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# THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

DEVOTED TO

Commercial, Manufacturing, Mining and General News.

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HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 1, 1892.

VOL. 9  
No. 1

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## THE CRITIC,

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

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Hon. Charles Frederick Crisp, who has been chosen speaker of the United States House of Representatives, is a Georgian, and is known as one of the hardest workers in Congress. His pictures represent him as a handsome man, with a fair open brow, and he looks as if he would be an able and honorable incumbent of the office to which he has been called.

The Duke of Devonshire's death, which occurred on the 31st of December will make a great difference to the Unionists in the House of Commons, for by it the Marquis of Hartington, leader of that wing of the Liberals in the Commons, succeeds to the title and takes his seat in the House of Lords. The Liberal Unionists have plenty of strength in the latter House, but they will feel the loss in the Commons severely. Rumor says that the new Duke will before long marry the dowager Duchess of Manchester, who is credited with being the love of his youth.

The thick blanket of fog which has hung over London during the Christmas season has been the frightful cause of many calamities, and the joys of the holiday time were seriously damped by it. The frequent recurrence of these choking fogs lead one to fear that some day the great city of London may be shut in for a long period and that its people will suffer death by suffocation. The need of further consideration of means to prevent such terrible visitations is very apparent. They might at least be mitigated if smoke and other nuisances could be abated by modern scientific means.

A man named Thomas Comfort, was taken to the police station on Christmas eve under the influence of liquor. He was put in a cell and left there, and in the morning he was dead—suffocated by sickness. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of death by suffocation, but there is justly much feeling against the neglect with which this man was treated. Drunkards are pitiable spectacles, and certainly do wrong to get drunk, but they should be looked after in a Christian manner when they are incapable. A police investigation has been going on, and it is to be hoped that a reform will be instituted.

The establishing of a home for aged men in Halifax would without doubt prove of benefit to many who have reached an age when they need a

good home and kind treatment, and are unable to obtain the same at the hands of their relatives. The care of the aged and infirm is one of the duties of young, prosperous and able citizens, and it is to the credit of a community when this duty is conscientiously performed. The *Wesleyan* last week made the encouraging statement that a prominent gentleman of Halifax had made the generous offer of one thousand dollars towards the founding of a Home for Aged Men, provided that the further amount of five thousand dollars be secured towards the same object. As in the case of the Home for Aged Ladies, the proposed institution shall be placed under a committee of management, on which there shall be an equal representation of the four leading Protestant denominations. Here is an opportunity for men of means to do a lasting good to those of their kind who are not so favored by fortune as themselves. With an offer like this there *should* not in this city of churches and charities be any difficulty in arousing sufficient sympathy with the object to draw forth the needed amount. As the Indian said when somebody told him he was sorry for him, "how much are you sorry?" This is the question for those who are sorry for homeless old age to answer now.

We should think that St. John would feel that it had received a heavy blow in the distribution of a view of that city and harbor by the large dry goods firm of Manchester, Robertson & Allison. The harbor looks about the size of Steele's pond; it is toned in hues of blue, green and yellow, the latter dabs looking as if they were intended to represent mud shoals, and the ships riding at anchor are some heading one way and some another regardless of the wind. The city itself has a decidedly small appearance, and the coloring can only be described as atrocious. We extend our sympathy to our sister city, and we do not so much blame the firm that evidently meant to do a courteous act to its home and its friends, but the Toronto Lithographing Company, which turned out this piece of botch work, should feel ashamed. There are many other features of the "view" we would like to speak of, but we could not do them full justice, so refrain. In truth Canadian lithographing has made a sorry exposure of itself this year, and we call for a change. There are artists who can do this style of work as it should be done, but if such firms as the Toronto Lithograph Co. employ those who know nothing or worse than nothing—for a little knowledge is a dangerous thing—about the business, we will have such inflictions as the present one forced on us. Let the press speak out and see if Canadian work is to be kept at so low a level and still receive encouragement. The "Type of Canadian Beauty" and "The Young Recruits," together with the "View of St. John City and Harbor," seems to force on us the necessity of making a protest.

The freedom from deep snow and crust we have enjoyed during our winters of late years, especially towards the end of the season, has had the result in this Province of allowing our big game, moose and cariboo, to increase. As all true sportsmen are deeply interested in the preservation of these animals we would like to call attention to the state of affairs, in hopes that when another old-fashioned March snow prevails all the gain of past seasons may not go for naught. Deep snow facilitates running the animals, which although a legitimate and manly method of hunting, if carried to too great an extent is disastrous and will almost certainly result in their extermination. But by far the worst feature in the hunting of moose and cariboo is the practice of "calling" so largely made use of at the present time. It savors very little of honest wood-craft, to our mind, to imitate the voice of an animal and keep quiet until the deluded creature which answers the "call" comes within range of the so-called huntsman's shot. There is no manliness about it, and although a man who faces his first moose may find it exciting enough even in this way, we should think he would prefer the sport of "running" when he takes to the woods. There will always be a place in Nova Scotia for these animals if they are not ruthlessly destroyed. The inland country to the southwest of the Province is for the most part unfit for cultivation, and in those parts the moose and cariboo could find a home when cultivation claims others where they now exist. The Game and Inland Fisheries Protection Association has done much towards preserving our animals, but it cannot do everything. More wardens are required, we fancy, and greater strictness in reporting animals shot out of season, but this latter will always be hard to secure, because oftentimes it happens that the offender is a friend of the game officer, who would rather let the matter pass than offend his neighbor—and as game officers are but human this is not unnatural. What is really needed is for a large interest in the preservation of game to be excited, so that every man will take a personal interest in the keeping of regulations regarding killing or taking. This is our object in writing on the subject at present, and we ask all our readers who take the slightest interest in sport to bear the matter in mind, and use their influence towards preventing the extermination of large game in the Province.

The weather on Christmas Day was a great disappointment; no snow and no skating; nothing but fog, mist and rain, it was dreary beyond words; only beside the cheerful fires of home could be found any comfort. The youngsters had a splendid day playing with new toys notwithstanding the weather, and put older folks to shame with their merriment. We must hope for more seasonable weather next time.

During the recent total eclipse of the moon astronomers made haste to use the opportunity to take a photograph of the region surrounding our satellite with a view to discovering whether she has a satellite of her own, *a la* the little fleas which have "little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and those again have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*!" But after all the dry plates that were used in the endeavor, and many false alarms such as spots that shammed "satellite," it has been concluded that the moon pursues the noiseless tenor of her way without an attendant, unless it be a very small one, not large enough to hold a moonlight excursion on.

So many extraordinary things have happened that no one will be surprised to hear that there is a project on hand to harness Niagara for the benefit of the World's Fair at Chicago. The distance is about 475 miles, but the feasibility of transmitting power long distances and storing it in accumulators was conclusively proved at the electrical exhibition at Frankfurt, Germany, last summer. The tremendous energy now wasting itself will be utilized, in all probability, not only for the World's Fair, but at no long distant date for half the Continent. If it were for nothing else than to see the electrical wonders that will be the great feature of the World's Fair, as they are of the century, we should be sorry to miss a visit to Chicago during next year. The strides made in the science of electricity will in future years be looked upon as the most remarkable advance of the century, and the name of Edison will stand at the head of the list of its distinguished exponents.

Public opinion in Germany has recently made a somersault, and things are no longer as they used to be. Since the deposition of Bismarck from the Chancellorship young William II has carried on the affairs of the Empire with a high hand, and the press, politicians and people have applauded the assertive young Emperor, while they silently pitied the old Chancellor. Suddenly Russian transports steam through the Dardanelles and Turkey quietly acquiesces. The German mind, always on the *qui vive* for an indication of war, sees in this Russian move great cause for alarm, and in the hour of war-fright it turns once more to the old iron Chancellor, believing that had he been at the helm of State, the Muscovite would not have dared to have broken the treaty of Berlin. The present people are loud in their expressions of appreciation of the abilities of the old statesman who welded a solid Germany out of fragmentary states, and William II has been obliged to muzzle the press and to divert public attention by the issue of an Imperial edict of the most radical character.

Another freak of nature in the form of the bodies of two human beings joined together and supported by one pair of legs is now approaching maturity. These remarkable twins are known as the brothers Giovanni and Giacomo Tocci, and were born on July 4th 1875, at Locana, Turin. They recently arrived in America, and are exciting attention wherever they go. The famous Siamese twins, who were united by a thick fleshy ligament about the lower ends of the breast bones, and Millie-Christine, the negro curiosity who visited Halifax last winter, were similar cases of this sort, the last mentioned being probably the most wonderful. Millie and Christine, it will be remembered, were well educated and intelligent, spoke several languages and were altogether very entertaining to converse with. The Tocci twins are unable to walk, because each leg is governed by its own brain, and the want of correspondence has proved fatal. They can, however, stand, and also dress and undress themselves and perform other little offices. They are said to have bright and intelligent faces, and can write their names as souvenirs for visitors.

Grip has a cartoon on the Sunday car question, in which "Toronto," in the guise of a resolute looking woman, is shielding the "working man," whose hand she holds. Stuck in the shield of "religion, science, hygiene, common sense," which her right arm upholds, are the arrows "greed," "mammon," "tyranny," "avarice," "atheism" and "irreligion," while in the background a "Sunday car" is followed by the "Sunday saloon," the "Sunday theatre" and "Sunday papers." As we stated last week this "vision of the future" has not realized itself in Halifax as a result of running the cars on Sunday, and our city is quiet and orderly in spite of everything. Toronto in the cartoon wears a crown of glory "Sunday rest," which we do not wonder she would mourn to lay aside, but if the people want cars on Sunday they should be allowed to have them. There is no reason why the evils represented as following the Sunday car should be permitted, and we see no reason why they should be supposed to follow. Of course both men and horses should have one day's rest in seven, and such a corporation as a street railway company should have its doings inspected, so as to insure proper treatment to man and beast. The use of electricity as a motive power would do away with one objection to Sunday cars, and to our mind the horses' side of the argument is a strong one. A petition to have the question put to the popular vote is being circulated for signature in Toronto, and if it is sufficiently endorsed the voice of the people will decide the matter.

**K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.**  
**K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.**

We scarcely realize what a revolution even in our daily lives the universal application of electricity would make. The causes that now make cities dirty and unhealthy would, to a large extent, be removed with the substitution of the magical fluid for steam and beasts of burden. It would mean cleanliness and pure air in cities, less work for dumb animals, cheaper production, increased and rapid intercommunication and transportation facilities, and economy everywhere. The burdens of many would be laid on the strong shoulders of the great falls (should the project for transferring the power succeed) and men and women will have time to rest once and gain from life's struggle and enjoy the good things of the world. We may be sure that mother earth is able to yield in various ways all that her children need for health and comfort, only we have been so slow in finding out how to make use of all the means she has ready for our disposal.

One of the most interesting characters in literature will be prominently brought before the public this year. It is the centenary of the birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and August 4th is the precise date. The Shelley Society, founded nearly six years ago, expects that the year will be marked by the publication of a Shelley Concordance by the Clarendon Press of Oxford—a laborious and valuable work—and by the presentation to the British nation or some public body by Lady Shelley, widow of the poet's son, of a monument of Shelley in marble or bronze. As a mode of taking part in the centenary the Shelley Society proposes to try and obtain a fresh performance of Shelley's tragedy of "The Cenci," which has been produced but once—at the Society's instance—in 1886. For this purpose subscriptions of a guinea are being asked, for which the subscriber obtains two tickets for the performance and also such publications (one or more) as the Society may issue during this year. Thus will the memory of one of the greatest English poets be revived; if indeed the memory of such a poet can be said to have ever faded.

The year upon which we are entering is leap year, during which the fairer and gentler sex is popularly supposed to have the privilege of paying matrimonial addresses to the Lords of Creation in reversion the general rule, which obtains every three years out of four that the woman must be sought by the man. In order to increase the natural and becoming embarrassment that rests upon the unmarried of our sex at this state of affairs, the *Mercury* published last week a list of marriageable men of our city, which of course was eagerly scanned by the young ladies—perchance with a view to exploiting later on. It is very hard that when in imminent danger from the ordinary leap year privilege of the fair ones that publicity should be given the names of those open to attack. Many of those which appeared will be recognized as "spoken for," and ought, therefore, to be considered almost settled, but so long as they remain bachelors—in these days—men are viewed by some ladies as lawful game, so they had better all beware. A silk dress is the fine in case of refusal, so the lady will have a salve to heal her wounded feelings.

We have never laid ourselves open to the charge of depreciating home productions undeservedly, and we have always endeavored to praise with fairness all efforts in an upward and onward direction, but we are compelled to say a word as to the awful mistake the *Dominion Illustrated* made in issuing those truly terrible supplements with its otherwise excellent Christmas number. When we first saw them a billow of disappointment flowed over our soul, and the "Type of Canadian Beauty" appeared to us the cheapest looking advertising chromo we ever had the fate to behold. Whether Mr. Foster's painting libelled the young lady represented, or whether the chromo libelled the painting, we cannot say, having never seen the two first, but we feel inclined to think that a good deal of both went to produce that "Type." To ordinary eyes there would be something wrong with the scheme of color in which a girl in a blue dress is made to sit upon a green and pink sofa, but it may be that the artistic brush of Mr. Foster limned these hues somewhat less crudely than the lithograph man saw fit to, and that the original picture did not pain the sensitive eye with its rough discords. Others have been before us in speaking thus of the "type," but it weighed on us that we had to pitch into anything Canadian, and we postponed the evil day. It is only just, however, to protest against making pretences that cannot possibly be anything else than pretences. We have not yet reached that pitch of perfection in Canada when we can compete with English and German lithographing, and it is absurd to try it. The people of Canada were led to expect something really excellent from the *Dominion Illustrated* this year, and were ready to extend all the encouragement that could be given, but they were terribly disappointed with the supplements. Barring a few errors in Mr. Campbell's beautiful poem, "The Children of the Foam," (in which one word was wholly omitted and another read house for home,) the number itself is highly creditable. Mr. Campbell's poem may fairly be considered the literary gem of the issue. It has the same musical rhythm and weirdness of Edgar Allan Poe's work, and commands attention from the first to the last line. As to the precious supplements, we wish the *Dominion Illustrated* better luck next time, and advise it not again to attempt to represent Canadian womanhood's beauty until it knows how to do it in a manner that will give satisfaction to the ladies, who, it may be added, are highly indignant over the libel on their charms that has been scattered abroad this time. It must not happen again.

**K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age.**  
**K. D. C. The Dyspeptic's Hope.**

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE TIRED JESTER.

I have sung my songs. I have danced my measure.  
I have played my part. Let me rest awhile,  
For my soul is sick of this thing called pleasure,  
And my lips are tired of their painted smile.  
I have lived for their laughter. Striving to please,  
I have wrung mirth dry. You have drawn the lees—  
Take my cap and bells. I have earned my leisure.  
I am out of tune, like an ill-strung viol.

MAKING PROGRESS.—“Young Cheque seems to be making great progress with Miss Bilycus.” “What makes you think so?” “He said to me just now that he was talking meteorology with her this morning.” “So he was. He met her and said ‘beautiful weather to-day,’ and she said ‘yes,’ and passed on.”

STILL GOING.—One day a Lie broke out of its enclosure and started to travel.

And the man who owned the Premises saw it after it had started and was sorry he had not made the enclosure Lie-tight.

So he called his swiftest truth and said:

“A Lie has got loose and will do much mischief if it is not stopped. I want you to go after it and bring it back or kill it!”

So the swift Truth started out after the Lie. But the Lie had an hour the start. At the end of the first day the Lie was going Lickety-split. The Truth was a long way behind it and was getting tired. It has not yet caught up. And never will.—*Chicago Tribune.*

YES, I HAVE A GOODLY HERITAGE.

My vineyard that is mine I have to keep  
Pruning for fruit the pleasant twigs and leaves.  
Tend thou thy cornfield; one day thou shalt reap  
In joy thy ripened sheaves.

Or if thine be an orchard, graft and prop  
Food-bearing trees, each watered in its place;  
Or if a garden let it yield for crop  
Sweet herbs and herb of grace.

But if my lot be sand, where nothing grows?  
Nay, who hath said it? Tune a thankful psalm;  
For though thy desert bloom not as the rose,  
It yet can rear thy palm.

When the Countess of Aberdeen was in Ottawa last she was greatly pleased with the beauty and variety of the collection of gems and precious stones cut from Canadian material in the lapidary establishment of C. P. Willimott & Co., and before she left she ordered a handsome necklace of Quartz-Asteria and a smaller one of Amazon-stones. Those of our readers who are ignorant of the resources of the Dominion in gem material should read Mr. C. W. Willimott's excellent review of the subject in a paper just printed by the Ottawa Field Naturalist Club. Mr. Willimott points out that the idea that our crude material may be sold by the ton or hundred-weight instead of by the carat, as Oriental or European gems are, is entirely erroneous; for while some of our semi-gems, such as Agate, Jasper, Amazon-stones, etc., might be so obtained owing to the abundance of material, many of our stones possess a high value and are sold by the carat on account of their scarcity.

THE MODUS OPERANDI.—Wife—“My dear, I left my thimble in the pocket of my new dress, and I wish you'd run up-stairs and—”

Husband—“Now, see here, I'm not going off on any such job as that.”

“How foolish you are! Nothing is easier than finding the pocket in a dress. All you have to do is to slip it on.”

“Slip what on?”

“The dress, of course. But you needn't try to button it, you know.”

“Oh, I needn't!”

“No; slipping it on is enough.”

“Well, then what?”

“Use common sense, of course. All you have to do after the dress is on is to dive down and crossways and a little slanting, and up and around just as you see ladies do in the street-car when the conductor comes along, and your hand will go straight into the pocket.”

REWARD OF ENTERPRISE—His history is briefly told.

After several days of thought he discovered a sure way to make money, and, like other men, he was in a hurry to try it. He made haste to insert an advertisement something like the following in several country weeklies:

“Sure way to kill potato bugs; send 20 two-cent postage stamps to X. Y. Z.,—, for a receipt that cannot fail.” Then he hired a dray to bring his mail from the post-office, and had 10,000 of his receipts printed. Inside of two weeks something like 6,000 or 7,000 farmers had contributed 20 two-cent stamps each for the printed receipts.

Then several hundred of them bought clubs and railroad tickets, and started out to interview the adviser. At his office they were informed that he had left to attend to some business in Europe, and he was not expected back. All he had left was a package of 3,000 or 4,000 slips of paper, on which were printed the following:

“Put your bug on a shingle. Then hit it with another shingle.”

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the one remedy for their peculiar ailments. The man was Dr. Pierce.

The discovery was his. Favorite Prescription—the boon to delicate women. Why go round “with one foot in the grave,” suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that is an experiment, but which is sold under the guarantee that if you are disappointed in any way in it you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators.



Nearly Two Million Bottles sold in the Dominion in Ten years

REMEMBER THE PAIN KILLER

Ask your Druggist for it and take nothing else.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

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St. Jacobs Oil  
A CURE IN EVERY BOTTLE  
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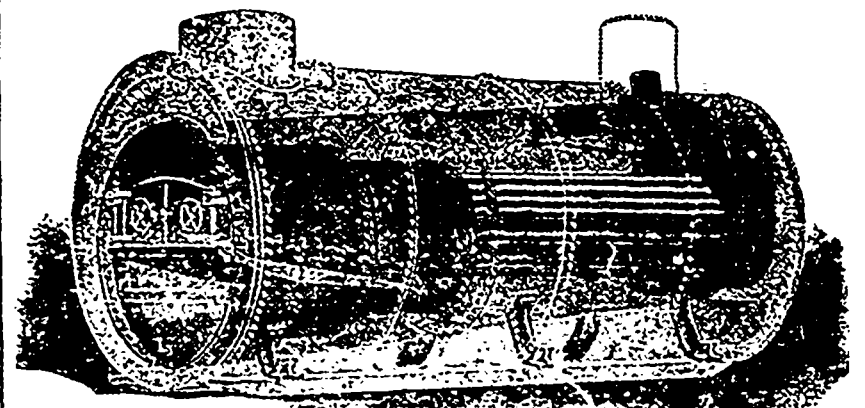
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All departments running full blast.

Heavy Stocks on hand of Iron Pipe, Steam Fittings, Hose, Belting, Packing, Oils, Copperine, Emery Wheels, Saws, Lace Leather, Inspirators, etc.

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Loss Heavy, but Health and Pluck left yet.

ESTABLISHED 1848. AMHERST, N. S.

Send along your Orders and Remittances and thus help us out and up.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Mr. A. R. Dickie, M. P. for Cumberland, has been unseated.

Ex-premier Mercier will stand for re-election in Bonaventure County.

The ladies of Toronto are actively organizing in opposition to the Sunday car movement.

The Hants' Journal will in the future be published on Tuesday instead of Wednesday evening.

The new Parish Building at Springhill was opened for the first time for service on Christmas Day.

The new Royal hotel, with accommodation for 150 guests, is to be opened at Moncton to-day.

The Montreal Herald was published for the last time on Christmas Day. The paper was established 84 years ago.

Four golden weddings have been celebrated in the Archibald family in Colchester County during the past year and two more are to come.

B. H. Eaton and John Oland will be candidates for the mayoralty of Dartmouth in the ensuing civic elections. The contest will be lively, we fancy.

The six year-old daughter of Charles Wood, of River Hebert, Cumberland Co., was burned to death on Sunday. She had been playing with matches.

Mr. De Boucherville, the new Premier of Quebec, has appointed a Royal Commission to investigate the further charges of corruption against the late ministry.

Messrs. Nicholas Connolly and Hon. Thos. McGreevy were on December 23rd committed for trial at the Supreme Court, at Ottawa, this month. Bail was accepted.

The petition against J. B. Mills in Annapolis came before Judges Weatherbe and Graham on Monday, and on Tuesday the case was adjourned until April.

A lobster measuring 32 inches in length and weighing 15 pounds was taken in a trawl in Digby basin on December 23rd. It is said to be the largest ever taken thereabouts.

Henry James Cook, an old timer, has been arrested on suspicion of being the assailant of Mr. Frank Abbott, paymaster of the Rideau Canal. Mr. Abbott, however, fails to identify him.

Captain Aylmer, whose conduct during the recent fighting at Fort Nilt, on the Pamir ridge, has been mentioned as heroic, is a Canadian and a graduate of the Royal Military College.

St. John's nurses' home was handed over to the city by Lady Tilley on December 22nd. It is an excellent institution, and will be a lasting monument to Lady Tilley's kind-hearted interest in the enterprise.

An effort will be made by the Liberals to get Hon. Edward Blake to become a candidate for parliament for Welland, the seat for which was rendered vacant by the unseating and disqualification of Mr. German.

The Pictou Standard, which was burned out last year and has since been issued under difficulties, has moved into its comfortable new home on Water street, and sends forth a pleasant Christmas greeting to its friends.

St. John held a winter port meeting on Tuesday evening and a resolution was passed, asking that in any arrangement for an ocean service to Canada the steamers should call one week at Halifax and the other week at St. John.

The gang of burglars which has operated in Halifax at sundry times and in divers places is getting pretty well broken up. Two are now in Dorchester, and last week the police arrested four more, supposed to be the last of the gang.

Enough evidence was elicited in the Halifax election case to prove bribery by an agent. The personal charges were dropped, and the court will give its decision to-morrow at 3 o'clock, when the seats for Halifax will probably be declared vacant.

Royal assent was on Saturday given to the bill creating a new form of government for the Northwest Territories, which had previously passed through all the stages in the legislature. The territories will now have what practically amounts to Provincial government.

The Dominion Government has decided to continue the system of immigration bonuses for the next season of ten dollars per head of a family, five dollars for each member of a family above twelve, on proof of settlement on the land in Manitoba, territories or British Columbia.

The Evangelical Alliance of Halifax has sent a letter to the Chairman of the cemetery committee expressing disapproval of the element of sectarianism being introduced in the matter of purchasing grounds for a cemetery. The Alliance is quite right; all tax payers whether Protestant or Catholic should be treated alike in this matter.

Dartmouth's fortnightly Club met at Mrs. Cutler's residence on Tuesday, and another pleasant meeting must be recorded. The next gathering will be held at Mrs. T. Milson's residence on King Street, and after that there will probably be a large dance given by a number of young ladies who will obtain the use of a public hall for the purpose.

The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a wholesale fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of—Puttner's Emulsion.

The windows of the Nova Scotia Furnishing Co. appeared to be the centre of attraction on Thursday afternoon and evening, and the crowd gathered to witness the display rendered pedestrianism along that part of Barrington St. almost impossible. The north window contained a "real live" Santa Claus, who performed the usual duties of his royal highness. The effect was pleasing, and the old as well as young seemed to enjoy the scene. Messrs. A. Stephen & Son are to be congratulated on their excellent display this season.

John Patterson, of Hamilton, Ont, wrote to Mr. Andrew Carnegie regarding the establishment of an iron industry and smelting works in that city, and received the following reply:—Your favor received. When the foreign colony of Canada recognises its destiny and becomes a part of the American Union it will be time enough to consider the investment of capital there by Americans. This natural union of the English speaking people on the American Continent would double the value of everything in Canada, including the men of Canada, in the opinion of yours, very truly, Andrew Carnegie.

The difficulty between Canada and Newfoundland has been engaging the earnest attention of Lord Knutsford and the Colonial office. Lord Knutsford himself was a party to a written pledge, given to Canada by the Newfoundland Government when the Newfoundland Bait Act was awaiting Royal assent, that the act should not operate against Canadian fishermen, and fully realizes therefore the strength of Canada's present position. If Newfoundland still refuses to listen to reason it is suggested that the Imperial Parliament be asked to repeal the Bait Act obtained under the pledge which is now being violated.

Two beautiful Xmas and New Years' cards from James Rone, ginger ale and soda water manufacturer, adorn our sanctum. They are very tasteful and attractive. The Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York, agent in Halifax, Arthur E. Harrington, has issued very pretty calendars for this year. They are quite gems in their way. Those issued by the Western Assurance Co., of Toronto, General Agent Geo. M. Greer, are just the right sort for office use. The figures are large and clear, and the general get up of the calendar is pleasing. A very useful calendar also is that for which we are indebted to the Commercial Union Assurance Co., Agent John Duffus. The calendar portion is red with white figures, and is mounted on extra heavy card.

After a full investigation of the condition of E. M. Field the jury returned a verdict that he is insane.

Isaac Sawteik, the murderer of his brother Hiram, died in his cell in N. H. State prison on December 26th. He was to have been hanged on the 5th inst.

Sir Edwin Arnold fell into the hands of the Phillistines in Omaha the other day. He was to lecture, but there was a hitch about money and the lecture was not given.

Russell Sage's house was visited by a crank of the same class as the dead bomb thrower on December 19th. Mrs. Sage is credited with cussing him from the house. Under the circumstances this was a particularly brave act.

A horrible railway disaster occurred near Hastings, N. Y., on Christmas night. Twelve passengers were killed and as many more injured. The carelessness of Albert Herrick, a brakeman on the Niagara express, was the cause of the accident.

We have received a handsome, although somewhat idealized "Official bird's eye view of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, U. S. A., 1893, showing grounds and designs of buildings—view looking Northwest." It is decidedly an attractive picture.

A reciprocity agreement has been entered into between Secretary Blaine and the British Minister to embrace the British West Indian colonies of Jamaica, Barbados and the Seaward and Windward Islands except Granada, Trinidad and the colony of British Guiana.

The January *St. Nicholas* begins with a charming frontispiece described by a no less excellent poem written by Helen Gray Cone: "The Little Maid of Spain"—a little lady, every inch of her. The number, by the way, is rich in verse, as there are poems by Celia Thaxter, Edith M. Thomas, Anna M. Pratt, Mrs. Bumstead, Jack Bennett, and others. The Admiral's Caravan" is continued, and should be quite as popular as the same author's "Davy and the Goblin," being equally clever and even more humorous. Another excellent serial is Lieutenant Fletcher's "Two Girls and a Boy," a successful attempt to write for young readers what is known as a "story of character." A long "short" story which girls especially will enjoy is Mary Davey's "The Pink Gown," supposed to be told by a good old grandmother who has long since repented the little fit of vanity and extravagance of which the pink gown was the comparatively harmless outcome. Birch illustrates the story very appropriately. Eliza Rubamah Sidmore, so favorably known as a writer on Japanese subjects, tells of "Two Queer Cousins of the Crab"—namely, the giant crab, familiar to readers of "Allan Quartermain," and the little mask-crab that carries the impress of a human face. Perhaps the most attractive article in the number is Mrs. Richard's account of the childhood of her sisters, her brother, and herself, called "When I was Your Age." In reading of their healthful, ennobling bringing up, one cannot wonder at the subsequent success of the Howe family in all its undertakings. There are besides, Brander Matthew's serial, which will learn, its own praise from young folk, and the cheerful and inspiring department's pictures, and other attractive features which your boys and girls will no doubt bring to your attention, providing you take *St. Nicholas* as, no doubt, you do,

Russell Sage now keeps a bodyguard. He is a stout, burly fellow who, when his master is in his office, stands guard at the door.

Judge Bennett, of Janesville, Wis., has awarded Andrew Ingle custody of a child, heir to \$40,000. Ingle was the father of it, but the child was not born until seven months after his wife had been divorced from him and married to Alexander Sherman. The woman died and Sherman claimed the child and the fortune. This is rather a curious case.

Yellow fever is raging in Brazil.

Gladstone was 82 years old on Tuesday.

The theatre Royal at Glasgow was burned on Saturday.

Sir Thomas Chambers, Q. C., recorder of the city of London, died on December 24th.

More fighting is reported from Rio Grande do Sul, the scene of the recent revolt in Brazil.

It has been determined that Mr. Chamberlain will lead the Unionists in the House of Commons.

Sir Arthur White, British ambassador to Turkey, died from influenza at Berlin on December 28th.

Pope Leo is reported very ill. His physicians say his life cannot be prolonged much more than six months.

Earl Russel, of divorce-suit fame, has abandoned agnosticism and has become a broad churchman and an earnest evangelist.

Lord Howard de Walden has begun divorce proceedings against his wife. Lady de Walden has instituted a counter suit.

A gunner and coxwain of H. M. S. Tartar were drowned by the upsetting of a boat at Great Sound, Bermuda, a few days ago.

Advices have been received from South Africa that a store of gunpowder, carried by the Portuguese expedition to Nyassa, exploded recently, killing several persons.

The parliament of Victoria was prorogued on Tuesday. Lord Hopetown, the Governor, expressed a belief that Australian federation is only delayed and not defeated.

The Russian Government has decided to support France in her application to the Powers to enforce Bulgaria's observance of the capitulation between France and Bulgaria.

There was a panic in a theatre at Yateshead near Durham, Eng., on Saturday caused by an alarm of fire being raised. Nine children were rampled to death and many more were injured.

It has been officially announced that the marriage of Prince Albert Victor to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck will take place February 27. The ceremony will be performed in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor Castle.

The Guion steamer *Abyssinia* was burned at sea on December 16th in latitude 49, longitude 29. The steamer *Sprea*, which was in the vicinity, took all the *Abyssinia's* passengers and men on board, landing them in London on December 22nd. Perfect order was maintained, and there was no panic.

The action for slander taken by Captain Osborne against Captain Hargreaves and his wife for alleging that Mrs. Osborne stole Mrs. Hargreaves' jewels has been dropped, as the crime was conclusively proved to have been committed by Mrs. Osborne. She had been obliged to endorse some Bank of England notes she received in payment for the stolen jewels, and she had no escape when confronted with the evidence of her guilt. She confessed to her husband, who immediately withdrew the libel suit. The Hargreaves will not prosecute, so unless the public prosecutor undertakes the task Mrs. Osborne will not receive the punishment due for her wickedness. There is one thing about the greater number of these London scandals, they do not really touch the upper classes. Such people as the Hargreaves and Osbornes are shoddy, and do not mingle with the nobility.

It is believed that China is willing to cede Formosa to Britain in exchange for support against Russia. Formosa is rich in minerals.

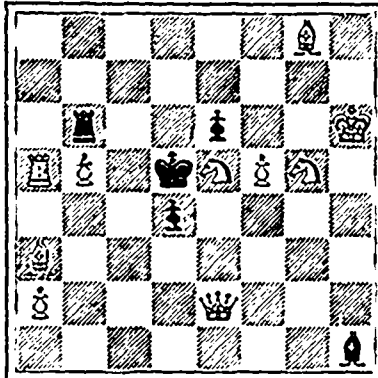
The parliamentary election in Waterford on Dec. 23rd resulted in the election of John E. Redmond, (Parnellite). The vote was Redmond, 1,725; Michael Davitt, (McCarthyite), 1,229; Redmond's majority 496. This was the first bye election won by the Parnellites since the split in the Irish party. The result was a big surprise for the McCarthyites.

CHESS.

Solution to problem No. 96, R to K2. Solved by C. W. L.

PROBLEM No. 98.

By G. P. Greenshields.  
From Kingston Gleaner.  
Black 5 pieces.



White 10 pieces.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME No. 99.

One of the seventeen games played simultaneously by Mr. H. E. Bird, at the Montreal Chess Club, June 1st, 1889.

Two Knights' Defence.

- | WHITE.           | BLACK.            |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Mr. H. E. Bird.  | Mr. J. Henderson. |
| 1 P to K4        | P to K4           |
| 2 Kt to KB3      | Kt to QB3         |
| 3 B to B4        | Kt to KB3         |
| 4 Kt to Kt5      | P to Q4           |
| 5 P takes P      | Kt to QR4         |
| 6 P to Q3 a      | P to KR3          |
| 7 Kt to KB3      | P to K5           |
| 8 Q to K2        | Kt takes B        |
| 9 P takes Kt     | B to QB4          |
| 10 P to KR3      | Castles           |
| 11 Kt to R2      | Q to K2 b         |
| 12 Kt to Kt4 c   | B to KB4          |
| 13 B to K3       | B takes Kt        |
| 14 P takes B     | B takes B         |
| 15 P takes B     | Q to Kt5 ch       |
| 16 P to B2       | C to Q3           |
| 17 R to R3       | Q to Q2           |
| 18 P to Kt5      | P takes P         |
| 19 Kt to Q2      | KR to K           |
| 20 Castles       | P to KKt3         |
| 21 R to B sq     | K to Kt2          |
| 22 Kt to Kt3     | R to R sq         |
| 23 Q to KB2      | Kt to Kt5         |
| 24 Q to Q2       | R takes R         |
| 25 P takes R     | Kt to B3          |
| 26 Q to Q4       | Q to K2           |
| 27 Kt to B5      | R to K sq         |
| 28 Kt takes KP   | Q takes Kt        |
| 29 Q takes Kt ch | K to R3           |
| 30 Q to B3       | Q takes P ch      |
| 31 Q takes Q     | R takes Q         |
| 32 R takes P     | R takes RP        |
| 33 R takes P     | P to Kt5          |
| 34 R to B8       | K to Kt4          |
| 35 R to K8       | P to Kt6          |
| 36 R to K sq     | P to Kt7          |
| 37 K to Q2       | R to R8           |
| 38 Resigns d     |                   |

NOTES.

- a Morphy's favorite continuation.
- b P to QKt4 is the correct play.
- c An embarrassing move.
- d If 38 P to Q6, 38 R takes R: 39 P to Q7, 39 R to Q8 ch; 40 K takes R, 40 P (Q's) ch; 41 K moves, 41 Q to QKt3, etc.—Gazette.

CHILDREN LIKE IT.

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EMULSION

OF  
Cod Liver Oil

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Coughs,  
Colds, Consumption,  
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 With unsurpassed accommodation, and Saloon  
 Amidships, will sail  
**FROM BOSTON**  
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**FOR BOSTON Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 10 p.m.**

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on Inter-  
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 This boat was only launched last February, is  
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 of the fastest and staunchest boats sailing out of  
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 A Brush and Comb Set,  
 A Shaving Set, &c.  
 A Pair of Spectacles, in Gold Frames, for your  
 mother-in-law, and  
 A Botue of Nisbet's Cocoa Cough Cure, to stop  
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 4 and 18 May | 2 and 16 November  
 1 and 15 June | 7 and 21 December

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1 " " 2,500	.....	2,500 00
1 " " 1,250	.....	1,250 00
2 Prizes " 500	.....	1,000 00
5 " " 250	.....	1,250 00
25 " " 50	.....	1,250 00
100 " " 25	.....	2,500 00
200 " " 15	.....	3,000 00
500 " " 10	.....	5,000 00
<b>APPROXIMATION PRIZES.</b>		
100 " " 25	.....	2,500 00
100 " " 15	.....	1,500 00
100 " " 10	.....	1,000 00
999 " " 5	.....	4,995 00
999 " " 5	.....	4,995 00

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[FOR THE CRITIC.]  
 A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

My friend another year has fled,  
 And now lies numbered with the dead;  
 What has it brought thee? pain or joy?  
 Or perfect peace without alloy?

When it was young, some hearts were glad,  
 That now alas I am long and sad—  
 Death and parting and bitter tears,  
 Fall to each lot with the changing years.

But the good old year is past and gone,  
 Its griefs forgot as its joys were mourn;  
 And the New Year comes with young hope sweet,  
 May it bring thee happiness complete!

ROBIN ADAIR.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]  
 ONLY.

Only a withered rosebud,  
 Laid away for years,  
 Only an old torn letter,  
 Stained with many tears.

Only an old love token,  
 A faded ribbon bow,  
 And the scenes so long forgotten,  
 Return from the "long ago."

Only a word half spoken,  
 Only a tearful sigh,  
 Only a heart half broken,  
 Only a last "good-bye."

Only a weary longing,  
 To see one face again;  
 Only a life embittered,  
 Bearing a lasting pain.

Only a heart forsaken,  
 Only a love that is dead,  
 Only a name to remember,  
 And the vows by false lips said.

ROBIN ADAIR.

HOW PAT GOT HIS RECEIPT.

Some time ago I was trading in a village store, says a correspondent, when one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who chanced to be waiting on me, and said:—"Won't you please step to the desk a moment. Pat Flynn wants to settle his bill, and insists on having a receipt."

The merchant was evidently annoyed. "Why, what does he want with a receipt?" he said. "We never give one. Simply cross his account off the book; that is receipt enough."

"So I told him," answered the clerk; "but he is not satisfied. You had better see him."

So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and after greeting Pat with a "good morning," said, "You wished to settle your bill, did you?" to which Pat replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said the merchant, "there is no need of my giving you a receipt. See? I will cross your account off the book"; and, suiting the action to the word, he drew his pencil diagonally across the account. "This is as good as a receipt."

"And so ye mane that that settles it?" said Pat.

"That settles it," said the merchant.

"And ye're sure ye'll never be after askin' me for it again?"

"We'll never ask ye for it again," said the merchant decidedly.

"Faith, then," said Pat, "and I'll be after kapin' me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet."

The merchant's face flashed angrily, as he replied, "Oh, well, I can rub that out."

"Faith, now, and I thought that same," said Pat.

It is needless to add that Pat obtained his receipt.

BOOK GOSSIP.

"Essays and Other Writings of Henry Thoreau," edited, with a prefatory note, by Will H. Weeks. The Hermit of Walden was a wild, romantic spirit; a man the very concentration of all the frankness and unconstraint of fascinating, untamed nature, combined with the laving influence of a university education and highly cultured acquaintances. No mere *Artium Baccalaureus* was he, but he bore the honorable and broader distinction of a Bachelor of Nature, which degree he gained by faithful study during a long but pleasant course. In the book now before us, we recognize the same independent pen from which flowed the stream which formed the Walden Pond of literature, and recorded the ever-memorable Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. Most, if not all, of this book has before appeared in print, but is scattered among more than one expensive volume. His essays and letters are alike written in the same spirit, which can only be described as Thoreauesque. He presents us with pithy, epigrammatic sentences, mostly short but very crisp, which awaken one's intellect and tickle the fancy. There is such a charm about his mannerisms and original sayings. Sometimes he indulges in a play of words, and becomes quaintly and fancifully humorous. His antithetical and paradoxical style pleased us, although we are aware that some condemn him for striving too much for such effects. Thoreau was a man of extremely conscientious and uncompromising views, and he said what he had to say in a manner entirely and inimitably his own. He was the last man in the world to accuse of affectation. All Thoreau's

thoughts, like the skin of the antelope, are truly redolent with the perfume of trees and grass; they give surprising delight, for they flow so richly and abundantly from his pen. Thoreau was an idealist. He used to "talk to the clouds," or rather to the deep blue far, far beyond. Therefore, as we might expect, his thoughts are too subtle, too ideal, and his reasonings too ethereal and mystic for many to enjoy. Yet another cause remains why the works of this post-naturalist cannot be popular. There is no need of twisting up Thoreau's pages in order to make fool's caps for most folks; those who read will know he bears true witness against them, and the rancour with which many may speak of his books will be but convincing proof that the cap fits, and will undoubtedly convict them. His was an intense dislike of civilization; unlike most men it gave him no delight to feebly fabricate and paddle in social slush, as he strongly though inelegantly expresses it. The multitude was nothing to him, but with nature he was in delicate sympathy. He was the most callous piece of exquisite sensitiveness it is possible to imagine. Because he left the vulgar path of life, some have called him a skulker. Impossible! Henry David Thoreau a skulker! Why has he faced the popular world, wrestled with it, and flung it from him in absolute disgust! His book, to use an expression of his own which he otherwise applied, gives news which he had not read in a newspaper or been told by a neighbor. He was ever striving to reach, not the depths but the heights of thought. "Read not the Times," he says, "Read the Eternities." We recommend everyone to study Thoreau's works. The various nature-sketches and after-thoughts, as presented in the present book, together with other expressions of his opinion, will, at least, instruct if not delight. Of course they mainly appeal to nature-lovers, but there are other parts which have a more general interest. His plea for John Brown shows what a friend he was of that strange man and how he favored the promoters of what has been facetiously termed the Underground Railroad. His poems are rough, but some of them nevertheless contain much beauty of thought. While thus far we have only eulogized his writings, we must now say there are many flaws expressed which, according to our way of thinking, we cannot admire; he belonged to a school whose reasonings and tenets can never agree in toto with ours, which doubtless are peculiar. Nevertheless all should surely admire this unique man, one of the most curious the world has ever seen, a man who, as he himself expresses it, would not run round the corner to see the world blow up. Walter Scott; London. Camelot series; cloth, 1s.

Those who would like to become more intimate with Thoreau will also find in the Camelot Series his "Walden" and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." Both of these contain introductions by Mr. Dircks, of which that in the former is of particular interest. The publisher deserves credit for placing Thoreau's works before the public in the present manner. Scott is noted for his publications, and we must say we consider he is worthy of all praise for his enterprise and the immense service he has done needy book-lovers. His publications are well bound, well printed on good paper, and have not the tawdry appearance which defaces many books destined to sell at a minimum price.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The Burril-Johnson Iron Company have just placed in the Cotton Duck factory an independent air pump to replace the pair of air pumps attached to the engine. The pump is an exceedingly well-made piece of machinery and is fitted with Patten's patent valve motion. The steam cylinder is 19 x 5 inches and the water cylinder 12x15. These independent air pumps are quite generally used on steamboats, but this is the first applied to stationary engines in Yarmouth factories.—Yarmouth Times.

The Pictou Standard gives the following account of how things are booming in that town—"We see on Denoon street a fine new cottage just completed for Mr. George McDonald, I. C. R. employee. This building was contracted for and completed since our last article (Mr. James Ferguson was the builder.) Mr Ferguson has also completed a large two-story warehouse, 35 ft. wide and 65 ft. long, for Messrs. Hogg, Craig & Co., in which they are manufacturing cans and boxes for their lobster factories, where they will employ fifteen men all winter. This building is on the property known as Ives' Wharf, which was lately purchased by this enterprising firm above referred to. Another large warehouse has just been completed on the old Mining Association wharf. This building is 76 feet long and 40 feet wide; two stories high with pitch roof. It is owned by Mr. Thomas Connor, and is occupied by Burnham & Morrell as a can and box factory, where they will employ some 15 or 20 men all winter. Messrs. J. & A. Connor were the contractors, and commenced and completed the building in a few days. On the same street, Mr. Charles Gallant has just erected a very fine office, and intends putting up a large dwelling house in the spring. Water street (with the exception of Fogo's corner, and this has become the black spot of the town since the fire,) presents quite an improved appearance. Mr. A. J. McKnight has removed the old Cameron building. Mr. J. S. McKnight has taken down the old Irving building at the rear of his store. The Standard office and Wm. Carson's front have been painted and new sign put on. Also that bleached front of the Walker building, with Mr. McLennan's charter oak sign and bright red front, all go to make the town more business-like. The old market, we would like to be able to say has been torn down—that the County Council, inspired with a spirit of play and right feeling toward the town, had made some proposition to the Council through which this injustice to our town could be rectified. The attendance in all the churches has increased during the last term. St. Andrew's is putting in a number of new seats. Any one looked upon (with other intentions than making a blue rain speech) cannot but be impressed with a feeling that we are improving and increasing."

Lloyd Manufacturing and Foundry Co. are having a busy season.

Yesterday they shipped a valuable car load of mill machinery, consisting of two rotary saw mills, lathe machines, planers, etc., etc., to Yarmouth County. They have recently sold several of their shingle machines which are considered the best in use in the Province. The fine work of this Company is being found out by the mill men, and as a result a large number of orders are being placed for different kinds of machinery. The Company have the latest patterns of improved milling and other machinery.—Kentville New Star.

The contract for the erection of the new \$8,000 building for the N. S. Telephone Co. has been awarded to Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co., of Amherst.

Among evidences of local enterprise, we notice that Messrs. J. & J. Coops have put into their mill at Brooklyn, a steam motive power, and under the able superintendence of Mr. David Day as machinist, and Mr. Andrew Huskins, millwright, have completely renovated their mill, which is now capable of easily turning out 20,000 feet of lumber per day.—Liverpool Advance.

The Annapolis Spectator says:—"The electric light is a success. The whole town was out on Saturday evening last to witness the turning on of the light. Our stores presented a brilliant appearance lit by electricity. The four street lights on George street give general satisfaction, and if taken down will be greatly missed. We have not heard what success the committee (appointed at the meeting of the A. R. M. and I. Society) has met with, but we trust our citizens will contribute individually to the lighting of our streets. The band serenaded Mr. O'Dell, manager of the Electric Light Co., in front of the station, their music being much appreciated."

MUCH BETTER,  
Thank You!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried

SCOTT'S  
EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and  
HYPOPHOSPHITES

—Of Lime and Soda.—  
IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

At 132 Granville Street,

That is six doors south of Duke St,

MOIR, SON & CO.

are at present situated. They have imported New Apparatus, and are manufacturing on the premises a choice variety of Cakes, Pastry and Candies. These are good. 1st, because of good workmanship. 2nd, because the best materials are used, and 3rd, because of constant hourly freshness.

GILLETT'S

PURE  
POWDERED 100%

LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.  
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds sal soda.  
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.  
E. W. GILLETT, Toronto

C. G. SCHULZE,  
PRACTICAL

Watch and Chronometer

MAKER.

IMPORTER OF

Fine Gold & Silver Watches,  
Clocks, Fine Jewelry  
and Optical Goods.

Chronometers for Sale, for Hire & Repaired.  
Rates determined by Transit Observation.

Special Attention given to Repairing  
Fine Watches.

171 BARRINGTON ST.  
HALIFAX.



119 Hollis St.  
HALIFAX, N. S.

— OPEN AFTER —

XMAS HOLIDAYS,  
JAN. 4, 1892.

Send for CIRCULARS to  
VICTOR FRAZEE, B. A.,

Secretary,

OR

J. C. P. FRAZEE,

PRINCIPAL



## COMMERCIAL.

Generally business is moving along very quietly. The flurry among retailers arising from holiday purchases is about over, and scarcely a ripple appears on the surface as things settle down.

Besides, most dealers are chiefly engaged in stock-taking and in ascertaining how the end of 1891 has left them, so that no special activity may be looked for at present—at least not for two or three weeks.

Wholesale houses are meditating on the way in which their goods disappeared in the stores, and how soon they may expect fresh orders to come in.

This season the few "cold snaps" that we have had have been of very short duration, and have in each instance given way to milder weather. This has had a very depressing effect upon all kinds of business. Still, despite all this, a good winter trade is hoped for in almost all lines. However, it appears certain that holders of winter goods, such as heavy clothing, furs, gloves, etc., must suffer, as most people are making up their minds that the winter will be a short one, and that, therefore, they will not buy of such goods with the customary freedom.

At last the Bankers of the Dominion have agreed to organise an association for mutual advantage. The only matter for surprise in this connection is that the step was not taken long ago. Bankers undoubtedly represent the most important and influential interests of the country, and any matter that receives their universal endorsement must force any Government to heed it. In many laws relating to business matters in the Dominion in which reforms have long been needed they have not been urged vigorously upon the Government, simply for the lack of such an organization as that of which we write. If the new association does its duty, as is expected of it, a force that can hardly be estimated will be brought to bear on our legislators in respect to business affairs, to make them relieve our merchants and financiers of a considerable portion of the unjust hamperings that now beset them. It may be expected that our bankruptcy laws, which are a disgrace to the country and the despair of mercantile men, will receive a thorough overhauling, to the end that they may be put on a sound and uniform basis. It will be in the scope of its powers and duties to curtail largely, if not to entirely destroy the ridiculously extended credits, financial kiteflying, repudiation of contracts for future delivery, forward dating, swindling exemptions, etc., etc., that have so often proved stumbling blocks in the way of honest and successful prosecution of trade and commerce in nearly all branches, both wholesale and retail.

**Dry Goods.**—Business just now in all lines of textile goods is very quiet, as the houses are taking stock, and travellers are about all at home in connection with the holidays. Of course it is yet too early to form anything like accurate conclusions, but most of the leading men in the trade express satisfaction with the general results of the work of 1891. There have been no large or disastrous failures among our dry goods men, and it is believed that most balance sheets will show a very fair profit on the year's operations. Prices remain steady, but they are not now subjected to any severe testing process. There are no indications of any falling off of prices, especially in cotton fabrics, on the contrary the tendency appears to be upwards. Woollens of all kinds are very firm. Remittances are, of course, still far from good, as retailers have been too much occupied during the past fortnight in attending to the wants of their customers to give much thought or time to making settlements. A better condition of matters in this respect may be expected to very soon set in.

**IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.**—The markets give hardly any opportunity to note anything respecting them. Prices are steady, but there is so little doing that figures must be regarded as more or less nominal, since there are no sales of sufficient importance to form a judgment as to values upon.

**BREADSTUFFS.**—The local flour market remains steady with only a small jobbing movement to meet present consumptive requirements. Oatmeal, bran, feed, etc., are showing nothing like activity, but prices remain unchanged. The English markets are doing nothing, as is customary during the last fortnight of the year, when men's minds are bent more on festive than on business thoughts. The certainty that all needed supplies and more can be obtained from America, despite the shortness of the European crop and the Russian Czar's ukase forbidding the export of grain from his dominions, makes buyers quite independent and indifferent. United States markets are unchanged.

**PROVISIONS.**—There is a steady though quiet demand for provisions, but it is a healthy one, being based on actual consumptive requirements. The receipts of dressed hogs is considerably less than is usual at this season of the year. The reason for this is mainly the extreme mildness of the weather, which causes raisers to postpone killing till they are sure that a winter temperature has come "to stay." From Liverpool a somewhat increased volume of business is reported, but no change in prices has occurred. In Chicago the market has been slow with some slight depression, owing to the absence at the moment of any demand from the other side of the water. In Montreal the feeling is very quiet, not to say dull, and prices while nominally unchanged are easier. Western pork there is easier, and Canadian short cut is beginning to accumulate on packers' hands. Lard is quiet and easy.

**BUTTER** continues practically the same that it has been for several weeks past. There is a good, active movement, especially for the very best grade, which is readily taken up as soon as offered at full prices. Good to ordinary also receive considerable attention at steady prices. Inferior grades are still scarce, which compels many to use better and higher-priced qualities in culinary operations than they otherwise would. A Montreal report says:—"The export sales have been dropping away during the week, and will probably continue very quiet until after the holidays are fairly over, when

everything will depend upon the state of the British market. Local trade has been fairly good, township dairies having been quickly snapped up by city jobbers at from 18c. to 20c. Western is quieter but moving slowly round 17c. In creamery there is no change. We quote creameries 22c. to 23½c.; Eastern townships dairies 16c. to 20c.; Western 15½c. to 17c." A London letter says:—"The butter market is strong with a rather undecided close, though the tendency is decidedly upwards. Foreign parcels are firmly held, and dealers insist on the inside margin of current rates, the Antipodean arrivals to a great extent governing trade, the demand for the parcels being active at the quotations given in my last. Next week we are to have higher prices. So say reports. *Mais nous verrons.*"

**CHEESE** locally is still as it was. Very little is stored here, but there appear to be ample supplies held back at the factories, and they come forward gradually or in small quantities as the demand seems to warrant. Holders in this Province seem to have a strong faith in the future of cheese through the winter and spring months, and from present indications it would appear that they are not likely to be disappointed. Cheese—unlike butter—is an article that, if good, loses nothing, but on the contrary gains by keeping. In Montreal "There is very little new business doing just now, as buyers are holding off till after the holiday season, though great confidence is displayed by the holders as to the future. Prices are now almost nominal, and quotations are: finest western 11c. to 11½c.; finest eastern 10½c. to 11c., medium 10½c. to 10¾c." A report from London reads:—"In cheese activity is the rule, though the Xmas season in the near vicinity imposes a certain rut of quietness. Prices are maintained with better figures in sight, a heavy demand tending towards this consummation."

**EGGS.**—Fresh eggs are rather scarce, the holiday demand having used all that offered and still called for more. Consequently the few that remain in stock or that come to hand are very firmly held, and really good fresh eggs are taken up as soon as they are shown. A correspondent writing from London, under date of Dec. 12, says:—"Eggs have been quiet this week and though Germans have gone up 3d. per 120 not much business is passing in them, the enhanced prices keeping buyers back. Canadians still hold their own and fair prices for them are realised. In Liverpool up to 11s. is still paid, though the large landings of this week have rather retarded business, and the anxiety has been transferred from buyer to seller. Still trade holds up bravely and stocks are pretty well cleared. The *Grocers' Journal* has an article yesterday in which it congratulates the Canadians on their great success in the egg business, predicting a splendid trade in the future in the new departure. The Canadian egg has been set here and it will be difficult of dislodgement."

**APPLES.**—There is nothing at all new in this market, but retailers have done during the past two weeks a good business in fancy stocks for table use. Values for really good fruit range from say \$2.50 to \$3, while poor stock is selling at any price that it will bring. The export movement from this province has now fairly commenced and considerable quantities have recently been shipped and other lots are being put in order for shipment. This movement will doubtless continue for at least three months to come. We find in a letter from London the following:—"Apples are a good trade, no Boston lines have fallen off and any reduction except in the latter has been the result of heavy receipts. Trade is good here and all varieties show satisfactory results."

**DRIED FRUIT.**—Now that the special holiday demand is over the local trade in dried fruits has slackened down which makes business rather dull in this line at present. Private cables recently received state that Valencia raisins have advanced 2s. per cwt. in London. New York prices have not, however, advanced as yet and our local market shows no particular sign of a rise. Stocks are low and prices are pretty steady. Mail reports of the London currant market are very low, with irregular prices, while Liverpool reports speak of the effect of the large stocks there and in Greece as very depressing. Dates have advanced about 1s. per cwt. in England and local prices are a little firmer in consequence.

**SUGAR.**—The local market is very quiet, sufficient purchases having been made to carry over the holidays and further. Advices from foreign markets all indicate a quiet—even a weak feeling. Local prices are unchanged. Nothing is doing in molasses.

**TEA.**—Japans are still very dull, but there is evidently some faith in the future of the market in some quarters, for the Montreal agent of a Japanese house received a cablegram a few days since directing him to withdraw all his teas from the market for the present. Values remain nominally the same, but are receiving very few tests. Greens are very low in London and mail advices speak of a further decline in prices. Our local market does not afford much of interest. Blacks remain about the same, except that a decline which had set in has ceased for the last few days, but whether bottom has been touched is a matter of doubt. Ceylons have also declined considerably, latest mail speaking of a drop of ½d. to 1d. per pound.

**COFFEE.**—The local market remains very quiet, stocks being lighter and sales few in number. The stock at Havre on the 19th Dec. was 223,000 bags, against 180,000 bags at the same date last year. Of these totals 150,000 bags were Brazilian, against 113,000 bags last year. According to the *Journal du Commerce*, the present Rio crop is estimated at 4,000,000 bags, and the next at 3,000,000.

**FISH.**—The local fish business continues to be in a much depressed condition, and nothing turns up to put any life into it. Though the stock on hand are probably lighter than they have been at this period of the year for a long time, there seems to be no demand for the few not held to give any encouragement to dealers. The day of the "fish boxes" is gone so far as this port is concerned, and what is sent away by steamers yields no fortunes to those engaged in the business. Of course as Lent approaches there will probably be a little more stir, both to supply and

increased local and outside demand, and perhaps some enhancement of values, but this effect can but be temporary, and will yield no special benefit to those most concerned—the fishermen and their merchants. Our outside reports are as follows:—Montreal, Dec. 30.—“Prices for pickled fish are a little firmer, generally with a fair amount of business. There is some green cod on the market of a dark color which has not been inspected, and which is being sold below our quotations, but for good quality full prices are being maintained. Green cod \$5.00 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. Yarmouth bloomers \$1.25 to \$2 per 100; St. John bloomers \$1.25; boneless cod, large boxes, 6c; do. small boxes 7c. Values in oysters are a little higher, 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 nominally unchanged. We quote:—Fresh haddock and cod 3c. to 4c. per lb.; lake trout 6½c. to 7c.” Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 30.—“Dull weather, light receipts and a moderate trade have been the rule for the past week, the principal local feature of the week being the first receipts of frozen herring from Newfoundland. The market continues firm with an upward movement in cured codfish. We quote—Frozen herring, cargo of schr. *Joseph Howe*, \$3.50 per cwt.; herring bait from cold storage \$3.50 per cwt.; fare sale of Georges cod \$5 and \$3.75; fare sale of fresh mixed fish, \$1.70 for cusk, \$1.20 for hake, \$1 for pollock, \$1.50 for haddock and \$2.25 for cod; last fare sale of Bank halibut 18½c. and 15½c. per lb. for white and gray; salt spurling bait for haddock fishermen \$2.50 per bbl.; salt herring \$3 per bbl. Mackerel jobbing, small 3’s \$8.50 and \$9; medium 3’s \$10.50 and \$11; large 3’s \$14; medium 2’s \$18 and \$14; large 2’s \$17 and \$18; Bay 1’s \$21; Shore 1’s \$24; extra Shore 1’s \$26; extra bloomers \$30. We quote new Georges codfish at \$7.50 per qtl. for large, and small at \$5.50; Bank \$6.50 to \$7 for large and \$4.25 for small; Shore \$6.75 and \$4.62 for large and small. Dry Bank \$7.25, medium \$5.50. We quote cured cusk at \$5 per qtl; hake \$3; haddock \$3.75; 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. \$5.50; round Eastport \$4, pickled codfish \$5; haddock \$3.50; halibut heads \$3.50; sounds \$13; tongues and sounds \$12; tongues \$11; alewives \$3.50; trout \$14; California salmon \$14; Halifax do. \$23; Newfoundland do. \$16.”

I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to those already given that K. D. C. is a positive cure for indigestion and dyspepsia. My own trial of the medicine proved a case of instant relief, and as far as I can judge a permanent cure, and further a find the same is said of it by all who have tried it.

Yours truly,  
A. I. Rice, Photographer, New Glasgow.

# CHARACTERISTIC.

It is characteristic of the House to have only the very best, and never deal in what is known in the trade as cheap instruments.

It is characteristic of the House never to ask fancy prices (as some dealers do, and come down if they have to). Every instrument is marked in plain figures at actual selling price, which is always the lowest, consistent with quality and a fair living profit.

By these, and other strict commercial methods, I have built up one of the largest, if not the largest, retail Piano and Organ trades in the Dominion.

I was awarded a special diploma at the late Provincial Exhibition for the best exhibit of Pianos, consisting of CHICKERING, KNABE, BELL, DOMINION, MASON & RISCH, and NEWCOMBE, which means the diploma of the exhibition in the Piano line.

## W. H. JOHNSON,

121 and 123 HOLLIS ST. - HALIFAX, N. S.

### MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES.

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

GROCERIES.		BREADSTUFFS	
SUGARS.		With reference to Breadstuffs	
Cut Leaf.....	5 1/2	markets are of a holiday character.	
Granulated.....	4 1/2 to 4 3/4	There is very little business doing.	
Circle A.....	4 1/2	No changes in quotations.	
White Extra C.....	4 1/4	FLOUR	
Standard.....	3 3/4 to 3 1/2	Manitoba Highest Grade Patents.....	5.75 to 6.10
Extra Yellow C.....	3 3/4	High Grade Patents.....	5.10 to 5.50
Yellow C.....	3 1/2	Good 90 per cent. Patents.....	4.90 to 5.00
TRA.		Straight Grade.....	4.50
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19	Good Seconds.....	4.40
" Fair.....	20 to 23	Graham Flour.....	5.00
" Good.....	25 to 29	Oatmeal.....	4.15
" Choice.....	31 to 33	" Rolled.....	4.45
" Extra Choice.....	35 to 36	Kiln Dried Cornmeal.....	3.40
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39	" In Bond.....	3.40
MOLASSES.		" Rolled.....	5.55
Barbadoes.....	35	Wheat Bran, per ton.....	20.00 to 21.00
Demerara.....	35 to 38	Middlings.....	25.50
Diamond N.....	48	Shorts.....	22.50
Porto Rico.....	34 to 35	Cracked Corn, including bags.....	35.00
Cienfuegos.....	none	Ground Oil Cake, per ton.....	36.00 to 38.00
Trinidad.....	32 1/2 to 38	Moulce.....	24.00 to 25.00
Antigua.....	33 to 34	Split Peas.....	4.10
Tobacco, Black.....	45 to 47	White Beans, per bushel.....	1.30 to 1.50
" Bright.....	47 to 65	Pot Beans, per barrel.....	3.90 to 4.00
BISCUITS.		Canadian Oats, choice quality new.....	43 to 45
Pilot Bread.....	8.00	P. E. Island Oats.....	41 to 45
Boston and Thin Family.....	6 1/2	J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Head of	
Scda.....	6 1/2	Central Wharf, Halifax, N. S.	
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7 1/2	PROVISIONS.	
Fancy.....	8 to 15	Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	11.50 to 15.00
HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.		" Am. Plate.....	15.00 to 18.00
Apples, per bbl., N. S.....	2.00 to 3.00	" Ex. Plate.....	15.00 to 18.50
Oranges, Jamaica, brls.....	7.00 to 7.50	Pork, Mess, American.....	15.00 to 18.00
Lemons, per case.....	5.50	" American, clear.....	17.50 to 18.00
Cocoanuts, new per 100.....	5.00	" P. E. I. Mess.....	15.00 to 18.00
Onions Am. per lb.....	2 to 2.50	" P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	14.00 to 14.50
" Canadian.....	5 1/2 to 6	" Prime Mess.....	11.50 to 12.00
Dates boxes, new.....	6 1/2 to 7	Lard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island.....	12
Raisins, Valencia, new.....	10 to 11	" American.....	10 to 11
Figs, Elme, 5 lb boxes per lb., new.....	9 to 10	Hams, P. E. I., green.....	8
" small boxes.....	9 to 10	Prices are for wholesale lots only, and are liable to change daily.	
Prunes, Stewing, boxes.....	7	BUTTER AND CHEESE.	
Bananas.....	1.50 to 2.00	Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	25
Cranberries, per bbl.....	8.50	" in Small Tubs.....	23
C. H. Harvey, 12 & 10 Sackville St.		" Good, in large tubs, new.....	17 to 12
FISH.		" Store Packed & oversalted.....	18
MACKEREL—		Canadian Township, new.....	20 to 22
Extras.....	19.00	" Western.....	18
No. 1.....	16.50	" old.....	11
" 2 large.....	11.50	Cheese, Canadian.....	11 1/2
" 2.....	10.00	" Antigonish.....	11 1/2
" 3 large, Reamed.....	7.50	SALT.	
" 3, Reamed.....	6.25	Factory Filled.....	\$1.50
" 3 large, Plain.....	6.00	Fine Liverpool, bag, from store.....	60
" 3 Plain.....	5.00	Liverpool, 1/2 hhd.....	1.25
Small.....	4.75	" none.....	" Afocat.....
HERRING.		Capis.....	none
No. 1 C. B. July.....	5.00	Turks Island.....	none
" 1 Fall Split.....	3.50	Lisbon.....	3.00 to 3.25
" 1 Fall Round.....	3.00	Coarce W. I.....	none
" 1 Labrador.....	6.75	Trapan.....	4.40
" 1 Georges Bay.....	2.20	" Afocat.....	none
" 1 Bay of Islands.....	3.00		
" 1.....	4.25		
ALEWIVES, No. 1.....			
SALMON.			
No. 1, 1/2 brl.....	14.00		
No. 2, 1/2 brl.....	12.00		
" 2.....	10.00		
Small.....	13.00		
CODFISH.			
Hard C. B.....	4.25		
Western Shore.....	3.75		
Bank.....	4.50		
Bay.....	4.00		
Newfoundland.....	3.70		
HADDOCK.	3.25		
Banks & Western.....	3.25		
HAKE.....	2.50		
POLLOCK.....	4.00		
HAKE SOUPS, per lb.....	2 1/2		
Cod Oil per gal.....	29		

# LYCEUM THEATRE.

ZERA SEMON, Lessee.

MONDAY, JAN. 4th.

With SATURDAY AFTERNOON MATINEE

Go Where the Crowd Goes.

STANDING ROOM ONLY.

## ZERA SEMON

AND HIS OWN

# Magic Show,

WITH NEW SPECIALTIES.

Doors open 7 P. M. Sharp. Curtain rises 8 P. M. Sharp.

200--ELEGANT & EXPENSIVE PRESENTS--200

GIVEN AWAY NIGHTLY.

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

## THE GRAY GHOST OF GILSUM.

(Concluded)

"Why am I here?" I asked, and was astonished to find my voice so weak and thread-like. For an instant I had an impression that I, too, had become a ghost, in which case I should probably frighten the young lady who sat by the fire.

"But she looked up and answered quietly: 'Do not talk or you will be ill again. You have been very sick, but you are better now. You must get well.'

"I will get well," I remarked, idiotically, 'if you will go on sitting there by the fire.'

"Then I fell asleep, and when I woke again I was strong enough to recount the incidents of the night preceding my illness, and to listen to an explanation of my remarkable experience."

"Ah!" observed madam, drawing a long breath, "then there was an explanation after all. It was an hallucination—simply brain-fever in an incipient state?"

"Not at all," said De Wolf. "My friends followed my footsteps through the snow, found the broken tomb, and, well—ye, captured the ghost."

"Ah, the ghost!"

"Yes. It happened that the man who had died had a twin brother who was a deaf-mute and harmlessly insane. He had wandered away from his home, and but for kindly hands who found and rescued him would no doubt have become a veritable ghost on that eventful night."

"And the young lady in the blue dress?"

De Wolf ran his fingers through his white hair and laughed.

"Madam, are you acquainted with Miss Clara Wright?"

"Clara Wright! My own cousin, and she spent last winter in Gilsum. I see it all now. She wrote me only last week that she had just become engaged. And you are the man?" she added, with a sudden flash of inspiration.

"I believe I am," replied De Wolf, bowing; "and I can assure you, madam, that I am not insensible of the honor."

THE END.

## AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

"There's a book about it, Mrs. Calthrop," I said. "It's entitled 'How the Question is Put.' Hardened bachelor as you seem to think me, I was interested enough in the subject to get the book—from a library, of course."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Calthrop, smiling, "we shall see by-and-by whether you have derived any benefit from the perusal of that volume."

"I don't think I have," I said. "It is only a collection of tender scenes extracted from novels. I had read them all before. But now if I could get some real authentic information as to how men do propose—whether they go down on both knees, or one knee, or whether they don't kneel at all, whether one should make a long speech, or only whisper a few words, whether after all it is not better to write, so that one can have time to collect one's thoughts, and whether, if one writes, poetic quotations are admissible or advisable."

"For all these questions you had better apply for information to Helen," said Calthrop, looking at his wife. "She had so many offers, you know, that she must be quite an authority."

It was one evening I was dining with the Calthrops that this conversation took place. I was the only guest, except Calthrop's sister Mabel. Our talk had been reasonably sensible during the earlier courses; we had discussed Art, the New Journalism, and the latest attempt to demolish Christianity in a three volume novel, but with the dessert it had degenerated.

"You heard what your husband says, Mrs. Calthrop?" I exclaimed. "I am athirst for information."

"If I had any to give, you shouldn't have it," she said laughing. "Don't you see, it wouldn't be of any use; however many offers I have had, only one of them succeeded; apply to him."

"Were they very ridiculous?" I asked. "The men who failed?"

Mrs. Calthrop shook her head.

"A man is never ridiculous, if he is sincere," she said.

I laughed.

"Excuse me," I said, "I was thinking of Gibbon."

"He was the gentleman who sighed as a lover but obeyed as a son?"

"Yes, but it is not that I mean," I rejoined. "You know how he proposed to Middle Curchod and was rejected, and then had to ask the lady to help him up from his knees. Poor man! he couldn't manage to rise by himself."

"I wonder if Middle Curchod smiled—I hope she didn't, but perhaps she could hardly help it."

Mrs. Calthrop recoiled.

When Calthrop and I were left alone, he poured out a glass of claret and said:

"Do you know, Montague, I was once in a worse plight than poor Gibbon."

"You!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I—and I don't mind telling you about it. My wife is not listening."

He paused, emptied his glass, and then began.

"Her name was Amy—that is, her name was not Amy, but it shall be so during my story. She is married now." And Calthrop poured out more wine.

"I needn't trouble you," he went on, "by narrating how I made my Amy's acquaintance, and how I fell in love, and how the course of my love grew till it was an impetuous torrent that couldn't be resisted and came on as quickly. I needn't say that she was beautiful—she was also rich, and I was distinctly poor then. I had some expectations, painfully remote, and what I managed to earn as one of the staff of the *Evening Observer*. That wasn't much. Still, we saw each other often, and the way she received my advances left me entirely in doubt as to whether she would return them or not. She certainly seemed to give some encouragement, some reason to hope, and yet there was nothing which I could be sure indicated more than a modest friendship. I wavered between hope and hopelessness. When your time comes, Montague, you may understand that fearful see-saw."

"Perhaps I understand it now," I said.

"At last the day came when I determined to know my fate,

"To put it to the touch  
And win or lose it all."

as Montrose says. There was a reason for my decision. Amy was going abroad to travel with some friends. I resolved that she shouldn't leave England without hearing what I had to say. Resolutions are fine things, and do one good if they are good ones, but carrying them out is quite another matter. One must have opportunity. 'Man proposes'—you know the proverb. In this case man didn't propose because man didn't have a chance. Something always occurred to prevent a *tele-a-tele*. Amy was to leave England with the New Year, and on the last day of the old I called at her father's a little before the hour which is sacred to tea. I meant boldly to ask her to favor me with a few minutes' interview. Alas! the fates were adverse even to this bold step. I found a friend there, full of talk, a first-rate specimen of the female variety of the genus bore. She knew all the places that Amy was going to, and had a lot to say about each. I sat still, consumed with helpless rage, and saw the minutes which marked out my time of speaking go past. A little before six I felt obliged to go away, and could do nothing but conjecture as to what might be wrapped up in her good-bye."

"I pity you, Calthrop," I said, "with all my heart. How much is lost by people being where they are not wanted!"

"And not being where they are wanted," replied he. "I am thinking of Amy. As soon as I got home I set about composing a letter of declaration. I was some days over it; it was so hard to find words for what I had to say, and harder still to leave so much unsaid. The letter got to be very long. I copied it out on foolscap. You know my handwriting?"

"I do," I said; "it is without exception the vilest I have ever seen."

"It is very bad, I know," said Calthrop. "The printers on the *Evening Observer* could make it out pretty well, but no one else could. And in the midst of all the seriousness of my love I couldn't help smiling to think of the dreadful trouble I was taking to write plainly and how badly I was succeeding. Amy wouldn't be able to read more than half of my letter, I was afraid, and there were some words so very much like other words. I had a wild idea of having it set up in type, but at last I tore up the letter altogether, and decided on another plan. The Macallisters—the family Amy was travelling with—were going to make a few days' stay in Paris, and I knew the hotel. So I got leave of absence from our chief of the *Evening Observer* and crossed the Channel, and found myself in Paris. The Macallisters were gone. They had left the day before for Florence, the *concierge* of the hotel told me—he luckily knew the name of the hotel. Now I had fortunately, as I then thought, brought a good deal of money with me—all I had, in fact, till the next instalment of my salary should fall due. I counted out my money—ten pound and five pound notes—and decided that I could afford first-class fare to Florence and a *coupe-lit*. I soon found out the Hotel di Nuova York on the Lung' Arno, and enquired for Mr. Macallister with as much indifference as I could assume.

"They are not here yet," the porter told me, after enquiring. "They have engaged rooms, but we don't know when they will come."

"So I stayed in Florence, and made my first acquaintance with the beautiful city. I have seen it since under more favourable circumstances, and I don't know that I admire even Venice more. But then I was too impatient, too full of expectation, to be able to enjoy the lovely view from the Via dei Colli or from Bello Sguardo. Of course I went round to the galleries, but I looked at the pictures carelessly as things that didn't concern me much. If I could see them with her, then I might grasp their full significance. Only Titian's 'Flora' in the Uffizi struck me; the face reminded me so of Amy's."

"That's very curious," I said. "I know that picture well, and I think the face is very much like Mrs. Calthrop's."

"Ah," he continued, "different persons are differently impressed, and the same person differently at different times. Recalling the picture I can see the likeness you suggest. I went round every morning to the Hotel di Nuova York, and was met each day with the same reply—they had not come yet. I puzzled myself to know at what point on the road they could be stopping. Had they made a little detour to see Geneva? Had they stopped at Turin? At Genoa? Perhaps they were at Pisa, quite close by."

"On my sixth visit to the hotel I got a startling piece of news.

"They are not coming till April," said the porter. "They have written to give up their rooms."

"This dreadful intelligence was almost too much for me.

"Do you know where they are now?" I asked the porter, when I had partially recovered.

"I don't," he said; "but perhaps I can find out from the bureau."  
 "Do," I said. "It is of the utmost importance that I should see Mr. Macallister."

"And I thrust a five franc piece into his hand.

"He came back after a few minutes.

"I have had a lot of trouble to find out," he said; "the proprietor didn't wish to be troubled. But they are at the Hotel Victoria, Monte Carlo."

"In my joy I handed him over all the small change I had—three dirty notes of one lira each.

"I soon left Florence, and saw from the carriage-window the leaning tower of Pisa. What the Italians consider a fast train bore me on through innumerable tunnels, along the lovely Riviera di Levante, to Genoa. I didn't stop there a moment longer than was necessary; I was all impatience till I got to Monte Carlo. Then it struck me that I had better find out if Mr. Macallister was really there or not, so I left my portmanteau at the station and set out for the Hotel Victoria.

"On the way there, in the Casino Garden, I met the lady I had come to see. She was with the Macallisters, and I was soon introduced to all of them—father, mother, and daughter, Amy's most particular friend. We were soon walking side by side, Amy and I, and I was listening to what I thought the sweetest voice on earth.

"How glad I am to see you!" she said. "How odd that we should meet in this way! Did you know I was here? How did you know? I am afraid you have come to play roulette. How many days have you been here? How long are you going to stop? What hotel are you at?"

"Amy didn't wait for answers to her questions. I replied to the last and said that I had only just come, and hadn't fixed on an hotel.

"Then you must come to the Victoria," she exclaimed. "Then you can talk to me at table d'hote, and we can play lawn-tennis in the mornings."

"Young girls, when they are rich, don't know what money means to a poor fellow who only has what he earns. The Hotel Victoria was quite beyond my modest means, but I went there all the same, and I had plenty of opportunity for talk with Amy during the long dinner, and at other times too. And the lawn-tennis came off—I had to buy the requisites at a ruinous price—and there were many excursions besides.

"We visited Eza, and La Turbia, and Mentone, and watched the gamblers in the Salle de Jeu, and listened to the exquisite music of the Casino orchestra. I had never seen so much of Amy before, and then I couldn't help being in good spirits and hopeful. It was January, yet the roses were blooming and the sun was shining. A week passed, and I dared not stop longer. So at last, with a light heart, I said what I had come to say, asked for an answer to the question which had been perplexing me so long."

Calthrop threw himself back in his chair, lighted another cigarette, and puffed for a few moments in silence.

"My heart was heavy enough," he said, "when our interview was over. Her 'no' was spoken with the utmost kindness, but it was very sad to hear all the same. She had never thought of me as a lover, she told me, only as a friend, a good comrade. Couldn't I accept her friendship, her regard, her esteem, and not ask for what it was impossible for her to give. I preferred to say nothing about what I said and thought and felt. I determined to leave Monte Carlo at once and get back to London. And now you will see the likeness between my predicament and that of the luminous and voluminous historian. I found I hadn't money enough to pay my hotel bill and my railway fare. I had been spending pretty freely and had come down to my last note, and that was only five pounds. I don't know why, but I had been sure it was ten pounds as it lay folded up in my pocket-book. I had asked for my bill at the hotel, and its amount astonished me. When I had paid it and tipped the waiter, I had exactly thirteen francs sixty centimes left. Shortly after I paid the bill I got a telegram from the editor of the Evening Observer. 'Come back at once.' I had sent my address, you know, as soon as I had taken my rooms at the hotel.

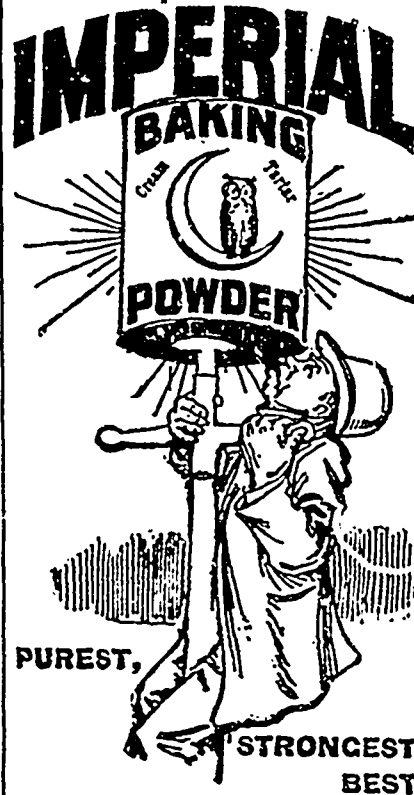
"I find," I said to the waiter, "that I shall not want to go away to-night after all. I will keep the rooms a day or two longer."

"I wanted a little time to think what I had to do. I couldn't write to any friend in England for the money—there wasn't time. And then I wasn't at all sure that I could count on getting it. I thought with remorse of the money—a large sum for me—that I had squandered on my fool's errand, and, perhaps, if I had waited—

"I dined at a little restaurant in the Candamie that evening, and expended only two francs seventy centimes. Then an idea struck me—a desperate chance. I ascertained what the fare to London was, and then, armed with my two remaining five franc pieces, I went into the Salle de Jeu to try my fortune at roulette. Beginners are generally lucky at first. I might win enough to float me over my difficulties. I tried the even chances, and won till I got within fifteen francs of the required amount, and then I lost. I went out of the Casino with exactly ninety centimes in my possession, and with no idea how to get the money I wanted, or rather with only one idea."

"Why," I said, "you had surely some valuables—a watch and chain—which could form the basis of a certain commercial transaction."

"My watch and chain were not worth very much," Calthrop rejoined. "And, besides, you forget that in the principality of Monaco there is no Mont de Piete, no allegorical golden balls. No, my idea was to borrow the money from Mr. Macallister. He would probably not object to lend, and I would beg him not to let Amy know. But he would probably tell his wife, and she would tell the girls. I determined to throw out covert allusions to roulette; temporary impecuniosity is not a startling phenomenon at Monte Carlo. (To be continued.)



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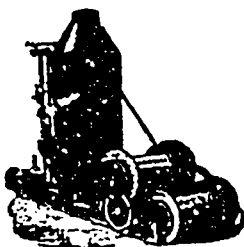
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## MINING.

## NOVA SCOTIA GOLD FIELDS.

By GEOFFREY F. MONCKTON.

The gold fields of Nova Scotia cover 6000 square miles, about 50 of which are being, or have been, scratched. The rocks in which the lodes are contained are supposed to be Cambrian, and are quartzites and slates. The slate sometimes contain gold, and one case at least occurs where the sides of a crack in the quartzites were lined with specks of gold. The lodes are quartz, and generally follow the strata in dip and strike, but occasionally cut them, when they are called "anglers." The beds having been tilted form anticlinals exactly similar to the saddle formation of Australia and California. On the question of the permanence of the lodes, Professor B. Silliman said: "There is no reason to fear that there will be any failure in depth in gold product or strength. The formation of the country is on too grand a scale geologically to admit of a doubt on this point so vital to mining success. Some of the lodes may be traced for miles."

The province of Nova Scotia has not produced as much as would be expected from thirty years' work, but the causes are not far to seek. It is for the most part covered with thick woods, intersected by deep and rapid rivers, and the surface soil is generally deep and wet. Its inhabitants are not a speculative race. Those among them who are enterprising invest their money in shipbuilding, which yields an immense profit, and the capital required to build wooden ships is not large. The law renders it easy for a man to obtain a good title without working a property, and the consequence is that large areas are held by men who cannot or will not work them.

Mining is usually carried on in this manner: The owner of a property leases it to a company for six months or a year. These tributers will comprise a few working miners, a storekeeper who pays his calls in provisions and supplies at a modest 300 per cent. profit, and perhaps a small capitalist who pays in £10 or £20. They begin at the top, and take out everything that holds gold as they go down. They use as little timber as possible, and if the lode is wet only work on fine days. If the lode does not pay from the start one or two months will see the end; if it pays, they surrender the mine at the end of their lease to the owner of the property, and he demands an exorbitant rent which results in the mine being shut down. In rare cases he works it on his own account. Yet in spite of this system many mines have reached a depth of 300 feet, and the Wellington was worked to a depth of 1000 feet along the pay streak.

It is generally supposed that there is only one pay streak on a lode, but this is because the companies have not sufficient funds to explore the lodes, but are obliged to confine themselves to the rich part that they happen to strike on the surface. Where sufficient capital has been available, more than one pay streak has been found. The divining rod is in constant use. It is not, however, the hazel wand, but an arrangement of whalebone and brass (this last indispensable). Very large sums of money have been wasted on it, but the profitable mines found by means of the divining rod do not exist. Romantic stories are told about the discovery of several of the mines. That at Salmon River, which has yielded £140,000 in ten years, was found in this wise: A woman lost her cow. Thinking it had strayed into the woods for food, as the cleared land in that district forms only a fringe along the shore, she hired an Indian to look for it. He set out with a white man, and after searching five miles back they sat down on a boulder to rest. The white man amused himself with knocking the corner of the boulder with the back of his axe. A broken piece contained a yellow lump, which he contemptuously tossed away. The Indian picked it up, and asked him to lend his knife to cut out the yellow lump, but the other refused to allow it to be blunted by cutting rocks. So the Indian said it was no use looking for the cow any more, and carried the piece home. Apparently he sold his right to his discovery to every man he met, which resulted in several lawsuits. The boulders lying round were so rich and plentiful that for the first month all expenses were paid by breaking them up and mortaring gold out by hand. The lodes dip north and south. The main south one is 3 to 4 feet wide, and the north 12 to 24 feet thick. Another large lode underlies this one, and there are doubtless many others on the property. The deepest shaft is 250 feet, and the length of the pay streak 700 feet horizontally. The mine is efficiently equipped with hoisting gear driven by cable by water power of 120 horse power, and there is an old 20 and a new 40 stamp mill driven by water power also, which is supplied by a fall from 140, which horse power could be obtained. The rich mines of Molega, which have for some years yielded £10,000 annually, were found in a still more remarkable way. An American lady, who was in the habit of consulting the spirits, for several years used to come to Nova Scotia and camp out in the woods in summer with a few men to dig wherever the "spooks" kindly directed her. In 1885 they ordered her to go to Molega Barrens (the word barrens signifies a place over which forest fires have swept), and put a blast in a boulder, which they revealed to her. Then large nuggets would appear in it. She went and had the shot fired, but the gold that showed was finely disseminated. So she thought she had better wait for another revelation. Now, it happened that a man, who was not burdened with too much unearned increment, was in the woods and heard the people talking. Hiding behind a rock he watched the whole proceedings. Having no qualms about spirits, he promptly took out all the gold he could, and took up the mining rights. It is said that he made £400 in a fortnight by mortaring. The Americans have lately invested largely in this district.

The other principal gold mining localities are Goldenville, which has produced £500,000; Waverley, £212,000; Oldham, £152,000; Montague, £133,000; Renfrew and Wine Harbor, £117,000. The total product has been £2,050,000, but scientific men say that from one-half to one-fourth as much more has been wasted, as no concentrators are used. The tailings

are always reworked at a considerable profit on the removal of a mill. Mines are hardly ever tested unless they show a good deal of visible gold. Yet it is recorded that a lode at Oldham, showing no gold, yielded six ounces to the ton in a mill. J. A. Phillips said that the Nova Scotian lodes were richer in visible gold than those which he had seen in any part of the world. Cases have been known of mines in the Western United States having been "salted" with Nova Scotia specimens. Of bonanzas, that at Carribou, where a slope 40 feet long, 120 feet deep, on a small lode, gave 12,000 ounces, and one recently struck at Oldham 30½ tons from which yielded 875 ounces, may be cited. There can be no doubt that gold mining in this province has, on the whole, been very profitable, as since there is a tax in proportion to the amount of gold produced, the output recorded is not likely to be overrated, but on the other hand, the returns of work done by which many of the claims are held, and which therefore are not likely to be too low, show a cost of £1,300,000. All titles are registered in the Crown Office, mining leases and licenses being held direct from the Government, and are perfectly secure as long as the lessee complies with certain very simple conditions.

What the mining industry requires is enterprising capitalists; the workmen themselves have no superiors. Mines cannot be made in hard rock without the expenditure of some capital first. One of the great advantages of the mining districts is the number of lodes lying parallel and generally within two or three feet of one another, so that a company with plenty of capital has several strings to its bow. Large lodes or "belts" of lodes exist holding 10 to 40 feet of ore. Shafts cost on the under 30s to 50s. per foot; tunnels 10s. to 35s. per foot. Milling by waterpower costs 3s. and by steam 5s. The actual cost per ton altogether is 80s. in a 3-inch lode, 18s. in a foot lode, and 10s. in a 4-foot lode.—*Mining Journal.*

**SOUTH UNICAKE.**—There are now two properties being worked in this district each having its own crusher viz., the Withrow and the Eastville, the latter owned by Messrs. Thompson and Quirk.

The Withrow, which lies west of the Eastville mine, has become quite a noted gold producer, and is, we are given to understand, about changing hands at a high figure.

But the mine that is now attracting the most attention is the Thompson & Quirk property, the yield of gold being unusually large—the average per ton of quartz crushed being not less than 20 oz. There are nine areas in this property, the main gold bearing lead being from 8 to 12 inches thick and growing richer and wider as it is worked east. This property has a great future as it contains other leads, notably the slate a 14 inch lead to the south of the lead now being worked and good for 3 oz. per ton. Directly east of it J. H. Austin and others have a block of six areas, and still further east a block of 50 areas partly cut into by a number of areas owned by B. Gladwin. The six area block is a most promising property, as the principal leads on the Thompson-Quirk property pass through it and have been cut at the surface. A little judicious work here will almost certainly result in developing a valuable mine, as the main lead on the Thompson & Quirk property grows wider and richer as it approaches the eastern boundary, and although to strike this pay streak on the Austen areas about 160 feet will have to be sunk on the lead, still there is every justification for the outlay, as the pay streak once reached a fortune will result. Then other pay streaks may be met with so that there is every encouragement to the owners to open up their property in good miner-like shape. In fact we know of no better prospect. The slate lead is also on this property, and has also been tapped by Mr. Neilly on his areas away east, proving the continuity of the leads of the district.

**SHERBROOKE.**—The Blaikie Gold Mining Company are working steadily on the old Rockville property. The whin lead mentioned in my last report is looking well, and the west shaft has been pushed down about ten feet. The July crushing from this shaft only yielded two or three penny weights per ton. A trial crushing of six tons last week showed an increase to six penny weights per ton. Since my last report a belt of leads has been cut about fifty feet to the north-west of the whin lead shaft. The leads are five in number, and about two-thirds of the six foot belt is crushing stuff. The shaft is only a few feet in the rock, and so far the belt looks very well. One lead in particular carries very coarse heavy gold.

The Coburg Company have unwatered their shaft, but I have not yet heard how the ore looks.

According to all accounts Country Harbor is the coming district in the Eastern part of the province. The latest reports are that the ore looks richer than ever. The lead is maintaining its size, and I hear that other parties who are prospecting on the same belt, are meeting with most favorable indications.

**NICKEL MINING NOTES FROM THE SUDBURY DISTRICT.**—Mr. James Stobie, of Sudbury, some time ago made terms for the sale of his three nickel locations in Levesck to an English syndicate for \$119,000 and a royalty of twenty-five cents per ton on the ore, of which it is understood 200 tons per day was to be raised as a minimum. The sale fell through after the syndicate had paid \$7,500 cash and expended another \$7,000 in development and tests, objection being taken, it is understood, to the high rate of royalty. Mr. Stobie now holds the three properties at \$250,000 without royalty.

Mr. John Ferguson, manager of the Dominion Mineral Company, gives the following explanation regarding the closing down temporarily of the Blezard mine (which I mentioned in my last letter), viz.: that pending changes in the organization, caused by some European capitalists having bought a large amount of stock, required a temporary cessation of work on

the property until the new management is appointed and other necessary arrangements made. The present owners of the D. M. Co. will be a part of the new proprietary which will run the works on a large scale. It is quite possible that under the new arrangement the ore may not only be smelted but refined on the premises. It is probable that operations will be renewed in the mine early next spring. A correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* says that the mine has been sold to a British syndicate for \$2,000,000. The plant will be increased and the most modern machinery and appliances introduced so that operations will be carried on on a much more extensive scale next spring. Less than five years ago, according to this authority, the property was offered to a Toronto syndicate for \$23,000, but before the sale to the British syndicate, enough metal was sold from the property to recoup the owners their entire expenditure for property, machinery and development.

The price of nickel has advanced from forty-eight to sixty-eight cents per pound on account of the recent successful experiments with nickel steel by the American Government.

The Sault Ste Marie Nickel Mining and Agency Company appointed a provisional directorate last week and until the annual meeting which will be held in January next. The company claim to own several promising nickel locations in the Sudbury and Sault districts.

The Drury Nickel Mining Company have about a hundred men at work erecting a smelter and buildings on their location in Drury.

The Pipe Lake Nickel Mining Company have put a diamond drill at work on their property about four miles from Walford, on the Sault branch of the C. P. R. Mr. Robert Forbes, an experienced miner, is president of the company.

The Straight Lake Mining Company, Ltd., has been organized with a capital stock of \$300,000, the promoters being Dr. D. G. Gordon, Dr. A. R. Gordon, R. T. Howard, O. M. Arnold, H. Vigeon, S. H. Baker, and James Madill, all of Toronto. The purposes of the incorporation are to acquire lands and carry on mining works.—*The Financial and Mining Record.*

**POSITIVE, COMPARATIVE, SUPERLATIVE LIARS.**—There used to be a saying current in Lincoln's Inn years ago of a judge who recognized three degrees in liars: the liar simple, the d—d liar, and the expert witness. The point lies in the fact that expert witnesses are allowed to give evidence as to what is their opinion, and hence are out of the reach of an indictment for perjury, which always hangs over the head of an ordinary witness, who can testify to the fact only. There is another version which is of interest, namely the three degrees of liars, which are said to be the liar, the d—d liar and the mining engineer.—*Notes and Queries.*

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Pharmacist,  
St. John, N.B.

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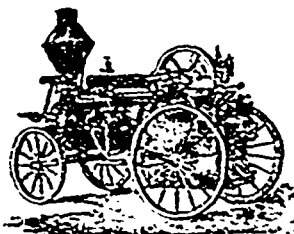
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BEFORE BUYING

ENGINES, BOILERS, ROTARY SAW MILLS OR WOOD WORKING MACHINERY,

Write **GEO. H. EVANS,** 62 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. For Catalogue and prices.

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

Within the last few months I have purchased promiscuously, at RETAIL GROCERY STORES in this City, packages of

### WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER,

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

**GEO. H. EVANS,** 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.

The North, or No. 3 slope, of the Spring Hill collieries may or may not be the most extensive of the three pits in active operation, yet the writer is of opinion it is the pet pit, and destined to play, in the future, an important part in the history of Spring Hill. The youngster who required the greatest share of coddling, or who was the cause of the biggest bother to his guardians, may be the one of a crowd most thought of. The more attention devoted to a child, the greater the attraction toward him; and it seems to be this way with No. 3 slope. During the past nine months it has been a cause of uneasiness and expense to the management. A "creep" had to be fought—a hand to hand fight—and an access of water contended with—in both cases the end being satisfactory.

The request to visit the collieries was unexpected. At some of the collieries there may be a hesitation, on the part of the members of lodges, as to the propriety of the Secretary of the Association visiting a pit accompanied exclusively by a boss or bosses. In this instance the request to visit the mine came through the convener of managing committee of 'Pioneer' in open lodge, and the members seemed pleased than otherwise that the writer should go, nothing fearing that he might be weaned away from loyalty to them and the Association by blandishments lavished by wily managers.

Shortly after the morning whistle blew—7 a. m.—we called for instructions at the manager's office. First the pipe of peace was smoked, and then—as no preparations had been made for the journey—a pair of ancient nether garments was given me. The original owner of them, if exceeding the one who had become temporary lessee by six degrees of longitude, came very far short in degrees of latitude, which resulted in an extremely dudish fit, necessitating due care of bodily gesture, lest the real owner might raise action for trespass and damages.

Manager McInnis willed it that the North slope should be visited—and in this instance there was no demurrer. Seated in the bottom of the hind box of a rake of five empties—five boxes constituting a 'rake'—we went slowly and pleasantly to the bottom. The safety lamps which we carry are the Marsaut, the best safety lamp, it is asserted, in use in America. Though the light from the most approved safety lamp is feeble at the best, yet having come down slowly we got our eyesight before reaching the bottom. The slope is, where needed, well timbered; but long lengths of it have no supporting timbers at all, owing to the remarkably strong roof. We first made our way to the extreme length of the West level. There is much unwrought coal here. Only one balance is working at this time, there being, however, two others ready for operations. No. 1 balance is 900 feet from the slope, which leaves a pillar of sufficient dimensions to ensure perfect solidity, stability of the slope. No. 2 balance is 700 feet from No. 1, and No. 3 400 feet from No. 2. This gives a length of 1100 feet of unwrought coal; and as the distance from the lift or level above is 600 feet, there remains to be mined, in this section, 1100 x 600 x 10 or 11 feet high of coal of excellent quality. How many thousand feet further the levels may be driven in good coal is a matter which time alone can determine. As we retrace our steps, to visit the east level, the good order in which everything is kept is noticeable. The levels are clean, and the air, for a mine, is sweet, and plenty of it. The east level has been driven some 1400 feet. In most pits the coal on one side is better, or cleaner, than on the other, and there is no exception here. Though, from the top to the bottom of the coal, the height may be as great as on the West side, there is not so much coal got out, and there is a heavy stone band in centre of seam. There are no balances on this side, but, instead, chutes. One chute is in operation the other ready for a start at any time. Over the levels to the pit bottom the coal is hauled by mules. The mules are an invention of the energetic general manager, Mr. J. R. Cowans. But in this matter he has not been so eminently successful as in other matters to which he has devoted attention. Though a majority of the mules, are as tractable as horses, an occasional one is inclined to be mulish, as was found on this morning. One fellow positively refused to move either himself or the boxes, for a long time. He was coaxed, and he was c—, ah, that was when the manager wasn't there—the law of kindness—in homeopathic doses, I fear,—and the law of severity—in allopathic allowance—was administered; but there he stood—mute and mulish—until of his own sweet will he wended his way. It was suggested by our late brother Ferguson that the driver try some soft words. His reply came "Soft words! You don't know mules." The impeachment was weakly admitted, though *sotto voce*, we said we had in our day known many mine bosses. In justice let it be said that knowledge wasn't acquired wholly in Spring Hill. And yet there was reason in this mule. He had been at work in the early part of the previous night, and had not, as he considered, been allowed sufficient overtime. True, he got an extra feed of oats, but that is scarcely an equivalent for three hours extra labor. At last the mule went, and following his example we went too—to the bottom—to get a lift to the 'lift' above, or 1300 feet level. The 1300 feet level is the busy section of the pit, though there is not much activity noticeable, as the levels are travelled. The empty boxes, it seems, left the road on coming down the slope, the result being a general smash, which caused a cessation of hoisting and hauling for a considerable length of time. Fearful lest the manager might look upon his companion as a Jonah, the question was asked a bright boy who was enjoying the slack spell near the bottom. "Have the rakes met on previous occasions?" His answer was "Oh yes." The answer was comforting.

(To be continued.)

THE MIRACLE CITY

A NEW NAME SUGGESTED FOR HAMILTON

Another Remarkable Case Which Would Indicate that the Name Would be Quite Appropriate

The number of remarkable cures occurring in Hamilton is causing general comment throughout the country. To those who know the inside facts there is not the least cause for wonderment. The remarkable cure of Mr. John Marshall, who was known to almost every citizen in Hamilton, gave the Pink Pills an enormous sale in the city, one retail druggist alone selling 2,880 boxes in the past six months. People whose cases had been considered hopeless, as was Mr. Marshall's, took hope from his cure, persisted in the use of the pills, with equally wonderful results in their case. And what is happening in Hamilton in the way of remarkable cures is happening in all parts of the Dominion, and every day adds to the pile of grateful testimonials which the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are receiving. Last week the Hamilton Times investigated two more cases, the result of which is told in the following article in the issue of Nov. 7th:—

The account of Mr. John Marshall's wonderful cure, after suffering for years with locomotor ataxy naturally brought to light several other cases of almost equally miraculous cures in this city. Among the many citizens who profited by Mr. Marshall's experience and who have been troubled for many years with the same affliction was Mr. William Webster. For a long time he was in the flour and feed business in the Market Square, and for over ten years while in his office he was compelled to remain in a reclining position on a couch, covered with heavy buffalo robes winter and summer. It was with difficulty that he could make his way, even with the aid of crutches, to his residence, but a short distance from the store. He attributes his trouble to constant exposure at the open door of his store, carrying heavy bags of grain in and out, and when overheated and perspiring sitting over an open cellar-way in order to cool off. About a year and a half ago he found it necessary to give up his business, owing to the fact that he was becoming utterly helpless from his terrible disease. In June last, on hearing of Mr. Marshall's case, he began to take that well-known remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and has been greatly benefited thereby.

Mr. Webster was seen by a Times' reporter at his residence, Macnabstreet north, Saturday afternoon, and was not all loath to speak about his case. "With the exception of this trouble with my legs," he said, "I have never been sick a day since I was 17 years old, and now I am 55. This locomotor ataxy is a terrible disease. For years my legs have seemed as though they belonged to someone else. As I have lain asleep on a winter night, one leg has fallen out of the bed, and when I would awaken with the cold I would have to feel around with my hand before I could tell which leg was out of bed. If I were to try and place my foot on a spot on the carpet within easy reach I could no more do it than fly. The pain at times has been terrible. I have lain awake night after night, week after week, alternately grasping each foot in my agony as the sharp

pains like knife-stabs shot through various parts of my anatomy. When I was first attacked with pains in my feet some 12 years ago I tried several physicians but could get no relief. Paralysis then set in and I immediately consulted a well-known specialist in Buffalo, who told me that I was suffering from locomotor ataxy and could not get better. I came home again, and on advice of friends tried several hot springs, but with no effect except, perhaps, to aggravate my complaint. I finally became discouraged, and after two years' doctoring, I underwent an operation. I was placed under chloroform, a gash two inches and a half in length was made in the side of each leg near the hip and the doctors put their fingers in the gash and stretched the sciatic nerve in the vain hope that such would give me relief. Since then, now over ten years ago, until June last I took no medicine whatever, and retiring from business became so helpless that I could not walk a step without my crutches, and sometimes the pain was something awful. About June, however, I got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using the first box felt such a beneficial effect from them that I continued to use them ever since, with the result that the terrible pains I used to suffer from have vanished, and with the exception of a gentle little dizziness at rare intervals, I might never know I had ever suffered with them. Since using the pills I get to sleep early and sleep as soundly and peacefully as a baby all night through. I can now walk a dozen steps or so without my crutches." And to illustrate, the old gentleman got up and walked across the room and back again to his seat alongside the reporter. "Now I couldn't do that at all before last June," continued he, "and the pills are certainly the pleasantest medicine to take that I ever tried. I would advise any one who is troubled with an affliction any way similar to mine, or who is suffering from any nervous disease, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

THEY SELL RAPIDLY.

Mr. J. A. Barr, the well known Hamilton druggist, says that the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing. Last winter he purchased one dozen boxes. This was his first order. Since then he has sold 2,880 boxes of the pills, and every day the demand is increasing. He sells at least two dozen per day. The same story comes from other druggists in Hamilton.

The other day Mrs. Martin, of Ferguson Avenue, Hamilton, Ont., called at Mr. John A. Barr's drug establishment and asked for a box of Pink Pills. She had a little girl with her in a perambulator, and while the mother was in the store the child climbed out over the side of the carriage. The mother laughed over the incident and remarked: "If it were not for Pink Pills my baby would never have been able to do that. To those in the drug store Mrs. Martin narrated the wonderful cure which had been effected by Pink Pills in the case of her infant. When about a year old the baby became paralyzed, and the anxious parents consulted the best doctors in the city, but their treatment was of no avail. The little one was not able to move hand or foot, and for a time the case was considered a hopeless one. Seeing an advertisement in the Hamilton Times

of the wonderful cures being effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mrs. Martin procured a box and before the youngster had taken all it contained, a marked improvement in her condition was noticed. The paralysis disappeared and the little one's appetite returned. The parents' hearts were delighted with the result. It was while buying the second box that the child scrambled out of the carriage on to the sidewalk. The mother told Mr. Barr that the paralysis had resulted from teething. A representative of the Times who investigated the case discovered that the little girl is now walking around in the best of health.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine but a scientific preparation used successfully for many years in the private practice of a physician of high standing. They are given to the public as an unfailing blood, builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill that flesh is heir to. These pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

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

Last year we were seriously contemplating dropping our checker column on account of the apparent want of interest shown, but we have been much encouraged at evidences of growing interest manifested in the silent game, especially of late. As an instance we note that to problem 252, recently published, which was considered a very critical position, and yet correct replies were received from no less than five subscribers, viz., Thomas J. Butcher, Loxbury Mines, C. B.; O. McGill, Yarmouth; W. Stewart, Ottawa, and S. Granville and M. Griffin, of Halifax. We might give a number of similar instances in our recent experience, but one will suffice. The column will be continued as long as it interests the public.

It will be remembered that the American Checker Review office was burned out with its contents in 1890, and suspended publication for seven months, when it was reconstituted by some gentlemen who had the necessary capital and are enthusiasts in the game. Since the resumption of its issuing it has not only published each current number in the regular time, but has also given to the checker world the seven numbers that were needed to render the files complete. Its managers deserve much credit for their energy in accomplishing this task, as well as their sagacity in leaving their patrons nothing to cavil at that was avoidable. The A. C. R. is the best magazine published in Ameri-

ca in the interest of checkers. Subscription \$1 50 per year. Address 37 Blue Island Avenue, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. We take the game and problem in this week's issue from the December number of the A. C. R.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM 253.—The position was: Black men 11, 17, 22; white men 27, 30, king 3: white to play and win.  
3 7 22—31 11 27 21—25  
11—16 7 11 17—21 23 26  
30 26 31—24 27 23 w wins.

PROBLEM 254.—The position was: Black men 5, 7, 11, king 19; white men 12, 14, 18, 20; white to play and draw.  
12 8 15—22 8 3 20—24  
19—15 14 9 5—14 26 23  
20 16 11—20 3 26 draw.

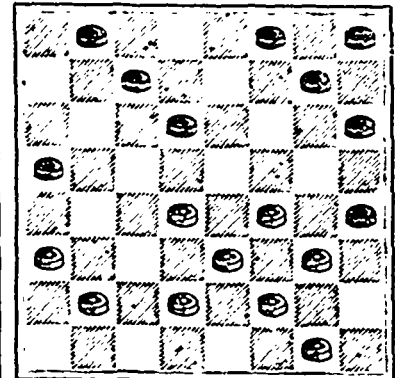
GAME 151—"Second Double Corner."

By Edward Kelly, of Winnipeg, Man., who claims the championship of Canada, but his claim is not generally admitted.

11—15 5—9 16—20 6—13  
24 19 26 22 31 27 30 26  
15—24 7—11 9—13 2—6  
28 15 27 24 18 9 29 25  
9—14 11—6 13—22  
22 18 22 17 25 18

This leads to the following position which we give as

PROBLEM 256.  
Black men 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 20.



White men 18, 19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 32.

Black to play and win. How pleased most of us would be to win this position in actual play!

PARSONS



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Make New Rich Blood

"Best Liver Pill Made."

They positively cure SICK HEADACHE and BILIOUSNESS, all Liver and Bowel Complaints. In Glass Bottle. Thirty in a bottle, one a dose. They expel all impurities from the blood, liberate women and great benefit from using them. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 25c. In stamps five bottles \$1.00. Full particulars from L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 221 North House St., Boston, Mass.

W. S. JOHNSON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



## CITY CHIMES.

"A perfect success" is the verdict pronounced upon the ball given on Monday evening in Freemason Hall by the Maritime Commercial Travellers' Association. The Hall was very prettily decorated, and from one o'clock until nearly three a. m. there was indeed "a sound of revelry." Our hosts had spared no pains to render the affair as enjoyable as possible, and are to be heartily congratulated on the success which attended their efforts. About three hundred ladies and gentlemen were present, and apparently each and every one thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment. America's string band was stationed on the platform behind abundant foliage of palms and other decorative plants, and dispensed excellent music throughout a programme consisting of eighteen numbers, several of which were enthusiastically encored, and the merry dancers seemed to be indefatigable. The floor was in splendid condition for tripping the light fantastic, and there seemed no drawback to the complete success of this first reception of the M. C. T. Association. The supper was spread at one end of the Hall, and was served in first-class style by caterer Street and his efficient corps of waiters. While there were no remarkably beautiful dresses worn on this occasion by the ladies, the large number of very pretty ones was particularly noticeable, and the ballroom presented a truly fascinating and pretty scene. The committee of management should feel highly gratified with the results of their work, and we with many other friends of the Association trust that this tripping from the old paths may prove a happy precedent of further pleasures of a similar character in the future. The St. John members of the M. C. T. Association celebrated their annual gathering by a dinner on Monday evening, and sent fraternal greetings to their Halifax friends in the form of a telegram expressing the hope that they "were taking steps to enjoy themselves." As this appropriately worded message was received while the gay revellers at Masonic Hall were participating in a most frolicsome "militaire," the answering greeting was an emphatic assurance that the Halifax brotherhood and their guests were verily "taking steps" toward the enjoyment of the evening's pleasures. The commercial men start on their journeys the first of the year, and will carry with them the best wishes of the many friends who partook of their bountiful hospitality on Monday evening.

"It rained, and the rain seemed never weary." What very disappointing weather greeted us on Christmas morning, and undoubtedly rendered the day much less "a merry Xmas" than all had anticipated. Outdoor pleasures were out of the question, and those who did not have to face the elements were certainly the most favored. However, notwithstanding the mist and mud, Santa Claus made his usual calls, and young and old participated in the good cheer of the season, and doubtless were made happy by receiving as tokens of goodwill and thoughtfulness "the very things they had longed for." We trust the present more reasonable weather will continue, so that our New Year's Day may prove more propitious for the thorough enjoyment of the festive season. Once more let us wish all our friends happiness and prosperity in the new year upon which we enter to-day.

The Christmas entertainments in the public and charitable institutions of our city seemed to be especially enjoyable this year, and no trouble was spared by the managing committees to render the festivities of the season as attractive as possible. The many friends who so kindly contributed towards the success of these occasions have their reward in the gratification experienced in witnessing the genuine pleasure afforded the participants of their generosity. The "children of silence" at the Deaf and Dumb Institution had a very merry day, and thoroughly appreciated the Christmas cheer provided. Their entertainment consisted in a visit from Father Christmas right from Santa Clausville loaded with fruit, toys and suitable gifts for all. At one o'clock a sumptuous dinner was served, and good cheer and general satisfaction abounded. In the evening several of the old pupils of the Institution gathered in, and a very pleasant time was spent. At the School for the Blind the pupils spent a very happy Christmas day, and one that will long be remembered by them. The entertainment provided for them was a new departure in the School, and one that proved very successful. Cerebral parties have become very popular in the United States, and it was indeed a happy thought that suggested this amusing feature for the Christmas merry-making of the blind children at the School. Twenty-two stockings, filled with the good things kind friends had provided for each little one, were suspended to one wall of the Assembly Hall, and each labelled with the name of the owner printed in point print. A string twenty yards long also labelled at the end was attached to each and these strings were woven and interwoven around chairs, etc. Each child was given the end of the cord connected with his or her stocking, and then began the merry work of untying the cobweb of cords. This caused much fun, and the pupils were highly delighted with their happy Christmas festival. At the other institution beautiful dinners were enjoyed, and gifts of generous friends dispersed among the young people.

The good ladies connected with the Board of Directors of the Seilers' Home provided on Christmas evening a very pleasant entertainment at the Home, which was largely attended and very much enjoyed by the brave mariners. An excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music was rendered by some of our most popular amateur musicians, and a profitable and pleasant evening passed all too rapidly away. Many happy and grateful memories will remain of the kindness and goodwill of the friends who gave so much genuine pleasure to the strangers in the port on this occasion.

Among the numerous Christmas presentations of the season we have space but to mention a few. The lady employees of the N. S. Telephone Company, whose dulcet tones are familiar to us all, presented the popular manager of the company, Mr. Harris, with a beautiful silver and cut glass

fruit dish, and the male employees showed their good will by contributing a gold-headed ebony cane to the same gentleman's list of gifts. Professor J. B. Currie, whose Academy for boys closed for the holidays on the 23rd, was made the recipient of a set of carvers of handsome design enclosed in case, with the compliments of the season from the pupils. The employees of the Halifax Confectionery and Baking Co. presented Mr. F. B. Wood, the genial manager, with no less than two handsome expressions of esteem, which took the form of a gold-mounted ebony cane, and a comfortable extension arm chair. Manager William Gordon and A. McGowan, foreman of the coopers of McDougall's Distillery, were presented, respectively, with a valuable chemical treatise in eight volumes and a gold breast pin; expressions of esteem from the employees. There were many other similar pleasant episodes just before Christmas, but our space is so limited that we must refrain from extended notices. Such kindly acts go far towards rendering the season a delight to both employers and employees.

Zera Semon has had a great attraction in the Boston Ideal Comedy Company which has been playing in the Lyceum Theatre this as well as last week. This company closes its engagement with Professor Semon tomorrow evening, and a complete change of programme has been arranged for next week, when Zera attends treating his patrons to a novel attraction in the form of a new trick which he styles "the great cabinet trick." This, he informs us, is without exception the most marvellous feat he has ever performed. The cabinet has been manufactured in Philadelphia, and Professor Semon expects to have it here in time for the first performance on Monday evening. There is no doubt the many patrons of the magic working Professor will bring their full force and commence another week of limited amusement.

Crowned with laurels the Orpheus Minstrels at the performances in the Academy on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. The solos were sung fairly well; Master Reginald Knight's song "Carve" took well with the audience and this young gentleman particularly entertaining with his wonderful bones solos. The grand operatic ballad which concluded the performance, entitled "The King of the Cannibal Islands," created much amusement. The march by a squad of young cannibals was also very interesting and well done. Dr. Slayter sang in his usually highly pleasing manner and received an encore. Mr. Ad. Johnston's skirt dance in the "dusky maiden's" costume was good, and this infatigable gentleman took his part very creditably. Taken as a whole the performance were not quite up to the standard to which the Orpheus Minstrels have attained in times past and the comment of the public is not as favorable as might be desired. A third performance will be given this evening.

There appeared to be a rage among many of our storekeepers this season to attract attention to their wares by offering handsome prizes to the fortunate ones in various guessing contests. Much interest has been excited by the contest for the silver tea service offered by Hodge, proprietor of the Kandy Kitchen, Barrington St., and in solving the question, "how many candies in this jar," a very queer coincidence was disclosed. H. G. Bauld, H. D. Blackadar and R. F. Kellie counted the candies and found the number to be 3,457. Among a very large number of guesses deposited it was found that two persons had guessed the exact number, and these two lucky ones were Mrs. Saunders of this city and her son, neither being aware the other had guessed. Mr. Saunders had inspected the jar, but his mother had not seen it at all, proving conclusively that it is pure luck and not a calculating mind that wins success in these matters. Mr. Hodge did a marvellously large business at the popular Kandy Kitchen this season, and feels confident that he has taken a long step towards educating the taste of the public to appreciate purity and cleanliness in the sweetmeats that they consume.

The wedding of one of the most popular young ladies of Halifax society, Miss Edith Duffus, which has long been looked forward to by her many friends, took place at St. Luke's Cathedral on Tuesday last. The groom, Flag Lieutenant Trowbridge, of H. M. S. Bellarophon, is from Norfolk, England, and has become a great favorite during his stay in Halifax. At the hour set for the ceremony the church was crowded with eager spectators, the guests numbering about seventy included besides the immediate relatives of the bride, His Honor Lieut. Governor Daly and numerous other well-known ladies and gentlemen of this city. Rev. W. B. King, assisted by Rev. Mr. Allison, performed the ceremony, after which the wedding party were driven to the residence of the bride's father, Mr. William Duffus, where lunch was partaken of, and Lieut. and Mrs. Trowbridge left via C. P. R. for a visit to Montreal and Toronto. They intend leaving Halifax for Bermuda about the middle of this month, and will carry with them the best wishes of a host of friends.

If weather favors, the Exhibition Skating Rink will be opened this afternoon, and the many patrons of this popular winter resort will have an opportunity to compensate themselves for the pleasure postponed from last week. This year, we believe, is the first of many to disappoint the expectations of those who usually devote Xmas afternoon to rink skating, but we trust that a prosperous season is in store for this favorite place of winter festivity.

The Boston Ideal Comedy Company, which has had a very successful run at the Lyceum in connection with Professor Semon's popular show, intends giving a performance in Dartmouth on Monday evening, when our friends across the water will have an opportunity of enjoying this interesting entertainment. This Company has leased the Reform Club Hall, and an excellent programme has been prepared.