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THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Speaking elsewhere of trade upon the great lakes, it is noteworthy that the mean level of these lakes is 20-10 feet lower than it was in 1886, and this is attributed to successive years of drouth. Owing to this lowering of the water level the depth of water in the canals has likewise decreased, and this is a serious drawback to traffic.

Governor Hill, of New York, is accused by his opponents of out and out seat-stealing, and the Republicans who had plumed themselves on a majority of three in the Senate now fear that the majority will be manipulated by Governor Hill, so as to give the Democratic party the control of the Senate. The Governor has ordered a recount of the ballots in eight different counties. In one of these eighty ballots in favor of the Republican candidate were thrown out, owing to a quod having been set by the printer instead of the letter M. This decision gives the Democratic candidate a plurality of twenty. In the other counties equally reprehensible methods are being resorted to. If such highbanded acts upon the part of the executive can be tolerated in the empire state of the American Republic the boasted liberty of our brothers across the border is somewhat mythical.

The year that has just rolled into the past has been one of the most eventful in the history of Canada. Politically speaking, we wish it could pass into forgetfulness, but still it would be a pity to lose the lessons which may be learned by the intelligent subject from the painful events of the past. The year has been marked by the passing away of many notable personalities. Sir John Macdonald closed his earthly career just before the outbreak which so scandalized the country took place in Parliament, and although in our own country not a very large number of notable people have gone over to the great majority, yet England and the United States have been losers to a considerable extent, as also many other countries have been. Our hope is that 1892 may usher in a new era of political morality in our well beloved Dominion, and that we may never again have to hang our heads in shame over the dishonest proceedings of those in positions of trust for the country.

The troubles in China are assuming serious proportions, and the very existence of the empire is threatened. This is not because China likes military organization or modern armament, but because she has not adopted modern methods for transporting her troops. A small corps of 4,000 rebels

in Manchuria has created havoc among the inhabitants, massacred hundreds of Roman Catholic converts, and threatens to move forward on Peking. Had the Chinese Government been less conservative the country might now be traversed by well-equipped railway and telegraph lines; in which case the present revolt would have been crushed before any great damage had been accomplished. As it is, it will take weeks before the Government troops reach the scene of the rebellion, and in the meantime the rebels gather strength with each fresh success. The present Chinese dynasty stakes its existence on extreme conservatism, but it is not at all improbable that this very conservatism may hasten its fall.

The great development of trade upon the North American lakes, which finds its outlet to the ocean by the way of the St. Lawrence River, has created a demand among shipping circles for the deepening of the canals so as to allow vessels drawing upwards of 20 feet of water to pass from Port Arthur, Chicago or other points to Montreal and Quebec. This deepening of the artificial water-ways would involve an expenditure of twenty millions of dollars of public money, and hence the proposal of Mr. H. C. Ketchum to obviate the necessity of this expenditure by the use of steel rafts or floating pontoons is deserving of more than a passing interest. Mr. Ketchum claims that, by the expenditure of \$500,000, pontoon floats capable of carrying a ship drawing 25 feet of water through the canals are not only possible but that similar expedients have been resorted to elsewhere. If Mr. Ketchum's scheme is feasible, and we see no reason why it should not be so, one of the most serious objections to lake navigation can be solved without loss of time and on an economical basis. We shall look anxiously for the outcome of this proposition.

The dictatorial young Emperor of Germany, who dismissed his prime minister Bismarck without so much as expressing gratitude for that Statesman's services to the Empire, has evidently overstepped the bounds of the constitution and is now to be brought face to face with the peoples' representatives. According to the German constitution all decrees of the Emperor have to be countersigned by one of his ministers to have the weight of law, but in dismissing Prince Bismarck, Emperor William neglected to have his decree counter-signed and the old chancellor, who accepted the inevitable at the time, now comes forward at the head of a strong party in the Reichstag and charges the Emperor with having wilfully violated the constitution. Emperor William has sinned in this respect upon more than one occasion, and his late arbitrary decree with respect to fallen women in Berlin is likewise unconstitutional and being such has raised a storm about his ears from unexpected quarters. The German people are proud of Germany, and they feel keenly that in diplomatic circles she has of late occupied a secondary position. They attribute this to the ill-judged actions of the young monarch and to the incapacity of Chancellor Von Caprivi, and now that the square issue of constitution versus Imperial decrees has been raised they are rallying to the support of the veteran diplomatist, and as matters now stand it is difficult to see how trouble is to be averted.

Very few people possess the unruffled calmness ascribed to Artemus Ward, who, when attacked by a robust specimen of the genus bore while travelling in a tram, knew absolutely nothing about any of the great people mentioned by his loquacious fellow-traveller, and when the latter in contempt asked him if he knew who Adam was, inquired—"What was his name?" Apropos of the bore, the London Spectator tells of a case that recently came before a London Magistrate, and if it is true, as has been said, that society consists of two classes—the bores and bored—it will naturally interest a good many people to hear of it. There were two passengers in a tramway, one of whom was not only a bore of the heaviest and most formidable calibre, but also, as he afterwards proved himself, one of a very dangerous and malignant character. He tried to open a conversation with his fellow-traveller, and broached several subj.c.s, but the fellow-traveller was in no mood for exchanging ideas on any subject, and after vainly endeavoring to freeze out the bore by silence and reserve, told him to "shut his mouth and not make a fool of himself." Now, this was not a polite expression, but the man was provoked, and was to a certain extent excusable. Upon this the bore showed himself in his true colors, and undertook to punch the head of the man who so decidedly opposed his advances, and the upshot was that the affair ended in court. Not a few people in this democratic age suffer in silence the assaults of the bore, and cannot by any means get even with him. The bore is a type of many things—such as society papers—that meddle with the privacy of individuals, and from which there is no escape. Reserve and retiring modesty seem to be thrown away, and the loss of old-time taciturnity, while attended with some benefits from a social and sympathetic standpoint, is not altogether to the advantage of the race.

The copy fiend came in on Monday and asked for four lines, and as rain was at that time coming down in torrents a little prayer for fine weather most naturally suggested itself as a means of filling the gap. We accordingly devoutly pray for it to "clear up."

A new era in the building of United States ships of war was marked by the launching of the armored cruiser New York on December 2nd. When completed this vessel will be one of the most powerful cruisers afloat. The launch took place from the yards of the Cramp shipbuilding company, Philadelphia, and was witnessed by fully 15,000 people, many of whom were people of prominence. The United States is showing a good deal of activity in its navy department, probably considering it a wise policy in time of peace to prepare for war.

The first of January this year marks a most gratifying advance in Halifax journalism. Both the *Herald* and *Chronicle* made their appearance on Saturday as eight page papers, well printed and of prepossessing aspect. The *Herald* has slightly the advantage of the *Chronicle* in some ways, for the machine for cutting and finishing the latter was somewhat delayed, and the former also has a finer quality of paper. We heartily congratulate our daily morning contemporaries on this progressive movement and wish them all success in the future.

As our readers are aware, THE CRITIC, in its way, has also been keeping up with the progress of the times. Increased pressure on our space, both from advertising and a desire to enlarge and improve some departments of the paper, led last spring to the addition of a colored cover, which has proved, we are assured, satisfactory to our many friends, and consequently pleasing to us—for our object is to give satisfaction. We have felt, however, that there was another improvement within our reach, and we have decided to use a heavier and finer quality of paper for THE CRITIC. Part of last week's issue was of the new paper, but there was a mixture of two sorts in the lot we received, and consequently the edition was not uniform. To our friends the advertisers who make use of our pages to inform the reading public of what they have to dispose of, we would particularly recommend the improved appearance of the paper. Trifles make success and success is no trifle, and there is no doubt that such a trifle as putting an advertise on good paper goes far towards securing the wished-for end.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood has an excellent article on "The Press and the Public Mind" in the *Illustrated News of the World* of December 23rd. He attacks the practice of publishing so much news of a questionable nature, and points out the anomalous position of editors who wish to cry out against the publication of foul scandals, but cannot do so because they are themselves the demoralizers. He says:—"Journalists have combined of late for worthy purposes of self-interest; it would be well if they could and would combine to limit the production of a certain kind of 'news.'" The scandals which have recently come out in the London courts are the exciting cause of this protest, and small wonder, for full details have been given in the press, and many beside Mr. Greenwood must feel nauseated.

A peculiar libel suit was tried in London last month. It appears that a Major Ellis wrote some tales which were published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, under the title, "African Stories." Mr. James Finnock, a West African Merchant, under the impression that one of the stories referred to him, sued the publishers, and what is more received \$1000 damages. The case has excited peculiar interest in literary circles, because Mr. George Meredith appeared as one of the witnesses. He was reader for the defendants and had reported on the story. As an expert he believed it to be pure fiction, but objected to it personally, on the score of taste, and said the description of one of the characters was the attempt of a serious man to be humorous. Other authors have many times made their characters manifest portraits and have gone unscathed, and the only danger appears to lie in caricature, or attributing imaginary crimes to people who are drawn from life. The amusing part of the case is that the author, who is guilty of this heinous crime, goes free, and the innocent publishers are mulcted in the sum of £200.

Time and again we have wondered why those who oversee the compilation of our common and high school readers do not make selections both in prose and verse from Canadian writers, and also why Canadian works are not more generally chosen for presentation as prizes. The reading books at present in use deserve every commendation for the excellent selections from the great poets, and also for the prose extracts, which are all suitable for the purpose of awakening an interest in literature. So far, so good; but Canadian school books should give some sign to the younger generation that literature in Canada is not altogether in a languishing state. We would like to see Roberts, Carman, Lampman, Heavysege, W. W. Campbell, and many others represented by their most widely appreciated poems, with notes on the authors that would give the young idea a tendency to acquire all that can be known of Canadian literature. And for prizes in schools we would have the greater number consist of such works by Canadians as have a recognized standing—of course not to the exclusion of standard works in general literature. The change that might be wrought in a single generation by such a method would undoubtedly be great, and a national spirit would be more firmly established than ever before.

Publishers henceforth must keep a sharp eye on the names of books

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.

K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.

they are about to assist into this world of care and trouble and awful law-suits. Unless the new-born scamps have been appropriately christened, they may bring much misfortune to their small-conscienced nurses. The titles in future must correspond with the contents, or else the publishers will be liable to prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences. Such is the decision of Sir Frederick Darley, Chief Justice of New South Wales, in a recent case before an Australian bench. The circumstances were as follows: A Sydney firm published a two-volume work with the title "Australian Men of Mark." One subscriber refused to pay, alleging that his biography was not inserted as promised. The publishers sued him, but Chief Justice Darley after examining the work declared that no action could lie, inasmuch as the book was not a lion in sheep's clothing, but a sheep in the noble pelage of a lion—in fact it was not what its title professed it to be, and those whose names it contained were not of sufficient importance to be yclept "Australian Men of Mark." Besides deciding against the publishers, the justice ruled that all contracts entered into on account of the book, and not then carried out, should be null and void. There are those in Canada who would do well to take unto themselves thought in this relation, and not burden the long suffering public with such another example of literary humbug as appeared in former years, a scheme which doubtless brought shekels to the coffers of its worldly-wise devisers but which awakened the anger of every fair minded lover of true literature.

One of the most highly valued and important of the agents of civilization we enjoy every day of our lives is the post office. When we consider the matter it appears simply wonderful what it does for us, and how safely in the main thousands of letters, papers, parcels, etc., are carried to their destinations. It is well for those who entrust their business to the post office to take particular care that their own part of the bargain is properly carried out, so as to insure every chance of having it satisfactorily done. A little advice on the subject of preparing parcels for the mails may not come amiss just now, and if due heed is given it some disappointments may be avoided. Does any one expect that mail bags are going to be handled as if they contained new laid eggs and none must be broken? Of course not! Why then will they mail photographs without any board to protect them, or books without proper protection for the covers, or parcels loosely wrapped in thin paper, and still expect them to reach their destinations intact? They may go without injury and they may not. Mail bags have to be handled quickly, and are sometimes even walked over, and when a mail clerk weighing, let us say, two hundred pounds, puts his foot on a photograph while he is hurrying over the bags in a mail car, breakages can scarcely be avoided. Ordinary care is of course taken not to injure matter in the mails, but accidents will happen, and very often the persons who send things improperly packed are the only ones to blame. Post office clerks have a good deal to contend with, and when annoyances arise from delay or injury to anything going through the mails, it is well to look to outside causes before blaming the department. Proper care in addressing—it is well on parcels and other things to put the address on two or three places—and packing is almost sure to make things run without friction. At this season the increased bulk of mail matter makes extra care advisable, and people will contribute to both their own satisfaction and that of the post office people by looking to it that no poorly prepared parcels are posted.

The misconception entertained by many people as to the rotunda or band-house on the shores of Bedford Basin being the veritable "Prince's Lodge" stands a fair chance now of being corrected. THE CRITIC has, ere this, referred to the subject and done its little best to spread the knowledge that the Duke of Kent resided in a more roomy abode than the picturesque little band-house could ever have afforded, and it is with pleasure we note that some recent publications have also made correct mention of the matter. The *St. John Progress* has been publishing a series of articles entitled "Random Recollections of Hon. Joseph Howe and his Times," and last week's issue contained a view of the real Prince's Lodge, as it appeared in 1820, taken from a picture in the possession of a lady residing in Halifax. The article dealing with the subject of the sketch is full of interest, and we feel considerably indebted to "Historicus" for his recollections. *En passant*, we may say that the habit of jotting down impressions with accuracy as to facts and dates is one that should be cultivated by all young people. The changes constantly taking place make but a faint impression if not committed to writing, and in course of time are entirely forgotten—at least for all practical purposes of history or entertainment—but if a few moments daily be given to making a record of important events, time to come may reap the benefit when another generation appears and asks the fathers to explain what has gone before. Another thing that will do more than the *Progress* articles to remove false impressions regarding Prince's Lodge is the excellent picture in *Illustrated Halifax*—which we trust every one has seen by this time. The view does not appear to be the same as that in *Progress*, being much better, but the difference may be the fault of the engraver of the latter. "Historicus" makes the suggestion that Halifaxians should undertake to restore the Prince's Lodge and surroundings to their pristine grandeur, but we venture to remark that though doubtless it would make a charming resort, there are too many other and more important undertakings awaiting the enterprising citizen's attention, for a Prince's Lodge (not the real Simon pure, but a more or less Chinese copy of the original, and not in a satisfactory state of decay either) to absorb such a large amount of energy as would be required to restore it without serious loss to other and more-to-be-desired things.

K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age.

K. D. C. The Dyspeptic's Hope.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

MEMORIES.

A tiny glove of tan chevette,
A little rent where some one tore it;
And I will never quite forget
The girl who wore it.

Her face was fair, of classic mold;
Her eyes now laughed and now gazed sadly;
Her hair resembled burnished gold,
I loved her madly.

We met. She smiled upon me when,
Enchanted, at her side I tarried.
I asked her to be mine; but then
She said, "I'm married."

So ended all my dreams of love;
But I will never quite forget
The girl who wore that tiny glove
Of tan chevette.

Kind of Tommy.—"Tommy Figg," said the teacher, "you wrote this excuse, yourself."

"Yop," admitted Tommy. "You see paw writes such a poor hand 'at I felt 'shamed for you to see it."

Here is some solid food for thought,
I heard it at a recent ball—
'Tis better to be kissed and caught,
Than never to be kissed at all.

Another Anglomaniac.—He—I am rather in favor of .he English mode of spelling.

She—Ye-es?

He—Yes, indeed. Take "parlor" for instance. Having "u" in it makes all the difference in the world.

SATISFACTORY.—Mrs. Goiteasy—Is this young man whom your daughter is about to marry thoroughly respectable?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, yes, he's perfectly illegible.

Mrs. Goiteasy—H'm! Out of sight so to speak.

NOW SHE IS HAPPY AGAIN.—Young Mrs. Codling (to her papa)—Oh, papa, what does the word "contract" mean?

Papa—It means to make smaller, my dear. For instance, heat expsuds and cold contracts.

Mrs. Codling—Then it's all right. Harry told me he was contracting some heavy debts, and I was so nervous till you explained it.

AT THE FAIR.—Proprietor of Menagerie—Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see our famous lion, Mustapha. He is as sensible as any human being. A French sergeant once pulled out of his foot a thorn ou which he had stepped. What do you think the noble creature did? It devoured, one by one, in order of ranks, all the superior officers of our sergeant until the latter found himself promoted to the grade of colonel. Walk in, gentlemen; only a penny.

Maternal Wisdom.—English Sparrow (of last summer's hatch)—"What is this narrow, cooped up place, mother?"

Old Bird—"This is the inside of a church steeple, my child."

"Then this is the building where the people come to worship. Surely we are safe here!"

"Yes. We are just about 50 feet higher than the dear, good, sweet little boys can throw, my dear."

TWICE SPURNED.—"I spurn you with contempt," exclaimed the proud, imperious girl in haughty tones.

The spurree was a base-b-m clerk in her father's ninety-nine cent store. His head fell upon his breast at her cruel words.

But for an instant only.

Then he hoisted it aloft once more, defiantly.

"All right," he said, coldly, "That's better than being spurned with your father's boot."

He had tried both.

CUPID.

From your breast you may pluck
His dart, if you will;
But the place where it stuck
Is sensitive still.

DOMESTIC RECIPER (rr.—She (at her desk)—Dear, please tell me how to spell costume. I'm writing to mother about my lovely new gown.

He—Well, are you ready?

She—Yes.

He—C-o-s-t, cost.

She—Yes.

He—T-o, to.

She—Well?

He—M-e, me—\$200, as yet unpaid.

She—You're a wretch.

Oh, this ringing in the ears!
Oh, this humming in the head!
Hawking, blowing, snuffing, gasping,
Watering eyes and throat a-rasping,
Health impaired and comfort fled,
Till I would that I were dead!

What folly to suffer so with catarrh troubles, when the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head are relieved and cured by the mild, cleansing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It purifies the foul breath by removing the causes of offence, heals the sore and inflamed passages, and perfects a lasting cure.



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A CURE IN EVERY BOTTLE.



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Ask your Druggist for it and take nothing else.



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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

We hope you like our new paper!

Can you write 1892 without thinking it a bore?

The Church of England Institute has issued its seventh annual report.

Rev. Dr. Burns was stricken with paralysis on New Year's day and is very ill.

A lamp exploded at Pine Hill College on Saturday night but no serious damage resulted.

The Halifax county academy is now the largest and best equipped in the Maritime Provinces.

Two men were nearly asphyxiated at the Revere House, Halifax, a few nights ago by blowing the gas out.

Bridgewater merchants report business in that progressive town better in 1891 than in 1890 with fair outlook ahead.

The death of Mr. Charles Romans, of Halifax, occurred at St. John last week. He leaves a widow and two sons and two daughters.

A Nova Scotia girl, Ada Crosby, who has been living in Lowell Mass. is reported missing. She had been in low spirits for some time.

The new bridge on the LaHave is finished with the exception of hand rails, and is pronounced one of the finest structures in the province.

Mrs. Deboucherville, wife of the new Prime Minister of Quebec, died on Tuesday very suddenly. The sister of Judge Jette is also dead.

Judge Rose, in addressing the grand jury at Ottawa on Tuesday, charged strongly against Arnoldi, who is committed for malfeasance in office.

The Canadian Paper Co. is presenting its friends with a pad of paper which is arranged as a diary for 1892. It also has a calendar on the back.

The Annapolis schooner *Florence Christine* went ashore near Beaver Harbor during the gale on Wednesday of last week and went to pieces at once.

Lieut.-Col. Herchmer, assistant commissioner of the North-west mounted police, died very suddenly at Calgary last Friday. He was forty seven years of age.

The troopship *Tyne*, about which some anxiety was felt, arrived home safely with the officers and men from the Pacific station who recently embarked here.

Dr. Orten, a prominent physician of Guelph, Ont. died on January 3rd of blood poisoning, caused by the green lining of his slippers affecting an abrasion on one of his toes.

The little girl Katie Raymond, who suffered from an assault by Wesley Daggatt at Digby a few weeks ago mysteriously disappeared, but was found on the road to Weymouth, having been induced to run away.

Col. C. S. Gillmor, recently appointed Deputy Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, owing to the illness of Sir Alex Campbell, and Clerk of the Ontario Assembly since Confederation, is dead.

A. R. Dickey will again be Conservative candidate in Cumberland and will be opposed by either Capt. Howard or Robert Drummond. It is understood that the election writ will be issued this week.

Effie Johnson, about 14 years of age, saved the life of a lad named Kelly at Campbellton, N. B. at the risk of her own. The boy had broken through the ice, and she helped him out and dragged him to the shore.

We are in receipt of two tasteful calendar cards from the *Gold Hunter and Farmer's Journal*, Caledonia, Queen's Co. A handsome calendar also comes from Edward S. Kelt, Commission merchant, Boston.

The calendars issued by W. H. Johnson, whose piano warerooms are well known, are beauties—especially the larger of the two, which is nautical in design and is ornamented with the picture of a charming sailor.

Robert Langon, who was shot in a drunken row in a disreputable house in St. John on the 15th of December, is dead. Lavinia Lindsay has been charged with the crime. The inmates of the house will be the principal witnesses.

Hon. John Carling, who is a member of the Senate, and holds the portfolio of Agriculture, will be a candidate at some one of the by elections, as he desires to strengthen his position in the Cabinet by sitting in the House of Commons.

John McKenna, arrested for stealing, caused a commotion in the Amherst jail on Tuesday by refusing to be handcuffed. He had a set-to with constable Simpson which only ended with a knock-down blow from the jailor's baton.

The Church of England Institute has published in pamphlet form a lecture on "The Church of England; its continuous organic life and its Catholic restoration" delivered by the Rev. Isaack Brock, D. D., before the Institute in Halifax and elsewhere. Churchmen will find it of interest. Price 12 cts.

The passenger train to Dartmouth ran off the track about Stairs' siding last Saturday evening. The locomotive fell over the embankment into the harbor, but the cars, with a number of passengers, were spared this fate. The accident was probably caused by the removal of the guide bar to the switch points by some person or persons unknown. It is miraculous that no one was injured, and the train hands and passengers have deep cause for thankfulness for their merciful escape.

The bins of marriage between a young couple in this city were to have been published in St. Joseph's church a few days ago, but the intended bride died very suddenly and her death was announced instead. The young lady was Miss Elizabeth Orman.

The hand of death has been busy since the year came in. On Sunday Mr. J. W. Turner, one of Dartmouth's oldest citizens, died after a short illness. His estate is valued at about \$100,000. Mrs. Turner survives him but he had no children. The funeral took place on Wednesday.

The failure of George E. Forsythe & Co which was announced on Tuesday occasioned much surprise in the city. Liabilities are placed at \$100,000. Another old established house is asking for an extension. The reverses of these two houses will be much regretted by the public generally.

There is a great deal of sickness at present in Halifax as elsewhere. That enemy of mankind, la grippe, appears to have obtained a firm hold on our city again and a large number of people are decidedly "under the weather." No less than five Presbyterian ministers are confined to their homes by illness.

The Lamy hotel at Amherst was destroyed by fire on Saturday. The loss is about \$15,000. The guests, of whom there were a good many, had a narrow escape from cremation and they lost most of their effects. The business portion of the town had a close call. Mr. Gonovg is rapidly fixing up another building for temporary use.

"Grip" offers prizes of \$30, \$20 and \$10 for the best short humorous article, story, poem, narrative or character sketch sent in before March 1, 1892. The prizes will be awarded not so much on literary merit, as upon the humor and aptness of the concept. Professional writers being debarred; there is a fair field for all of a literary turn. Here is a chance for young writers to test their abilities. See announcement in "Grip."

The attendance at the watch night services this season was remarkably small, and it appears as though this custom with many others might ere long be something of the past. These services held during the last hour of the last night of the old year are particularly solemn and impressive and have doubtless served their purpose of reminding many that "the passing moment's all we rest on."

A large proportion of the good people of Halifax have been occupied this week with religious duties. The custom of observing the first week of the new year as a week of prayer is most commendable, and is well kept up by the Protestant denominations of this city. The series of meetings began on Monday morning and have been well attended. The morning services are held in Argyle Hall and the evening meetings in the various churches, in all of which much interest has been evidenced. Our Christian friends apparently believe in changing the old proverb into all is well that begins well, and thus start well the year upon which we have just entered.

The Boston Ideal Comedy Company which has well earned a good reputation in this city gave a successful performance in Dartmouth last Monday evening. Reform club Hall was crowded and the entertainment provided was worthy the applause it received. This company consists of some clever comedians, good singers, skirt dancers, etc., and gives its patrons genuine satisfaction. Ed Kelly, with his limitless repertair of comic songs is an host in himself, and the Messrs. Bryant & Murphy are undoubtedly the best Irish comedians we have had in Halifax for some time. The company has this week started on a tour through the Province and intends to again visit Halifax next spring.

The announcement of the establishment of a Canadian illustrated monthly magazine is a source of gratification to the very large class of readers who have been waiting to welcome just such a periodical from a Canadian publishing house. The Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal, have taken the decisive step, and the first issue of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* will make its bow to the public during January. It will be a 64 page magazine, handsomely illustrated, and Canadian and patriotic in tone. The most gifted of Canadian authors will contribute to its pages, making it a most desirable family magazine for all Canadians especially. The subscription price, \$1.50, places it within the reach of all.

During the first week in June next an extraordinary gathering of Canadian Indians will take place at Kamloops, in British Columbia. There will be about 7,000 Christian Indians present from various parts of British Columbia and probably a number of Pagan Indians also. The Rev. Father Lacombe has organized this unique gathering, and during the week the Passion Play will be presented by Christian Indians. This performance is not, of course, the prime reason for the gathering. It is understood that it is a desire to meet one another, to compare notes concerning educational matters, progress in the arts of civilization and so forth, but the meeting in itself is an extraordinary event and one which must prove interesting to all Canadians who desire to see the Indians Christianized and civilized.

A Mexican revolution under Caterma Garza has overflowed into Texas. It is reported that United States soldiers have the rebels surrounded.

Nashville, Tenn., suffered from a terrible conflagration on Saturday night. The loss is over one million dollars. Four firemen lost their lives in a burning building.

K. D. C. Co.—Dear Sirs—I was troubled with dyspepsia for many years, could not retain my food any time after eating, was fearfully distressed until relieved by vomiting, this left me weak, so much so that at times I was unable to attend to any duties. I was persuaded to try K. D. C. and am thankful to say that after using one package I feel myself perfectly cured. I did not send you a testimonial as I wanted to be sure that the article had done its work, and I am satisfied now in writing you that I am perfectly cured, as it has been almost a year since I took your K. D. C. Many other persons have been cured by your K. D. C. I am intimate with them, and they cannot praise your article too much.

W. G. SMITH, Elm St., Truro, N. S.

The officials of the Home Office have been engaged in a unique task. They have collated and completed a careful digest of the English law relating to public morality, a copy of which (the London correspondent of the Birmingham Post asserts) will be presented to the German Emperor. The Kaiser is desirous of basing the reform he is about to introduce in the Prussian code of morality upon the English law. The digest is a long document, containing an exhaustive description of the clauses of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and dealing especially with all the phases of the question in which houses of a disorderly character are associated. It was completed on Friday, and having received the approval of the Home Secretary, will be despatched to Berlin.

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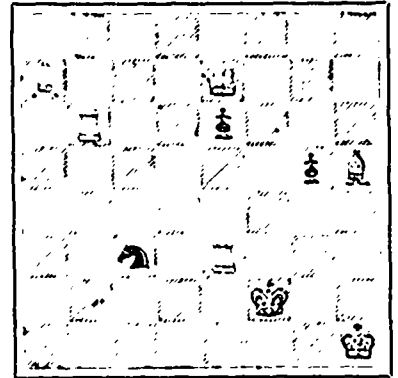
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CHESS.
Solution of Problem No. 97: B to K8. Solved by C. W. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
LILLIAN LORDLEY — Letter received without date or address. Problem No. 85 should contain but two white bishops. The key move is Q to QKt2

PROBLEM No. 99.
By A. F. Mackenzie.
From The Week.
Black 4 pieces.



White 6 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME No. 100.
Played in the championship tournament of the United States Chess Association at Lexington. Score and notes from the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Uedemann.	Dr. Fick.
1 P to K4	P to K3
2 P to Q4	P to Q4
3 Kt to QB3	Kt to KB3
4 P to K5	KKt to Q2
5 P to B4	P to QB4
6 P takes P	Kt to QB3 a
7 B to QKt 5 b	B takes P
8 Q to Kt4	Castles
9 Kt to B3	Q to K2
10 B to Q2	P to KB3
11 B takes Kt	P takes B
12 Kt to K2	P takes P
13 P takes P	R takes Kt c
14 Q takes R	Kt takes P
15 Q to Kt3	Kt to B2
16 Castles d	P to K4
17 P to KR4 e	B to B4
18 QR to KB	Q to K3
19 K to Kt sq	Kt to Q3
20 B to B3	P to Q5
21 B to K sq	R to Kt sq
22 Kt to B sq	Kt to B5
23 Kt to Kt3	B to Q3
24 Q to Kt3	Kt to K6 f
25 R to B2	Q to B5
26 B to B3 g	P to QR4
27 B takes RP	B takes P ch
28 R takes B h	Q takes R ch
29 K to R sq	Kt to B5
30 R to QKt sq	R takes Kt
31 Q takes P :	R to Kt sq h
32 P to QKt3	Kt to R6
33 Q to Q5 ch	K to R sq
34 R to KB sq	Q to Q6

White resigns.
a The more usual and better continuation in this branch of the Steinitz attack against the French game is B takes P at once.
b Q3 is the natural and strongest position for this B.
c A bold and brilliant stroke, which, though full analysis might show it to be unsound, was difficult to meet in actual play, and leads at once to lively and interesting positions.
d White, we are inclined to think,

mistakes the proper line of defence here B to K3 would either have forced exchanges highly advantageous for White, or have enabled him to castle (KR) in comparative safety. The text move is actually dangerous on account of the open QKt file.
e Here, too, 17, KR to K sq seems a quiet move that might have averted many of his subsequent troubles.
f Aided by White's feeble play, the second player has now a strong attack.
g Practically the only way to delay the capture of the QBP.
h 28, K to R sq instead appears to offer much more resource.
i 31 Q takes R would now only have prolonged matters, for then 31 Q takes Q; 32 P takes Q, Kt takes B; 33 K to R2, P to K5, &c.
j Overlooking an artistic mating finish that was possible by 31 Kt to R6; 32 Q to Q5 ch (best), K to R sq; 33 Q to K5 ch, B to Kt sq, and mates in three more moves.

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[FOR THE CRITIC.]
'ALL FOR A WOMAN'S SAKE.
 See you statesman striving daily,
 To reach the ladder's topmost rung,
 Till he makes himself a name,
 Till his brows are crowned with fame,
 And his praises loudly sung.
 What is that which spurs him onward,
 Still a higher stand to take?
 Hid within his heart the motive,
 All for one sweet woman's sake
 See another too is striving,
 Hope shines in his boyish face,
 Love is still the motive power
 Filling each rose-tinted hour
 With its beauty and with its grace.
 But she tired of the waiting,
 Till he made for her a home,
 And her promise broke she lightly,
 As a rope of salt sea foam.
 See him now, he is wrecked and stranded,
 Hope deserted, sorrow-tormented—
 She but left him a love token
 And her promise lightly broken,
 Memories of pleasure lost,
 With blighted faith and broken spirit,
 What fresh efforts will be made?
 Think how sad! A life is ruined,
 All for one false woman's sake.

Robin Adair.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]
FROM SAN FRANCISCO DUE SOUTH.

The mists had lifted from the Golden Gate as the fine steamship *Pomona* cast off her fetters that bound her to the pier in San Francisco. She was free now to go due south to the land of lotus and wild honey and fruit that were more like the production of Eden. And we, a favored six, were on board. The sea lions grouped on the seal rocks barked a hoarse adieu as we steamed over the bar and through Golden Gate. A slight breeze just ruffling the waters of the Pacific, flickering with gray lights and green shadows. The dinner-gong sounding, we were ready to appreciate an excellent dinner, Capt. Hall, the agreeable Captain, presiding with his accustomed bon homie and good fellowship that characterizes him as one of the most popular captains on the coast.
 The afternoon passed quickly and we were soon passing Monterey Bay and Santa Cruz. And here we first saw the pacific grey-back whale, not so valuable for oil as the other species, but much given to blowing. He amused himself and us making fountains that shot up thirty feet or more. The steamer rolled some as night came on, and those poor mortals who have to "pay tribute to Neptune" paid their dues and retired from public gaze to a "heave ye oh" chorus. The next morning we were going into the quiet haven of Port Harford; flocks of screaming gulls were following us; they are very much larger than our Eastern gulls, and do not chatter like our's either; grey and white, and some almost black, so dark were their feathers. High hills land-locked this harbor, but the water is deep and furnishes a safe anchorage. In spring the hills are green, but now "tawny in faded splendor drest of rusty purple and of tarnished gold."
 Port Harford is the entre port for San Luis Obispo (Louis the Bishop,) of which I will tell you later on. A train waits on the wharf for passengers for the interior towns. We notice boxes of Barrecondes—a fish that resembles the Eastern pike, but of a rather more delicate flavor, and held in high esteem by the Californian. Great crates of honey show the busy bee carries on his business. "All aboard" whistle sounding, we steam away past small villages and brown hills where immense stock ranges are located.
 Then we make our way up Santa Barbara Channel and anchor in the lovely harbor of Santa Barbara. The picturesque town lying at the foot of a range of hills, wide, tree-shaded streets, lovely homes, with green lawns and orange avenues, and roses and lillies everywhere. We go to Santa Barbara Mission, built of adobe in 1786. Californians are very proud of anything old, and they worship their missions built in the early ages by the Jesuit fathers.
 Adobe is a material more useful than ornamental, has a great deal of stick-to-it-iveness in it. A swallow's nest will give you an idea what it is like. The old Mission built in 1786 here has a curious tiled roof of metal that looks like gutter pipe split and inserted. The long narrow windows and heavy iron-barred doors make it look like a prison. The chapel is curiously decorated in a scroll work in old blue, yellow and red, much of it defaced. Old pictures of saints still retain vivid coloring that gives one the impression that Mary has yellow jaundice. And the Apostles in that state described by John G. Saxe, "when the measles come handsomely out." The old pews are black with age as is the adobe floor.
 The altar decorations of tinsel and flowers have lost all resemblance to anything on earth, but the old Spanish lace drapery, although yellow, is beautifully fine. We proceed to inspect the small sleeping rooms of the monks, "their couches," where they wrap their drapery around them and lie down to pleasant dreams. The dining-hall is long, dark and gloomy. Keys and huge doors and iron bars everywhere. And not one of our party wants to be a monk after we see the dreary place, with love and light left out, even if assured of a double share in the future.
 Electric lights are lit when we leave the charming town, and leave the old Mission to its shadows gray. The old chimes ringing out over the bay seem a mockery of joy, and they soon cease as if it were too much of an effort to effect a joy not known to the unworldly recluses within the gates.
 Over the emerald leagues of waves is seen a line of light. It deepens,

and soon resting on the ocean bosom as if weary of climbing is a glorious full moon. As she ascends in the dark blue vault she leaves an amber path, across which every little while a porpoise will pass. Light-house lights are dim, and shore-lights twinkle faintly, outvalled by the Queen of Night. The air is warm and pleasant, and a lady singer in the "Social Hall" (as the saloon is called in the coast steamers,) is singing love songs, the plaintive music stealing away over the water. But the *Pomona's* engine like a cynic in love matters only says pouff, pouff!

The next morning we are at Redondo, the princess of watering places. The shore is curved like a sickle, giving a fine beach of smooth sand. Long piers stretch out into the water, and from the ends depend many a fishing line baited for the numberless fish swimming here.

The Hotel Redondo is in a slightly situation, the broad, beautiful verandahs giving a fine view of Dumra Cliff and Capistrano, like some huge fortress rising from the waves and guarding Redondo.

The surf is grand; rolling softly, thunderous, pressing forward in curving haste to break into snow-white foam; beyond are billowy ground swells that come from the boundless ocean plain that stretches level and placid beyond.

The bathers and swimmers are out in full force, and when their exits from the waves are made form a truly curious procession, their funny suits clinging tenaciously to fat, and thus dripping from all points. The well-dressed, unwilted folk sitting in rows in front of the bath-houses eye them, and the attempt to be self-possessed in "a brine-sacked apology for a society garment," is very funny.

San Pedro is the next port. The harbor is shallow and dangerous, but our captain demonstrates his skill as a navigator. We find the town built on sand, which in Bible and history is known as an unstable foundation. A good carriage when walking is an impossibility, as the sand seems restless when trod on. The people have therefore built steep, narrow bridges to go up town, and steps down town. Teams and riders go through the sand. A number of adobe houses, with scarlet peppers fastooned over the roof, show the Spaniard's resident is a maker and a lover of tomatos. Tomatoes are made of boned chicken, cornmeal and spices and pepper boiled in corn husks fastened at each end; are very appetizing for a late supper. At midnight in any California town you hear the vendors calling "*Tom ah lees.*"

We leave San Pedro; night comes on, and ahead of us is Loma light (highest in the world, elevation 462 ft.) now blushing, now paling, like a maiden watching the approach of her lover. The peninsula of Coronado on the right is surrounded by an electric halo, a twinkling glory seen from the steamer's deck. By daylight we notice the fine harbor of San Diego, sometimes under a canopy of creamy lace-like clouds; sometimes the blue of heaven reflecting in every rippling wave.

Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo discovered this bay over three centuries ago, and still its beauty is discovered anew by every visitor. San Diego is the extreme south-west county of the state, and the second in size within the confines of Uncle Sam. It is a county to be proud of, being blessed in climate, flora and water. Viewed from a distance in the light of a glorious early morning the city looks like an Oriental metropolis. Palms and flowers in front and a background of mesa, lands and majestic mountains "that beckon from their sunset domes afar," their veil of rose-tinted mist uplifted, and below them glowed the rich valley with upturned sods waiting for the sower.

Hotel Del Coronado looked like some white-walled mosque shining in the morning sun. Before us it lay in grandeur and beauty the Crown of Hotels. It covers seven and a half acres, has 750 bedrooms, 75 sitting-rooms, and some very artistic drawing-rooms, one in white and gold, a dream of sunset clouds. The hotel is built with a series of galleries, all opening on a "patio" or court. This court has marble paved walks through countless blooming roses, trees of heliotrope, scarlet hibiscus, palms and bananas. Polygoniums and fuschias are tall shrubs loaded with blossoms. In front the broad verandahs face the ocean where the surf rolls in. One verandah has a front of plate glass where in winter invalids can watch the sea and never feel its breath. From the observatory a fine view may be had of the broad Pacific with its ships "like sheeted phantoms passing to and fro."

The immense ballroom is sixty feet high, 120 feet in diameter, used as a concert hall. Its acoustic properties are considered good.

This hotel was opened in 1888 with an accommodation for 2,000 guests. I think as usual California takes the palm for one of the world's wonders in size, beauty and quality; a place that appeals to beauty-loving qualities in all tourists. The hotel manufactures its own ice and electric light, and from its 30 acres of land has its fruit and vegetables, the tennis courts and maze for amusement, its plunge baths and museums, where all the curious Mexican work can be obtained.

A car ride of 30 miles belts the peninsula and connects with National City, San Diego City and Coronado heights.

The Mexican limited will take you to Oneonta, Chula, Vista, Olay and the famous Sweetwater Dam, whose abundant water supply brings to perfection the fruits and flowers of this Eden.

Coronado, a veritable gem of the sea, is only in her infancy. If the future years have in store more beauty for her it will take the pen of several Dudley Warners to describe this "unique corner of the earth," the abiding place of beauty.

The winters are especially delightful; summer forgets to call away her birds or cull her blossoms, and hand in hand with winter, her sweet smile and sunny ways cause him to forget all the rude boisterous ways he has back east.

LILLIAN LORDLY.

BOOK GOSSIP.

Of the making of books there is no end, but there are books and books, some good and some bad, and the good are not always the ones we have to tell our readers of. A really artistic book, well got up in every respect,

with contents of beauty or value, is a thing to delight the heart of a connoisseur. Such a book is the new edition of Whittier's celebrated poem, "Snow-bound, a Winter Idyl," which has recently been issued from the press of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. This firm has an enviable reputation for producing tasteful books, and the volume now under discussion cannot fail to add another to its list of successes. The poem itself is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, but if there are any who have not read it we recommend them to lose no time in doing so. The simple, unstrained language in which the good old Quaker poet (who by the way celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday a little while ago,) tells the story of the homo life of his family circle of his youth is restful and tuneful, and appeals not only to our fancy but our common sense as well. We can scarcely imagine anything better than his description of the snow storm and the morning following it, and in order not to be selfish in our enjoyment we will just reproduce a few lines here which will surely awaken a desire for "more":—

"Unwarmed by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed wing'd snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could all our own,
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-fung coat and high-cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

This is beautifully descriptive of the scene after snow has fallen, but it is further on in the poem that the gems of thought and feeling are found. For instance, who does not recognize the beauty of expression and belief in the following passage?—

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cyprus-trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is even lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

We could go on pointing out such golden passages, but must restrain ourselves and speak somewhat of the publishers' part of this book. It is most appropriately bound in white linen, stamped with blue; the top edges of the leaves are also blue stained, and a dainty blue silk marker is attached. The paper in the volume is of a superior finish, and is printed only on one side of the page. A number of beautiful little engravings adorn the book, and a portrait of Whittier forms the frontispiece, and a parchment cover protects the purity of the binding from soil. Altogether we must set this down as the daintiest book of the season. The price, \$1.50, is moderate, and does not place it beyond the reach of those whose purses are only fairly well filled.

The Confederation Life,
Toronto.

Issues Life Annuities on most favorable terms. Rates realize far more than ordinary interest on investment.

F. W. GREEN, HALIFAX, MANAGER MARITIME PROVINCES.

COMMERCIAL.

The weather continues to be adverse to business operations, and trade is dull in all departments. Of course a lull is always expected after the annual holidays, but this season the prevalence of warm rains instead of the customary snow has paralyzed operations almost all along the line. The country roads have got into such a condition through frequent rains, occasional short but sharp "cold snaps" followed by thaws, that the transportation of goods over them to and from traffic centres has been practically impossible. Lumbering operations are at a standstill. Certainly the open season has given farmers an opportunity to forestall their usual spring work by doing a lot of ploughing and planting that is ordinarily left over till the winter is past, and fall plowing as a rule gives larger crops. But the returns from the abundant harvest of last year have been and are delayed thereby. It is quite true that the crops still remain largely to the good, and that the outlook for business in the spring is excellent, but at the present time trade is undeniably dull.

It has become a too frequent practice for country merchants to dishonor drafts forwarded for their acceptance. This is an annoyance and a positive nuisance. When a party is notified that a draft will be made upon him on a certain date for the amount of a due account as per terms of purchase, and he then fails to inform the drawer that he will be unable to meet it, it is most censurable if he permits the draft to be returned, as by not replying to the notification he leaves it to be understood that the draft will be cared for. It is, however, in these very cases that we hear the most complaints of dishonoring. These delinquents may think that by putting the city merchant to such trouble and annoyance they gain time by allowing the drafts to be returned, but they should pause to consider what a serious reflection they permit to be cast upon their business reputation through the prosecution of such nefarious methods, and the injury that their credit receives thereby.

A large number of merchants in this city—chiefly retail grocers—have signed an agreement to close their places of business at 8 p. m., except on Friday and Saturday evenings, during the winter. We are glad to hail any amelioration of the condition of clerks in retail establishments, because we believe that as a rule they are called upon to give more time to the shop than is good for them or beneficial to their employers. Still we desire to point out one or two fallacies in the proposal for "shorter hours." In the first place very few retailers, even those whose names are appended, do business enough to pay for the lights after 8 p. m. Thus the boon is more to the employers than to the employees. Second, if the clerk does not leave the shop before eight the rest of the evening is of no practical use to him. He must go home, change his clothes, perhaps take his supper, and it will be nine or after before he is really at liberty to go where he pleases. The evening is therefore half-worn out before he can take advantage of it. If anything beneficial is to be done in this line, gentlemen, make your hour of closing 6 instead of 8.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW OF HENRY CLEWS & Co., New York, January 2, 1892.—The year 1892 opens with promising material prospects for the United States, and yet with some legacies of misfortune from 1891 which are calculated to qualify our hopes.

If the past year has been one of unprecedented harvests and, as such, has conferred inestimable benefits upon our long depressed agricultural interest, it has also been one of check, reaction and dullness to most of our manufacturing industries. Constituting as we do an inseparable part of the community of nations, it has been impossible for us to escape the effects of the European reaction that set in with the crash of the Barings. That great failure was but the culmination, in the case of a single house, of a system of wild adventure and loose financing which had infected every money centre of the Old World, and had brought Europe to the verge of a financial upheaval exceeding in gravity anything in the world's previous experience. The Bank of England's guaranteeing the estate of the Barings, not to save and perpetuate the house, but to avert the universal crash which its unchecked downfall would involve, and the borrowing of large sums by that Bank from the Bank of France, tells more emphatically than can any words how deep was the chasm on which British finance verged at that moment. And the situation that threatened London, subsequent events have proved, was duplicated in the case of Paris, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and almost every other European capital.

The culmination showed that the financiers of every nation had, for ten to fifteen years, been employed in launching enterprises the world over, which were not only grossly inflated in their capitalization, but also devoid of any sound basis of permanent self-support. In this way, the capitalist forces had become pledged to an extent that made it impossible to satisfy the demands of legitimate business under a period of pressure, and hence there was, on every money market of Europe, a sudden precipitation of doubtful or rotten securities for realization. The consequence of this has been a decline of 40 to 50 per cent in the market value of most of the corporate issues put out within the last ten years.

So far as respects the prospects arising from purely domestic conditions, they are almost without exception favorable to the value of stocks. The abundant crops can hardly fail to produce a better state of general trade than existed through 1891. The earnings of the railroads, net as well as gross, afford promise of surpassing all precedent. The flush condition of the bank reserves, the promise of a further considerable return of gold from Europe, and the continued issue of over \$4,500,000 of silver currency per month, have a combined tendency to produce an abundance of money and low rates of interest; which would strongly favor an improvement in the market value of stocks and bonds alike, and conduce to activity in speculation."

DRY GOODS.—The continued mild weather is having a very depressing

effect upon business in retail circles, and this naturally re-acts in feeling on retail houses. The state of the dry goods trade here is such that it looks as if very large stocks of both fall and winter goods will have to be carried over. Dry goods men and clothiers are complaining of the want of activity in winter goods, and woollen manufacturers report that samples of next fall and winter materials are not receiving much attention, as such heavy stocks will be carried over from this year.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—No change can be noted at present in the iron market. Warrants remain as they were, but prices are merely nominal in the absence of any movement. Tin, terno and Canada plates are quiet and nothing has transpired in them.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local flour market is dull, being confined to a slow jobbing trade to supply actual consumptive demands. In England the market has been listless and devoid of interest. The impression there is evidently that the supplies in sight and speedily coming forward will furnish more than is at all likely to be needed before the crop of 1892 begins to come forward and form a factor in the market. The effect of the Czar's ukase prohibiting the export of grain from his empire has not affected values in Europe or in any other part of the world. It was, perhaps, a wise measure for him to take looking to the welfare of his own subjects who had the misfortune to have very deficient grain crops last summer, and who will need all that they have raised and probably more to pull them through till the crop of 1892 is harvested. In Chicago but little movement has been observable. Dull cables have caused speculation to languish, and the constantly augmenting quantities of cereals that are going into elevators and other places of storage do not tend to make trade lively. Nominally prices are not changed, but the disposition to shade, especially in dealing with large lots, is very evident.

PROVISIONS.—The local provision market is quiet, but steady. Enquiry is slight and supplies are ample for all requirements. No volume of business can be expected to be transacted till more wintry weather is experienced so as to permit lumbering operations to be entered upon. Western short cut pork is drooping and concessions would be given in the case of an offer to do business. Lard is firm though but little is doing in it. A moderately fair business is doing in smoked meats, some sales of jobbing lots of city cured hams being reported at firm figures. Receipts of dressed hogs continue to be smaller than is usual at this season and the enquiry for them is almost nil. In England pork has made a slight advance and lard has gained 2d. to 2½d. Smoked meats there are quiet but firm. In Chicago the market may be described as a waiting one. Holders and buyers are apart in their views, while neither shows any anxiety to trade, and therefore business in this line is quiet though quotations appear to be unchanged.

BUTTER.—In this market butter still rules high. A few small parcels of Canadian are arriving and are jobbing at 19c. to 20c. The stock of inferior grades here is very small and none of country make is in receipt, though good, fresh butter of winter make would bring 20c. to 22c. readily. In Montreal a report says:—"There has been some enquiry for export account and we learn of several lots being placed. There are, however, quite a number of unfilled orders owing to holders' ideas being above the export basis. Shippers say that their limits will not permit them to pay over 24c. and business, it is said, has been put through at 23½ to 24c. in dairy butter. Eastern townships has been placed all the way from 18c. to 21c. There is a fair enquiry for western at 16c. to 16½c. for English account, but holders want fully 1c. more." A London letter says:—"Butter arrives in small quantity and prices therefore keep firm, strength being also imported to the market by the fact that reasonable though fine weather has now set in decidedly, fresh being our constant attendant during the past few days. Prices, however, have not been put up of Continental, the Australian heavy arrivals rather frightening agents here. These consignments still come in large quantity and maintain their quality, and buyers are eager for them, rates all the way from 100s (for very poor) to 126s, and occasionally 128s (for very prime stuff) being freely paid. Canadian is in good demand and sells up to 120s for creameries. The New Zealand butter to arrive on Monday is already half sold, said to be in the region of above quotations."

CHEESE.—The cheese situation in the local market is unchanged. Supply and demand continue to be very evenly balanced, there being neither scarcity nor overplus. We quote July and August makes at 11c. to 11½c., and September and October at 11½c. to 12c. In Montreal "no change of any importance can be reported this week nor is any expected at present. England is still bidding pretty well up to prices here, and it is thought that considerable business will be done shortly. It is now evident that England is shorter of the home make than was suspected and hence the high prices that have been paid for finest English goods. On this side it is generally considered that there is much less to go forward than at this time last year." A London correspondent writes:—"The market for English and Dutch cheese is firmer, with steady to advancing prices. For American and Canadian the market is very firm, especially for medium priced, the stocks of which are getting into very small compass, and holders are asking prices shillings higher. Messrs. Kearsly & Tonge quote this week 59s for September Canadian, pale or coloured, and 56s for second quality. American from 44s to 50s."

EGGS.—In this market there is now a plentiful stock of eggs, but they are dull of sale and have a downward tendency in consequence. We quote good fresh eggs at 20c. to 21c. and limered at 17c. to 18c. A Montreal report says:—"The egg market is in much better shape than it was about ten days ago when it received a black eye. Choicest lots of Montreal limered eggs have sold to dealers at 15c. to 16c. and in small lots to grocers at 16c. to 16½c. There is still an export demand and shipments from this city are going forward this week and next." A London letter reports:—"Eggs have been rather quiet this week in consequence of increased supply, and prices are down 3d. to 1s. according to selection. In Liverpool, rates have

also weakened, owing to the large supply of Canadians, many of the heavy arrivals of last week (three thousand cases) being left over for sale this. Still rates are good, ranging up to 10s. 6d. Two things I wish to warn my Canadian friends in the egg trade about. One they can remedy themselves, the other they must see is remedied here. Some exporters are sending poor, mixed, pickled and frosh and this has a prejudicial effect on all sales put through. It will spoil the trade if persisted in as is evidenced by the fact that lower quotations are made for some brands known to be so put up. The other grievance is the ruinous carelessness of carriers. Mr. McGuinness writes me from Liverpool, that while on the quay seeing to the landing of his own consignments he observed a parcel of eggs badly broken, judging by the amount of yolk running on to the floor from the crates. These were ex Lake Winnipeg. He truly says that if the carriers are not more careful they have a right to lose freight, and these goods require careful handling. The steamship people ought certainly to be responsible to the owner for this wanton damage through gross carelessness."

APPLES.—Business here during the past week has been very quiet, and what little has passed has been merely to supply the actual consumptive demand. Shipments abroad from this province continue to be large, but there is very much still held in reserve that will be gradually forwarded through the winter as the foreign demand warrants. Prices remain about the same, ranging from \$2.50 to \$3 per barrel for choice hand culled and well packed fruit. In a report from London we read:—"Xmas time generally brings with it a change of opinion regarding fruits, and the run is on oranges. In face of the great demand for these, the apple trade is slower and prices inclined to be lower. They keep up however, fairly well, and sales this week show fair results. At auction on Thursday Keeling & Hunt sold 1,398 bbls. Canadian ex Inchgarro and 1,217 Nova Scotian ex Uluoda, at prices ranging up to 24s per bbl. Black Baldwins, Spios, Russotts and Red Baldwins were at the top, 22s being given for one lot of Black Wagner and 24s per bbl. for 8 bbls. of Fallawater, sundry brands ranging down to 8s. Some Nova Scotians were very poor, and 5s was the figure reached for numerous lots under the hammer. In Liverpool prices keep up, though receipts for season total over half a million barrels, some selections even having advanced, Baldwins and Greenings being most in favour."

DRIED FRUIT.—There is no movement in dried fruit in a wholesale way, retailers having got in sufficient supplies to cover all present requirements. Consequently there is nothing to mention and nothing of change in values.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.—Both local and foreign markets are very quiet after the holidays and the situation as well as prices remain unchanged.

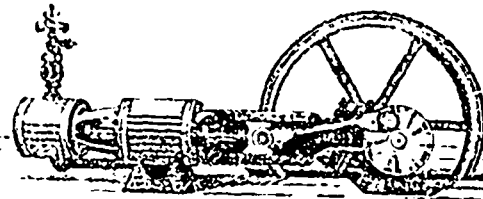
TEA AND COFFEE.—The tea business is quiet in all lines and is not likely to show any marked improvement until after the holiday quietness is past. English markets are also affected from the same cause and there is little to report anyway. The prices of coffee are keeping up steadily and the general position is strong. The receipts at New York have been very large but they have all been absorbed. Mild coffees, particularly, are scarce and, herefore, stiff and are quite likely to remain so for a time at least.

FISH.—There is nothing new to note regarding fish. Herring are said to be plentiful on the Newfoundland coasts, but as our vessels are prohibited from catching them, they are hard to obtain for use as bait, and consequently our deep sea fisheries cannot be prosecuted as usual. If the squabble between Canada and "ye ancient colonie" could be adjusted on this point at least it would greatly benefit our people who make their livelihood by toiling in deep waters. The home demand is slow and unprofitable, and foreign fields are not in a condition to be inviting to exporters. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, Jan. 6—"Prices of pickled fish are steady with a fair amount of business. We quote Green cod \$5.50 to \$5.75 per bbl. for No. 1 and \$6.75 for large. Dry cod \$5.25 to \$5.50. Newfoundland salmon \$19 to \$22 in tierces for No. 1, 2 and 3, and \$14 in bbls. There is no change to note in smoked fish this week, and prices remain the same as last week. Yarmouth bloaters \$1.25 to \$2 per 100; St. John bloaters \$1.25; boneless cod, large boxes, 6c.; do. small boxes 7c. Values of oysters are a little easier, choice hand-picked Malpeques being worth \$4.50 to \$5. The holidays have put fresh fish into the background for the present, poultry and meat being in greater demand. Prices are unchanged. We quote: Fresh haddock and cod 3c to 4c. per lb.; lake trout 6c. to 7c." Gloucester, Mass., Jan. 6—"There is little worthy of note in the local market. Receipts are small and movements light, but no smaller or lighter than is usual at this date, while prices are far in advance of the last new year's quotations, when prime large Georges cod were selling at \$6 per qtl.; Bank at \$5; Shore at \$5.50; dry Bank \$5.75; cusk \$4; haddock \$3; hake and American pollock \$2.25 per qtl. We quote as follows: Frozen herring \$3.50 per cwt.; herring bait from cold storage \$3.50 per cwt.; fare sales of Georges cod \$5 and \$3.75; fare sale of fresh mixed fish \$1.90 for cusk, \$1.20 for hake, \$1.50 for pollock, and \$3.25 for cod; bank halibut 15 and 12 cts. per lb. for white and gray; salt spurling bait for haddock fishermen \$2.50 per bbl.; salt herring \$3 per bbl. in bulk. Mackerel, jobbing: Small 3's \$8.50 and \$9; medium 3's \$10.50 and \$11; large 3's \$14; medium 2's \$13 and \$14; large 2's \$17 and \$18; bay 1's \$21; shore 1's \$24; extra shore 1's \$26; extra bloaters \$30; New Georges codfish at \$7.50 per qtl. for large, and small at \$5.50; Bank \$6.75 to \$7.25 for large and \$4.50 to \$5 for small; Shore \$7.25 and \$5.25 for large and small; dry Bank \$7.25, medium \$5.50; cured cusk at \$5.50 per qtl.; hake \$3; haddock \$4.13 to \$4.50; heavy salted pollock \$3, and English-cured do. \$3.75 per qtl. Labrador herring \$6 per bbl.; Newfoundland do. \$7; Nova Scotia do. \$7; Eastport \$3.50; split Shore \$4; round do. \$4.50; round Eastport \$4; pickled codfish \$5; haddock \$3.50; halibut heads \$3.50; sounds \$13; tongues and sounds \$12; tongues \$11; alovives \$3.50; trout \$14; Halifax salmon \$23; Newfoundland do. \$16."

HOW TO TREAT A COLD.

Don't stuff a cold as the old adage advises; if you do, you will have a fever to starve. A genuine cold is a shock received by the many million nerves which approach near the surface of a human body, and which control the nearly seven million pores of the skin. This shock closes the pores of the skin, is transmitted to the nerve centers and back to the mucous membranes, forcing a great amount of blood to those membranes, creating more or less irritation, and consequent fever, inflammation, dryness, then watery discharge and catarrh. The shock may have its cause from a chill, from improper eating, a nervous fright, and various other causes, which irritate the nerves of the skin and mucous membranes of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes. Excess of food in the stomach still more clogs the system and pores of the skin, so that effete matter, which should be carried off by the natural courses, is retained, which is ample reason for not stuffing a cold. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure." When slight hoarseness or tightening of the nasal membranes warns one of a skin exposure or chill, from whatever cause, act promptly; delays are dangerous; with children it may mean croup and strangulation; with adults, catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected, nothing can prevent the sneezing, red nose, and woe-begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mothers would as soon go to bed without matches in the house, as without that old-fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand for colds and croupy children. Used with a mild laxative, as described on the wrappers, or in a pamphlet, which I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to anyone, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure a cold quicker than any known remedy. A mild nutritious diet, a gentle physio to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold.

COMPOUND CONDENSING ENGINE, for Mining, etc.



HOISTING PLANTS, GOLD MINING & MILL MACHINERY. Write for Prices.

W.W. Howell & Co. 121 to 123 LOWER WATER ST

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES.

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

GROCERIES.		BREADSTUFFS
SUGARS.		Breadstuffs remain much the same, although wheat in Chicago has advanced.
Cut Leaf.....	5 3/4	We don't look for much change until the latter part of the month. We don't change our quotations this week.
Granulated.....	4 3/4 to 4 1/2	FLOUR
Circle A.....	4 1/2	Manitoba Highest Grade Patent..... 5.75 to 6.00
White Extra C.....	4 1/4	High Grade Patent..... 5.10 to 5.20
Standard.....	3 3/4 to 3 1/2	Good 90 per cent. Patent..... 4.90 to 5.00
Extra Yellow C.....	3 3/4	Straight Grade..... 4.80
Yellow C.....	3 1/2	Good Seconds..... 4.40
TEA.		Graham Flour..... 5.00
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19	Oatmeal..... 4.75
" Fair.....	20 to 22	" Rolled..... 4.45
" Good.....	25 to 29	Kiln Dried Cornmeal..... 3.40
" Choice.....	31 to 33	" In Bond..... 3.20
" Extra Choice.....	35 to 36	Roll'd Wheat..... 5.55
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39	Wheat Bran, per ton..... 20.00 to 21.00
MOLASSES.		Midulings..... 23.50
Barbadoes.....	35	Sherts..... 22.50
Demerara.....	35 to 38	Cracked Corn " including bags..... 35.00
Diamond N.....	48	Grown Oil Cake, per ton..... \$6.00 to \$8.00
Porto Rico.....	34 to 35	Moulce..... 24.00 to 28.00
Cienfuegos.....	none	Salt Peas..... 4.10
Trinidad.....	32 1/2 to 38	White Beans, per bushel..... 1.50 to 1.65
Antigua.....	33 to 34	Pot Bayley, per barrel..... 3.90 to 4.50
Tobacco, Black.....	45 to 47	Canadian Oats, choice quality, new..... 43 to 45
" Bright.....	47 to 65	P. E. Island Oats..... 41 to 45
BISCUITS.		
Pilot Bread.....	8.00	
Boston and This Family.....	6 1/2	
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	5 1/2	
Fancy.....	8 to 15	

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Apples, per bbl., N. S.....	2.00 to 3.00
Oranges, Jamaica, bris.....	7.00 to 7.50
Lemons, per case.....	6.50
Coconuts, new per 100.....	5.00
Cocos Am. per lb.....	2 to 2.50
" Canadian.....	2 1/2 to 3
Dates boxes, new.....	5 1/2 to 6
Raisins, Valencia, new.....	6 1/2 to 7
Figs, Elme, 5 lb boxes per lb., new.....	16 to 11
" small boxes.....	9 to 10
Prunes, Stewing, boxes.....	7
Bananas.....	1.50 to 2.00
Cranberries, per bbl.....	8.50

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

FISH.

	Ex Vessel.	Ex Store
MACKEREL—		
Extras.....	19.00	
No. 1.....	16.50	
" 2 large.....	11.50	
" 2.....	10.00	
" 3 large, Reamed.....	7.50	
" 3, Reamed.....	6.25	
" 3 large, Plain.....	6.00	
" 3 Plain.....	5.00	
Small.....	4.75	
HERRING.		
No. 1 C. B. July.....	5.00	5.50
" 1 Fall Split.....	3.50	
" 1 Fall Round.....	3.00	
" 1 Labrador.....	6.75	6.25
" 1 Georges Bay.....	2.20	2.25
" 1 Bay of Islands.....	3.00	3.00
ALWIVES, No. 1.....	4.25	
SALMON.		
No. 1, # brl.....	14.00	16.00
No. 2, # brl.....	12.00	14.00
" 3, # brl.....	10.00	13.00
Small.....		
CODFISH.		
Hard C. B.....	4.25	4.75
Western Shore.....	3.75	
Bank.....	4.50	5.00
Bay.....	4.00	4.50
Newfoundland.....	3.70	none
Haddock.....	3.25	3.75
Banks & Western.....	3.25	3.75
Hake.....	2.50	3.00 to 3.25
Pollock.....		4.00
Hake Sotmus, per lb.....	12 1/2	
Cod Oil per gal.....	29	32c.

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

PROVISIONS.

cef. Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	11.50 to 15.00
" Am. Plate.....	18.00 to 18.00
" Ex. Plate.....	15.00 to 16.50
Pork, Mess, American.....	15.00 to 15.50
" American, clear.....	17.50 to 18.00
" P. E. I. Mess.....	15.00 to 15.50
" P. E. I. This Mess.....	14.00 to 14.50
" Prime Mess.....	11.50 to 12.50
Eard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island.....	10 to 11
" American.....	9
Hams, P. E. I., green.....	9

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	2
" " in Small Tubs.....	25
" Good, in large tubs, new.....	17 to 12
Store Packed & oversalted.....	12
Canadian Township, new.....	20 to 22
" Western.....	18
" " old.....	11
Cheese, Canadian.....	11
" Antigonish.....	11 1/2

SALT.

Factory Filled.....	\$1.50
Fine Liverpool, bag, from store.....	60
Liverpool, # hhd.....	1.25
" " Afloat.....	
Capiz.....	none
Turks Island.....	none
Lisbon.....	none
Coarse W. I.....	none
Trapan.....	4.00
" Afloat.....	none

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

(Concluded.)

When I asked for him next morning I was told he had gone to Nice for a day or two. Mrs. Macallister, I knew, was in bed with a very bad cold, and so could not be approached. There was nothing left but to apply to Amy herself. And I don't think Gibbon ever felt the absurdity of his position as much as I did.

"You can never be mine, then lend me ten pounds. You have refused my offer, please advance my travelling expenses." That was how my request seemed to sound.

But there was no help for it, and when I saw Amy and Miss Macallister strolling down the Casino garden, I asked if I might accompany them. Amy appeared surprised to see me.

"You are not gone, Mr. Calthrop," she said. "I thought you left last night. I was afraid you had run off without wishing me good-bye."

After a little while they returned to the hotel for lunch, and I joined them at the meal. I tried to appear cheerful, talked and joked, or attempted jokes. I felt that I was overdoing my part. I took the first opportunity, and begged for an interview—just a few minutes. Amy looked a little surprised, perhaps displeased, but she didn't refuse. There was a lovely flush on her face as she came into the empty billiard-room. My own cheeks were blazing, I fancy, as I explained my position.

"I am afraid I spent a good deal in Florence," I said feebly as I finished.

"Florence?" she said. "I didn't know you had been there."

"I went there," I said, "to find you."

This intelligence seemed to strike her.

"Oh," she said softly, "I am so sorry, so very sorry. I thought our meeting here was quite accidental. I am afraid I have been very thoughtless—"

She looked fixedly at the green cloth.

"Of course I shall lead you the money with pleasure. Will twenty pounds be enough?"

I accepted ten pounds, murmured something about speedy repayment. Then I said good-bye, and named the train I should leave by.

"We will come to the station to see you off," Amy said.

As a matter of fact we went down from the hotel together—all three of us. I was wondering all the time if Miss Macallister knew of my predicament and how I got out of it. We got to the station before the time. I talked chiefly to Miss Macallister, who said she was awfully sorry I was going.

When the train came in and I had taken my place, she left us.

"I am going to get you some papers," she said.

Left alone with Amy, I could think of nothing better to say than "I will return the money as soon as I can."

"Oh, don't," she said quickly—"don't send it by post; it might be lost. Bring it to me; myself when I am back in London. That will be in May, you know."

"I hope you will enjoy your stay abroad," I said lugubriously.

The dimple in her cheek betrayed a rising smile.

"Do you know, Mr. Calthrop," she said, "when you wanted to see me this afternoon I was quite frightened. I thought you were going to ask me to—reconsider my determination, you know."

"Ah," I said, "men do that sometimes, don't they?"

"I believe so," she said. "Not generally the next day, but in five or six months' time."

The train began to move off. Miss Macallister came up with some papers and a novel, and threw them in at the window.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Au revoir," said Amy.

"I don't think either of them heard what I shouted."

"And did you take the money back yourself?" I asked.

Calthrop got up from his chair and looked at me, smiling.

"The name was not Amy, you remember," he said; "it was Helen."

"Oh!" I said. "Then it was Mrs. Calthrop—"

The lady I named came into the room.

"Are you gentlemen never coming into the drawing-room?" she asked.

"What is keeping you so long?"

Calthrop looked grumpy.

"My dear," he said after a little while, "I have been telling Montague about the ten pounds you lent me once."

Mrs. Calthrop turned to me.

"Did you never hear that story before?" she asked. "My husband is always telling it; and I believe he embellishes it more and more every time."

THE GOSPEL TO THE CRITTERS.

By Ella J. Hunter, in the Portland Transcript.

"Jeremiah! Brother Jeremiah!" rang out Susan's clear, decisive tones. There was no answer. Jeremiah sat on the barn door-sill and meditated. Susan stood in the front porch, shading her eyes with her hand, as she looked up and down the green meadows of the farm. She called again, with a more persuasive accent, "Jeremiah."

Still no response. Gathering her scant skirts close about her, she took the footpath through the glistening pasture to the lower lot. If Jeremiah was not within call, he was certainly there, puttering with the young

lamb. The sun shone hot on her bald, uncovered head. She tied her handkerchief over it, gypsy fashion.

Jeremiah watched her furtively, his wizened old face lit up with silent glee. She was well down the meadow path before he dared breathe naturally. It was a great achievement for him to have got ahead of Susan. He was weak of mind, at least this was his sister's opinion, and she treated him accordingly. She was well round the turn by the brook before he spoke. He was not going to shorten his triumph by any rashness.

"She meant Baptist meeting," he ejaculated. "I knowed it by her voice. It sounded kind o' flinty, like it does when she holds forth on the ternal condemnation she takes such comfort out on. I aint er goin' to their blamed meetin's! I aint er goin' to hear the new preacher. I aint er goin' to the revival! I aint er goin' to the Baptisms!"

These were bold words, but he added quaveringly the plaintive after thought, "If Susan'll let me stay home. She's been powerful quiet, has Susan fur weeks, till she took at me agin this mornin', an' it must mean somethin'. She's been a tryin' ter make a Baptist out on me this forty year, an' she aint discouraged yet. But I won't, no I won't."

Jeremiah gazed at the distant landscape. He shook all over with a nervous tremor.

"There ain't no call for me to be dipped. I'd come up jus' the same sinful critter—same way that Susan's head is all bald under that kerchief. It don't make her head any different, 'tonly looks so. I'd be a-lyin' an' a-cussin', an' a-swearin' just as usual, an' a-bringin' condemnation on the church. I aint er goin' to get in no such fix."

Jeremiah lived in a small world. For him, Susan represented public opinion. In her eyes his mild deceits were lying, his repertoire of ternal, blamed and confounded, unpardonable blasphemy, while his lurking desire for something stronger than the yarb tea she bade him drink, was, to her, the sign and seal of Satan's dominion over him.

Susan was not unkindly. She was merely unflinchingly conscientious. It weighed on her mind that Jeremiah had not made a "profession." She had reasoned and expostulated with him in vain. The old minister and the deacons had wasted their breath in argument. Jeremiah baffled them all. The dull, vacant look which was his natural expression was his shield. It proved to the elders of the church that he was not wholly responsible. It puzzled even Susan, but it did not dishearten her.

Years ago, she had overheard Jeremiah soliloquizing on the subject of Baptism. He was a clever mimic. He repeated the arguments given him word for word. He reproduced the preacher's stutter and the deacon's snuffle. Then he gave, in his own voice, far-away rambling replies, chuckling derisively as he did so. He spoke so like Susan that she touched her lips wondering. She doubted the evidence of her senses. Since then, with good reason, she was suspicious of Jeremiah. He was weak-minded, certain—she had believed that too long to detect its fallacy—but he was not without intellect. She was more severe with him after that—she was confident he was personally responsible.

She was coming back now. Jeremiah watched her apprehensively. His clothes seemed suddenly to become much too large for him. He shivered away down into his boots. Susan came straight towards him. "Jeremiah," she said reproachfully.

Jeremiah opened his eyes. "Is that you, Susan," he said, as in a dazed, half-awake stupor.

Susan's eyes met his sternly, but this child-like awakening from slumber disarmed her. A tiny motherless lamb thrust its woolly head into the pocket of his homespun coat. Jeremiah's early visit to the lower lot must have tired him. She was always anxious about his health.

"Jeremiah, I've been a-calling you, an' been way down to the fold after you," she said.

Jeremiah shifted his eyes uneasily. "Strange now, I didn't notice you a-calling," he faltered.

"I want the double team fur meetin' this evenin'," continued Susan, unsuspectingly, "an' I don't want to hear no excuse about the horses bein' lame, neither."

"Certainly, you shall have 'em, sister. Danno but I'll drive in myself as fur as the tavern. Maybe the folks there'll want butter."

Susan's eyes flashed. "Jeremiah, at your age, a-hankerin' after that low-lived tavern. You'd much better be thinkin' of other things—"

"Your blamed, ternal condemnation, fur instance," quoth Jeremiah shortly.

Susan's lip trembled, but she kept back the reproof resolutely as she turned to the house.

The little old man groaned aloud. Susan turned, half-relenting, only to be greeted with a jeering shout of "run along, sister, afore your shoes wear out." Then she sped as if pursued by a demon, Again Jeremiah groaned—a real heartfelt groan. "It ain't noontide yet, an' I've swore an' I've lied, an' I've sassed Susan. Lor', I don't mean ter be so wicked—somehow it does itself."

His penitence, though genuine, was but of a meagre sort, for he was of a sceptical turn of mind. The little he knew of religion he had gathered at compulsively attended meetings. He humbly went about his work. He laid the lamb in its basket tenderly. He was gentle with all dumb creatures. The mare whinnied gratefully as he shook down her hay, and allowed him to stroke her black foal. The wide brown eyes of the brindled cow were full of sympathy for him. It pleased Jeremiah that the cow would not allow Susan to milk her. He had an odd conceit about the animal, and sometimes boasted that "the brindle wa'n't no Baptist." The young calf caught at his finger and sucked it. Jeremiah begged a little milk of the brindle. He carried it up to the hay-loft in a flower-pot saucer. The proud mother cat came purring to meet him. There were five wee, blind kittens in the hay nest. She lapped up the milk gratefully.

"Now, puss, don't you be a bringin' your kittens down till they're spry-legged an' kin look after themselves," admonished Jeremiah, "else Susan'll be holdin' out about drownin'—an' her 'arnal condemnation," he added. The cat blinked knowingly. She had brought up more than one family in secrecy with the aid of this friend.

Jeremiah was happy in the barn, but when he approached the house he laid his happiness away like an appropriate garment. There was but one thing there that he loved, a poor print of the Madonna and Child he had found in some stray magazine. It was pinned on the wall at the foot of his bed. Susan did not recognize it as an emblem of Rome and she allowed it to remain there. It was not beautiful to her—the margin was fly-specked. The young life on the farm kindled no flame of yearning in her breast. Through some perversity of nature, the warm motherly heart which should have been her dower had fallen to the brother's share.

They said little to one another through the day. After the early supper Jeremiah brought the double team to the door. Susan believed in combining prudence with piety. The back seat of the waggon was taken up by a long shallow basket, in which were many fresh-smelling butter-pats. They were stamped with a conventional pattern, (Susan would have abhorred a "strawberry print.") Jeremiah was to distribute these while Susan went to meeting.

"Can I trust you not to go to the tavern," she said, as she alighted on the schoolhouse steps.

Jeremiah flicked an imaginary fly off the horse's back. "Why, Susan, certingly, I'm real anxious to come to-night, I'd just as live stay now."

Nevertheless he chiuipped to the horse and was soon around the corner. Susan was much gratified. He had never expressed desire to attend before. She spoke of this hopeful sign to the new preacher. He made it the theme of the evening in his prayer for the prodigal. Everyone knew to whom he referred. The young preacher was disheartened. It was a stiff, rheumatic gathering. His efforts to arouse them produced only a galvanic action. There were a few young people there. They had come curiously wondering what a revival would be like. There had been no revival in the village for a score of years.

Meanwhile Jeremiah drove his waggon from door to door. Then with out hesitating, he drove out the road to the tavern. He drank only a mug of hot cider, but it warmed and quickened his slow blood. At last he turned to the meeting. He would quietly take the seat by the door and wait until it was over. He set his lips together tightly. Once he had laughed out in meeting at some inappropriate remark, and he was in mortal dread of repeating the error.

As he entered the little schoolhouse, the preacher started the well-known hymn "O prodigal child, come home, O come home."

Again, as in the morning, Jeremiah shrank back in his clothes. He noticed many curious eyes fixed on him. The five-minute prayers were full of petitions for the prodigal, but the old man did not wince. At last Susan rose and requested the prayers of the meeting for Jeremiah Boggs, who was woefully afflicted of the devil, and was under eternal condemnation.

Jeremiah's gray eyes flashed as he rose to his feet. He seemed to fill out his clothes again. He threw back his head determinedly.

"Preacher an' friends," he quavered, "I aint never spoke in meetin' afore, but I must say somethin' now afore you waste your prayers on a wicked old sinner like me. I don't deny that I'm a swearin' an' a lyin' an' a drinkin' old sinner, an' I don't deny that I haint no confidence in your 'arnal condemnation—but I hev my reasons, friends, I hev my reasons. I aint made like the rest of you, friends. I aint got any sort o' hankerin' fur your 'arnal condemnation, an' I believe ud give me delirium tremens a sight quicker'n spendin' my evenin'g in yonder tavern. An' I have my objections to you, friends, the hull lot of you."

Jeremiah leaned forward impressively. He brilled with the courage of his convictions.

"There aint no love among you for horses an' cows, an' hens, an' all the poor dumb critters, let alone the speakin' ones. You don't seem to sense what you was given kindly feelin's for an' the man that'll work his horses fur six days in the week, and then harness up to bring the hull family to meetin' on Sunday, aint er going to pray for me. No more is the man who can leave his cows a lowing and a suffering to be milked, while he gads about ter babbisms and fellership meetings. Your Providence won't milk the cows and the beasts will suffer. No, I aint a going to have that man a praying fur me. And as fur the woman who can say to her boy—choose the partiest of that batch of kittens and drown the rest, (so teaching him to be a murderer) why, I aint er going to have her a praying fur me nuther. It's a most equal to eternal condemnation just to think on. No, I'm a wicked old sinner, but I'd rather be what I am than one of the deacons that kicked the dog out er church last Sacrament Sunday. If there was anything pitiful and loving about your religion I could believe it, but when I see this Heavenly love you talk of, a drying up every natural feeling, it makes me think that the stiddy love the poor beasts give us is more nourishing."

There was a long pause. Jeremiah's words had touched many hearts. There were tears even in Susan's hard, gray eyes.

Then the preacher rose. "Friends," he said gently, "we have much to think of to-night. God willing, there is going to be a revival here, and brother Jeremiah will be our leader to guide us into the paths of kindly earthly love we have strayed from." Then he prayed, dwelling chiefly on the mercy and love of Christ towards his people.

Jeremiah listened attentively. This was new gospel to him. The closing hymn was "The Ninety and Nine." There were many smothered sobs as the voices rang out the old story of the lost sheep on the mountain. Jeremiah remained standing when the others were seated. His old face was touched with an unspeakable glory.

"O Lord," he said simply, "if Thou'll care fur me as tenderly as I'd care fur a poor lost sheep, I will come ter Thee. I never heard, Lord, that Thou cared fur the dumb critters or I'd a come before."

There was joy in that little earthly congregation over the one sinner that repented, and who will doubt that there was joy also among the angels.

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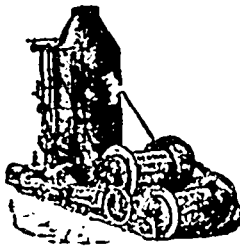
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MINING.

To the Editor of the Critic: DEAR SIR.—I noticed a letter in the *Canadian Mining and Mechanical Review* for December, 1891, headed "Nova Scotia Gold Fields," by G. F. Monckton, Esq. There is one point in the article in question which I should like to make some remarks on, if it will not encroach too much on your space. Mr. Monckton says, in the course of his remarks:—"These tributors will comprise a few working miners, a storekeeper who pays his calls in provisions and supplies at a modest three hundred per cent profit, and perhaps a small capitalist who pays in £10 or £20." Now, in the course of a thirty years' experience as a storekeeper in different mining camps, I have never heard of anyone charging three hundred per cent profit on his goods. It is possible that Mr. Monckton meant thirty per cent, and by some typographical error it expanded into three hundred per cent. Even if that were the case, I consider that he has been guilty of a tremendous exaggeration. We mining storekeepers have to charge high prices on our goods, that I freely admit; but as a rule, we are doing business in some out of the way place, and we depend entirely upon the honesty of the workmen to pay us when they get their month's wages. As a rule it pays us better to keep clear of tribute and prospecting companies, even if we paid the men a trifle to deal somewhere else. If the men do happen to strike anything good they usually behave like men, and pay up any back bills they may have on our books; but should they have bad luck, and get nothing, it is apt to go very hard with the merchant. It takes a man on day's wages a long time to recoup himself for two or three months lost time, and if he has a family to provide for it will take him a year to clear himself. I was sorry to notice this error in Mr. Monckton's otherwise accurate and well-written article. It is calculated to give the British public a very bad opinion of the class to which I belong. Believe me, yours truly,
STOREKEEPER.

OLDHAM GOLD DISTRICT.—Several New England capitalists, under the name of the "Rhode Island Mining Company," have purchased a gold mining property at Oldham, N. S., from T. B. and Henry Donaldson, of Enfield, and intend commencing operations thereon next week. A good figure was paid for the property and it has all appearances of being very valuable, being on the range and quite near the celebrated "McDonald" mine now owned by J. E. Hariman, et al. The new company consists of C. R. Day, of Millville, Mass., President and Treasurer, and three other capitalists of Providence, Rhode Island. Norman Logan, of Milford, N. S., is manager in this Province and also a shareholder. Mr. Day is interested in a Banking firm of Providence, R. I., conducts a large ice business in Boston and has a general store at Millville. He paid two hurried visits to this Province and inspected the property before purchasing. The company was organized through Mr. D. Logan, of Woonsocket, R. I., of the firm of Logan & Sproull, Manufacturers. Mr. Logan is a native of Elmsdale, N. S., but has been in business in the States for the last ten years. The company intend fully developing the property and will spare no expense in this direction.

MOLEGA ITEMS.—We are pleased to state the famous Rabbit Lead, on the Malaga Co's mine, is turning out as usual. Long may it run.

Mr. F. K. Ballou, Manager Boston Co's mine, is spending the holidays with his family in Boston. This company has several air drills working in their mine, which are giving entire satisfaction.

Mr. Chas. McLeod, who has been on the sick list for several weeks, is improving. We are pleased to say he is meeting with the usual results on the Fiske Block.

Mr. C. McClair and others are still working on their tribute.

NORTH BROOKFIELD.—The Brookfield mine is running so smoothly and quietly that we hardly know it is going. Men all steady; no disorder anywhere. About ten car loads of quartz are being crushed per day. Mr. Kenty seems to be one of the few who thoroughly understands managing a gold mine, and the result will no doubt be satisfactory to all concerned.

The West Mine at Whiteburn resumed operations on Monday. Tributors on the Whiteburn Mining Co.'s property resumed operations, we learn, on Wednesday last.

BRIDGEWATER ITEMS.—Manager Partington, of the Whiteburn mines, deposited a 25-ounce brick of gold with the Merchants Bank last week.

F. W. Ballou, of the Boston Gold Mining Co., Molega, deposited a good sized brick of gold with the Halifax Banking Co. last week.

Last Thursday Manager Wade, of the Molega Mines, deposited a 173 ounce brick of gold with the Merchants Bank.—*Gold Hunter.*

The discovery of a valuable deposit of paint is reported from the north-west Miramichi, about 20 miles from Newcastle. It is 96 per cent. pure oxide of iron, and Mr. Brunnell, of the Dominion geological survey, who recently examined these deposits, says there is nothing like them known to scientists. The paint is of the consistency of putty and is ready for use immediately on being taken from the ground. It is fire proof and 2 pounds will give the required body to a gallon of oil. Mixed in water it makes a durable wash, four or five pounds giving a strong finish color to a barrel of whitening. Gold and silver bearing quartz have also recently been discovered in the Miramichi. Several miles of areas have been taken up and two companies are interested, the Johnson-Robertson syndicate of Montreal, and the Ferguson-Coleman syndicate. Hon. M. Adams, M. P., and F. R. Coleman, recently appointed the house of Commons censor at Ottawa, being

interested in the latter. Great things are expected of these discoveries.—*Herald.*

OPERATIONS AT LONDONDERRY.—The new blast furnace has settled down to its regular work and now produces from 520 to 550 tons of foundry iron a week. This is principally No. IX. Fuel and flint have been reduced fully per cent and labour in proportion. Two roasting kilns are in operation treating 120 tons spathic ore daily. These are fired by water gas from blast furnace. New and important developments of ore have been made and further explorations are in progress, as the great resources of the company's property have not hitherto been understood. The fuel question has now become the most important, as Albion coal makes a firm, strong coke, but carries a large percentage of ash and occasionally an excessive amount of sulphur. The coke made from Springhill coal is weak and inferior to that from Pictou.

The Truro coal mining company (limited) are engaged in opening up a seam of bituminous coal on the Tatamagouche road, better known as McCollum settlement in Colchester. This seam promises to be a valuable one, as the coal is said to be of a superior quality. This is the first coal mine opened in Colchester and the locality is favorable for such an industry, being situated about 11 miles from Truro, 14 miles from Acadia mines and six miles from the I. C. R. on the nearest points.

THE WITWATERSRANDT GOLD PRODUCT.—Telegraphic advices from Johannesburg to the London *Mining Journal* under date of December 11th, state that the gold crushings at Witwatersrandt for the month of November realized 73,400 ounces. The following table gives crushings to date:—

	1888.	1889.	1890.	1891.
January	11,269	24,986	35,038	53,205
February	12,162	25,800	36,886	50,073
March	14,706	28,075	37,600	52,549
April	15,853	27,136	38,799	56,362
May	19,002	36,298	38,884	54,672
June	16,328	31,272	37,412	55,863
July	19,966	32,407	39,452	54,920
August	19,877	32,142	42,861	59,070
September	20,495	34,369	45,467	65,601
October	27,775	31,914	45,250	72,793
November	27,336	36,116	46,800	73,400
December	26,148	39,218	50,352
Total ounces.....	230,917	379,733	494,801	648,908

The total number of ounces returned in 1887 was 34,897. No monthly totals were recorded in that year. Total output to date, 1,789,488 ounces.


OUR NICKEL DEVELOPMENT.—The development of our great mining districts goes steadily on. Only the other day it was announced that the Belgian Bank had acquired ten square miles of iron mining lands near Pert Arthur; now it is said that British capitalists have paid \$2,000,000 for the Blizzard nickel mine, near Sudbury. The sale was negotiated by Mr. Duncan McIntyre, and it is said that the C. P. P. company is also largely interested in the mineral development of Algoma. That district is indeed proving one of the richest portions of our Dominion, instead of turning out as it was described but a few years since—a useless, rocky waste.

This news is welcome from many points of view. It is desirable that British money should be coming this way, and doubly so in a district which U. S. Senators and American speculators openly assert their intention of possessing. Secretary Tracy, of the Navy Department, has within the past few days formally reported in favor of nickel steel for American ships, and at a time when the British, German and Italian Governments are all proposing to obtain this now valuable metal it is especially pleasing to find British capitalists taking hold of our mines. Indeed the only other nickel territory being in New Caledonia, and under French control, it is all-important to England to keep a controlling influence in our great reserves. The papers in the States, as well as the authorities there, are closely watching our mineral development, and the following from the New York *Times* of December 17 is significant as showing the great value put upon that product:

"The discovery of new deposits of nickel-bearing ore in Canada, said to be as rich in quality as those of the Sudbury district, may be of interest to other countries as well as to the Dominion. Our navy department has already purchased the great quantity of 4,536 tons of nickel matte, containing about one-fifth that amount of nickel. But with nickel-steel armor definitely resolved upon for our ship armor, and the nickel alloy likely to enter into other manufactures of steel for Government purposes, an ascertained extension of ore-bearing region is naturally of importance."

The new nickel properties are in Nova Scotia (!) and seem to be of a high grade of value. Many uses are being daily discovered for nickel, and it seems probable that gun-shields, the guns themselves, projectiles, engines, the hulls of vessels and most of the steel now used for general purposes will receive a percentage, small or large, of this important metal. Now is the time, when the new Dominion Mineral Company, of which Mr. McIntyre is the head, are proposing to erect smelting and refining works upon their property, for the people of Toronto to reflect whether such works could be also built here to the betterment of our laboring classes and the profit of our moneyed men. At the present moment it is said that a number of companies are commencing mining operations, amongst others the Graham Mining Company, and the Straight Lake Nickel Mining Company.

Canadians have every reason to be proud of the recent mineral development of our country.—*Empire.*



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

NEW.

Our readers will remember that on Thanksgiving day a match was played at Shubenacadie between two players of that place—Messrs. Lynch and Forbes—and two from Halifax—Messrs. O'Hearn and Hamilton—the prize being a valuable picture to which the four players mutually contributed. At that meeting it chanced that the two Halifax men were pitted against each other and the two Shubenacadians against each other. The result was that Messrs. Lynch and O'Hearn were matched for the final contest for the prize. One game was then played which was drawn, when the play had to be adjourned to enable the Halifaxians to take their train for home, but it was agreed that the match should be finished at some time convenient to both between then and New Year's day. In pursuance of this agreement Messrs Lynch and O'Hearn again met at Shubenacadie on Tuesday, Dec. 29th, when Mr. Lynch won the prize by the following score:—Lynch 2, O'Hearn 0, drawn 1. Below we give one of the games played in this match. As nothing is better calculated to create and maintain an interest in any amusement than those friendly contests of skill which frequently develop latent resources of strategy perhaps unsuspected by even the participants, we hope that the contest above noted will be but the precursor of several others during the current winter.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 255.—The position was: black men 4, 13, 21, kings 7, 8, 32; white men 13, 17, 29, 30, kings 1, 19; white to play and win.

19 15 23—27 30 26 22—6
18—23 19 24 31—22 1 12
15 19 27—31 13 9

And white wins by first position.

GAME No. 152—BRISTOL

Played at Shubenacadie Dec. 29th, 1891, between Mr. T. B. Lynch, of Shubenacadie, and Mr. P. O'Hearn, of Halifax.

11—16 14—18 9—13 3—7
22 18 23 14 24 19 130 25

10—14 9—25 7—10
25 22 29 22 21 17
16—20 5—9 13—22
18 15 22 18 26 17

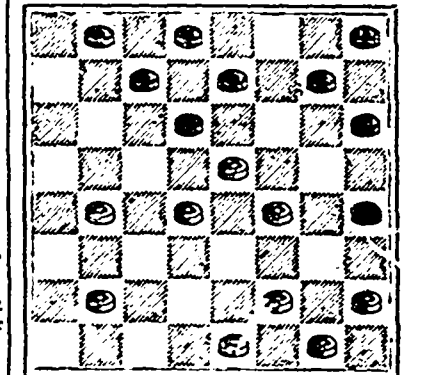
a This is an original move. We do not remember seeing it before, though it resembles a "centro" with colors reversed.

b This is an oversight in which Mr. O'Hearn seldom indulges. Had he played the piece to 26 instead of 25 we think he might have reversed the result and scored a win. Can any of our readers find black's possible draw from this point.

From this stage we take

PROBLEM No. 257.

Black men 1, 2 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 20.



White men 15, 17, 18, 19, 25, 27, 28, 31, 32.

Black to play and win.

Our young players especially should try to find the win without moving a piece.

There have appeared from time to time in the during the past year accounts of remarkable cures in various parts of the Dominion. In each case the circumstances connected therewith had been investigated by well known newspapers, and there could be no doubt as to the entire reliability of the accounts given. Perhaps the case that attracted most was that of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton. This was not, perhaps, because his case was any more remarkable than some others, but because it was attended by some other peculiar circumstances that served to emphasize it in the minds of the public, as for instance the fact that he had been pronounced absolutely incurable by half a score of clever physicians, and was actually paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance. Elsewhere in the issue is given the particulars of a cure in Cape Breton, which is quite as remarkable as that of Mr. Marshall. The particulars of the case are taken from the Halifax *Herald*, but they are also vouched for by Mr. Richardson, the editor and proprietor of the *Island Reporter*, Sidney, C. B., who says that in not a single particular is the story overdrawn. We fancy we hear some reader say, "Oh, pshaw! this doesn't interest me." But it does. The story as told elsewhere is worth reading, and we will guarantee before you are through with it you will be thoroughly interested.

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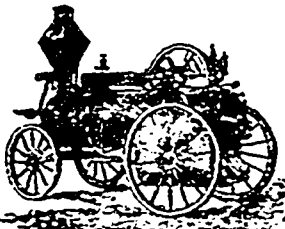
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Chemical Laboratory, Dalhousie College,
Halifax, N. S., July 31st, 1891.

Within the last few months I have pur-
chased promiscuously, at RETAIL GROC-
ERY STORES in this City, packages of

**WOODILL'S
GERMAN BAKING POWDER,**

and have subjected same to Chemical Anal-
yses. The samples were found to consist
of Fresh, Wholesome Materials, properly pro-
portioned. This Baking Powder is well
suited for family use, and has been employed,
when required, in my own house for many
years.

GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., L. L. D.
Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of
Great Britain and Ireland.

MINING.

THE SPRING HILL COLLIERIES.

IN THE NORTH SLOPE.

(Continued.)

The West level on this lift—the 1300—has been driven over 3000 feet and from it have been driven up 6 balances. Three of these balances are working. The No. 6 balance—the furthest in—was being vacated by the men. The men wanted an advance on the price paid in an outside balance; the manager wanted to reduce the price. There was thus a difference between parties, which looked serious for a time, but was overcome by the manager consenting to give the men other places. The level is still being driven. The men working in it are deserving of a fair wage as they are surrounded by aggravating, if miniature water falls. The North slope was formerly connected with the West by a tunnel. This has, since the explosion, been hermetically sealed by a solid wall 12 feet thick. I had a desire to inspect the mouth of the tunnel and, acting on impulse and not instructions, stepped into a foot of water, which dampened all ardor in that direction. The distance—on a level course—between No. 3 and 2 slopes is 600 feet, and through this tunnel the coal in No. 3 was drawn, and hoisted up, No. 2 slope. As the work extended in No. 3 the tunnel became inadequate. We next go to the face of the West level, a distance of 4000 feet from the slope. On our way back the longwall working lately introduced is inspected. The system is simplicity itself, and works, so far, splendidly. First there is a chute. On going up, there is found a fifty foot face of coal—twenty-five feet, say, on each side of chute—on which the men are at work. Behind is the building, composed of the bottom stone, of which there is say, 12 inches, just the quantity—when loosened and shovelled back—to nicely pack the building. The corners and sides of buildings next to chute are supported by props. The chute will be continued to the 800 ft. lift, and the fifty feet of coal wonned that distance by the men working in this particular chute. Further in there is another chute, to the men working in which is assigned another fifty feet of face, and so on. So far as the experiment has been tried it has been highly successful, and the promise is that the whole of the coal, between the 1300 feet and the 800 feet level will be got out. If this is accomplished the management will be in a position to boast. Those with a knowledge of pit work know how difficult it is to win out all the coal in any section of a pit. By falls and crashes large quantities are lost.

A few months ago operations in the mine were retarded by a heavy in-
flow of water. The pumps were inadequate to the task of discharging the
water, and as a consequence the mine bored or lowest level, was partially
flooded, driving out the miners. To provide against a like occurrence, a new
duplex pump, built in Janesville, Pa., of large capacity, has been placed a
little below the 1300 feet level. The pump is a formidable looking piece of
machinery, occupying large space and for which a substantial building had
to be provided. The pump has two cylinders, one 10x36, the other 28x
38. The plunger is a ten inch one, and the stroke 36 inches. The capa-
city of the pump is 750 gallons per minute, a distance of 1300 odd feet. A
smaller pump discharges the water from the 1900 feet level to the dams.
There are two lodgements, one on each side, one 250 feet long, the other 800
feet, ten feet wide by nine high. The walls of the dams are six feet thick,
built of brick and cement. The pump house is 50 feet long by 15 wide.
The walls are of stone three feet thick. Overhead there is a four ring brick
arch.

A representative of the makers of the pump was looked for in a few
days to see that it had been properly set and to put it in operation. The
pump being duplex draws from both lodgements, east and west, through
ten or twelve inch specially prepared wooden lined pipes.

The other difficulty to be fought was the 'croap.' If there is any part
of pit work more perplexing and vexatious than another it is to stop a 'croap'
fairly on the move. This the management were obliged to do, and Mr.
Matthews deserves credit in having accomplished it, after much labor and
considerable expense.

A radical improvement was also made of late in the airways. The area
of the main airway has been increased from 46 to 90 feet. Not a part of
the airway merely, but the whole course from the 800 to 1900 feet level.
The quantity of air in circulation is 63000 feet. The fan that sets this
volume in motion is of home make.

There are no fewer than 460 names on the timekeeper's—of this one
pit—book. Of this number there are no fewer than 100 pairs of cutters,
70 loaders, and 72 boys.

Working our way to the slope in anticipation of a ride to the surface we
find that the obstruction caused by the collision has not yet been cleared
away. We wait in patience for a while. At the junction of the slope and
level there is a gong or bell which is used for signalling from the 1900 feet
level when there are full rakes there to be hoisted. Some industrious
youngster chafing at the delay, eager to get to work as it is asserted,
solemnly, some boys are, or animated by a spirit of mischief keeps up an
incessant ringing. It is impossible from the noise to hear how things are
progressing in the slope. Manager McLonis, whom none can say has a fiery
temper, quietly remarked if he was down there he would ring that boy.
There was one at least waiting there, who sympathised for once with the
inclination of the manager.

(To be continued.)

A CAPE BRETON MIRACLE.

A CASE THAT FAIRLY OUTHIVALS THE WONDERFUL HAMILTON CURE.

Hopeless, Helpless, and Given up as "One Who Must Soon Go."—An Interesting Story as Investigated by a Reporter.

Halifax Herald, December 16th.

A few months ago all Canada was astounded by a remarkable cure reported from the city of Hamilton, Ont., and vouched for by the press and many of the leading residents of that city. In the Hamilton case the man (a Mr. Marshall) had been pronounced incurable, and after rigid examination by half a score of physicians, the Royal Templars of Temperance paid him the \$1,000 members of that order are entitled to when pronounced totally incapacitated from labor. The remarkable narrative of Mr. Marshall's cure and the remedy to which he owed his recovery were given wide publicity by the press throughout the Dominion, and naturally it brought a ray of hope to others who were similarly suffering. Among the homes to which it thus brought hope was that of Mr. Joseph Jerritt, of North West Arm, C. B., and Mr. Jerritt's recovery may be regarded as even more marvellous than that of Mr. Marshall, and many others whose cures have recently been recorded. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that never before in the history of Cape Breton has medicine wrought such an almost miraculous cure. In the year 1879 Mr. Jerritt received a fall from a truck waggon, the wheel of which passed over the small of his back. Those with him succeeded in restoring him to consciousness and took him to his home which was nearby. For six months he was unable to perform any work and even after a lapse of a year was troubled with severe pains and weakness of the limbs. He was able however, to do light work about the farm, and about a year later shipped on a vessel bound for Charleston, S. C. While on this trip Mr. Jerritt was engaged in furling a sail, when he overreached himself, and felt something start, as though something had burst in his left side. He became almost helpless, and on the arrival of the vessel at Charleston, he was taken to the hospital for medical treatment. Here he remained for over two months under the most skillful physicians. His side became strong again, but his limbs grew weak and frequently the pains were intense. Mr. Jerritt then returned home, he continued to grow worse and the pains never left him. After his return home he made an attempt to work but had to give it up, and gradually became worse and worse until at last he was entirely helpless and was looked upon by his friends as one who could not recover, but whose time on earth was short. It was in this condition, depressed in mind, helpless, and continually suffering intense pain, that at last a ray of hope came to him. One day he read in the Halifax Herald of Mr. Marshall's remarkable cure. Symptoms in this case were those of his own, and despite the fact that he had already expended hundreds of dollars in patent medicines and medical treatment, without receiving any benefit, he determined to try the remedy that had restored Mr. Marshall to

health. The result is that he is again restored to health and strength. Hearing from various sources of Mr. Jerritt's remarkable recovery the local reporter determined to investigate the matter, and gives his story as told to him. "In my early days," said Mr. Jerritt, "I was one of the strongest young men in our village. Until I received the fall in 1879 I did not know anything about sickness, and after that time I did not know a perfectly well day. I tried to fight the trouble off and to work, and partially succeeded up to the time I received the strain on board the ship while bound for Charleston. Since then my limbs have continued to grow worse until I was compelled to give up work altogether, and send for a doctor. I may add that all kinds of medicine was tried but none did me any permanent good. The physicians of our place said my disease was locomotor ataxy and although several of them treated me, none gave much hope of recovery; in fact the impression became general that 'poor Joe must soon go.' After the failure of doctor's treatment I again resorted to patent medicines of which I believe I have taken \$500 worth. Still my disease grew worse and finally I was unable to even move from my bed. I was advised to again go to the hospital at Halifax, and after spending two months there I returned home only to find myself even worse than before. My legs became so weak that I could not stand alone having to use two chairs to steady myself with; I could not bear my weight on them. For five weeks I was between life and death. My left leg swelled to an enormous size and the doctors pronounced it dropsy. My feet and legs have been cold for over five years until the last three months. It was impossible for me to sleep with the pain which would continually be in my legs and body. Mustard drafts were applied, but no sooner would they be taken off than the pain would return. About one year ago I lost all feeling from my legs; they would feel like ice and to move them caused the greatest agony. I prayed that God would take me from this world and give me relief from the torment which I was hourly in. Thus I lived; not lived, but existed, a suffering being without one day's relief from the most excruciating pangs from the disease." How the face of the hitherto sufferer brightened as he began to tell of the release, as it were from death, and continuing he said:—"But from the blackest day of my sickness a glimmer of hope shone when my little girl who had brought home my paper read the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got her to read to me the cure effected in the case of John Marshall, of Hamilton. As soon as she read the statements contained therein, I saw at once that his case was similar to mine and I told my wife that I believed I would be a well man again if I only could succeed in obtaining some of this medicine. I sent to our drug store but found none there, I then decided to send to Brockville, Ont., for the Pills, but my neighbors only laughed at me saying that they were just like all other patent medicines, no good. This was in August, I forwarded the money and in a few days received two boxes of Pills, deciding to give them a fair trial. After taken them a short time the

pains left me, and to-day I am not troubled with an ache or pain. True my limbs have not yet entirely recovered their former strength, but it makes me happy to know that if five boxes will enable me to stand with just a little assistance more will continue and complete the cure. Dead legs for a year are not easily made perfectly strong again but," here Mr. Jerritt threw both legs high into the air, "this is something myself or my friends never hoped to see. All my neighbors gave me up for dead, but thank God my strength is returning and after three months I feel like a new man. You need not fear to state my case plainly, as I am well known in Cape Breton, and all the people hereabout know how far gone I was. Scores of the neighbors call to see me and are surprised to find that I am improving daily. My appetite has returned; my strength is renewed and when my limbs become a little stronger I shall be a healthier man than ever. No doubt exists in my mind of complete cure as the worst symptoms have entirely disappeared and I seem invigorated by the medicine. "You see," he said to a reporter, "I am to work mending nets as I feel too well to remain idle. Every person who saw me last July, and sees me now can bear testimony to the truth of the story I am telling you. My weight since I began taking the Pills has increased from 125 pounds to 146 pounds and I am heavier now than I have been for five years. I hope what I have told you will induce other sufferers to try this wonderful medicine, and I am sure they will have as good reason to feel grateful for it as I do."

After the interview with Mr. Jerritt, the reporter called on a number of his neighbors, all of whom endorsed his statements, and said they considered his cure one of the most wonderful things that had come within their observation. They one and all gave the credit to the treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and are naturally enthusiastic in speaking of them.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a scientific preparation the result of years of careful study on the part of an eminent graduate of McGill and Edinburgh universities, and they had for many years been used in his private practice before being offered for sale throughout the country. They are offered to the public as a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all diseases such as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, pale and sallow complexion, muscular weakness, etc. These Pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, bearing down pains, chronic constipation and all forms of weakness, building up the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

The proprietors deem it their duty to caution the public against imitations. These Pills are never sold in any form except in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." They are sold by all druggists or will be sent post paid upon receipt of price, 50 cents a box

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CITY CHIMES.

Halifax society will deeply regret the departure for England on Tuesday of Surgeon Colonel McDowell, better known as the genial P. M. O. He will be missed especially by the ladies, with whom he has been a primo favorite during his residence here, and the little folks, to whom he has been a generous friend, will also be sorrowful over his removal from Halifax. As a matter of fact Dr. McDowell might have gone home some six weeks ago when his retirement was effected, but he lingered here until Christmas was over, much to the gratification of his host of friends.

We have all heard many amusing stories of that specimen of the genus homo, the absent minded man, but of the large number of these strange and unaccountable personages of whom we have read we think we have found none more pronounced in the symptoms than one of our own citizens. The story came to us a few days since with good authority as to its authenticity. It seems that a gentleman, a resident of the south end of Halifax, on his way down town last Saturday morning met on South Park St. a countryman carrying a large basket of fine fresh eggs, and being of a domestic turn of mind, he stopped and bargained with the man for a portion of his load. Having completed the transaction, and remembering that he had no money about him, and having evidently left his wife unprovided with the needful, he handed the countryman a bunch of keys and told him to carry the eggs to his residence, give his wife the keys and tell her to unlock the cash box and pay for the eggs. The gentleman then proceeded on his way down town. This was all very well, had he not entirely forgotten to give his name and address to the man to whom he had given the bunch of keys. A half hour later the man with the basket of eggs in one hand and the keys dangling from the forefinger of the other was to be found going from house to house in a sad state of perplexity, assuring all with whom he came in contact that he did not wish to be dishonest, but he had no idea to whom the keys belonged. We have not heard the sequel of the story, but would be very glad to know that the gentleman received both his keys and eggs in safety, and trust that he with any other of the same mental calibre our city may boast of will take the lesson to heart and learn to "never do so any more."

The reception given at the Church of England Institute last evening by the President and Professors of King's College proved a very enjoyable entertainment. The attendance was large and gave evidence of the extended interest that is felt in the Institute by the citizens of Halifax. Besides a large number of members of the Institute there were present members of the staffs of Dalhousie, Pine Hill and the Ladies' Colleges, Mr. A. H. McKay, Supt. of Education, Mr. A. McKay, Supervisor of Schools, Mr. Howard Murray, Principal of Halifax County Academy, and representatives of the press. Rev. C. E. Willets, President of Kings, and the Professors received the guests in the main hall of the Institute, and performed their duties as hosts in a most charming manner. The Hayden Quintette Orchestra rendered a most acceptable programme of music, and the evening passed very pleasantly. This entertainment was the third of the course provided by the Institute for the winter season, and the committee of management should feel gratified at the successful outcome of their efforts. On Thursday, January 21st, an exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's wax works will be given, and will doubtless afford much genuine amusement.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society held a very successful social in their fine new Hall, Barrington St., on Tuesday evening of this week. This Society is growing rapidly in numbers and usefulness, and has evidently a prosperous career ahead.

The concert to be given in St. Luke's Hall, Morris Street, on Tuesday evening next promises to be well worth attending. Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. Currie, Mr. Lucius Boyd and Professor Frank Deane are among those who are announced to take part in this entertainment, and a good programme has been carefully prepared.

The entertainment which was to have been given last evening by the Band of Hope in connection with the W. C. T. U. has been postponed until Tuesday next, when it is expected a very pleasant evening will be spent. Those interested in temperance work should not fail to encourage the efforts being put forth by these young workers in the cause.

The usual monthly concert at the Halifax School for the Blind took place at the Institution on Wednesday afternoon. The entertainment varied on this occasion from the usual order and proved very successful. Instead of gathering in the Assembly Hall the visitors were conducted to all parts of the building, and in the classrooms the several classes gave interesting exhibitions of the work being done in the school. The number of pupils now in attendance is over forty, and this increase over former years has enabled the literary department of the school to be more effectively graded, thus giving more satisfactory results. Concerts are held on the first Wednesday of each month, and those interested in the school and its work are cordially invited to be present on these occasions.

The Exhibition skating rink opened for the season on Saturday afternoon and was largely attended. The season does not appear to be propitious for this form of amusement, but we cannot foretell when a "cold wave" may come and give us all the winter weather that even the most ardent lover of winter sports can possibly wish for. The band evenings at the rink have been changed and this year we are to be favored but two evenings of each week, Monday and Thursday, with a band in attendance. Of course Saturday

afternoon will as of yore have its music and merry crowd of young people and will doubtless continue in popularity. As we have before mentioned the private afternoon party have the rink on Tuesday and Friday afternoons and Wednesday mornings, and now if Jack Frost will favor us with the pleasure of his company for the next two months we can anticipate some very pleasant entertainment at the Exhibition Rink. We have had a small share of outdoor skating, but the mild weather and heavy rains have not permitted us to enjoy this favor for long periods.

We have frequently of late observed references in the society notes of various public prints that several engagements would probably be announceable in the near future, and we could not help but call to mind a few lines from Byron's Don Juan that run thusly: "Tis a low, newspaper, humdrum country where a young couple of the same age cannot form a friendship but the world o'erawes it." We do not relish thinking of our glorious land of liberty as "a low, newspaper, humdrum country" but we cannot fail to recognize the fact that in our beloved little city it is out of the question for a young man and woman to form a friendship without exciting comment. Of course people will talk, and until these same people cease prying into affairs that do not in the least concern them Halifax society will have to bear its affliction in this line and be patient.

The "At home" given by the Y. M. L. Association in their rooms on Monday evening was a very pleasant affair and much enjoyed by the large number who were present. The rooms of the society have lately been thoroughly renovated and presented on this occasion a very comfortable and attractive appearance.

The members of the Women's Christian Association have again begun their good work in the night school, which they hold on Monday and Thursday evenings beginning at half-past seven o'clock. The attendance is good, but there must surely be still a large number of young girls who are unable to take advantage of the education to be obtained in our day schools, but who would do well to seize the opportunity of improvement offered free to all by the earnest kindly hearted ladies who devote time and means to this branch of Christian work. More teachers are wanted, and a large field of usefulness is here open for any who have time and inclination to enter into this good work.

The weather on New Year's Day was not very agreeable, but was a decided improvement on that of Christmas Day, for which we were accordingly very grateful. The levees held by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, His Grace the Archbishop, and the United States Consul-General were largely attended. Many Halifax ladies were also "at home" on Friday afternoon and held very interesting levees. The fashion of New Year calling is gradually passing into disuse, each coming year seeming to lessen the popularity of this old custom, which nevertheless has much in its favor.

The city schools and the colleges have reopened after the Christmas vacation and once more the busy searchers for knowledge have resumed work. The staff of the County Academy has lately been reorganized and the Institution is now well equipped for practical work. The many educational advantages offered to the ambitious youth of Halifax leaves little, if anything, to be wished for in this line, and our citizens are to be congratulated on the high standard our schools and colleges have attained.

The closing performance of the Orpheus Minstrels, held on New Year's evening, was very satisfactory to those who attended. The audience, although good, was not so large as on the former occasions, but the programme was carried out in much better form, and the entertainment proved very successful. The singing and marching by the young cannibals in the burlesque operetta, "The King of the Cannibal Islands," is deserving of special notice, the juveniles having fully entered into the spirit of the occasion and acted their part well. The financial result of these performances is very satisfactory.

Good houses have greeted Professor Semon this week, and his ever-interesting show has not decreased in popularity. The wonderful box trick was not given as expected, owing to the non-arrival of the necessary apparatus. Zora, however, expects to have it complete for next week's performance, and with an entire charge of programme will as usual give his numerous patrons an acceptable entertainment. Since the Ideal Comedy Company completed its engagement at the Lyceum Professor Semon has been again giving the public an exhibition of his skill in magic working, slight of hand tricks, etc. The contortionists who have been performing this week are very good and their amusing exhibitions of roller skating have been well received. Professor Semon has evidently found Halifax a pretty good place, since he has decided to in future make his home here.

The usual New Year's entertainment was given at the Sailors' Home on Friday evening and was highly enjoyed by the merry crowd of sailors present. The room was crowded, and the general feeling of satisfaction and goodwill which prevailed was clearly shown by the many expressions of appreciation of the efforts which have been put forth to promote the comfort of and furnish enjoyment for the lads who brave the seas. The committee of management in connection with this worthy institution are determined to leave nothing undone to provide a comfortable and attractive home for the sailors who sojourn in this port, and in this determination they have many who wish them success.