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# THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

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HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 14, 1890.

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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 Democrats scored a great success in the United States last week, and it appears not unlikely that the next presidential election will also result in a victory for that party.

The final fiat has gone forth that Birchall must die. The executive refused to interfere with the course of justice, and to-day is set for the execution. Sincere pity for Mrs. Birchall will surely be the uppermost feeling in the hearts of all who have taken an interest in the case.

It begins to look as if there would be a notable shifting of party lines in Canada ere long. The great party which has been hitherto so closely identified with the Free Trade theory appears to have adopted at length a platform in which the chief plank is the practical assimilation of our fiscal system with that of the most intensely Protectionist of civilized nations. It is not argument, but mere definition, to point out that, of the two great parties in Canada, the face of the one is set toward the United States, that of the other toward Great Britain and her Colonial Empire. The two parties are beginning to divide sharply on these lines, which can hardly fail to result in much changing of allegiance. It remains to be seen which party is going to be the gainer by the process of exchange. After this recasting of parties shall have accomplished itself, it will by no means follow that all the adherents of the Liberal party are in favor of annexation and extreme protection, any more than that all the adherents of the Liberal-Conservative party are advocates of a moderate tariff and of Imperial Federation or Independence. But the party names will have lost all the little significance that now attaches to them, and the line of demarcation will be much more emphatic and impassable than it has hitherto been. The present condition of affairs is anomalous. The protectionists of Canada are looking eagerly toward a customs union with Free Trade Great Britain, on the basis of a very low differential duty. This, the Canadian Free Trade party declares can never be brought about. At the same time the Canadian Free Trade party itself is staking its hopes on the attainment of a measure of customs union with the Protectionist United States; and this the Americans declare most emphatically is not to be had save at the price of political union. When the policies of the two parties begin to diverge so sharply, and to aim at such widely opposite goals, it is incumbent on the citizen to cast aside all mere personal considerations, all mere accidents of administration, and to choose his party with a view to the fundamental principles at stake.

What will not woman's love survive? The bigamist Biglow, who is now in Kingston Penitentiary serving a term for being too much married, has been remembered by his first wife, recently deceased, in her will to the tune of \$30,000. This is a pretty substantial proof that her affection was not killed by her husband's desertion.

The city of St. John found and lost a hero in Frederick Young, who gave his own life on the 31st ult. in the effort to save Frederick Mundle from drowning. The effort was unavailing, and both young men went to the bottom. St. John gave the hero an immense funeral, and subscriptions are being taken for a suitable memorial to him—a memorial which will probably take the form of a statue, or arch-way, or perhaps, as some one suggested, a life-boat. It is well that the memory of noble deeds should be perpetuated.

An independent journal like *The Critic* is in a position to urge, without laying itself open to any imputations, the obligation under which every citizen rests to exercise his franchise. Those of us who are most frequently negligent or indifferent in this respect are the very ones on whom the obligation rests most heavily. The educated classes, the moneyed classes, all those who are so placed as to command a wide view of the country's needs, all those who are least likely to be swayed by interests merely local and personal,—it is among such as those that we find so much of that half contemptuous indifference which draws its cloak about it and ignores the politics of the day. The theory of democratic institutions rests largely on the supposition that the greatest wisdom is the wisdom of the majority. It follows directly enough from this that the greater the wisdom of the individual or the class, the heavier the political responsibility inhering with it. Those who stand aside from politics and excuse themselves on the ground that parties are ignorant and politicians corrupt are themselves in part to blame if their charges are not altogether untrue. The difficulty is as old as democracy itself, and came under the censure of Plato, who scourged the lofty indifference of certain cultured Athenians, who could nevertheless endure to be governed by those whom they regarded as inferiors. Here in Canada, where democracy has unimpeded sway, the citizen who will not exercise his franchise should forfeit it. In the problems which Canada has to face there is matter upon which the very wisest heads that we have been so fortunate as to meet with might exercise themselves without any great condescension.

The Moncton *Times* of last Friday contained an editorial article headed "The Holiday Nuisance," in which the opinion that a Thanksgiving Day is a superfluous holiday is expressed. It gives reasons why, in its opinion, the granting of a holiday for the purpose of giving thanks should be abolished, or at least, that a Sunday should be appointed instead for that purpose. It thinks that the subject should have the consideration of the press and public men, with a view to the doing away with holidays that have no significance or good effect. "The loss of labor," it says, "is very large, the waste of money, needed at the approach of winter, must be considerable, and the commencement of a life of dissipation often, no doubt, dates from this day of idleness." Now, while there is some force in the argument that a good deal of money is spent, possibly wasted, on holidays in general, we venture to think that Thanksgiving Day is the less to be objected to on this account than any other holiday in the calendar. In the city of Halifax Thanksgiving Day is observed in a highly commendable manner, the churches are fairly well attended, and the sentiment of dependence upon the Almighty, of which the day is expressive, must and does have a beneficial effect on many of our fellow citizens. Like most newspaper men, we find it hard to get a holiday at any time, but we think it would be a distinct loss to our broad Dominion if a public Thanksgiving Day were to be abolished. The holiday may cause inconvenience to some people, but they are a small minority, and in many cases where it is found necessary work can be carried on with but little trouble. No one is bound to be idle because of a holiday. And this year the day itself was so perfectly beautiful that it alone was enough to make one feel thankful, and there are few people among those who enjoyed an outing on Thursday of last week who did not feel that a Thanksgiving Day is an appropriate and beautiful way of acknowledging our dependence upon the bountiful Lord of the harvest. No, we cannot agree with the *Times* in this matter. If any holiday must give away to the pressure of business, we judge that New Year's Day would be the more easily sacrificed, although, as the *Times* says, it comes at the end of a week of "elevating social enjoyment," and a rest is desirable. It would be interesting to learn what the public have to say on the subject. If any person cares to discuss the pro's and con's we will be happy to publish their communication.

The unfortunate King of Holland has at last become violently insane. His ravings are chiefly directed against the Emperor William, which is perhaps less unreasonable than might at first sight appear. To many observers it seems that the "manifest destiny" of Holland is to be absorbed eventually in the German Empire. If Germany is looking toward such a consummation, then there is far-sighted wisdom and systematic purpose in the colonization policy that she is now pursuing, and in her present friendliness towards Great Britain, the only power that could thwart her schemes for a Colonial Empire. When she is thoroughly rooted in Africa, and has acquired the splendid Colonial possessions of the Dutch, she will be in a position to be much less careful as to whether she pleases England or not. She perhaps looks forward to a time when she will be able to divert the stream of her sturdy emigrants from the prairies of the western states to colonies of her own, where they may find at least equal advantages. Germany's colonizing schemes are to be taken much more seriously, we imagine, than those of France.

We have been accustomed to consider an egg as an egg, whatever its size; but now that large eggs, as was mentioned in THE CRITIC of two weeks ago, are in demand for the English market, certain breeds now in highest favor amongst us are likely to fall into comparative dispute. The Leghorns, White and Brown, are perhaps our most popular breed, and they are certainly great layers. But they are small, and their eggs are small. There is some talk of exchanging them for the old Black Spanish, but these fowls, though they lay good numbers of very large eggs, are tender, subject to disease, and poor as table fowl. The best possible substitute for the Leghorns, if a non-sitting breed is required, will be found in the Houdans, which are hardy, early to mature, and almost as prolific as the Leghorns; while their eggs are very nearly as remarkable for size as those of the Black Spanish, going well over 2½ lbs. to the score. As a table fowl the Houdans are unsurpassed. Where a sitting breed is preferred, the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes will be found the best "all-round" fowl, with a possible rival in the new and improved Black Javas. For general purposes the Brahmas and Cochins will be found most profitable if crossed with some compact non-sitting breed, like the Leghorns. It cannot be too persistently asserted that poultry give most satisfactory returns if kept in small flocks. The hen seems to demand individual attention; she objects to over-centralization, so to speak.

Dyspepsia is now said to be the fashionable complaint among the society ladies, and all because the Princess Maud of Wales has been unfortunate enough to have it. The article from which we glean this information does not say that they are English ladies who are thus aping the ills of royalty, but on the contrary from the context we judge that it is in New York that the fad has made its appearance. As America is the home of dyspepsia this is not surprising in any case. We should be exceedingly sorry to think that our English sisters, who have always exulted in their good health, and whose splendid constitutions have often been the subject of comment, would have so little sense as to pretend to be ill, and if on the other hand the disease was really prevalent, it would be equally regrettable. It is bad enough to have our cousins across the line afflicted in this manner. At a very exclusive physical culture club on one of the side streets off Fifth Avenue, New York, 99 per cent. of the fashionable athletic ladies are said to be suffering from indigestion, and one of the doctors when asked for the cause replied: "Tight dresses and laziness." There is much truth in this. Not that tight lacing is practised any more than formerly, but the whole dress is tight from collar to wrists and especially about the waist. This enforces idleness, and disease results. The physical culture will do something towards changing this state of affairs, but the true remedy lies in sensible, comfortable clothing and plenty of exercise both in and out of doors.

It is strange that in the matter of almost yearly-recurring famine Newfoundland bears much the same relation to us as Ireland does to Great Britain. The tales of want are brought to us from Newfoundland nearly every winter, or rather spring—for it is often spring-time before the news arrives,—and the disasters are so great, and the difficulty of sending help so hard to overcome, together with the fact of our knowing very little about the people, that the adage, "Out of Sight, Out of Mind," fits the case pretty well, and not much is done for the relief of the sufferers. The *Toronto Empire's* lady correspondent, "Faith Fenton," who visited the Island last summer, gave a graphic description of the destitution which prevails at times. She travelled entirely round the Island, and thus had an opportunity of visiting almost all of the outports. At one place where she landed for a few hours to talk to the women they told her some of the last winter's horrors, when starvation was an actual fact, and the sufferings of the people were terrible. The women began to cry during this recital, and the result was, that when the boatmen called for "Faith Fenton" he found her also in tears over the sorrows of the Newfoundlanders. She asked them why they did not move away to Canada, or some place where a living would be more easily made than there, but they seemed to have as great an affection for their barren rocks as the Irish have for the desolate parts of the green isle, and could not be made to see the benefit of emigration. The fisheries are all they have to depend upon, and when they fail hunger stares them in the face, for the scant soil gives little or no return for any attempt at cultivation. That the fisheries of Newfoundland should belong entirely to the Newfoundland people few will dispute, but the French have a strong hold, and unless Britain sees fit to buy them off with an attractive bit of territory in Africa, or pay them roundly in cash for their rights, it is probable that they will continue their grip on the country.

The other day we noticed in a contemporary that a valuable horse had been injured seriously in attempting to leap over a barbed-wire fence. It is time the Province abolished this barbed-wire nuisance. This is a case in which the example of Ontario might well be followed. The bars are of no use whatever. They do not warn the animal from attempting to jump the fence. They act only when the attempt has been made, and this action is brutal. They are not a prevention, but a punishment, which is by no means what they were intended for. In one case only, so far as we know, have they served a useful purpose. They have secured something like order on the plains of the Argentine Republic, which, before their introduction, was scoured by mounted bands of robbers and rebels. These enterprising gentry have found their occupation ruined, now that the great prairies, once so well adapted to their forays, are intruded in every direction by these barbed and impassible barriers. Let us leave the barbed wire to the Argentines.

Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has been making a tour in the distressed districts of the west of Ireland, and it appears likely that good results will come of it. The Chief Secretary's heart has evidently been touched with pity for the people, and he has been so sympathetic that he has everywhere been received with civility, and in some places with demonstrations of welcome. At Achill he promised to furnish a bridge between two points on the Island, and to defray the expenses out of his own pocket, and he gave Father Flood, of the Christian Brothers' School at Kylemore, £5 to treat the boys. He did many other acts of consideration and kindness, which cannot fail to be appreciated by the easily moved, warm-hearted people of the west coast. Mr. Balfour has pushed forward the arrangements for the construction of railways, the building of which will furnish employment for a host of laborers. Besides those living in the districts through which the roads will be built, men coming from a distance can, if they desire, have part of their wages remitted free of charge to their families. The railways ought to be of more lasting benefit to Ireland than merely to give employment in a time of famine. By the aid of the railways and the development of the deep sea fisheries the awful poverty of the land should be somewhat relieved. Mr. Balfour was evidently unprepared for the misery that he saw at every turn, but that he felt it keenly is evidenced by his immediate exhibition of sympathy and kindness, which was warmly received. The Irish people, even when reduced to great want, resent anything in the shape of relief thrown to them with as little consideration as one would throw a bone to a hungry dog, but they warm at once to sympathetic assistance when it is offered them. Mr. Balfour seems to have struck the right key; and if a spirit of greater harmony can be infused into Parliament in dealing with Irish matters, it will be a blessing to Great Britain.

The revival of the Irish fisheries, which will probably result from the building of railways and good highways in Ireland, will do much towards helping the people to independence. By the construction of these works the backward districts will be relieved from the stagnation which comes from isolation from the centres of business enterprise, and will be enabled to market whatever they may have to sell. The Irish fisheries were very profitable before the famine of 1847 occurred. At that time more than 113,000 men and boys were engaged in the coast fisheries, making use of nearly 20,000 vessels and boats of all kinds; but the famine so rapidly decreased the number that in the following year, 1848, not more than 80,000 men and boys were employed, though the number of boats remained at about the same figure. The decline continued from year to year, until in ten years, (1858) there were but 56,500 fishermen and 11,823 fishing craft of all kinds, where before the famine there had been nearly twice that number engaged in the industry. And the decline did not stop there. The fishing boats numbered only 9,000 in 1870. Appeals were made for assistance—not gifts, but loans—from both the Nationalists and the Inspectors of Fisheries. A Royal Commission were appointed in 1866 to investigate the condition of the deep sea fisheries of the United Kingdom, which reported that the decline of the industry in Ireland was due to the disastrous results of the famine year and the lack of opportune assistance when the people had no means to supply themselves with fishing gear. Had a helping hand been extended to the Irish people at that time it would have been the salvation of the unfortunate remnant of the comparatively large fishing population of 1846. From lack of proper appliances in the first place, and of ready means of reaching markets in the second, there has at times been terrible waste of the products of the Irish fisheries, which yield abundantly. The fish has been perforce used for manure for the fields at the very time when the people have been crying out for bread. Some improvement has been made in the state of the industry all over the United Kingdom since the report of the last Commission, but Ireland has not received its due share of attention. Of the twenty-two fishing districts in Ireland, many are still sore distressed, and in some cases the industry is almost extinct. Many times has the need of assistance been urged in Parliament, both for railways and loans of money to the fishermen, but the demands were fruitless; but now that the Chief Secretary has seen with his own eyes, and come into contact with the destitution and enforced idleness of the people, it is probable that the cry to "come over into Macedonia and help us," will be answered. The parish priest at Westport and Father O'Connor, both of whom appear to be men of sound common sense, made timely suggestions as to the fisheries and railways, but warned Mr. Balfour of the inutility of initiating works which would be of no permanent benefit, rightly judging that mere relief works are demoralizing, as all injudicious so-called charity must be. But the building of railways and the revival of the fisheries ought not to partake of this nature; on the contrary they are the surest means of stimulating trade and industry in any country. As a result of the Irish tour the Government has given \$12,000 for deepening the harbor of Ballina, for which an appropriation has been desired for some time.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

WANTED.

Two arms around my neck entwine,  
A smooth cheek closely presses mine;  
I know what such caresses mean,  
And in my chair I backward lean.  
"What is it, daughter mine," I say,  
"What is it that you want to-day?  
Some more new dresses, or a hat?"  
"No, dear papa, it isn't that."  
"I hope it isn't faces, then?"  
"You dear old dad, just guess again."  
"More diamonds, or perhaps a pearl?"  
No! "Then what do you want, my girl?"  
"I don't want anything; you see,  
It's 'om this time, and—he wants me."

—F. H. Curtis.

It is the dentist who can do tooth things at once.

"What is the difference, papa, between a tour and a junket?" "A number of our own party makes a tour. A junket is the trip of a number of the opposition."

Growler, when asked what he considered the saddest thing in life, said he was always miserable when he had a big appetite and nothing to eat, and suffered terribly when he had plenty to eat and no appetite.

BORN OF BOSTON.—Belle—"The course of true love never did run smooth. What do you think of that truism, Bess?"  
Bess—"I think that 'smooth' ought to read 'smoothly.'"

Canada claims to have produced the largest cheese in the world. From the Ingersoll factory was lately turned out a cheese weighing seven thousand pounds. It was six feet ten inches in diameter, three feet in height and twenty-one in circumference. It required the milking of seven thousand cows, or thirty-five tons of milk to produce it.

A young lady in a far Western State recently sent the following enquiry to some one in Washington: "Will you inform me where the navy of the United States is, and how many men do they keep there, and what do they keep them for? Do the men-of-war stay there? How many guns, cannons and shells do they keep there, and what do they keep them for?"

SERVED IN FLANDERS.

There is an old infantry colonel,  
Whose temper is simply infernal;  
His language is such—  
Though he swears most in Dutch—  
That 'twill not do to print in this journal.

The jealous New York *Herald* says: Highfalutin passes for culture in Boston. The *Globe*, of that city, illustrates this statement by an anecdote. A lady wrestling with a car door remarked with an altitudinous rhetoric which takes one's breath away. "This door seems to have great adhesive quantities." A farmer rushed to the rescue with the response, "No, the darned thing sticks; that's all."

SIGNS OF AUTUMN.

The patient, tried and true front gate,  
On which the lovers leaned till late,  
Will have a needed rest;  
And in the parlor, on one chair,  
They'll sit, and Tootsey's nut brown hair  
Will cling to Wootsey's vest.

HIS MISTAKE.—Dollie (snuggling quite close to his watch chain)—What have you in that locket? Chollie—A postage stamp. Dollie—Goozle! What postage stamp? Chollie—The one on your last love letter. I detached it carefully. It touched your moist red lips. It often touches mine. Dollie—You dreadful fellow! I'm so sorry. Chollie—Sorry? Why? Dollie—Because I moistened that stamp by pressing it on Fido's dear, damp nose.

Nearly every one has at some time or another been betrayed into using the exclamation of irritation: "Go to Halifax!" The *Chicago Tribune* gives the origin of this phrase as follows: It is said to have originated in the terror with which rogues viewed the law of Halifax, Yorkshire county, England. This law, as may be learned from a letter of Lord Leischester's, quoted by Morley in his "History of the Netherlands," was that criminals should be "condemned first and enquired upon after." Halifax lay within the forest of Hardwick, the customary law of which was that if a felon were taken with thirteen pence worth of goods stolen, he should be tried by four burglers from four of the precinct towns, and if condemned by them, be hanged next market day, after which the case might be sent to a jury. From these facts it can readily be seen that when it was desired to express the wish that a person might be in a place where he would be immediately dealt with, it was quite appropriate to tell him to "go to Halifax."

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 is a remedy at hand that isn't 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. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt 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!

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

The Irish leaders, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, will probably visit Canada after their American tour is completed.

The Editorship of the *Toronto Week* has been accepted by Mr. T. E. Moberley, a Yarmouth, N. S., man. He has been practising law in Toronto for many years.

A young man named Frank Dupois was killed on the railway track at Moncton on Thanksgiving Day. The railway authorities were exonerated from all blame.

The commercial traveller, the country produce man, and the lame and the halt and the blind of the four corners of the earth, have returned to Springhill, with the good times.—*Springhill News*.

Mr. Edmund Butler, a member of the Iron and Steel Institute, was in Halifax on Tuesday and Wednesday. He expressed himself as highly pleased with what he has seen of Nova Scotia and its natural elements of wealth.

Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Minister of Finance for Canada, has gone on a trip to the West Indies, with the object in view of promoting closer trade relations between Canada and the West Indies. He will be absent until about Christmas.

Frank Nicholls, a boy of 15 years of age, was killed while jumping off and on a shunting car at Aylesford on Friday last. No blame is attached to the railway in this case, but care should be taken to prevent monkeying with shunting cars.

The Department of Railways has notified the Town Council of North Sydney that the Government will extend the railway from the present station to a deep water terminus at the ballast ground, so called. The Council have acted on the notification, and have voted the money necessary for the purchase of the right of way. It is said the work will be proceeded with promptly.

The steamer *Vancouver*, of the Dominion Line, passed Father Point, Quebec, on Wednesday and reported having encountered a succession of heavy gales. The bridge and chart house were washed away, and Captain Lindall and one of the ship's quartermasters were lost on Friday morning last. The *Vancouver* left Liverpool on October 30th and had eighty passengers.

It has been decided by the Minister of Marine to make some improvements to Halifax harbor. They include the transfer of the steam fog whistle from Sambro to Chebucto Head, the whistle at Sambro to be replaced by bombs; an additional automatic whistling buoy to be placed at Sambro Tower Bank, and additional bell buoy at Never Fail Shoal. The buoys in the harbor will be improved in character.

The *Canadian Manufacturer*, Toronto, announces that its subscription price will hereafter be one dollar per year instead of two dollars as heretofore. The size of the pages and the number of them will remain unchanged, and it will be issued twice a month as it has been ever since its establishment in 1882. It is devoted to the manufacturing interests of Canada, and is a staunch supporter of the National Policy.

Pictou experienced a disastrous fire on Saturday. It started in the jail, and before it could be controlled destroyed some nineteen buildings. A sailor belonging to the Norwegian bark *Prima Donna*, who was a prisoner in the jail, was burned to death. The *Standard* was burned out—loss about \$4,000. The total loss is about \$50,000, with less than half that sum insured. The firemen all did noble work in fighting the flames.

The Furness Line of steamers, which have for years been running a monthly line between St. John, Halifax and London, will next month put on the route a fine new steel steamer, fitted with the most modern equipment, and lighted with electricity. The Furness Line will thus be able to give a sailing every sixteen days. This will be especially appreciated just now, when egg and poultry shipments are being made to British markets.

The Minister of Justice has addressed a circular to the attorneys general of the provinces and judges charged with judicial functions in criminal matters, in which he says: "The question of the expediency of abolishing grand juries in relation to the administration of criminal justice has on several occasions been brought to the attention of Parliament, and intimations have from time to time been made to the Government by municipal bodies, judges and others interested in criminal jurisprudence, that abolition would be in the public interests. It is my intention to lay before Parliament in the near future a bill codifying the criminal law of Canada, both as regards substantive law and procedure. Before submitting it, however, I would be very glad to be favored with your views upon the question above mentioned."

The Government encourages the raising of large families in Quebec by granting 100 acre lots to fathers of twelve children, or more. Advance sheets of the report of the Minister of Agriculture show that the total number of applications was 1009, of which seven, with a total of eighty-four children, came from the United States. The father of the largest number in one family is John Hope of Vauderville, who lays claim to have twenty-three children living. Amongst the applicants beside Hope are four with eighteen children, six with seventeen, one with sixteen, twenty-seven with fifteen, forty-five with fourteen, and twenty-seven with thirteen. In regard to the number of applications, Megantic comes first with sixty, a total of 723 children. Beauce fifty-one, a total of 634, Wolf fifty-one, a total of 629, and Ottawa 49, a total of 593 children.

It is reported that Jay Gould has secured control of the Union Pacific Railway.

November 27th has been proclaimed as Thanksgiving Day in the United States.

McKinley was among last week's defeated in the U. S. elections, to the tune of 300 votes.

The American Art Association has sold Millet's "Angelus" to agents in Paris for 750,000 francs, as against 553,000 francs paid a year ago.

The American Committee for the relief of famine in Ireland has issued a circular withdrawing requests for American money and clothing, as Great Britain has practically promised to see that no famine shall exist.

All attempts to glorify the Hebrew in dramatic presentations hitherto have failed. The nearest approach to it is found in the character of a Jewish banker in "Men and Women," the new production at Proctor's Theatre, New York.

The corner stone of the Women's Temple, which is being erected by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was laid in Chicago on November 1st with interesting exercises, a feature of which was singing by a trained chorus of 2,000 children. The building will cost \$1,100,000, and will be 13 stories high.

Among the alterations contemplated in the reconstruction of the big Academy, New York, for the past four years, the home of "The Old Homestead," is the erection on the roof of the theatre of a handsome summer garden. During the stay of the play at the Academy the play has made a fortune for everyone connected with it, and has made enough money to pay for the extensive Academy's site as well as for the building itself.

The November number of *The Old Homestead*, a literary and domestic monthly published by Davis Bros., Savannah, Ga., U. S. A., is now ready. It contains forty large pages of original stories, sketches, poems, essays, etc. There is not one line in its columns that will offend delicate tastes, and the matter throughout is carefully freed from sensational effects. The subscription price, unlike the costly magazines, is very low, being only \$1 a year. Send for sample copy, free. Davis Bros., publishers, Savannah, Ga., U. S. A.

A Chicago paper states that a syndicate of Chicago, Montreal and London capitalists has set on foot a scheme to place Chicago and the North-West in connection with the Atlantic seaboard by means of a ship railway designed to connect the lakes with the St. Lawrence River and ocean. Three routes have been considered, either one of which would reduce by at least 400 miles the distance between Chicago and the Atlantic Ocean and Liverpool. The construction of the ship railway would make the time between Chicago and Liverpool for a fast steamer only two days longer than from New York to Liverpool. As near as can be learned, the most favored route is to connect the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario by means of the railway, which is to be about 66 miles long. The direct course is through Lake Michigan, Superior and Huron, through Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario, and thence to the St. Lawrence. The railway would cost about \$12,000,000. It is said a franchise for the operation of the syndicate on Canadian ground was secured from the Dominion Parliament in such shape as to escape notice. The project is the first great step toward uniting the commercial interests of the United States and Canada. It is said to have been originated by prominent Canadian business men and capitalists. Erastus Wiman, it is stated, is one of the leading movers in the scheme. A subsidy for the enterprise will be asked of the Canadian Government and the scheme will also be brought to the attention of Congress.

The diet of Prussia was opened on Wednesday with a speech from the Emperor.

London's new Lord Mayor, Joseph Savory, was installed on Monday with great pomp.

Queen Emma, of Holland, has been appointed regent to govern the kingdom during the illness of King William.

Zanzibar advices state that letters from Emin Pasha say his expedition is advancing steadily and that all hands are well.

A disastrous fire visited San Francisco on November 3rd. The Grand Hotel and many other buildings were destroyed or damaged. The total loss is about \$1,500,000.

The British torpedo cruiser *Serpent* has foundered off the coast of Spain. She went on the rocks during a gale on Monday night. Out of 250 persons on board only 3 were saved.

The Guards Wellington Barracks, at London, were almost destroyed by fire on Wednesday night. All the adult inmates were rescued by means of ladders. The fire originated under the staircase in the married men's quarters.

The police precautions at the Imperial palaces at St. Petersburg have been increased. No loiterers are permitted in the vicinity of the Anitchikoff winter palace. The railway stations between St. Petersburg and Gatchina are double guarded, and the minutest examinations are made of every route traversed by the Czar.

Canon Doyle has published a fiery letter exhorting Irishmen to reject Mr. Parnell's suggested alternative or any other land purchase scheme leaving out one half of the tenantry, as Mr. Parnell's scheme does. He protests against Mr. Parnell proposing such a scheme without consulting the Nationalist party, and declares that the very stones of Mitchellstown and Tipperary, red with blood of their murdered brothers, would rise in mutiny at the thought of such a re-establishing of hated landlordism. The letter has caused a sensation.

The establishment of a British protectorate over Zanzibar has been formally proclaimed.

The Shanghai Government powder mills at Tai Ping Fu have been entirely demolished by an explosion, and three hundred persons were killed.

The French Government will send a scientific expedition to Central Asia in January. The expedition will go via the Caucasus, Turkestan and Kashgar to Thibet, and is expected to be absent three years.

There is still hope for consumptives. Professor Koch, it is said, has dismissed as completely cured several of the patients whom he has been treating. The method of his treatment will probably be made public in a few weeks.

The Czaritch arrived at Vienna on Friday last on his way to Trieste, where he will embark upon the Russian warship which will convey him upon his eastern tour. He was met at the station by the Emperor and several Austrian Archdukes. The greetings exchanged were most cordial.

The Stanley-Bartlelot controversy is revealing some horrible things. If the brutality which Stanley alleges was really practiced it is most disgraceful. The whole business should be searched to the bottom. It appears to have indeed been "Darkest Africa." What a pity that the accomplishment of a feat such as the rescue of Emin should be disgraced by such unseemly behaviour on the part of the officers.

A special to the New York Herald says a revolution has broken out in Honduras. Tegucigolpa is in a state of siege. It is believed the revolution will become general and that Bogran will be forced, if not captured, to leave the country. Another despatch from San Salvador says President Ezeta has received a despatch confirming the reported revolution in Tegucigolpa and adding that the slaughter in the taking of the state building and arsenal was very heavy.

The German Emperor has handed Minister of the Interior Maybach an autographic prescription in which the donation to Professor Koch of 500,000 marks for his services to suffering humanity is recommended. The grant will be immediately voted on the assembling of the Landtag. For his services in discovering the cholera "comma" microbe, Professor Koch was granted 100,000 marks. His Majesty has also offered to pay the expenses of the present experiments out of his private purse.

Archduke Leopold Ferdinand left Vienna on Saturday last for South America in search of information concerning his uncle, Archduke John Savator, who some time ago assumed the name of John Orth. The Grand Duchess of Tuscany, his mother, has opened her eccentric son's will. He leaves his estate to his beautiful travelling companion, Emile Stubel. As they died together, an interesting law case will ensue as to whether the property reverts to the Archducal family or to the sisters of Fraulein Stubel. The Grand Duchess announces that the will contains the certificate of her son's marriage last May in London to Fraulein Stubel.

An opportunity will occur within a few months to make a trip around the world under novel conditions, and in a manner not likely to be repeated. Advantage will be taken of the early sailing of the new and magnificent twin-screw steamships now being built for the trans-Pacific service of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, to afford to the public a "Round the World" excursion of a most extraordinary character. The steamship *Empress of India* will sail from Liverpool for Hong Kong about the 15th January, 1891. At Hong Kong she will take her place in the trans-Pacific line for which she has been built, sailing via Yokohama to Vancouver, the Pacific termination of the Canadian Pacific Railway. On her voyage to Vancouver she will call at Gibraltar, Naples, Port Said, Suez, Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe and Yokohama, stopping a day at each of the ports named, and at Port Said sufficient time will be allowed to enable the passengers to visit Cairo and the Pyramids. In connection with this voyage tickets will be issued "Around the World," including choice of steamship lines across the Atlantic, and a rail trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The rate for this wonderful journey will be \$600, including meals and berths. Programme, with maps showing the route, and giving full information as to stop-overs, etc., can be had at any of the Canadian Pacific Railway offices. The second and third steamships of the line will leave Liverpool about the 15th February and 15th March, 1891, respectively, taking the same route.

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DISPENSING CHEMIST, PROP'R  
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The late R. N. Nisbet's Prescriptions at the London Drug Store.  
All orders for Flowers, &c., from the Willow Park Nursery can be left with J. Godfrey Smith, Night Dispenser on the premises.  
Telephone call 153.

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Are abundant; but the one best known for its extraordinary mucolytic and expectorant qualities is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For nearly half a century this preparation has been in greater demand than any other remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pulmonary complaints in general.

I suffered for more than eight months from a severe cough accompanied with hemorrhage of the lungs and the expectation of death. The physicians gave me up, but my druggist prevailed on me to try

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.**

I did so, and soon began to improve; my lungs healed, the cough ceased, and I became stronger and healthier than I have ever been before. I would suggest that the name of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral be changed to Elixir of Life, for it certainly saved my life."  
—F. J. Olden, Salto, Buenos Ayres.

"A few years ago I took a very bad cold, which settled on my lungs. I had night sweats, a racking cough and great soreness. My doctor's medicine did me no good. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit; everybody despaired of my recovery. I was advised to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and as a last resort, did so. From the first dose I obtained relief, and, after using two bottles of it, was completely restored to health."  
—F. Adams, New Greta, N. J.

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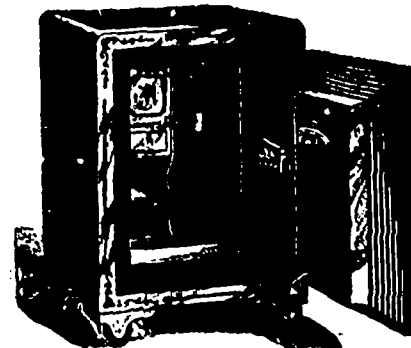
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Being very much reduced by sickness and almost  
given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your  
PUTTNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a  
very short time my health began to improve, and  
the longer I used it the better my health became.  
After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last sum-  
mer performed the hardest summer's work I ever  
did, having often to go with only one meal a day.  
I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S  
EMULSION.  
EMERY E. MURPHY,  
Livery Stable Keeper

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**THE MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS,**  
Being now fitted up with new and improved  
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Bricks this season. They are warranted  
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S. ROWLAND HILL, Commander, sails from  
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Passengers arriving Tuesday and Friday  
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Through Tickets for sale and Baggage  
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From the Month of July.  
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3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740.  
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2 Prizes " 500	.....1,000 00
5 " " 250	.....1,250 00
25 " " 50	.....1,250 00
100 " " 25	.....2,500 00
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500 " " 10	.....5,000 00
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100 " " 15	.....1,500 00
100 " " 10	.....1,000 00
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S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,  
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### BEYOND THE GOLDEN GATES OF SONG.

Beyond the Golden Gates of Song  
Who treads with reverent feet shall find  
The dreams and visions cherished long.  
The loftier longings unresigned.

The sacred memories that wake  
Our lives to noble yearnings still.  
The quiet love no years can break  
Nor any earthly hour fulfill.

And many a dear and distant hour  
When gladness flooded land and sea,  
And many a word whose tender power  
Yet stirs our souls to victory.

And so to win our lives release  
From out the world a tumultuous throng:  
We pass, with lips that sue for peace,  
Beyond the Golden Gates of Song.

J. Elizabeth Gilmoyre Roberts.

### CHORIAMBS—PLAINT OF THE NURSE IN THE "MEDEA."

Vain, ah! vain was your art, vainer your toil, maladroit banals of yore,  
Who wove lyrics to please, means to thrill, hearts that were glad before;  
Who found strains that could charm men in their mirth—musical fantasies  
That could heighten our joys, gladden our feasts, brighten our revelries.

But no tones of the harp, notes of the pipe, never a tuneful lay,  
Not a song of your songs, maladroit banals, ever availed to stay  
The sad footsteps of Care, urged by the Gods, turning our light to gloom.  
Bringing chill to the soul, withering hope, pregnant with Dread and Doom.

Yet if Music would lull Sorrow to sleep, this were a boon to all  
Kinder far than to weave measures to grace revel or banquet hall.  
Fast beat hearts in the full flush of the feast, fragrant with wine and flowers,  
Wanting never a sweet chord on the lute swifter to speed the hours.  
—F. Blake Crofton, in *The Week*.

### A PLEA FOR THE FAIRY TALES.

Lately, it appears, attempts have been made to drive the fairy tale out  
of the nursery. Fathers and mothers, with grateful memories of what the  
fairy tale was to them in their own childhood, are now assured that legends  
and the like are but the creations of unbridled imaginations, and that they  
arouse in the minds of children false ideas of real life, besides awaking long-  
ings for the unattainable, which can only end in bitter disappointment.  
But as yet, says George Elora, in *Ueber Laul und Meer*, very few parents  
indeed, however willing they may be, are competent to combine amusement  
with instruction.

We live in an age which has painted on its sign-post "Knowledge is  
power," and parents very naturally look more anxiously to the education of  
their children, so that there is danger of the education of the heart and of  
the Gemut (soul, disposition), especially of the girls, being sacrificed to the  
power of fact. In no nation, however, is it more beautifully developed  
than in the German, whose language has created the words *gemütlich* and  
*gemütvoll* (kindly disposed, full of good feeling, emotional,) and it would be  
a great crime were we to harm it or to kill it by a surfeit of knowledge  
founded on facts alone.

A pedagogue who would banish fairy tales would, if he were consistent,  
also condemn religion or anything else that could exercise any influence on  
the hearts and dispositions of children; for even religion is not of this  
world, having little to do with fact, and faith, its foundation, ceasing where  
knowledge begins. The legend, too, the pious sister of the fairy tale, and  
the angels, the children's friends who guard their beds by night, all be-  
long as little to the kindgom of fact as the good fairy or the helpful dwarfs.  
All men are agreed that life is hard, yet instead of trying to make it happier,  
there are those who would make it still harder for the young by taking from  
them the wings with which they can botake themselves to regions where hap-  
piness pure and unalloyed reigns supreme. The mother who tells pretty  
tales of beautiful sunny lands, with cool fountains, and shady groves full  
of the song of birds, beautiful flowers and tempting fruits, has the power of  
lifting her children above the things of earth, and while filling them with  
delight, of influencing their hearts and dispositions in a hundred different  
ways; for every good fairy tale has an ethical purport; it solves problems  
of life, and excites sympathy with the good and disgust of the bad.

But even if in fairyland things should not be made larger or smaller,  
better or worse, the fairy tale helps the young soul with its hopes and its  
desires to expand, till at last it finds its way into the realm of the ideal.  
It teaches the child to believe in friendly though invisible forces which  
assist the will; moreover, it leads to a hope for a happiness unknown to  
real life, but which nevertheless exists, because it is experienced under the  
spell of the fairy tale. And what man could ever forget the first time his  
mother folded his hands and prayed with him his first prayer? Who can  
not recall in old age the beating heart, the eyes moist with tears, or the  
merry laugh with which he used to receive the oft-repeated tales in his nur-  
sery days?

"Yes, should I become the oldest of the old, I will never forget how  
my mother in the early morning hours would take me into her bed and play  
Red Riding Hood with me. I was the child, she the wolf. When I said,  
'Grandmother, what big teeth you have!' she would assume a threatening  
voice and answer, 'That I may the better be able to bite you!' and then  
make believe she was going to devour me, only to kiss me over and over  
again."

Forgetting that virtue is its own reward, the man of fact objects that  
in real life the bad often prevails over the good. The right fairy tale, how-  
ever, always ascribes the moral victory to virtue, and it seeks to inspire a  
faith in that law which encourages men to resist temptation and to continue  
their way in the upward, if stony, path to virtue. When taught in the

form of a command, a law is apt to remain dead words; but when a human being brings it home in the form of a tale, it is found to take root quite readily in the young receptive heart. But it is not to inculcate morals alone that the fairy tale should be cherished. Life conducts every man over brilliant heights and through dark depths; and whence does the heart in its old age seek comfort? Why, in the reminiscences of childhood. Friendly memories call up the once favorite pictures of fairyland, and there is nothing consoling, elevating, instructive, or delightful, which the child's fairy tale can not give.

To drive it out of the nursery is not only to break down the ladder which unites childhood to a happier world, it is to sadden men's lives when they grow old. There is no fear that our children will grow up dreamers, the school takes care of that. Leave them the fairy tale then.—*The Review of Reviews.*

BOOK GOSSIP.

A pamphlet on British Sports, by Mr. Walter Leigh, of Halifax, has recently made its appearance in the bookstores. This is a slightly-revised re-publication of a series of articles which appeared some time ago in the daily press. Although we cannot agree with the author in some of the technical points brought forward, yet, upon the whole, we think the brochure creditable, and doubtless it will prove of interest to our young sportsmen, for whose entertainment and instruction it was written. Short chapters are devoted to shooting, dog-breaking, racing, fishing, cricket and tennis. It were well if all young gunners paid particular attention to the three rules which are given in order to prevent accidents with fire-arms. With the experienced sportsman such precepts have been so engrained into his nature that they have become instinctive. Unlike most analogies, men do not become careless by the constant handling of loaded guns; it is one of the few cases in which familiarity increases respect. The great maxim of the careful sportsman should be: "Always treat a gun as if loaded and at full cock." It is a pity that Mr. Leigh has not drawn more of his anecdotes and illustrations from this country, instead of having to refer so frequently to the British Isles for subjects for such interspersions. As it is, his remarks on shooting are often more applicable to English than to Canadian sport. We also imagine we can detect a slight contempt for our Provincial sportsmen, which, if so, is rather ungracious, and altogether undeserved. Although, of course, abuses will creep into every thing, yet we quite agree with Mr. Leigh in defending all true and manly sport against the charge of cruelty which has so often been brought against it. The chapters upon cricket and dog-breaking are excellent, and that relating to fishing is also good. We go hand in hand with the author in recommending the advantages of sport to the reading man.

A very charming story is "DR. ZAY," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Dr. Zay is as fine a character as one need wish to meet, either in book life or real life. The fact that the doctor belongs to the gentler sex is sprung upon the reader early in the narrative, and has the immediate effect of creating an interest in her career. Her very interesting young gentleman patient, Waldo York, was almost killed in a run-away accident, and the course of events from the time he discovered that his medical attendant was a young, lovely and high-spirited woman will be closely followed by every reader. The book is evidently written for the purpose of helping on the cause of lady doctors, a cause we have always taken a great interest in, and we hope it may be successful in its endeavor. The finale is foreseen almost from the first, and although Dr. Zay is as stubborn a lassie as one ever reads about, in the end she falls a victim to the shafts of Cupid, the wounds of which all her skill was powerless to heal. There are few characters besides, but they are well drawn and have very distinct individualities. It is almost a pity Mrs. Phelps called her hero Waldo, for we in Canada are beginning to think that every second man in the States must be called Waldo or Emmerson. One thing that sounds queer to English and Canadian ears is to have the word "ride" used instead of "drive" in every instance, but as it is purely an Americanism, and the book in question is an American book with the scene laid in Maine, we must not criticize it too harshly. However, we have a prejudice in favor of driving than riding in a buggy or the "frikky wagin'" in which the "caryatid" went her daily rounds. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

NOVEL ENTERPRISE.—*Timber Railway Constructed by a Nova Scotia Lumberman.*—Says the Amherst Sentinel: Mr. Angus McPherson of Conn's Mills, has built 1½ miles of railway into his lumber woods this summer and is now running a train on it. He has already taken out about 100 cords of hemlock bark, and is now ready to begin to carry out logs. The rails he uses are round spruce poles, probably six inches in diameter at the large end tapering down to half that size, and neatly joined at the ends. The sleepers are small round poles on which the rails are spiked. The rolling stock consists of a small upright engine, 8 h. p. and two flat cars, manufactured by A. McPherson & Co., Oxford. The tires of the wheels on engine and cars are made with a flange on both sides to prevent them from leaving or spreading the rails, and the wheels have play enough on the axles to accommodate themselves to any inequality in the width of the rails caused by the difference in size of the poles used. Mr. McPherson has gone to no unnecessary expense in grading his track. He has followed around the hills, and says he has a comparatively level track. The engine is placed between the two cars he uses, so he has no trouble in making up his train. He expects the engine to do the work of eight horses, and he can carry on his work all winter even if there should be no more snow than there was during the last two or three seasons. It was the scarcity of snow in late winters that prompted Mr. McPherson to adopt this means of getting his logs out to the river. It cost about \$300 to lay his track and the engine cost \$400.

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Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labelle  
Established in 1884, under the Act of Quebec.  
32 Vict., Chap. 36 for the Benefit of  
the Diocesan Societies of Colo-  
nization of the Province  
of Quebec.

CLASS D.  
The 40th Monthly Drawing will take place  
On WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19th, 1890.  
At 2 o'clock, p.m.

PRIZES VALUE \$50,000.  
Capital Prize—1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

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

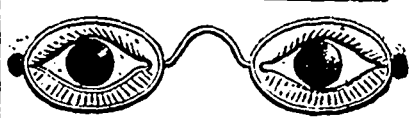
2307 Prizes worth .....\$50,000.00

TICKETS \$1.00.

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

DRAWINGS ON THE THIRD WEDNESDAY  
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of anything in the way of Spectacles, Eye Glasses, or kind, designed to correct defects in the sight, I can surely suit you.

I can fit any for any trouble; the nearsighted EYE or far sighted; the over taxed or weak eye. I refer to those who have patronized me for testimony.

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Are prices low? That they are.  
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MINING SUITS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
Hours—2 A. M. to 6 P. M.



The Burrell-Johnson Iron Co., Yarmouth, N. S., are rushing things in their business. They have had the best stove trade for a long time and are looking for large shipments yet this fall. More men have had to be taken on in the stove department to meet the demand, as they are bound to fill all orders promptly.

At this season of the year, when colds are so prevalent, every household should be provided with a bottle of *Oxford Cough Syrup*, pronounced by those who have tried it to be the best remedy in the world for coughs, colds, hoarseness, loss of voice etc., etc. It is prepared by the Buckley Bros, 87 and 89 Barrington Street and 201 Brunswick Street, which is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the remedy. The firm also carry a large line of drugs and druggists' specialties, and are noted for their care in dispensing medicine. Their advertisement will be found elsewhere in THE CRITIC.

### CITY CHIMES.

It appears to be the fashion at present to look up complexion receipts and publish them for the good of womankind. Various are the mixtures recommended for keeping the skin of the face and hands soft, smooth, and in perfect condition, but of all we have seen we prefer that which Mrs. Kendal, the famous actress, prescribes. In the first place, Mrs. Kendal, while not a young woman, is said to have a skin the texture of which is as smooth and satiny as that of the traditional milk maid, but unlike that damsel, she has not too much of the rosy hue in her cheeks. The ingredients which go to make up the prescription upon which Mrs. Kendal depends, consist of ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, a walk of at least four miles in the air every day, brown bread, no coffee, no sweets, vigorous rubbing in cold water and a few of the simplest and most harmless toilet articles. Now if this is not sensible, we should like to know what is. It will of course be more difficult to go through this health and beauty regimen every day than to plaster the face and hands with any fashionable cosmetic in the privacy of one's own room, but what a difference in the result! Given plenty of air, exercise and wholesome food, the girl whose complexion will not be clear under such circumstances must be a hopeless case.

The subject of dress is ever interesting to our fair readers, and mention of some of the pretty gowns worn at the banker's dance may not come amiss. To begin with the chaperones—they were all charmingly attired, but two of them looked particularly well. One wore a white satin princess dress with train, a novel feature of which was the lacing from the edge of the decolette bodice to the end of the train. The other looked very beautiful in a navy blue velvet and silk costume. Black for evening wear at large functions is going out. Very few dresses of this sombre hue were noticed, but those that were worn were—as they always are—very becoming. Green was in nearly every case the color selected for sash and ribbons with these dances, and smilax formed the appropriate garniture on the shoulder. It is a pity that black dresses should lose their hold on popular favor, for they are so useful and so becoming.

The ball at Maplewood given by the Bankers' Club on Wednesday of last week deserves more than a passing notice in our columns. There have been quite a number of dances of a public character in Halifax lately, none of which have been more successful or better carried out than this, and the young men who compose the Club, aided by their efficient Secretary, Mr. G. Drummond Henderson, are to be congratulated upon the admirable way in which it was managed. The chaperones, Mrs. S. M. Brookfield, Mrs. Stubbing, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. E. Farrell and Mrs. Wallace, all looked very charming and made excellent hostesses—no easy task among such an assemblage. All of the guests seemed to enter into the dancing with great spirit, there being very few left in the drawing rooms after the music began. Maplewood is a perfect gem of a house for a dance, the rooms are large and airy, and the ball-room floor as smooth as glass. The decorations were very pretty, flags, bunting, flowers, &c., adding much to the pleasing effect of the scene. Many little nooks and corners were formed by the ingenious draping of flags, where the weary dancers might find a haven of rest. Refreshments of all kinds were served through the evening, and about 12.30 a. m. the doors of the supper room were thrown open, displaying a table loaded with luxuries to which ample justice was done. Carriages were ordered at 2 o'clock, and about that hour all retired, voting the dance a very jolly affair.

A bazaar was held in the school room of Christ's Church, Dartmouth, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, by the Friendly Society in connection with the church. The object was to procure funds to put the entrance to the cemetery in better order. The King's Daughters intend holding a bazaar on the 27th and 28th instants. This will be a good chance to purchase Christmas presents. There should be a large attendance.

As to dancing, the city seems to have gone militaire crazy, and everyone, whether he or she knows how to dance it or not, joins in the rout Polkas are also in high favor, in fact a very fast—and some people consider it rowdy—style of dancing is in vogue. Many are the bruises received in a crowded ball room. Ladies' bangles and bracelets, and gold braid, epaulets, and other impedimenta of the military and naval contingent, make it perilous work for the ladies with bare arms. Where there is a crowd it would be a good plan for ladies to leave their bangles at home, and so save themselves and their friends some scratches.

Indian summer has come and gone like a beautiful dream. A walk around the park, or what is better, a ramble through the pathless woods, is delightful in these perfect autumn days.

The Church of England Institute opened its winter course on Tuesday evening by an "at home" given by the President and officers of the Institute. The reception was largely attended and much enjoyed. A musical programme was carried out, and speeches were made by the President and his Lordship Bishop Courtney.

The Lytell Company continues to draw good houses at the Academy of Music. "The Shadows of a Great City" was the play presented during the early part of the week. The original farce comedy "Floater & Co." was given last night and will be repeated this and to-morrow evenings.

The fleet has departed from our hospitable harbor. The *Forward*, *Canada* and *Buzzard* left on Monday, and the other ships sailed early on Tuesday morning. There is much lamentation among the fair ones of our city over this unavoidable departure of their sailor friends. The officers of the fleet have been extremely popular this summer, and they helped to make the season the gay one it was. It is not probable that much more gaiety will come to the surface until after Christmas. Everyone is so busy at this season of the year. Wardrobes to renew, Christmas presents to purchase or make, and general preparations for cold weather demand a good deal of attention, and it is well to take time by the fore-lock and be ready for Jack Frost when he comes.

Miss Millie Christine, "the double-headed nightingale," has been holding receptions at Masonic Hall during the afternoons and evenings of this week. This wonderful woman has two heads and shoulders, four arms and four legs, but only one body. She is not, as many people would suppose, disagreeable to look at, but on the contrary is so pleasing in her manners and movements that the most fastidious could find no fault with her. The entertainment given by the cow boy pianist and the lady cornetist, Miss Mattie Babel, is worth hearing. The cow boy is a rough diamond, and claims to have had no instruction. He plays the piano through a sheet just as well as on the open key board. Miss Millie Christine was born a slave in North Carolina, and is now thirty-nine years old. She converses freely in four languages, and can talk with both heads at the same time on different subjects. She also sings—one voice is soprano and the other contralto—and her singing is, like most negro music, sweet to listen to. Miss Millie Christine said she was very happy and contented, and enjoyed the best of health. She was attired in a costume of cardinal satin striped with black velvet. No one should miss seeing her. If enough encouragement is received the management will decide to remain a few days longer.

### COMMERCIAL.

The week just passed has developed no material change in the general position of trade. This is the between seasons' period when very little is expected to be done. Some of our wholesale houses have already commenced to "take stock" in order to be in full readiness to open their 1891 books on the 1st of January, and also to receive, unpack and assort new goods that will be due about that time.

Building operations for the season are now about concluded, and it is gratifying to go about the streets and through the southern, western and eastern suburbs of Halifax carefully and observe the improvements that have been accomplished in 1890. New houses and shops have been erected in scores of localities. Many old wooden dwellings and warehouses have been demolished and replaced by new ones of more modern design, and specially adapted for the particular line of business to be transacted in them respectively. Larger panes of the heaviest plate-glass adorn the fronts of these business places, and give vastly improved facilities for the display of goods. By the way, it is well to note that the taste shown in displaying goods to the best advantage, or in the most effective way, has very perceptibly advanced, and some of our young window decorators may point with pride to their really artistic work, and not fear to suffer on comparison with similar work in older, larger and more pretentious cities.

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

	Week Prev.		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date.			
	Nov. 7. week.	1890	1889	1888	1887	1890	1889	1888	1887
United States.....	151	161	248	177	203	8502	9631	8471	8128
Canada.....	37	30	45	37	25	1369	1373	1497	1100

**DRY GOODS.**—A decidedly improved tone is noticeable in the wholesale dry goods trade, a considerable number of orders having been received from travellers within the last few days, chiefly for woollen goods. These orders, of course, of limited dimensions being of a sorting-up character, but, now that colder weather has set in, quite a brisk country and city trade is expected. The retail city trade also shows signs of improvement, and collections have been much better during the week. Wholesale dry goods houses have been looking round for cotton goods, and they find that stocks are much lighter than they suspected. Some of the leading men in this line expect to see a sharp advance in the price of cotton goods before long.

**IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.**—This week has witnessed no change in the position of the market, and business generally continues quiet. The tone is firm, and advices from Great Britain intimate a probability of several of the furnaces remaining out of blast for the entire season, owing to the strained relations between labor and capital. If such drastic measures are adopted by the furnace masters, they will certainly curtail production, and with stocks of a limited nature at the moment, stiffness should ensue as soon as any movement occurs. At present it is wanting, while there is nothing doing in Canada, except a small jobbing movement, buyers being well supplied. Consequently we have no change to note except that pig is stiff in value. Other lines are also quiet. Bar iron is steady; copper is quoted

in Montreal at 16c. to 17c. Ingot tin is easier in New York, but there is no change, and prices are maintained pretty steadily. Advices on tin plate show no alteration. In fact all sheet materials are firm. In all branches of the iron and metal trades firmness prevails, and is likely to continue, although the movement is naturally small at present.

**BREADSTUFFS.**—The local flour market continues the same as at our last report, the only movement being a slight jobbing trade just sufficient to meet actual consumptive demands. Beerbolun's cable reports wheat and corn in England firm; weather in England fine; French country markets quiet. In Chicago wheat was somewhat depressed at first, but afterwards reacted and advanced 1½c. to 2c. In New York wheat has been steady at unchanged figures. At St. Louis wheat was stronger, especially for the later options, which advanced ¼c. to 3½c. The Toledo wheat market was quiet.

**PROVISIONS.**—The local provision market is quiet and unchanged. The city packers and curers complain that the hogs thus far brought in this season are mostly smaller and poorer than they have been for years. A leading packer remarked of a lot that had been offered to him: "I would not take them as a gift and pack them and send them out under my brand." There has been no change in the Liverpool provision market. The Chicago provision market was easier. Pork declined 12½c. to 17½c. Lard dropped about 3c. Short ribs fell 2½c. to 5c. Hogs fell back about 5c.

**BUTTER AND CHEESE.**—There is little new to note regarding butter market. Of course real gilt-edged is always in demand and commands full prices, but inferior grades are not wanted. Considerable quantities of the latter have come to market, the views of buyers and sellers are very far apart, so that very little, if any, business has been done. Cheese remains quiet with nothing noteworthy doing.

**SUGAR.**—The general position of the sugar market is unchanged. The distribution in the country being small, wholesale grocers do not seem disposed to enter the market freely. On enquiry, however, we find that stocks are light, and refiners are looking for some heavy buying in the near future.

**MOLASSES.**—The molasses market is still in an unsettled state. No more of the Boston firm's purchases have gone forward, but it is stated that negotiations are pending with the railway companies for a cheap rate of freight, and the prospects are that large shipments may be made any day. There is nothing doing locally, but the feeling is very strong.

**TEA AND COFFEE.**—The tea market has been very quiet. Low grade stocks were advanced in the London market, an English agent having been instructed by cable to advance his prices. Coffee is dull. The situation may be briefly summed up—"Stocks small. Demand nil. Prices firm."

**FISH OILS.**—Montreal, November 11th—"The principal feature in this market is the reported attempt to concentrate seal oil and corner it, negotiations are said to be going on with the view of buying out the stock of steam refined seal oil held by an outsider and if this move is accomplished it is thought the deal will be pretty well consummated. The price of steam refined is quoted firm at 52½c, and it is believed that values will go still higher. Cod oil continues firm at 38c. to 40c. for "A" Newfoundland and 35c. to 36c. for Halifax oil. Cod liver oil is quiet at 50c. for old and 55c. for this season's Newfoundland oil. Norway is steady at 80c." Gloucester, November 11th—"Cod oil 27 to 30 cts. per gal.; medicine oil 60 cts.; black-fish oil 55cts.; menhaden oil 25.; livers 30 cts. per bucket."

**FISH.**—Continued tempestuous weather has prevented much success crowning the efforts of our fishermen. Nothing of note has been taken except a few hundred barrels of large and about the same of small mackerel in the various coves about and near the mouth of the harbor. The large were all packed in ice and sent to Boston, while the small have been salted and barrelled. Reports from various points in the West Indies continue to show an improvement in value, and several cargoes are being prepared to be sent there. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, November 11—"The weather on the coast has been so stormy of late that the catch of haddock has not been enough to make the usual supply of finnan haddies. Portland fresh haddock has sold here at 5c. to 6c. per lb. In cod there is very little coming in. A few cases of B. C. fresh salmon continue to arrive, which have sold at 15c. per lb. About 5,000 Labrador herring are lying on the wharf, sales of which are reported at \$5.25 to \$5.50 per bbl., shore herring bringing \$5 per bbl. Green cod is very scarce and selling at \$5.50 per bbl. for No. 1. Dry cod is in fair demand with sales at \$5.25 per quintal, and we quote \$5.25 to \$5.50. Sea trout has been placed at \$8 per bbl., and we quote \$8 to \$8.50. The catch is said to be large this year. Market continues quiet, and prices are as follows:—Yarmouth bloaters \$1.25 per box of 60, and St. John \$1.25 per hundred. Boneless cod 7c. to 8c. per lb., and boneless fish 5c. New Finnan haddies 7½c. to 8c. per lb. Prices for oysters are \$2.50 to \$3 for good to fine, and choice handpicked Malpeque \$3.50 to \$4 per bbl." Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 11—"We quote New Georges codfish at \$5.75, and \$5.87 a qtl. for large, and small at \$4.75 to \$5; bank \$5 for large, and \$4.50 for small; shore \$5.50, and \$4.50 for large and small; Flemish Cap \$5.50; dry bank \$5.75; medium \$5.50; French codfish \$6 per qtl.; Phillips Beach codfish \$7 per qtl.; cured cusk at \$4 per qtl.; hake \$2.25; haddock \$3.25; heavy salted pollock \$2.25, and English-cured do. \$2.75 per qtl."

ESTABLISHED 1867.

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AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

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WE ARE ALSO THE LEADING RUBBER HOUSE OF THE PROVINCES

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### MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE RATES.

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

GROCERIES.		BREADSTUFFS.	
<b>SUGARS.</b>		Markets steady. No change in quotations.	
Cut Loaf .....	8	<b>FLOUR.</b>	
Granulated.....	6½ to 6¾	Manitoba Highest Grade Patents	6.10 to 6.60
Circle A.....	6½	High Grade Patents.....	5.50 to 5.75
White Extra C.....	6	Good 90 per cent. Patents.....	5.20 to 5.30
Standard.....	5½ to 5¾	Straight Grade.....	5.05 to 5.10
Extra Yellow C.....	5½ to 5¾	Superior Extras.....	4.90 to 5.00
Yellow C.....	5½ to 5¾	Good Seconds .....	4.60 to 4.70
<b>TEA.</b>		Graham Flour.....	5.00 to 5.25
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19	Pillsbury's Best, in half bbls.	3.50
" Fair.....	20 to 23	Oatmeal.....	1.70 to 5.00
" Good.....	25 to 29	" Rolled.....	5.00 to 6.15
" Choice.....	31 to 33	Kiln Dried Cornmeal.....	3.00 to 3.20
" Extra Choice.....	36 to 38	Rolled Wheat.....	5.50
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39	Wheat Bran, per ton.....	18.00 to 18.50
<b>MOLASSES.</b>		Shorts .....	25.00 to 25.00
Barbadoes .....	35 to 38	Middlings .....	26.00 to 28.00
Demerara.....	31 to 38	Cracked Corn including bags..	32.00
Diamond N.....	48	Ground Oil Cake, per ton.....	35.00
Porto Rico.....	35 to 37	Moulce .....	28.00
Cienfuegos.....	33	Split Peas.....	3.75 to 4.00
Trinidad.....	33 to 34	White Beans, per bushel.....	1.60 to 2.00
Antigua.....	33 to 34	Pot Barley, per barrel.....	3.90 to 4.10
<b>Tobacco, Black.....</b>	38 to 44	Canadian Oats, choice quality..	62 to 63
" Bright .....	42 to 58	P. E. I. Oats.....	50 to 51
<b>BISCUITS.</b>		Hay per ton .....	10.00
Pilot Bread.....	3.15		
Boston and Thin Family.....	6½		
Soda.....	6½		
do in lb. boxes, 60 to case.....	7½		
Fancy .....	8 to 15		
<b>HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.</b>			
Apples, per bbl., N. S.....	2.00 to 4.00		
" Gravensteins.....	3.60 to 4.50		
Oranges, new Jamaica.....	6.50		
Lemons, per case .....	8.00		
Cocoanuts, new, per 100.....	5.00		
Onions, American, per lb.....	3½		
" Canadian.....	2½		
Dates, boxes, new.....	5½ to 6		
Raisins, Valencia.....	7 to 8		
Figs, Eleme, 5 lb boxes per lb., new.	12		
" small boxes.....	12 to 13		
Prunes, Stewing, boxes.....	none		
Pineapples, per doz.....	none		
Bananas, per bunch.....	1.50 to 2.00		
C. H. Harvey, 12 & 10 Sackville St.			
<b>FISH FROM VESSELS.</b>			
<b>MACKEREL.</b>			
Extra.....	21.00 to 26.00		
No. 1.....	22.00 to 21.00		
" 2 large.....	20.00 to 22.00		
" 2.....	18.00 to 19.00		
" 3 large.....	17.00 to 18.00		
" 3.....	16.00 to 17.00		
Small.....	7.00		
<b>HERRING.</b>			
No. 1 Shore July.....	4.50 to 4.75		
No. 1, August, Round.....	2.75 to 3.00		
" September .....	2.75 to 3.00		
Labrador, in cargo lots, per bl..	none		
Bay of Islands, Split.....	2.25 to 2.50		
" Round.....	none		
ALASKA, per bbl.....	3.00 to 3.25		
<b>COUPHIL.</b>			
Hard Shore.....	4.25 to 4.50		
Bank.....	4.00 to 4.25		
Bay.....	4.00 to 4.25		
SALMON, No. 1.....	18.00 to 19.00		
HADDOCK, per qtl.....	2.75 to 3.00		
HAKE.....	2.00 to 2.25		
PORK.....	2.00 to 2.50		
COLLOCK.....	1.50		
HAKE SOUNDS, per lb.....	12½		
COD OIL A.....	25		

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

### PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	12.50 to 13.00
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# INCOGNITO.

OR, IS SHE FAIR FOR ME?

(Continued.)

"A messenger from my mother-in-law!" he said, echoing the man-servant's words. "What can her ladyship want at this hour of night?" he added, in a tone so purely reflective as to blunt the sharpest suspicions. "I suppose you must show the fellow up."

"It's a—lad—woman, your honor," corrected the servant, evidently uncertain about the social status of the female Mercury.

"Ah! worse luck, she'll be longer winded," commented the gentleman, with a shrug. "However, send her up and get it over."

The valet retired, and after a short interval ushered into the room a slim personage in black who remained modestly standing just inside the door till the footsteps of the servant who had shown her in died away along the linoleum covered corridor. Then, with a low laugh, mocking but musical, she advanced quickly and threw up her veil. "My disguise must be complete indeed if you do not recognize me," she said.

"Do not talk nonsense," was the acid rejoinder, "after waiting two hours for you I am in no humor to jest. Where have you been gallivanting all this time?"

"Be civil, Othello, or you will regret it," threatened the visitor with a captivating and coquettish smile that did no disgrace at all with the modest mourning or the forlorn and pathetic countenance which she had worn a few moments before. And taking up the bottle of Hochheimer she deliberately poured out and drank off two glasses of wine.

"I've had no dinner, thanks to your Greatorex," she said as she set the glass down, "and if you keep me here long old Gobblesteaks will take care I get no supper."

"Your husband will be at the theatre for the next two hours—you know that," was the cool retort. "Sit down and tell me what passed between you and Greatorex."

"The old fox!" exclaimed the visitor violently, "you don't get me to tackle him again."

"Then you've failed, I suppose!"

This remark was innocent enough, but the tone of it affected the hearer like a goad.

"Whether I've failed or not I mean to have the twenty pounds you promised me to night, or to-morrow I go back to Greatorex on an errand of my own."

A half indulgent, half scornful smile curled the lips of the gentleman.

"Perhaps it might not be as successful as you fancy, my dear," he retorted, but his tones had lost all their previous acrimony. "However, have no fear that I shall drive you to such an extreme—What did the old Q. C. say to you?"

"Not much," responded the fair visitor, mollified. "He looked me and my new mourning all over with his gimlet eyes as if he thought the black wasn't paid for, and when I faltered out my affecting tale, frequently interrupted, as per order, by sobs, about my visit to the grave of the dear departed, and the tears I shed there over the recollections of our school-day friendship, and the longing that I had to know if my poor, ill used darling had left any children behind her, and if so, where I might find them, the old brute actually interrupted me to ask if I had ever been in the histrionic profession. I replied with a discreet mixture of innocence and virtuous indignation, but doubt whether it took him in. He is up to all the dodges under the sun; and as for feeling—a paving stone isn't more impervious to good looks and coxing smiles. The only thing that made any impression on him was my faithful portrait of the old Twickenham school, garnished with a whole string of the girls' names. Even he could not guess that my knowledge was acquired in Mrs. Trainingham's servants' parlor, instead of in her school-room; and the details I gave of Lady Laura Golightly's flirtation with the Italian master, and the Honorable Miss Snivelton's ineradicable habit of weeping over her sums, impelled him to divulge the one and only fact of any consequence that I have succeeded in extracting from him."

"And what may that be?" inquired the lady's listener, quickly.

"Why that your quarry is *not* hiding in London or its environs!"

"The deuce it isn't! That's worth knowing anyhow. The search becomes a deal simpler with London cut out. Did he drop any remark from which you could conclude that they had gone abroad?"

"They are not abroad. He made a reference once to 'the fresh air of the Wolds,' and, but for an unlucky hit of mine he might have said more."

"Humph!" said the gentleman, contracting his brows. "Put your foot in it, did you? How?"

"Why I made an allusion *en passant* to my cherished Katie's curly locks."

"Bah! they were as straight as a horse's tail, and about as fine a texture," interposed the male party to this *tele-a-tele*.

"Yes, it was a bow drawn at a venture and shot crooked. I have not the faintest recollection of her personal appearance, and you forgot to post me. It was a pity, for the old fencer was on guard at once, and what was worse, did his utmost to drive me into a corner. Nothing was left me but retreat, and it has taken me two hours to accomplish that successfully."

"What! you let him badger you in his chambers till ten o'clock at night?" broke out the listener in a tone of angry contempt. "Then I'll warrant he's drained you as dry as a sucked orange."

"Your complimentary to-night, Beau Jay. But I am not quite such a fool as you seem to think me, for I discovered, before I had parted from

old Foxy five minutes, that he had put a spy on my track, and a merry dance I've led him I promise you. He's cooling his heels now in an A. B. C. shop in Piccadilly, into which he followed me; but where, unluckily for him, I have a friend who let me out by the back way."

"You are a woman of resources, my fair Mimsie!" said the gentleman making her a mock bow. "I think I shall accord you my respect."

"A fig for your respect," was the saucy reply. "A leaf from your cheque book would be more to my taste."

"Well, my dear, you shall have that too," said the man, rising and going across the room to his secretaire. "It is more than twenty pounds in my pocket to know that my game is not couching in the metropolis."

"Say, Jay, what will you do with them when found!" exclaimed fair Mimsie, smacking her lips over the Hochheimer to which she had again helped herself uninvited.

The man turned on her a strange, half divided look, as if he were listening to something within himself of which her words were only the echo.

"It will be all the better for you, madam, when I get possession of the goose that lays the golden eggs," he said, with a harsh laugh.

"Provided you don't kill it like the old woman in the story," was the careless rejoinder.

Silly as this remark may seem, it gave the individual to whom it was addressed a veritable electric shock. He made a blot on the cheque he was writing, and could not command his voice enough even to swear at the blot. Fortunately for him, the lady did not perceive the effect of her random stroke. She was pulling a pair of black suede gloves over her plump and bejewelled fingers, and to achieve this feat without splitting them absorbed all her attention for the time being.

"I suppose you'll be dutiful enough to send your mother-in-law's messenger home in a cab," suggested Mimsie, as she held out her gloved hand for Beau Jay to adjust its ten buttons, after she had stowed the cheque away in her waistband.

"To be sure."

"Greatorex's bloodhound might be lying in wait in the streets, you see, not to mention the fact that my lord and master is apt to be playful with his fists when his wee wife comes in late to supper."

"P'h! poor wretch! aren't you ashamed to tell such lies about him!" exclaimed the man contemptuously.

"I'm ashamed of nothing, but being found out, and that don't happen often," was the brazen reply.

"You had better drop that tone and keep yourself a little further off, my fair termagant; for I'm going to ring for Sims," pursued the gentleman as he pressed the button of an electric bell.

The next minute the sleek valet entered the room.

"See the lady into a cab, Sims, and pay the fair to Victoria Station," was the order he received. Then fair Mimsie and Beau Jay exchanged bows, very humble on the lady's side, and condescendingly affable on the gentleman's, and the interview was over.

As soon as the door was shut on his visitor the gentleman threw himself into a chair, muttering something the reverse of parliamentary, and began to bite his nails, a habit which in grown persons is the never-failing sign of a villainous temper; and Beau Jay, his beauty shrouded in black ill-humor, looked capable of biting off the head of the person who had offended him, with those long, white, pointed teeth of his.

## CHAPTER VI.

The idea of being the object of their new acquaintance's unflattering reflections evidently had not entered Ellice's head, for when the artist presented himself next morning to ask for the photograph, the girl met him with glad, untroubled eyes, and a smile that was as frank as it was bright.

"Grandma has gone to the bank to change a note which was paid to her yesterday," said Ellice, when on entering the empty drawing-room her companion inquired after Mrs. Mornington.

This remark fitted in so exactly with Delgardie's suspicions that he darted a searching glance at the speaker. But she only eyed him with a little wonder as she said—"Perhaps you think I might have done that errand for her, and so I should if she were not so averse to my transacting business in public. I shall be twenty-one in six months, but in dear grandmamma's eyes I am only a child."

"I should have thought you still younger," said Delgardie, looking at her steadfastly, as he stepped down from the chair on which he had mounted to unhook the picture. "The life of retirement you lead is evidently a preservative of youth."

"Perhaps so," assented Ellice with a faint blush. "But I shall be glad to go back to our former way of living—I mean," she added, correcting herself and coloring violently, "I should be well content if we were rich enough to do so."

This candor conjoined with mystery was an inexpressible puzzle to Delgardie; and curiosity as well as his secret admiration for Ellice urged him to seize every opportunity of penetrating into the intimacy of this strange household. The portrait, which he began to copy as soon as it came into his possession, furnished innumerable excuses for popping in upon his neighbors at all hours of the afternoon and evening; and a spell to which he did not yield without a struggle constrained him to spin out these visits long after the object which had motivated them was attained.

One time he went down to inquire if the hair of the original were dark or light, in order to regulate the depth of his shadows; at another he had a question to ask about the eyelashes, which had faded entirely off the photograph; and he found a pretext for a third visit in his desire to obtain Mrs. Mornington's permission to substitute a lace frill for the ungraceful

line of a linen collar at the neck. In short he was never in want of a colorable reason for appearing daily in the first floor drawing-room.

And every succeeding day Ellice greeted him with a look more candid, trustful, and glad. She laughed and chatted with him, appealed to his opinion, and communicated her own with the unaffected pleasure of girlish innocence—or the admirable adroitness of practised coquetry.

If Delcardie went downstairs toward evening more often than not he found the general there playing *besique* with the old lady. For the first time or two this privileged visitor continued the playful familiarities which habit seemed to have established between him and the young girl, such as pinching her ear, entangling his fingers in the soft rings of her hair, and kissing now her hands and now her brow. But one day Ellice disengaged herself from the arm he had put round her waist and crossed to the other side of the table.

"What!" exclaimed the general plaintively. "Are you going to cut off your poor old captive's rations?"

"I am not a little girl any longer, dear general," responded Ellice blushing.

Delgardie watching this episode, felt his heart give a delighted bound. Nearly every afternoon now found him drinking tea out of the eggshell service and abandoning himself to the growing delight of Ellice's society; studying his model he called it, but the pre-occupation peculiar to this sort of pleasure did not altogether blind him to the fact that Mrs. Mornington was a passionate *besique* player, and that she won a great many half-sovereigns of the general. Also more than once he surprised these old people exchanging looks of intelligence after aside glances at him and Ellice; and as a pendant to these meaning regards he one day overheard "the general" say: "That would be the easiest solution of your difficulty," and Mrs. Mornington, shaking her head doubtfully, responded: "An artist's passing whim!"

Delgardie would have attached more suspicion to these remarks, had any subsequent effort been made to attract him oftener, or keep him longer in Ellice's society, but the morning after they were made Mrs. Mornington was taken ill, and during the ten days she kept her bed Ellice did not once invite him to enter their apartments.

CHAPTER VII.

During this period of banishment the artist finished the portrait, and when Mrs. Mornington was well enough to return to the drawing-room and receive a visitor, he was enabled, with Ellice's connivance, to give her a little surprise. The new picture of her daughter was hanging in its place.

The old gentlewoman burst into tears before it, and when Delgardie, who witnessed the effect his work produced from a curtained window recess, showed himself before her, the old lady clasped his two hands in hers, exclaiming with tearful fervour:

"How can I show my gratitude! You have given me back my dead!" After an interval she repeated again, "How can I ever repay you for this great delight!"

Delgardie had drawn the photograph with the distinct hope and intention of arousing the emotion these sentences expressed; but when the opportunity he had worked for came, he hesitated to seize it. At heart he was too generous—too true a gentleman—to drive a bargain with two women in tears. He took refuge in procrastination. "Give me the pleasure of driving you and Miss Ellice to Stonitowe ruins to-morrow," he pleaded. "A few hours in this sweet, warm air will put new life into you after your illness; and when we are coming back I shall perhaps find the courage to ask a certain favor quite easy for you to grant."

Mrs. Mornington looked at her granddaughter, whose radiant face showed how intense a pleasure the proposed excursion would be to her.

"Why not!" ejaculated the old lady, as if she were questioning some unseen counsellor. Then addressing the painter, she said in her most gracious and courtly manner, "We accept your invitation, my dear Mr. Delgardie, on your own terms, and with many thanks."

The next morning brought with it ideal picnic weather, not a puff of wind in the still September air; not a cloudlet in the deep azure sky, and only peace, beauty and content in the golden harvest fields and the russet nut filled woods.

Never in Delgardie's eyes had Ellice looked so lovely as in that long drive, during which her delicate face was continually changing its expressions of interest and delight. Only a simple girl in a white *pique* dress and a straw sun hat trimmed with black ribbon; but what character in the sensitive, proud face! what meaning in the violet grey eyes! For three years Ellice's life had been so unvaried that her joy in this rare holiday was as real as it was naive; and little by little her gaiety communicated itself to her companions, who at the first start off were rather silent. Mrs. Mornington seemed nervous at finding herself in the open country, and Delgardie shy—though of what it would be hard to say—unless it were of feelings he was unable any longer wholly to conceal from himself.

However, by the time they reached the hill on whose summit the ruins of Stonitowe castle were situate, these symptoms of *malariae* had disappeared; the young man's face glowed with reflected happiness, and the grandmother's wore a look of benign serenity. Delgardie had brought with him a hamper of provisions, the sorting and packing of which he had himself superintended; and he and Ellice laid the cloth together on a great circular stone which perhaps had been the dining table of the fierce baron's Saxon serfs.

There were no other excursionists to rob this romantic spot of its intrinsic charm and dispute with them inch by inch its most retired nooks. Who thinks of visiting Stonitowe ruins except the children who go bird-nesting there in the spring and blackberrying in the autumn.

(To be Continued.)

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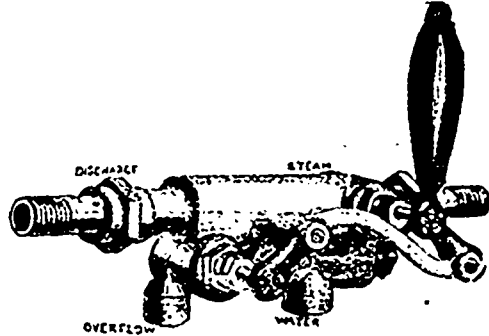
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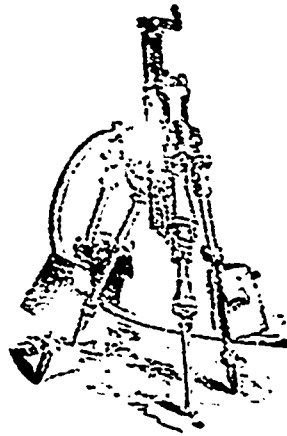
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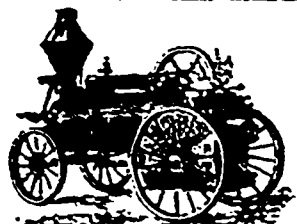
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**MINING.***Items From Our Travelling Correspondent.*

**MOOSE RIVER.**—Gold was first discovered in this section some twenty or more years ago; but the district was not opened till the year 1876. As soon as the discovery became known, different parties began taking up claims, so that in a short time the most of the gold belt was in their possession. Some of these parties did more or less work upon their properties, but generally without any decided or continued success. From time to time different parties have taken one or another of the properties in hand and carried on operations—varying with respect to extent and degree of attendant success—but most of these workings have now been abandoned, and only the disagreeable evidences of their oftentimes ill-judged and unsystematic management now remain. These evidences, in the shape of abandoned shafts, unsightly heaps of stone, deeply cut trenches and irregularly shaped holes, disfigure the face of the country and render almost spoiled and worthless what otherwise might prove valuable properties. At the present time the only properties of importance are those owned by Mr. Damas Touquoy, by the Moose River G. M. Co. and by Mr. Archibald and others. In dealing with the different mines and mine owners we will start with Mr. Touquoy, a gentleman who, though one of the last in taking up claims in those early days of the discovery, still was fortunate enough to secure one of the best properties in the district. This property, which has been worked about ten years by times, but principally during the last five years, consists in a block of some 23 acres, situate on the east of the Moose River, which is the western boundary of the claim. The land, which has been cleared of the wood, rises gently from the river, and has good facilities for drainage. There are five principal leads on the property, varying from 3 inches to 2 feet in thickness and carrying ore valued at from 6 or 7 dwt. to 3 ozs. per ton. Upon these leads, which are opened for distances of 160 ft. to 500 ft., are some eighteen well timbered shafts, running in depth all the way from 25 ft. to 100 ft. The formation is whin rock and slate; in some places are hanging walls of whin, while in others the lead runs through slate. The surface plant consists of 9 good shaft houses, well secured and provided, two small frame built dwelling houses, two smithys, one small stable, one 15 stamp crusher mill, besides two whims and 8 or 9 whips, by which hoisting is done. The only building which needs further description is the mill—a fine new structure erected two years ago last May. This mill, which runs 15 stamps, is specially arranged for convenience and effective working. The building is situated close along the bank of the river at a low level. The roadway leads to the front of the mill at a level about 4 ft. above the floor on the upper side; a shaft runs from this roadway through the side of the mill, so that all the carts have to do is to back up to the slute and dump the ore, which immediately falls upon the floor of the mill, where stands a man ready to feed it into the crusher as required. From the front of the batteries the floor drops some two or three feet to another level; here, besides the usual number of mercury plates for catching gold, are three shaking tables, one for each battery; these shaking tables are designed for catching and saving the mercury, which otherwise would pass off with the tailings. As everything is adapted for convenience and saving, the tailings are cheaply and effectively disposed of by leading them into the river, behind the mill, where they are carried away by the current. The mill is run by water-power, the power being furnished by a 14 ft. head of water falling upon a Little Giant Turbine Wheel. The water is supplied through a fine flume, 800 ft. long, from Moose River, while about one mile away is a reservoir in the form of a lake, having at its outlet a dam capable of raising the water some 6 or 7 ft. The same power which drives the mill also runs 3 pumps, working in shafts 800 ft. away and running night and day. If necessary hoisting could be done by the same power at a little extra expense. The most of the material crushed at present is surface soil, of which there is a large deposit, in some places as much as 12 ft. deep, lying in what would appear to be an old river channel. This stuff crushed with dump yields from 75c to \$1 per ton, which pays very well, as the whole expense of digging and crushing is less than 40c. per ton, while the daily crushing is between 20 and 30 tons. The number of men employed by Mr. Touquoy is generally about twenty, but at present runs as low as fifteen or sixteen.

The Moose River G. M. Coys. property is situated immediately east of Mr. Touquoy's and comprises a large number of areas. On this property are two fine large mills, one 20 stamp steam mill, and one 10 stamp water mill. The Company, which is a Montreal one, has expended a large amount of money on machinery, their plant including ore breaker, Frue Vanner Automatic Ore Feeders, air drilling machinery &c. The principally worked leads are the "Copper," "Little North" and "North Sutherland" to the north, and the "Big" and "Little" south leads, to the south. Besides these there are a large number of intermediate leads.

The Company has not been working the property for some time: so we here find a repetition of the old story of expending enormous amounts on the surface plant, without giving sufficient attention to underground development; realizing little gold—consequent discouragement and abandonment. When will people learn that underground expenditure is the great productive agent in gold mining?

The principal work on this property this summer has been confined to prospecting and to developing the smaller and intermediate leads, which has been done with varying success. At present Mr. McGregor, who is agent for the Company, and Mr. Wm. Bruce, his partner in mining operations, are engaged in taking out low grade ore from a mass of small leads and angulars, found in a belt of slate. The manner of working is rather an uncommon one, the surface soil, which covers the slate to the depth of a few feet, being taken away, leaving the bare rock. The slate has been opened up from the top, so that a large pit, say 25 ft. long, 15 ft. wide and 10 ft. deep, has been formed—about one half of the material taken out be-

ing crushed, yielding from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per ton, which gives a handsome profit. The ultimate object is to sink through this bunch of small loads, to certain flat leads supposed to be situated on the "Saddle" or anticlinal. They have about 7 men employed. These parties have done a great deal of prospecting to the southward of the M. R. G. M. Coy's works this summer, having cut some 600 or 700 yds. at an average depth of 7 ft. They failed to find anything of importance, and have suspended operations till next spring, when they will begin again.

Mr. McGregor believes that this property admits of far greater development, and hopes it will get it. The other property mentioned, that owned by Mr. Archibald and others, is of little interest now, as it has not been worked for some years; we will, therefore, not stop to remark further upon it.

**OFFICIAL ASSAY OFFICE.**—We have so frequently urged the necessity of an official assay office in Halifax that the subject has been worn almost threadbare, and still we have no assay office and samples of ore have generally to be sent abroad for treatment. A well equipped assay office and a small mill plant for the testing of ores, actual mill tests, would prove a boon to the mining interests, but the amount of work now available is too small and unremunerative for private enterprise, and unless the government steps in with an annual grant the want is not likely to be supplied for years to come. United action on the part of our mine managers and owners, and a clear statement of the necessities of the case to the local authorities would, we feel, encourage the Government to favorably entertain a proposition to place a sum in the next year's estimates to be expended in fitting up a suitable assay office and paying the salary of a really competent assayer. The fees for assaying would partly recoup the expenditure and any deficit would be money well invested in advancing the mining interests of the Province.

The following are the official gold returns so far received at the Mines Office for the month of October:

District.	Mill.	(Qtz. crushed.	Ozs. Gold.
Sherbrooke.....	Miners.....	78	23
do .....	Goldenville.....	91	15½
Salmon River.....	Dufferin.....	475	103
Waverly.....	Wallace.....	3	16
do .....	Lake View.....	1,000	97½
do .....	Windsor Junction.....	140	7½
Cariboo.....	Moose River G. M. Co..	106½	29½
Uniacook.....	Phoenix.....	156	19½
East Rawdon.....	Rawdon Mill.....	212	60
Wine Harbor.....	Napier Mill.....	68½	16
Gold on Scraggy Lake.....	Mortared Gold by Thos Baker,		15½
Molega.....	Molega Mill.....	72	161

**EAST RAWDON.**—The returns from the East Rawdon Mill for the past four months are:

July	30 tons quartz crushed yielding.....	27½ ozs. gold
August	40 " " " " " " .....	24½ "
Sept.	140 " " " " " " .....	59½ "
Oct.	212 " " " " " " .....	60 "

**FIFTEEN MILE STREAM.**—The Egerton Company in this district are evidently meeting with great success. The gold returns for October are not yet in, but in September the yield was 26½ ozs. gold from 325 tons quartz crushed.

**CENTRAL RAWDON.**—A crushing of 20 tons of quartz and 75 tons of mixed stuff by the Northrup Mill in September yielded 124 ozs gold. The Central Rawdon Mill returned for the same month 52 ozs gold from 100 tons quartz crushed.

**MOLEGA.**—The Parker-Douglas Mill returns are:

July	313 tons crushed yielding in gold .....	50 ozs.
August	600 " " " " " " .....	129 "
Sept.	600 " " " " " " .....	92½ "

The Molega Mill from

July 10 to Aug 10	50 tons crushed yielding .....	130½ ozs. gold
Aug. 10 to Sept. 15	70 " " " " " " .....	168½ "
Sept. 15 to Oct. 30	72 " " " " " " .....	161 "

The mill also crushed for the Boston Company in

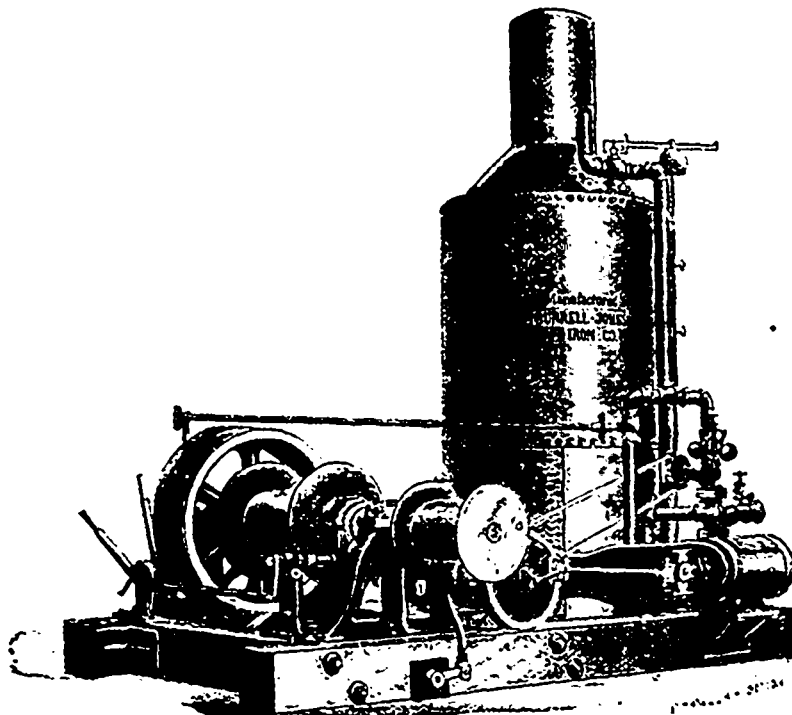
July	150 tons quartz crushed yielding.....	215 ozs. gold
Aug. 104	" " " " " " .....	124 "

**A REMARKABLE OFFER.**—For several years a Boston business house has made persons on farms, in towns and the suburbs of cities who keep poultry, few or many, remarkable offers of premiums payable in gold, some as high as fifty dollars to the first, and not less than five dollars to any winner of a premium. The best thing about these annual offers is that the firm making them is strictly reliable, and the premiums have always been promptly paid as agreed in gold coin. Fifty dollar premiums do not "grow on every bush," as the old saying is, and we have no doubt to many who competed for them, the amount received came in handy to help pay the necessary bills of a hard winter, or if not, buy some luxury that the family absolutely needed, but otherwise could not afford. This same firm, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., authorize us to state to our readers that they have prepared an offer of similar premiums this year as heretofore, with one very important improvement and that is so that the first winner stands a fair chance of getting premiums amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. Why! that is as good as fifty dollars per month for the three winter months. Its worth trying for any way.

Another valuable feature of the offers this year is that no one who competes need fail to get something out of the several offers; either in premiums or commissions. Johnson & Co. will send full particulars free to any person who sends them their address on a postal card. These premium offers are made in connection with the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay. The powder has been manufactured and sold for over thirty years. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder,) will send for 50 cents, two packs of Powder; for \$1.00 five packs; for \$1.20 a large 2½ lb. can, post paid; six cans for \$5, express prepaid. Six cans will pay a good dividend. I. S. Johnson & Co. will also send to any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine published, free. The paper one year and a large can of Powder for \$1.50.

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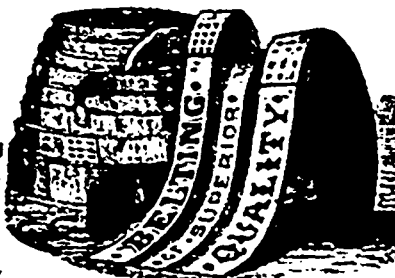
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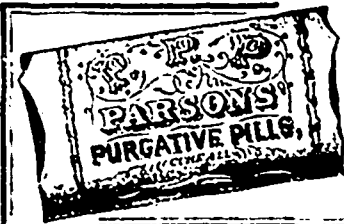
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## THE HIDDEN ROOM—OR, THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

"So you want me to give you that story about why father gave up his house in the South of England so soon after he got it," said Fred Hamilton, as he sat in the midst of an eagerly attentive circle. "Well, I'll tell you all about it, if you like; only, don't blame me if you have bad dreams after it, for it's not at all the sort of story to tell just before going to bed. I can promise you that I didn't sleep soundly all night for more than a month after the thing happened; no more would you, if you had seen what I saw. However, if you will have the story, here goes;

"When we first came over from America, we lived at a hotel in London for a bit, while father was looking out for a house down in Kent; for that was where mother wanted to go, because she was born there herself. It wasn't long before we found the very thing we wanted—a great, huge, old-fashioned house, right in the middle of a big garden, and as quiet as ever it could be, for there was no other house near it, and the nearest railway was three or four miles off.

"We got it cheap, too, for it hadn't been let for over so long, and the owner was very glad to get a tenant for it at last. Curiously, it never occurred to any of us to ask why they had not been able to let it; but we remembered it afterward, and with good reason, as you shall hear.

"When we went down stairs there, we thought it rather dismal just at first; and so indeed it was, the trees grew so high and thick all round it, and it had such a lot of dark passages and secret stairs, and grim old oak-paneled chambers in which nobody seemed to have slept for years.

"But after a while we got used to all that, and liked it very well; and father—who had plenty of friends in London—used to have so many people down to stay with him that the house, big as it was, could scarcely hold them all. So father thought he'd build some more rooms at the back, and sent for an architect from London to help him.

"Down comes the architect, goes all over the house, examines it, measures it, and then comes to father with a queer sort of smile, and says:

"Well, sir, you must be very hospitable to think of building more rooms to your house, when you've got one in it already that has never been used at all."

"What on earth do you mean?" says father, staring at him. "Every room in my house is in use now."

"I beg your pardon," says the architect; "I've measured this house very carefully, and I'll pledge you my professional reputation that there is a certain amount of space still unaccounted for, and that there must be in it somewhere a room which you have never yet seen."

"Now, this man was one of the best architects in England, and when father heard him talk like that, it set him thinking.

"Do you really mean that?" says he.

"I do," says the architect; "and what is more, I believe I could point you out the exact spot where the hidden room is to be found; and if my guess is right, we shall find a room which has not been opened or seen within the memory of living man—possibly not for two or three hundred years."

"Well, that woke up father in earnest, as you may think; and all the people who were staying in the house were every bit as excited as himself. By this time we boys had found out what was going on, and had come down from up stairs to see what they were going to do about it; so when the architect went back into the house (for he'd had his talk with father out in the garden,) he had a regular Fourth of July procession at his heels.

"Up he went to the head of the great staircase, turned off along a narrow passage to the right, and stopped half way down it, with us all watching him as if we were looking on at a conjuring trick.

"Now," says he, tapping the wall with his knuckles. "pick a hole in that wall just there, and if you don't find the hidden room behind it, I'm willing to pay all the expenses of the search."

"Send up a couple of men with pick-axes and crow-bars," says father. "This affair's getting interesting, and we'll see it through."

"Up came the men, and to work they went, making the plaster fly in fine style; and it wasn't long before they'd beaten a hole in the wall large enough for a man to creep through."

"Inside, all was dark as pitch, and there came out a damp, chill, buried kind of smell, as bad as any church-vault. We all looked at each other, but nobody seemed inclined to go in.

"Light me a lamp somebody!" cried the architect. "It was I who discovered this place, so it's only fair that I should be the first to enter it."

"In he went, and we all held our breath as we looked after him. But he had scarcely got inside when we heard him give a kind of gasp, and next moment he came scrambling and tumbling out again, almost letting fall the lamp in his hurry. He was a big, strong man, but we could see him tremble like a leaf, and his face was pale as death.

"There's something wrong here!" cries father, snatching the lamp from his hand; and in he went in his turn, the rest of us crowding in after him without knowing why. And there we did see a sight, and no mistake!

"It was a room of the old English style, just like one of those places in Walter Scott—all oak and tapestry, with a splendid fire-place of carved stone, higher than a man's head. But the oak was all decayed and worm-eaten, and the rich hangings were faded and mildewed, and the fire-place full of white ashes. On the table were fine gold dishes and gold goblets, as if a grand feast had been set out there; but both they and the table, and the high-backed chairs round it, were thick with dust, as if nobody had touched them for centuries.

"But the sight was in the farther corner, where there stood a kind of couch, and a skeleton lying upon it, with its hands clasped over where its face had been; and on the floor beside the couch lay another skeleton, doubled up in a gruesome kind of way, as if it had died in awful agony.

"This sort of think don't suit me," says father. "I shall look out for another house, for I wouldn't live in this one if I got it rent free."

"And he kept his word; and so Mr. Architect did himself out of a job by his own cuteness; for the additional rooms were never built."

"And didn't you ever find out what all this meant?" asked half a dozen eager voices at once.

"Indeed we did," answered Fred, "and the explanation was worse by far than any of the stories that we made up for ourselves before we heard it. The clergyman of the parish—who was a great antiquarian—happened to come up to the house just as the discovery was made; and he told us that this house had once belonged to a crusty old baron of Henry VIII.'s time, a regular old Turk of a fellow, who was said to have been furiously jealous of his young wife and a cousin of hers, a very handsome young fellow, whom he suspected of being rather fonder of her than was quite convenient. So, one day, he decoyed the pair of 'em into this room, and then walled them up in it, having left on the table a splendid dinner, every bit of which was poisoned, so that they must either die of hunger or kill themselves by eating the poisoned food. A nice idea, wasn't it? There, I mustn't say any more about that, or I sha'n't sleep a wink all this blessed night."

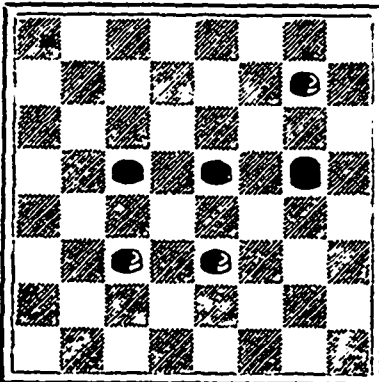
**DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS**

**PROBLEM 191.**—The position was: black men 5, 12, 28, kgs. 17, 18; white men 14, 32, kgs. 10, 11, 19; white to play and win.  
10 16 10 14 17—10 19 24  
18—9 w. wins.

**GAME No. 78.**—"Double Corner."  
Played at Chicago, Ill., between Messrs. J. Denvir and E. Baker.  
9—14 7—10 7—11 2—27  
22 18 18 15 30 25 32 23  
5—9 16—20 9—13 6—13  
25 22 22 18 18 9 24 20  
10—15 3—7 & 5—14 13—17  
24 19 25 22 22 18 20 11  
15—24 1—5 11—16 8—24  
28 19 27 24 8 9  
11—16 20—27 13—17 Black  
29 25 31 24 21 7 wins.  
a 11—27 loses for black.

**PROBLEM No. 193.**

By Mr. Hugh Byars in the Dundee, Scotland, *People's Journal*. Contributed by Mr. James Beck, St. John, N. B.  
Black men 14, 15, king 16.



White men 8, 22, 23.

Black to move and win.

We look upon this as a gem.

We particularly request all of our readers who are interested in checkers to send us solutions to this problem—a post card will contain each. We are desirous of knowing whether enough checkerists study this column to warrant us in being at the trouble and expense of keeping it up.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

JAMES BECK, St. John, N. B.—Thanks for recent letters. Will reply by mail soon

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Nature cures, but nature can be aided, hindered or defeated in the curative process. And the *Commercial's* contention is that it is the part of rational beings to seek and trust the advice of men of good character who have studied the human system and learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how far they can aid nature and how they can best avoid obstructing her.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

It is not our purpose to consider the evils that result from employing the unscrupulous, the ignorant, charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed about the structure and the conditions of the human system. Of course "he does not know it all."—*Rochester Morning Herald.*

I have used Warner's Safe Cure, and but for its timely use would have been, I verily believe, in my grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Disease.—D. F. Shriner, senior Editor *Scioto Gazette*, Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.

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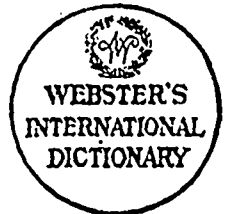
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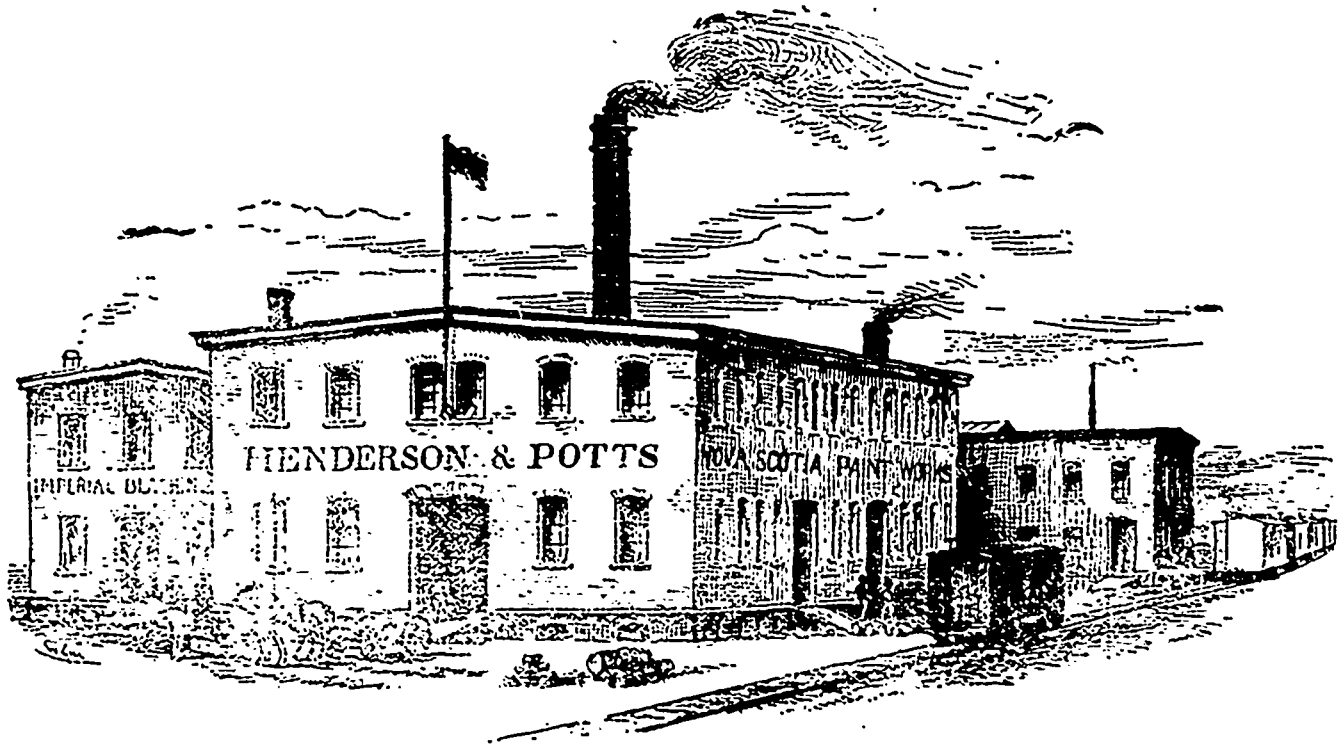
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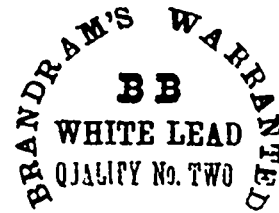
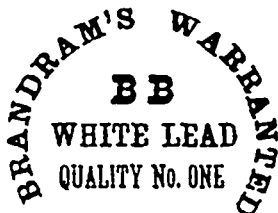
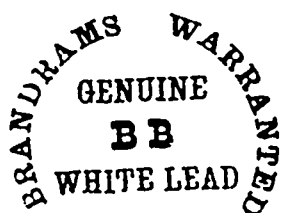
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