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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.

Our day of issue happens this year to fall five days before Christmas, our next will of course be two days after. It would then be too late to wish our subscribers, readers and many friends a "Happy Christmas" when the season is already gathered to the great past, so we must take time by the forelock, and very heartily wish them to-day every enjoyment of the great and sacred festivity of the year.

We are extremely glad to notice that at all events one of the young reprobates who insulted and threw stones at Archbishop Walsh on his entry into Toronto, has been caught and punished. He is a youth of 18, named McIntosh, and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$50 and costs or undergo three months' imprisonment. It is fit that young rowdies of this stamp should be made to find the amusements they affect expensive.

Whatever the French people, or a section of them, may have condoned in the way of the bizarre combination of pseudo-statesmanship, soldiery, and circus-posing of the redoubtable rider of the Back Horse, the gallant general has probably given himself an effectual *coup de grace* in, if the report be correct, accepting an engagement to give 30 lectures in the United States. We fancy we shall hear little more of General Boulanger as a pretender to political distinction.

After last year's exceptionally mild winter speculation is naturally rife as to what the present may turn out. There is an idea generally prevalent that our climate has come under conditions of change. If it be so, it is of course also a matter of speculation whether such supposed change is more or less permanent. There certainly appears to be some ground, based on scientific observation, for the surmise. It has been accounted for by Lieut. Downs, U. S. N., by a deflection of the gulf stream, which tends to bring its warm waters toward the New England coast, instead of carrying them northward toward the coast of England and Norway. If such a change has taken place, and it is in any way permanent, it would have a marked effect upon the climatic condition of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and might, perhaps, have almost as important an effect upon the climate of northwestern Europe. Appearances would seem to indicate the existence of such an influence.

It is disgusting to learn that some sort of ovation was got up at Toronto on the occasion of the release of the young rowdy who insulted Archbishop Walsh. It is to be presumed that the young reprobate had succeeded in paying the fine of \$50 which was the alternative of imprisonment.

We have strong doubts of the efficacy of the measures by which the Conservative Government hopes to ameliorate the Irish situation; they have, however, taken a form definite enough to instigate the Liberals to a sort of manifesto which indicates the influence, strength and determination of the most radical section of that party. The programme includes extension of the powers of local government, the loosening of the restrictions on the sale of land, the dis-establishment of the Church in Wales and Scotland, triennial parliaments, reform of the House of Lords, removal of the anomaly of a plurality of votes, amendment of the registration laws and a number of other measures. It seems to us more than probable that this sweeping platform will return a majority of liberals at the next general election, though it is also likely that Mr. Balfour's land measures may by that time have also produced some quieting effect in Ireland.

The death of Robert Browning, at the age of 77, calls for more than a passing obituary notice. A poet of undoubtedly the highest rank, his work is for the most part such as appeals only to deep thinkers and students of character. Abstract and analytical of character to an extreme degree it will never be generally popular, notwithstanding the delicacy and subtlety of numberless touches. To a mind so constituted the *medieval history of Italy*, so fruitful in records of fervid passion and startling crime, proved a peculiarly attractive field, and his long residence in that country rendered him a master of its wealth of resource. It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Browning devoted himself so exclusively to his favorite style, which is justly open to the charge of frequent obscurity, as in such short poems as "How they brought the good news to Ghent," he displayed a fine mastery of the flow and energy of the ballad, and it is to be regretted that he has left us so few verses calculated to appeal to more general tastes and sympathies.

No Yule-tide news could have been more welcome to the world at large than that of the safety of Stanley and his party, but if any in Canada are entitled to be more particularly thankful and gratified, they are the family of Lieutenant Stairs, who has earned for himself at an early age such marked distinction. William Grant Stairs, Stanley's right hand man, was born in Halifax in 1863, so that he is in the neighborhood of 26 years old. The young explorer is the son of the late John Stairs, of this city. Mr. John F. Stairs, ex M. P., is his cousin. Young Stairs received a first-class education in his native city, and in September, 1878, joined the Royal Military College at Kingston. He graduated in June, 1882, with honors, and soon afterwards went to New Zealand, where he had secured a good position as an engineer on the construction of one of the railways. He worked in the New Zealand bush for three years and at the end of that time returned to Canada, accepting a position in the Imperial service. England was at that time in want of officers and gave several commissions to past graduates of the R. M. C. Stairs was appointed to the Royal Engineers as a second lieutenant and remained for a short time at Chatham. When Stanley called for volunteers he was among the first to answer. His career while battling for life on "Afric's burning sands" is now well known. The family of Lieut. Stairs have our hearty congratulations.

Christmas, so close to the end of the year, is to the reflective a somewhat solemn as well as a festive season. A week later even the old are more inclined to look forward to the possibilities of the New Year, than backward to the irrevocable of that which is so nearly past. In the lives of some it may have been eventful and memorable; to others retrospect may not be suggestive of special events. If among the former it may have been a period of health, of advance in character, in well doing, in high aspirations or even in material prosperity, then indeed is Christmas the most fitting season for devout and careful thankfulness. Let us hope it may have been such to many. If for others the year has been marked by failure, folly or lapse of rectitude, our experience should avail us to recollect that past failure oft times points to a future success. And this may hold good as well in the moral and spiritual as in the material. If our bark has ground over the rocky reefs with but slight injury let us be thankful that we were not entirely wrecked. There are few, we trust, who on fair consideration can find absolutely nothing to be thankful for. To most a past year may be fruitful of good results if we but extract from our individual experiences only that which it will be best and most valuable to remember. Then we shall be the better prepared to enter upon the New Year with wisdom and energy, and with charity towards all men.

The criticism and correction of the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, given in another note, are so good-naturedly and so generously put, that we are in no wise disposed to take the slightest umbrage at them. It is more than probable that our contemporary is right, in fact we do not doubt it. It is a good many years since the writer of the note read the "Impulsia Gushington" story, and the note which induced the correction was written entirely from impression. That impression was that it was the present Lady Dufferin's work, the Marchioness, as the *Chronicle* says, and not the Baroness, and it was no doubt erroneous. It was only after reading the *Chronicle's* correction that we searched for corroborative information, and in doing so found that the American Cyclopaedia (Vol. 6 p. 299) had fallen into the same error.

The Brazilian Revolution was, it leaks out, not altogether so bloodless and free from violence as it was at first made to appear. The Minister of Marine at the head of a small body of sailors and marines attempted to suppress what he believed to be a revolt of the infantry at their barracks. The marines fraternised with the insurgents and the Minister was shot down in the presence of either General Fonseca or his aide. The greater part of the higher officers of the army are said to have left the Monarchists and joined the Republican minority in the recent outbreak under the belief that the demonstration was to be against the Ministers and not against the Empire. They only became aware of the facts when they had gone too far to retrace their steps. When the revolution started, hundreds of students armed themselves with revolvers, rifles and swords and threatened to kill the Emperor and his family. A boat manned by students patrolled the harbor, it being their intention to intercept the Emperor while he was embarking and do him bodily harm.

Every city has a large number of retail merchants who pay taxes, store rent, clerk hire, fuel, gas or electric light bills, and all the other necessary expenses of their business. Manufacturing concerns in the Upper Provinces and elsewhere who have ratings well up in the millions send their representatives to our city. These men go from door to door offering their goods. They as a rule have no license for so doing. Where they do the license fee is so small as to be out of all proportion to the injury inflicted on the retail trade. They leave very little money behind them, except what is absolutely necessary for their board, and they take all that they can from the trade of the retailer—even going so far as in many cases to sell their goods at a lower figure than the retailer can. For self-protection every city should charge a large license fee to the peddler. In some cities the fee is as high as \$40.00, and this effectually keeps the peddler out allowing the retail merchant, who pays taxes, store rent and other expenses, the profits that the peddler would have were it not for this high fee. Everyone who will take the trouble to look into this matter will we think advocate a high-license fee.

Emin Pasha, like his great friend and leader Gordon, may not have possessed the foresight to perceive the moment when a purpose should be abandoned, or the resolution to act promptly on the dictates of prudence, but he has manifested to a remarkable degree other and greater qualities of a leader and a beneficent administrator. His devotion to his work led him to change his very name in order to remove all traces of his Frankish origin. From Dr. Edward Schnitzer he became Emin, or "the Faithful One," and he, in a manner, forgot his German origin in his perfect sympathy with his new compatriots. His province was in a frightful state when it came into his hands as the lieutenant of Gordon and the servant of the Khedive. In three or four years he had reduced it to peace, contentment, and order; banished the slave traders from his borders; introduced agriculture and industry; established a regular weekly post; and turned a deficit of £32,000 per annum into a surplus of £8,000. When he could no longer hold it for the Khedive, he held it on his own account against the slavers. He was in a fair way to become the Rajah Brooke of Central Africa, the pious founder of a State. His whole heart seemed to be centred in the welfare of his people and the advancement of science, and no idea of fame appeared to enter his mind. The ultimate disaffection was due to the aggressions of the Madhi.

We are beginning to get at least the general outlines of the events of Mr. Stanley's momentous expedition. Among other items we learn that one of the causes which detained the great explorer in Central Africa was a certain vacillation on the part of Emin Pasha, who seems to have become permeated with a perverse sentiment of romantic fidelity towards his people, who, though they still loved and revered him, had ceased to obey him, and who had thrice rebelled against him and betrayed him. His capture, the nature of which has been so great a mystery, seems to have been by his own revolted troops. This sentiment was not to be wondered at in a man chivalrous by nature, and who had been Gordon's trusted Lieutenant, but its effects were disastrous to Stanley. It had been arranged that Emin was to meet Stanley at Wadelai, but when the latter arrived there he was met only by a messenger with the tidings that Emin and Jephson were prisoners in the hands of the insurgents. All the greater therefore was his joy when on the 13th February he learned that Emin, with two steamers and a small body of officers and men, had come down the lake and was within almost a stone's throw of his own camp. On the 10th April the combined force, 1500 strong, set forth. A day or two after Stanley himself was stricken down with illness which nearly proved mortal, and delayed the journey for a month. Further evidence of the treachery of Emin's people was in the meantime discovered, which led to the trial and execution of one of the ringleaders of a plot. The ultimate successful issue is now, however, happily known to all.

Besides the acts of violence in the Brazilian Revolution mentioned in another note, it is evident that the Imperial family were, although not actually insulted or ill-used, treated by the revolutionists with less courtesy and more manifestations of force than was warranted by the well-known character and dignity of the deposed Monarch. An eye witness of the proceedings says:—"I saw the Emperor on a balcony guarded by soldiers." Certainly the attendance of one or two officials of the newly-made republic would have been sufficient, and the indignity of a military guard might have been spared. The revolution seems indeed to have been sprung upon the country in an underhand fashion, and the worst of it is the extreme doubtfulness of its being for good. It is quite to be feared that the people of Brazil have not reached that stage of development which enables nations to derive full profit from free institutions, and Dom Pedro himself, in an interview with Mr. O'Kelly, M. P., a representative of the *London World*, seems to have summed up the situation. "I was never opposed," said the ex-Emperor, "to liberal measures. I always encouraged them, but I was above all anxious that my people should progress gradually till they reached the point which would enable them to adopt absolutely free institutions with advantage. That time has not come yet." We fear there is little doubt of the correctness of this view.

There are certain subjects which from time to time we reiterate with a set purpose. As these purposes are in accordance with reason and common sense we shall continue to advocate the reforms they involve until they are accomplished. One of these is the rank of the Deputy Adjutants General. These officers ought to have the rank of Colonel. Their limitation to that of Lieutenant-Colonel is not only an absurdity, but a rank injustice. We have long ago repeatedly pointed out that they are in fact the General Officers commanding considerable forces in their several districts, and ought by rights to be Brigadiers, a rank already accorded to Volunteer officers in England. Where these officers are in the presence of Imperial forces the effect of the limitation is to place them junior to Ordnance, Pay, and Commissariat Officers who may happen to hold the rank of Lieutenant Colonel—a manifest absurdity. The injustice is further emphasized by the promotion of Dr. Bergin to the grade of Colonel as Surgeon-General. We are perfectly aware that that officer is not only efficient and valuable in his present position, but that he was also a most efficient commanding officer of his own Battalion. But these facts do not in the slightest degree mitigate the injustice of his being promoted to rank superior to that of the D. A. G's. There is no earthly reason that this measure of justice should be withheld, and we strongly urge its advocacy on our valuable contemporary the *Militia Gazette*.

In our esteemed contemporary, the *Quebec Morning Chronicle* of the 10th inst., there appears the following:—"We do not generally take the trouble to correct the errors of our contemporaries, but the *Halifax Critic* is usually so well informed upon everything, that we look upon it as a thoroughly brilliant thing to catch it napping. The other day our wide-awake friend remarked:—'Lady Dufferin, all whose works are redolent of humor and interest, has been publishing a book on her life in India * * * * * Those who remember the fun of Lady Dufferin's adventures in Egypt of 'the Hon. Impulsia Gushington' will look for her volume on so prolific a theme as the experience of a vice-reine in India, with great expectations of a literary treat.' Now as a matter of fact, Lady Dufferin's writings are not 'redolent of humor.' She wrote some months ago her first article in the *Asiatic Review*. It dealt with the condition of women in India, and it is nowise was humorous. The 'Honorable Impulsia Gushington,' who wrote the delicate satire, 'Letters from Low Latitudes,' which dealt with the adventures of an old maid on a tour through Egypt, was really Lord Dufferin's mother, one of the famous Sheridan family, and the author of that plaintive Irish ballad, 'I'm sitting on the Stile Mary.' Lady Dufferin was the sister of the Honorable Caroline Norton. She wrote much, and though she never took a drawing lesson in her life, she contrived to illustrate her delightful book on Egypt with sketches which were delicious in humor and in sentiment."

We have heard for some time past much more than is pleasant of the discredit brought on our fruit-growers by a few dishonest packers; so much, indeed, that it had become impossible to doubt the existence of fraud even had there not been a legal judgment to confirm the rumors. Such a judgment has, however, been recently given by one of the ablest of the County Court Judges of Nova Scotia. Judge Savary, of Digby, was recently called upon to pronounce on a case where a number of barrels of apples had been sold for shipment to England. The buyer saw the barrels opened and was satisfied with the appearance of the apples. Afterwards, having occasion to repack, he found that a quantity of them were inferior to the grade quoted, and to the sample at the top of the barrel. He brought action for breach of warranty, claiming that there was an implied warranty in the grading, and also in the exhibition of the upper layer as a sample of the goods. The defence was that the buyer had an opportunity to inspect and took the fruit at his own risk. The learned judge held that a warranty was implied in the transaction, and that no precedent was needed to establish the fact that where a seller shews a buyer the top of a barrel of apples as a sample, there is an implied warranty that the apples are substantially the same all through the barrel and all through every barrel, and that when a man sells a barrel of nonpareils no appreciable portion shall be of any other variety." Judgment was accordingly given for the plaintiff. This judgment is quite in accord with common sense and justice, and establishes a valuable precedent which we trust will operate to deter from this mean fraud in the future.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

WHEN THE YEAR IS GROWING OLD.

There is sadness in the sunshine
When the year is growing old,
When the frost is on the fountain,
And the leaves are zero and gold;

And the triumphs of the autumn
Like the summer flower fade,
In the sunlight of the uplands,
In the silence of the shade;

Lo! it comes like mystic music
And it touches soft the soul—
Oh, the rapture of sweet sadness,
When the year is growing old!

Pictou, '89.

Helen M. Merrill.

SMITH—"Look here, Brown, we'll soon decide the matter; let's ask the waiter. Waiter, are tomatoes a fruit or a vegetable?"

WAITER—"Neither, sir, tomatoes is a hoxtra!"

SUE KNEW THE GRIP.—By a quick shot he had just rescued her from the clutches of a bear. "What were your thoughts when Bruin commenced to squeeze?" was his enquiry. "Oh, Charlie, I thought of you."

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

"Papa," said a boy much given to reading, "I have often seen the phrase, 'all right-thinking people,' in the papers. What kind of people are the right-thinking people?" "They are the sort of people," said the father, "who think as we do."

Pastour asserts that rabies is never spontaneous, but always owes its origin to microbes from a rabid animal. Of course we defer to our pastors and masters, but the question will inevitably suggest itself to some inquiring mind, How did the first animal contrive to go mad?

Merchants and livery stablemen of a pious turn, and with an eye to business, are praying for snow; while the young folk who skate put forth contra petitions; but the good editors are willing to take things as they come, with a preference for new subscribers and old arrangements.

When the Emperor of Brazil visited Victor Hugo, the poet asked him what European countries he considered the most fortunate. Dom Pedro at once answered: "Switzerland, France and Scotland." "And what reason do you assign for this?" "The fact that Switzerland is an old republic, that France has accomplished a republican evolution, and that Scotland has a republican form of church government."

Tom—"You have never met my wife, Bob. Permit me."

Bob—"Ah, yes—pleased I assure you. Know you well, though, very well."

The Bride—"Sir!

Bob—"Tom has shown me lots of letters from his dear Lizzie."

The Bride—"Sir! My name is Amelia!"

A few days since a well-known Halifax lady, returning to her residence after having paid a few visits, enquired of her servant whether any one had called during her absence. "No ma'am," said the domestic, "but the telephone was ringing two or three times." "Who was it," asked the mistress, "was it my husband or the office?" "No ma'am," replied the girl, "it was that man Central that you are always a talkin' to." Comment would spoil the joke.

SHE GOT ONE.—Angelica—"Tell me, Augustus, what are those funny little boats the fishermen have?"

Augustus—"They are smacks"

Angelica—"How cute they are. How I should like to have a little smack."

Augustus—"Your wishes are my law. Lower your sunshade a trifle and you shall have a dozen."

Vashti is a beautiful Persian cat living in East Fifty-ninth street, a great pet, and until within a week queen of the mansion. A visitor came, bringing a parrot. Vashti saw and immediately felt a hungering desire for parrot flesh. She approached and prepared for a spring, when she heard in amazement a sound as of a human voice issuing from the cage, and her ears were shocked with a torrent of oaths such as had never before been heard in that well-regulated household. The horrified cat fled from the room, which she has never since been induced to enter.

The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seed one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement he told her to go and gather the scattered seeds; and when she had objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she had circulated about others. A child can scatter a handful of thistle seeds before the wind in a moment; but the strongest, wisest man cannot gather them again.

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VERY BEST QUALITY Real Irish Frieze
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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials.
SEND FOR ESTIMATES.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Recently we sent our accounts to subscribers, many of whom are considerably in arrears, and who must understand that we have reached the end of our tether, and now demand immediate payment. Failure to respond will oblige us to take proceedings unpleasant alike to ourselves and to those in arrears.

A number of Windsor ladies and gentlemen are about forming a dramatic club, and intend giving entertainments during the winter.

The Duke of Connaught will arrive at Vancouver from Japan about the middle of May next, and will spend about a month in Canada.

The McDonald trial in St. John is proceeding slowly. The testimony of George A. Sawyer, the Boston expert in short hand writing, was taken on Wednesday.

A flock of wild geese alighted on the St. Croix river near the lower steamboat wharf on Saturday last. After a few hours rest they continued their journey southward.

Mrs. Colin Campbell, whose elopement with O'Connor created such a sensation, returned to Ottawa on Tuesday. She pleaded for a reconciliation with her husband which was refused.

The jubilee celebration in connection with Queen's University, Kingston, took place on Wednesday. Lord Stanley was presented with the degree of L.L.D. He made a happy reply.

La Presse, Montreal, announces positively that Mgr. Labelle is to resign his position as Deputy Minister of Agriculture at Quebec, and will either go back to his parish at St. Jerome or go to Europe on a special mission for Mercier.

Lt. Col. W. M. Herchmer, assistant commissioner of the N. W. Mounted Police, has been granted substantive, instead of retired, rank in the Active Militia, and has been appointed an Extra Aide-de Camp to the Governor-General.

The first number of the *Weymouth Free Press*, a new journal which has taken the place of the late *Weymouth Times*, is to hand. It gives promise of being an acceptable addition to the strength of the *Maritime Press*, and we wish it every success.

The streets of Montreal will be paved next year either with block or asphalt. The expenditure will be \$500,000. It is to be hoped that our City Council will be able, before long, to see their way clear to doing some thing of the same kind for Halifax.

We are in receipt of a very neat, handy and useful note book for 1890, issued by the North American Life Assurance Company (Geo. E. Lavers Esq., Provincial Manager, Halifax.) This little calendar and note book is of a most convenient size and shape for pocket use.

The Liberal-Conservative convention of Colchester County have nominated Lt. Col. W. M. Blair and William Patterson as candidates for the Local Legislature in the ensuing election. Mr. Patterson has accepted the nomination, and it is believed that Col. Blair will also accept.

There is a discussion going on in Annapolis over the question of pipe for the water system. The *Spectator* advocates the use of iron pipe rather than lead, owing to the latter being liable to dissolve to a dangerous extent when the water is soft, as it is said to be in Annapolis.

There is a strong movement on foot to petition Parliament to adopt the American banking system, as the charters of the Canadian banks expire in 1891. It is opposed by the banking interest on the ground that it would restrict the circulation of bank notes, besides depriving the country of an elastic currency.

The Montreal papers state that the Dominion Government has decided to put the incandescent light in all the public and parliament buildings at Ottawa. And at the last meeting of the Montreal Windsor Hotel Company it was decided to fit up the hotel with incandescent light. No doubt the world is indebted to Edison for one of the greatest comforts, a pure, pleasant, safe light, that is within the reach of all.

The enterprise of the New Brunswick press is well illustrated by a "majority number" of the *Moncton Times* and a "holiday edition" of the *St. John Progress*. The former is of 16, the latter of 20 pages, of large size, both beautifully printed on paper of excellent quality and full of illustrations of very high merit. These numbers are worthy of the reputation gained by the energy and enterprise of these papers.

An officer of the Royal Engineers, who is somewhat of a curio hunter, bought an antiquated looking desk at an auction room at Halifax a short time ago, and after getting it home proceeded to have it renovated, when the discovery was made that it had been a presentation from the citizens of Halifax to the Duke of Kent, which must have been more than 99 years old. He sent it to England and by the last mail received \$1000 for it.

The nomination of Major Chas. A. Boulton to the Senate will be received with satisfaction throughout Canada. He succeeds Lt. Governor Schultz. Major Boulton took part in both the N. W. rebellions, narrowly escaping death at the hands of Reil in the first, and rendering essential service with the splendid force of Scouts he had raised in the second. He has also written a reliable, as well as readable, account of the rebellions. Major Boulton was a captain in the 100th Regiment, part of which he recruited himself when it was raised in 1858.

The annual meeting of the Halifax School for the Blind took place on Saturday last. The reports of the Board of Managers and Superintendent, which were read at the meeting, show that 31 pupils are now in attendance, that the school is being appreciated by the parents and friends of the blind, and that additional accommodation has become an immediate necessity. Mr. W. C. Silver, the President of the Board, in a few well chosen remarks outlined the growth of the School and its advantages to those deprived of sight. The meeting cordially endorsed the proposed extension to the building, which, it is understood, is to contain in addition to sleeping and music rooms a fair sized assembly hall. The estimated cost is \$10,000, and it was intimated that immediate steps would be taken towards raising the requisite funds. During the meeting the cornet band of the school played several pleasing selections.

Florida growers will soon have strawberries in the market.

Within the last twenty years Kansas courts have granted 7,191 divorces.

H. H. Warner, of Rochester, has sold his safe cure interests to an English syndicate for \$4,000,000.

A whole family in Big Rapids, Mich., named Ackley, ten in number, are in jail for shoplifting and similar offences.

The loan collection of paintings exhibited at the Hebrew Institute Fair, which opened in New York on Monday evening, is worth a million dollars.

Mrs. Clarissa Jackson, who has just died at Goshen, N. Y., aged 77, was the sister of Noah Webster, of dictionary fame, who formerly taught school in that village.

A conference of leading colored men from various parts of Virginia has been held, at which resolutions were adopted memorializing Congress to pass a general election law, which would guarantee them better rights of suffrage than they now possess.

The Lynn fire destroyed fully 60 per cent. of the shoe and leather houses of that city. The number of shoe firms burned out was over eighty, while fifteen sole-leather cutters and about sixty dealers in tops, stiffenings and other shoe findings were also burned out.

The President has transmitted to the Senate an extradition treaty with England negotiated by Mr. Secretary Blaine and Sir Julian Panncofote. By its terms the number of extraditable offences is largely increased, the most important addition being embezzlement.

Some absurd and mischievous articles are going the rounds of a portion of the Press, which ought to know better than to insert such stuff, about "warlike preparations," because some annual inspections are being made, and they are of course got up for American papers, notably the *Chicago Times*.

Three of the Cronin murderers have been sentenced to imprisonment for life, Illinois juries, it would appear, having the peculiar power of determining punishments. These sentences, as they will probably not be carried out, are little less than a victory for the notorious and infamous Clan na Gael.

Peter Jennings, an old sailor, has turned up in San Francisco and claims to have been a passenger many years ago with an old pirate, who on his death-bed divulged the secret hiding place of \$250,000 treasure in Spanish doubloons. The place is Wall Island, in the Pacific Ocean, three degrees south of the equator. He has succeeded in interesting Eastern capitalists to look for the treasure.

A pretty young woman employed in the Government Printing Office at Washington dangled a toy mouse in the face of a sister clerk, who fainted, and the faint was followed by spasms. The joker then became frightened, fainted and was taken seriously ill. For a time it was feared that both women would die. The mouse is so deadly an enemy of womankind that it is not safe for women to trifle with it, even in its wooden state.

Mr. Stanley proposes to remain in Zanzibar several weeks. He will go from there to Cairo, and thence to London in the spring.

The Madhi is said to be perfecting a plan in conjunction with the Emirs, by which they shall make a combined invasion of Egypt.

Despite the amnesty declared in Crete twenty Christians were recently brought before the authorities, being chained and beaten with canes.

Dom Pedro persists in refusing any gratuity from the Republican Government of Brazil, saying that he will take only the amount allowed by the law.

Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland will shortly visit that country, where he will remain several weeks. The object of his visit is to ascertain the feeling in regard to an extension of the scope of the land purchase bill.

CITY CHIMES.

The performance of 'Moths' at the Academy on Saturday evening was very good. The scenery and costumes were excellent, but we must again give the accomplished ladies of the troupe a caution against over-painting. The effect of too strong a darkening about the eyes is in some cases almost ghastly. 'Moths' is a strong play, and requires much and good acting, which was undoubtedly afforded it. The only drawback is that it is too much drawn out by the kind of high speechifying which so mars the 'Rivals' in the parts of Julia and Falkland that the greater portion of those roles is always excised. The hits at society baseness and frivolity in 'Moths' are excellent, and, on the other hand, points of rectitude and integrity were so heartily appreciated that the most cynical must

have been impressed with the fact that the world is not after all very bad. Miss Arthur, in her far from easy part, thoroughly deserved the full house and the floral tributes which greeted her. It is almost invidious to particularize where space is wanting to do full justice, but we must allude to the excellent acting of Miss Helen Morgan as the Duchess de Sonnaz, and of Miss Hunter as Lady Dolly. Miss Hagger made a charming American Duchess, and Mr. McDowell was inimitable as the Duke. Miss Vincent was as good in the character of the Prince's highminded sister as she was in the very different part of the Housekeeper in Rosedale, which is saying a great deal, and is quite sufficient to establish her reputation for versatility. In fact it would be difficult to say too much of the all round good acting of the troupe, but when we say of the ladies of it that they are thoroughly successful in compelling admiration in characters distasteful in themselves, we accord them only the high appreciation they merit. Mr. Norcross acted extremely well in the part of Lord Jura; but, perhaps from the somewhat didactic nature of parts of the role, we were scarcely so well pleased with the rendering of Correzé tho' there were fine natural touches here and there of the weakness of man—especially man in love—which were forcibly brought out. Mr. Gollan gives good effect to such characters as the unprincipled Russian Prince, which is all the more to his credit from the unpossessing nature of such parts. The troupe perhaps deserve more than the credit they have gained in ordinary stock pieces for their rendition of this far from easy play. The company will now derive new strength from the advent of Miss Fanny Reeves (Mrs. McDowell) and Mr. Ferd. Height. Sheridan's standard and ever popular comedy the "School for Scandal" will be put on the boards on Monday and Tuesday nights and on Saturday as a matinee; "Our Boys" on Wednesday afternoon and evening, and Pique on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. We cordially wish the McDowell company a full measure of the great success they have already achieved, up to the last of their engagement.

Captain Rawson, of the Royal Engineers, left Halifax on Saturday last to take a position as Secretary of the Royal Engineers Committee in London. However much Captain Rawson's friends may regret his departure from the city, they cannot fail to be pleased that the services of so able an officer have been thus recognized by the home authorities. Several dinners and entertainments were given in his honor before his departure, and he was made the recipient of many handsome presents from his military and civilian friends. Miss Rawson, who has been visiting her brother for some months, accompanied him home. Mrs. and Miss Binney, Miss Belfield, Miss Kenny and several other ladies and gentlemen also sailed in the *Parisian*, making no doubt a very pleasant party. The wharf was quite crowded with friends to bid them *bon voyage*.

The bazaar held in Masonic Hall by the ladies of the Children of Mary Society, of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, on Thursday and Friday of last week, was very successful in every way. The ladies may be congratulated on the tasteful decorations of the hall, as well as the display of beautiful and useful articles offered for sale. Among the ladies taking a prominent part in the management of the bazaar were Mrs. J. F. Kenny, Mrs. H. H. Fuller, Mrs. M. B. Daly, Mrs. Campbell, Miss A. Chisholm, Miss White, Miss Walsh, Mrs. M. Dwyer, Mrs. Henry Peters, Mrs. Dr. Tobin and a large staff of assistants. During the evening musical selections were rendered by Mrs. Dr. Tobin, Miss Leahy, Mrs. Haggarty, Miss Scanlan and Prof. Currie, which were much appreciated by the large number of people present. On Friday evening the drawing for prizes and the auctioning of the remaining articles on the table took place. The financial result of the bazaar is said to be satisfactory, and the ladies deserve every praise for their energy. The proceeds are to be devoted to helping the poor during the cold weather.

The organ recital and sacred concert given in the first Baptist Church on Tuesday evening was very successful. A large and appreciative audience was present.

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Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!
Let sinners against and sinning
Forgot their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough.

—Charles Mackay.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Listen: the bells in the steeples
In jubilant gladness ring
To welcome the coming of Christmas
And the birthday of the King,
Who was born in the lowly manger of Bethlehem long ago,
When the song of the herald angels
Was sung to the world below.
Thou hast clad thyself in raiment
Of spotless white, O earth,
Like a bride on her marriage morning,
To celebrate Christ's birth.
O, were our lives as spotless,
Our hands unstained with sin,
And the latch of each heart were lifted
To let the Christ-Child in.
Bring of thy pine and holly,
O earth, this Christmas Day,
And wreath in their green the altar
Whereon our gifts we lay;
Gifts of most grateful homage
Laid low at the feet of the King
Who leans from His throne to listen
To the sound of our worshipping.
Bring to the dear Lord's altar
The soul's white flowers to-day.
Let the rose of thy love shed incense
Sweet as the breath of May.
Let the lily of faith eternal
Lift its cups of myrrh to Him
Whose love is the star that leads us
Through ways that are dark or dim.
O, earth, send back to Heaven
The grand and the glorious strain
That startled the wondering shepherds.
On far Judea's plain.
Glory to God in the highest,—
Sing it again and again,—
On earth be peace, on earth be peace,
Good will, good will to men.

—EMERY E. MONTFURY,
In December Ladies' Home Journal.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Christmas is the festival of the year, and churlish indeed are they who do not find pleasure in the glow and brightness of its manifold enjoyments. It is pre-eminently the one day of the year when young and old meet together on an equal plane. The pains and aches of old age are forgotten in the joyousness of the day, and Tiny Tims are everywhere among the happiest of God's own children. Depressed in spirits, indeed, must be that person who cannot be happy on this festival day of all the world! Wherever civilization extends, there mirth and good cheer reign supreme, and if it is winter outside it is summer inside the home and within the hearts of all. Innocent joy and exultation triumphs over all, and hearts old with years and burdens are made again young and light by the air of sociability that pervades everything. While to all of us Christmas has its charms, its significances and its pleasures, it is essentially the feast of the children. Their young hearts long for its coming, while their little feet keep time to its mirth and music. The mysteries that Philosophy and Religion have unravelled as bearing upon the outward observance of the day have no meaning to the children. They know not of them. Enough for them to believe in the reality of the Christ-child, in the merry-eyed and white-beard patron saint that comes to them arm-laden with gifts from fairyland; enough for them to hear the jingle of the reindeer bells, to picture the shadow of Santa Claus, as they lie half awake and half dreaming, sit across their cosy little room, and then rise in the morning to see the gifts that love and midnight brought them. Happy indeed is that childish faith! For the children first, and then for ourselves, let Christmas ever be remembered in our homes. Let the bells ring, the yule-log blaze and crackle on the hearth, and the holly gleam on the wall. Weary centuries have come and gone since the star looked down on the plains of Bethlehem, empires have passed away, suns have risen and set, monarchs and monarchies have lived and crumbled to dust, but the earth is still young, and love and laughter are still left us. Let us recognize all the customs appropriate to the day, and with present, feast and carol impress it upon the minds of our children so that it may pass down from generation to generation to bless the children of our children, and those that come after them.—December Ladies' Home Journal.

SELF-DENIAL.

A flippant speaker on a recent public occasion remarked that if Christian teachers would dwell more upon the love of the great father to his children, and less upon the necessity for self-denial, they might make more converts to their creed. It seems to us that a creed in which personal self-denial did not have a

chief place would be of little use as an instrument of reform, or an incentive to virtue. The forbearance to gratify one's own appetites and passions is not simply the accepted tenet of a religious faith, but it lies at the foundation of all that is essential to proper manhood. Self-denial is the one irrepensible law of all true greatness. To rise early or to sit up late, to eat the bread of carefulness, to pore over hard and laborious studies until the back aches and the eyes grow weary, is not merely a part of the discipline of life, but the laying of a corner-stone in the upbuilding of character.

There is no royal road to the hill of knowledge or any other advancement. The path runs up a steep and rugged acclivity, and they must climb amid sore travail and anxiety who would go above the common level. Self demands the couch of ease and shrinks from the toilsome ascent. Every muscle and sinew must be strained, and the beaded sweat stand in thick drops on the bared brow of the climber in his struggle upward. Each step is gained only at a sacrifice of present comfort and a surrender of present enjoyment. He who will be great in any calling or profession must break through all the silken ties which bind him to sensual pleasures and common delights, and address himself to the stern conflicts of the mountain crags. No railway has been run along those heights. No gentle hand can bear the spoiled child of fortune to the altitudes he covets. Each foot must climb for itself, each shoulder must carry its own provisions for the way, and save a few words of passing cheer, none can help his fellows up that hard and flinty track. How many there are who would fain be at the top, but are unwilling to undergo the painful self denial required for that attainment! But it is not to be had without the sacrifice.

We do not say that all who are willing to pay the price will reach the coveted prize, for the upward pathway is strewn with the wrecks of adventurers who essayed the ascent and missed the object of their ambition. We simply design to show that none can enter the contest for greatness in any field who is not willing to lay aside all selfish ease and present indulgence. A man may be great in the ordinary sense of that word without being good. Self-denial is also the law of good. The natural appetites and passions clamor for self indulgence, and when gratified without restraint they soon defile the life. This is why He who came to save the race from their sins and degradation insisted that none could follow in the narrow way who could not deny himself and take up the cross. It is not an arbitrary requirement, but an essential to a righteous life. It needs no divine revelation to teach us this truth.

A life of self-denial is not exacted because some one has made it the prominent dogma of a religious system. Every man knows that he indulges his own passions at the expense of virtue, and this is one reason why self-gratification has in it always the hidden sting of an inevitable remorse.

No man living is as good as his creed. It matters not, as an illustration of his truth, how low is that standard, every one comes short of his own ideal of what a man ought to be. And there is something in each human breast that accuses its owner whenever he falls below the line of perfectness and denounces him for the lapse he has suffered. To say that it needs a constant grip on the desires, a daily and hourly denial of their cravings to live up to the demands of that inner monitor, is but to echo what every man must say to himself. There is no ear so deaf to the voice of admonition but it must hear this tone of remonstrance when bent on self indulgence, and if the man yields to the demands of appetite it is in the face of the "deny thyself," which sounds athwart every plea of the tempter.

If it is said that self-indulgence is natural and easy, and self-denial is hard and to many impossible, we would answer, if we were filling the role of the preacher, that there is a hand of help for every one who will make an earnest effort to overcome evil with good. The great bane of the poor, by which we mean those who live from hand to mouth, is their want of a resolute self-denial in the use of their daily or weekly earnings. And this runs all the way up to the man of business who wastes his thousands a year through self indulgence on the part of himself or his household, and finally goes down in credit and pocket for want of the capital which might have been gathered in the exercise of a proper restraint.

If this article were not already too long we would append a plea for self denial as a source of absolute pleasure and satisfaction. This is one of those great paradoxes whose truth can only be tested by actual experience. It is the solution of the problem that to save the life is to lose it, and to make the surrender is to find in it a blessedness full of cheer for the present hour and of hope for the great hereafter.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A GREAT NOVA SCOTIA INDUSTRY.—In point of dimensions, amount and value of annual product and capital represented, the Nova Scotia Steel and Forge Company, of New Glasgow, N. S., ranks amongst the largest and most important industrial interests of the Dominion. The works cover fifteen acres along the East River, about a mile distant from New Glasgow. They were established in 1882, with a then paid up capital of \$280,000, now amounting to \$400,000 paid up, two-thirds of which stock is represented by the citizens of New Glasgow. On Jan. 1, 1889, the Nova Scotia Steel Works absorbed the Nova Scotia Forge Company, with all its franchises, lands, buildings and equipment, when the *nom de commerce* of the enlarged and new arrangement became the Nova Scotia Steel & Forge Company. Since July, 1888, they have expended \$50,000 in improvements, enlargements, and for the obtaining of other facilities whereby they have increased their product and perfected their methods and systems. The bulk of the output passes over the I. C. R. for consumption in the Upper Provinces. In 1884 the shipments from the establishment were only 2,270 tons; in 1887 they amounted to about 6,000 tons; in 1888, 12,000 tons. At present there are 375 men on the pay list, and the monthly pay roll amounts to \$15,000.—*Yarmouth Times.*

LOWER STEWIAKKE ITEMS.—This has become a very lively town. Five stores all doing a good business, two hotels that seem to have all the trade they can attend to; W. H. Guild's Foundry, that gives employment to about twenty men; A. D. Fulton's Carriage Shop running in full blast; J. C. Smith and James Ervin, Blacksmiths, and so on. H. C. Bigelow and J. F. Crowe have both moved into new houses, they are certainly two fine buildings and add very much to the looks of the village.

J. Harvey, of Brookfield, is making preparations to do a large business in the woods this winter. A. Bigelow & Sons, we understand, have purchased some three or four thousand acres of good timber land, and are preparing to cut a large quantity of deals and framing timber. D. Langillo, of New Annan, has the contract of sawing for them at Wittenburg; they expect to build a new mill near the St. Andrews River, as they have a large quantity of timber coming down that river, altogether they will give employment to over one hundred men this winter, besides which there will be teams wanted for logging and hauling the deals.

Dickie & Black have their large mill nearly complete, they are now putting in new machinery. It is a fine mill of about seventy horse power, and fitted up with the latest improvements.

Taylor & Fisher are doing a rushing business in lumber and shingles, they cut this season over three millions of shingles alone, and they say that they have contracted with A. Bigelow & Sons to get them about nine hundred thousand shingles by March.

We observe by the *Bridgewater Enterprise* that a meeting was held there a few days since "to discuss Electric Light for the town, and to consider the advisability of forming a company for the purpose." A gentleman representing the Edison Electric Light system was present and furnished information on various points, and a committee was appointed to select a provisional directorate, to canvass the stock, and to solicit subscribers for the light. It was decided to fix the stock at \$21,000 in shares of \$10 each.

An Ottawa despatch to the *Toronto Empire* says:—"Messrs. John F. Stairs, ex-M.P., and Graham Fraser, manager of the Nova Scotia Steel Company, are in town in connection with the erection of blast furnaces in the county of Pictou and the development of the iron industry there. Mr. Fraser during the past summer has visited the different iron centres in England and Scotland with the object of examining the latest improved methods for blasting, and also to secure necessary capital. If satisfactory arrangements are made the works will be established in New Glasgow, N. S.

Judging from the movements of the men in the factory of Alfred Hogg, Esq., business is with him "on the boom." The buzz of his circulars and gig-saws may be heard both before and after hours, and we hope soon to see him enlarging his stand for business as rapidly as we perceived the timbers of the new bridge passing through his plane last week. In this building all kinds of work are done, wagons from the finest piano box or corning body to the heaviest farm trucks are turned out with neatness and despatch; the durability of, and satisfaction given, by work sent out from under the critical eye of Mr. Hogg is spoken for by the increased and continued patronage of those who have seen or had repairing done or purchased one of his large stock of vehicles.—*Pictou News.*

The Cumberland and Colchester County papers report great activity in lumbering in those two counties, and in the *Herald* of the 29th inst. the following item appeared:—"A prominent lumberman estimated that there are 5,000 men and 1,000 horses working in the woods along the shores from River Hebert to Five Islands."

The Ambroest Boot & Shoe Co. has completed its fall samples, and judges who have inspected them pronounce them even ahead of its usual high-class work, and of the best value that can be shown in Canada. The shapes and designs are all got up under the personal direction of Manager Pride, whose experience and judgment enable him thoroughly to gauge the requirements of the trade.—*Record.*

Fairville, St. John, is to have an immense brewery, which Messrs. Mooney & Sons are now building for Mr. James Ready. The plans have been made by a New York architect, and provide for a structure of five stories, 150x59, besides boiler room and engine house. Two of the stories are to be built of granite and to be below the level of the street; the work for this is already well under way. Three stories will be furnished with iron girders. It is expected that 1,000 tons of granite will be used in construction. Operations are to be pushed on with all possible speed to have the building completed by Christmas.—*St. John Telegraph.*

The Standard Drain Pipe Company, St. John, Que., are now manufacturing tombstones, the material being practically indestructible.

The Pictou Iron Foundry Company, Pictou, N. S., are repairing and enlarging their works. They will give employment to about fifty hands.—*Canadian Manufacturer.*

The furniture repository of Messrs. A. Stephen & Son, Barrington St., is well worth a visit this Christmas-time. We have not space to go into details, but a very handsome bed-lounge, and fine assortment of wicker-work furniture, ladies' baskets, and very handsome footstools, are well worth inspection.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY SHOPS.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and to judge by the magnitude of the "shadows" in the form of beautiful things in the shops, Christmas is going to be quite a big event this year. For some time past it has been noticeable that business was looking up in Halifax, especially in the shops most patronized by the fair sex, who are more wont to "take time by the fore lock" than are those who belong to the male persuasion. The latter usually do their duty in the way of shopping just before Christmas, and then they do not have to take care of their purchases for so long a time, which of course saves the masculine mind from much wear and tear.

The "Acadia drug store," which Messrs. Hattie & Mylius have brought to such a state of perfection, is a delightful place to visit. The first thing to attract attention on entering the store is the table where a large stock of fragrant perfumes by the best makers are handsomely arranged. Many of the bottles are very elegant, and range from a thimbleful up to a quart in size of all shapes and designs. Ladies' and gentlemen's leather and plush dressing cases and manicure sets are also shown in endless variety, as well as oxidized silver nut sets in plush cases, any one of which would certainly prove most acceptable as a Xmas gift. Soaps, puff boxes, hair brushes and all the toilet articles usually found in a well-equipped drug store are also displayed.

J. Godfrey Smith's, a few doors south of the Acadia drug store, will be found to contain very much the same description of goods. The stock of Xmas cards is particularly varied and beautiful, and upstairs may be seen a fine line of plush dressing cases, etc. One particularly pretty one has a musical box concealed somewhere in its interior, and when a certain drawer is pulled out "Kathleen Mavourneen" and other sweet airs will "sooth the savage broast"—if it happens to be savage.

At Cornelius' may be seen a rich rare stock of jewelry, silverware, Worcester and other fine China, fans in great variety, and many Xmas novelties in etched and oxidized silver. The new water kettles in brass and copper will be sure to please, and are selling rapidly. Piano lamps are as popular as ever, and are certainly more than ever beautiful. Watches and clocks are there in number and variety, and will serve to remind the heedless that time is money.

John W. Gabriel, 17 Buckingham St., shows a superior line of watches, clocks, chronometers and nautical and electrical instruments, as well as a full line of jewelry and silverware.

The book stores are filled to overflowing with lovely things; beautiful books, stationery, portfolios and work cases appeal to our taste at every turn. At Knowles' book store may be seen no end of pretty work boxes, photo cases, frames, wallets, etc. They have a line of books of common prayer, both Roman Catholic and Church of England, ranging in price from twenty cents to \$3 50. The Little Lord Fauntleroy stationery will be sure to please the youngsters who are learning to write their "dearest" or to any one else.

T. C. Allen & Co. have such an extensive establishment now that it would take more space than we can spare to do justice to their Xmas display, suffice it to say that it is complete in every respect in both sides of the store.

Knight & Co. have a very large stock of books, stationery, Xmas cards, lockets, art novelties, etc., as well as bibles, prayer books and hymn books in various bindings.

A. & W. MacKinlay show a great variety of Xmas goods. Some very pretty fans in the window are enough to make many ladies stop to look at and admire them.

Clayton & Sons show an extensive variety of men's clothing ready made, and a good overcoat would be a present not to be sneezed at or in. Robert Stanford, tailor, has a splendid stock of goods, and is receiving additions by every steamer. E. Maxwell & Sons' is the place where the ladies get their clothes made, and what could be a better present for your wife, daughter, mother, or even your mother-in-law, than a stylish winter garment?

Freeman Elliot's store on Hollis Street is undoubtedly the place to procure presents for gentlemen. Everything to tickle the masculine fancy is to be found there, from a pair of gloves to a luxurious dressing gown.

Those who desire a new carpet should certainly not miss seeing W. & C. Silver's stock, which is very large. Among the articles desirable for Christmas gifts in their dry goods department will be noticed the pretty pink, pale blue, cream and white woollen shawls so dear to the feminine heart.

At the Branch, Granville Street, may be found dry goods of all descriptions very moderate in price and of good quality.

At A. Stephen & Son's will be found all that the heart can desire in the shape of house furnishing and decorating goods. Their windows are the admiration of all beholders.

Those in search of musical instruments will find pianos and organs by the best makers at both W. H. Johnson's and The Halifax Piano and Organ Company's warerooms in Hollis street. At both these houses they are offering special inducements for the holiday season.

H. H. Fuller & Co., at the sign of the circular saw, Upper Water street, show almost everything in hardware and cutlery. Hardware stores, though not so pleasing to the eye, contain many things that will make glad the heart of the housewife.

W. B. Reynolds & Co., Lower Water Street, also have a large assortment of goods in the hardware line, as well as mining supplies.

Moir's will be found to be head-quarters for confectionery and cake of all kinds, and the place of places for Santa Claus to fill the childrens' stockings on Christmas Eve.

Lots of "goodies" may also be procured at Jas. Scott & Co's, the Army and Navy Depot.

At Reardon's in Barrington street the artistic soul may revel in pictures, and all the materials useful to artists, from paints and canvas to frames for the finished production, also a large stock of Xmas cards and booklets.

At John F. Kelly's, 33 Buckingham Street, may be found a great variety of harness and horse clothing of all kinds, and if you are fortunate enough to possess a nag you will find Kelly's a good place to procure what is wanted for both the comfort and appearance of the animal.

Last, but not least of our patrons' establishments which we visited, was Coleman & Co.'s hat and fur store in Granville street, where we lingered for some time inspecting the immense stock of boas, storm collars, capes, muffs, etc. Public favor seems to be divided at present between storm collars and boas for neck wear, but few ladies could look at those lovely, thick, soft, beaver collars without settling at once in their minds that they are the proper caper, at least until that magnificent Victoria boa and muff of Isabella bear should be brought before their longing eyes. The lady who gets that particular set on Christmas morning will certainly go to church in comfort physically and happy mentally.

The appearance of Granville street in the evening is quite gay, with the shop windows so attractive, the busy crowd and the long row of electric lights of various tints. The merchants report a good holiday business doing, and expect that as we draw nearer to Christmas it will become larger. The fashion of sending cards is said to be dying out, after having been several years in favor. It has been a very graceful and pretty fashion, but of late years has been so overdone as to become something of a nuisance. For sending to friends abroad, the Xmas number of the Montreal Star is a far more suitable remembrance.

We wish our advertisers generally a very happy and prosperous Christmas and New Year, and may they never fail in the land, especially may they never fail to advertise in THE CRITIC.

COMMERCIAL.

The various branches of the jobbing trade present the same aspect which usually characterizes them at this season of the year. The conditions are unaltered, and the tone is on the whole firm, as is evidenced by the leading branches of trade. Statements regarding payments are conflicting, complaints coming from some while others express satisfaction. It seems that the exact facts of the case are that there has been a certain amount of improvement, but that some of the houses who allow long credit are experiencing some delays with their paper. Viewed altogether the general temper of business may be regarded as healthful, notwithstanding this somewhat unsatisfactory condition of the money market. The hoped-for cold weather and snow still hold off, which cause trade in some lines to be rather sluggish. True, we had two or three days of rather sharp weather which stimulated the purchase and delivery of goods considerably, but this effect was only temporary, as warmer weather and slush quickly succeeding relegated business to its former quiet condition.

The following are the Assignments and Business Changes in this Province during the past week:—Mrs. Janet Munro, hotel, Westville, style now Mrs. S. Read; Jas. Douglass, Westville, removed to Medicine Hat, N. W. T.; Chandler Electric Light Co., Ltd., Halifax, style to be changed to Halifax Illuminating & Motor Co.; McMan & Lawson, oil clothiers, Halifax, dissolved, Lawson retires; E. J. Ayer, dry goods, Amherst, formed co-partnership with M. Luther Anderson, as Ayer & Anderson, co-partnership registered; M. R. McDonald, genl. store, Lisimore, assigned to Jas. McArthur in trust for benefit of creditors, it is said that his stock has been taken charge of by the sheriff; F. C. Simson & Co., who druggists, Halifax,—Simson to be admitted; Geo. E. Barron, (Estate of) builders, Kentville, stock adv. for sale by tender; Patillo Bros, dry goods, Bridgewater, dissolved, J. B. Patillo continues business in his own name; Drysdale & Hoyt Bros., Bridgewater and Bridgetown, dissolved A. J. Drysdale continues the business at Bridgewater, J. & H. Hoyt continue the Bridgetown business.

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

	Week Prev.		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date.			
	Dec. 13.	Dec. 13.	1888	1887	1886	1889	1888	1887	1872
United States...	370	281	309	253	292	11023	9747	9230	9901
Canada.....	23	35	38	34	31	1640	1639	1238	1139

DRY GOODS.—On the whole the week has been a fairly satisfactory one with the city trade. Reports from travellers already out show no material alteration in conditions, which are practically the same as outlined in our last. The main feature is that buyers appear to realize the strength of the market and expect no reduction, for there is an evident readiness to place orders. In this connection we note that some specialties are meeting with a brisk run, notably some lines of cashmeres of which one firm in Montreal recently sold 200 pieces over their stock, and had to strain a point to have the blank filled. They succeeded, but their correspondents on the other side plainly intimated that they could not do it again on the same basis, stating that everything was on the upward road in the British markets owing to the firm position of the market for raw materials.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—There has been nothing enough pronounced to induce any material alteration in this market during the past week or so, and the trade generally has adopted that quiet tone which characterizes it at this time of the year. The demand has been light, as most buyers are fairly well off for stocks for a few months ahead on spot. The same is true of the trade in Western Canada. Prices are, therefore, more or less nominal in the absence of transactions. The tone continues firm and no business could be done at anything under prevailing figures. In fact the local prices now are really below the position of the markets at home. Local advices from Scotland show no interruption to the strength of the market there. The situation for makers' brands continues very firm, and the outlet quite as good as it was a month ago. Warrants have fluctuated, but the effect of this has had very little bearing on the price of makers' grade. In a word the position of the market is as firm as ever, from pig

A DISGRACE TO HER FAMILY.

(Continued.)

"He is a very handsome animal, and no doubt as good as he appears," said Captain Falconer.

"He would carry you splendidly," rejoined Geraldine, lowering her voice to a persuasive key, "and if you want a confidential hunter to make out the season upon, you could not possibly meet with a better hack, or a more finished performer. He hardly knows how to put a foot wrong."

"What are you asking for him, Miss Brotherton?"

"Only thirty pounds," she answered deprecatingly, as if she deemed it necessary to apologize for the smallness of the sum. "The fact is, Captain Falconer," turning a pair of heavenly blue eyes upon him, as clear as a lake, "I fell in love at first sight with Galopard, and bought him rather in a hurry, and, perhaps, just a little bit imprudently."

"So that the old horse must make room for the young? I understand."

Meantime, they had reached Paragon's box, and he looked him over critically. It was a decided shock to his feelings to find that this beautiful young creature, who he believed to be all innocence and candour, was trying to palm off a worn-out old hunter upon him, for all the world like a professional horse-couper, used to every trick of the trade. It had a sobering effect, and suddenly checked his admiration in a very marked degree. He discovered all at once that one of her eyebrows was higher than the other, and that she showed her gums when she laughed. Then he grew angry with himself for being so ready to jump at harsh conclusions. After all the price asked was very moderate, even for a screw, and it might be true that her principal desire was to find a good home for the old horse she could afford no longer to keep. There was no reason why he should doubt her word. It was horrible to be so suspicious of one's fellow creatures. Thus thinking, he passed his hand down Paragon's forelegs. Bar a splint or two, they were remarkably clean for an animal well on to his twentieth year.

"I suppose he's sound in wind and limb?" he asked carelessly.

For a second she changed colour, and hesitated. Then she looked him full in the face, with a kind of guilty hardihood, and said:

"Oh! yes, as far as I know. I can show you the certificate I had when I bought him."

Their eyes met, and his seemed to emit a spark of scorn, which caused her quickly to veil hers behind her white eyelids. A sense of unutterable disgust stole through Captain Falconer's frame. He knew that she lied, for he had overheard her remarks to Maggie, when she came riding up on the poor, broken-winded old brute.

In spite of her fair young face, and apparent candour, she was no better than all the rest of her sex, false and treacherous at core.

With a sharp sense of disappointment, he turned away, and said in a cold, hard voice:

"Since you assure me the horse is sound, Miss Brotherton, I will think the matter over, and let you know what decision I arrive at in a day or two."

Even now he would have forgiven her had she recalled her words and spoken the truth. But Geraldine, elated by the seeming success of her plans, doubted nothing, and answered airily:

"I am not in any hurry, and should like you to have Paragon better than anyone else. Think of the price, too, Captain Falconer. Only thirty pounds! Why, it is nothing at all."

"It is so little," he answered, incisively, "that it makes one wonder how one can purchase a sound, good animal for such a sum."

So saying he put out his hand and said good-bye. There was no lingering pressure this time. The dainty figure with its smart clothes and round curves had lost all charm for him. It was exactly as if, after viewing her first through a pair of rose-tinted spectacles, he had suddenly donned black ones, that rendered everything of an inky hue.

"Like all the rest, just like all the rest," he groaned, as he walked away. "These daughters of Eve are enough to drive a man to distraction. I don't believe a thoroughly honest woman exists among them. Lying and deceit seem inborn in their natures. Phew!" giving himself an angry shake. "Fancy my being idiot enough to imagine that girl an exception to the rule. Thank God! I found her out in time, and before I really grew to care for her." And he whacked at the head of a thistle with his cane, mowing its plummy tuft savagely to the ground.

The Honourable Keith was not in a good humour. He had experienced one more shock, one more disillusion. All his old bitterness against the sex revived, and his sore heart grew sorer at finding itself once more deceived. It is a terrible thing for man or woman to feel that there is no faith to be placed in human nature. Under such circumstances, the outlook of life appears very, very blank and dreary, and philosophy fails to console.

Luckily for Geraldine, she little suspected what was passing through Captain Falconer's mind, and she re-entered the house in a state of delight, being quite convinced of two things—namely, that she should get rid of old Paragon without any difficulty, and that the Honourable Keith admired her immensely.

Pleasing visions of bridesmaids, new frocks and wedding presents rose before her eyes. She settled to be married in white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, and to wear at the ceremony the magnificent diamond parure presented to her by the father of the bridegroom. She imagined herself launched in the very best London Society, with all the men at her feet, and all the women envying and abusing her—a sure sign of success.

She was convinced that the time had come at last for her to make a stir in the fashionable world. And Keith as a husband—Keith picking up her

pocket handkerchiefs, dandling her fans, buttoning her twelve buttoned gloves, and adorning the very ground she trod on, would be a very delightful appendage, handsome and refined.

These, and many other happy thoughts, passed through Geraldine's head, and rendered her extremely amiable for the remainder of the day.

It would be so exceedingly nice to give up being Miss Brotherton number four, with scarcely any identity, and become converted into the Hon. Mrs. Keith Falconer, future Lady St. Goddard. How she would pay Matilda out for all the snubs received at her hands.

CHAPTER VIII.

PUT TO THE TEST.

Meantime, Maggie accompanied by two fox hound puppies, a black retriever, and a small fox terrier, was tramping along the muddy road that led from Foxington. It was patched with sharp flints and the intervening Macadam was more than usually dirty. But her boots were thick and her petticoats short, in fact, she had nothing on to spoil, which was fortunate, considering that every two or three minutes, one or other of the dogs would pause, look back, wag his tail, and spring upon her in a manner more affectionate than cleanly.

The air was brisk and calculated to produce an invigorating effect on the spirits. It had a touch of north-east in it, sharp and keen, and yet Maggie was suffering from an unusual depression for which she could not in any way account. She was not prepared to admit that since yesterday they had been disturbed from her normal state of unthinking serenity; nevertheless, such was the true state of the case. Hitherto, she had never troubled her head about a man. She infinitely preferred horses to the masculine biped, always of course excepting Jack.

But on awaking this morning, she had experienced an odd wish to see Captain Falconer again. Then, suddenly, she remembered he was going to call that very afternoon, and had actually expressed a desire for to be at home. Nobody had ever cared twopence before whether she was in or out, and a glad thrill shot through her frame as she recalled his words. It lasted only a moment. The next, she quelled it fiercely, feeling bitterly ashamed of her folly. He take notice of her, especially when Geraldine and the others were by! What lunacy! Had she taken leave of her senses altogether? She could have withered herself with contempt. Even to think about a man was a sign of weakness. She got up and dressed hurriedly, not daring to analyse the new sensations that were making chaos of her innermost consciousness. The thing was so ridiculous, so absurd, and must be nipped with a strong hand in the bud. She would cherish no vain fancies, or false hopes. How Jack would have laughed at her had he been at home! But then a few kind words from a stranger, carelessly spoken, might not have made such an impression. It was only that she felt so very, very forlorn in his absence, when left entirely to the tender mercies of her elder sisters.

It was not her fault that she was ugly, and a disgrace to them. She had not made herself, and they forgot that their sharp speeches sank quivering into her hungry, sensitive heart.

Yes, she was very forlorn. It could be nothing else that made her feel so queer and unlike herself. And as for giving in to such nonsense, she would not do it for a moment. She would go for a long walk, just at the very time Captain Falconer had intimated his intention of calling.

"It is very extraordinary why I want to see him," she mused, "for as a rule I always make a point of keeping out of the way of visitors. I think it's his voice that makes me like him. He has got a nice, soft voice which seems to go right through you, and eyes to match. But it's a good thing to force oneself to do what one doesn't like every now and again. It's a sort of moral discipline, and for that very reason I shall be out when he comes."

It was just as well Maggie arrived at the above conclusion. At any rate, it saved her from what might otherwise have proved a severe disappointment; since immediately after luncheon was over, Matilda requested her to walk into Foxington and execute a commission. And no one in the Brotherton establishment, not even Geraldine, dared refuse a request of Matilda. She was so uncommonly clever at getting all she wanted.

Maggie never dreamt of not obeying order, consequently she retired to her own room, and scribbled off a long letter to Jack, with the intention of posting it in Foxington. She remained thus occupied until she heard the door bell ring, and looking out of the window, perceived the crown of a well-brushed pot hat with a pair of broad shoulders beneath it. Upon this, she dressed hastily, and crept out the back way with stern resolution, but a beating heart, over which her will seemed to exercise but little control.

"He will make such a nice husband for Geraldine. I do hope and trust he will take a fancy to her," she murmured to herself for about the hundredth time that day. "And I think she would be both happier and pleasanter when she was married, and in an independent position."

So Maggie continued to splash valiantly through the mud, and to stumble over the sharp stones, until having reached Foxington and executed her commission, she turned her face towards home.

But although she arranged Geraldine's affairs most satisfactorily, she could not overcome a certain sense of blankness and depression. In an effort to conquer it she increased her pace, and just before turning a sharp bend of the road called to the dogs, who were some way ahead. At the sound of her voice they came rushing back, the two great, clumsy, loose-jointed fox hounds playfully pursuing the little terrier, now catching him by the ear, again rolling him over. He ran straight towards his mistress for protection. They were outgrowing him rapidly, and he already began to find their gambols a trifle rough. Prudence and Pretty Lass followed. Maggie tried to step aside in order to avoid the demonstrative caresses showered upon her, but the dogs got under her petticoats, and the next

moment, she tripped and fell face downwards on the muddy road, with both hands out-stretched.

"Hulloa!" said a voice close by. "I hope you are not hurt."

She arose nimbly, but oh! such an object. The wet, black clay disfigured her from head to foot, her hat had got jolted on one side, and both eyes were bunged up with mud. And to think that Captain Falconer, of all people in the world, should see her in this abominable and unladylike state. She blushed a painful crimson which showed even through the dirt.

"No," she said brusquely. "It's nothing. Please don't look at me, that's all."

"Never mind," he returned, seeing she was evidently a little upset by his presence. "Here, we'll soon put you to rights; let me give you a clean," and he brought forth a dainty, white silk handkerchief, with a cunningly devised monogram in one corner.

"You can't with that thing," said Maggie contemptuously. She was so desperate'y ashamed of herself that she tried to cloak it by an additional shortness of manner. "It's only fit for a fancy bazaar, or to be worn round a woman's neck," and she gave a mirthless laugh.

"Never mind what it's fit for, Maggie," he answered good-humouredly, "it's nice and soft, and will do to wipe your poor little face with."

Why did he talk to her like that? His kindness made her feel quite savage—savage with herself, for how could she help wanting to see him, when he was so good and so superior to all the other men of her acquaintance?

She laughed again. This time hysterically.

"My poor little face," as you rightly call it, would disfigure so fine an article. My own handkerchief is quite good enough for it," and she commenced scrubbing her cheeks vigorously with a coarse linen one.

"There! Now you look quite respectable again, Maggie, and I am going to give you a lecture."

"What about?" she asked, beginning to recover from her confusion.

"Do you know that you are a most horribly faithless little person?"

"In what way, Captain Falconer?"

"Why, I expected to find you at home when I called. I asked you to stop in."

"Yes, but I never said I would, and as it so happened I couldn't, even had I wanted to. Matilda sent me into Foxington to buy her some gloves and ribbon."

"And you went all by yourself, child? Are you not afraid to tramp the roads alone, in these troublous times, when there are so many rough characters about?"

"They never do me any harm," said Maggie; "and besides," she added softly, "I am much too sorry for them to be frightened. They look so miserable, especially the poor women, with their worn-out boots and draggled petticoats. I always feel inclined to give them my own. It seems such a shame that I should be dry and warm and well-fed, whilst they are shivering and starving."

"You have a kind heart, Maggie, and an unselfish disposition. Cultivate them. But to return to our subject. I should have thought that one of your sisters might have accompanied you."

"They do generally," she answered, with childish simplicity, "but they all wanted to stop in this afternoon in honour of you."

"And so they sent you to do their errands? Well, I am partly satisfied, Maggie, as that accounts for your absence. I had begun to think you were cutting me on purpose."

Again the colour flew to her cheeks. She could not allow him to remain under a false impression.

"I—I must tell you the truth, Captain Falconer. I did not mean to be rude, or to hurt your feelings; but I—I—well, I thought you were only laughing at me when you asked me to be in when you called, and so I made up my mind to go out for a walk."

"Oh! did you, indeed, Miss Maggie. And why should you be so sceptical as to doubt my word?"

"Because it seemed to me you only said it out of good nature."

"Pon my soul, no. I'm not so good-natured as all that." Then his voice assumed a softer intonation, and he said: "My poor little girl, you are much too sensitive, in fact your sensitiveness verges on the morbid. Can you not believe that a person may like you for yourself?"

"Yes—perhaps—like," murmured Maggie doubtfully.

"And you want more than 'like.' You want love, eh, child?"

"I—I—do not know," drooping her head bashfully.

"I do, though, and you are right. I am not so unsympathetic, Maggie, as you may imagine, for I too have an aching heart, which seems as if it never could be satisfied. There is not much sympathy to be found in this world, is there? So few people care enough about you to take the trouble of finding out what stuff you are really made of. They look at the surface, and judge accordingly. If that is bright and pleasant, well and good; they ask for nothing more. They have very little compassion to expend on people who are gloomy or unhappy. And so one has to go with the stream, and laugh and talk like one's neighbours, who little suspect the existence of a deeper under-current. But the misfortune is, you feel things all the same."

"Ah! that's where the shoe pinches," said Maggie, who had listened intently to every word, and felt herself more and more drawn towards him. "But you are not unhappy, surely?"

"I ought not to be, but I am. That is to say, I am not content. I want something more than I've got."

"We all do that. Perhaps you might be happier if you were married."

"Perhaps I might. Only matrimony is a terrible venture and it's hard to find the right woman."

(To be Continued.)

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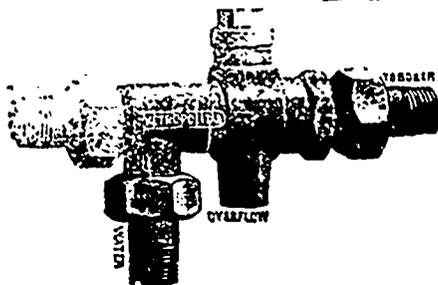
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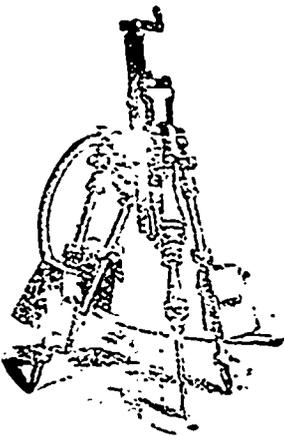
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MINING.

The Annsand mine returns 164 ozs. from 81 tons.

MONTAGUE.—The Rose mine returns for November, the result of the work of six men, 140 oz. gold from 15 tons quartz crushed—an average of over 9 ounces to the ton.

Mining matters are rather quiet just at present, especially gold mining, as the season for prospecting is over, and the working mines continue to jog quietly along, with nothing happening worthy of special notice beyond the regular monthly returns at the mines office. The tunneling operations on the property of the Lake View Company at Waverly are reported to have resulted in the cutting of two rich leads, but we have been unable to obtain particulars. The coal output is large and the season's shipments of building stone and gypsum from the province exceed in quantity those of any previous year. In fact there is a constant and steady advance in all branches of mining.

We wish all our mining friends a very Merry Christmas.

J. E. Hardman, S. B., Consulting Mining Engineer, is now open to engagements, as will appear by consulting his professional card in our advertising columns.

Mining men throughout the Province should unite in pressing on the attention of the Government the advisability of granting a bonus to the first company or individual discovering gold in paying quantities at a depth of from 1000 to 1200 feet.

The clean up for last month at the McGuire Mine, Whiteburn, resulted in making the largest brick yet produced in that district. It weighed 215 ounces of the precious article. As Supt. Roderick McLeod intends visiting his home in Pictou Co. and probably will go the United States on a short cruise, the mine will not be in operation during his absence. We understand it is Mr. McGuire's intention to add more machinery before starting up again.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, of Philadelphia, has again been with us for a few days, looking after his Company's interest, and as usual has taken home with him a fine brick of gold. Look out for large bricks every month, when their twenty stamps of the P. & D are running, and when one half of the promising leads they now show are opened up, you will see one hundred stamps pounding away. Mr. Parker is the right man to be at the head of such a Company. He is fortunate to have such a promising property.—*Gold Hunter.*

There is a great boom in the gold mines at Gay's River, five miles from this station. Some parties have been panning or washing for gold and getting as high as two dollars worth in one pan. We are told that part of the property was bonded to an American company this week for seventy-thousand dollars, and that they intend putting up a large crusher in the spring. If so, and we hope it is, it will make lively times here.—*Truro Guardian.*

GREAT STEEL WORKS.—The Pennsylvania Steel Company has been making rapid progress in the building of its iron and steel plant at Steelton, a few miles below Baltimore, Md. The blast furnace plant consists of four furnaces, each 85 by 22 feet, with a complete plant of Whitwell hot blast stoves. The furnaces are now all completed, and when blown in will run on foreign ore, making Bessemer pig iron. The company will also erect mills for making Bessemer steel rails. It is also its intention to have a shipbuilding plant in connection with these works. This department of the works will not, however, be developed until the new foundries and mills are all completed. The additional foundries, sheet mills, rolling mills, cupola houses, etc., will, when completed, be capable of producing everything in the way of steel articles that may be needed in the manufacture of steam engines, steamships, steel bridges, steel rails, etc. The cupola house is to be 169 feet 6 inches long by 87 feet wide, and was begun a few days ago. There is a small army of men at work. The converter house will be 120 feet long by 140 feet wide and 50 feet high, divided into three floors, and will have four cupolas for melting iron and two 15 ton Bessemer converters for converting the iron pigs into steel ingots. Next to the latter building there will be built a blooming mill and rail mill. It will be about 80 feet wide and 850 feet long. The minimum production of this mill will be 1,000 tons of steel rails per day. There is also being dug by the company, from its property front to the Craighill channel, a channel 6,000 feet long, 200 feet wide, and 27 feet deep, one half of which is already finished and in use by the ships now bringing iron ore from Cuba.—*Exchange.*

ENGLISH PRODUCT.—We mined almost ten millions more tons of coal, iron and other minerals last year, as compared with 1887, and employed ten thousand more men in the work, but happily fewer lives were lost in the process. The total number of fatal accidents was 885, and of deaths occasioned thereby 960, being an increase of 4 in the accidents, but a decrease of 91 in the lives lost. Measured by the work done, 222,485 tons of mineral were wrought for every fatal accident, and 205,698 tons for every death, as compared with 208,494 and 173,919 tons respectively in the preceding year. The safety of mining has been materially increased in recent years. The average ratio for the ten years ending 1860 was one death in every 245 persons employed, for the ten years ending 1870 it was one in 300, for the period ending 1880, one in 425, and for the present year one in 602. Even

this more favorable ratio will no doubt be improved upon, and mining may become as safe as any other occupation. Seeing that an army of nearly 600,000 persons are employed in and about the mines of Great Britain and Ireland, and that in round numbers 183 million tons of minerals were wrought last year, the importance of the industry can hardly be over-estimated.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MIDDLE RIVER ITEMS.—Several local parties are prospecting for gold near the upper settlement, and it is said that valuable specimens have been discovered by them. It appears the lead—and undoubtedly such exists somewhere in the vicinity—has not been struck by any of them. If it has been located by Mr. Hugh McMillan and staff, as reported, a bonanza is in store for somebody. It seems certain that they have obtained enough evidence of the appearance of gold quartz to induce them to lease several areas.—*Island Reporter.*

FLEXIBILITY OF MARBLE.—In the *Mechanical News* there is an interesting article upon a flexible stone found in Tennessee. It brings to mind a property of marble which is not generally known, and which may be found useful under some circumstances. Under the influence of heat and pressure marble in slabs of an inch in thickness may be made to assume a pretty deep curve without breaking.

There is a fine illustration of how this may be done in the Cosmopolitan Hotel. At one end of the lunch counter, there is a steam table where the meats, etc., are served. The marble top of the counter extends over this table and upon the counter the clean dishes are arranged in piles twelve or fourteen inches high. The marble slab has a span of perhaps three feet. It often has two rows of dishes over the whole span. This load is on the slab for many hours every day. For from four to five hours each day the temperature is kept at about 140 degrees Fah. In time this slab at its front edge takes a curve some 2½ or 3 inches deep. Some three years ago an old slab was replaced by a new one of white marble, like the old. Those who watched the behavior of the new stone were much surprised to find that within a space of twelve or fourteen months it had taken a curve of about the same depth as the old. Whether the heat had anything to do with the bending it is difficult to say. The weight upon the stone could not have been much over 100 pounds.

This, of course, is not a case of flexibility like that mentioned in the article referred to, but it shows that ordinary white marble is by no means so stiff as is usually supposed. From the behavior of window caps and sills under much larger proportionate weights it would naturally be supposed that the heat was the most important element in bringing about a change in form.

It is said, that in taking up old paving stones, it is found they have taken an impression of the surface against which they have been forced; that pairs of stones have been found which fitted each other so perfectly as to show that under the long hammering of the traffic they had come into a somewhat elastic state; in other words, that they illustrated the "flow of solids." We have often looked for such instances, but never have come across one that was perfectly clear and undoubted. Reasoning from analogy, we should suppose that nearly all bodies would change shape under pressure in time.

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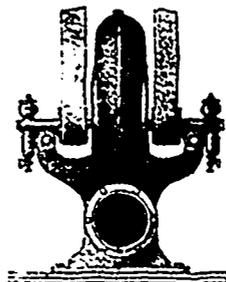
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MEG---A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

They had had a fine night's sleep, the little tattered maid and her lean, unsightly friend, for Meg had found a warm hiding-place from the wind, a barrel turned on one side with plenty of straw in the bottom. "This is better oven than the cellar," Meg had said, when she found it, "because it is dry and the collar wasn't; we can have a fine sleep here, Rags, if the bobby doesn't turn us out;" and the dog had said: "Yes, indeed," as plainly as eyes and tail could answer. Rags was not a fine specimen of a dog, but he suited his mistress, and she loved him as perhaps no other dog was ever loved before, for most children have a father or mother or friends to take the greater part of their affection, but Rags was without a rival. Children who own pets of various kinds, whom they use to while away their playtime but quickly forget at sight of a new toy, would not have understood the bond that united these two, a bond which cold, and hunger, and unkind words only made the stronger. As I say, Rags was a miserable looking dog, yellow and black in color, with short stiff hair and only a stump for a tail. "You're not much to look at, Rags, but you're wonderful smart," his mistress would say to him, and he understood the compliment as he always understood everything that she said to him. They had had a fine summer together, these two; one can live on so little to eat when the sun shines and the air is warm, and, besides, people are kinder in the summer time.

Meg's only relation, a sister of doubtful reputation but warm heart, had disappeared as June opened, and since then the child and the dog had wandered about the crowded streets all day, living on what the charity of passers by might prompt them to give, and sleeping at night whosoever a corner could be found. But the winter was a different matter; no one wanted to stop to open his or her purse in the sleet or rain; and on this night of the 23rd December the miserable pair had gone to sleep with very little in their poor, ill-used, little stomachs. The child woke first and stretched her small cramped limbs, and woke the dog. "It would be nice to stay here all day, Rags, wouldn't it, if only we wasn't so hungry?" And Rags licked the thin face and looked assent.

As they trudged the slippery pavement that day Meg noticed that everybody seemed less inclined than ever to notice them, everyone seemed more in haste than usual. Noon came, and the afternoon, and Meg had two pennies which she spent at a baker's, but Rags would not eat his share and his mistress devoured both buns as only a half starved child could have devoured them.

"Rags," she said, sorrowfully, as the last morsel disappeared, "you're only pretending not to be hungry, 'cos you think I want it all. No, you needn't wag your tail and try to look as if you had had so much to eat that you couldn't hold any more; I know all about it, you poor, poor, hungry Rags," and one big tear, the first she had shed through all their privation and disappointment, dropped on the dog's rough coat. Rags knew that something was the matter, and he licked the little brown, dirty fingers as if to give her comfort.

Out into the streets again; the lamps were lighted now, and the shops looked gay and beautiful to the child as she pressed her face against the windows.

"We won't look at the baker's or pastry cook's, Rags," she said, "we will look at the dolls and toys and forget about being hungry. Look, Rags, at that fine lady in the fur jacket, with the little girl, and the big dog coming behind; don't they look warm and comfortable, and isn't the dog fat? not much like you, Rags. If we were pretty and well and good to look at, maybe we'd have lots to eat and fine clothes too, but I guess we ain't of much account, you and me, Rags." The lady of whom Meg spoke had noticed the forlorn and miserable looking child, and drew the attention of her little sister to her.

"See, Lucy, the poor little beggar there by the window; suppose you give her something out of your little purse for the sake of someone whose birthday is to-morrow."

"Yes, sister, you mean the dear Christ child who was poor too," the little one answered, reverently, and she opened her purse and took out a new shilling and ran over to where Meg was.

"That's for the sake of the dear little Christ-child who was poor like you, because it is his birthday to-morrow, and he likes us to be unselfish and give what we want to other people," and then she ran back to her sister. Poor little Meg looked at the shilling, and said the words to herself with a wondering face.

"Rags," she said at last, "do you know that there is a little child that has a birthday to-morrow, who is poor and hungry too—poor and hungry like you and me, Rags—only he must be very great too, and good, because that little girl gave that money to please him, did you ever hear of anything like that, Rags?" and the wonder did not die out of her face all that evening as they trudged the slippery streets.

The snow was falling heavily, and the air was bitter cold, it cut through Meg's worn garments and chilled her to the heart; her teeth chattered, and the little fingers grow so numb that the treasured shilling piece dropped from them on to the pavement. As she stooped to pick it up a big rough boy pulled her aside, and, snatching the money, ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Poor little Meg, so hungry, so cold, so miserable, she cried silently for a few moments, and then with an unconscious heroism tried to talk cheerfully to the dog. "It didn't much matter, she wasn't so very hungry after all, only it's a pity my legs aches so, Rags, 'cos I think we'll just spend this last penny and then go back to the barrel. I don't feel much like walking any more." A noble resolve was forming itself in the child's mind as she bought

the bread that they both so sorely needed, and the resolve was perfected as they found their way to their sleeping place. First she broke the bread up into several pieces, putting all but one under her scanty skirt, then she put the piece to her mouth, and, partly turning from the dog, put her little teeth together and pretended to eat, smacking her lips as she did so.

"Now, Rags, your turn," and she gave the dog what she held in her hand. The poor old fellow wagged his tail and gulped down what he thought was his share of the piece. Meg did the same with all the bread, though the tears came into her eyes as she gave the dog the last remaining crumb. But she forced them back and spoke cheerfully to him, and curled herself up in the straw and tried to get warm.

But sleep would not come. The days of cold, and wet clothes, and hungry, and weariness, had come to an end, the little frame which has held so large a soul could hold it no longer.

As 12 o'clock struck from a steeple near by, the child smiled.

"It is the Christ-child's birthday, the good little Christ child who likes us to be unselfish; he would be glad if he knew I gave Rags all the bread."

When Rags woke in the morning and licked his mistress to rouse her, he wondered to find the pinched face so cold. Rags did not know that she had found the little Christ-child and told him how she had "given Rags all the bread."

OUR COSY CORNER.

SUGGESTIVE HINTS FOR XMAS FROM THAT RELIABLE SOURCE, THE "DELIN-EATOR."—That everyone should, during the holy-day week of the year, feel moved to give to others of his store, be it large or small, is proper and wholly in keeping with the kindly spirit of the season; and what can be more natural than that the heart, overflowing with generosity, should desire to express its kindness in a material form? The custom of giving gifts at Christmas time is a very old one, but it seems each year as new and as pleasant as the wreaths and holly berries with which the house is decorated and which seem the outward sign of the inward joy. Use discretion in your giving, but do not let your discretion take too much the form of what is generally called common sense. Give to each of your friends the little luxury on which you know his or her heart has been set, remembering that to many it seems out of place to consider the common-places needs of life at such a festive time. In fact, it is as well to show a little uncommon sense in the selection of gifts.

Now, you would like to give something that can be worn and yet is pretty, such as gloves, handkerchiefs or a fan. In gloves choose either gray, pale-tan or black, for these shades are the most useful, as well as the most fashionable. Get some of the four-button, heavy variety for street wear, others in the mousquetaire style with two buttons, and a pair or so in the very long shape for evening. If the colors selected do not suit, they can always be exchanged. Handkerchiefs make a pretty gift. Some are of pure white elaborately decorated with delicate embroidery and literally as fine as silk, and others are of *mousselines de soie* in all the faint shades and black, embroidered with silk in many colors. No matter which variety you choose, place them in a dainty box or wrap them in a square of bright-hued Japanese silk, and inclose the whole in silver paper, tying it with dainty ribbons; for you know a holiday parcel should never look like an ordinary, everyday bundle.

If you wish to remember someone with whom you are not very well acquainted, send her bouillons, placing them in a fancy basket tied with ribbons. Then after the sweets have vanished, the basket may be used for gloves, fancy-work or cards or, perhaps, for letters. Jars of fine china are also utilized for holding sweets, but unless one is intimate with the recipient, it would be bad form to send so expensive a holder with so trifling a gift.

An oddly conceived present that may be appropriately sent at Christmas or New Year's or during the intervening week is a stocking of some bizarre color filled to overflowing with small toys, oddly-shaped sweets, messages rolled about sugar figures, a tall stick of peppermint candy and any inexpensive trifles that will cause a laugh or be of use. The stocking should be gartered at the top with a bright ribbon. With a little forethought such a gift may be made to cause much merriment.

Now as to Christmas cards. Send a calendar, a fancy blotter, two or three quills tied with ribbon—anything rather than cards, which are expensive and useless. So long as they were simple they served their purpose well as pleasant reminders; but the be-fringed and be-ribboned cards of to-day seem out of place, for one never knows what to do with them and they are finally consigned to the fire.

What shall you give your sweetheart? Your heart—of gold, of course. Send him a tiny golden heart on which is engraved, in very small letters, "With all my—." He will hang it on the end of his watch-chain and place it in the pocket nearest his heart; and, perhaps, he will send you in return a duplicate of your present, which you will suspend about your neck by the finest of chains. It is truly a quaint and loving fancy.

You cannot give at all? Oh, yes, you can. No human being is so poor that he or she has no good wishes and heartfelt prayers to offer; and surely the giver of such good things is as rich as the one who receives them. Write your good wishes and send them to your friends to show you have not forgotten them. You give of your best; and it is, after all, a priceless gift to have some one hope with all sincerity that joy and gladness, peace and plenty may be with one during the whole of the New Year. Nobody is too poor to express the desire that the New Year may bring back whatever joy the old one took with it, and to chime in with the bells in wishing each and all "A Happy New Year."

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.

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The above Company is now ready for business, and will be pleased to receive proposals for insurance against loss or damage by FIRE and LIGHTNING on all classes of property at equitable rates.

D. C. EDWARDS,

Secretary.

Halifax, N. S., September 20th, 1889.

Iron, Iron, Iron.

SUMMERLEE, }
MIDDLESBORO, } PIC.
LONDONDERRY, }

English Best Refined Bars,
English Refined Bars.
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Sheet and Hoop Iron,
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ALWAYS LEADS
IN THE
Amount, Variety and Beauty
OF
CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

This year our goods are nicer, and the prices lower than ever before.

Hattie & Mylius.

1889-FALL AND WINTER-1890.

COLEMAN & Co.

have completed their full stock of
FALL & WINTER GOODS,

INCLUDING
Gents Satin & Stiff Felt Hats.
From the leading London Houses.
American & English Soft Felt Hats,
in All Colors. Also,
Youths', Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps
in great variety.

CLERICAL HATS A SPECIALTY.

Our Stock of FURS have been personally selected in LONDON and MONTREAL, and we are now showing the finest articles in the following lines at fair prices:—

LADIES' ALASKA SEAL NEWMARKETS,
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A large stock of Bear Boas, Fox-Tail Boas, &c.,
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Are the latest Styles in shape and material, and
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GENT'S FURS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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FURS ALTERED AND REPAIRED.

Xmas Cards.

BOOKLETS OF AMERICAN AND
CANADIAN SCENERY,
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AND
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of Halifax.

NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF
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PICTURE FRAMING at
REARDON'S,
40 to 44 Barrington St.

NATIONAL
COLONIZATION
LOTTERY.

Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labelle
Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec,
32 Vict., Chap. 36 for the Benefit of
the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province
of Quebec.

CLASS D.
The 29th Monthly Drawing will take place
On WEDNESDAY, Dec. 18th, 1889.

At 2 o'clock, p.m.
PRIZES VALUE, \$50,000.
Capital Prize—1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	\$5,000
1 Real Estate worth	2,000	2,000
1 Real Estate worth	1,000	1,000
4 Real Estates worth	500	2,000
10 Real Estates worth	300	3,000
30 Furniture Sets worth	200	6,000
60 Furniture Sets worth	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches worth	50	10,000
1000 Silver Watches worth	10	10,000
1000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000

2307 Prizes worth\$50,000.00

TICKETS \$1.00.

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.
Winners' names not published unless specially authorized.

DRAWINGS ON THE THIRD WEDNESDAY
OF EVERY MONTH.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Secretary,
OFFICES—19 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CA

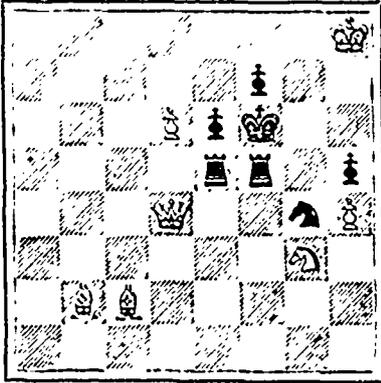
CHESSE.

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.

PROBLEM No. 111.

By FRITZ PEIPERS, San Francisco.

From the Week.
BLACK 7 pieces.



WHITE 7 pieces.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

GAME No. 92.

Played at Ottawa between Messrs. J. E. Andrews and J. E. Narraway.

(Evans Gambit)

WHITE Mr. Andrews. BLACK Mr. Narraway.

- 1 P to K4 P to K4
2 Kt to KB3 Kt to QB3
3 B to B4 B to B4
4 P to QKt4 B takes P
5 P to B3 B to R4
6 Castles Q to B3

The Steinitz defence

7 B to Kt2 This is new

8 P to Q4 Kt to R3
9 B to Kt5 B to Kt3
Kt to KKt5

The only way to save

a Pawn, but a good way.

- 10 P to KR3 P to KR4
11 Q to Q2 Kt to K2
12 B to K2 Kt to Kt3
13 P to Kt3 Kt to R3
14 Q to Kt5 P to Q3
15 K to Kt2 P to R5
16 R to R sq Q takes Q
17 Kt takes Q P takes QP
18 P takes P P to KB4
19 B to B4

Both players failed to see that White could win a piece by 19 B to R5!

- 20 Kt takes P P takes P
21 Kt to Kt5 Kt to B4
22 R to K sq ch P takes P

From this point to the end the play is very interesting.

- 23 P takes P Kt (Kt3) to K2
24 B takes B B takes P
25 Kt to QB3 Kt takes B
26 QR to Q sq P to B3
27 P to Kt4 Kt to B4
28 K to K3 Kt to R5 ch
29 Kt to K6 ch K to B sq
30 B takes B B takes Kt
31 R to KB sq ch P to Q4
32 R to B7 K to K sq
R to R3

Foreseeing and in

vitig loss of the exchange.

- 33 QR to KB sq R takes B
34 K to B8 ch R to Q2
35 R takes R P to KKt4!
36 K to B2 K to B3 ch
37 K to Q2 R takes R
38 K takes R Kt to B sq

The Rook is caged beyond redemption.

- 39 Kt to K2 Kt to KKt3
40 K to B2 P to B4
41 Kt to B3 Kt to B5
42 K to Kt3 P to Q5
43 Kt to Q sq P to B5
44 P to KR4 P to B6
45 Resigns.

From the Quebec Chronicle

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will Sergt. W. Muir kindly exchange the Glasgow Herald for the CRITIC?

W. FORSYTH,
36 Grafton Street,
Checker Editor CRITIC.

The CHECKER EDITOR thanks the West Lothian Courier for noting and complying with his request to address his exchange to 36 Grafton Street, and wishes that other papers exchanging with his department would follow the example thus set.

News.—The Toronto Draughts Club is arranging to hold a checker tournament in that city, beginning on the second Tuesday in February next. Invitations to attend the event have been sent to prominent Canadian players. The prizes offered are:—1st, \$100; 2nd, \$60; 3rd, \$40; 4th, \$30; 5th, \$25; 6th, \$20; 7th, \$15; 8th, \$10; 9th, \$5. Entrance fee \$5.

PROBLEM 145.—The position was:—Black men 1, 2, 3, 18, 20, 22; white men 8, 12, 15, 27, 28, 30; white to move and draw. As before stated Wyllie took this position and worked out a black win. Mr. Stark corrects the play by showing a draw. We give both plays below though we are not entirely satisfied of the soundness of Stark's draw.

Table showing game progress for Mr. Wyllie's Win and Mr. Stark's Correction with piece counts for black and white.

Though Mr. Stark considers this as a draw we much prefer black's position.

GAME XL.

Played between our checker editor and his son, Willie, who is only aged 8 1/2 years.

We present this game not for any special merit in itself, but to illustrate the fact that even a child as well as an adult may derive amusement and profit from our favorite game.

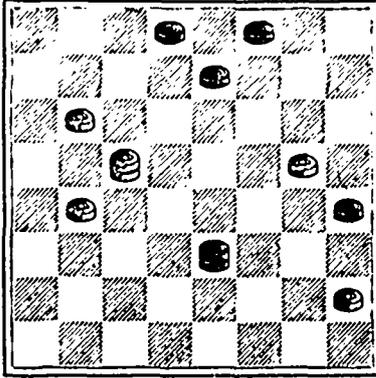
Table showing game progress for Game XL with piece counts for black and white.

a 28 19 is considered much stronger here.
b The little fellow here thought of playing 24 20 but noticed in time that it would entail the loss of the game.

PROBLEM No. 147.

By Sergt. W. Muir, Maybole, Scotland.

Black men 2, 3, 7, 20, king 23.



White men 9, 16, 17, 28, king 14.

Black to play and win.

This is a neat but not a difficult position. We would like all the checker playing readers of the CRITIC to send us a solution per post card. These will be regarded by us as Christmas cards and as an encouragement to us in our work in this department.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Port Maitland Work," will be received until Friday, the 20th day of December next, inclusively, for repairing the western breakwater at Port Maitland (late Green Cove), Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, according to a plan and specification, to be seen on application to Mr. David C. Crosby, Port Maitland, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signature of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to FIVE PER CENT. OF AMOUNT OF TENDER, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBELL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 15th Nov., 1889.

"Christmas" Announcement. FREEMAN ELLIOT, 163 HOLLIS STREET.

Dressing Gowns and Jackets, Large Stock to select from. GLOVES AND MITTS IN EVERY MAKE.

Neck Ties and Scarfs In Plush, Velvet and Silk. COLLARS, CUFFS, UMBRELLAS.

Ladies and gentlemen will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

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