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THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

DEVOTED TO

Commerce, Manufacturing, Mining and Agriculture.

1.50 PER ANNUM.
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HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 25, 1889.

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THE CRITIC,

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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.

A great sensation has been made in England by the discovery that hundreds of tons of old, emaciated, and probably diseased horseflesh are exported to Antwerp, and made into extract of beef.

It affords us sincere satisfaction to learn that the Halifax Street Railway has passed into the hands of a Nova Scotian syndicate. The new company consists of the following gentlemen:—President, B. F. Pearson; Treasurer and Secretary, Chas. Annand; Directors, Geo. E. Forsythe and C. F. Fraser, Halifax; W. Curry, and Alex. Forsythe, Windsor; and John F. Zebley, New York. The new trustees of the Bondholders is Mr. Allen Haley, of Windsor. It gives us the greatest pleasure to observe such enterprises passing into native hands, and to notice many instances of late of a rising spirit in this direction. Truly, Nova Scotia is waking up. We are additionally glad to understand that the new syndicate will give its early and serious attention to the substitution of Electric motive power for that of horses.

An interesting discovery was lately made at Ticonderoga, N. Y. In digging a sewer in that town a tombstone was struck, and under it was found the coffin containing the remains of George Augustus, Lord Howe, who was killed in a skirmish with the French at that place in 1758. There were three British officers of this family, more or less connected with American history, the one here mentioned; Admiral Richard, Earl Howe, and General William, who commanded the Light Brigade of Infantry under Wolfe at the Plains of Abraham, and subsequently commanded at Bunker's Hill. The first was an officer of much promise, and what makes the discovery of his remains of more particular interest is the expressed and recorded opinion of Wolfe that "he was the noblest Englishman that had appeared in his (Wolfe's) time, and the best soldier in the British army." First-rate soldiers were by no means too plentiful in the British Army at that period, but coming from such a soldier as Wolfe this was high praise. The young nobleman was only in his thirty-fourth year, but was already a Major-General; was known as a scientific soldier who had studied foreign warfare, shared all hardships with his men, and made them throw off all useless incumbrances in campaigning, cut their hair close, and wear leggings. He was deeply lamented throughout the army by all ranks.

The Gladstonians have recently scored successes in bye-elections which are substantial enough to be significant. Out of five elections lately held the net result is that where the Gladstonians formerly held two seats against their opponent's three, they now hold four to their adversaries' one. This of course is only an absolute gain of one, which is in itself a very trifling weakening of the Conservative majority, but if such gains continue to be made in future bye-elections—and there are some indications that matters are tending that way—the balance may be appreciably altered at no very distant day. In this connection the forthcoming Brighton contest, where the Liberals have an exceptionally strong candidate in Sir Robert Peel, will be looked for with strong interest.

It has been our endeavor to give in our columns from time to time what we find worthy of notice on both sides of the vexed "sawdust" question. In pursuance of this design, we quote below another editorial remark from the Montreal Witness.—"Although the Order-in-Council, under which the law of Canada forbidding the throwing of sawdust and mill refuse into rivers and streams is abrogated for the benefit of the Chaudiere saw mills, says that this is done because 'the public interest is not prejudicially affected thereby,' the result of the dumping of sawdust into the Ottawa by these privileged millers is that the channel leading to the mouth of the Rideau canal has been so silted up that dredging is necessary, and this dredging is, of course, to be done at the expense of the people of Canada. It is, in the mind of the Government, no injury to the public interest that a navigable channel, thirty feet in depth, should be silted up, involving a heavy expenditure in dredging, in order that a waste product that might be used for many purposes may be got rid of cheaply. Our Government exists to grant privileges to individuals and make the people pay." The strongly conflicting opinions entertained on this subject only emphasize the necessity of a commission of some sort that may be likely to elicit truth.

A striking instance of the contemptible sensationalism which seems to have such peculiar and irresistible charms for the American press appeared in the New York Herald recently. With the usual blare of big-letter heading it appeared as follows:—"A Hint of War—Great Britain calls on Canada for Military Mobilization—A Hostile Movement Feared—No Satisfactory Reason Discovered for a Very Sensational Order." This lively and sanguinary intelligence purports to have been telegraphed to the Herald from Montreal, wherefrom we infer that Ottawa is not the only city in Canada that maintains a subsidized "liar." The whole foundation of this piece of absurdity rests on the fact that the Imperial Government is in the habit of periodically (once a year, we believe) calling on the Militia Department of the Dominion for information regarding its military strength, and as to the facilities available for transporting troops from one Province to another. The order is of regular recurrence, no information beyond what is customary has been asked for in this instance, and the enquiries possess no special significance. Moreover, no excitement has existed—as implied in the mendacious telegram—in Montreal or anywhere else in Canada concerning the matter. We wish the Herald joy of its little sensation, though what possible good the publication of such rubbish can do is, considering that it will be clean forgotten in a week or less, quite beyond the ken of common sense people.

We commend the following somewhat abbreviated extract from the Toronto Globe as an example of ingenuity in discovering a new attribute wherewith to invest the equally ingenious Mr. Erastus Wiman:—"When Mr. King, of the Montreal Bank, went down to New York a good many years ago, and 'scopped' Wall street, Canadians did not exactly approve of one of their great bank managers playing that game. Still, we fear that they had a certain nascent satisfaction in the thought that the Canadian financier had been considerably smarter than the habitual speculator of Gotham. Something of the same patriotic exultation may be aroused by the last public performance of Mr. Erastus Wiman. We cannot approve of his Sunday dinner giving and his speechifying, which were not works of necessity. Nevertheless a more or less wintry smile illumines the Canadian countenance at the thought of how the Canadian New Yorker captured Washington's guests, gave them a good dose of information regarding the Dominion, showed them the importance of this country, centered the attention of the Continent on his own scheme, and knocked endways Uncle Sam's plan for keeping his visitors as ignorant as possible of the fact that Johnny Canuck is a very big boy and owner of the largest part of America north of Mexico." It is perhaps no bad thing that Mr. Wiman's guests should have had the opportunity of learning a little more about Canada, but we must be allowed to entertain some little doubt as to whether that gentleman's motives were quite such as the Globe, by implication, credits him with.

An imaginative correspondent of the *Empire* has been writing on the tides of the Maritime Provinces. The subject is easily made a little sensational by the traditions of those of the Bay of Fundy, but the narrator professes to endeavor to strip the subject of current exaggeration. Perhaps he partially accomplishes his object, but incidentally mentioning Halifax, either his observation or information have failed him, as he commits himself to the assertion that "the tide rises sixteen feet in Halifax harbor." As a matter of fact the average rise is about six feet, and it probably, save under very exceptional influences, varies more or less between five and seven feet.

We very cordially welcome the first numbers of a new weekly journal, the *Amherst Weekly Press*. It comes to us well-printed and in good form, and its initial editorial, announcing its advent on the field of journalism, is at once modest and manly. Not the least of its recommendations is its declaration that "In politics the Press will take an independent position, not allying itself with either of the political parties of the day." It is precisely of more such unbiased journalism that the country stands in need, and to which we wish a successful career. In such papers the public stands a chance of enlightenment on political questions undistorted by the rancor of party spirit and misrepresentation.

The following is almost equal to *Cæsar's veni, vidi, vici*, or to one or two famous despatches announcing British victories in the simple statement of them, with a brief return of killed and wounded on both sides:—"In the Calcutta High Court recently, Mr. Justice Norris delivered what is probably the shortest summing up made by an Indian judge. It was a case in which two native prisoners were accused of robbing the complainant on the Maidan by what is known as the 'bead trick.' On the case for the prosecution being closed, the accused said they had nothing to say, and his lordship, in delivering the charge, said:—'Gentlemen of the jury—The prisoners have nothing to say, and I have nothing to say; what have you got to say?' And the jury said they were 'guilty.'" A great deal of useless verbiage might be avoided if the example of Mr Justice Norris were more generally followed.

The objections of the Knights of Labor and other labor organizations to the technical education of youth, on the ground that it will create a large number of embryo workmen who will become competitors in the labor market at reduced wages, is, it seems to us, neither sound nor far-seeing. If their objections should prevail we should probably see in Canada what has taken place in the United States—a short supply of native workmen necessitating an influx of foreign workers to supply the deficit. This happened recently in the glass industry in the States when a large importation of Belgian workmen took place. One American labor-organ expresses regret at the situation, and is not blind to the fact that it is due to the narrow policy pursued by the glass-blowers assembly of the Knights of Labor. Another consideration which sects, cliques and combines of all sorts are apt to entirely ignore, is the great advantage of technical training to the whole youth of a country.

Georgia has achieved an unenviable pre-eminence among the rowdy States of the Union, and seems to be but little removed from a condition of the lowest barbarism. As an exchange describes some recent occurrences:—"They lynched a man, nominally because he hit another man with a stone which he threw from a railway train, really because he was a negro. A vile white man in South Carolina, who shot a man because he expostulated with him for persecuting his servant girl, was set free by the jury; had he been a negro he would have been hanged, or, as in a case a month ago in Missouri, burned to death. The people of Georgia may object to being accused of barbarism because this was done by a number of irresponsible people; but as long as a community allows such conduct to go unpunished the crime is theirs, and as long as they call a gang of brutal ruffians guided, doubtless, by drunken passion, 'a posse of citizens,' they may be held to approve of the whole proceeding." Later a citizen was deliberately shot down in the streets of Warrenton. The continuance of such a state of lawlessness is a dark blot on the escutcheon of the United States. We presume a higher state of civilization will some day come to pass, but the menacing race-feuds between black and white seem not unlikely to delay it indefinitely.

The *Halifax Herald* said recently that Mr. Laurier admitted that reciprocity would ruin Canadian manufactures. The *Chronicle* asserts that what Mr. Laurier said was that "very likely some small tariff-bolstered industries not indigenous to the country, and which could not exist without high protection, would go to the wall; but he showed that many large manufacturing industries would be benefitted by unrestricted reciprocity." Without going into this argument we will merely remark with reference to it that our reminiscences of reciprocity in manufactures point to the wholesale slaughter of Canadian manufactures when brought under unprotected competition with the superior riches and facilities of the United States, and that we desire to see our own firmly established before they are subjected to this rivalry. But what we wish to remark is that the term indigenous seems to us a somewhat vague generality, and scarcely applicable to manufactures at all. The raw material which enables a manufacture to be born and to exist may be indigenous, but we can scarcely see how any manufacture can strictly be called indigenous. We do not make this observation in any spirit of captiousness or verbal smartness, but we should like to see a definition, and some instances given, of what our contemporary would consider indigenous manufactures.

The local labor organizations in Boston are instituting searching enquiries into the starvation rates of pay and cruel treatment by ready made clothing contractors of their female employées. If one half of what is alleged be true there is an urgent demand for legislation in the direction of protecting the unfortunate victims of a grasping, sordid, and heartless tyranny, and ample scope for the prompt and active exercise of philanthropy. The treatment described and the foul and wretched surroundings of the helpless victims of a base greed are as shocking as, or worse than, the old time practices in England, which called forth Hood's pathetic "Song of the Shirt." It is to be earnestly hoped that the investigation will bring forth practical results.

The *Halifax Herald* had last Saturday a long quotation from the *Herald* of Boston, describing how in December, 1884, a Mr. George Steele, and others, set to work to get up an agitation on the Fishery and bait question, in which a great deal of buncombe was talked about the tyranny of Canada. Some \$7,200 was subscribed, and a lucky gentleman was deputed to Washington to keep the pot boiling, which was no doubt effectively done by him and the other managers of the affair to their own profit and comfort, as it is stated that the amount named was only "a first assessment." The incident is perhaps worth mentioning, as it may very likely form a precedent for a like agitation at the close of the period—next February—when the *modus vivendi* expires. No doubt we shall about that time hear a fresh outburst of denunciation of the iniquities of Canada.

In close sequence to the death of Dr. Rand, Nova Scotia has suddenly lost another citizen eminently distinguished for erudition. The Rev. David Honeyman, D.C.L., was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy on the afternoon of the 17th inst., and died in a few minutes. Dr. Honeyman, though not actually a native of Nova Scotia, had been identified with the Province for nearly 40 years, rendering it service by the fullness of his knowledge of its geology. In this specialty he was unapproached, but he was a man of letters in other branches of literature, had been Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College of this city, was a sound naturalist as well as geologist, and was planning a new series of Zoological Papers to appear in the *Presbyterian Witness* at the time of his sudden demise. Widely known in Nova Scotia, his scientific status was perhaps even better recognized abroad, where he was a member of many of the leading Natural Scientific Societies of Great Britain, France and the United States. The deceased Professor, who was of a most genial disposition, had reached the ripe age of 76, but was apparently so hearty and cheerful that his sudden death was a painful surprise to all who had the pleasure of knowing him. His widow and family have our sincere sympathy in their sudden bereavement.

The recent death of Lady Holland accentuates the gap between the oldest and the youngest living generations. The Holland House coterie is a curious and conspicuous feature in the domestic history of the century. Readers of Macaulay's *Essays* will be able to estimate the peculiar intellectual and political influences of Holland House, where habitually gathered together such literary and intellectual lights as Brougham, Mackintosh, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and a host of other luminaries. It was in every sense a lordly mansion, exalted by the distinction of its *habitués* above the commonplace of mere ordinary society haunts, and above all, redolent of the traditions and genius of the house of Fox. In a different way—that of the more ephemeral social distinction of men (and women) of fashion—the only other house in Kensington which might aspire to the old idea of the "salon," was Lady Blessington's, where such men as Count D'Orsay and Louis Napoleon were somewhat of lions. Gore House was very charming in its lighter way, but bore no comparison to the brilliant solidity of the home of the Foxes. "The 'salon' as an institution flourished," says an English paper, "at a period when it was only in the drawing room that common ground could be found for the assembling of the wits. London, under the present dispensation, is too large for the geniuses to find each other out, and too highly organized to make private congresses of the *litterati* necessary."

It is matter of sufficient notoriety that by far the greater amount of shooting performed by the Militia of Canada is confined to the various cliques of comparatively crack shots throughout the country. This accounts for about a dozen quotations from the Blue Book reports of staff and other responsible officers, given by the *New York Herald* in its article on the Canadian Militia, all expressive of the opinion that the average shooting and knowledge of the proper use of arms is very poor. To these are added remarks as to the bad state in which, in many instances, the arms are kept, striking samples of which gross neglect were indeed observable at a recent Nova Scotia camp. In the face of the reports of our own staff—officers denial or palliative of these facts would be useless. Regarding the horsing of Cavalry and Field Artillery, the *Herald* goes on to remark that "it is scarcely conceivable that animals which, for fifty-one weeks out of the year are employed in the hum-drum service of a contractor, a hackman or a coal dealer, should, for the fifty-second week, develop the qualities of a troop or battery horse," and that even the "much-boasted Montreal Field Battery takes its horses for the guns from the Fire brigade," of which Col. Stevenson is chairman. That Cavalry should be horsed with unpractised animals is of course a serious disadvantage. For the purposes of annual drill, however, the Battery horses work fairly enough, all things considered, and even the Cavalry in many instances do better than might be expected. The *Herald's* remarks, however, are not without weight, and their point would tell under the requirements of any continued period of service. We shall probably conclude our comments on the *Herald's* article next week.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

YEA, OR NAY?

Low the sun slopes to the west;
In his heart is high unrest.

Rarest rose-tints flood the air;
Notes his but her golden hair.

Rose and amber glow the skies;
Truest blue are his love's eyes.

Vanished quite the god of day;
Will she say him yes? or nay?

Yearns the lover, hoping yet,
Margaret, fair Margaret!

Will she say him yea? or nay?
Will she say him yea?

EMILY McMANUS.

It is estimated that the amount of gold and silver coin at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean is about \$50,000,000, and it is further estimated that most of it will stay where it is.

Mr. Bowie (of Arkansas)—"A committee of our best citizens, Mr. Smith, is waiting in the hotel parlor to receive you." Mr. Smith (who is visiting the town)—"Best citizens! Great Scott! What have I done to be lynched?"

Anxious wooer—"Then, sir, I have your consent to pay my address to your daughter? Ah! if I only thought I could win her affections." Eager father—"Why not, my dear sir, why not? Plenty others have succeeded."

He—You remind me of an angel.

She—O, now you are going to pay me some sill, compliment.

He—Not at all. Your dress this evening is so like the kind the angels wear.

Call Him Anything.—Some folks pronounce Boulanger as "Bo-lan ja." others give it as "Boyle-an-gee," others still as "Boo-long-a." It might have made a difference six months ago, but it doesn't now. You can even call him a dead duck and not stretch the truth.

WITH FORLORN REASON.—Miss Lina (*making a call on her washerwoman*)—"You look depressed to-day, Mrs. O'Grady. What is the matter?"

Mrs O'Grady—"Shure an' the ould man sold the pig lasht noight whin I was out calliu,' and divil the frind hev Oi left in the wur-ruld."

Rather objectionable.—Macmillan: "I should like you to paint me on a nice large canvas, Mr. Flaykewhite. Of course, you know, money is no object." Flaykewhite (under the impression he is saying something rather neat): "No, indeed, Mrs. Macmillan, in this case the *sitter* is the only object."

—Under a rough exterior they are truly polite at the West, as witness the following floating item: "Gentlemen," said the Texas man in the restaurant, when the waiter dumped a plate of hot soup down his back, "gentlemen, don't laugh." As he had risen to his feet and drawn two revolvers, his wishes were respected.

Medium Size as Regards Animals.—The largest animal known is the rorqual, which is about 100 feet in length. The smallest is the twilight monad, whose dimensions are one 12,000th of an inch. It is evident that the middle term is one-third of an inch, about the length of a common house fly, which may, therefore, be considered as an animal of medium size in the creation.

Kind lady—"Here is an old dress coat of my husband's that you might wear." Tramp—"What, before sundown? No, madam; I appreciate the kindly motive which has prompted you to offer me this small token, but—a dress coat before sundown! Has it, indeed, come to this!" and gathering the remnants of a flannel shirt around him, he strode majestically away and was soon lost to view.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Johnson Misunderstood Her.—Mistress of the House (widow): "Well Johnson, of course I'm very sorry to lose you, at the same time I must congratulate you on your good fortune in having this money left you. (Pleasantly) I suppose you'll be looking out for a wife now." Johnson: "Well, mum, beggin' your pardon, and I'm sure I feel greatly honored at what you propose,—or—I am engaged to a young woman already."—*Judy.*

An English paper gives this explanation of the familiar phrase, "by hook or by crook." About a century ago two celebrated King's counsel flourished, whose names were respectively Hook and Croke (pronounced "Crook"). They were generally opposed to each other in all important cases, and people said; "If you cannot win your cause by Hook you will by Croke." Hence across the idiom which is now so firmly grafted in the English tongue.

A Lady author claims that in 1880 she wrote and published a novel, that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett read it in manuscript, plagiarised it, and that the result was Little Lord Fauntleroy. The stories are said to be a good deal alike, the main difference being that in the one book the young gentleman dies, while in the other he doesn't. Cases of disputed claims to the authorship of famous books are somewhat numerous, one of the most famous being a claim to the authorship of Silas Marner, and Scenes from Clerical Life, which was made so persistently that George Eliot was at length forced to answer it.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

GENT'S SPRING AND FALL OVERCOATS,
IN LIGHT, MEDIUM AND DARK SHADES.

Covert Overcoats,
With Good Linings, and Made Equal to Custom.

WE HAVE HAD A TREMENDOUS RUN ON OUR
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NEW GOODS FOR THE APPROACHING SEASON IN
Fine English Worsted, Fancy Suitings, Meltons, Etc.
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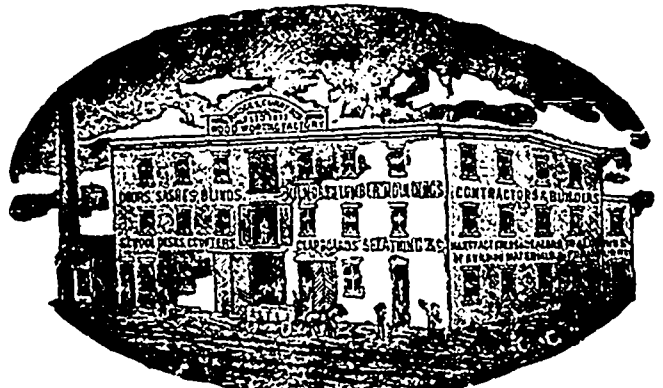
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REDUCE THE SURPLUS STOCK.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL OR WRITE FOR PRICES.

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121 AND 123 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

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Mouldings, etc., etc.

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SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE ETC.
BRICKS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, ETC.
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.

Last week 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.

The horse distemper prevails in St. John.

Girls are prohibited from selling newspapers in Montreal.

Amherst is moving rapidly in the direction of incorporation.

Two hundred gallons of whiskey have been seized by the police at Calgary.

It is proposed to start an umbrella factory in Toronto, in which 200 hands will be employed.

Mr. Joseph A. Massue, Liberal-Conservative, was elected in Richelieu on the 18th inst., by a majority of 334.

The difficulty between Laval and Victoria colleges is now regarded as practically settled, and Victoria students are rapidly falling into line.

The Government have decided to remove 200 feet of the Dufferin Terrace at Quebec, but as yet have taken no steps to prevent another slide.

At the opening of the territorial legislative assembly at Regina on the 17th inst., Governor Royal read a speech from the throne in English only.

A block of wooden buildings opposite the Chaudiere railway station, Ottawa, was burned on Sunday night. About twenty families are made homeless.

The water pipes in Moncton are being choked up by small fishes, and considerable inconvenience is the result. Many taps are completely clogged with them.

The first load of pipes for the Wolfville water works has been sent to Gaspereau. They will be laid under the Gaspereau River before the fall rains set in.

Manager Clark has succeeded in making a contract with E. A. McDowell for a season at the Academy of Music. Mr. McDowell's company is said to be a first-class one.

Jeddore Gould, who lived at Nappan, a few miles from Amherst, was killed on the 21st inst. by the accidental discharge of a gun which he had laid on a wood pile. The gun was heavily loaded.

The Messrs. Allan have increased their fleet of steamships to 33, having let the contracts for two new freight steamers—the *Mongolian*, 4,750 tons, and the *Brazilian*, 4,100, both for the Canadian trade.

The coroner's jury in the inquest on the death of Mrs. MacRae, of St. John, have brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Wm. J. McDonald. McDonald was quite indignant when informed of the verdict.

Next Tuesday evening an attractive programme of indoor sports will be carried out in the Exhibition Building. By the kind permission of Col. Fenn, the fine Band of the West Riding Regiment will be present.

The complaints of the German Consuls at Victoria and Montreal in reference to Admiral Heneage's conduct have been received by the Dominion Government and forwarded to the Imperial authorities without comment.

Detective Power had an assistant jailed in the same cell with Brophy, one of the men who robbed McLeod's jewellery store at Amherst, and by this means obtained a full statement of the robbery. The assistant posed as a criminal of the deepest dye.

The body of an old pauper woman was found last week in the woods, about four miles from Newport, Hants County, in an advanced state of decomposition. The woman had been missing three months, and is supposed to have lost her way in the woods and starved to death.

An exchange says:—"Some time ago a resident of Rockingham, N. S., turned loose a number of English rabbits; it is reported that they have increased rapidly, and the people in that vicinity are becoming anxious, as they fear they may be as destructive to vegetation as they have been in Australia."

Numerous complaints have been made by Quebec citizens against newsboys selling papers on Sunday. The following notice has been hung up in No. 1 police station:—"No. 1 station guards will keep a sharp look out for any boys selling the *Star* and other papers on Sunday at the church doors, corners, etc. It is forbidden."

James Campbell and Michael Brophy were sentenced at Amherst by Judge Morse last Saturday. Campbell gets twenty years—ten for the robbery of McLeod's store, six for breaking into Mattinson's, and four for stealing a horse at Springhill. Brophy gets four years for his part in the robbery of McLeod. They have been sent to Dorchester. Detective Power has been much praised for the skill and talent displayed by him in the capture of these villains.

We have received a number of the *Canadian Queen*, a new monthly magazine of fashion, which gives promise of being acceptable to Canadian ladies. We particularly appreciate it as a *Canadian* publication, believing that such should replace the numerous American fashion periodicals which circulate so largely throughout the Dominion. Published by the Queen Publishing Company, Toronto, \$1.50 per annum. Single copies ten cents. The *Canadian Queen* is well printed and contains much readable matter.

From January 1st to the end of Sept., 24,082 immigrants arrived by water and rail at Montreal, and those arriving since last March have brought \$270,000 with them. The officials state that the demand for domestic servants exceeds the supply.

The Dominion fiscal statement of revenue and expenditure for the last fiscal year has been gazetted. The revenue is \$38,700,000 and the expenditure \$36,800,000; surplus, \$1,900,000—exactly the amount anticipated by the finance minister in his budget speech. The showing for the first quarter of the present fiscal year is equally satisfactory. The revenue is \$9,900,000, an excess of \$400,000 over the corresponding quarter last year. The expenditure was \$5,500,000, a decrease of \$1,200,000 as compared with the corresponding period of last year; surplus, \$4,400,000. The net debt has decreased during the last month \$2,400,000.

We understand that arrangements have been made at the Church of England Institute for the accommodation of chess players, a room having been set apart and good boards and men provided. With the long evenings upon us, and the weather about to make us think of indoor amusements, one of the most enjoyable and useful forms is a contest over the checkered board. To insure opportunity for play, an organization of the chess players should be formed, and times for playing appointed. Almost every town of importance in the United States and Canada has its chess club. Chess clubs have been started in Halifax before, but were short-lived on account of the expense of rent, heating, light and attendance. All this is provided for by the Institute, the only fee being \$2 per annum, which also gives full privilege of membership, the advantages of which in the excellent reading room and other forms of healthful relaxation need not be enlarged upon.

Southern Minnesota is reported to be suffering from draught. Thousands of farmers are hauling water for miles for their families and cattle.

In a wreck on the Texas and Pacific railroad at Madden, near El Paso, on Wednesday of last week, Engineer Bible and Fireman Jones were caught under the engine and roasted to death.

Californians propose to restore and keep in good condition Sutter's Fort, where California gold was first discovered. A hall containing relics of the pioneer era will probably be erected on the lines of the old fort.

It is reported that when the steamer *Corona* exploded on the Mississippi River ten days since, destroying forty lives, nothing was saved except the certificate of the United States boiler inspector to the effect "that the boilers were all right."

The demand for "Robert Elsmere" appears to have slackened. The Mercantile Library, which during the boom found 140 copies too few, now has no use for them, and the Brooklyn Library reports two shelves full, and only four or five calls per week.

There are over 100 cases of small pox on Pelee Island, the great fishing resort of Lake Erie, and it is expected the entire population of 1,000 will contract the disease. All avenues of escape have been closed by the American and Canadian authorities.

There are three cases of small pox in Boston. A young man and two young women have the disease while two children display its symptoms. There are seven or eight other families in the house, and it is feared the disease will spread. The afflicted ones are Italians.

A young man named Enoch Crosby, of Yarmouth, N. S., was shot in Tacoma, Washington Territory, about midnight on the 5th inst. by some party unknown. The murdered man was a son of Capt. Crosby, of Yarmouth. The citizens of Tacoma have offered a reward of \$2,600 for the assassins.

A meeting of the St. Paul Ice Palace and Carnival Association was held last week, and, weather permitting, it was decided to build the most fantastic ice palace ever known, and have the biggest and finest carnival possible, at a time to be set later. Financial backing has already been secured and every indication points to the most successful carnival in the history of the North-West.

William Graham, a florist of Philadelphia, has been awarded a verdict of \$25 against the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company. Mr. Graham refused to give up his ticket on a train until he was provided with a seat, whereupon an officer of the company arrested him and took him before a magistrate, but there dropped the matter. Mr. Graham turned around and sued the company with the above result.

The Italian Government has declared a protectorate over Abyssinia.

The Czar during his visit to Berlin gave 100,000 marks for the poor of the city.

The Russian gunboat *Grasar El-Din Shah* has sunk at Batoum. The crew were drowned.

The Italian Government has ordered fifty million cartridges to be made with smokeless powder.

The elections in Portugal on Saturday were peaceful and indicate a strong government majority.

A cable from Port-au-Prince states that General Hippolyte has been unanimously elected president of Hayti.

The coming royal wedding at Athens will be celebrated by a general amnesty of prisoners, over seventy in number.

Admiral Barisch has written an article advocating a ship canal to Berlin. It is said Count Von Moltke approves the project.

The Turkish Government has drawn \$300,000 from the Ottoman bank to provide for the entertainment of the German Emperor.

At Zanzibar the Sultan has given the resident British Consul a written promise that all children born in his dominions after January 1st shall be free.

There was a great tidal wave in Japan, by which nearly 1,500 people lost their lives, and about 2,000 houses were washed away, on Sept. 11th. A typhoon did much damage at the same time.

An explosion occurred in Bentilee colliery at Longton, County Stafford, on the 16th inst. Seventy miners were in the pit and only 11 alive. Fifty-five bodies have been taken out by searching parties.

The Empress and members of the aristocracy of Japan have abandoned the idea of western dress for women. Pansy styles did not suit the people, and the historic costumes will be worn again exclusively.

The Germania works at Kiel have obtained the contracts for building the first of four ironclads for the German Government. The new vessels are to be of 10,000 tons burden, and are to cost \$2,500,000.

Lady Milne, wife of Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, died on the 1st inst. in a dentist's office in Edinburgh, while having a tooth extracted. She had taken gas to deaden the pain. Her husband and daughter were with her.

Ex-Queen Natalie has been informed on behalf of the regency and Government that unless she accepts the conditions proposed she will be debarred from seeing her son again. She declared she would never accept the conditions.

Preparations are already being made in several German university towns to celebrate next year the three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope. Zacharias Janssen, of Middleburg, put together the first microscope in 1590.

The authorities of Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, have decided to throw open the medical classes next season to young ladies anxious to study medicine, and qualify themselves for obtaining medical degrees. The applicants are expected to be numerous.

The London Post, commenting on the project of the formation of a Zollverein of the American nation, says England, by reason of her possessions of Guiana and the Falkland Islands, is herself a South American power, and would be entitled to see that nothing is done tending to oust her from her mercantile supremacy.

The programme of the marriage of Princess Sophie of Prussia to the Crown Prince of Greece and the accompanying festivities is as follows— On the 26th inst. Emperor William will make his public entry into Athens, and in the evening there will be a grand torchlight procession. On the 27th the marriage ceremony will take place, and will be followed by a gala banquet at the palace in the evening. On the 28th a family banquet will be given, with a display of fireworks in the evening. On the 29th there will be a ball and an excursion to the royal residence at Tatoi.

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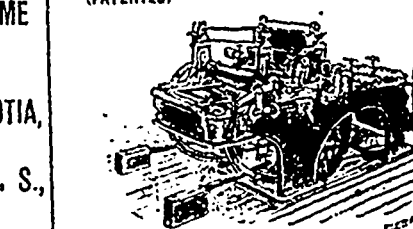
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HOW THEY DID IT LONG AGO.

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced!—
Long ago;
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl.
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet,
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit,
Long ago);
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her ways so staid and sweet
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.
No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In their graceful minuet
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I, perchance
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way,
Long ago."
—G. W. C. in Philadelphia Ledger.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—Do not let Georgianna put up the same tiresome luncheon, whether for the children or the men on the farm, or the shops day in and day out. Bread and butter and pie, and cold meat and pie, and cold meat and bread and butter, look dyspepsia-ward if persisted in, at least when partaken of *ad lib.* in the form in which they are usually put into dinner pails: and cold boiled eggs, too, upon which the one change in the bill of fare is rung over and over again, are tiresome things in their homely entirety. In a little salad, now, as for instance, cut with slices along with small cubes of cold boiled potatoes, and dressed with a nice mayonaisse, they are in their proper element. And a small bowl of this nice relish is so easily prepared and packed into the lunch basket. If you cannot get the reliable bottled salad dressing, and will not take the trouble to make, or do not like the mayonaisse dressing, with oil for a principle ingredient, you will be certain to like this simple and delicious concoction. Use the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, the yolk of one raw egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one gill of thick sweet cream, one half teaspoonful salt, one quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Mash the hard-boiled yolks until they are fine, then add the raw yolk, and work with an elastic-bladed knife to a perfectly smooth paste; then add the salt, pepper and melted butter, then by degrees the cream, working and stirring all the time; then add the vinegar, mix well, and it is finished.

Cup custards are appetizing additions to a lunch, abroad or at home. To each scant pint of milk allow three eggs beaten very light, a tablespoonful of sugar for each egg, the veriest pinch of salt, and a generous dash of nutmeg. Stir well together, pour into cups, and set these in a deep pan of cold water, and bake in a moderate oven. If removed as soon as cooked, they are warranted not to be watery. No liquid will rise about the handle of a spoon pushed down into the cup when the custard has cooked sufficiently, and one cup answers as a test for all, thus keeping the other surfaces unmarred. Custard is especially nice served just off the ice.

Sandwiches made of a slice of meat between great slices of coarsely buttered bread belong to the dark ages. Small wonder they have fallen into disrepute. Whatever the meat it should be minced fine, palatably seasoned, and then spread upon small slices of firm bread, smoothly buttered. Fresh or canned salmon makes delicious sandwiches. Pound one pound of salmon, freed from the skin and all bones, in a mortar; mix with it two ounces of butter, one half a teaspoonful of pounded cloves, two teaspoonfuls of anchovy sauce, salt and black pepper to taste, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. When well mixed spread on thin slices of bread and butter. To make the sandwiches very nice for a home luncheon, spread one slice of buttered bread with the mixture, over this lay very thin slices of cucumber, and

press the upper slice of buttered bread firmly upon it, and cut into small rounds, triangles, or figures, and garnish with water cross, or nasturtium leaves.

Potted meats make nice additions to cold dinners. There is Molton veal for instance. Chop the remainder of cold roast veal very fine, and season with salt, pepper, lemon-juice and sage. Add two or three tablespoonsful of cracker, or finely powdered dried bread crumbs, and moisten it all with hot water. Take one-third as much cold salt pork (mixed) as of veal, chopped also very fine. Season with mustard and a little cayenne, add a tablespoonful of cracker crumbs, moistened with hot water. Butter a mould, put the mixture in in irregular layers, press closely, drain, and serve cold, cut into slices. Small cakes are better for lunches than sheet or loaf cake, being more easily packed.

Here is an excellent recipe for soft gingerbread, to be baked in small gem pans. For 16 cakes dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of molasses. Add one-half cup of sugar, one-half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of ginger, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cupful sour milk, and two and a quarter cups of sifted flour into which another half teaspoonful of soda has been mixed. Notice that two half teaspoonfuls of soda are used, one in the flour, the other in the molasses.

Half the secret of putting up an inviting lunch is in packing it. A hodge-podge made of Dolmonico dainties would be but a hodge-podge, and less appetizing than a neatly packed lunch of plain viands. Paper napkins are cheap as sand now, and it is an excellent plan to wrap each kind of food in a napkin by itself, afterward throwing away the napkins. If these are not to be had very cheaply, there is white tissue or the druggists' white paper cloths to use, and saving much laundry work.

For a scheme to raise money for the new church, why do you not do something in the vein of the historical pageant that is meeting with such success here? Have a series of tableaux representing scenes in the history of the provinces or the mother country, or both. Connect them, and fill up the time between the stage settings with a summary of intervening events—told by a clever historian. Make the living pictures as varied in character as possible, utilize every bit of talent of every order; and if you select such happenings and devices as have an interest for the people at large, you will have money enough to build without being reduced to boring the world "to make two copies and enclose ten cents."

Caryl, Caryl! How could you! When you know I have not worn the semblance of a bird in my bonnet, not even a bee, since I was big enough to be heard in my own or rather the birds' defence! But set it down to hasty writing, I suppose I must, if my meaning was so obtuse. I was bent upon telling you the news in the millinery world you see, and for once evidently did not, as I am so apt to do, color it with my own views. So forgive me. It really was by no means sneeringly said—that about the movement against wearing birds a year or so ago being a fashionable one. It was. Questions of fashion appeal to very many people who do not care a ducat whether the matter at court is a humane one or not, and it was not until the fashion leaders were won over to eschewing birds in headwear that the majority of people gave up wearing them. For myself it would make no difference if I saw all the bird creation, from hawks to humming birds, created from barnyard fowl feathers. I think dead birds—stiff, stark, staring things, deprived of every vestige of motion, and so of the grace that is half their bewitching beauty—most inartistic and unlovely. This, too, I think, is the idea that obtains already and in a growing degree, so again, let us hope humane instincts, fashion, and more rational notions of genuine beauty may drive dead birds and parts of birds off our capotes and toques. In this late day we shall never take to wearing live birds, so with confidence we may wish the feathered songsters, one and all, a long life and a happy one.

Are you making your living rooms cheery with plants sure to blossom later, and planning to have home the most attractive place in the village for the children through the winter?

Yours faithfully,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

Dear Critic,—A great friend of mine, the Deputy Commissioner here—the natives call him the *Dipty Sahib*—told me the following story, apropos the educated native. There came before him a few days ago a native clerk to be examined for the post of accountant to a village in the district. He was examined and failed in Arithmetic, and he came afterwards to my friend, to whom he made the following petition:—"Sahib," said he, "I wish to tell your Honor, that during the examination in counting the other day, I was suddenly, that is to say without any previous warning whatever, attacked by a violent pain within me. It was no ordinary pain, Sahib. It was something too terrible to describe. There was within me a sudden noise, a *powlah* and a *hullah-hollah*, accompanied with a very severe pain. In fact the noise and confusion became so great that thinking became an impossibility. I was unable to count. Indeed, said he, you have no conception how perfectly awful the pain was. Finding I was unable to count I went out to a *Hakim* (a Mahomedan doctor) who put on me some *singhie* (native medicine.) I then went to a *Behd* (or Hindoo doctor) who applied medicines to my body. After that I went to the Doctor Sahib, who gave me medicine, saying 'you are extremely ill. Had you not come to me, you would have been confined to your bed for the space of one week!' Therefore, Sahib, on account of this very serious illness, which came upon me by the will of God, I request that I may be re-examined."

This was all spoken in fluent Hindustani. It is needless to say his request was not granted. I think the way he piles up the agony is lovely, and his circumstantial narration of his symptoms is such a thoroughly native

touch, all calculated to impress the Sahib, and enlist his sympathies. Also, the way he made assurance doubly sure by consulting no less than three doctors in succession. My friend the Dipty Sahib has a wonderful memory for amusing things that happen to him in his dealings with natives. I wish I could remember half of them for you. His officer Punkah-Coolio happens to be a small land-owner, and sent him a petition the other day about something concerning his land, ending up with an apologetic sentence:—"I would approach into the presence and explain this, but at present I am pulling the Punkah!" This same Punkah Coolio has a very keen eye to business.

The Dipty Sahib's court is crowded every morning with Zemindars, or native farmers, awaiting to present petitions. The Punkah-Coolio takes advantage of his position under the *Sirkar* (Government) and beckons to one of these well-to-do farmers, saying—"Look here, the Dipty Sahib is very cross this morning. Just you come and pull this Punkah while I go and see him. I will ask him to receive your petition first." The Zemindar pulls away at the rope, while the Government official retires under a shady tree to smoke his Hookah. By-and-by the order is heard that all petitions may be presented. The Zemindar, full of his own affairs, drops the punkah-ropes and hurries in with the rest. I need not tell you that the sudden cessation of a punkah resembles nothing more than an abrupt entry into the hottest room of a Turkish bath. If the Dipty Sahib was angry before I fancy his anger quickly reaches a white heat, and he tells me himself his language then becomes more forcible than polite, which I can believe. I fancy the Punkah Coolio has rather a rough time of it. The fiction that the Sahib is extremely angry is a favorite one with chuprassies or porters who attend on all Government officials and show in natives seeking audience. They say—"The Sahib is extremely annoyed this morning; he is in a very bad temper; he has not yet had his breakfast. Give me one (five or ten as the case may be) roupes, and I will go and find out if I can induce him to see you." The poor petitioner thereupon sits down and prays to God that the Sahib may eat some good *karna* (food) and that his temper may be improved thereby, and that he may listen to his petition. Upon the amount of the bribe he has given the chuprassie depends the number of hours he sits and prays. This is really no exaggeration. You would be surprised at the natives' belief in the efficacy of prayer, especially among the Hindoos. A pony of mine won her first race not long ago, and the *Sais* (groom) said to me afterwards—"Sahib, I prayed to God all night that my pony would win, and I made sacrifices of sweetmeats to Him." And I firmly believe he had, for of course a win means bucksheesh to the pony's *sais*.

GOLD LINES.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A PROGRESSIVE INDUSTRY.—One of the best and most progressive industries of the town of Sydney is the steam joinery works of Mr. Ronald Gillis, situated on the river side, near the foot of Townsend street. The building measures 65x37 feet, part of which is three stories high and the rest two stories, with an engine room ell 12x23 feet and 2 stories. The business has been running about seventeen years, employs constantly ten or a dozen men and uses upwards of a hundred thousand feet of lumber annually. This year the building was enlarged by a three story addition of 40x14 feet, and last year it had an addition of 10x24 feet in order to accommodate the rapidly increasing business. Mr. Gillis has of late years made a speciality of church and schoolhouse finishing and furniture, in which he has succeeded to the unbounded satisfaction of his patrons. In 1886 he struck a bonanza in the invention and patenting of a combination school desk and seat, which he improved upon by another style the following year. Nearly all the lumber used here is imported from Lunenburg county, but at present a cargo of 70,000 feet is on the way from Chisholm's mills at Sheet Harbor. The second story of the engine house constitutes a fine drying room, and it is always full of seasoning stuff. Besides the native soft wood and ash, etc., chiefly used, a good deal of walnut and other dark woods are also needed for trimmings, and this is obtained chiefly through Mackintosh & McInnis, Halifax. The grand site of the factory by the river front, offers special facilities for the construction of a wharf in connection with it, which is proposed for next year. Sydney is to be congratulated on affording facilities for such an establishment to go on and prosper.—*Exchange*.

There never was a more hopeful outlook in recent years for the future of Pictou town than at present. The shoe factory which was recently started began by employing 25 hands. Now that number has increased to over fifty, and employment could be given to more if necessary, and already the directors talk of enlarging the factory, and this alone speaks volumes for the successful management of the establishment. 186 pairs of boots are being turned out daily, and orders are pouring in from all over the country. It is the intention to make a big push for next year, when it is confidently expected that the business will amount to \$100,000. Nothing in past years has succeeded so well as the Pictou shoe factory, and we sincerely hope that it is but the forerunner of many manufacturing enterprises to be located here.

The Pictou Iron Foundry Company have already applied for incorporation, and a gang of men are at work repairing the building. We hope soon to see 50 men employed in this establishment, and things made to hum.

G. J. Hamilton & Sons have been granted exemption from taxation for their new factory, and have already begun to work on the foundation. The new building is to be on Commercial street. Men are at work laying the foundation upon which is to be constructed one of the finest and best biscuit factories in the Maritime Provinces. It is to be a four story building 80x58, with a basement.

The present factory has a capacity of 10 bbls. of flour a day, and with

now and increased facilities the capacity will be 90 bbls., which means three times that many bbls. of biscuits. Heretofore the Messrs. Hamilton have not been able to fill all their orders, but when their new factory is started they will ship promptly. They will then be in a position to compete with any firm. They intend to employ 50 additional hands, which with their present staff will make 100. The foundation of the new factory will be laid before the frost sets in, and the building completed by April — *Exchange*.

CITY CHIMES.

Variety is the spice of life, but the variety of disagreeables that wo Halifaxians suffer from in dirty streets is anything but "spicy" or pleasant. We have had all sorts, from sloppiness and muddiness to dustiness, and many are the small ponds in some of our principal sidewalks, caused by the sinking of the flags, thus making a place to hold water. All this is not as it should be, and the sooner it is made as it should be the better.

Last Friday afternoon a merry party of ladies took possession of the dining room of the Sailors Home, and when the contents of the numerous baskets which they brought with them were spread on the tables in tempting array it looked as if they expected company. If so, they were not disappointed, for at seven o'clock between ninety and a hundred blue-jackets and marines from Her Majesty's ships *Bellerophon*, *Canada* and *Ready*, put in an appearance, and were soon seated round the tables, which had been so abundantly supplied with good things to eat and so tastefully decorated by the ladies. At a request from Mr. Potter, for the men to "give as much gangway as possible," the chairs were drawn in closer and a way made for the young ladies to pass with the tea and coffee. The elderly ladies eat down and took tea with their guests, helping to make the gathering a merry one. After all were satisfied they adjourned to the concert room, where an excellent programme of music and recitations was carried out. It is hard to particularize where all the numbers were good, but the gems of the evening seemed to be the solos by Mrs. S. G. Rigby, both of which were encored, and the solo, "Come Back to Erin," by Mr. McCarthy, R. N., with chorus by the audience. The recitations by Mr. Hanford of the *Bellerophon* were much enjoyed, as was also the duet "Minute Gun at Sea," by Miss McKenzie and Mr. Crawford. After the conclusion of the musical part of the programme, the chairman, Mr. Grant, called upon Mr. Andrews and Sergt. Carpenter of the *Canada* to address the company. Mr. Andrews after saying how much they had enjoyed the tea and entertainment so kindly provided, said there was only one thing he felt sorry for, and that was, he couldn't eat enough cake, Sergt. Carpenter said that they always felt that they had a home in Halifax. Lieut. Murray then made a few remarks. He said that he was sure the sailors would always have a soft spot in their hearts for Halifax ladies especially as there were so many good looking ones, and called upon the men to give three rousing cheers for them, which were given with hearty good will. The proceedings were brought to a close by singing the national anthem.

In the window of the Halifax Piano & Organ Company's warerooms, Hollis Street, are displayed several oil paintings, the work of Harry Gray. The scenes are all well known ones, including Prince's Lodge by moonlight, a view from Point Pleasant and falls west of Halifax. They are to be disposed of by lottery.

The weather has become cool, and the fact is apparent that the fly season is about over. At least the live fly is no longer aggressive. Most of them have retired to the folds of the curtains, where they may end their days in undiscovered peace and quietness after having been as annoying as they could be during the entire fly season to old and young, sparing neither the bald-headed man, or the infant asleep. Now will the careful house-keeper proceed to do her fall cleaning, and will forthwith dislodge all the dead flies from her house.

The W. C. T. U. Coffee Rooms, at the corner of Grafton and Sackville Streets, is a very comfortable place for a lady to go for lunch or dinner at any time. For ladies who come into town from the suburbs and have to remain all day, this place is quite a boon. Dinner is served from half past twelve to two o'clock, and a lunch may be had at any hour. The charge for dinner is twenty-five cents.

Last Friday afternoon a large number of ladies and gentlemen visited the Kindergarten department of the Dartmouth public school, and very much enjoyed the exercises which the little ones went through. This department was opened in May last with Miss Hamilton, formerly of the Model School, Truro, as a teacher. There are now fifty children in attendance, and as the system becomes better known the number will be sure to increase. No time is lost at the Kindergarten, every moment is utilized, but the children are not wearied by the instruction given them, for as soon as the watchful teacher observes signs of uneasiness, the play-work is changed for something else. No one can visit the Kindergarten without benefit to themselves, for older heads than those little ones may learn lessons there. There is to be an occasional visitor's day in the Dartmouth Kindergarten, when parents and others will be invited. Public Kindergartens have been established in St. John, Amherst and Woodstock since May.

Next Thursday evening will be Halloween, the time when young people will work all the charms, spells, and incantations they know for all they are worth—which is not much—to discover who is to be their partner in life. Devils, vitches, and mischief-makers generally were in former years supposed to be particularly active on Halloween, and the fairies held their

revols all night. It is also All Saints Day, and is observed as such by the Roman Catholic and some other churches. The old idea of witches, devils, etc., is pretty well exploded, but superstitious die hard, and people may be found even in these enlightened days who believe firmly in such things. Halloween is now observed principally by children, who thoroughly enjoy having a large tub half filled with water to bob apples in and take cold by getting their heads all wet. All sorts of fireside amusements are also indulged in, such as roasting nuts and making candy. The deep, dark, and mysterious rites which have to be performed at midnight, all alone, in order to see the face of the "coming man" or woman, who is to be the fate of the one who is seeking to know the future, are out of date with sensible young people, and are fast becoming obsolete. Such tricks as carrying gates away from where they belong, and taking the knockers from doors, as well as cabbage stumping, are no longer regarded as fun, but the two former pastimes are called stealing, and the perpetrators can be punished as thieves. However, notwithstanding the explosion of these old ideas, there is plenty of innocent fun for the children yet on Halloween, and no doubt next Thursday evening will be no exception to the rule, and sounds of revelry will be heard in many homes. We hope the youngsters will all have a good time.

COMMERCIAL.

Though the weather of the past week has been unfavorable, still the pronouncements of a rapidly approaching winter have been so pronounced and unmistakable that many country dealers have hurried forward their orders, with the result that quite a large volume of trade has been accomplished in all leading lines. While the actual business conditions have not been subjected to much alteration, the week's turnover has been, on the whole, favorable, and gives promise of a fairly healthy fall trade.

Dealers acknowledge that payments have been fair as to promptitude, though not quite as free as all would desire. But is not this always the case?

The Halifax Street Railway has changed proprietorship to a certain extent. That is, the New York capitalists have parted with their shares in the enterprise to a number of minded men living in Windsor and Halifax. The Company, as re-organized, promises greater frequency in the passing by their cars of any given point, extension of lines of rails through several important sections of the city, and is considering the question of substituting electricity as the motive power for horse flesh. These improvements, when carried out, will meet the cordial endorsement of the public.

The Congress of representatives of "The Various Independent Nationalities of the Three (North, Central, and South) Americas," to confer on mutual trade and tariff relations, is of sufficient importance, whatever its immediate results may be, to awaken a lively interest among Canadians. As Canada is not an "independent nationality," she has not been asked to send delegates to this Congress or Conference.

The following are the Assignments and Business Changes in this Province during the past week:—Jas. Crocker, shingle mill, South Farmington, burnt out, loss \$1,000, no insurance; Albert E. Amberman, genl. store, Granville Ferry, assigned to Jacob M. Owen in trust for benefit of creditors; Mrs. Margaret Macaulay, genl. store, River Dennis, assigned to J. A. Macaulay, book debts, notes, judgments, mortgages, etc.; Jas. Fortune, liquors, Halifax, assigned to W. C. Bishop in trust for benefit of creditors; Daniel McDermid, hotel, New Glasgow, sold out to Thos. Beach.

| | Week | Prev. | Weeks corresponding to | | Failures for the year to date. | | | | |
|---------------|----------|-------|------------------------|----------|--------------------------------|------|------|------|------|
| | Oct. 18. | week | Oct. 18. | Oct. 18. | 1889 | 1888 | 1887 | 1886 | |
| United States | 205 | 243 | 1888 | 1887 | 1896 | 8942 | 7866 | 7505 | 8096 |
| Canada | 41 | 28 | 195 | 197 | 198 | 1267 | 1382 | 1027 | 981 |

DRY GOODS.—In wholesale dry goods business is quiet, owing to the continued fluctuating weather, though orders for fall and winter fabrics have come in more freely. A decided change, however, to colder weather will be necessary in order to give a full impetus to the country trade. Prices are steady for both cotton and woollen goods, and mills are still fairly busy on spring orders. The Liverpool cotton corner continues to attract considerable attention. Though the "combine" has lost ground as regards prices, it has enough capital to hold a majority of the raw staple. A great effort is making to hold back the October deliveries. Cotton that was billed to go by last week's steamers from New York did not arrive, and the steamers had to take other cargo. This clearly shows that the corner on the other side is being sustained by strategy and manipulation, and not by actual scarcity.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The iron trade has maintained the same general characteristic as when last reported. A very firm feeling is evident, and the signs all point to still higher prices in the near future. Advices from Great Britain fully endorse this, and on the 10th the Birmingham iron masters decided to advance rates on all grades of manufactured iron 10s. per ton. In addition to this there are other reasons for strength. Stocks throughout Canada are almost nil; makers in Great Britain are behind with their orders, and what material there is afloat for this country is already covered by orders placed for future delivery. The lateness of the season, which means an increase of freight on any later supplies arriving and a proportional advance in prices, must also be taken into consideration. Therefore, to say that the market is strong is merely to mention an undeniable fact. On spot, prices on all lines are held firmly with an upward tendency. The movement has been of the average kind. Canada plates are firm. In tin plates the conditions are similar to those of manufactured iron. Advices from the other side are strong, and an advance equivalent to 1s. per bar all round lately took effect on ordinary grade coke and charcoal.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local flour market continues unchanged with few features to note, and the movement is chiefly confined to a hand to mouth business. Bearholm's cables show no change in the London and Liverpool grain markets. English country markets are generally dearer. The Chicago

wheat market has been quiet, and the volume of trading was small. Minneapolis reports that stocks there will show a large increase, and that millers had reduced buying limits one cent.

PROVISIONS.—There has been no change in the local provision market. The demand for pork from both local and country buyers continues good for small lots, and the market has been fairly active with a good jobbing business at steady prices. Lard was well enquired for, and some fair-sized lots are reported to have changed hands. There has been a good demand for smoked meats, and sales of hams and bacon have been made freely at steady prices. In the Liverpool provision market lard was stronger and advanced 3d. Bacon was weak and declined 6d. Pork and tallow were steady. There was a quiet tone to the Chicago market. November pork was firmer and moved up 2½c., while the other two options (December and May) were weaker, and eased off 2½c. to 5c. Lard and short ribs were steady. The hog market continues weak, and prices declined 5c. to 10c.

BUTTER.—There is no feature worth noting in this market beyond what has been previously touched upon. Business is principally confined to jobbing in a local way, with prices held firmly. There is the usual scarcity of really first-class butter, and what little is offered is readily taken.

CHEESE.—The local market has ruled dull, nothing being done beyond supplying actual consumptive demands, and quotations must be merely nominal just now. The present conditions have, however, one good point, and that is that they tend to force the earlier cheese into consumption, and in this connection stocks are being fairly well worked.

FRUIT.—Winter apples have begun to arrive, and are meeting with a steady, though not exactly eager, demand. Cable advices from London state that Canadian apples are meeting with an active and booming demand. The demand for dried fruits has been fairly active and a good business has been accomplished. The tone has been stronger, and Valencia raisins have advanced ½c. Currants also have been in good demand. The steamer *Escalona* from Mediterranean ports arrived on Tuesday, bringing the largest quantity of fruit that ever arrived in one bottom for Halifax. It is too early to announce yet how the trade will meet her cargo.

SUGAR.—Late cable advices from abroad on raw sugar have been weaker and note a further decline in prices. The New York market for refined sugar shows signs of weakness, and consequently the feeling in this market is easier, though values are not quotably lower. The demand has been fair, and a good steady trade has been done during the week, though no large sales are reported to have been effected.

MOLASSES.—The market for molasses has been of a quiet tone, the demand being limited, and few sales have been effected. A lot of 200 puncheons of Barbados is reported to have recently been sent to Montreal from this city, but the terms are private.

TEA AND COFFEE.—There has been no change in the situation of the tea market, which has ruled strong owing to the scarcity of low grade Japans, and prices have been fairly held. The demand has been good, and the market has ruled fairly active with a good business. In coffee trade has been active under a good demand.

FISH OILS.—The Montreal market for fish oils is quiet. Cod oil there is easy at 31c. to 35c. for Newfoundland, and 32½c. to 32½c. for Halifax and Gaspé. Steam refined seal is quiet but steady at 47c. to 47½c. Newfoundland cod liver oil is quoted there at 60c. to 65c.

FISH.—The receipts of fish of all kinds have been very small since our last report. A considerable stock of dry fish (which had been forwarded to this market before this time last year) is known to be still kept in first hands at the outports. Holders are awaiting better prices and an increased demand in the near future. There appears to us to be every prospect of their being disappointed in this expectation. Concerning mackerel we can only speak with great uncertainty. The late shipments and receipts, which would a few years ago have been thought quite small, are now larger than the consumptive markets can readily absorb. Consequently prices, which were firm a week ago, are to-day very unsteady. Buyers here on American account are limited to \$12, \$16, \$18 and \$20 for plain large 3's, rimmed do.; large 2's and 1's. Less than a fortnight ago a mixed round lot was sold here at an average of \$24. Of course holders here refuse to sell at prices now offered, believing that figures will again advance before long. Respecting Labrador herring the feeling is perhaps slightly improved. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, Oct. 22.—“The market for Labrador herring is in an unsettled condition, and prices are unquestionably easier, but as soon as the Halifax lot sent on here to save commission and hawked round against the law has been slaughtered as it deserves to be, prices will regain their normal basis. We quote Labrador herring nominal at \$4.25 to \$4.75. Dry cod in good demand, with sales at \$4.50 to \$4.65. Green cod has been pretty well cleared out, and is quoted at \$4.50 for No. 1, \$4.75 for No. 1 large. Cape Breton herring at \$5.50 to \$5.75.” Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 22.—“We quote: New Georges codfish at \$5 per qtl. for large and small at \$4; Bank \$4.12½ for large and \$3.50 for small; large hand-line do., \$4.50; Shore, \$4.75 and \$3.50 for large and small; old Bank, \$3.50; new Dry Bank, \$4.75 to \$5 for large, and \$4.37 to \$4.50 for medium; Nova Scotia do., \$4.50; cured cusk, \$2.75 to \$3 per qtl.; hake, \$2.12½; haddock, \$2.75; heavy salted pollock, \$2.12½, and English-cured do., \$2 per qtl.; Labrador herring, \$7 per bbl.; medium split, \$6; Newfoundland do., \$5; Nova Scotia do., \$7; Eastport, \$4; split Shore, \$4.75; pickled codfish, \$6; haddock, \$5; halibut heads, \$3.50; sounds, \$12; tongues and sounds, \$10; tongues, \$8; alowives, \$5; trout, \$15; California salmon, \$15; Halifax do., \$23; Newfoundland do., \$22.” Havana, Oct. 22 (per cable via New York).—“Codfish, \$7.50; haddock, \$5.25; hake, \$3.75 to \$4.” Demerara, Sept. 27.—“The feeling is slightly better, but sales are slow. Sales have been made of cod at \$16 for medium, \$18 for large, and \$18 for extras; herring and alowives at \$3; hake, \$16 to \$18; haddock, \$17 to \$19.”

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

Our Price Lists are corrected for us each week by reliable merchants, and can therefore be depended upon as accurate up to the time of going to press.

GROCERIES.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------|
| SUGARS. | |
| Cut Leaf | 9 |
| Granulated | 7½ |
| Circle A | 7½ |
| White Extra C | 8 |
| Extra Yellow C | 6½ to 6¾ |
| Yellow C | 6 to 6½ |
| TEA. | |
| Congo, Common | 17 to 19 |
| “ Fair | 20 to 23 |
| “ Good | 25 to 29 |
| “ Choice | 31 to 33 |
| “ Extra Choice | 35 to 36 |
| Oolong, Choice | 37 to 38 |
| MOLASSES. | |
| Barbados | 45 |
| Demerara | 42 to 45 |
| Diamond N. | 48 |
| Porto Rico | 43 to 45 |
| Cienfuegos | 40 |
| Trinidad | 40 to 42 |
| Antigua | 40 to 41 |
| Tobacco, Black | 38 to 44 |
| “ Bright | 42 to 58 |
| BISCUITS. | |
| Pilot Bread | 3.25 |
| Hoston and Thin Family | 6½ |
| Soda | 6½ |
| do. in 1 lb. boxes, 50 to case | 7½ |
| Fancy | 8 to 15 |

BREADSTUFFS.

Our reference last week to advance in wheat and flour was meant to apply to the United States markets only. The term which we may apply to Canadian markets may possibly be best expressed by the word “sloppy.” Whilst millers have been contending that an advance must take place, they have been compelled in the face of that contention to lower their prices. Oats and oatmeal are firmer, one or two cents a bushel higher on oats, five to fifteen cents a bbl. on oatmeal from the lowest point. Cornmeal steady. Mill feeds steady and scarce. We are obliged to reduce our quotations slightly.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| FLOUR. | |
| High Grade Patents | 5.25 to 5.40 |
| Good 90 per cent Patents | 4.90 to 5.00 |
| Straight Grade | 4.25 to 4.85 |
| Superior Extras | 4.60 to 4.70 |
| Good Seconds | 4.22 to 4.40 |
| Graham Flour | 4.50 |
| American Super Extras, in bond | 4.15 to 4.25 |
| American 90 per cent, in bond | 4.50 to 4.60 |
| American Patents, Pillsbury's Best | 6.40 |
| Oatmeal, | 4.00 to 4.20 |
| “ Rolled | 4.10 to 4.20 |
| Cornmeal, duty paid | 2.70 to 2.80 |
| Cornmeal, in bond, Boston | 2.10 to 2.15 |
| Roll'd Wheat | 6.20 |
| Wheat Bran, per ton | 15.00 to 16.25 |
| Shorts | 18.50 to 19.00 |
| Middling | 20.00 to 22.00 |
| Cracked Corn including bags | 25.50 |
| Ground Oil Cake, per ton | 35.00 |
| Moulce | 25.50 |
| Split Peas | 3.75 to 4.00 |
| White Beans, per bushel | 1.75 to 1.85 |
| Pot Barley, per barrel | 4.60 |
| Canadian Oats, choice quality | 40 to 41 |
| P. E. I. Oats | 40 to 41 |
| Hay, per ton | 12.00 to 12.50 |

The above quotations are carefully prepared by a reliable Wholesale House, and can be depended upon as correct.

PROVISIONS.

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid | 10.25 to 10.50 |
| “ Am. Plate | 10.75 to 11.25 |
| “ Ex. Plate | 11.50 to 11.75 |
| Pork, Mess, American | 15.40 to 15.50 |
| “ American, clear | 15.50 to 16.00 |
| “ P. E. I. Mess | 15.50 to 16.00 |
| “ P. E. I. Thin Mess | 14.50 to 15.00 |
| “ Prime Mess | 12.75 to 13.00 |
| Lard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island | 11 to 12 |
| “ American | 12 to 13 |
| “ Cases | 13.50 to 14.00 |
| Hams, P. E. I., green | 8 to 9 |
| Duty on Am. Pork and Beef \$2.20 per bbl. | |

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

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| MACKEREL. | |
| Extra | 20.00 |
| No. 1 | 10.00 |
| “ 2 large | 16.00 |
| “ 3 large | none |
| “ 3 | 14.00 |
| “ 3 | 14.00 |
| HERRING. | |
| No. 1 Shore, July | 4.50 to 5.00 |
| No. 1, August, Round | 3.50 to 3.75 |
| “ September | 3.50 to 3.75 |
| Labrador, in cargo lots, per bl. | 4.00 to 4.50 |
| “ Round | 2.00 |
| “ Bay of Islands, Split | 1.75 |
| “ Round | 1.75 |
| ALOWIVES, per bbl. | 2.50 to 3.00 |
| CODFISH. | |
| Hard Shore | 3.50 to 3.75 |
| Bank | 3.25 to 3.50 |
| Bay | 3.50 to 3.75 |
| SALMON, No. 1 | 18.00 to 19.00 |
| HADDOCK, per qtl. | 2.25 |
| HAKE | 2.00 |
| CUSK | 1.50 |
| POLLOCK | 1.50 |
| HAKE SOUNDS, per lb. | 12½ |
| COD OIL A | 26 to 30 |

The above are prepared by a reliable firm of West India Merchants.

POULTRY.

| | |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Turkeys, per pound | 15 to 16 |
| Geese, each | 60 to 75 |
| Ducks, per pair | 70 to 80 |
| Chickens, | 50 to 70 |

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Steers best quality, per 100 lbs. alive | 4.25 to 4.50 |
| Oxen | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Fat Steers, Heifers, light weights | 3.00 to 3.50 |
| Wethers, best quality, per 100 lbs. | 4.00 to 4.50 |
| Lambs | 2.50 to 3.50 |

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer.

LOBSTERS.

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Novia Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing) 5.25 to 6.00 | |
| Tall Cans | 4.80 to 5.00 |
| Flat | 6.50 to 7.00 |
| Newfoundland Flat Cans | 6.50 to 7.00 |

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Apples, Gravensteins | 3.00 |
| Apples, No. 1, per bbl | 1.75 to 2.00 |
| Oranges, Jamaica, per bbl., repacked | 6.50 to 7.00 |
| Lemons, per case | 3.25 |
| Cocoanuts, per 100 | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Onions, New American, per lb. | 2½ to 2¾ |
| Dates, boxes, new | 5½ to 6 |
| Raisins, Valencia, new | 8 |
| Figs, Elme, 5 lb boxes per lb | 11 |
| “ small boxes | 13 |
| Prunes, Stewing, boxes and bags, new | 5½ to 6 |
| Bananas, per bunch | 1.75 to 2.50 |

The above quotations are furnished by C. H. Harvey, 10 & 12 Sackville St

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints | 25 |
| “ in Small Tubs | 22 to 25 |
| “ Good, in large tubs | 20 |
| “ Store Packed & oversalted | 14 |
| Canadian Township | 19 to 20 |
| “ Western | 17 |
| Cheese, Canadian | 10 |
| “ Antigonish | 10½ |

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer in Butter and Cheese.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| Wool—clean washed, per pound | 15 to 22 |
| “ unwashed | 12 to 15 |
| Salted Hides, No 1 | 5 |
| Ox Hides, over 60 lbs., No 1 | 5½ |
| “ under 60 lbs., No 1 | 5 |
| “ over 60 lbs., No 2 | 4½ |
| “ under 60 lbs., No 2 | 4 |
| Cow Hides, No 1 | 4 |
| No 3 Hides, each | 3 |
| Calf Skins | 25 |
| “ Deacons, each | 10 to 15 |
| Lambskins | 15 to 45 |
| Tallow | 8 |

The above quotations are furnished by WM. F. FOSTER, dealer in Wool and Hides, Connors' Wharf.

LUMBER.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|
| Pine, clear, No. 1, per m. | 25.00 to 28.00 |
| “ Merchantable, do. do. | 14.00 to 17.00 |
| “ No 2, do. | 10.00 to 12.00 |
| “ Small, per m. | 8.00 to 14.00 |
| Spruce, demersin, good, per m. | 9.50 to 10.00 |
| “ Merchantable, do. do. | 8.00 to 9.00 |
| “ Small, do. do. | 6.50 to 7.00 |
| Hemlock, merchantable | 7.00 |
| Shingles, No 1, sawed, pine | 3.00 to 3.50 |
| “ No 2, do do | 1.00 to 1.20 |
| “ spruce, No 1 | 1.10 to 1.35 |
| Laths, per m. | 1.00 |
| Hard wood, per cord | 4.00 to 4.25 |
| Soft wood | 2.25 2.50 |

A LOVER'S TIFF.

"Really, Gwen, you are *too* exacting!"

The speaker was a tall, handsome man, of about seven-and-twenty. His forehead was wrinkled, and he pulled his moustache irritably as he stood in the pretty morning-room of Abbotshurst.

She whom he addressed was a charmingly-pretty girl, some five years his junior; fair, with bright, healthful complexion, and one of the sweetest expressions usually; but now the red lips were half pouted, the graceful head erected rather scornfully.

"My opinion is quite the contrary. I think I am just in what I say. Still, do as you please; I have no right to dictate, of course. Only it is a pity our minds should be so little in harmony."

She was in morning toilet, and already had her hat on. Now, taking a basket, which was on the table near, she stepped into the garden, and crossed the velvety lawn to the carriage gates.

The young fellow looked after her, made a half step to follow, but, restraining the impulse, flung himself into a chair, exclaiming:

"No! It is her fault this time. I'll not give in. There must be a line drawn somewhere. If she loves me she will see I am right. She must!" Gwen had already. Half-way across the lawn she reflected:

"Poor Paul! He is right. I am exacting. What can such a trifle matter to me? I think verily I plague him because I know he loves me so much!"

She fully expected he would follow, and prepared a smile for his reception. Then she was vexed at his non-appearance. Then at the gate she paused. Should she go back to him?

Oh, dear no; that would be a far too great concession; it was but a lover's tiff. So she held her head higher, though her heart was sore, and passing into the road, went quickly towards the village.

Gwen was the only daughter of Lady Ryall, a widow, and the Lady Bountiful of Abbotshurst. She was betrothed to her cousin, Captain Paul, and affairs had flowed very well until this tiff. On this morning she had intended him to carry her basket, and leaving it at Dame Hodge's, who was down with bronchitis, go with her for a ramble through the lovely hop-gardens.

But this was all stopped. So Gwen determined to act the good Samaritan in the village, and paid her first visit to her nurse, of whom she had been lately somewhat neglectful.

Dame Wyatt was bustling about in her cottage, as neat as her simple cotton dress, and as bright, as her clear apple-cheek, healthful face.

"Dear, and is it you, Miss Gwen!" exclaimed the old woman. "Why, it's just a week since I've caught a glimpse of you. But you look bonnie!"

"Yes," smiled Gwen, taking the chair the nurse dusted and placed. "I fear I have been rather neglectful of my duties. Where is Maggie?"

"Ah, Miss Gwen, that's a bit of trouble I have. The lass hasn't looked herself for the last few days; so when she said she'd just go to Winstrop for a day or two, and see her brother and the children, I agreed, miss. It would cheer her up, you know."

"So my foster-sister really consented to leave you for so long," laughed Gwen; "and—also Edward North?"

"Yes, Miss," answered the nurse. "But she's the greatest comfort I had on earth. Dear, dear! if anything happened to her it would just kill me off straight, that it would. And the girl loves me, miss, just as fondly as I do her. Only think," proceeded the old woman, smiling, yet with tears in her eyes, "though she but left yesterday, she wrote me a letter."

"I got it this morning. Here it is."

She took it from behind a china shepherdess on the mantle-piece, and regarded it proudly.

"To fancy a child of mine, miss, could write so pretty a hand! That's owing to your kindness. I can't read a line; but I have been looking at it; and I was hurrying my work to come up to Abbotshurst to ask if you'd kindly read it to me, miss? Maggie said once, if she ever was away and wrote, she knew you would kindly read her letters."

"Of course I will, dear nurse," answered Gwen, extending her hand for the missive. "No doubt you are anxious."

Dame Wyatt handed it, saying:

"Thank you kindly, miss. Just one instant, and I'll be able to sit quiet and listen to what the lass has to say."

She trotted into the room adjoining, and Gwen examined the letter. At the first glance she became curious. The post mark was not Winstrop, but a village nearly eight miles away. Maggie knew no one there, Gwen was sure. Surprised, she drew out and began to read the letter. In a few seconds she was absorbed and horrified by the contents.

"MY OWN DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,

Forgive me the bitter sorrow I shall cause you; but I can't help it—indeed, I can't. I can't bear life any longer; I am so—so miserable! I know it's wicked to say so; but I repeat, I can't help it. My head's so bad, and I'm so wretched.

I've quarrelled with Ned. It was all my fault. Yes mother dear, all. You know Miss Gwen once told me I was a coquette; and she was right, though I never meant harm. I never really loved anyone but Ned. It was, I think, because I loved him that I liked to make him jealous. But, mother dear, I carried it too far the other day, because he had made me angry. He grow angry too, and we quarrelled. He said we'd best part. He held out his hand. I wouldn't take it, and he left me in a passion.

Mother dear, I hear he has gone away; he vows he'll never see me again; that, in his fury, he has engaged himself to another. Oh! mother, mother! I have ruined his happiness and my own. I cannot live. Forgive me!—forgive me! I am not worthy anyone's love. Death is sweeter than life.

When I'm dead, tell Ned I never loved anyone like him. Ask him to pardon me; and oh, mother dear! don't—don't grieve for me; only can I be happy when I forget. Heaven forgive me, and bless you.

Your foolish, unhappy

MAGGIE."

Gwen read, a chilling horror at her heart, her color gone, her complexion white to the lips.

Maggie, her pretty, wayward, coquettish foster-sister, the belle of the village, had quarrelled with her real true love, and, in despair, evidently contemplated taking her life, so young, and, until now, so bright and gay.

The girl rose from her chair. What was to be done? If not too late, Maggie must be saved. What could Gwen do? She was ready to do anything; but what?

As she stood there terrified, bewildered, fresh trouble arrived. The voice of Dame Wyatt sounded from the inner room, apologizing for being so long, but she would soon be there. Was Maggie better?

Gwen dropped back into the seat, overwhelmed. How could she read such a letter to the poor mother? Impossible! It would kill her. If it had to be done, Gwen could never do it.

Her first impulse was to fly; but her limbs failed her. Her brain whirled, for she was losing valuable time—and Maggie's life might depend upon seconds.

Oh! what could she do? How could she spare the poor old mother, and save the child?

There was but one way. She had read somewhere of it. She would not, she *could* not, read the real terrible letter. She would make up one, if only she had sense to do it, her mind being so upset.

Quickly she drew another letter from her pocket, concealing it beneath her handkerchief as Dame Wyatt, smiling and complacent, entered the room.

"Now, Miss Gwen, I'm quite ready," she remarked, sitting in her cushioned, high back Windsor chair, and folding her wrinkled hands. "What does my dear lass say?"

Poor Gwen! Had ever a young girl a harder task? She opened the letter, and with difficulty prevented its rustling in her trembling hands. How could she ever command her voice?

A moment's reprieve was granted her.

"Dear, Miss Gwen!" ejaculated Dame Wyatt, in concern, "What is the matter? You are as white as the curtains behind you. You ain't well, miss."

"Not very, nurse. I walked here rather quickly, and the heat has made me a little faint. That is all. A glass of water will put me right."

The water was soon procured. Gwen drank eagerly, and Dame Wyatt was full of sympathy.

"Never mind the letter, Miss Gwen," she said. "Don't trouble. I can wait. The curate, he's a kind young gentleman, I'll ask him to read it."

"No, no, no," ejaculated Gwen, scared. "I will read it. I am better, I am quite well. Take your seat, nurse, and listen."

How Gwen got through that fictitious letter, or what she said, she never clearly could recollect. At times Dame Wyatt smiled, and smoothed her apron, nodding her head approvingly; at others, she looked perplexed; but on the whole was satisfied, and had no suspicion.

"She don't quite write as she speaks," she said. "The lass is a bit jerky here and there, ain't she, miss? And one or two sentences I can't just make out. But I dessey it ain't so easy to write as to talk."

"Oh dear, no—very—very different," said Gwen, putting the letter she had concealed in the envelope instead of the right one, then handing it to the old woman.

Anxiously she watched her fingering the envelope. Would she open it and recognize the different writing of the enclosure?

If so, Gwen must say she had made a mistake.

No; Dame Wyatt, much to her companion's relief, rising, put the letter away in one of the sweet lavender-smelling drawers, with brass handles, which stood in the room, and looked quite happy and content with the knowledge that her darling was better.

Better! and at that very instant Maggie might be lying under the water of some pool—dead!

Yes; Gwen suddenly recollected there was no water at Winstrop, but that the river passed through Harpleton.

Fearful of self-betrayal did she remain, also horrified by the time she was losing, again complaining of faintness, she bade her old nurse farewell, and hastened from the village.

There was neither faintness nor weariness in the fashion she breasted the hill upon which Abbotshurst stood—she almost ran. She held Maggie's letter in her hand, while almost unconsciously she kept murmuring beneath her breath:

"It is morn. Supposing Maggie—poor, foolish Maggie—drowned herself last night? I shall be too late. Oh! who will tell her poor, poor mother?"

Soon she was flying along the level ground to the stables, then into the house, searching every room for Captain Paul.

She found him intensely miserable in the library. At that terrible moment Gwen quite forgot the morning occurrence. Approaching eagerly, her beautiful eyes dilated, her cheek flushed, she said:

"Paul, will you drive me to Harpleton? I've ordered the dogcart round. That goes the fastest. Don't say that you can't, Paul, for your must—a life depends on it. Something terrible has happened!"

He was already on his feet. Drive her? He would have driven her anywhere. He had no intention to say he couldn't. He was only too pleased that she was asking him to serve her.

"Of course I'll drive you, Gwen," he had begun before she ended. When she finished his face had something the reflection of hers, and he exclaimed:

"Something terrible! In heaven's name, Gwon, what do you mean?" Rapidly she told him, showing him the letter. Captain Paul's face clouded.

"Gwon," he said, gravely, "if Maggie has broken Ned North's heart she has broken that of one of the truest, honestest of fellows."

"Yes—yes, I know; but cousin Paul, you see she *does* love him. She is young and silly—she repents. It is of her we must think now." Only imagine," the tears sprang to her eyes, "She may be now dead, and all our haste of no avail? Still we must try, and Heaven grant we be in time; then you and I, Paul, will bring matters right at last."

"You and I, Paul."

How the linking of the two pronouns, the sweet tones of her voice, made his pulses thrill! He was about to answer suitably to the happiness she gave him, when Gwon sprang to the glass doors and threw them wide.

"Come—come," she cried, "here is the cart! Do not let us lose a moment, and," she added, in a whisper, as, following, he helped her to her seat, "do not let us take the groom."

Her word was law, and soon side by side alone they were speeding at almost a break-neck pace down the pretty country roads in the direction of Harpleton. Who, as they drove on, would have suspected the tiff of that morning? Paul thought of it; but be sure he did not mention it. Gwon only remembered Maggie.

"Look here, Paul," she said, her handsome face full of gravity and anxiety, "if we find Maggie, find her safe, as Heaven grant we may, you will go and find Ned and bring him back, will you not?"

Captain Paul answered he would, and meant it. He would have gone to the other end of the earth on a less important matter had his queen wished him.

Soon from a hill-crest that looked down at Harpleton, a small picturesque village, its dull-red roofs peeping from a sea of deep dark foliage, the rich yellow gleam of wheat-fields stretching here and there, interspersed by garden upon garden of graceful dark-hued hops.

It was a picture; above which rose the ancient square turreted church, as if on guard, breathing of peace and security. Yet, looking upon, Gwon shivered and exclaimed, spasmodically:

"Oh, Paul!"

For through this "Fair Auburn," flowed a bright dancing little river. How innocent, innocent as childhood, it looked; what a whispering song it was singing over its pebble bed; yet might not that song be a requiem? Now they were near the spot, Gwon's courage began to fail.

"Let me go on, darling, and make cautious inquiry," said Captain Paul, seeing she was pale and trembling.

"Will you?—thank you," she replied. "Whatever has happened, I could bear to hear it better from you, and without witnesses. Oh, I begin so—to fear. Think, Paul, of the poor—poor mother."

Her voice broke with a sob.

"Come—come, Gwon, don't let us look on the worst side," he said soothingly. "Ten to one Maggie is safe enough. It wants a great deal more courage to take one's life than one—unless they are insane—imagines."

"I hope so," said Gwon, "for it is a very wicked thing." Gwon, therefore, alighted, and told Captain Paul she would await him in the field they were near. She stood by the stile while he drove on, then she got over it, and began to walk hither and thither, too anxious to remain quiet.

What news would Captain Paul bring?

It was a beautiful sweep of green meadow with a tree here and there; but at the far end they grew more thickly, knee-deep in underwood. Gwon advanced to the latter for the shade, but suddenly stopped and recoiled, as though she beheld some loathsome thing.

It was the bright river that she had seen, flashing its silvery way through the leaves and branches.

It filled Gwon with terror, the more so since she was alone. She had turned to hasten from the spot, when her steps were arrested by a sound, a sound down there among the underwood beneath the trees.

What was it? It seemed to Gwon like a quivering human sob!

She stood bewildered, half-frightened. The sound was repeated, followed by the piteous words:

"Oh, Heaven forgive me! Oh, mother, mother!"

In a second Gwon was rushing forward, regardless of brambles, that caught her hair and dress; through the barrier of underwood she went, and soon stood on the river's bank.

It was a pretty spot, secluded by willows, which dipped their slender boughs into the stream, while many-hued flowers blossomed among the trees.

But Gwon saw none of these; only the figure of a girl kneeling, her pale, pretty face uplifted to the blue sky, which gazed down at her through the arching bows; her hands clasped in misery and despair. Her head was uncovered; her golden hair, loosened, dishevelled, rippled over her shoulders; tears were on the haggard cheek.

Gwon gave one look, then hurried forward, exclaiming:

"Maggie, Maggie?—Praise Heaven, both of us, that I am not too late!"

The girl uttered a cry of terror, and sprang to her feet; but she was too weak, too overwhelmed with shame, to fly. Again she fell on her knees, covering her face, as she sobbed.

"Oh, Miss Gwon, Miss Gwon! why are you here? Go away. Please go away!"

But Gwon was now by the side of her foster-sister, her arms around her, as if fearful she would start off, and yet plunge into the river.

"I am here, Maggie, to save you," she ejaculated. "Go away! No, not until you go with me. Maggie! how could you think of anything so wicked! Had you no thought of your poor old mother?"

"Oh, Miss Gwon! you do not know!—you do not!" sobbed the girl. "My heart is breaking!"

"Better let it break on earth, Maggie," answered Gwon, gravely, "than to have the gates of Heaven shut on you hereafter. I know everything, and I am thankful was able to save my dear old nurse a bitter sorrow. Maggie, she is happy and content, for she believes you are where you must go now, with your brother at Winstrop."

Then Gwon told her all about the letter. How she had not dared to read such terrible news to Dame Wyett; how she had made up a letter; then came to Harpleton, hopeful to be in time to save her foster-sister from the wickedness she contemplated.

Maggie sobbed and wopt, and declared she could not live. She loved Ned, yet had made him hate her. She could never be happy again, knowing how foolish she had been, and the love she had lost for ever.

"Let me die, Miss Gwon. I am not worthy to live."

"Heaven is the best judge of that," retorted Gwon, with pretty gravity. "Maggie, be wise, and you may live to be happy, and ashamed of this terrible day. Listen I have planned it all out, and you must do what Captain Paul and I say. You must go at once to Winstrop, and let this be a terrible dream, of which no one but our three selves shall ever know anything. You must look happy, and must try to be so."

"Oh, Miss Gwon, how can I? when I've lost Ned?" sobbed Maggie.

"I put more faith in his real love than you do," replied Gwon. "He is brave and true, and would not risk his happiness by marrying out of spite. Maggie you *must* do what I say. Then Captain Paul will find Ned, and who knows but that you may be happy still!"

That hope gave brightness to poor Maggie, wofully repentant of her coquetry. So when Captain Paul returned, bringing no news—for Maggie had passed the whole night by the river—he found the foster-sisters together, the one radiant with triumph, the other shamefaced, but ready to comply with all Gwon proposed.

Soon she was placed on the back seat of the dog-cart, and being driven to the nearest railway-station for Winstrop.

After they had seen her off, the cousins drove back to Abbotshurst, when they parted.

"You have succeeded, Gwon," said Captain Paul, "so well, I—I will find Ned North, and bring him back. Let me have that silly girl's letter. He can't resist *that*!"

Did Captain Paul succeed?

Of course he did,

One afternoon Gwon appeared at Harpleton, and sent for Maggie to the little inn parlor. But when Maggie, breathless, hopeful for news, entered, Gwon was not there; only a fine looking young fellow, with honest gray eyes and sunburnt face.

"Ned!" gasped Maggie, and sprang towards him; then trembling, hesitated. "Oh, Ned! can—can you forgive me? I was very foolish. I—I never meant it!"

For answer, Ned's strong arms closed about her.

"My dear lass!" he said fondly; and Maggie wept tears of joy on his shoulder.

"Gwon, dear," said Captain Paul, a little slyly, bending to look in her face, as they drove homeward after the reconciliation, "don't you think a tiff between two people, who really love each other, a foolish thing?"

Gwon laughed, blushed; then putting her hand on his, replied:

"No, Paul, dear; for if there had not been a 'tiff' in our case, I should never have called on poor nurse Wyett, and thus saved foolish Maggie. But—but—"

"But what, Gwon?"

"Why, dear, I think *one* in a lifetime is quite enough; and there shall never be any more of them between you and me."

They were alone on a country road; there was no groom with them, consequently there is scarcely need to say how Captain Paul responded.



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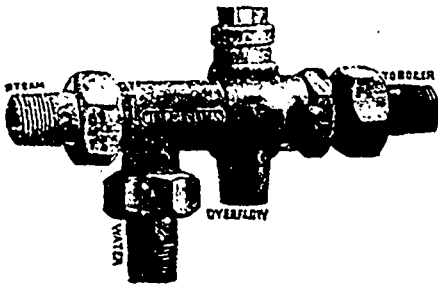
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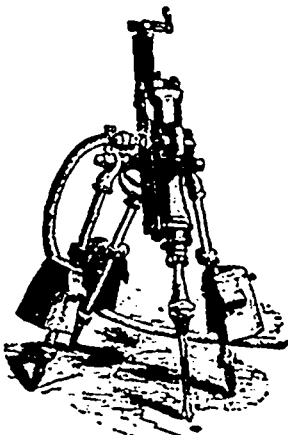
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MINING.

During the latter part of the summer the continued fine weather, while it materially aided the prospector in his search for gold or other minerals, left many of the crushers without water enough to run, and they were shut down. This had the effect of keeping down the gold product in August, September and part of October, but during these months mining was continued and resulted in a large accumulation of quartz which is now being milled, and the gold returns for the balance of the year should show decided gains.

DUFFERIN MINE.—While many quartz mills have not been operated for want of water, the Dufferin Mill, at Salmon River, which is run entirely by water power, has kept steadily at work, proving the unlimited supply. In fact there is not a more magnificent water power in the Province, all the hoisting and pumping gear of the extensive works as well as the crusher being run by water.

MOLEGA.—Messrs. Davidson, Wade, Nelson, McGuire and the other owners of the Molega Mine in Queens County have, it is reported, sold their property to a syndicate of Western Capitalists for the price of \$150,000.

WHITEBURN.—Work on the Graves Company's property is being pushed, two leads giving good results. Prospecting on other parts of the property is being done, and several promising leads have been discovered. The Dunbrack lead improves as it is worked in depth, and machinists are now putting in a new pump.

CUSHING MINE.—This property has been purchased by a company who will expend a large sum in properly developing and working it.

PLEASANT RIVER.—Mr. Peter Dunbrack has found what he thinks is a very valuable lead about a mile below the Grand Central Mine, at Pleasant River. Mr. Enoo Falkingham has a third interest. It is not being prospected on account of the wet weather.

PRINCE'S LODGE.—Messrs. Archibald and Morrison are now prospecting on the Archibald areas, and have discovered that the north lead is gold bearing. They have opened the middle and south leads at different points, and the shots so far put in have dislodged more or less gold bearing quartz. So far the work done has proved most encouraging, and the prospectors are preparing to replace their cosy temporary camp with a substantial shanty in anticipation of the cold weather now at hand.

The sudden death of the Rev. Doctor Honeyman was deeply felt by the mining community. No man has done more than the Doctor in making known to the world the great mineral wealth of the Province or in encouraging legitimate mining. He was a bitter foe to all dishonest schemes, but freely gave hours of his valuable time in advising any one interested in mining as to the value of mineral samples, or the proper manner in which to develop mining properties.

MILLISIC.—Mr. John Walters, who lately left for England to place the Aulenback property on the English market, called on us before his departure and gave a glowing description of the extent of the property and the richness and size of the leads. He was filled with the enthusiasm which commands success, and we hope that we may soon have the pleasure of noting the fact that Mr. Walters has effected a sale.

MONTAGUE.—The Anand, Rose Lead, Kaye and other properties are being vigorously worked, and the prospects are very bright.

TANGIER.—As will be seen by an advertisement in last week's Critic, the Essex gold mining areas are for sale. Mr. Coffee, the thoroughly practical manager of the Brunswick Company, keeps pegging away, and although the returns are at present small, there may be a change for the better at any moment.

RENFREW.—Now that there is a prospect of plenty of water, good returns may be expected from the Empress and Free Claim's properties, as quartz has been accumulating at both mines.

CARIBOO.—The Heatherington areas in this district are being prospected and the leads show gold freely. The returns from the Lake Lode Company, published in the last issue of THE CRITIC, were for gold milled from quartz obtained from new leads just being prospected.

A few gold returns have been received at the Mines Office in addition to those published in the last issue of THE CRITIC.

From the Cariboo District the Touquoy Mine returns for August 26 ozs. gold from 135 tons of quartz crushed, and for September 16 ozs. gold from 343 tons quartz crushed.

UNIACKE.—The Phoenix Mill returns 24 ozs. gold from 235 tons quartz crushed, but the noted Withrow Mine in South Uniacke reports—"crushing for want of water."

STORMONT.—The Rockland Mill returns for September 137½ ozs. gold from 244½ tons quartz crushed.

BROOKFIELD.—The Philadelphia Company should be thriving, judging from the returns which are for

| | |
|----------------|---|
| July..... | 101 tons quartz crushed yielding 125 ozs. gold. |
| August..... | 130 " " " " 131½ " " |
| September..... | 176 " " " " 169½ " " |
| October..... | 105 " " " " 74 " " |

SHERBROOKE DISTRICT.—Mr. Wm. I. Pye, the Deputy Commissioner of Mines for the Sherbrooke District, in a late letter to the Mines Department reports as follows:—"Within the last twenty-seven years there has been some thousands of dollars spent by many different parties to find a rich lead in the solid ledge about area No. 648, B4 of this district, and only lately Robert McNaughton has found it, and has put down three shafts on it through deep surface and quicksand to work it extensively."

We have just received through the kindness of H. P. Brumell, the compiler, the "Report on the Mining and Mineral Statistics of Canada" for the year 1888. The information conveyed is so valuable that we shall quote from it quite extensively, beginning with the

SUMMARY OF THE MINERAL PRODUCTION OF CANADA IN 1888.

| Product. | Quantity. | Value. | Compared with 1887 (a) |
|---|-------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| Antimony ore..... | tons, 345 | \$ 3,696 | Decrease. |
| Arsenic..... | " 30 | 1,200 | |
| Asbestos..... | " 4,404 | 255,007 | Increase. |
| Baryta..... | " 1,100 | 3,850 | do |
| *Bricks..... | thous'ds. 165,818 | 1,036,746 | do |
| *Building stone..... | cub. yds. 411,570 | 641,712 | do |
| Cement..... | bbls. 50,668 | 35,593 | Decrease. |
| Charcoal..... | bush. 1,500,000 | 87,000 | do |
| Coal..... | tons, 2,658,134 | 5,259,832 | Increase. |
| Coke..... | " 45,373 | 134,181 | Decrease. |
| Copper (fine, contained in ore)..... | lbs. 5,562,864 | 667,543 | Increase. |
| Fertilizers..... | tons, 548 | 21,600 | Decrease. |
| *Flagstones..... | feet, 64,800 | 6,580 | do |
| Glass and Glassware..... | | 375,000 | |
| Gold..... | ozs. 61,310 | 1,098,610 | Decrease. |
| Granite..... | tons, 21,352 | 147,305 | Increase. |
| Graphite..... | " 150 | 1,200 | Decrease. |
| Grindstones..... | " 5,764 | 51,129 | do |
| Gypsum..... | " 175,887 | 179,393 | Increase. |
| *Iron..... | " 44,949 | 1,592,931 | do |
| Iron ore..... | " 78,587 | 152,068 | do |
| Lead (fine, contained in ore)..... | lbs. 674,500 | 27,472 | do |
| *Lime..... | bush. 2,216,764 | 339,951 | Decrease. |
| Limestone for iron flux..... | tons, 16,857 | 16,533 | do |
| Manganese ore..... | " 1,891 | 47,944 | Increase. |
| Marble and Serpentine..... | " 191 | 3,100 | Decrease. |
| Mica..... | " 29,025 | 30,207 | Increase. |
| Mineral Paints..... | " 397 | 7,900 | do |
| *Mineral Water..... | galls. 124,850 | 11,456 | |
| *Moulding sand..... | tons, 169 | 845 | Increase. |
| Petroleum..... | bbls. 733,564 | 755,571 | do |
| Phosphate..... | tons, 22,485 | 242,285 | Decrease. |
| Pig Iron..... | " 21,799 | 313,235 | do |
| Platinum..... | ozs. 1,500 | 6,000 | do |
| *Pottery ware..... | | 27,750 | |
| Pyrites..... | tons, 63,479 | 985,656 | Increase. |
| Salt..... | " 59,070 | 185,460 | do |
| Sand and Gravel (exports)..... | " 260,929 | 38,398 | do |
| Sewer pipes and tiles..... | | 266,320 | |
| Silver..... | | 395,377 | Increase. |
| Slate..... | tons, 5,314 | 99,689 | do |
| Soapstone..... | " 140 | 280 | Decrease. |
| Steel..... | " 9,553 | 472,611 | Increase. |
| Sulphuric acid..... | lbs. 8,727,220 | 121,515 | do |
| Terra cotta..... | | 49,800 | |
| Tiles..... | thous'ds. 7,518 | 114,057 | Decrease. |
| Whiting..... | tons 30 | 240 | do |
| Estimated value of mineral products not returned (principally iron and building materials)..... | | \$97,172 | |
| Total..... | | \$16,500,000 | Increase. |

* Incomplete.

(a) Comparison of values only.

A mining exchange will be opened in Minneapolis, Minn., soon, and five steps for its organization are under way.

The famous Mount Morgan gold mine, of Queensland, is about to be placed on the London market, it is reported. The present local joint stock company was formed in 1886, with a capital of one million pounds sterling in one pound shares with 17s. 6d. paid up, leaving 2s. 6d. unpaid subject, under the English system, to call by the Treasury. The first dividend was declared March 1, 1887 of one shilling or, say, 25 cents per share; this was increased to 37½ cents per share Dec. 1, 1888, and to 50 cents or \$500,000 in 1889. In the last nine months the dividends have aggregated \$4,500,000, or \$125,000,000 more than the amount paid up on the shares originally, a percentage of the large amount previously paid.

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AN ADVERTISEMENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

On rare occasions Mrs. Lindley or her daughter would visit the library during reading hours. After one such visit Lillian Lindley went to her mother and said anxiously:

"Mamma, I wish that girl had never entered the house! Do you know, I feel positive that foolish boy will fall in love with her? Wouldn't it be horrid?"

Mrs. Lindley shrugged her plump shoulders and replied, "For pity's sake do not mention your forebodings to your brother, Lillian. You might put the idea into his head, and, once there, I defy anyone to do anything with him."

"She is certainly educated and refined and—yes, I suppose some people would consider her rather pretty," said the young lady thoughtfully. "One comfort is that he can't see her face; do you not think so, *chere mere*?"

"Yes," sighed the mother. "And, Lillian, *perhaps* we could persuade him that really it is not *quite* the thing for her to be there with him every day."

That very evening Mrs. Lindley hinted as much to her son; but more than that mild hint she never ventured upon.

"It is *preposterous*, mother, to think of any impropriety, and I should say rather late in the day to bring it up now." So no more was said, and the readings went on as usual.

As the days went by John Lindley felt more and more that, without sweet Bessie Radnor, his life would be a blank. Not that he thought himself in love, but he realized her ministrations of word and voice were daily growing more indispensable.

After that Sunday afternoon it became quite a matter of course that a song should precede the reading. One day, after a pathetic little ballad, Lindley exclaimed suddenly, "I would give something to have seen your expression as you sang, Miss Radnor. Can't you—won't you, tell me what you look like?"

A pretty laugh was the only response.

"Please do," he continued.

"But it would be impossible for one to correctly describe one's self; I am positive I have read that 'straightway one goes from the glass and forgets what manner of man he is,' or something to that effect," she said.

"Well, if so, there is a mirror in close proximity to the piano," he persisted.

"Oh, Mr. Lindley, I—I could not stand before the glass and deliberately describe myself; *indeed* I *could* not."

"Very well," he replied, in a hurt tone. "I was in sober earnest; but I did not think it anything so terrible: simply a blind man's whim, which, somehow, I thought you would respect."

"If—if you really care, I suppose it is foolish in me to make a fuss over it," she said quietly, in fact so quietly that Lindley barely caught all the words; but he heard her walk a step or two, then pause.

"I am to tell you just what I see, am I?" she inquired.

"Exactly, if you will be so good," he replied.

"Well, I see a tall, rather thin figure, a pale, in fact I may say rather sallow, face, with just now considerable color in both cheeks—please put that down to excitement," and she gave a little laugh, "big gray, sad looking eyes, and—*and* long lashes; that is all except short, what mamma calls 'rippy brown gold' hair! There! I never felt so foolish in all my life!"

"I shall never forget your kindness. I wish more than ever I could see for myself," he said wistfully. "But, tell me, why should your eyes look sad, and why are you pale? Miss Radnor, you have never told me about yourself in the least. You surely know I am your true friend."

Before she had time to reply a knock came at the door, and to Lindley's chagrin a visitor was announced; so the reading for that afternoon was put aside.

"Will you not shake hands with me before you go?" he asked.

Bessie quietly did as he requested.

"Good-bye," he said. "Remember, I am your friend."

All day and way into the night Lindley thought of the "tall, slim girl with sad gray eyes" and "rippy brown gold" hair, and before they met again he knew he loved her from the depth of his heart. It was hard for him to keep down his desire to tell her of his love, but he knew if once he let her suspect his feelings he would frighten her away.

"I can afford to wait and"—here a sharp pang went through him—"if I am blind how could I ask her to marry me?"

So the days passed in just the same old way, with perhaps a subtle difference, which Bessie Radnor felt, but could not explain. Besides, poor child, her thoughts were oftener with her sick mother at this time than upon the books she read. Lindley noticed a difference in her reading, but said nothing. She had excused herself from singing the past few days.

"She is not well, or in some trouble," thought Lindley, sadly, "and I am powerless to help her."

It was an afternoon in the end of March. Bessie was in her usual place, awaiting Mr. Lindley's arrival, for, strange to relate, he was not there when she came in. With a sad, far-off look she sat gazing into the glowing fire. To-day she realized that only a few more days and she would be motherless—alone. Half an hour passed, and still she sat regardless of everything but that terrible thought.

Only that morning the doctor had said, "It is almost over now. I can do nothing more for her. Keep her up with wine and beef tea."

And Bessie knew that to procure these luxuries she must leave her mother in a stranger's care while she made the money to procure them, and oh, the terrible thought that she might not be allowed to spend every precious moment by her darling's side.

The door opened softly, a tall, handsome man stood within, gazing eagerly into the fire-lit room. The girl neither heard nor heeded. She was sobbing softly. A look of intense surprise, followed by one of alarm, swept over the watcher's face. In an instant he was by her side. A touch on the shoulder startled the girl. She raised her brimming, half-blinded eyes, and for the first time met John Lindley's gaze. There he stood, with the bandages removed, his eager brown eyes looking tenderly down upon her.

"Mr. Lindley," she almost screamed. "You—you—can see. You will not be blind. I am—so—glad!"

"No, thank God!" he exclaimed fervently. "But tell me, Miss Radnor, child, what is the trouble? Don't cry so: don't. You hurt me. Let me help you. Do tell me what is the matter," he pleaded, as she sobbed aloud.

"My mother, oh, my mother!" she wailed.

In alarm Lindley bent over her.

"I have kept you from her? She is worse? I will call the carriage and take you to her at once."

A short time later, and they were being driven at a quick rate toward B—— street.

Only once did Lindley break the silence. Stooping, he wrapped the carriage robe close about her. As he did so, "Child," he said, tenderly, "why *did* you not tell me how sick your mother really was?"

"I was afraid you would not understand how I could have the heart to leave her," she answered brokenly, "but we are so *very* poor I *had* to. And, Mr. Lindley, if mother dies, I hope I may too."

"God forbid!" he said earnestly, and his heart ached with longing to fold her in his arms and try to comfort her. And so occupied was he with the heart-broken girl that he forgot to look about him with his newly restored sight.

As he helped her from the carriage, he said, "I cannot forgive myself for having selfishly kept you from you from your sick mother, Miss Radnor."

Just then he raised his eyes and saw the miserable house they were about to enter; a look of utter surprise—almost of horror—crossed his face. And Bessie Radnor knew that never before he had realized how desperately poor they were.

"Mr. Lindley," she faltered, "if it had not been for *you* my mother and I would have starved! No, I did not mean that," she corrected herself, "for God would have sent some other helper; but I *never* can tell you the good you did by—by being laid aside with bandaged eyes."

"Then I tell you truly, if *that* be so, I am not regretful of one long, dark, *even* most *hopeless* hour, my darling, for I *love* you!" and his deep voice shook with emotion.

No reply came, nor, just then, did he expect any; for even then they were ascending the narrow, creaking stairs which led to Mrs. Radnor's room.

Leaving Mr. Lindley outside, Bessie entered. She found her mother alone.

"You've come at last, dear," she murmured.

"Yes, darling little mother, at last: and I have brought our kind friend, Mr. Lindley, to see you. You won't mind, dear, will you? He is so determined to see you." For Bessie remembered the decided way in which he said: "In any case, I am *sure*, you will permit me to see your mother."

"I will see him," said Mrs. Radnor, faintly.

Half reluctantly the girl opened the door, and without a word Lindley entered the room. A thrill of horror went through him, as one glance took in the bare, miserable room and the two fair occupants thereof. At once he knew the end was near. He said a few kind words to Mrs. Radnor, then turned to her daughter.

"Will you give me a sheet of paper and a pencil, please." He wrote a few hasty lines. "I don't like to trouble you, but will you find some one who will carry that to its destination?" he said. "I would do it myself," he thought, "but speak with Mrs. Radnor alone I must." But his head smote him as he thought of the weary looking girl going up and down the many steep stairs.

The door had scarcely closed behind her when he drew a chair beside the dying woman.

"Mrs. Radnor," he said, "I feel sure that you are fully aware of your condition, and I have something of great importance to tell you—something that may make you feel happier. I know the thought of leaving *you* daughter is your only regret in leaving this world."

The saint-like face before him looked its assent, before the faintly uttered words, "It is," came from the trembling lips.

"Mrs. Radnor, I love your daughter. I love her from the depth of my heart. Could you, would you, urge her to marry me before you leave her?" A faint flush suffused the sufferer's face. "My darling *will* have to care for her. Oh! My Father, I thank Thee!"

Lindley pressed her hand. "Mrs. Radnor, he said, "look at me. Do you think you can trust your daughter in my keeping?"

The brilliant eyes gazed searchingly into the man's earnest face for a moment. "I can, I can," she cried.

Here the door opened, and to her utter astonishment Bessie saw Lindley bend over her mother's thin hand and press a fervent kiss upon it. Lindley rose from his chair, walked up to the girl, and, taking her hand, led her to her mother's side.

Mrs. Radnor tried to speak, but she was too weak. An imploring glance at Lindley was enough. Very gently he said, "I have been to your mother what I first told you, my darling, and in your absence I won her over to my side. Tell me, can you trust me as your mother's Darling, will you give me a little love for my whole heart full?"

Bessie gave a quick glance at the man's pleading face, then at her mother as she lay against the pillow wan and pale; and with a shuddering cry threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"Motherdy," she sobbed. "My own little mother! How can I think of love when you are going to leave me?"

The mother laid a tender hand on the girl's bowed head, as she whispered, "He will care for you. I feel that you will be safe in his keeping, and so, my dearest, I will die in peace."

The sobs ceased. The girl rose from her knees as calm as if no sudden storm had swept through her inmost soul. With down drooping head she laid her cold, trembling hand in his. "God bless you, love," he said, and Bessie, turning, saw a smile of satisfaction and relief flit over her dying mother's face.

Just then a light rap upon the floor was heard. Opening it Lindley saw his friend, Dr. Heyward. "You have come quickly, Heyward," he said. "I am thankful." Half an hour later the two men left the room together.

"A short time—a very short time," answered his friend.

"Then, Lindley," he said, "who are these refined people? What are these two lovely women doing in this hole of a tenement? Man, what does it mean?"

"I will tell you," was the reply. In a few hurried words the story was told.

"But this girl, so soon to be motherless," said Dr. Heyward. "Has she no one to look to?"

"Yes," replied Lindley with fervor. "I will take care of her as long as God lends me breath. My beautiful darling! To think she has been living here so many months, and I have never known it," and the strong man shook with emotion.

"Lindley, what will your mother, your sister, say to this?" asked his friend.

"You well know that my truest friends have always been uncongenial to them," was the quiet reply.

"True," said the doctor. "And now I must go. I will be back some time to-night. Send for me any time you want me, Lindley."

For two hours or more after he returned to the room the sick mother slept. Then suddenly she opened her eyes, and in a voice of rapture exclaimed, "Soon—I'm coming."

Bessie tightened her hold on the dear thin hand.

"I am not afraid, darling. Why, I am almost there. Oh! the glory of the vision!" And the cold death waves swept over her feet, crept slowly higher and higher, but ere they reached her heart the face grew radiant with some ray of light divine, and stretching forth her arms, without a struggle, without a fear, she entered her "desired Heaven."

Lindley closed the eyelids gently—gently drew the girl's hand from the hand now cold in death. Putting his strong arms about her, he drew her close to his heart.

"My darling, my poor, stricken darling, what can I say to comfort thee?"

"I feel so strange. I think perhaps I am going," she said faintly, and she swooned in his arms. Agonized he bore her to the window, flung it open wide and let the cold night wind blow on the still white face. By the light of the flickering candle it seemed to him as deathlike as the still face against the pillow. In his agony he cried aloud.

The girl's eyes opened. Looking wonderingly at him, she said, "Where am I? I thought I died."

"No, no, beloved, it breaks my heart to hear you talk so," he said, brokenly.

She leaned heavily against his shoulder and was silent. Footsteps sounded in the hall, the door opened quietly, and Dr. Heyward entered followed by his sweet-faced little mother and by a kindly countenanced mulatto girl. A feeling of utter relief came to Lindley when he saw Mrs. Heyward. "She can persuade Bessie to rest," he thought. But no persuasion seemed of any use. The heart-stricken girl seemed determined not to leave her mother's side.

"Lindley," whispered the Doctor, "I'll not answer for the consequences if that girl is allowed to have her own way."

"What can I do?" he asked, sadly perplexed. "Oh, if I had only known a little sooner she would have been my very own! Heyward, I cannot certainly command her to leave her dead mother; tell me, man, can I?"

"If there is any commanding to be done, of a surety you are the responsible one," was the sturdy reply. "And, see here, Lindley, if I had half your authority, she would most certainly not remain here another half hour."

Mrs. Heyward had been trying in every way to coax the motherless girl to go home with her. At length she gave it up in despair. "I can do nothing with her," she whispered.

John Lindley looked thoughtfully at the bowed figure a moment, then knelt beside her. "My darling," he said softly, "once when I was in distress you sang a beautiful hymn to me. I can do nothing for you, it seems to me. Let me remind you of the words you sang.

The clouds hang heavy round my way,
I cannot see:
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me."

A burst of tears relieved the tense grief, and Lindley knew the comfort had begun. He let her cry as long as she would, then lifting her to her feet, said, "Mrs. Heyward, will you kindly give me a wrap for this child?" Closely he folded the warm shawl about her, he led her from the room, Mrs. Heyward following. A moment or two later they were being driven to Mrs. Heyward's hospitable home. There, after a little, Lindley left Bessie to that lady's kindly care. Three days later her mother was laid in her last resting place.

Six sad and dreary weeks passed by, the motherless girl refusing to be comforted. All this time Lindley had refrained from distressing her with the thought of a speedy marriage. At last his patience gave out. He determined to speak to her plainly, even though his words hurt a little. That very evening he said to her, "My darling, you will come to me now, will you not? I feel that I have the right to claim you." Then, as she turned away her head, he continued reproachfully, "Have I not a greater claim upon you than any one in the world? And would you prefer living with these friends than with your husband, my love?"

Bessie sat silent for a while, nervously twining and untwining her slender fingers; her lover looked at her anxiously; she lifted her eyes a moment to his, which met her gaze with a depth of tender love.

"You are right," she said softly. "You have a greater claim upon me than all the world beside, because I know you love me—as I love you."

Lindley listened to the sweet, timid confession with happy, beating heart. Drawing her close to his side, he said,

"When will you marry me, dear?"

"To-morrow, if you wish it," she said. "But oh! John, I fear I will be but a sad-hearted bride. Will you bear with me? Will you remember that I am heavy hearted?"

"I will remember, dear; and my one hope is to help you through this sad time of mourning," he said tenderly.

The next day at noon the two were wed in Mrs. Heyward's parlor, she and her son being the only witnesses.

Long afterward Mrs. Heyward said, "It was the saddest, strangest, sweetest wedding I ever beheld, and it has turned out to be a most joyous affair for them both."

Immediately after the ceremony John Lindley and his bride started south. A few days later found them happily ensconced in the "land of orange blossoms," where, for a time, they spent long, restful days, learning to love and learn each other better day by day.

One morning, leaning over her husband's shoulder as he read the paper, "Why," said Bessie, "I never saw such a paper. There is nothing in it but advertisements."

Lindley dropped the newspaper, drew the dear curly head down to him and said, "Sweetheart, please never speak disrespectfully of advertisements. The memory of one not very long ago read to me throws a halo over all the pitiful rest."

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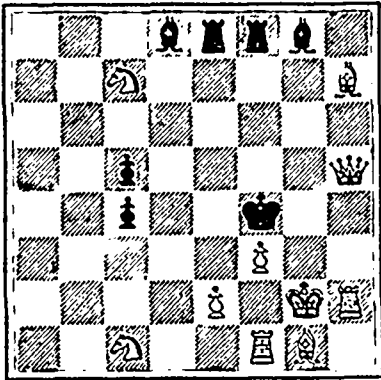
CHESS.

Solution to Problem No. 101.—B to QKt4. Solved by C. W. L., J. W. Wallace, and Mrs. H. Mosley.

PROBLEM No. 103.

1st prize by T Tavener, Bolton, England.

BLACK 7 pieces.



WHITE 10 pieces.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

GAME No. 84.

The following fine specimen of the Scotch Gambit, between Mr. Charles Miller of Cincinnati, and Mr. W. Braithwaite of Toronto, was concluded a few days ago in the International Correspondence match between the United States and Canada.

Table showing chess game moves for Game No. 84, listing White and Black pieces and their corresponding moves.

Resigns. NOTES—BY CHAS. MILLER.

- a A sound defence.
b Kt to Q B3 is generally preferred.
c P to K5 leads to an even game.
d Better than Q to R5
e If Q takes P White wins a Pawn.
In view of the "spread out" condition of Black's game the capture with the Knight appears dangerous.
f If Q takes Q Black loses a Pawn.
g It would be better to exchange Queens and then play for a draw.
h If Q takes R White wins the Queen and mates in two.
i Threatening mate in two. Q to K B3 would win the "exchange"

and probably the game, but for a time Black's Queen would be very much out of play.

i This is a good attempt to remedy the evils caused by an undeveloped game on the Queen's side.

k If B to B5 White plays Q to B2 with a good game.

l Preparing for the "end game." This move forces the exchange of Queens.

m Kt to Kt3 would have given White a chance for a draw.

n This long neglected Pawn "gets in its work" just at a time when it does the most good.

o The desperate efforts of this heroic Rook to save a lost battle were worthy of a better fate.

p Not having a good move, White plays for a possible draw. If 30 B takes P, 31 Kt to B5 forcing Black to exchange Bishop for Knight. Then with the Rooks off the board and Bishops of opposite colors—notwithstanding Black's three past Pawns—there would remain a possible draw.

q That heroic Rook looks so hungry for a Pawn that Black, "out of his goodness of heart," concludes to let him have one.

r Black has got bravely over his fear of Bishops of opposite colors.—Commercial Gazette.

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 fees required.

A. McK., Antigonish—Your solution of problem 136 was correct. Should be happy to hear from you oftener. Can you not arrange to witness the team match games at Shubenscadie on Thanksgiving day? We would all be pleased to meet you there.

Editor Clouser of the New York World is moving in the direction of a grand International Checker Tournament. The project is as yet merely in embryo, and some time will necessarily elapse before the details as to time, place, etc., can be arranged. If the event is decided upon it will, doubtless, be looked forward to with much interest by thousands of more or less proficient players and amateurs.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 137—Black men 4, 7, 9, king 15; white men 17, 22, 23, king 1; white to move and win.
1 6 15—22 6 2 4—8
9—13 23 18 13—22 25 22
22 18 22—15 2 25 w. wins.

GAME XXXIII.

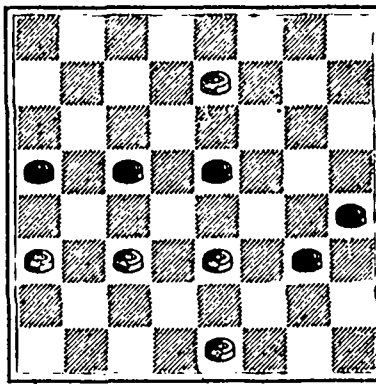
A "Bristol" recently played between Messrs. O'Hearn and W. Forsyth, the first-named having the move.

Table showing draughts game moves for Game XXXIII, listing White and Black pieces and their corresponding moves.

a This leaves the books. This brings us to the following position which we offer as

PROBLEM No. 139.

Black men 13, 14, 15, 20, 24.



White men 7, 21, 22, 23, 31. Black to play. What result?

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