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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.

After carefully examining, says a late authority, all the data we have, I am convinced that in estimating the population of ancient Rome at 4,000,000 I am rather understating than overstating it. The Circus Maximus was constructed to hold at least 250,000, which would on this basis be one in sixteen of the inhabitants. But striking out the slaves, who formed half the population of the women, old, sick, and impotent persons, and children, there would have been nearly room for the whole available population.

We learn with much regret that a serious outrage—not, it would appear, the first—has been committed at Guelph, Ont. The ominous name of White Caps appears in connection with it. The victim was dragged from his bed by four men, his face kicked to a jelly and his body black and blue all over. We had hoped that White-Caps, Regulators, and all such lawless organizations were confined to the United States, but, as evil communications corrupt good manners, it is to be feared that the evil examples set by that country have at last contaminated our own. The injured man is said to be in a position to identify three of his assailants, and it is earnestly to be hoped that no pains will be spared to bring these criminals to justice, and that the law will be enforced with the utmost rigor. If existing laws are not sufficient for the adequate punishment of this most atrocious kind of outrage, it will be the duty of the Government to initiate special legislation calculated to stamp it out.

The following notice in a recent issue of the Quebec *Morning Chronicle* is evidence of the growing interest taken in the Maritime Provinces by the upper ones. This is by no means a singular instance, a number of Ontario papers having, since the recent visit of the Ontario Pressmen, devoted considerable space to the Provinces by the sea. This fortunate event, indeed, seems to have produced as good results as even the Carnival. 'A boom seems to have struck our Maritime Province friends, and unusual activity in commercial and shipping circles appears to prevail. From St. John, N. B., and from Halifax, we have most encouraging reports, and times were never better. Both cities have had their summer carnivals, and though small deficits occurred in each, the general benefit will be very great. Many thousands of people were attracted to St. John and Halifax who had never seen those enterprising cities before, and the foundation of future business relations between those towns and Quebec, Ontario and several places in the United States was laid down.'

Notwithstanding the far from creditable action—or inaction—of the United States Government in the matter of the Behring Sea outrages, we have little doubt but that it will be ultimately settled in a sufficiently satisfactory manner. Mr. Frye has apparently initiated a new departure in the contention which, though there is about it a fine flavor of the cool assurance which "distinguishes American diplomacy," is yet to a certain degree preferable to the claim of a closed sea, which Mr. Frye seems to have quietly dropped. The Senator has now, however, discovered that the part of the sea in which the seals are caught "is and always has been so regarded." As Mr. Frye is in some sort a lieutenant of Mr. Blaine, it is additionally satisfactory to learn that he further predicts the settlement of the whole affair by practical common sense diplomacy.

There can be no doubt that an uneasy feeling is gaining ground in Canada at the supineness of the British Government in taking steps to put a stop to the Behring Sea outrages. The *Toronto Week* is somewhat outspoken in the matter, and its outspokenness has the more weight in that its utterances are always calm and judicial. "A special cablegram from England to New York," says the *Week*, "which bears internal marks of inspiration from pretty high sources, declares with emphasis that the British Government will not follow Canadian counsels in the Behring Sea matter. 'They do not mean to provoke a collision in the waters of the North Pacific.' 'They do not, as matters stand, propose to send a British fleet or any single British vessel to protect British sealers.' 'It is known that in Downing Street there is the strongest possible wish to escape the necessity of resenting any American act.' And so on almost *ad nauseam*. The burden throughout is that the 'angry tone of the Canadian press' finds no echo in England." Is it significant that the *Week* has lately hinted at the comparative advantages of Independence as against Imperial Federation or Annexation?

The *New York Telegram* has the following item.—'Neri, whose book on glass was published at Florence in 1612, says: 'In the time of Tiberius was invented a way of making glass malleable, nothing afterwards lost and to this day wholly unknown.' But though unknown to the old Italian, the art was practiced in Persia, if we may believe Bailey, who says that in 1610 Sophi, Emperor of Persia, sent to King Philip III of Spain, six glasses that were malleable, and would not break by being hammered; and Blacourt tells that an inventor having presented a bust of malleable glass to Richelieu in 1625, was rewarded for his ingenuity by perpetual imprisonment, lest the vested interests of French glass workers should be injured by the new invention.' "There is nothing new under the sun," and many apparently quite new experiences are but repetitions of those of bygone ages. The last sentence of the above quotation has a direct bearing on a quite recent incident in the glass trade. Every one will remember the invention of almost unbreakable glass by La Bastie. We have ourselves seen a lamp glass of it thrown vigorously across a store, and fall to the floor without fracture. It was some time ago generally understood, and we believe it is a fact, that this invention was deliberately burked by the glass trade, by means of a large sum paid to La Bastie, in order that the sale of common breakable glass should not be interfered with.

We learn a great deal from time to time of the sins of the British House of Lords, and the effectlessness of the Canadian Senate. Yet the former frequently does good work, and the latter not long ago made, no matter under what influence, an effective stand against the C. P. R. monopoly. The Senate of the United States being the outcome of a republican system is regarded by many with different feelings, yet we shall find some difficulty in discovering among its records any great number of broadly beneficial votes or lines of action. Its deliberations have of late, indeed, been characterized by crudeness, violence, prejudice and unreason to a remarkable extent. But the most curious feature about it is the fact that it not only possesses a far more substantial—and oftentimes a far more mischievous power than the House of Lords, but that it is rapidly becoming "the most aristocratic social club in America." This is owing to the monopoly of its seats by men of enormous wealth, it having become practically very difficult for a man of moderate means to obtain the somewhat questionable honor of membership. Should such an one effect an entry, he and his colleague, controlling the patronage of their State, it is pretty well understood that if they made their entry into the sacred body comparatively poor, it is not long before riches accrue to them. In effect the American Senate is a house of millionaires, and it is easy to see the tendency of such a body on questions of capital and labor, trusts, combines, monopolies, protection, etc. On the whole it is somewhat of an anomaly as a republican institution, while its entire control of foreign affairs is often seriously mischievous as well as embarrassing to the Head of the State and his executive.

Have we Bluenoses yet taken in the fact that this Province of ours is stepping ahead in a pretty lively style. Not only has Halifax waked up, but many formerly quiet villages have grown into enterprising towns, and on every hand are to be seen evidences of advancement and prosperity. Young Nova Scotians should mark this change, and before deciding to seek their fortunes elsewhere, they should find out whether with the same expenditure of vim and intelligence they could not make even a better living at home. The Province is often blamed for the short comings or want of go-aheaditiveness of individuals, but we have faith in the Province.

No wonder we Nova Scotians get sickened with politics, since we have them drummed into us in season and out of season. What we want, and what we would not get sick of, is a ringing Nova Scotian or Maritime Provincial policy, a veritable home policy that would have the support of our patriotic men and women, and would advance the interests of these sea-washed Provinces, and not be content to truckle to mere partyism. Who will raise the standard of patriotism and lead us on to a victory? Party politicians need not apply, for they but stir opposition, and what we desire is to see union and a common purpose upheld by every representative from the Lower Provinces.

It is now stated that some of the sealing schooners registered in Canada and sailing under the British Flag are partly, or perhaps principally, owned by Americans. This fact, if it be a fact, does not alter the case of Canada against the United States, because the flag protects foreign owners who are conjoined with a British owner or owners, and so long as one British owner appears on the registry of a vessel there is nothing to prevent his having foreign copartners. It has more than once occurred that foreigners have in this manner found their advantage in seeking the shelter of the British Flag, notably by Americans during the American civil war, and by Germans during the Franco-German war, and outrages on it are not mitigated because it happens to protect foreigners, so long as the protection is legally obtained.

Some one has asked the question, as to whether it was her natural advantages that made the Halifax carnival such a success, or whether it was due to money or energy? We unhesitatingly say it was energy and nothing else. The natural advantages of Halifax have been here for years, and yet here they have remained almost unknown to the people of our Province, had not a few energetic spirits who have the interests of the city at heart conceived the idea of a carnival, and bent their energies to seeing that it was successfully carried out. As to money, Halifax capitalists have over six millions of dollars lying on deposit receipts in two city banks alone, not a cent of which was proffered toward advancing the interests of the city in which it was amassed. No, energetic young Halifax deserves the credit for the success of the summer carnival, and not the beauty of the scenery nor yet the money bags.

The great educational machine is again in motion, and our boys and girls are again plunged in the work of the school room, and will be so until Christmas-tide. Much might be said about our educational system, but just now we only want to direct our public and private teachers to the absolute necessity that exists for more care in physical training. Many a life-long invalid, many a deformed man and woman, many a weak and disordered intellect, many a depraved and degraded character, has resulted from the utter neglect of the schoolmasters and mistresses of common prudence in looking after their precious charges. Over-taxing the pupils, cramming their memories, confinement in ill-ventilated rooms, want of ample exercise, checking the flow of spirits with undue severity, harshness and lack of real interest, have caused hundreds to fail at school, and will cause the failure of hundreds more so long as the sum total of teachers' duties is regarded by so many of them to be the receipt of the salaries they have agreed to take for the term.

In May last the workmen who are digging the foundation for the new law courts in Rome discovered a sarcophagus buried thirty feet below the surface. Immediately the telephone called to the spot the members of the Archaeological Commission, scientific and literary men, who watch with jealous care all the excavations made in the Eternal City. Under their directions it was carefully raised and opened. Within lay the skeleton of a young girl, with the remains of the linen in which she had been wrapped, some brown leaves from the myrtle wreath with which, emblematic of her youth, she had been crowned in death. On her hands were four rings, of which one was the double betrothal ring of plain gold, and another with Filetus, the name of her betrothed, engraved upon it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch, in Etruscan setting of the finest work, carved amber pins, and a gold necklet with white small pendants were lying about. But what is most strange, as being almost unique, was a doll of oak wood, beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet daintily cut with small and delicate nails. The features and the hair were carved out in the most minute and careful way, the hair waving low on the forehead, and being bound with a fillet. On the outside of the sarcophagus was sculptured her name, Tryphona Creperia, and a touching scene, doubtless faithfully representing her parting with her parents. She is lying on a low bed, and striving to raise herself on her left arm to speak to her heart-broken father, who stands leaning on the bedstead, his head bowed with grief, while her mother sits on the bed, her head covered, weeping. It seems but yesterday, so natural is the scene, and yet it was nearly eighteen centuries ago that these stricken parents laid so tenderly away their dearly-loved daughter, with her ornaments and her doll,

Well trained and scientific explorers in the State of Chiapas, Mexico, are said to have made discoveries of the highest interest, which support the claim for an earlier advanced civilization in America. Near the famous Palenque fresh ruins have been found of great magnitude, containing houses of four and sometimes five storeys high, in some of which stone beams of great size constitute part of the architecture, which indicates a high degree of scientific attainment. Perfect arches are also said to have been observed, as well as elaborate sculptures in profusion, and bronzed lamps. One fine broad paved road has been traced from Tonala down into Guatemala, and another of gr at size extends from Palenque across Yucatan to the island of Cozumel, across which it is continued. It has been estimated by calculations said to have been made with some care, that the region explored must have contained a population of thirty millions. It is certain that a high civilization of great, though as yet unknown, antiquity has here gone down before the resistless march of time, and the fittest has failed to survive. The publication of the full report of the explorers will be awaited with deep interest.

"With smokeless and noiseless powder, such as it is claimed has been invented in England," says an exchange, "the wars that are to be death will take on more terrors. The first notice of the presence of an enemy will be in the sudden sinking down of men as though smitten by a pestilence. The sentry will die at his post and give no sign. The sun will shine down serenely while the battle rages, and no canopy will obscure the butchery. Battles will be silent executions, save when trumpets sound and furious men shout or wounded men moan. There will be nothing to kindle the battle ecstacy, no booming of hotly worked guns will give notice where the battle is sorest. With the battle clamors and the battle canopy driven away, it will require more nerve to be a valiant soldier than ever before. The soldier will not only have to face the danger in sight, but also to contend with the terrors that his imagination will paint for him." This is a startling and well-drawn picture, but we doubt not the nerve and pluck, at all events of British and Canadian soldiers, will be found equal to any new conditions of warfare, until the day comes when the advance of science and, let us also hope, of international good will shall have put an end to the curse of war between civilized nations forever.

There are two sides to every question under the sun. "Mr. Powderly, Master Workman of the Knights of Labor," says the *Maple Leaf*, "is strongly opposed to strikes, believing that they can be done without, while Mr. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, declares that he will never authorize another strike. In England Mr. Balfour admitted some months ago that the tenants had a right to combine against the payment of unjust rents, and this right of combination is admitted on this side of the ocean. Even in Germany, where the laws are being made so severe, the right of workmen to combine for their mutual benefit will not be taken away." With regard to the recent serious strikes in London there appears to have been much justification of the action of the strikers. It began, it is now said, with the demand of the dock laborers for an extra penny an hour. The current rate seems to have been fivepence (ten cents) an hour, which would give just a dollar a day for ten hours' work. It must also be borne in mind that the work of this body is not continuous. For men with families this is but little removed from a starvation rate. On the other hand, the Commercial Dock Company, to whose refusal of arbitration the complication is due, assert that the extra penny a day would cost them \$5,000,000 a year. The chief of the strikers estimates it at about a quarter of that sum, and claims that the work would be better performed. The movement seems to have prompted the idea that the great docks would be better in the hands of the Government than in those of private companies. The loss and inconvenience are of course enormous, but it is more than probable that good will eventually result from the enforced consideration of the conditions governing the mutual relations between employers and employed.

It is evidently the opinion of Dr. Goldwin Smith that the Province of Manitoba is not sufficiently inflammable even when left to herself, but that it is necessary for him to stir up and keep alive any discontent and excitement which may be too latent to show much vitality unless galvanized by his unscrupulous and mischievous pen. The political gymnastics of a learned gentleman who, it might well be thought, would be better employed in illustrating some period of history after the fashion of Macaulay, Froude, Freeman, or Lord Mahon, than in stirring up, as diligently as captiously, discontent in a community, all whose energies are required to advance her national and material interests—is a really curious spectacle. The restless and dissatisfied Professor has recently published in the *Winnipeg Sun* a long tirade in favor of Commercial Union, which is not worth quoting from at any length, being chiefly remarkable for the childishly malicious and superfluous points raked up in it. We have not space for more than one as a specimen:—"The Governor-Generalship since Confederation must have cost nearly \$2,000,000 in the aggregate, and it has rendered no real service of any kind. Manitoba does not share the champagne or court shows of Ottawa." This short paragraph contains almost as many statements as it does lines. In the first place the amount is grossly over-estimated, and in the second all rational Canadians consider immunity from the chronic turmoil of the Presidential elections to be worth far more than the Governor-General's salary, while the steady constitutional action of the viceroys for many years back has constituted a very real service to the state. The shallow maliciousness of the concluding sentence would discredit a well brought up schoolboy. It is difficult to understand the state of mind of a gentleman of high culture and unquestionable ability who devotes his whole mind and all his energies to the disturbance of the country in which he has unfortunately elected to take up his abode.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

"Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her—
She was cutting bread and butter

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indle,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
'Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter."

"I have been in a country," said a Nebraska preacher, "where the hand of man has never set a foot."

"I can't understand all this fuss about using electricity for executions," remarked Judge Lynch of Kansas, reflectively. "Out in our section we have used the telegraph pole for years."

Of all charities more money giving is the least; sympathy, kind words, gentle judgment, a friendly pressure of weary hands, an encouraging smile, will frequently outweigh a mint of coins.

Johnny had been carefully brought up; anybody could see that. One day he sat upon his father's knee in a crowded steamer. A lady entered. "Madam," said he, as he rose to his feet, "take my seat."

In England young men speak of their father as "the governor," "pater," the "overseer," etc. In America they say "dad," "the boss," or "the old man." In heathen countries they say "father," but they are a long way behind the age.

At Lady Roseberry's dinner, where every one appeared in uniform or court dress, Mr. Browning, being a university dignitary, arrayed himself in a university robe. When the Shah saw him, supposing him to be in allegorical dress, he remarked, "Ah, vous etes poesie."

Mistress (a very kind-hearted one): "Did you drown the kittens as I directed, Marie?" Marie: "Oui, madame." "Did you warm the water?" "Non, madame." "What? do you mean to tell me that you drowned those poor little kittens in ice-cold water? You cruel girl."

Alfred—"Going to the Paris Exhibition, old man?" Algernon—"No, dear boy, cawn't countenance revolution even aftah a hundred yeahs." Alfred—"But Wales went." Algernon—"Yaas; but Wales's tone isn't what it was. Look at his daughter's mawriage."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

The Zoological Society of France has noticed with alarm that the swallows returning from Africa have this year avoided their accustomed landing places, and have flown to other parts of Europe, east or west, evidently to avoid the many traps set for them on the low-lying French coast. The slaughter of the birds for Parisian milliners has been enormous for several years.

Books were scarce in Puritan days and perhaps that is the reason that the writers make the most of the titles, using such choice ones as "A reaping hook well tempored for the stubborn ears of the coming crop, or biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation;" "A pair of bellows to blow off the dust cast upon John Fry."

The circle around the moon, or lunar rainbow, shows the presence of moisture in the air. Moisture at a high altitude produces a large bow and at a low altitude a small bow. The smaller the bow, therefore, the nearer the moisture, and consequently the sooner will the storm develop. The old saying that the number of stars to be seen inside the circle indicates the number of days before the arrival of the storm is not reliable, as the position of the moon in the heavens may make the number great or small without regard to storm conditions. All attempts at predicting the weather for months in advance are mere guesswork.

"I calls them aristocratic pests," said Mrs. Slick, "and nothing will cure them but good flea soap and hot water. Now my pups are always scratchin' of themselves in hot weather, but I gives them a bath tubbin' and soapin', and it obliterates the critters. One day there was a visitor from the country, she got terribly bothered with these enterprisin' pests, and she was forever making herself out to get rid of them; but when I recommended her a tryin' flea sop, she just flew up mad, and said, I ought to know better than to keep a pair of curs as brought the critters about, and th t flea soap might do for them, but for her part she'd leave the house and go board with some respectable folk that didn't harbor flea hatcheries, and didn't offer decent folk a dog soap bath. And," said Mrs. Slick, "she left, and now she cuts me dead, all because I recommended a sure cure. Why, if she'd had rheumatis I would have suggested a pannaseer, but some folks is cracked, and loses their tempers for nothin' at all."

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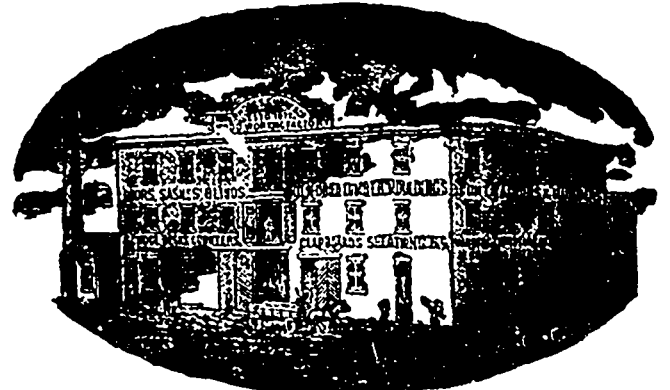
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Canada will soon have an independent Atlantic cable to England, the \$2,000,000 required having been nearly all subscribed.

The St. Croix River is said to be full of salmon this season, but it does little good to the fishermen, as they refuse to rise to the fly.

Lord Stanley's arrangements have been changed. He will arrive in Ottawa September 11th and will stay at Rideau hall till the 14th.

Two men were severely burned on Monday last by the bursting of a kettle of boiling syrup in Gannog's confectionery works at St. Stephen.

The Port Williams dyke road, which has been undergoing extensive repairs, is now completed. \$3,000 have been expended this summer in draining and leveling it.

The *Dominion Illustrated* of 31st ult. denotes a large space to the illustration and description of Brandon, the rapid rise of which town invests it with a very lively interest.

Montreal *Gazette*: The Canadian Pacific earnings during July were \$1,375,528, and the net profits amounted to \$604,048. There does not seem to be much the matter with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Dr. Johnston, of the department of agriculture, who is at present in Paris, has been instructed to make enquiry with reference to the discovery of M. Pasteur in the inoculation of animals as prophylactic of pneumonia.

Our thanks are due to the chairman of the committee of the Public Gardens for the pleasure afforded us by his courtesy in sending us a bouquet of dahlias, heliotrope, etc., of splendid size and perfect make up.

A bed of natural gas seems to have been discovered in the western peninsula of Ontario, promising the people in its neighborhood an unbounded supply of the cheapest of heat and light producing material.

John McArthur, C. E., on the Nova Scotia Central Railway, was killed on Tuesday between Nictaux and Middleton by falling between two flat cars. He belonged to Connecticut and was a young man highly esteemed.

The *Kentville Star* says:—"The rails are all laid on the Nova Scotia Central railway as far as Lunenburg, and the work of blasting is progressing. It is expected before Christmas the road will be open for regular traffic.

The heat has for the past week been unusually oppressive, and is evidently augmented by forest fires. From one end of the Province to the other the air is smoky, and the breeze, when there is one, seems to only make the air warmer.

Another vessel, the *Pathfinder*, seized by the *Rush*, has arrived at Victoria, B. C. Like the *Black Diamond* she was put in charge of a single seaman, whose protests against the schooner being taken to Victoria were disregarded by her crew.

Labor day was celebrated in Montreal on Monday with great eclat. Fifteen thousands knights marched through the principal streets. The Mayor of Montreal, Premier Mercier, Secretary of State Chapleau and other prominent public men took part.

We are in receipt of the first number of *Cambridge House School Magazine*. It is a very neat and well got up little periodical, and seems likely in every way to fulfil the objects of such a publication. There will evidently be no want of ability either in conducting it or in its contributions.

At a meeting of the shareholders of the Yarmouth Steamship Company, held on Tuesday it was resolved to increase the capital from \$190,000 to \$342,000. The directors were empowered to make a contract at once for another steel steamer to be finished ready to go on the Yarmouth-Boston route next spring.

Reports received from the Northwest show that the German settlers, an unusually large number of whom arrived last spring, are delighted with the country, and they will encourage many more of their countrymen to come out. The cattle ranching business is reported to be flourishing on the Canada side, while in Montana there promises to be very little food for the cattle during the coming winter.

The Hon. J. S. Carvell, who becomes Governor of Prince Edward Island, is a native of Miramichi, and is 57 years old. Mr. Carvell is a brother of Mr. L. Carvell, at one time superintendent of the Intercolonial Railway. He carried on a mercantile business at Charlottetown for some years, was Mayor of that city in 1877-78, and Spanish Vice-Consul for the Island. He has been in the Senate for ten years.

According to an agreement entered into by all the shop-keepers of Parrsboro, shops have all been closed at 8 o'clock every evening since the first of July. This arrangement allowed the proprietors of shops and employees to enjoy the fine summer evenings, but now that the days are shortening and the demands of customers for later hours are becoming more urgent, the practice is dying out, although the arrangement was supposed to last until the end of this month.

The weather in Manitoba during the past fortnight has been glorious for harvesting. The crop is now estimated at 25 bushels per acre. One farmer at Portage La Prairie, from 11 bushels of wheat sown, threshed 235 bushels, and many fields will yield from 40 to 50 bushels per acre. Samples show that this year's grain is by far the best ever raised in Manitoba, the kernel being very plump and the color bright. It is now pretty certain that the estimates of over a month ago will be fully realized, viz., that the wheat crop in Manitoba and Assiniboia together will be 12 million bushels.

A number of ladies and gentlemen from Wolfville and Cornwallis are camping out beside Gasporeaux lakes, enjoying the fishing, shooting, boating and beautiful scenery which are to be found in that charming spot. Hall's and Baxter's Harbors, two fishing villages on the Bay of Fundy shore, are also well patronized by the people of Kings who wish to enjoy the bracing air and surf bathing which these as yet unfashionable resorts furnish in perfection.

The *Charlottetown Examiner* says: "All around our coast old landmarks are disappearing. The sea is even now claiming the dead who lie in some of the old cemeteries. On the other hand, there are being thrown up, in some places on the north side, great hills of sand, under which arable land is buried." It says the fine lawn in front of Government House farm will ere long be at the bottom of the harbor. The *Examiner* suggests the construction of breastworks all along the water front as a remedy for this sad state of affairs.

The Church of England is active in Kings County. Mrs. Judge Weatherbe is getting up a series of concerts in Grand Pre, to procure funds to erect a rubble stone chapel in that neighborhood. At present services are held every Sunday afternoon in the old Covenanting Church which had been in disuse for some years. Different Halifax clergy take these services in turn, also preaching in Wolfville in the morning. Hantsport is to give a large bazaar and tea meeting on the 10th of this month for the benefit of their new church, the foundation stone of which was laid last autumn.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (like Tennyson) has just completed his 80th year.

An English syndicate has purchased the San Diego, Cal. water company water works for \$1,400,000.

Mildred Fuller, daughter of the Chief Justice, is to study law under the supervision of her father. She is the fourth of the eight daughters.

Mr. Oliver McConnell, Portsmouth, Ontario, is a resident of Butte City, Montana, and is owner of thirteen saw mills. He is reported to be worth \$300,000.

Labor Day was observed as a general holiday on Monday in many of the States. Business was suspended, public buildings and exchanges closed and the day given up to celebrating.

Huron, Mich., is surrounded by forest fires and considerable damage has been done, with the promise of still more disastrous results, if the drought which has lasted two months should continue.

The four men who it is supposed held up and robbed the Denver and Rio Grande train at Thompson Springs, Utah, were captured on Monday in the Blue Mountains. The robbers were followed by the Indians like blood-hounds.

It is thought that the selection of a jury in the Cronin case will be a matter involving not days but weeks. Both sides are most searching in their questions, and many jurors who at first questioning appear to be eligible, prove upon more careful inquiry to be wholly incompetent under the law.

According to various reports from New York the result of treatment with Dr. Brown Sequard's elixir of life seem to be principally blood-poisoning. Dr. Lomis, the experimenter, is said to have given it up, and the elixir factory is reported to be closed. This is pretty much the sort of finale we expected.

In the United States circuit court Judge Thayer has rendered a decision to the effect that the counterfeiting of the union label used on cigars cannot be prevented or punished. The rule will effect the cigar makers' organization in the United States and Canada, it is claimed, very seriously, as it practically decides that their label is of no value whatever.

A Providence, R. I. despatch says: Spring lake reservoir near Fiskville, about 15 miles from this city, which supplies a whole row of mills in villages along the Pawtuxet river, burst this afternoon. Mrs. Green Lew, aged 60, Mrs. Hawkins, aged 90, Mrs. Lew's son, six or seven years old, were walking through a strip of wood and were overtaken by the flood and drowned.

We are in receipt of the first number of a new publication on the keeping of Poultry, which seems to be a very desirable manual. The *Farm Poultry Monthly* is of a convenient size, well got up, and illustrated with excellent diagrams of hen houses, &c. Its motto: "How to make money with a few hens," is suggestive of the line it adopts. It is published at 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., and its price is fifty cents per annum.

Iceland has six newspapers and periodicals.

Last year 1,356 people died of delirium tremens in England.

The Queen has been received in Wales with much enthusiasm.

Count Herbert Bismarck intends to spend a fortnight in England.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., has written another novel entitled "Roland Oliver."

The Imperial Parliament was prorogued on the 30th ult. until the 16th November.

It is rumored that Mgr. Persico will be made a Cardinal at the next Consistory.

The village of Kantzorik, Etzeroum, has been engulfed in lava, 136 lives being lost.

The *Nouvel Fremya* declares that England's practical annexation of Cashmere compels Russia to safeguard her interests on the Thibet and Afghan frontier.

Mrs. Maybrick is permitted to take exercise in the prison yard. Her health is improving.

The hop crop in Sussex, Eng., is very heavy, averaging, it is said, ten hundred-weight to the acre.

The English Protestant alliance has resolved to strenuously oppose the Government's proposal to establish a Catholic University in Ireland.

The Mussulmans in Crete are threatening to attack the consulates and cathedrals where Christians have taken refuge against their aggression. Outrages continue.

News has been received that Stanley is making for Kavirondo, on the east side of Nyanza Lake. He will make for Mombasa, but is not expected to reach the coast for some months.

The Porte has refused the demand of Chaker Pasha, Governor of Crete, for greater executive powers, and has enjoined him to exhaust persuasion before having recourse to punishment.

It is to be regretted that convictions of Members of Parliament for participation in proclaimed meetings, &c., still continue. There is also much dissension in the Parnellite ranks.

The remains of Pascal Di Paoli, the famous Corsican patriot who died in exile near London in 1807, have been exhumed from St. Patrick's Church burying ground and shipped to Corsica.

Pekin advices are that a number of high Chinese officials have petitioned Prince Chun to have all Americans employed in China expelled from the Empire. It is said Prince Chun consents.

Sir Edward Watkin has organized a company with \$1,000,000 capital, and proposes to build in London a tower twice the height of the Eiffel tower. London does not propose to be behind Paris—or Babel.

The *Daily News* is prohibited entering Turkey on account of its articles on Armenia. It is reported at Odessa that Armenia will formally appeal to the Czar to intervene for the protection of Christians from Turkish outrages.

It is reported that 25,000 Lebel rifles, manufactured for the French Government two years ago, are said to be defective, and an enquiry is now being made as to the condition of those served out to the soldiers since that time.

Numerous shocks of earthquake are reported from various localities in Europe, notably on the Russian frontier, where 120 persons were buried alive, and in Greece. A sharp shock is also reported from Los Angeles in California.

Japan will hold a domestic industrial exhibition next year at Tokio—the third of its kind in the Mikado's empire. The leading native merchants of Yokohama and the Capital intend to invite foreign firms to visit the exhibition.

It is reported that the Sultan has lent an attentive ear to the urgent request of the English, Italian, and other foreign representatives, that he should give his attentions to the settlement of the disturbed state of affairs in Armenia.

Colonel and Local Major-General Sir F. W. Grenfell, commanding the Egyptian Army, has been promoted to the substantive rank of Major General. Sir Francis is quite young for his rank, and is spoken of as the "coming general."

The public executioner of Berlin has just been tried for his life and acquitted. The homicide which he committed resulted from the machinations of a woman who loved him and was jealous of him. Even a headsmen may, it seems, be a masher.

Chakir Pasha, the Governor of Crete, has issued a proclamation announcing that the Turks have occupied the whole Island for the purpose of restoring order, and that any persons guilty of resisting the Turkish authorities will be severely punished.

Farewell addresses have been sent to the Marquis of Londonderry, the retiring Lord Lieutenant for Ireland. In replying to them, he says he is pleased to be able to assert that the state of the country has improved, and rejoices that he is only parting officially from his friends.

Emperor William in an interview with a member of the provincial council declared that existing laws for the protection of laborers in Prussia were deplorable. They were insufficient, he said, to protect workmen from the greed of capitalists. Reform was urgently necessary.

Joseph Chamberlain in a recent speech at Birmingham advised the Government before introducing its Irish land bill, to submit to parliament a resolution declaring that Ireland, equally with England and Scotland, is entitled to denominational endowment for educational purposes.

In the House of Lords Viscount Cross announced that the Viceroy of India had been compelled to accept the resignation of the ruler of Cashmere, and to place that country under a native council. He said the Government had not the slightest intention of annexing Cashmere.

North China and Japan have been visited by a series of typhoons of unprecedented severity. At the lowest estimate 5,000 persons drowned. Disastrous storms occurred in Wakayama. Ten thousand persons perished in the floods following the storms, and 20,000 were rendered homeless. The loss of property is enormous.

The reports of the Chancellor of the Exchequer show an increase of the consumption in England of comparatively non-alcoholic drinks, with a comparative decrease in that of more fiery beverages. Extreme prohibitionists will probably derive little satisfaction from the substitution of beer and light wines for fiercer beverages. It is, however, a step in the direction of true temperance at which men of moderate views will rejoice.

Taking all London's food together—the fish, the meat, the poultry, the vegetables, the fruit, the groceries, and the bread—there is an annual consumption of close on a million and a half tons a year. Adding to this the drink—excluding the water—and dividing by 365, we have a daily consumption of 5,800 tons.

The Russian army is to be supplied with a new rifle of smaller calibre than that now in use. It is an ordinary breech-loader—not a repeater or magazine rifle. It carries 6,000 feet, the bullet penetrating at that distance three inch boards placed two feet apart. The bullets will be lighter than those heretofore employed, and the number of cartridges carried by each soldier will be in consequence increased. The powder to be used in these rifles is of a special kind, and gives additional velocity.

"Bystander" writes to the *Morning Post* on the subject of cavalry remounts: "It is idle to say there are a certain number of horses registered as suitable, from their shape, age, appearance, and breeding, to fill cavalry vacancies, when these same animals are solely used in omnibusses, trams, and similar work; in other words, 'draught horses' pure and simple. Would any sane person care to trust to animals like these to maintain the prestige of our cavalry, apart from the iniquity of sending our cavalry soldiers into the field on such animals?" Here is Canada's chance.

A new railway system has come into use in Hungary, which is receiving much attention. For travelling purposes the country is now divided into fourteen zones, much on the principle of the adoption of longitudinal divisions for railroad time in America. Passenger fares are regulated now by zones, instead of by actual distance, and one uniform price is charged for all stations within the same zone. The new arrangement amounts roughly to a reduction of 25 per cent., and the first two days show an increase in traffic of over 300 per cent. The change is believed in London to mark an important epoch in railway history all over Europe.



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ROBERT R. J. EMMERSON
Sackville, N. S., Aug., 1889.

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A RECEIPT FOR A KISS.

Take two pure souls as fresh as buds in May,
Two faces, one as fair as summer's flower,
A little modest maidenly delay,
But not enough to make your kiss turn sour.

Two pulpy pairs of lips, two clinging hands,
Two pairs of eyes that see each other only;
Set them to simmer on the sad sea-sands,
In an old wood, or any place that's lonely.

Add wholesome breeze-stirs gently, fresh inspired
Moan of mad music, mixed with starry night;
And if the very richest kiss should be required,
Sprinkle it with the moon's soft-sifted light.

A cloaking friend, a blanched and bitter aunt,
A clover child—but not too much of this—
A pinch of "wont," a very little "shan't,"
Will give a piquant flavor to your kiss.

But still screen off refusals as they rise,
Throw in from time to time your buttered reason.
Garnish with sugared whispers, vows or sighs,
And serve. This dish is seldom out of season.

Releasing the present, as it pleased the past,
A zest to life's great feast in every clime;
Tender and luscious, it is like to last
In public favor till the end of time.

The Argosy.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

DEAR COUSIN CARYL,—One cannot in conscience, 'tis true, urge the woman who is housewife and mother together, to add a single one to her already over-many interests, but there are "no end"—as the boys say—of idle hands still. If we believe in the evolution of the ideal, and wish charitably to be fittest, and so among the survivors, how better can we accomplish it than by keeping Satan and his budget of mischiefs at bay? Here in Massachusetts, you know, where there are thousands and tens of thousands more women than men, there be many who "must live and die plain Miss." Of course, Horace Greeley should have addressed his memorable advice about going West to women no less than to men; but whatever the journalistic penny-a-liners would have done without this feminine surplus to poke fun at is past finding out. To be sure benevolent individuals take pains every little while to explain that this surplus of women includes more widows than it does unmarried women, *mais n'importe*. The fact remains that there are a great many women here, and it is certain to be true in some degree of every place, who are not blessed with "homes of their own" in the sense of having husbands and children to care for. And for these must there not be vocations and avocations? Happily it is coming to be more the fashion for everybody to let her light so shine that she may be a unit, or at least a proper fraction, surely not a nonentity, in the world. One who is not dependent for bread and bed upon her own exertions is so much the freer to follow her inclinations. The woman who must contribute to her own material support is in danger in the hurly-burly of 19th century life in America of being crowded to the wall unless she can discern the demands of the times, and can to some extent supply them. Odd pursuits have been singled out by ladies—I mean true gentle-women—in some of the big cities. One puts her judgment and good taste at the service of people who live far from the shops, or have not the time or disposition to do their buying for themselves. She must be a clever trader, abreast of the times, and her office is valuable alike to herself and to the public. Another whose forte is delicious desserts, or perhaps nice preserves and pickles, secures regular customers willing to pay well for fine viands, and she earns her living in cleanly, comfortable fashion, with leisure to boot to spend as she wills it on whatever sweetens life most for her. One woman elects to do fine mending, and another—a queer occupation, but one that pays well—goes from house to house among regular patrons, and cleans, fills and trims the valuable lamps in the premises that cannot be properly attended to by the average kitchen maid with everything else she has to do.

People who entertain a great deal are grateful and willing to pay well for the service of a well-bred woman, accustomed to the best society, who relieves the hostess of much care and trouble by supervising the servants, ordering the details of the dinner or ball, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

These are but two or three of the ways out of the beaten track that women are taking to support themselves. There are very many others quite as original and remunerative. Women who have homesteads are meeting with success raising small fruits for the market, or in the culture of silk worms, in raising bees or poultry, and in the culture of flowers and plants. This last is a fine industry for those living just outside towns or cities where the demand for small bedding plants, cut flowers and potted plants for decorations, is a large and steady one.

Some one of these out-of-door (for much of the time) occupations is an excellent avocation for one whose regular work is close and confining. The scale upon which it is pursued may be big or little, of course, to agree with circumstances.

For example, Cora's sister, who teaches Greek at the Annex, writes me she is raising poultry for recreation, and putting the proceeds into a fund that means Europe later on. She says, by the way, in response to my query whether she did not find the actual work irksome or disagreeably odorous, and so on, something that may interest you. For one thing, hens take care of themselves pretty much, if you, by providing plenty of scratching material, keep them always at work. The ground should be dug up with a hoe or spaded occasionally. If any time there is any perceptible odor comes up from the ground, it should be disinfected. This is easily done by adding a gill of crude carbolic acid to four gallons of water, and sprinkling the yard

with a common watering pot. A coat of whitewash now and then, and an occasional wetting with the above solution will keep the poultry house sweet and clean.

With all your multiplicity of cares, I should never think twice, if I were you, of embroidering a screen. My dear, buy some pretty figured or flowered India silks in harmonizing tints for the panels. Have small brass rods set in each panel, one a quarter of an inch from the top of the frame, and one the same distance from the bottom bar. Upon these hang the silk, full enough to look well, and not to hide the design of the silk too much. Have no headings, but merely run in hems just deep enough to admit the rods. This makes an attractive screen, very, and it is cheap and easily made. Do you know a common clothes horse in three hinged sections may be stained and polished, and then with the feet lowered, and the openings covered in some such fashion as that just described, looks really like a piece of art furniture from the manufactory.

For black walnut stain about a pound of burnt umber to a "good" pint of oil gives a good color. Colors come prepared in tin boxes, and require only to be mixed with oil that can also be bought ready for use in cans. This oil is made from boiled oil, turpentine and a dryer, and easily put together by any painter. A thin mixture of Indian red and the prepared oil makes a warm, rich color. The best polish is given by rubbing the wood, "both hard and long," with woollen rags or cotton waste. Next best is a coat of good varnish.

A physician with the welfare of mankind at heart says something about rheumatism that I am going to transcribe for you:

After several months of warm weather the system is relaxed, weakened and more or less choked up with rust. Exercise, the great eliminator of waste material, is quite naturally neglected during hot weather. Those too who exercise too little are sure to eat too much. Autumn finds them in a sluggish state, a condition of things very favorable to rheumatism. Those with a tendency to this disease should "take a stitch in time." They should live abstemiously, exercise freely, keep the skin active by frequent bathing, the bowels open with fruits, and drink water in large quantities. Water dissolves and washes waste matter out of the system, and is therefore essential where there is any impairment of the action of the kidneys, bowels or skin.

Try this simple treatment, Caryl, to see if it will not ward off those horrible rheumatic twinges you complain of.

Yours devotedly,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

UNIVERSAL LUXURY IN AMERICA.

The enormous growth of luxury in New York in very recent years must, indeed, strike every observer who has travelled through the town with his eyes open. Extravagance has become a popular gospel. We are a long way behind London yet, but London is the only city in the world where spend-thrift lavishness goes abroad as splendidly lavish as it does with us. The infection here reaches all who have any money to spend. The difference between the man of millions and the man of thousands is only one of degree. The same instinct for the indulgence of a man's for spending money animates and controls both. Frowsy women serve beer in tenement-house grogeries with diamonds in their unwashed ears and on their befouled fingers. Tenement rooms are furnished on the instalment plan with exorbitantly costly imitations of the splendours of Fifth Avenue parlors and boudoirs. The shop-girl, living as one of half a dozen in a bedroom in a cheap boarding-house, apes in her everyday attire the splendor of Miss McFlimsey, who has a new outfit for every week of the year. The counter-jumper has his clothes made in imitation of those of the supporters of the Knickerbocker Club. Jones, on an income of 25,000 dollars a year, and with a family, houses himself in a 600 dollar flat, and Brown, who makes 10,000 dollars a year, spends 2,500 dollars for house rent and keeps a carriage and a retinue of servants.

This does not mean that the mass of people in New York are making more money than ever, but that they are spending more. Where they once hoarded they now waste. Where the Browns and Joneses and Smiths were once content with a family circle seat at the opera on holiday nights, and four visits to the theatre a year, they now require orchestra chairs for every novelty. Where the Mrs. Browns and Mrs. Joneses and Mrs. Robinsons were once satisfied to make their own dresses, with a sewing woman who went out by day to do the rough sewing, they now patronise a modiste, who makes—or, at any rate, is supposed to make—annual visits to Paris, and professes to dress her clients on models furnished by Worth and Pingat.

At the fashionable jewellers they will tell you that their most profitable customers to-day are those who ten years ago did not venture even to look in at Tiffany's window. There are diamond brokers in the very slums, and makers of French boots and millinery in the districts blackened by factory smoke and grimed with the squalor of the rookeries of the town.

Only yesterday, lounging among the mazes of the murky East Side, I found myself reading, in the shadow of a goal wall, the sign of an "English Tailor and Habit Maker," at whose door dirty children pelt each other with a dead cat, while there is no street so low or poor that it does not boast its "Bootmaker from London." Even in the poorest shopping streets the same condition of affairs prevails. Tawdry imitations of costly dresses, which are dear even at the prices asked for them, usurp the place of durable and useful fabrics. Pinchbeck jewellery, imitation pearls, diamonds of glass and silk umbrellas of varnished cotton, invite the patronage of a crowd that must shorten its allowance of bread to indulge in these vulgar and worthless superfluities.

The only difference between Broadway and the Bowery, between Twenty-third, Fourteenth, and Grand Streets, is in the quality of the goods they

offer for sale. While Cæsus invests a fortune in Moissoniers, Millots, and Daubignys at the great picture sales, Clod wastes his hard-earned cash on the frightful daubs sold by the mock auction dealers. Mæcenas fills his portfolio with the rarities of the printseller's shop, while his bootblack adorns his walls with pirated copies of the masterpieces his betters buy at more than their weight in gold. There was at one time in London a rage for living for appearances, at no matter what ultimate cost, that all the novelists and moralists of the day satirised in their keenest terms. The same vice of small vanity and false pride has found its root in New York and put out its bait for all manner of men and women to snap at, and they take hook as greedily as a black bass will snap a tempting fly.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

A CRUEL SILENCE.

There are times when speech is unseasonable, but there also times when silence is wrong and even cruel. If there is much said that should never have been breathed, there is also much that ought to have free utterance which is never spoken. It is impossible to estimate the amount of happiness and benefit that is suppressed by this untimely silence. Not only to the absent, but sometimes to those present with us, is silence cruel. There is a wholesome dread of flattery among honest people, which not infrequently leads them into an opposite extreme of withholding praise where it is due. Much discouragement and many abandoned efforts may be traced to this source. Of course, it is not the ideal of manliness to require such a motive. The young and inexperienced, the humble and self-deprecating, and all beginners especially, need every sincere word of encouragement that can be given. It is a stimulus which no parent, no teacher, and no employer can afford to set aside. Has the child been faithful, obedient, studious, self-denying? Tell him so, and express the real pleasure you feel. Has the young man proved himself trustworthy, indefatigable, intelligent? Let him have the satisfaction of knowing that you appreciate his efforts. Has the timid beginner in some enterprise done well for a first attempt? Do not deny him the incentive to further efforts that your approval will afford him. Silence at such times is not a mere negative, a blank, an omission; it is a positive injury, a bar to improvement, a destroyer of well-earned happiness. Then, too, happiness, of whatever kind, needs utterance. Sadness and gloom, pain and distress, may well have the shield of silence to prevent their diffusion, but everything that is bright, cheery and delightful should be shared and spread as far as possible. Yet how frequently is this reversed, and the misfortunes of life are disclosed in all their details, while its blessings are passively accepted without remark.

The shadows are eagerly described, while of the sunlight nothing is said. Is not this also a cruel silence? Happiness is to the heart what sunlight is to the body, and he who shuts out either is an enemy to society. There are persons who will work for the good of their fellow-men, who will give money and time, labor and thought, to reforms and schemes for general welfare, who will not hesitate to make sacrifices to perform benevolent and kindly actions, but who never give free and hearty utterance to the gladness that they feel, or the pleasure they enjoy. It is not that they intend to deprive any one of happiness, but they do not realize how much they could thus bestow. While trying in many ways to give light and warmth to their fellow-men, they bottle up their own sunshine, forgetting that its influence might extend far and wide. Let all such pernicious silence be speedily broken. If the day is fair, and the air pure and clear, let us emphasize the fact; if we see any beauty, let us point it out, if we feel any joy, let us hasten to share it; if we have received any good, let us freely express it. St. Paul tells us, "Whatsoever things are true, or honest, or just, or pure, or lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And if, as we think, we also speak of them with freedom and gladness, the world will be happier and better for our having lived in it.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

An invention is reported from Europe which promises to revolutionize completely the industry of china decoration. By a process discovered by Mr. J. B. Bonnaud it is possible to obtain in a few minutes the same artistic effects which cost the hand painter on china days of labor. Landscapes, groups of figures and portraits are produced by this means on vases, plates and plaques in their natural colors, even in the most delicate shade.

Messrs. Humphrey & Snow, Moncton, N. B., will build a 100 x 30-foot addition to their woollen mills in that town, increasing their capacity about 50 per cent. This factory now gives employment to 44 hands. Previous to the introduction of the National Policy it was simply a country carding mill.

A gentleman described as "one of Nova Scotia's best known business men" recently made the following remarks to an *Empire* correspondent at Montreal:—"When Nova Scotia threw in her lot with the Upper Provinces in 1867," the gentleman went on to say, "the number of factories in the country districts could be counted on the fingers of one hand, while now such towns as New Glasgow, Truro, Windsor, Amherst, Yarmouth, and others, support a very large and rapidly increasing manufacturing population. Halifax has lost, to be sure, a portion of her Nova Scotia trade, but the old city a good deal more than holds her own, and as the terminus of the short line, the winter port for the new line of ocean steamers, besides the headquarters for numerous other lines, she cannot but reap great advantages in the near future."

And now it is apples. The exports from America to Great Britain in the last fiscal year reached a total of 1,401,382 barrels. Of this quantity 481,766 barrels were forwarded from the port of New York, and 380,175 barrels from the port of Boston. Halifax sent 95,122 barrels, and Annapolis only 9,119 barrels—the total less than one-eighth the quantity of New York and Boston shipments. The United States apple growers, it will be seen, are not only supplying their home market, but beating us all hollow in the British market. And yet certain grit papers have the audacity to tell our farmers and fruit growers that all they need to make them prosperous is unrestricted reciprocity with the States! It is clear that there is little market in the United States for our apples, but fortunately there is an almost unlimited market in Great Britain. While we have been grasping after the shadow, the United States producers have been reaching out for the substance. If the grit press had been in the pay of Canada's enemies, the most ingenious could scarcely have devised a policy so well calculated as the advocacy of unrestricted reciprocity to stifle enterprise and prevent our people from adapting themselves to the changed conditions of the world's markets. *Exchange.*

OUR COSY CORNER.

Among minor novelties are inverted hanging umbrellas made of Bohemian glass of different colors. In these are placed fairy lamps, which shine with a soft radiance through the glass, diffusing color and light.

Some pretty lamp shades are made of pale pink or yellow silk, embroidered with small pearl beads, and trimmed with a frill of pink or yellow lace. This shade is drawn at the top, and tied with the ribbons to match.

In a drawing-room recently a rather pretty dress was of black cashmere, the under and overskirts were plain, the latter falling almost to the hem of the underskirt in soft curves and folds. The blouse-waist, bolted in, had a deep yoke filled in with wine-colored silk, over which was laid rich, black lace. A large rosette of black and wine-colored satin ribbons was set high on the left shoulder.

Another dress of bronze silk combined with brown and old gold brocaded satin. The vests and cuffs of the sleeves consisted of the brocade. The brocade also formed the front of the overskirt, falling away among the folds of the plain silk draperies at the side and back.

Still another dress was of azure blue cashmere, made princess fashion, a deep side pleat set into the bottom of the skirt and short train. The dress met together in folds, and steel ornaments fastened it upon the breast from left to right.

CITY CHIMES.

Just as soon as the schools reopen then comes stifling weather. However, it does not seem to effect the small urchins of Halifax who hop down Bishop street to school, chanting their multiplication table. One tiny chap says: "I know two and one make three." Happy boy to have acquired so much knowledge while yet another struggles with the problem as to what "two threes make."

Dr. Slayter and family have removed from Argyll street to Morris street, a fact much appreciated by their south-end friends.

Captain Clarkson looks well after his trip across the briny.

Major and Mrs. Firebrace are soon to leave Halifax, much to the regret of their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wyldo gave a small party for their young friends on Monday evening. Notwithstanding the intense heat, dancing was indulged in to the "wee sma' hours." Others besides the invited guests enjoyed the gathering, as evidenced by the crowd gathered outside the windows. Glances of black lace and scarlet, pink frocks, etc., seemed to please exceedingly.

Picnics this season are certainly as thick as blueberries, and Margaret's Bay Road blueberries are a pretty plentiful article. One young lady of very tender years said she had been at "eight parties, and could not count the picnics since spring." Excursions come under the same head as picnics, therefore to excuse means to picnic and *vice versa*. The new boat *Bridgewater* took out a very pleasant party last Saturday away down outside the harbor, half way to Chester; of course the ladies were ill and wished themselves on shore, there is always a drawback to every picnic. However, sick and well were united in the admiration of the trim little boat which is to be such a boon to the residents on the La Have.

It is rumored that on the return of the flagship the officers intend giving another dance, which like all their dances will no doubt prove a great success.

A Service of Praise is to be held in the Grafton Street Church on Sunday next, September 8th. There are to be four Anthems sung at the morning service, and three in the evening. The preachers on each occasion are Rev. S. R. Ackman, morning, and Rev. J. Strothard, evening.

Saturday last was the beginning of the sultry weather which has continued throughout the week, and it was a pleasant relief from the heat and dust to find oneself on board the trim *Bridgewater* steaming past the wharves

and shipping bound to the cool open sea. On board were upwards of one hundred guests of the Coastal Steamship Company, including a number of ladies who had been invited to enjoy an excursion on the new steamer, only lately arrived from Glasgow, where she had been specially built for the service. A run was made to Ketch Harbor, giving a fine view of all interesting points, and on the return, the North West Arm, with its lovely scenery, was also visited. Ice cream and other refreshments were served on board, and Mr. Joseph Wood, the agent and leading promoter of the company, looked well after the comfort of the guests. The steamer proved a speedy boat, making some eleven knots an hour, and all on board were delighted with her accommodations and her perfect adaptability to the service in which she is to be engaged. The Coastal Steamship Company are to be commended for their enterprise, as the new steamer is certain to largely increase the freight and passenger traffic of Bridgewater and to draw to Halifax a large amount of business that has heretofore gone elsewhere. At 5.30 p. m. the steamer returned to her moorings at Central Wharf, when the excursionists disembarked, having enjoyed an afternoon of unbroken pleasure, and thankful that they had been spared that nuisance of most similar affairs—prosy speeches.

COMMERCIAL.

In all lines of staple goods a good, healthy business has been accomplished, and trade throughout has been both in character and in volume generally satisfactory. While it is true that some complaints of slow payments are made, still, considering the time of year, there appears to be but little reason to grumble. On the whole, payments are very fairly well met. As to trade, while there is no rush, everything is moving along as well as ought to be expected. To ensure stability in business and to protect innocent dealers legislation should be had as soon as possible in regard to bankruptcy cases. Our present bankruptcy laws are altogether and unwarrantably too loose and, in consequence, preferred payments are of far too frequent occurrence. Preferential payments are (or should be) not only illegal, but are very unjust to the majority of creditors, who are doubly losers through a conspiracy entered into between the insolvent and preferred creditors for the purpose of robbing the general estate for their special—and often mutual—benefit. This may be called by the term "preferential payments," but it is nevertheless a fraudulent conspiracy which has for its object the fleecing of the general creditors for the benefit of a few. Under the same category most bills of sale come. A man ostensibly in possession of a quantity of personal property can readily obtain credit, but when his creditors attempt to recover what is due to them they too often discover that all that the debtor has is covered by a bill of sale. In most cases it is impossible to prove the fraud. The debtor either becomes the agent of his assignee to dispose of the goods thus protected or sails serenely through the bankruptcy court, and is ready to be "trusted" again. These methods are *prima facie* fraudulent, but they are of daily occurrence, and the law does not reach them.

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

	Week Prev.		Weeks corresponding to		Failures for the year to date			
	Aug. 30.	1889	Aug. 30	1886	1889	1888	1887	1886
United States..	176	218	136	143	7603	6721	6412	6851
Canada.....	21	13	23	29	1076	1151	847	819

The following are the Assignments and Business Changes in this Province during the past week:—Ewan & Co., books and stationery, Yarmouth, assigned; Sharp & Co., victuallers, Halifax, sold out to W. L. Williston, John W. Cobb, hotel, Liverpool, hotel property advertised for sale.

DRY GOODS.—Another quiet week has passed in the general dry goods trade, although considerable activity has been shown in the fancy goods and millinery departments. Orders for fall goods come in more freely than they did, and it now looks as if the season's trade will exceed that of last year. There has been no particular change in cotton or woollen goods. There has been an advance in prices of wools abroad, which promises to be well maintained.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—In iron and hardware there has been a good business with prices strong. In fact what with strong cables, dock strikes which retard shipments, and a steady demand here, it seems unlikely that consumers will do any better by holding off, especially as freights will doubtless advance soon. Warrants in Glasgow are gradually creeping up, being cabled at 46s. 8d. Gartsherrie and Langloan are cabled as having made a further advance. The London metal—tin, copper, lead, antimony, etc.—markets are firm, and quotations are unchanged. From Pittsburg, Pa., a large week's business is reported to have been quietly done in iron and steel at the fullest prices for the year. Bessemer iron, all kinds of steel in billets and slabs, also muck bars in large lots have met with ready sale, and there are numerous enquiries now on the market for supplies, which naturally have a tendency to harden prices. In Philadelphia most concerns are over-sold, and consequently refuse to make reductions from current quotations on full deliveries.

PROVISIONS.—Owing to the recent strong western markets, where there has been an advance in prices, there has been a stronger feeling in the local provision market on pork. There has been more enquiry, and the market was moderately active with a fair amount of business, but orders have been principally for small lots. There has been no change in the Liverpool provision market, pork, lard, bacon and tallow all remaining steady. There has been greater activity in the Chicago provision market and a strong feeling prevailed. Pork advanced 20c. to 22½c. Lard was easier and fell off ½c. Short ribs were stronger and moved up 7½c. to 10c. The hog market was weaker and dropped off 5c. The cattle market was fairly active.

BUTTER.—Trade has continued uninteresting and featureless in character, being of small volume and restricted to supplying local wants.

CHEESE.—The cheese trade during the past week has been quiet. The

MY WIFE'S LOSSES.

I have already celebrated my wife's nose; but she has one more peculiar trait which remains to be painted. Bless her little soul! she may not be beautiful as Venus or wise as Minerva, but she is the most amusing wife man ever had.

"Ago cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

The other day a young and lovely bride called on us. Her eyes bright, her color glowing, her hair rich and lustrous; the words of truth and soberness fell from her lips. You could not fail to admire her. She would be a model housekeeper, a good mother—"mild, yet firm," as the old owl said to his son, Billy—and decorous, proper, excellent, to the end of her days. Shall I confess that the call bored me exceedingly? I suppose my total depravity came to the surface just then. As for Nan, she turned toward me with a sigh, half-stifled, and a pretty, wistful, enquiring look.

"Isn't she nice, Jack? I declare I do think she's lovely. You can depend on her every time. She'll be just in the right place from now till never. Oh dear."

"Yes," said I, "that's all true, Nan; but there is such a lack of unexpectedness about her that I should hate her in a week."

"Oh, you dear old thing; that's why you love me isn't it?"

And she threw herself into my arms in the most gushing manner, and—bit the tip of my ear! She really did; not entirely in a savage fashion, but as a kitten bites.

"That was unexpected, certainly" said I, with a grimace, rubbing the injured member. But Nan did not sympathize. She withdrew herself calmly, and began to hunt about the room in a most vivacious manner.

"What are you looking for now, Nan?"

She resented the emphasis with a look of rage at me, for this was a sore point. But as the search went on, and she grew desperate, she turned to me and remarked, not too sweetly:

"If you *must* know, I can't find my other ivory needle."

I could not help it—I had to laugh. The needle was struck through the dark knot of her hair like a Roman girl's dagger.

"Oh," said she, when I told her—an "oh" that ought to be written *staccato*, if I had only a bit of score to do it. For my wife's losses are the family delight. Never was such an inconsequent woman made. She knows where all my things are, and reproaches me with the cruelest scorn if I venture to ask where my stockings live, or what has become of my white vest. And the drawers that belong to little Gracilis, her niece, are miracles of order, and the luckless child is visited with awful tirades from her aunty if an apron is mislaid, or a shoe wandering from its own place. This is all very nice for Gracilis and me; but when it comes to her own things, if they were created out of original atoms every time she wanted them, they could not be more astray or longer in coming together.

Well do I remember, when we moved from the hotel to our little house, the anguish of mind which pervaded Nan's atmosphere. But after three days we looked about us, and found "most things were somewhere," as she lucidly stated it. Still there were three bottles of claret to be accounted for—the last of a dozen which a kindly friend had sent us to mitigate the austerities of a hotel table. It was very good claret; the taste was clean and tolerably mild, and the bouquet fine. This it was which recommended it to my wife. She would hang over her glass like a bee above a blossom, with dilated nostrils and dreamy eyes—"Oh, Jack, it is like English violets!"—the dinner, such as it was, growing cold on the plate, till I was obliged to suggest that her food was waiting to be eaten, and perfume would not supply the place of beef and bread. But those three bottles of claret were gone. Nan knew perfectly well she had taken them in a basket when I carried her and a few other precious things over to the house in my buggy.

"You see, I didn't want to put any temptation in Polonius's way, Jack, so I took them myself. I *know* I did."

Let me put in a parenthesis here, and rise to explain that Polonius is not the immortal adjunct in *Hamlet*, but only my queer wife's way of saying Malony, which is our washer-woman's name.

"But if you put them there, Nan, we *must* have taken them out."

"Oh, Jack, what geese men are! Don't you know you left the buggy and went up stairs to fetch that lovely vase you broke on the steps after all; and how do you know who helped themselves to the claret then?"

There was a double flavor to this speech, a sort of mental peppermint that made me feel two ways at once, just as that popular aromatic makes your mouth hot and cold together. I at least was freed from blame about the claret, but then I was brought to recollect that I broke the vase.

"Perhaps, though," she went on, "you might have put it under the buggy seat, and in that case it may still be at the livery stable. Oh, do go right away and see."

So I meekly walked over to the stable; but though I searched in every crack of the buggy, there was no claret there.

Then Polonius was interrogated. She is an excellent creature, but afflicted with a fluent piety of speech, whose liberal dispensation on all occasions is not quite reverent.

"Ellen, don't you remember seeing three tall dark bottles on the window-sill at the Blank House when you were helping me to pack?"

"Indeed thim, ma'am, I recollect thim intirely a-standin' in a row be the windy; an' I've a splendid mimory, glory be to God! it's niver gone back on me yit."

"Did you see me put hem into a basket?"

"Decd 'n' I don't call to mind seein' ye do anything wid thim. I remember thim bottles, because you was jist ather givin' me the ear-rings out o' that drawer in the table be the windy."

"Oh, that makes me think: could you wear them?"

"Oh, sure, ma'am, an' plase the Lord, I nivor had mo ears holed from that day to this; but my Mary Ann, an' she nor three year old come March, she fetched thim down a Monday aft the booreau; an' 'Mother,' sez she, 'be the help o' God I'll wear thim ear-rings wan day,' sez she. Sho's real smart, that wan."

This was too much for Nan; she left Polonius to her scrubbing, and turned to me with a comic yet desperate expression:

"It's no use, Jack; they're gone."

If only she could have accepted that situation we should have had peace; but day after day went on, and our possessions were daily turned inside out, outside in, and bottom side up, while all our friends were regaled with the woeful tale, and everybody wondered who *could* have stolen the claret.

Six weeks after, as I came into the parlor at night, I behold a strange pile on the table, carefully veiled with a towel. Nan sprang up from her low chair, and with a naughty sparkle in her eye, and a highly dramatic sweep of her arm, snatched off the towel, and revealed the three claret bottles.

I sank into the sofa and laughed until I could laugh no more.

"You horrid thing!" she exclaimed, after she had laughed a little herself. "I thought you'd be so glad."

"My dear, I'm as glad as I can be; but consider the weakness of humanity. I had to laugh; I should have died of its suppression and the 'flood of memories' this apparition called up."

"Oh!!!" Exclamation marks cannot give the indignation which this little syllable hurled at me.

"Where did you find them, Nan?"

"I don't want to tell you. I thought you'd be magnanimous, and you are not a bit. I *know* I shall never hear the last of that claret. But if you *must* know, they were in my work basket, rolled up in Gracey's new flannel night-gowns."

Here she had to laugh with me; and, though I lose all character for magnanimity, I must own that Nan never did hear the last of that claret, for it was perpetually brought to confront her during the next three months, when at one time every pair of her scissors disappeared, to be recovered from the crease of the sofa, the middle of Webster's dictionary, and the top of a jam-pot on the highest pantry shelf—places where she had laid them down in some emergency, and quite forgotten them; at another, when every one of five pairs of eyeglasses (specially provided to avert such a catastrophe as my near-sighted wife being left without any,) took to themselves wings or heels, and by patient search were at last resurrected from forgotten pockets, the desk, the dressing-case drawers, and—shall I say it?—under the bed! As for spools, neck ribbons, pencils, handkerchiefs, gloves, they seemed to symbolize the lost tribes of Israel for number and persistence, except that they always came back.

It is true that I lost things, but in the normal way; a sleeve button that dropped out in the street, and never came back; a new duster that fell from the buggy on a drive, and probably has done somebody else good service long since. Nan's worst losses were retrieved inevitably.

But in three months came a loss that was really annoying. Nan has dreadful headaches after any exposure to cold, and consequently wraps her head up in a long thick veil if the weather is the least threatening when she is obliged to face it.

There was a funeral one day in Portland, some thirty miles from us by rail, which she must attend, being one of the immediate family; and, though it was in the month of May, the sky looked dark enough when Nan left—*for I could not leave my business to go with her further than the station.* Of course she took her veil—a new and expensive one, just obtained from New York. But after she reached town the weather changed to extreme heat, and the next afternoon I met her at the train flushed and panting, with her thick shawl over her arm, scolding about the day: "I've almost been roasted, I do assure you. The house was like an oven—everybody gasping, and the cars, oh, how hot they were! Please, I'd rather walk home; it's too warm to ride."

So we walked home; and matters went on as usual for two or three weeks, when, one day, a picnic being afoot, Nan came to me with wide eyes:

"Jack, do you remember, that day I came home from Aunt Dorcas's funeral, seeing my dark blue veil in my hand?"

"No, I don't. Is it lost, Nan?"

"Of course it is," she retorted with much dignity. "I must have left it in the cars. I remember taking it off my hat, I was so warm, and hanging it over the seat back. Will you please go up to the noon train and ask Conductor Scott if he found it?"

Now I have been on so many fool's errands of this sort, I greatly demurred. "Are you quite sure you haven't it in the house, my dear?"

"Of course I am. Jack, I do wish you *never* would say 'my dear' to me. I'd rather be sworn at any day. Now you think I haven't lost the veil. I have. I know I have. But I'll go myself."

"Indeed you won't, Mrs. Nan. But can you blame me, remembering the claret?"

The blessed little woman flew after me to box my ears, but I'm nimble and escaped—by a hair's breadth.

Of course Mr. Scott had not seen the veil. And then Nan recollected she had it in one hand coming out of the station; therefore she must have dropped it in the street, and it had to be thoroughly advertised in the local paper. But nobody restored it.

About a year after, Nan came to me with one hand behind her back, and the sidewise, doubtful look of a cat caught cream-stealing.

"What have you found?" laughed I, sure of a sequel of this sort.

She brought slowly before her the blue lengths of the lost veil, and then threw herself into my lap, hid her face in my beard, and proffered this shame-faced explanation: "Why, I was pulling out a box of papers from under the bureau in that little room up stairs—you know it wasn't cleaned last fall—and I touched something soft. Oh! I thought it was a mouse, and I screamed. But it didn't move; so I poked it with a cane, and it was my veil, all folded and rolled up. I suppose I put it on the bureau with my black hat and it rolled off behind."

What could I say?

Poor little Nan! things got no better with her for all my laughter: she would lose a dress skirt only to discover that she had put on another one over it and worn it half the day; no morning passed without a hunt for the small slippers she stepped out of the night before wherever she chanced to be when she thought of it—by Gracilis' bedside, in the dressing closet, in the bath-room or by the parlor sofa.

She went to visit a friend in Boston, and lost an exquisite stone cameo pin—a head of Venus crowned with rose, embracing Cupid, who nestles his curly head against her beautiful throat and smiles. The subject was peculiar and the gem valuable. Nan was sure she had put it in her trunk, but some delay occurred about leaving, and the trunk stood in her room a whole day, while she went out to Roxbury. Of course the chamber-maid had stolen it; there could be no doubt of that.

Considering the past, I felt for the chamber-maid, and therefore persuaded my wife not to mention her suspicions, but write calmly to her friend and ask if the missing pin had perhaps dropped behind the bureau or into one of its drawers; but no pin had been seen, deeply to the regret of Mrs. Greene, who appreciated and admired it thoroughly. It then occurred to my wife that she had been to the Boston Public Library the day before the trunk was packed, and it was just possible the pin might have dropped there; so a friend of mine, being about to visit Boston on business, I commissioned him, not without some misgivings, to inquire at the library for the lost article; but it was not there, and Nan tried to accept the situation, though she regretted the loss much. In the autumn she was about to put away her summer finery in a spare chest kept for such purposes, and suddenly I heard a sort of glad call from her chamber:

"Oh, Jack, here it is! here's my pin! Oh, I'm awfully glad!"

She had become quite callous by this time to any shame about her numerous losses; so she confessed, and I laughed with serene freedom; and when I could recover myself, madam explained that in putting away a certain lace jacket, she had found the pin caught in its folds; in a moment of haste or carelessness she had put the pin into the trunk tray without its box, and thrown the jacket over it. I never yet have found out whether she wrote to Mrs. Greene about the discovery.

But the climax of all Nan's mishaps in this line occurred at the Centennial. I could not spend a long time away from my business, but I determined to have her enjoy the great show fully; so I persuaded her to join a party of friends who were to stay three weeks, and, when their visit was over, I could go on for another week. But unhappily these friends were obliged to leave my wife three days earlier than they had intended, owing to the serious illness of one of the party. Nan stayed on, waiting for me, and the day before I was to go to her I received a telegram that first startled me, and then made me laugh till my dusty office rang again, and the telegraph boy, stolid as most of his kind, evidently began to consider me a dangerous lunatic. The message ran thus:

"CENTENNIAL GROUND,
CONNECTICUT BUILDING, July 30, 1876"

"What is the street and number of the house where I board in Philadelphia? Answer immediately to Connecticut Building. NANON."

I telegraphed back at once according to orders, but was wicked enough to add: "Have you lost anything?"

The next morning I repented of my little sarcasm when Nan threw herself on my shoulder in a passion of tears and loneliness.

"Oh, Jack! I never, never was so scared in all my life. I couldn't possibly think where I was going to. It was almost time to leave the grounds; in fact, I had gone out once, but I didn't know which car to take, and I had no memorandum in my pocket; so I went in again, and told the Connecticut woman I was lost, and she advised me to telegraph home, but it would be too late to get an answer then; and I cried so she was awfully sorry for me, and said if I never, never would tell, she'd let me stay there all night and sleep on a sofa. I was frightened to death, but she was so kind I did stay, and cried myself to sleep. Your telegram came in the evening before I went to bed, and this morning I got out after the gates opened some time, and got back here. But, oh, Jack, it was dreadful!"

"Nan," said I, solemnly, "I'll 'make a vow, and keep it strong,' like the fair Sophia in 'Lord Bateman,' never to let you out go out of my sight again. What could be expected of a woman who loses everything else, but that she should lose herself?"

Nan's irate answer was characteristic, but self-respect forbids me to record it.

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Importers & Dealers in British, Foreign & Home Manufactured
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- Shaving Brushes, FOR
- Flesh Brushes, FOR
- Sponges, Bath Gloves,

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Offer for sale the following stock of first-class Wines and Liquors—

- 115 cases CHAMPAGNE, pints and quarts—Perrier, Jout & Co. H. & E. Perrier's, Perinet, Filz Mumm's and "L. No 1"
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- 350 cases, pints and quarts, CLARETS, from the light table wine to the finest grades.
- 50 cases HUCK, MUSELLE and SAUTERNE.
- 400 cases very old Scotch and Irish WHISKIES, distinguished for age, flavor and "boquet."
- 250 cases Holland, Plymouth, and London "Old Tom" GIN.
- 75 cases choice Old Jamaica RUM
- 120 dozen very old Rye and Bourbon WHISKEY.
- 200 fine old Port, Sherry and Marsala WINES—choice brands and vintage.
- 250 cases Hennessy's fine old BRANDIES
- 500 dozen, pints and quarts, Bass's and Younger's finest PALE ALE
- 250 dozen, pints and quarts, Guinness's STOUT.
- 100 dozen Dublin and Belfast GINGER ALE, a fine sparkling summer drink.
- 100 dozen Apollinaris Water, Wine Bitters, Syrups, &c.

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Have now in Stock the largest and best assorted stock of
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This belting was made specially for our trade, of the best 32 ounce Cotton Duck and Para Rubber—FULLY WARRANTED in every respect. SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER RUBBER BELTING IN THE MARKET.

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COPPERINE.—A nonfibrous, Anti-friction Box Metal, for machinery bearings. Shape of bar, name and package secured by letters Patent.

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Our Specialties are—

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Of every kind, with latest Western
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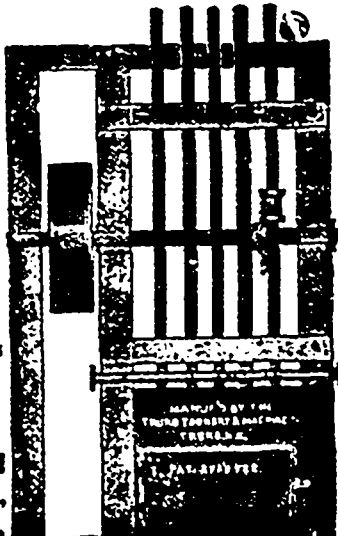
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Estimates furnished for Heating Dwellings
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Manufacturers of Boilers and
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MINING.

The gold returns for the first six months of this year, which have been carefully compiled by Mr. Browne, the accountant of the Department of Public Works and Mines, and which were published in our last issue, point to the probability that the total gold yield this year will exceed that of 1888—the highest in the history of the Province—when the total product was 27,314 ozs. 11 dwts. 11 grs. Last year (1888) the returns were 22,407³/₁₆ ozs. from 36,178 tons quartz crushed. Of this total 10,623 ozs. were milled during the first six months of the year, leaving 11,784 ozs. which were milled during the last half of the year. On glancing over the returns for some years back we find that in all instances the returns for the last six months of each year are larger than for the first, a fact easily accounted for, and most significant when we note that the returns for the first six months of this year are 13,623 ozs. against 10,623 ozs. for the same period last year, or an increase in amount of fully one quarter. With this fact officially before us we have every reason to assume that the returns up to December 31st next will largely exceed the yield up to June 30th, and this proving the case the yield of gold for 1889 will exceed that of any previous year and should be upwards of 30,000 ozs.

GOLD DISCOVERY ON HISTORIC GROUND.—Wednesday morning there was considerable excitement in the Mines Office, caused by a number of well-known prospectors taking up gold areas at Prince's Lodge, Bedford, only about five miles from the Post Office, Halifax. Henry Archibald secured the first block of 30 areas, covering a discovery of three gold bearing leads, which crop up to the surface some $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile back of the Prince's Lodge. One of the leads is 2 feet in width, another 13 inches and another 12. There are other small leads cropping up, and the prospect is so good that the work of developing will be started at once. Mr. Archibald succeeded in securing 12 more areas, but in a very short time the whole of the surrounding district was covered, Mr. Hartlon, Edward Edmunds and others taking up large blocks of areas.

MONTAGUE.—Work on the Annand and other properties in this district is being vigorously pushed, and there is little doubt that in the near future this once noted gold district will resume its old place as one of the best gold producers in the Province.

MOOSE RIVER.—Mr. Andrew McGregor, who is managing for the Montreal Co., has been doing considerable prospecting on tribute, and has done with fair success. Mr. Wm. Bruce has also been at work, and seldom fails to make his ventures pay handsomely.

ISAACS HARBOR.—The Palgrave Mine in this district, so well managed by Mr. Fisher, has proved a steady gold producer, and must have netted a good sum for its shareholders.

MOOSE HEAD.—Mr. S. Sichel continues operating his property, with evidently a good one.

LOCHABER.—Mr. J. C. Ashton, manager of the Liverpool Syndicate Company, left on the last steamer for Baltimore, and will probably return to England soon on important mining business.

RENFREW.—The Empress Mine and the Free Claims property in this district are being vigorously worked with gratifying results. A very important new discovery is also reported.

GOLD RIVER.—The Neptune Gold Mine, under the capable management of Mr. C. E. Willis, is milling a large amount of gold and is evidently a good mine. Other properties in the district are being prospected with most encouraging results.

WAVERLY.—Work is being pushed in the crosscut tunnel into Lunt Hill in East Waverly, which is expected to tap the rich leads of quartz on this property some 200 feet below the old workings. From the distance the tunnel is now in, it is expected that the loads may be considerable.

(From Our New York Special Correspondent.)

All mining stocks regularly listed on the San Francisco and Boston Stock Exchanges have been placed on the Temporary List of the Consolidated Exchange without fee, and can now be dealt in on the New York Exchange. This is, of course, a benefit both for the companies and for the public, and gives an extended market for the one, and better facilities to trade for the other. As Boston has all along been the principal centre for Nova Scotia mining properties, it is fair to presume that there will now be a better market for them, and if one or more of the mines "pan out" well, it will help the whole lot. "Boston Promoters" as a rule are looked upon as "pretty cute birds," and regret has often been expressed by those who have felt their "claws" and New Yorkers as well as Nova Scotians have been of their skillful manipulation. When the long looked for and much expected "boom" in mining stocks arrives, the would-be operator of the Consolidated Exchange of New York can choose from the stocks listed on the exchanges of San Francisco, Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia and New York as well as from the long list already dealt in here. With such an extended field to operate in, and with an improved condition in general business, it is fair to presume that mining interests will keep pace with the times.

Yours,
P.

The *Hants Journal* reports that manganese of the best quality has been discovered on the property of Mr. John Hennigar, a short distance west of Noel Lake. Several persons, having large experience in manganese mining, have visited the spot, and have pronounced the indications equal to the best in the Province.

Nova Scotia gold mines are continuing to show good results. One shot at a Montague mine loosened a lump of quartz in which there was over 200 ounces of gold valued at \$4,000. Other mines have recently been showing up well, and it is expected the gold yield of Nova Scotia for 1889 will be one of the largest in the history of gold mining in the Province.—*Journal of Commerce*

A great deposit of magnetic iron ore, very pure and rich, containing sixty-six per cent. iron, has been discovered on the north side of Mill Stream, seven miles from the I. C. R. at Beresford platform, seven miles west of Bathurst. This deposit has been traced nearly a mile in length, and varies in breadth from ten to forty feet. The assays which have been made on the ore show 66 per cent. of iron. Practical men who have seen it pronounce it to be the best, and say that the finest steel can be made from it. The ore is worth \$7 per ton in the American market. There is plenty of limestone in the vicinity and white birch on the ground.—*St. Croix Courier*.

In August the output of the Cape Breton collieries was good, and the mines are now working up to their full capacity. A number of collieries are averaging over 1,000 tons a day. The supply of shipping is fair at present, and as fall orders are coming in the demand is increasing.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CONSOLIDATED COPPER Co. — On Saturday a creditor's petition for the winding up of this company, and a summons for the appointment of a provisional liquidator, came before Mr. Justice Chitta, in the High Court of Justice.

Mr. Latham, Q. C., who appeared for the petitioners, Messrs Matheson and Co., said the company was founded in Newfoundland for the purpose of working copper mines in that country, and incorporated under the statutes of that colony, the principal office of the company being in England. For many years past there had been no produce from the mine more than sufficient to pay the working expenses, and no dividend had ever been declared. The petitioners had for a long time past financed the company, and by degrees a debt had accumulated due to them of £229,285 3s. 1d. The statutory demand had been served on the company, and the money was not paid. A proposition was raised to the present petition by certain stockholders in New York, who had been dormant for a considerable time, but who now said that some part of the debt claimed by Messrs. Matheson to be due to them was legally contracted as long ago as 1881. The petition stated that the liabilities of the company other than the debt due to the petitioners were comparatively small, and that the whole of the assets would be totally sufficient to pay the petitioners' claim. The learned council submitted that his clients were in a position to ask for a winding up, or that, at least, a provisional liquidator should be appointed to protect the assets of the company for all parties interested.

Mr. Edward Cutler appeared for the company, and supported the petition.

Mr. Byrne, Q. C., appeared for Mr. McGibbon and other stockholders in America, and opposed the petition.

After some discussion, all parties consenting, it was directed that Messrs. Matheson should continue to manage the affairs of the company, subject to the order and direction of the court, the petition to stand to the first petition day of next term, Mr. Byrne undertaking, on the part of his clients, that they would not interfere in the management of the company until the petition is disposed of. Liberty was given to apply to the vacation judge, if necessary.—*Financial News*.

The following successfully passed the examination before the Board of Examiners of Colliery Officials at their meeting last month and received certificates of competency:

Underground Managers.	
Dow Bay.....	A. McDonald.
Sydney Mines.....	John Carey.
Victoria Mines.....	D. H. Ferguson, Isaac Greenwell, S. F. Lee, Bart Connors, G. W. Grunwell, E. McPhee, A. Ferguson.
Stellarton.....	H. McKinnon, A. D. McKenzie, H. McCarter, A. McDonald.
Macan.....	W. Lorimer, T. Blackwood.
Spring Hill.....	C. Hargreaves.
Overmen.	
Dow Bay.....	Murd. Morrison, R. B. Crosby.
Sydney Mines.....	Chas. Young, Ed Lockman, M. Sullivan, John Dorsey, Dave Brown.
Bridgeport.....	Thos. Johnstone, John Caddigan.
Victoria.....	Alex. Cameron, D. Ferguson, A. McAskill.
Stellarton.....	N. H. Nicholson.
Macan.....	A. Babino.
Spring Hill.....	Chas. Ronnie, Arch'd Ferguson, W. Matthews, Goc. Tarrow, Alex. B. Wilson.

The Gould Northup gold mine at Central Rawdon has been sold through C. E. Willis, the manager of the Neptune Mine at Gold River, to a syndicate of American gentlemen for \$100,000. The purchasers have taken possession and are proceeding with the work. This mine has a great

record as a gold producer and should yield its purchasers a handsome return on their outlay.

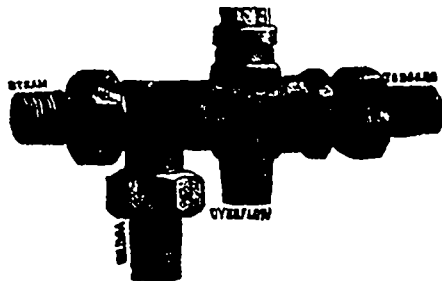
SALMON RIVER.—The official returns at the Mines Office from the Duffurin Mine for the month of August are 219 ozs. gold from 800 tons quartz crushed.

UNLACKE.—The Phoenix Mill in this district returns for August 21½ ozs. gold from 200 tons quartz crushed.

SOUTH UNLACKE.—The Withrow Mine in this district keeps up its remarkably large average yield, the returns for August being 164½ ozs. gold from 30 tons quartz crushed.

From the *Gold Hunter* we glean that the Pleasant River gold mines in Lunenburg County are being actively operated by their owners, Messrs. Thompson and Newcomb. The large mill building is nearing completion, and the Burrell, Johnson Co. of Yarmouth have the contract for the machinery, which is to be in operation this autumn. Ten stamps are to be first operated, but twenty stamps will be the full complement of the mill. There are a number of other buildings going up, and a large amount of quartz is being hoisted from the shafts.

The *Gold Hunter* has also a vigorous plea for the establishment of a fully equipped assay office in Lunenburg County.



Soliciting the favor of your orders. We remain, yours faithfully,
W. & A. MOIR,
MECHANICAL ENGINEERS, - Halifax, N. S.

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Engineers, Plumbers,
Mill Owners & Miners.

Having made arrangements with a Prominent Brass Manufacturing Firm to handle their goods, we will carry a stock of Brass Goods and Steam Fittings in all branches and be able to fill orders promptly at factory discounts. Cast and

MALLEABLE IRON FITTINGS!

Of these we will handle only a first-class American make.

We have also in Stock:
WROUGHT IRON PIPE,
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LUBRICATING OILS,
CRUCIBLES.

Packings of all Descriptions.
WRITE FOR QUOTATIONS.

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174 to 190 Lower Water St.
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This year promises to be an active one in our GOLD FIELDS. We are, in anticipation of this, directing our best efforts towards meeting the enlarging demand for SUPPLIES by special arrangements with leading manufacturers of the principal articles of consumption. We will handle only the BEST GOODS and SELL AT REASONABLE PRICES, factors which have given us the reputation for being

The Best House in Nova Scotia
GOLD MINING SUPPLIES.

A visit or correspondence solicited.

H. H. FULLER & CO.
41 TO 45 UPPER WATER ST., HALIFAX.

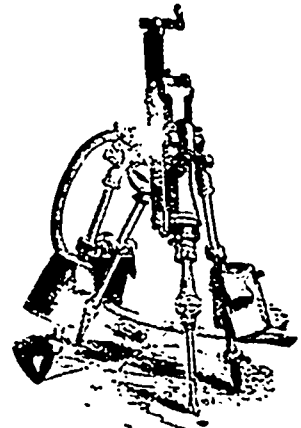
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and General Hardware.

For feeding water to all kinds of Boilers, this is the best injector we have seen. It is simple in construction and operation, perfectly automatic, and works as well on a lift as when there is a water pressure.

Please read for descriptive circular. We are prepared to give Estimates for the BUILDING of MACHINERY of all kinds. Special attention is paid to REPAIRING or ALTERING MACHINERY.

Orders for CASTINGS receive prompt and careful attention.

Ladies will find New and Beautiful Goods for
Sacques, Redingotes, &c.
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OF CANADA,

204 ST. JAMES ST., Montreal

—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Rock Drills, Air Compressors, Steam Hoists,
Boilers, and General Mining Machinery,
Explosives, Batteries, Fuses, &c.

Drill can be seen working at the Halifax Dry Dock.

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Member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

Gold Mining Properties Examined,
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Information for Investors in Nova Scotia Gold Mines. Estimates obtained for Air Drills and Air Compressors for Mines and Quarries, and Steam Drills for Railroad Contracts.
Reference—Commissioner of Mines for Nova Scotia
Address Letter or Telegram, BEDFORD STATION, HALIFAX CO., NOVA SCOTIA.

THE MYSTERIOUS VALISE.

"Sentry, will you kindly keep your eye on my bag for a few minutes? I am going to have a plunge in the Serpentine," said a well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman to me, one warm summer morning a few years ago, as I was on duty at the Park gate of Knightsbridge Cavalry Barracks.

"All right, sir," I replied, "if I am relieved before you return, I shall hand it over to the next sentry."

"Oh, I shan't be more than half an hour at the latest, as I must be in the City by nine. I prefer leaving my valise with you; there are so many vagabonds always swarming about Hyde Park that it is quite possible that one of them might take a fancy to it while I am bathing. It doesn't contain very valuable property—only a suit of clothes and a few documents 'of no use to anyone but the owner,' as the saying is. All the same, however, I have no desire to lose it." So saying, the gentleman turned away, and walked briskly across the Park in the direction of the Serpentine.

The request to look after his property did not in the least surprise me, as numerous robberies from the clothing of persons bathing had for some time before been reported to the police. I lifted the bag—upon which the letters W. N. were painted, and which was in the battered condition indicative of having been much tumbled about—and placed it behind the low wall that lay between the barracks and the footpath.

The barracks' clock struck eight. Fully half an hour had elapsed since the owner of the bag departed, and as yet there was no sign of him; the "quarter-post" was chimed from the neighbouring clocks and still he did not turn up; and as the minutes passed, I thought to myself that it was time he was looking sharp if he really wished to be in the City by nine.

About half past eight I perceived a great commotion in the Park. Men were rushing from all quarters in the direction of the Serpentine; and soon afterwards I ascertained from a passer-by that the excitement was caused by one of the numerous bathers having been drowned. An uneasy suspicion was at once excited within me that the person who had come to such a sad end was the gentleman who had left his valise in my charge, which suspicion was intensified when I was relieved at nine, with the articles still unclaimed. I reflected, however, that its owner may have been chained to the scene of the disaster by the morbid curiosity which induces people to linger about the spot where any calamity of the kind has recently occurred, and then, finding that he was pressed for time, and knowing that his property would be perfectly safe, had gone direct to the city.

I handed over the bag to the sentry who relieved me without mentioning to him anything of the circumstances of the case; and when he returned from duty at eleven, I eagerly asked him if the valise had been called for.

"No," he replied; "it is still lying behind the wall."

I went on sentry again at one o'clock, and no one had come for it. It was the height of the London season, and Hyde Park presented its customary gay appearance; but the imposing array of splendidly appointed equipages, dashing equestrians, and fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, which at other times was to me a most interesting spectacle, that afternoon passed by unheeded, as all my thoughts were centred on speculations regarding the fate of the owner of the bag. Before being relieved at three, I had it conveyed to my room in barracks, and after coming off guard, placed it for greater security in the troop store. That evening, before "stables," when the orderly corporal had read out the duties for the succeeding day, he said, addressing me: "Jones, you have to attend the orderly room tomorrow."

"Why?" I inquired.

"You have been reported for neglecting to salute Captain Sir Carnaby Jenks as he passed you while on sentry this afternoon," was the corporal's answer.

I said nothing by way of excuse. This heinous charge was in all probability true. I believe I might have omitted to "present" to her Majesty the Queen herself, if she had passed that afternoon in her state carriage, so distracted was I by the engrossing subject of this valise.

After stables, I left barracks for my customary walk, and purchasing a copy of the *Echo* from a juvenile news-vendor, I read the particulars of the fatality of the morning. Friends had identified the body, which was that of a gentleman named Nixon, who had resided at Bayswater.

"Nixon! that corresponds with the initial 'N' on the bag," I thought to myself, now perfectly convinced that the deceased was the person I had seen in the morning. I also ascertained from the newspaper report that a man had been apprehended on suspicion of having attempted to rifle the pockets of the clothes of the drowned man, and who had been roughly handled by the crowd before a policeman could be procured to take him into custody. After a moment's reflection, I decided to call at the address given in the paper, in order to arrange about the restoration of the bag to the relatives of the deceased.

Reaching the house, I knocked softly at the door, and stated my business to the domestic who appeared, by whom I was shown into a room, and immediately afterwards was waited upon by a young lady, the daughter of the deceased, who, naturally enough, was perfectly overcome with grief. I explained to her in a few words the object of my visit.

"I am uncertain whether poor papa had a valise of that description when he left this morning," she said; "but possibly you may recognize him from this photograph," submitting one she took from the table for my inspection.

I experienced a strange sense of relief—the features in the photo were those of a person bearing no resemblance whatever to the individual who had left his bag in my charge.

The young lady thanked me heartily for the trouble I had taken in the matter; and I left the house of mourning, and returned to barracks in a mystified state of mind.

"Could the owner of the bag be the thief who had been caught in the

act of plundering the dead man's clothes?" I asked myself, but immediately dismissed the idea from my mind as being absurd and improbable.

Next day I attended the orderly room, and received a severe admonition from the commanding officer. Fortunately for me, as it happened, Sir Carnaby had been in plain clothes, so my offence in the eye of martial law was of a comparatively venial character. Immediately afterwards, I considered it my duty to report the circumstances attending the valise to the adjutant, who in turn communicated with the police authorities at Scotland Yard; and that evening, pursuant to instructions received, I had the bag conveyed to that establishment. After I had explained how it was placed in my charge, it was opened in my presence by an official, and was found to contain just a suit of clothes and a few newspapers, but no documents of any kind, as stated by the owner.

After this the bag ceased to interest me, as the valueless character of its contents caused me to speculate less on the unaccountable conduct of its possessor in never returning for it. I may mention that I read an account in the evening paper regarding the alleged thief who had been apprehended on the Serpentine Bank under the circumstances before alluded to. By the name of Judd, he had been taken before a magistrate and remanded for a week, in order that inquiries might be made concerning him.

Some time afterwards I was on Queen's guard, Westminster. I had just mounted my horse and taken up position in one of the two boxes facing Parliament Street, when a gentleman stopped opposite me and scanned me curiously. Addressing me, he said: "Don't you remember me?"

There was no mistaking the voice; it was that of the owner of the bag. Otherwise he was greatly altered, as he had denuded himself of the luxuriant whiskers and moustache which he wore when I saw him previously.

"What has been wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, I was seized with a fit that morning when I came out of the water, and was taken home in an unconscious state. I have been very unwell ever since, and have left my house for the first time to-day. I made inquiries at barracks about you; and as the soldier I spoke to seemed to know about the bag I left with you, he directed me here."

"Well, sir," I said, "I had quite made up my mind that you were the gentleman who was drowned that morning; and when I discovered my mistake, I am almost ashamed to own that I took you for the man who was apprehended on the charge of trying to plunder the drowned man's clothes."

He smiled pleasantly and said: "Ah! I read about that.—And now to business. I wish to get my bag at once. I presume you have it in safe keeping at the barracks?"

"It is much nearer at hand," I replied—"just across the street from here;" and then I told him that it was in the custody of the police authorities at Scotland Yard.

This information apparently disconcerted him.

"It is very awkward," he said. "I have to catch the six train for Liverpool, as I wish to sail by the steamer that leaves to-morrow morning for New York. Couldn't you come across with me to get it?"

"You forget that I am on sentry," I replied. "I won't be relieved until four; and even then I daren't leave the guard; nor would I care to ask permission to do so. You should go at once to the captain of the guard and represent the case to him, and perhaps, under the circumstances, he will permit me to accompany you."

Acting on my advice, he proceeded at once to the officer in command, leaving me extremely amused at the fuss he was making about his bag, considering all that it was worth.

Soon afterwards he returned with a smiling face, and informed me that the captain had acceded to his request. I expressed my gratification at his intelligence, and added: "Surely, sir, you have been shaving since I last saw you?"

"Yes; I was threatened with the recurrence of a nasty skin complaint to which I was formerly subject."

During the interval that elapsed until my period of duty was ended, the gentleman paced about in a most impatient manner, ever and anon seeming to relieve his feelings by stopping to pat my horse. At length I left my post, and dismounting, led my charger to the stable and handed it over to my comrade; then divesting myself of my cuirass, was ready to proceed to Scotland Yard. One of the corporals on guard received orders to accompany me; so, together with the gentleman, we started, and crossing the street reached the police headquarters in a minute or two; and on making inquiries, were directed to the "Lost Property" department. We stated our business; and an official, after receiving an assurance from me that the applicant was the right person, speedily produced the valise. "Why didn't you see about this before?" he asked, addressing the gentleman.

"Because I was too ill to see about anything," was the reply.

The gentleman then signed a book, certifying that his property had been restored to him, giving as he did so the name of Nobbs.

Having thanked the official, Mr. Nobbs caught up his property, and I left the office. When we got to the door, we found assembled a small crowd of men employed about the establishment; for the unusual spectacle of two helmeted, jackbooted Guardsmen had caused a good deal of speculation as to our business there. Mr. Nobbs hurriedly brushed past them and gaining the street, hailed a passing cab, and the driver at once picked up. "Here is something for your trouble," he said, slipping a sovereign into my hand. I, of course, thanked him heartily for this munificent favour. Declining the offer of the driver to place his bag on the dickey, I put it inside the vehicle; then shaking hands with the corporal and myself, he said to the driver: "Euston, as fast as you can," and entered the cab.

The driver released the brake from the wheel, and was whipping up his scraggy horse with a view to starting, when the poor animal slipped and fell. The men belonging to Scotland Yard who had followed us into the street once rushed to the driver's assistance, unbuckled the traces, and after pos-

ing back the cab, got the horse on its feet. All the while Mr. Nobbs was watching the operations from the window; and I noticed one of the men was surveying him very attentively.

"Your name is Judd, isn't it?" the man at length remarked.

"No; it isn't.—What do you mean by addressing me, sir?" indignantly replied Mr. Nobbs.

"Woll," said the man—whom I at once surmised was a member of the detective force—'that's the name you gave, anyhow, when you were had up on the charge of feeling the pockets of the gent's clothes who was drowned in the Serpentine a week ago. I know you, although you've had a clean shave."

I started on hearing this statement; my suspicions, ridiculous as they seemed at the time, had turned out to be correct after all; while Mr. Judd, alias Nobbs, turned as pale as death.

"Come out of that cab," said the detective.

"You've no-right to detain me," said Nobbs. "I was discharged this morning."

"Because nothing was known against you.—But look here, old man, what have you got in that bag?"

"Only some old clothes, I assure you," said the crest-fallen Nobbs.

"Come inside, and we'll see," said the detective, seizing the bag. "Out of the cab—quick! and come with me to the office."

Mr. Nobbs complied with a very bad grace; while the corporal and I followed, wondering what was to happen next.

We entered the room in the interior, and the bag was opened; but it apparently contained nothing but the clothes.

"There is certainly no grounds for detaining the man," said an inspector standing near.

Mr. Nobbs at once brightened up and cried: "You see I have told you the truth, and now be good enough to let me go."

"All right," said the detective. "Pack up your traps and clear out!"

Mr. Nobbs this time complied with exceeding alacrity, and began to replace the articles of clothing, when the detective, seemingly acting on a sudden impulse, caught up the valise and gave it a vigorous shake. A slight rustling sound was distinctly audible.

"Hillo! what's this?" cried the officer.—Emptying the clothes out of the bag, he produced a pocket-knife, and in a trice ripped open a false bottom, and found—about two dozen valuable diamond rings and a magnificent emerald necklet carefully packed in wadding, besides a number of unset stones.

The jubilant detective at once compared them with a list which he took from a file, and pronounced them to be the entire proceeds of a daring robbery that had recently been committed in the shop of a West End jeweller, and which amounted in value to fifteen hundred pounds.

Mr. Nobbs, alias Judd, now looking terribly confused and abashed at this premature frustration of his plan to clear out of the country with his booty, was formally charged with being in possession of the stolen valuables. He made no reply, and was led away in custody.

Before returning to the guard, I remarked to the inspector. "I thought, sir, when he gave me a sovereign for looking after his bag, that it was more than it was worth; but now I find that I have been mistaken."

"A sovereign!" cried the inspector. "Let me see it."

I took the coin from my cartouche-box, where I had placed it in the absence of an accessible pocket, and handed it to him.

He smilingly examined it, and threw it on the table. "I thought as much," he remarked; "it's a bad one!"

Mr. Nobbs, alias Judd—these names were two of a formidable string of aliases—turned out to be an expert coiner, burglar, and swindler who had long been "wanted" by the police. He was convicted, and sentenced to a lengthened period of penal servitude.

A few weeks after Mr. Nobbs had received his well-earned punishment, I received a visit from a gentleman, who stated that he was cashier in the jeweller's establishment in which the robbery had been committed. He informed me that his employer, having taken into consideration the fact that I was to a certain extent instrumental in the recovery of the stolen jewellery, had sent me a present of thirty pounds. I gratefully accepted the money, which, as I had seen enough of soldiering, I invested in the purchase of my discharge from the Household Cavalry. Such is my story of the Mysterious Valise.

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1 Real Estate worth.....	1,000	1,000
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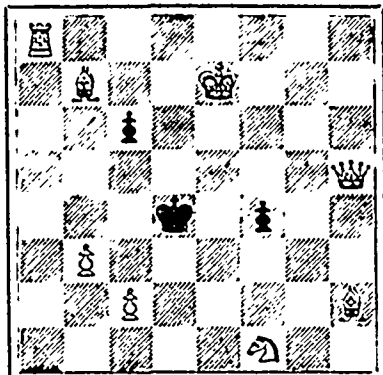
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CHIESS.

The proprietors of THE CRITIC offer two prizes—to consist of books on Chess—to those subscribers who shall send in the greatest number of correct solutions during the current year. No entrance fee required.

Solution to problem No. 94, R to Q7. Solved by Mrs. H. Moseley, C. W. Laundy and J. W. Wallace.

PROBLEM No. 96.
BLACK 3 pieces.



WHITE 8 pieces.

White to play and mate in 2 move.

GAME—No. 77.
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Present Score—United States 22½;
Canada 14½.

THE GAME THAT MADE THE TIE FOR FIRST PLACE.

The game between Messrs. Weiss and Mason, which resulted in the tie for first prize, was a French defence. After twenty-three moves it was declared a draw. Played in the Sixth American Chess Congress, May 21, 1889.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| WHITE
Weiss. | BLACK
Mason. |
| 1 P to K4 | P to K3 |
| 2 P to Q4 | P to Q4 |
| 3 Kt to QB3 (a) | Kt to KB3 (b) |
| 4 P to K5 (c) | KKt to Q2 |
| 5 P to B4 | P to QB4 |
| 6 P takes P | Kt to QB3 |
| 7 P to QR3 | B takes P |
| 8 Q to Kt4 | Castles (d) |
| 9 B to Q3 | P to B4 |
| 10 Q to R3 | B takes Kt (e) |
| 11 R takes B | Kt to B4 |
| 12 B to Q2 (f) | Kt takes B |
| 13 Q takes Kt | P to QR3 |
| 14 Castles (QR) | P to QKt4 |
| 15 Kt to K2 | B to Q2 (g) |
| 16 P to KKt4 | P takes P |
| 17 R takes P | B to K sq |
| 18 Q to KKt3 | B to Kt3 |
| 19 B to K3 (h) | Kt to K2 (i) |
| 20 Kt to Q4 (j) | Kt to B4 |
| 21 Kt takes Kt | R takes Kt |
| 22 R to Q2 | R to QB sq |
| 23 R to Kt5 | R takes R (k) |

Drawn.

NOTES.

BY MR. F. M. TEED.

(a) 3—P tks P, formerly considered to be the strongest continuation, is not now so frequently played as the text move.

(b) Far better than either 3—B to K5 or 3—P tks P.

(c) 4—B to K Kt5 if also a favorite attack, in which Black would reply B to K2.

(d) Apparently hazardous, but any other line of play is disadvantageous, and Black continues ultimately to equalize positions by thus taking chances.

(e) Best, as he is now enabled to remove the hostile King's Bishop, and

White's contemplated attack by P to K Kt4 is thereby made less embarrassing.

(f) White cannot very well preserve the other Bishop, for if 12—B to K2, then 12—Kt to Q5, &c.

(g) This piece is developed just in time to go over to the King's side and secure Black's position.

(h) Most players would push King's Rook's Pawn at this point, but Black might retort with Q to B2 or R to R2, and either move would be sufficient for the emergency.

(i) Leading to reduction of forces and ensuing simplification of position, which renders a draw almost inevitable.

(j) White cannot secure any advantage by now playing R to B5, Q to B2 in reply would give Black at least an even game.

(k) With Bishops running on squares of opposite colors, a drawn game is now the only legitimate result.—*Montreal Gazette.*

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

All Checker communications and exchanges should be addressed to W. Forsyth, 36 Grafton Street, Halifax.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E. MORTON, Milton.—Your solution of 130 is correct. Perhaps after further study of 129 you will find that there is more in it than you saw at first glance. We would be pleased to hear from you oftener.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 130. Position—Black men 2, 3, 12, 20, 23, king 32; white men 9, 18, 25, 31, kings 17, 19; black to move and win:—
3—7 9 2 20—24 32—23
19 26 12—16 11 27 b. wins.
2—6 2 11

GAME XXVI.

"Alma"—Improves Drummond's play and Baker's "Alma Opening," by J. McFarlane, Glasgow.

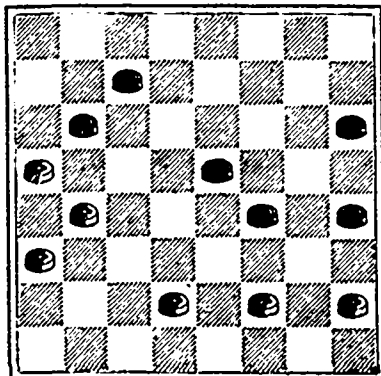
Contributed by James Beck, St. John, N. B.

11—15	7—11	4—8	10—19
23 19	19 16	22 18	17 10
8—11	12—19	15—22	6—15
22 17	23 7	26 17	25 22
3—8	2—11	11—16	1—6
25 22	26 23	29 25	22 17
11—16	9—14	16—19	5—9
27 23	30 26	23 14	31 26
16—20	8—12	12—19	8—12
32 27	13 17	24 15	

This gives us the following position which we give as

PROBLEM No. 132.

Black men 6, 9, 12, 15, 19, 20.



White men 13, 17, 21, 26, 27, 28.
White to move. What result?

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership, heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as printers, under the firm name of the Halifax Printing Company, doing business in the City of Halifax, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. Any debts owing the said partnership are to be paid to C. A. West and A. Milne Fraser, at Halifax, aforesaid, who will also settle all claims against the said partnership.

Dated at Halifax this first day of August, A. D., 1889.

(Sgd) M. J. SULLIVAN,
G. A. WEST.

NOTICE OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership to carry on the Printing Business at 161 Hollis Street, Halifax, under the firm name of the Halifax Printing Company.

Parties indebted to the late firm will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Halifax, August 1st, 1889.

(Sgd) C. A. WEST,
A. MILNE FRASER.

C. A. WEST.

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