
Raisins, Valencia..... new.....	6 1/2 to 7
Figs, Elme, 5 lb boxes per lb., new.....	10 to 11
" small boxes.....	9 to 10
Prunes Stewing, boxes.....	7
Bananas.....	1.50 to 2.00
Cranberries, per bbl.....	8.00

C. H. Harvey, 12 & 10 Sackville St.

FISH.

	Ex Vessel.	Ex Store
MACKEREL—		
Extras.....	19.00	
No. 1.....	16.50	
" 2 large.....	14.57	
" 2.....	10.00	
" 3 large, Reamed.....	7.50	
" 3, Reamed.....	6.25	
" 3 large, Plain.....	5.00	
" 3 Plain.....	5.00	
Small.....	4.75	
HERRING.		
No. 1 C. B. July.....	5.00	5.50
" 1 Fall Split.....	3.50	
" 1 Fall Round.....	3.00	
" 1 Labrador.....	4.75	6.25
" 1 Georges Bay.....	2.25	2.25
" 1 Bay of Islands.....	3.00	3.00
ALEWIVES, No. 1.....	4.25	
SALMON.		
No. 1, 1/2 brl.....	14.00	16.00
No. 2, 1/2 brl.....	12.00	14.00
" 3.....	10.00	13.00
Small.....		
CODFISH.		
Hard C. B.....	4.25	4.75
Western Shore.....	3.75	5.00
Bank.....	4.50	4.50
Bay.....	4.00	4.50
Newfoundland.....	3.75	none
Haddock.....	3.25	3.75
Banks & Western.....	3.25	3.75
Hake.....	2.50	3.00 to 3.25
Pollock.....		4.00
Hake Soums, per lb.....	12 1/2	
Cod Oil per gal.....	29	32c.

BREADSTUFFS

The present is essentially a dull season. We think in the whole course of our business experience, we have scarcely seen anything to match it; the weather has been so soft that winter operations could not be carried on in the usual way, consequently trade has been very dull.

We may look for improvement in prices and a steady gain all through the spring months.

We make no changes in our quotations.

FLOUR.	
Manitoba Highest Grade Patents.....	5.75 to 6.00
High Grade Patents.....	5.10 to 5.25
Good 90 per cent. Patents.....	4.90 to 5.00
Straight Grade.....	4.80
Good Seconds.....	4.40
Graham Flour.....	5.50
Oatmeal.....	4.15
" Rolled.....	4.45
Kiln Dried Cornmeal.....	3.40
" In Bond.....	3.00
Roll'd Wheat.....	5.35
Wheat Bran, per ton.....	20.00 to 21.00
Middlings.....	23.50
Shorts.....	22.50
Cracked Corn " including bags.....	25.00
Ground Oil Cake, per ton.....	36.00 to 38.00
Meal.....	24.00 to 25.00
" Peas.....	4.10
White Beans, per bushel.....	1.50 to 1.55
Red Beans, per barrel.....	3.90 to 4.50
Canadian Oats, choice.....	43 to 45
P. E. Island Oats, choice.....	41 to 45

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

PROVISIONS.

cef. Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	14.50 to 15.00
" Am. Plate.....	15.00 to 16.00
" Ex. Plate.....	15.00 to 16.50
Pork, Mess, American.....	18.00 to 18.50
" American, clear.....	17.50 to 18.00
" P. E. I. Mess.....	35.00 to 35.50
" P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	14.00 to 14.50
" Prime Mess.....	11.50 to 12.50
Lard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island.....	12
" American.....	10 to 11
Hams, P. E. I., green.....	9

Prices are for wholesales only, and are liable to change daily.

BUTTER AND CHEESE

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	2
" In Small Tubs.....	25
" Good, in large tubs, new.....	17 to 18
" Store Packed & oversalted.....	18
Canadian Township, new.....	20 to 22
" Western.....	18
" old.....	15
Cheese, Canadian.....	11
" Antigonish.....	11 1/2

SALT.

Factory Filled.....	\$1.50
Fine Liverpool, bag, from store.....	1.25
Liverpool, 1/2 hhd.....	1.20
" do.....	1.20
Capiz.....	1.00
Turks Island.....	1.00
Lisbon.....	1.00
Coarse W. I.....	1.00
Trapan.....	1.40
" do.....	1.40

THE MYSTERIOUS ROOM.

A STORY OF OLD PARIS.

"Help, monsieur! Oh! save me!—save me!"

Young Ormsby turned at the sound of a voice full of terror. He had been walking very leisurely through one of the narrow, historical thoroughfares of lower Paris. A brilliant moon shone on the uneven pavement, the broken sidewalk, the grim walls on either hand, and one great iron-studded gate on his right suggested a private bastille.

Now, however, as he stood there quite motionless, held by the sudden cry, a young girl, hardly more than a child, came flying towards him like a spirit. Unceremoniously beautiful she seemed, her great blue eyes shining, her gold-bronzed hair floating like a veil about her neck and shoulders. Catching him by the arm, she clung desperately to him, her tearful, beseeching eyes appealing for pity and protection.

"What can I do for you? I am a stranger in Paris. What is the matter?" he asked.

"Take me with you, anywhere—even to the *gens-d'armes*—any place where I can claim protection. My grandfather will kill me. Oh, fly! monsieur—he is coming!"

The young man, thus adjured, knew not what course to pursue. To run away with a girl not dressed for the public streets, though beautiful as an angel, was not exactly what he cared to do. Where should he take her, stranger as he was? He had but one friend in all Paris, his chum and fellow-traveller, Hal Bentley, a cynical fellow, who laughed at all his romantic schemes, and kept him from going into a good many of them.

By this time a tall old man, with a grand head from which the white hair hung in clusters of curls, emerged from the gate. He was bare-headed, and in figure and mien singularly graceful, as he came toward Ormsby, with one hand outstretched—otherwise calm and courteous.

"I am exceedingly sorry, monsieur, the child has given you uneasiness," he said, in soft, musical tones. "The girl must be pardoned—she does not know what she is doing at times. Monsieur can see the wildness of her eyes; he notices the *abandon* of her manner; he must observe that she has taken no care of her toilet. The child is deranged—a clouded intellect," and he put his forefinger to his forehead. "I do not permit her to be carried to the hospital, but prefer myself to care for her—the child of a beloved daughter. Permit me to say good-night."

Ormsby stood speechless, bewildered.

"Oh, monsieur!" cried the girl, as the old man caught her—not roughly—by both hands, and drew her, trembling from head to foot, toward him. "It is as I told you. Help!—will no one help me? He will kill me in his terrible experiments. I am too young to die! Oh, save me!"

"I cannot take you from your rightful protector," said Ormsby, in as good French as he could muster. "I am sorry for you, but you had better go with him. He will not harm you, I am sure."

"Oh, you don't know him—I can't make you understand—but you will not forget," cried the girl, despairingly, as she went struggling, by the old man's side. "He will kill me—all for science! I am sane, as heaven hears me! I am unfortunate; but you will remember."

Then the massive gate shut with a loud clang, leaving Ormsby alone—dazed, wondering and irresolute. It all seemed like a bad dream; but some one coming by stared at him, standing watching the gate, so, recollecting himself, he started on, and, after a little aimless wandering, found his hotel.

This was not one of the best, neither of the poorest. The two friends had joined expenses, and had taken two parlors. One of these they had converted into a bedroom; the other, on the sunny side of the street, and whose oriel window overlooked the numerous passers-by, they called parlor, library, smoking and reception room, whichever way they liked to consider it.

Bentley was writing a book. Ormsby found him bending over the fire. Manuscript covered the table and the floor; the window was open.

"I have had an adventure," said Ormsby, as, having put aside coat and hat, he threw himself into a chair.

"What! so soon? What a wonderful fellow you are! Adventures are as plentiful with you as blackberries in July, while I must traverse the length of Paris, and none of them would happen to me. It must be because you are rich and good-looking."

Ormsby laughed, but soon grew grave again, and related what had occurred.

"Upon my soul, that is rather curious," said Bentley, looking up questioningly. "I should have been tempted to investigate."

"How could I? One can't force himself into another man's house. Besides, if that old fellow was a rascal, he was one of the most esantly and gentlemanly sort I ever met."

"Oh, you can't tell a rascal here from the outside," said Bentley. "All the grades are polished to the finger-tips, and the bigger the knave the more courtly. The girl was pretty, you say?"

"Beautiful! exquisitely lovely!" said Ormsby.

"Hit!" said the other, with a laugh.

"Hit or not, she was the prettiest thing I ever saw," said Ormsby. "The moonlight may have bewitched me, and heightened her charms, but I never saw a sweeter face. I confess her piteous glances haunt me yet."

"Do you know where you met her?"

"Not the name of the street, but I could go to it again—one of those short thoroughfares where, here and there, the buildings looked like prisons. When the gate was open I caught a glimpse of a garden and a long court-

yard—that is all I saw; but I shouldn't wonder if there is something wrong behind the gloomy old wall."

"I should say so, if the girl is demented," said Bentley.

"It may be the girl is all right, and the old man is crazy," was Ormsby's rejoinder.

"Possibly. Well, don't let it disturb your appetite. I've ordered some fresh fish, and we must both do justice to it. Here it comes," he added, as a high-nosed, white-aproned waiter made his appearance. "We'll now forget the pretty maniac to-night, and recall her, if convenient, to-morrow; only, I give you this piece of advice—don't give way to any of your quixotic notions unless I am by."

They finished dinner, smoked, and went to the theatre. Curiously enough, the plot of the play hinged upon the imprisonment of a young girl for the sake of getting her fortune, and thus served to keep up the interest which Ormsby felt in the incident of the afternoon. On the day following, both young men went round to the street in question, to take a more leisurely survey of the house; but nothing presented itself by which they might have been able to judge who lived there. The building was very old, and an ancient coat-of-arms was carved midway on the dingy stone wall. The old estate had, no doubt, once been the residence of some noble family. A few shuttered windows met their gaze upon the street side. Opposite was a small variety shop. A few gaudy bonnets, some faded hose, ribbons, pins and needles, odd numbers of books and magazines, yellow strips of embroidery and cheap handkerchiefs filled the narrow, bluish window-panes, and in their midst sat a sleek Angora cat that blinked and nodded and now and then caught a fly.

"We'll go in here and buy some pins," said Bentley.

A shrivelled old lady, with black eyes as bright as diamonds, answered the call. Bentley bought several articles of which he was in no immediate need.

"Do you know who lives opposite?" he asked of the spry little shop-keeper.

"Is it the tall, gray house?"

"Just there," and Ormsby pointed it out.

"Ah! the old *hotel* of the D'Aubines. It was once a noble house. No, monsieur, I do not know. A lone man, I should think. He goes out but occasionally—a tall old gentleman, with a beautiful beard, very stately. I have but once or twice seen him. No, monsieur, I do not know."

"There is a young lady there, I believe!" said Bentley.

"That I know not. I never saw one. We are here only in the daytime. We shut up early, my husband and I—we are so old—and go to our home on another street. My daughter once saw some people go in over there, and carriages used to come, but none of late. The house is never lighted up now. It is a lonesome place—only one man and no servant."

That was all they could learn. The great gate shut out all beyond. On the street the windows were dark.

"Very strange," muttered Ormsby, as they left the shop. "I certainly saw the young girl, and she was taken through that gate. It is a mystery which I should like to solve. I believe there is something wrong about the business, but of course there's no use trying to get at it. Paris, like all other great cities, has its secrets."

"Yes; and I should be very careful how I tried to unravel them," said his friend. "It is quite as true that a meddler comes to harm as that listeners hear no good of themselves. Better forget the thing altogether."

This was good advice, and Ormsby tried to forget; but it seemed to him that the incident reappeared and enacted itself a hundred times a day.

One moonlight evening, nearly a month afterward, he concluded to go down the same street. His friend declined to accompany him. He had been sight-seeing, and was, besides, in a mood for writing. Slippers, book and fire proved too great a temptation, and Ormsby went alone.

"If I'm not home by ten o'clock, old fellow, summon the police," said Ormsby, laughing, as he left him.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, find any more adventures," said Bentley. "If I am not with you, you run naturally into scrapes—pray be careful. It's a moonlight night. Leave your pocket-book at home, and then you can turn a cold shoulder to the beggars."

Ormsby laughed heartily, as he left the house and turned his footsteps toward the lower part of the city. He knew he should be besieged by beggars and that he should give them money. No one happened to molest him, however, and he turned his footsteps in the direction of the little old shop. Something seemed to impel him there. Arriving opposite the strange old house, he noticed that the great gate was open. He crossed over, and went cautiously into the open space behind it. How vast and dismal it seemed! A few flowers languished in neglected garden-plots. A stone image at the farther end grinned ghastly, or seemed to, in the moonlight. On either hand, the walls of tall houses stood black against the sky. He could make out the face of a clock without hands at the kitchen end of the house. Three or four trees, immense in size, cast heavy shadows on the moonlighted pavement, but in all the wilderness of stone there was no light save that of the moon, which made circles and quivering lines in the windows. A cat ran like a frightened thing along the base of the wall and disappeared in the darkness, for the moon went under a cloud. Presently the cloud vanished, and everything passed out of shadow into a white light that brightened the rock-work in the garden, the curious figures—like gargoyles on a church—along the second and third stories on the right, giving a weird, uncanny blue whiteness to the massive structure.

Suddenly a window opened. It was one that led out on a little stone balcony, and as Ormsby checked his footsteps, he looked up, and there, outside the window, stood the young girl, the moonlight making her delicate beauty more ethereal than before, and the soft breeze lifting her curling locks, which, escaped from comb or ribbon, fell all over her shoulders.

"Oh! monsieur!" she cried, in a low, strained voice, "for the love of Heaven, help! I am starving!"

"How can I help you?" asked Ormsby, his nature stirred to its depths by her terrible confession. "Is it possible to reach you?"

"Monsieur, stand aside. I am locked in here; but I have a key which I found on the ledge of the wall down-stairs some time ago. It is large; I will throw it down. Heaven grant it may open some door. My grandfather went away early yesterday morning. He has not returned. Try all the doors; there is not a living soul in the house."

A sharp, ringing sound on the pavement! The key had fallen at his feet. Ormsby stooped, picked it up, and looked round irresolutely. If the girl was mad, surely insanity never took on a fairer guise. She stood with her hands pressed together, her eyes lifted to heaven, the fair oval of her face distinctly defined against the rough background, and though for a moment irresolute, the young man felt that he had courage enough to save her, if only he could assure himself that her grandfather was away.

"There are five doors," said the girl; "the key may fit some one of them; three on this side, two on the kitchen-end. All the rooms communicate, and more than half of them are unfurnished. Pray—pray try the key!"

He began at what was usually considered the porter's lodge. The key entered easily enough, but turned without resistance, and was of no use. In like manner he tried the other doors, but only at the last one—the out-house, or outer kitchen—was his effort successful.

All was dark on the inside, and the smell of damp and mold was something appalling. Luckily, he always carried a box of small wax matches, and had newly supplied himself that day. Carefully closing the door, he drew one of the matches across the rough side of the little brass box, and after his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, looked about him. He was in a large, rough kitchen, probably the outer one of all, where in former years the cooking had been done. A black cavity yawned in the chimney-place, beside which were stone slabs for tins and kettles; a broad shelf hung above. The floor was black, broken, and swarmed with beetles, which scampered, however, as he moved forward. The rough walls were bare and discolored. Not a stick of furniture was visible. In a corner of the shelf, glued to the board, was an inch or two of dirty wax candle. This he appropriated, lighted, and went through a door hanging by one hinge into a second room, larger and blacker than the last, one side of which was filled with hanging-shelves, the other with bare, brown tables, over which hooks and nails were ranged, as if to hold meats or utensils. Then came a smaller room, showing two or three sinks and cupboards. Out of this he emerged into a narrow entry, where stairs led to what had probably been the servants' quarters.

Every step he took sounded with horrible reverberation through the house, or so it seemed to Ormsby's excited fancy. Now he entered a small room dismantled of furniture, great pieces of damp paper fluttering from the walls; now a room richly frescoed, here and there a cracked mirror set in the panels—in some cases all the glass had gone; then in a saloon of long-departed splendour; and then came a wide hall, running the whole length of the house. His bit of candle still served, and he tried the doors, one after another, that led into the front of the house, but they were locked. It must be this part of the house, he thought, in which the young girl is imprisoned. With fiendish deliberation, or lunatic cunning, the old man had locked her in, so that there could be no possible escape for her. He went to the end of the hall and looked out of the narrow window. Like all the others, it had a small stone balcony. Opening the window, he stepped out cautiously. To the next balcony on range the distance was fully seven feet, perhaps more. Where to find a board that would bear his weight from window to window! The distance below to the moonlighted pavement made him shudder. The trees and the plants made great blotches of shadow; the whole space was empty; no one had entered. It was evident that the old man had deserted the premises, either through fear of detection or to rid himself of existence.

Ormsby went back to the door of the first room. It was heavy and elaborately carved, yet age and damp had weakened it. Trying his strength against it, he noticed that it gave a little. At the same moment a faint cry sounded not far off. The girl had probably heard the assault upon the door, and had therefore cried out for joy. Or could it be that the old man had returned! He listened. All was quiet. He had no weapon except a delicate clasp-knife, with a long, keen blade, and his cane, which was loaded.

An athlete by training, the supposition that the old man had come back rather nerved him. Again and again he applied his shoulder to the panel, and on the third assault broke it in, and with the aid of his knife and cane made room enough to enter; so, taking his candle and grasping his cane, that he might be ready for an emergency, he crawled through.

For a moment he stood breathless, and then began slowly to perceive that he was not alone. Horror of horrors! a man's eyes encountered his with a steady stare—another, and yet another. Great Heaven! where was he?—in what silent, ghastly company? There was a table, and yet not one of them moved—no eyes fell beneath his gaze, no hand stirred, no flesh quivered. He stood like one turned to stone as they seemed to be—stood and felt his strength desert him, his legs give way under him, and his whole body sway like a leaf.

Gradually he recovered from this fright, and as there were neither sound nor motion, he began to look about him. The walls were covered with moth-eaten tapestry. The chairs were faded, and of an old, old fashion. The table was set as if for supper; fruits, flowers, dishes of cold meat, stood upon it.

(To be continued.)

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MINING.

The annual statistical number of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, containing the mineral statistics for 1891, is a most valuable compilation, and reflects great credit on the enterprise of its management and the painstaking work of its editorial staff. It is not a mere compilation of dry statistics, but each mineral is exhaustively treated, mineralogically and economically, by distinguished specialists. Its ores, method of winning, history of production, uses and price being most lucidly and interestingly set forth. It is not confined to the minerals of the United States, but statistics and able articles are furnished from all parts of the world, the minerals of the different Provinces of the Dominion receiving careful attention. The article on nickel gives full information in regard to the Sudbury district, and further particulars are furnished under the heading of Ontario. John Stewart, M. E., treats of Canada, and adds a table showing the mineral production of the Dominion from 1885 to 1890, both years inclusive. There are special articles on Ontario, Quebec, British Columbia and Nova Scotia describing the minerals and localities producing them, with a history of the operations during 1891. The article on British Columbia is written by George E. R. Ellis, M. E., while that on Nova Scotia is by our highest authority, E. Gilpin, Jr., M. E., Inspector of Mines. It is a concise summary of the year's work, and is of such great interest that we reproduce it in full, and shall in future issues draw largely from the rich mine of information furnished by the foremost mining journal in the world.

During the year 1891 the mining industries of this Province have shown little advancement of a startling character.

COAL.—The total output of the collieries for the year is 2,046,000 tons (2,240 lbs.), compared with 1,984,001 tons in 1889, the increase being absorbed in Nova Scotia and Quebec. The trade up the St. Lawrence continues to grow steadily, but that with the United States shows no improvement. The largest individual output was from the Springhill mines, being 161,000 tons. Many improvements have been introduced in the way of iron heapsteads, screens, ventilators, etc., and the Jeffry and Ingersoll coal cutters. The outlook for next season's work is, so far as can be judged at present, encouraging, and efforts will be made to put all the pits in a position to give an increased output next year.

COPPER.—The Eastern Development Company has continued opening its mine at Coxheath, and has now taken out several thousand tons of ore, but has not commenced regular mining. The amount of ore in sight would warrant the erection of smelting works, etc. Discoveries of copper ore have been reported from several localities, but little work may be expected before the Coxheath mines are started.

GOLD.—From the returns so far received it is estimated that the total yield of gold this year will be 20,750 ozs. from 45,000 tons of quartz, etc. During the year a number of mines have been closed which had too much surface development, while a number of the older mines kept on working steadily. None of the yields were notable except one from Uniacke, where 60 tons of ore yielded 768 ozs. of gold. Some examination has been made into the question of alluvial mining here, and there appears to be good reason for considering the alluvium of many parts of the Province auriferous enough to warrant systematic testing.

IRON.—The furnaces at Londonderry have been run steadily on ore from the Cobequid mines, and from Torbrook, in the Annapolis Valley. The production of pig iron has been 19,800 (long) tons. The plant is being enlarged with a view to doubling the production next season. The New Glasgow Iron and Railway Company is about completing its smelting plant at Eureka, Pictou County, and has 12 miles of railway completed to its iron mines at Springville. It expects to be in blast next May. A charcoal iron furnace is being built by Pictou people in the same district. The total production of iron ore was 60,000 tons.

MANGANESE, etc.—There is little else to report. About 50 tons of manganese have been returned.

PLASTER.—The quarries around Windsor, Hants County, have been kept employed, and the output from the province is about the same as last year, viz., about 150,000 tons. Two quarries in Cape Breton have shipped several thousand tons to New York.

SUMMARY.—The mineral production of the Province in 1891 may be summarized as follows: Coal, 2,046,000 tons, valued at \$3,069,000; gypsum, 150,000 tons, valued at \$127,500; iron ore, 60,000 tons, valued at \$120,000; manganese, 50 tons, valued at \$3,750; gold, 20,750 ounces, valued at \$406,700; total value, \$3,726,250.

MINERAL PRODUCTION OF NOVA SCOTIA IN 1889 AND 1890.

	1889.	1890.		1889.	1890.
Gold, ounces.....	24,175	24,358	Barytes..... tons..
Iron Ore..... tons..	45,000	51,191	Grindstones, etc " ..	18,000	8,385
Manganese Ore ..	50	50	Molding sand.. " ..	170	170
Coal raised....	1,984,001	2,046,000	Antimony Ore. " ..	55	26
Coal made....	35,279	35,278	Limestone.....	19,000	35,000
Gypsum.....	147,344	146,000	Copper Ore..... " ..	500	1,000

*Ton of 2,240 lbs. †Amount exported. ‡Value in dollars.

MONTAGUE.—The sale of the Annaud, Rose, Montreal, British American and Lawson properties at Montague has been finally completed, and while the vendors have received a large price the purchasers have got good value for their money. The mines will soon be extensively and economically worked, and the probabilities are that large dividends will reward the English shareholders in the strong company organized with the object of purchasing and developing Nova Scotia gold mines.

Mr. Woodhouse, M. E., and his associates have simply accomplished wonders in floating a gold mining company in London at such short notice

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n the face of the present disorganized state of the money market, and their success is a tribute to their high reputations for ability and integrity.

It is likely that still larger ventures will soon follow this first purchase, and the beneficial results to the Province will be simply incalculable.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. Charles Annand, to whose business enterprise, sagacity and pluck the proving of the richness of the district is mainly due, and also to Manager McQuarrie who has so successfully conducted the mining operations.

Mr. Annand has proved his faith in his native Province by his works, and his reward is a substantial fortune.

Pessimists who delight in decrying the value of our mineral resources and in placing every imaginable obstacle in the way of success will now be shamed into silence, and men of ideas and enterprise, who seek to advance their interests and the mining interests of the Province will not much longer be sneered at as visionary and impracticable.

CARIBOO.—There is nothing particularly new to report from this district. The Herbert Dixon mine continues to pan out as richly as ever and an important sale of a large property is likely to be soon completed.

Mr. McCallum, who made the rich find in the old Alpha property at Mount Uniacke, has gone to Whiteburn to look after his gold mining interests in that locality.

SHERBROOKE.—The Blaikie Mining Company mortared three and a half ounces of gold from thirty pounds of quartz last week, the lead is very small,—not more than an inch thick in the widest part. Thirty-five pounds of the lead crushed with a ton of dump on December 31st. yielded three ounces and fifteen penny weights. The Blaikie company are said to have purchased the Goldenville mill, which will be repaired and put in running order without delay. They have secured the services of Mr. Alexander Anderson as manager. Mr. Anderson has been connected with the Sherbrooke district for over twenty years. The Coburg company were busy pumping all last week; the pit makes a great deal of water as it drains the surrounding country for several hundred feet.

Mr. Willis is still at Sherbrooke. It is not yet known what the Sutherland Company intend to do. They have a good little property, and it seems a pity so much delay and trouble should have arisen in working it.

Some prospecting is going on on the old Wellington property. John Williams and Malcolm Cameron are cutting for the Blackie lead which runs through the property. The open season has been very much in favor of prospecting in this as in every other district.

GOLD MINING IN YARMOUTH COUNTY.—Last spring Mr. W. H. Nash of Reading Mass. and some Boston gentlemen leased the Kempt Gold Mines at Kemptville comprising 60 areas situate on Crawley's lake 1/2 mile from the village. The property had been pretty well prospected and two miles of five stamps each had been lost by fire one of which had been put up by the present company. Mr. Nash, the superintendent, having proved the richness of the mine, commenced last spring to put up a ten stamp mill. The batteries and iron work for which were furnished by the Burrell-Johnson Iron Co. are 4,000 lbs. each and stamps 950 lbs., the amalgamating plates are electro-plated and various improvements have been made by Mr. Nash. The frame work is made after the plan of Fraser & Chalmers of Chicago, built of heavy birch timber and well bolted throughout. There is no battery pump as formerly used, the tank being filled by the inspirator that feeds the boiler, and gives sufficient warmth for crushing. The building is 28 by 40 with a shed for boiler and engine of fifty horse power automatic, made at the Allas Works, Indianapolis, and is a daisy. The pumping, hoisting and drilling is done by steam power, a half-inch pipe conveys steam to the dynamite magazine, and they intend putting in a dynamo for lighting the mine and mill. Mr. Nash is a practical miner and assayer and thoroughly understands the business of mining and milling the ores; he is working a large lead 3 feet thick which gives about one ounce to the ton, this he has named the Hercules. He has also discovered another lead of ten inches named the Eureka which assays 3 ozs. to the ton at 4 feet from the top of the lode. The shaft is well timbered and all ready for work. There are 9 other leads open which show gold. They cleaned up the last of December after putting through 70 tons giving a bar of gold 55 ozs. 17 dwt; this month will probably give more. The plates being new it takes considerable of the gold the first run to fill them. The Kempt Mine is joined on the East by the Rozee Mine, and on the west by the Cowan Mine and Ryerson Mine. The Cowan Mine, which has not been worked the past year back, is now reported sold to some Boston parties, and will no doubt be worked in the early spring. The Ryerson Mine is partly developed showing some fine leads and is in the market if wanted. The Carlton Mine has not been worked the past year. The Huntingdon Reef Mining Company who put up a large mill at Chegogin two years ago have closed down for some time but may start again this spring.

OYSTERS AND SEEDS

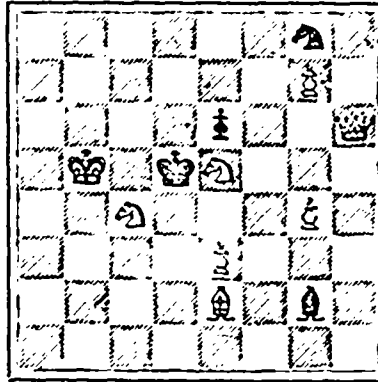
Are valuable for what's in 'em. Good and bad oysters look alike in the shell. Good and bad seeds often have the same appearance. Any seed that will grow is a worthless oyster on opening it. The value of a seed must be determined by its growth. This makes its quality worth considering. You want seeds that will grow, and you want the product to be of value. You cannot ensure either of these things by mere inspection. There is but one guarantee; the reliability of the firm from which you buy. That our advertisers, Messrs. D. M. Ferry & Co., of Windsor, Ont., are most reliable, is attested by the fact that millions buy seeds from them year after year. Their enormous business furnishes the highest proof of their reliability. Their Seed Annual for 1892 is a model of its kind—illustrated, described, priced. It contains information of great value to anyone about to plant seeds. Sent free on application to the firm's address, Windsor, Ont.

CHESS.

Solution of Problem 98: Kt at K15 to B7. Solved by C. W. L.

PROBLEM No. 100.

From the Evening News and Post. By Percy Healey, London, Eng. Black 4 pieces.



White 8 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

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GAME No. 101.

Game played April 6, 1889, between Messrs. Taubenhau and Blackburne.

RUY LOPEZ GAMBIT.

- WHITES. Mr. Taubenhau. 1 P to K4, 2 Kt to KB3, 3 B to K5, 4 Castles, 5 Kt to B3, 6 P to Q4, 7 Kt takes P, 8 Kt takes Kt, 9 B to Q3, 10 P to KB3, 11 Kt to K2, 12 P to QB3, 13 P to KB4, 14 Kt to Q4, 15 Kt to B3, 16 P to K5, 17 Q to B2, 18 P to KKt4, 19 Q takes B, 20 Kt to Q4, 21 Kt to Kt2, 22 P takes B, 23 R to B2, 24 B to K3, 25 P takes P, 26 Q to Q sq, 27 P takes P, 28 B takes R, 29 R takes Kt, 30 Q takes Px, 31 K to Kt sq.
- BLACK. Mr. Blackburne. P to K4, Kt to QB3, Kt to B3, P to Q3, B to K2, P takes P, B to Q2, P takes Kt, Castles, Kt to K sq, B to B3, P to Kt3, R to Kt sq, Kt to Kt2, P to Q4, B to K2, B to KB4, B takes B, P to KB4, B to B4, B takes Kt, Kt to K3, R to Kt5, P takes P, Q to K5, P to B4, QR takes BP, Kt takes B ch, R takes R, K to B sq.

NOTES.

a This is much better than taking

with the B, and Mr. Blackburne said he always prefers this line of play.

b Here we agree with Mr. Steinitz. This P is much better at home; the move is weak.

c Mr. Blackburne with this move takes command of an important file, and this R plays no little mischief at the end.

d We do not approve of this move, which exposes the K not a little, particularly against such a formidable foe.

e Black plays with a great deal of pluck, K to R sq would have been somewhat safer.

f The commencement of a deep and sound combination. This is one of Mr. Blackburne's best games.

g It is positive that White failed to see or discover Black's deep combination initiated with the 21st move, otherwise he should never have taken this P.

h As it will be seen the exchange must be given back; the text move is forced.

i This move was sealed by Mr. Taubenhau at the time for adjournment, and as he did not appear again in the evening, he forfeited the game, but as he himself said later he could not save the game; for 31—R takes P ch; 32—K to B sq, Q to R6 ch; 33 K to K sq, Q to K6 ch; 34—K to B sq (if K to Q sq, R to Q5 and wins the Q) R to K8 mate.—Gazette.



PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Synopsis of "The General Mining Act," Chapter 16, 54th Victoria.

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Royalty on Gold and Silver, 2 1/2 per cent.

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Second Rights to Search can be given over same ground, subject to party holding first rights, on payment of \$20.

LICENSE TO WORK.—On payment of \$50 for 1/2 square mile, good for two years, and extended to three years by further payment of \$25. The lands selected must be surveyed and returned to Crown Land Office.

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STATUTES.

Coal, 10 cts. per ton of 2,240 lbs. Copper, 4 cts. on every 1 per cent. in a ton of 2,240 lbs.

Lead, 2 cts. on every 1 per cent. in a ton of 2,240 lbs.

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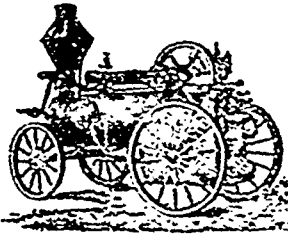
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suited for family use, and has been employed,
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GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., L. L. D.
Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of
Great Britain and Ireland.

MINING.

THE SPRING HILL COLLIERIES. (Concluded.)

IN THE NORTH SLOPE.

"Let us walk," said I, after some further waiting. "Better stay for ride," said the manager. Perhaps, having no malice, he knew, what didn't know, what a walk entailed. At length even his patience got exhausted and he said, "let us walk then." He led the way, but not to walk—to climb, and such a climb. There were steps, it is true, on the travelling way, but not flat steps on which a solid foot could be planted, but steps—say four inch, round props. A tread mill—though I never had the curiosity to try one—is not a circumstance to treading ones way on props. The pitch or angle of the coal is 30 per cent., that is, the rise is one in three. I was a steep brae, and a stout heart was set to it, but then the lungs had something to say. After a hundred feet had been gaily covered the manager naively inquired if I had good wind. The question was cruel and the answer was equivocal. Another hundred feet and someone's panting was audible to himself. There was not a bit of conceit left, pride was cast to the winds and a truce called, which was—but don't mention it—readily complied with. I knew there was such a thing as second wind, and I prayed that it would not fail to connect on this occasion. Neither did it, though the interval between the prayer and its coming was long. At four hundred feet up, the manager halted to examine the column pipe. I gave him credit for cuteness. I think the pipes were all right. At five hundred feet he crossed over to the main slope to see if the boxes were yet on the road, and I embraced, literally, the opportunity to stroke my thigh bones and extend commiseration. Eight hundred feet yet to go. Goodness. The thought struck me 'Supposing one was running from an explosion could he climb faster?' I have no personal experience of the power of the wings of despair, but I doubt if under the most desperate circumstances, one could have gone faster. Away up the slope there is a light. Another weary climber I suppose. Five hundred feet further up and we overtake the straggler—a machinist—who had been resting. The perspiration by this time is streaming from our faces, but I've got my second wind now, and know the surface will soon be reached. At last to the surface, and I've the satisfaction of noticing the faces of the other two wear a thankful if a fatigued look. I've sometimes thought the men made over much noise in being compelled at times to walk up a slope. But there are slopes and slopes, those with a slight and those with a heavy pitch, and I'll never think so lightly of a walk up the slope again. Its all well enough to walk up once to gain experience, but when it comes to compulsion—why, I believe I would strike. Of course the bosses say it is hard work till one gets used to it. Well I want to get used to it before the experiment is repeated.

By the way the north slope is managed by Union men—a Union slope. The Underground Manager, Wm. Matthews, was, previous to his appointment an active Union man, and so was his deputy "Sandy Ferguson," and so were overmen Mal. Blue and Jas. Harvey. It is common belief that men who have been promoted from the ranks are averse to their fellows. I cannot think that the impression will ever be strengthened by unfair or harsh action on their part. Let such prejudice be cast aside and let them be judged solely by their actions.

Of late there has been considerable friction between the men and the management. Where there are so varied and conflicting interests, where there are so many men of many minds it can scarcely be otherwise. A policy of moderation should be pursued by both sides. It should not be all taken on one side more than the other. The workmen should do their work faithfully to be in a position to demand fair treatment and fair play at the hands of their employers. Spring Hill has a great future before it, barring strikes and accidents. The former may be avoided by wisdom, and the latter averted by careful management and necessary discipline.

Of late great attention has been paid to means for securing the safety of life and property. Mr. Cowans is not afraid to spend money when it is needed, neither let him be afraid to give a fair wage for fair work. In a future issue we may refer to the other pits of the Cumberland Coal & Railway Co., one of the biggest concerns—handling bituminous coal—on this continent.—*Stellarton Journal and News.*

THE GARDENER MINE—At this season last year only those directly interested in the Gardener Mine entertained any sanguine hope of ever seeing the mine sufficiently dry to get coal therefrom; indeed the advice generally tendered by disinterested persons was "to have nothing whatever to do with it." True, the proprietors had many disadvantages to contend with, notwithstanding all this over 20,000 tons of coal (by far the best in Nova Scotia) was distributed in the market, a fact which at once demonstrates the "puck" of the manager and bespeaks a bright prospect for the future. The difficulty of securing miners at the outset hampered operations to a considerable extent. The impression respecting the wet condition of the mine made men timid about seeking employment here. These prejudices are, however, disappearing with the remarkable improving condition of the mine, and men who, when work slackened at the other collieries came here to work, now unhesitatingly express their preference to working here. It is anticipated that the coming season will bring a change from the present system of working to that of long wall—a system that workmen find greatly in their favor wherever introduced. But the all important question with workmen is, "what do men make?" Well, in November there was over sixty-nine dollars made in rooms. We worked 25 days.—*The Journal and News.*

"A stitch in time, etc." Take a bottle of Pattner's Emulsion at once. Fifty cents spent on that now may save much suffering and loss of time, as well as a large doctor's bill, bye and bye.

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SENROR. W. MUN, Preston, England
—Your letter with amusing story of "How the match ended" and game is received with thanks. Will publish at earliest convenience. Will also write.

NEWS.

Mr. James P. Reed, ex-champion of America, has severed his connection with the *American Checker Review* and removed from Chicago to Pittsburg, Penn., from whence he sends us the first number of a new venture, *The Weekly Checker Journal*, the publication of which he has undertaken. We are pleased with its appearance and with the matter in it contained and wish him and it every success, trusting that the patronage that he receives will soon encourage him to enlarge the *Journal*. Subscription \$1.50. All communications should be addressed to James P. Reed, 15 Clark street, Pittsburg, Pa.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 256.—The position was :
black men 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 20;
white men 18, 19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26;
27, 32; Black to play and win.
12—16 12 3 21 14 3 10
19 12 13—17 10—17 6—31
3—7 and black wins.

GAME No. 153—"Single Corner."

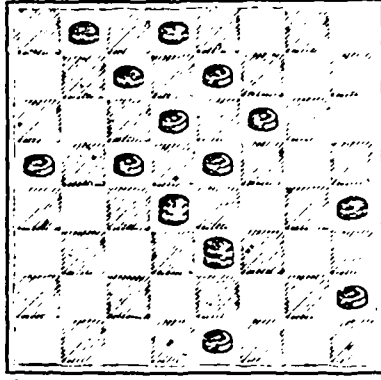
From J. P. Reed's *Weekly Checker Journal*. Played between Messrs. Wylie, the world's champion, and Dover. The former having the black.
11—15 6—9 6—10 9—13
22 18 24 19 18 15 1 6
15—22 2—6 10—17 3—8
25 18 18 15 20 16 6 10
12—16 9—18 17—22 13—17
29 25 23 14 8 4 2 6
9—13 13—17 22—25 17—22
18 14 27 23 4 8 6 9
10—17 8—12 25—29 18—23
21 14 23 18 8 11 10 14
16—20 4—8 29—25 22—26
23 18 28 24 11 2 19 15
6—10 20—27 25—22 12—19
25 21 31 24 15 10 32 27
10—17 17—21 22—18 23—32
21 14 24 20 10 6 30 16
1—5 8—11 5—9 Dover
26 23 15 8 6 1 won*
a—It will be remembered that in a

game that we published recently in which Mr. O'Hearn beat our Checker Editor the play was identical to this point, where 8—11 was played instead of 13—17.

*This is a fair specimen of how a game must be played to beat the "World's Champion."

PROBLEM No. 258.

One of those sent in to compete for the prizes offered by the Liverpool, G. B., *Mercury* competition.
Black men 1, 2, 6, 20, kings 18 23.



White men 7, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 28, 31. White to play and win. This is one of the best that we have examined in this competition. Can any of our readers show a dual solution?

PARSONS

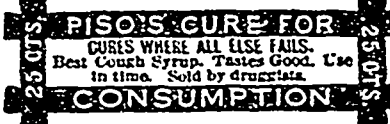


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CITY CHIMES.

The Orpheus Concert which was to have taken place last evening has been postponed on account of the illness of Herr Klungenfeld, leader of the Orchestra of the Club, until Thursday evening next. As this concert is only the second of the series of seven, appearances seem to favor the idea that the Orpheus Season will be extended well into the gentle Springtime.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society held a very pleasant meeting on Tuesday evening. After several new members had been elected, among whom was Mrs. H. W. Rogers, of Amherst, the first lady admitted to the membership of the Society, the Secretary read a paper prepared by Miss Frame of Shubenacadie, which was listened to with much interest. This paper consisted of extracts relating to Nova Scotia taken from the first journal published in America, the *Boston News-Letter*, which was issued in 1704, and gave many very interesting accounts of our Province and city in their early days.

If possible the weather has been talked of even more than usual during the past few weeks, all agreeing that "it is wonderful weather," "never the like seen before," etc., etc. The public prints of the Province teem with stories of pansies and violets having been plucked since the New Year came in, blades of grass in full color having been discovered, robins and butterflies making their appearance, and numerous other phenomenal events never before known in the history of that friend of the race, the oldest inhabitant, having transpired. A lady from Hopewell informs us that she picked a bunch of dandelions in a field not far from her home one morning this week. Without any doubt the present season is a novelty in the line of weather, and we patiently await developments as the winter wears on. No snow, no ice, no frost; plenty of rain, so much in fact that serious thoughts have been entertained of changing the name of winter to "the rainy season" as in California; but perhaps it would be well to see what comes next before arriving at any rash conclusion. By no means among the least of the signs of approaching spring we note in the window of one of our principal fruit and confectionery establishments the sign "Ice-cream." This we consider very enterprising of the proprietor, in view of the probability of one of the chief factors in the manufacture of this favorite luxury being almost unobtainable when the warm weather that usually accompanies the months July and August comes. Perhaps, however, he is working on the idea that one never knows what is coming, and believes in using the ice while it is to be had. *Grip*, in a short article on the extraordinary caper cut by our climate this season humorously assures any strangers in our midst—especially the more or less bloomin' Englishman—that it is all as disappointing to us as it can be to the man who has come all the way from England to see the natives of the Dominion in picturesque flannel suits disporting themselves upon toboggan slides. Alas for our "picturesque Canada" this winter. The toboggan slide and the merry tinkle of the sleighbells are merely memories, and our numerous plans for the season's outdoor festivities have all been nipped in the bud. We have heard of one skating party, to be given by a young lady of this city, that has been on the tapis for weeks and is still awaiting something to skate on. Truly we are not in it as far as our winter sports go.

The lecture to be given this evening in the hall of St. Andrew's church under the auspices of the Institute promises a treat to the many admirers of the genial lecturer, Professor Charles Macdonald, of Dalhousie College. The subject will be "Time," and the lecture, which was delivered some years ago, is known to be one of the Professor's best, which fact is in itself highly commendatory and should insure a large attendance.

More minstrels! Halifax pleasure seekers have been favored this season with more than the usual share of minstrel performances; and the last is not yet. St. Patrick's minstrels, a popular company of young men of this city, are preparing an entertainment to be given at the academy of music on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, January 25th, 26th, and 27th. Former appearances of this minstrel band have always been highly enjoyed by large audiences, and we feel quite safe in predicting success on this occasion.

There has, as usual, been much merry-making at the old Lyceum Theatre this week, and Professor Semon has furnished attractive entertainment for his large audiences. Next week's performances are to vary from what has gone before and will bring to a close the long and successful season at this popular resort. Professor Semon intends devoting all of next week's proceeds to the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor of this city and will be very glad to have any ladies or gentlemen who can assist in any way to render these entertainments attractive, and thus further the end in view, volunteer their services. Professor Semon has made hosts of friends during his engagement in our city, all of whom will be glad to know that he has decided to remain here and will probably reopen his wonderful show in the spring. The never failing fund of amusement which Zera has provided for his host of patrons has been highly appreciated, and his reappearance on the stage will be eagerly welcomed.

Next Thursday evening, 21st instant, is the date announced for the entertainment in connection with the Church of England Institute, and notwithstanding that a counter attraction for the same evening has arisen in the form of the Orpheus concert, we feel sure that the exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's wax works at the institute will draw a large audience, and trust the energetic promoters may meet with the success their efforts merit. The winter course of this Association is providing very acceptable entertainment

for the members and friends of the Institute, and is well worthy of the patronage of our citizens.

One of the most enjoyable and most largely attended meetings of the Dartmouth Fortnightly club took place at the residence of Dr. T. Millsom, corner of Portland and King streets, on Tuesday evening. A number of guests from "town," chiefly gentlemen, were present, and the members of the club turned out in force to lightly trip it on the delightful floor of the hostess' drawing-rooms. The harpers, as usual, came early and departed shortly after eleven o'clock, but willing hands were at once at the keys of the piano and dancing was kept up until after midnight. The next meeting will be held at Mrs. John Oland's, and some time soon a number of young ladies will unite their forces and give a large dance. There are also rumors of a similar graceful act on the part of the young men at no distant date. Thus speeds the time away; our Dartmouth friends will find themselves all the better for going in for social life, and there is no doubt that the Fortnightly is a great success.

The annual social gathering of the Sunday School of Trinity Church was held at Temperance Hall, Cornwallis St. on Tuesday evening. A bountiful tea was served at six o'clock, which the scholars evidently highly appreciated. Later on in the evening a good programme, consisting of music, recitations, etc., was rendered and a very pleasant evening was spent by the large number of parents and friends of the school who were present. The presentation of prizes formed a very agreeable part of the proceedings, and the report of the past year read by the Superintendent showed the affairs of the school to be in a flourishing condition.

The temperance workers of the neighboring town are once more at active work. The Dartmouth Reform Club has been reorganized and with the able assistance of the Women's Christian Temperance Union are resolved to clear off the mortgage now held on the Reform Club Hall, and intend to use every endeavor to push the temperance work in their town. A tea-meeting and musical and literary entertainment will be held this evening in the hall under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. and a pleasant evening is assured to all who can attend. Many leading amateurs have kindly promised to assist, and friends of the temperance movement, as well as those who appreciate a good entertainment, will do well to be present.

The Young Men's Society of Christ Church, Dartmouth, is an enterprising association. The members must surely possess a large amount of individual push and energy to undertake the erection of a handsome and spacious building for their own use. Dartmouth needs a building of this sort, and the people of that town, as well as many from this side, will do what they can to assist the young men in their work. As a means of raising funds for this end, a grand concert will be given early in February, when it is to be hoped numbers from Halifax will attend, and so in a measure repay the Dartmouth folks for their always generous patronage of the city entertainments.

We are glad to note among the signs of progress in our city that the large and enthusiastic meeting of citizens, which was held at the Queen Hotel on Monday evening to consider the organization of a recreation club, decided that such a club was a necessity which we could no longer do without. An athletic club building containing Turkish baths, swimming baths, bowling alleys, gymnasium, racket court, covered lawn tennis court, etc., is what we really require, and a committee was appointed to report on various available sites at a meeting to be held next Monday evening at the Queen. This proposed building will cost some \$50,000, but we hope the athletes of Halifax and their friends may see the way clear to raise the necessary funds. This athletic club would be a valuable addition to the city, and would without doubt prove a successful departure.

The annual meeting of the Halifax County Sunday School Association was held in the schoolroom of Park St. Church last evening, at which a large number of Sunday school workers was present. Interesting addresses were made by Rev. J. F. Dustan and other prominent members of the Association, the subject, "How to Hold the Scholars," receiving much attention. Many practical suggestions were made and much valuable information afforded young teachers. Officers for the ensuing year were appointed.

A lady visitor to Japan gives a description of a prison in that country that would be amusing were it not perfectly sincere. The "Japs" are a peculiar people, we all know, but how they can be induced to stay in a "prison" where there are no outside walls and open gates to the farm and garden in which the building stands is a mystery. Such is the state prison on the outskirts of the great spreading city of Tokio, as described by Mrs. Ernest Hart in *The Hospital*, and there she states 1,661 "prisoners" reside, 1,542 of which are men, and 119 women; and of this number 1,062 men and 61 women had been committed for robbery. This presents a startling contrast to the frowning stone walls and gloomy severity of prisoners in this enlightened land.

The following from an English musical paper is "not too bad." The best music, according to the stanza below, is that which *Othello's* servant desired of the serenaders—"music that may not be heard":—

The sweetest songs are always those
That in the soul are spent;
The minute that you whistle them
It lasts the sentiment.